



# Bodleian Libraries

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

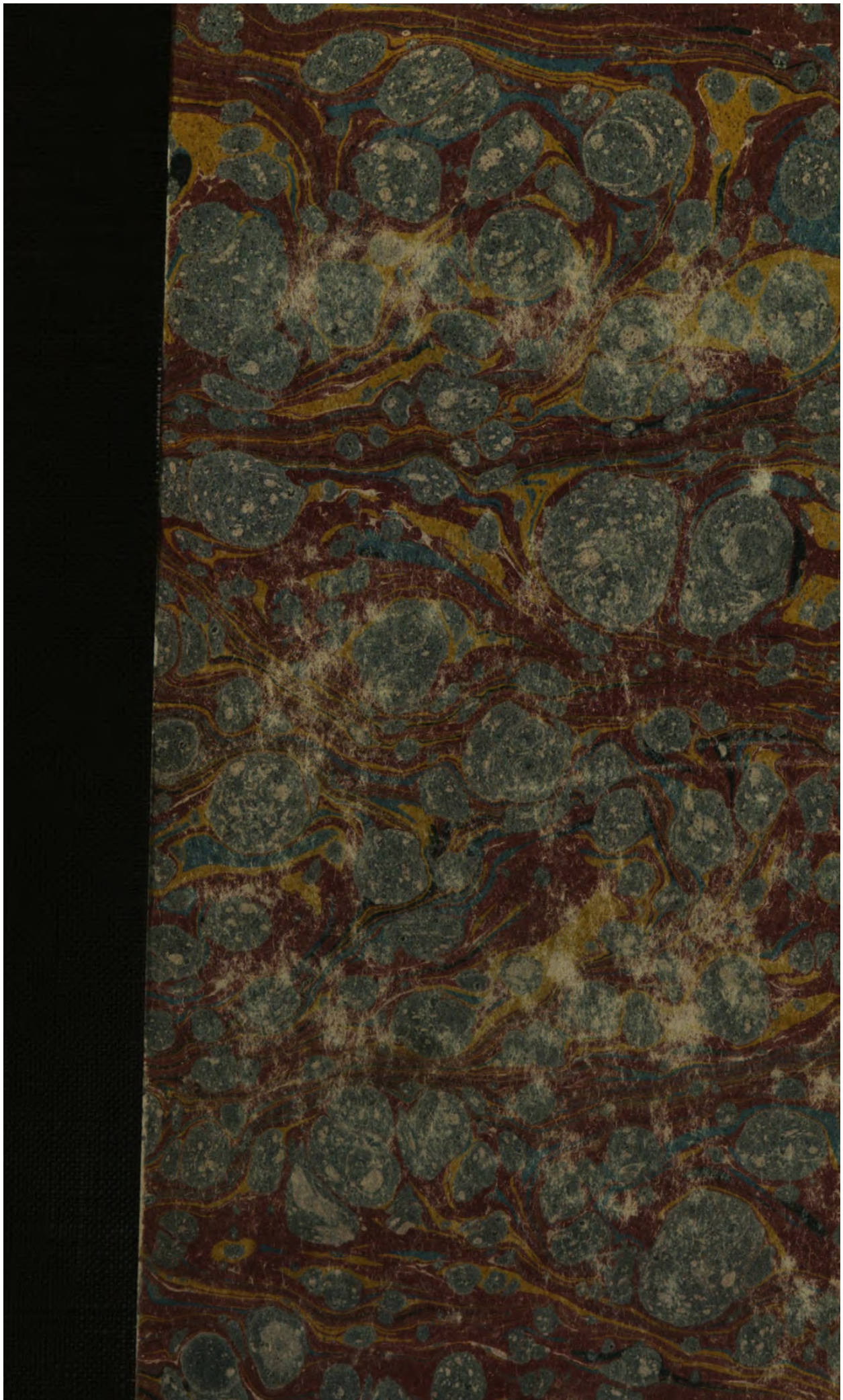
This book is part of the collection held by the Bodleian Libraries and scanned by Google, Inc. for the Google Books Library Project.

For more information see:

<http://www.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/dbooks>



This work is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial-ShareAlike 2.0 UK: England & Wales (CC BY-NC-SA 2.0) licence.

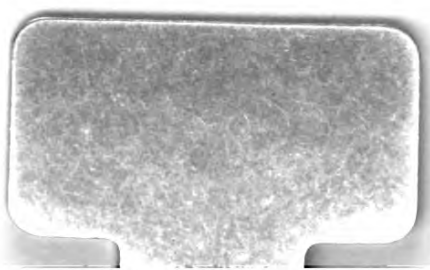




143

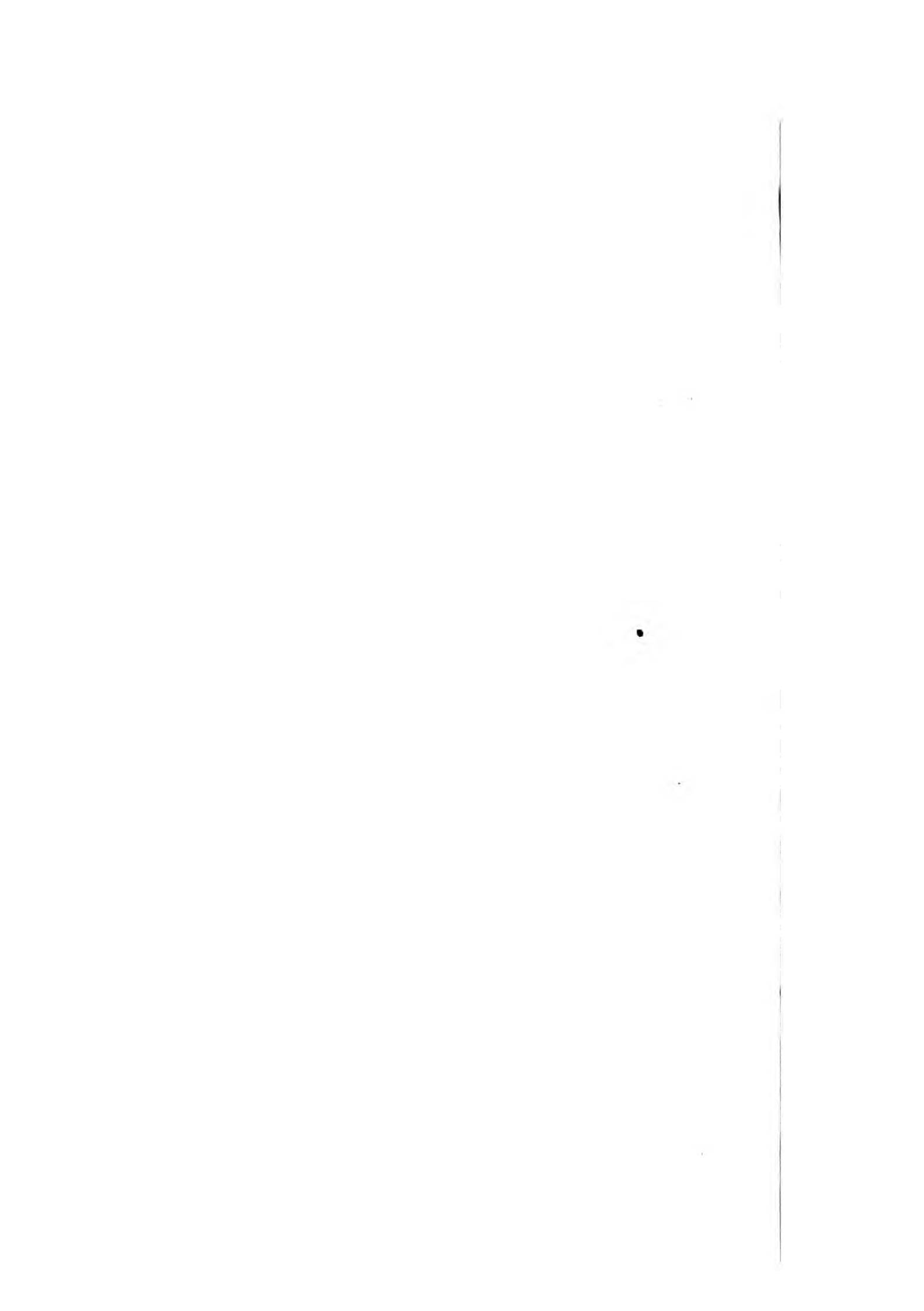


FINCH T. 143









*John* THE *Savile*  
WORKS

OF  
*Monsieur BOILEAU.*

Made *English* from the last *PARIS Edition*;  
By SEVERAL Hands.

To which is prefix'd

HIS LIFE,

Written to

*JOSEPH ADDISON*, Esq;

By *Mr. Des Maizeaux.*

And some Account of this Translation

By *N. ROWE*, Esq;

---

ADORN'D with CUTS.

---

VOLUME the FIRST.

---

LONDON:

Printed for *E. SANGER* at the *Post-House*, and  
*E. CURIL* at the *Dial* and *Bible*, both in *Fleet-Street*, MDCCXII.



5  
KCB - M  
30/1



THE  
L I F E  
OF  
Mons. *Boileau Despreaux.*

---

Written in French

By Mr. *DES MAIZEAUX.*

Made *English* from the *Manuscript* Copy

By Mr. *Ozell.*

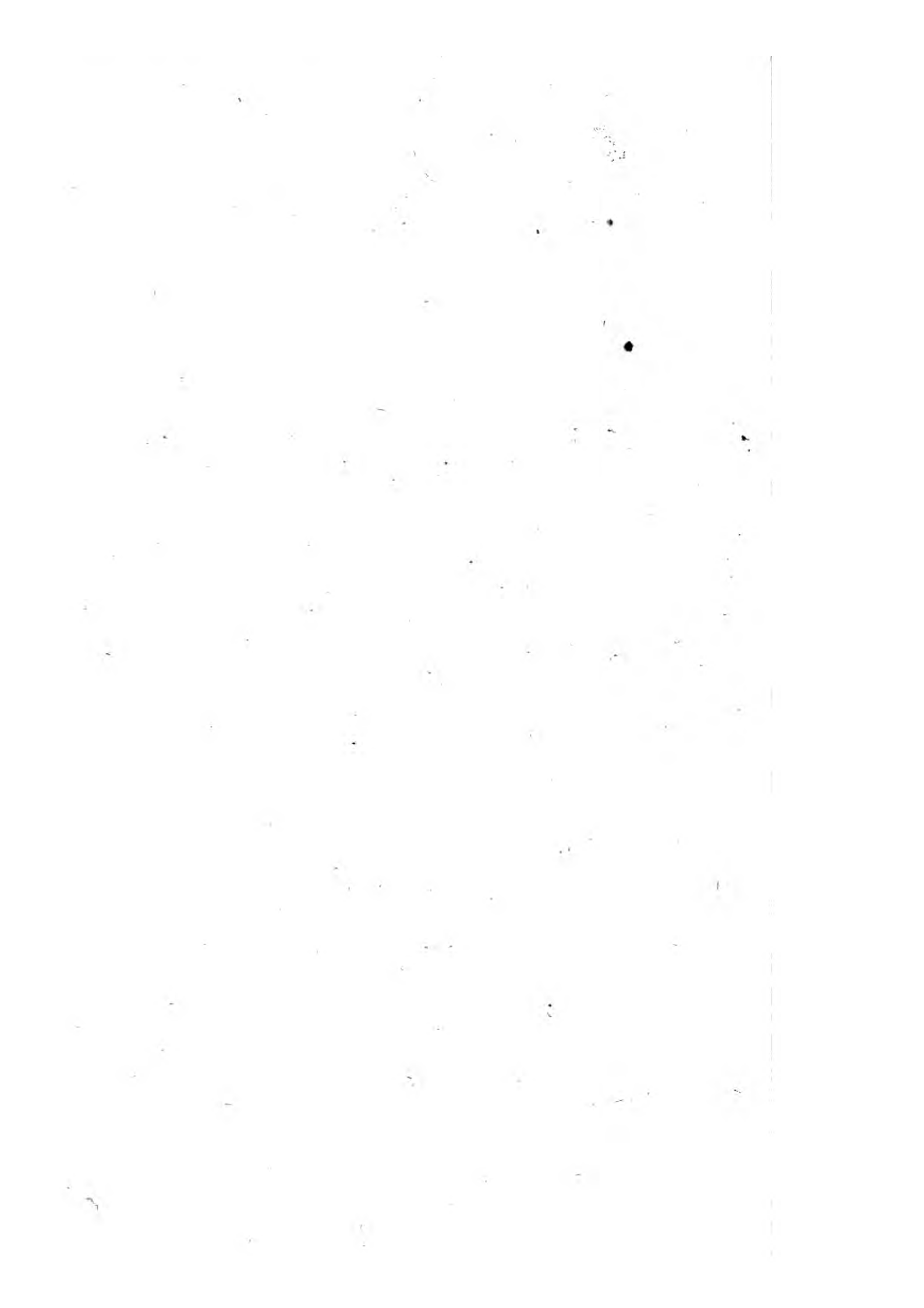
---



---

Printed in the Year MDCCXII.









been rais'd among the Curious, to see all his Works in the *English* Tongue.

This Curiosity is here satisfied: But when we are delighted with the Compositions of an A U T H O R, Goodnature prompts us still further to an Enquiry into the Passages and Circumstances of his L I F E. The Persons therefore concern'd in this T R A N S L A T I O N of his W O R K S, have prevail'd upon me to undertake the Compiling some *Memoirs* on that Subject; and I was the more easily induced to comply with their Request, because I knew the Esteem you had for that Great Man, and hop'd you would pardon me the Artifice of covering my own Presumption with, what I knew would be welcome to you, any thing that is done in Honour of Monsieur *DESPREAU*X.

It is a Pleasure, that when I acknowledge the many Obligations I have to you, I can, at the same time, entertain you with an Account  
of

*Monsieur* Boileau Despreaux. iii

of an illustrious Person, who was known to you Abroad, and added, by his Conversation, to the Admiration you had for him from his Writings. And as these MEMOIRS concern a Stranger, whose Name is familiar to more than his own Nation, I thought it proper to put them under the Protection of One, whose Fate is the same with his, in that Circumstance. The judicious REMARKS which you made in your Travels, and with which you have obliged the Public, have been honourably mention'd by the most Learned of other Nations \* ; and justly gain'd you the Reputation of One of the most polite and judicious Writers of the Age.

---

\* *Histoire des Ouvrages des Scavans*, Octobre 1705. pag. 435, & suiv.

*Nouvelles de la Republique des Lettres*, Septembre 1706. pag. 304.

*Acta Eruditorum*, Decemb. 1706. pag. 534, & seqq.

*Bibliothèque Choise*, Tom. XI. 1707. pag. 198.

*Journal des Scavans*, Fevrier 1709. pag. 348. Edit. de Holl.

As

As to the present MEMOIRS; The LIFE of a Man of Wit and Learning, which is spent most suitably to that Character, in a plain and uniform Manner, cannot be expected to produce great and surprizing Events; but to the Learned and Intelligent Part of Mankind, it will be as grateful an Entertainment to know the little Incidents, that gave Occasion to such or such a COMPOSITION; that explain such an ALLUSION; and heighten the Humour of such a SATYRICAL LINE; each of which, without this Information, would have lost a great Part of their Force and Beauty.

I shall think my Time very well spent, if you are of Opinion that I have done any Service of this kind to *Monsieur DESPREAUX*.

M.

*Monsieur* Boileau Despreaux: v

**M** GILES BOILEAU, our Author's Father, was Register of the Great Chamber of the Parliament of *Paris*, and for the Space of Threescore Years that he exercis'd that Office, he made himself no less Esteem'd, for his Capacity, than for an uncommon Probity, and a Disinterestedness very rare among Persons of his Profession. He died in 1653, above Fourscore Years of Age, and lamented by all who knew him. He had several Children, whom he brought up with a great deal of Care, and of whom Three, *Giles*, *James*, and *Nicolas*, acquir'd a great Reputation in the Republic of Letters.

GILES BOILEAU was born in 1631. He applied himself to the Study of the Law; and had no sooner finish'd his Course therein, but was admitted Advocate in the Parliament of *Paris*. He afterwards possess the Place of Paymaster of the Rents of the Town-House of *Paris*. In 1656. he publish'd a small Piece against Messieurs *Menage* and *Costar*, Intituled, *Avis a Monsieur Menage sur son Eglogue intitulee Christine, avec un Remerciement a Monsieur Costar*. He likewise made some Epigrams against the famous *Scarron*, who had attack'd him, and whom he push'd so briskly, that he quite silenc'd him. It appears by these Pieces that he had a great Inclination to *Satire*. When he was but very Young, and a Student

*The LIFE of*

in the Law, he made this Waggish Epigram  
to be put under his Fathers Picture.

*Le Greffier dont tu vois l'image,  
Travailla plus de soixante ans,  
Et cependant a ses Enfants,  
Il a laisse pour tout partage,  
Beaucoup d'honneur, peu d'heritage,  
Dont son Fils l'Avocat enrage.*

The Man thou seest, was to the Law,  
Full Threescore Years a Slave;  
At length, to God, bequeath'd his Soul,  
And Body to the Grave.  
Much Honour, and a small Estate,  
Was All his Children had ;  
At which, his Son, the Counsellor,  
Is most confounded Mad.

Yet, in Truth, this was nothing but a Piece  
of Rallery : For tho' his Father (Monsieur  
*Boileau*) had not gather'd Wealth in Proportion  
to



to his Capacity and Reputation ; he got however enough to settle his Children in the World, and to provide an honourable Subsistence for them after his Death. The Person I'm speaking of, was receiv'd into the *French Academy* in 1659 ; and the *Faction* which his Enemies made to hinder his being admitted into that *Illustrious Body*, did for some time Occasion a kind of a *Civil War*, which ended in his Reception \*. He has likewise given us a valuable Translation of *Epictetus's Manual*. This Version is a good One, (says Monsieur Bayle †). It is preceded, adds he, with a *Life of Epictetus*, the fullest and most exact I have yet seen : Learning and Criticism are therein Masterly interspers'd. The Translation of *Cebes's Manual*, continues Monsieur Bayle, was added to that of *Epictetus*. The whole was well receiv'd by the Public. In 1669. he obtain'd the Place of *Comptroller of the King's Jewel-Office* ; but enjoy'd it no longer than Four Months, Death carrying him off in the 38th Year of his Age. He had a Design to give us a *Commentary upon Aristotle's Poetics*. In 1670. there was publish'd at *Paris*, a Volume of his in Verse and Prose, Intituled, *Les Oeuvres de deffunt Monsieur B. de l'Academie Francoise, Controlleur de l'Argenterie du Roi*. The most considerable Piece in this Collection is a Translation

b 2

flation

---

\* Vid. *Moreri's Dictionary* ; the Article of Boileau (Giles), Paris Edition 1707.

† Reponse aux Questions d'un Provincial, Tom. 1. Pag. 130.

flation into *French Verse* of the Fourth Book of the *Aeneis*: And what may convince us of the Merit of this Translation is, That it still gives Occasion every Day to those who are good Judges, to Lament that he did not carry on the Work as far as the celebrated Monsieur de Segrais.

M. JAMES BOILEAU \* took to the Church, and his Merit has rais'd him successively to the Dignities of Doctor of the Sorbonne, Dean, Grand Vicar, and Official of the Church of Sens, and lastly, Canon of the Holy Chapel of Paris. Give me leave, Sir, to report here, what Monsieur Du Pin says of him in the last Volumes of his *Bibliothèque des Auteurs Ecclesiastiques*, where he is speaking of *living Authors*. After having observ'd, That it is a rare Thing to find in one and the same Person a great deal of Wit and a great deal of Learning, a perfect Understanding of Theological Matters, and particular Knowledge of Polite Letters; a great Reading of the Fathers, with a more than ordinary Study of Profane Authors; he adds, That all this was, however, found in the Person of Monsieur Boileau.

‘ Mon-

---

\* Care must be taken not to confound him with the Abbot Boileau, the famous Preacher, who died in 1704.

‘ *Monsieur Boileau*, (continues he) Doctor in  
‘ Divinity of the Faculty of *Paris*, of the House  
‘ and Society of the *Sorbonne*, descends from  
‘ an Ancient Family, in *Paris*, considerable in the  
‘ Long-Robe, Son to a Register of the Great-  
‘ Chamber of the Parliament, an Elder Bro-  
‘ ther of the celebrated *Boileau Despreaux*, was  
‘ born the 16th of *March* in the Year 1635.  
‘ He studied Human Learning with Success in  
‘ the Colleges of *Harcourt* and *Bauvais* of the  
‘ University of *Paris*, and appear’d with Lustre  
‘ in the Disputes of the *Sorbonne*, of which he  
‘ was *Prior*, from *March* 1660, to the same  
‘ Month 1661. He took his Doctor’s Degree  
‘ in 1662; and was taken from *Paris* by *Mon-*  
‘ *sieur de Gondrin*, Archbishop of *Sens*, who  
‘ made him Dean of his Metropolitan Church  
‘ in the room of the Abbot *Benjamin*, and made  
‘ very good Use of him in the Government  
‘ of his Diocess. He lost his Library by a  
‘ Fire, which burnt down part of the *Sor-*  
‘ *bonne*; and bore this Accident with the same  
‘ Constancy with which he had before suffer’d  
‘ the Pains of a Leg he had broke with a Fall  
‘ from a Ladder, in looking for some Books  
‘ of the *Sorbonne* Library. His own Library  
‘ was in a short time re-establish’d, and is still  
‘ full of all Sorts of good Books; the scarcest  
‘ to be had, and the most curious. After  
‘ *Monsieur Gondrin*’s Death, he continued Dean  
‘ of *Sens*, under *Messieurs de Montpezat* and

‘ *de la Hoguette* Archbishops of *Sens*; and was  
 ‘ elected Grand Vicar and Official by the  
 ‘ Chapter, after the Death of Monsieur *de*  
 ‘ *Montpezat*. He return’d to *Paris* in 1694.  
 ‘ having a Grant from the King of a Canonry  
 ‘ in the Royal Holy Chapel of *Paris*. He  
 ‘ was the Dean of the Deputies or Commis-  
 ‘ sioners for the examining Father *le Comte’s*  
 ‘ Books, concerning the Ancient Religion of  
 ‘ the *Chinesse*. The curious and learned Works  
 ‘ with which he has oblig’d the Public, have  
 ‘ gain’d him the Esteem of all Men of Letters,  
 ‘ who wish him long to live, that they may  
 ‘ continue to reap the Benefit of his Learning.

Then Monsieur *Du Pin* proceeds to make the  
 Analysis of Monsieur *Boileau’s* Works; but I  
 shall content my self with giving the Titles  
 of them, after having observ’d, That Mon-  
 sieur *Du Pin* does, in his Way, report them so  
 defectively, that one wou’d think he only  
 speaks of ’em by Memory or Hearsay. I have  
 supplied it the best I cou’d by consulting other  
 Books, and have added thereto the Title of  
 some Pieces which Monsieur *Du Pin* has not  
 mention’d; so that this Catalogue will be more  
 Exact and more Complete than his.

ECLAIRCISSEMENT *sur un passage de*  
*St. Augustin, cite dans le Livre de la Perpe-*  
*tuite de la Foi, par le Sieur Barnabe. A Mons,*  
*chez Vaudret, 1667. in 12<sup>o</sup>.*



RECUEIL de Pieces concernant les Censures de la Faculte de Theologie de Paris, sur la Hierarchie de l'Eglise; & sur la Morale Chretienne, avec des Remarques sur le 18 Tome des Annales Ecclesiastiques, de Odericus Raynaldus. A Munster, chez Bernard Raesfeld, 1666. in 12<sup>o</sup>.

AD Decretalem super specula: de Magistris. Opus Marcelli Ancyрани. Parisiis 1667. in 8<sup>o</sup>.

TRAITE de Devoir & de la Vie des Eveques, par le Pere Louis de Grenade, Dominicain. A Paris, chez Leonard, 1670. in 12<sup>o</sup>.

LE Pastoral de St. Gregorie le Grand, ou le Livre du Soins & du Devoir des Pasteurs, traduit nouvellement. A Paris, chez Pralard, 1670. in 12<sup>o</sup>.

DE Antiquo jure Presbyterorum in Regimine Ecclesiastico. Autore Claudio Fonteio. Taurini, 1676. in 8<sup>o</sup>.

'The same Year, he publish'd, (says Monsieur Du Pin) a Treatise, to prove, That Contrition is necessary to obtain Remission of Sins in the Sacrament of Penance.

DE Antiquis & Majoribus Episcoporum causis Liber, ad Confutationem errorum Davidii in Libro des Jugemens Canoniques des Eveques, avec une Dissertation sur le Concile plenier de St. Augustin. Autore Theologo Parisiensi. Leodii, 1678. in 4<sup>o</sup>.

DISQUISITIO Theologica de Sanguine Corporis Christi post Resurrectionem, ad Epistolam 146 Augustini. Parisiis 1681. in 8<sup>o</sup>.



HISTORIA Confessionis Auricularis ex antiquis Scripturae, Patrum, Pontificum & Conciliorum Monumentis, cum cura & fide expressa. Parisiis 1683.

DE Adoratione Eucharistiae Libri duo; quibus accedit Disquisitio Theologica de praecepto divino Communionis sub utraque specie. Parisiis 1685. in 8<sup>o</sup>.

TRAITE du Corps & du Sang du Seigneur, par Ratramne ou Bertram, Pretre, Religieux de Corbie; en Latin & en Francois, avec des Remarques. A Paris, 1686. in 12<sup>o</sup>.

'The same Year he publish'd, (says Monsieur Du Pin) *A Theological Disquisition of the Charity necessary to obtain Remission of Sins in the Sacrament of Penance: In Latin.*

REMARQUES d'un Theologien, sur le Traite de Maimbourg, de l'Etablissement & des Prerogatives de l'Eglise de Rome. A Cologne, chez P. Marteau, 1688. in 12<sup>o</sup>.

'In 1691. (says Monsieur Du Pin) he caus'd to be Printed, a small French Treatise, under the Name of a Professor in Divinity, touching the Impediments of Marriage; wherein he maintains the System of Dr. de Launoy, against the Books of Galesius, and of Monsieur Gerbais.

'In 1695. (continues Monsieur Du Pin) he caus'd to be reprinted the Dissertation *super Specula*, corrected and augmented; with a Dissertation on the *Decretale ad Audientiam, de Clericis non Residentibus*. Another against  
'Some

‘ some Remiss Casuists, and Ancient Scholastic  
‘ Doctors, as *Martinus de Magistris*, Confessor  
‘ to *Lewis XI.* who Excuses, from Mortal Sin,  
‘ immodest Contacts, which go no further  
‘ than Pleasuring the Senses, without Will-  
‘ ing or Intending any further Corruption:  
‘ A Dialogue between a Catholic Divine and a  
‘ Protestant, upon some Passages of the *Greek*  
‘ and *Latin* Fathers; wherein he pretends,  
‘ That Men of Understanding have committed  
‘ Faults, by endeavouring to Correct them;  
‘ and therefore he Intitul’d it, *Colloquium Criti-*  
‘ *cum de Sphalmatis Virorum in re Litteraria Il-*  
‘ *lustrum.*

HISTORIA *Flagellantium, sive de recto ac*  
*perverso Flagrorum usu apud Christianos: ex An-*  
*tiquis Scriptura, Patrum, Pontificum, Concilio-*  
*rum & Scriptorum Prophanorum Monumentis cum*  
*cura & fide expressa.* Parisiis, 1700. in 12<sup>o</sup>.

HISTORICA *Disquisitione de re Vestiaria*  
*Hominis Sacri Vitam communem more civili tra-*  
*ducentis.* Amstelodami, 1704.

‘ We may add, (says Monsieur *Du Pin*) to  
‘ these Works of Monsieur *Boileau*’s; a *Latin*  
‘ Edition of *St. Gregory*’s Pastoral, from an old  
‘ Manuscript, with an Epistle Dedicatory to  
‘ the Archbishop of *Sens*, and a Preface; an  
‘ Edition of a small Treatise of *Denis the Car-*  
‘ *thusian*, concerning the Life of Canons, Printed  
‘ at *Cologne* 1670. with an Epistle Dedicatory  
‘ to the same Archbishop, and a Preface; some  
‘ *Latin*

‘ *Latin* Objections to a Book, written by  
 ‘ Monsieur *Gaudin*, against that of Monsieur  
 ‘ *Joly*, upon the Subject of what is mention’d  
 ‘ in the Martyrology of *Usuardus*, concerning  
 ‘ the Assumption of the Virgin.

‘ Monsieur *Boileau*, (adds Monsieur *Du Pin*)  
 ‘ is upon some other curious Pieces, which  
 ‘ are near finish’d: There is no Question but  
 ‘ they will be wellcomly receiv’d, whenever he  
 ‘ shall please to communicate them.

This Catalogue alone is sufficient, *Sir*, to let you see, that Dr. *Boileau* is no less Laborious than Learned. Several of these Pieces appear’d without any Name; and you may observe, That he sometimes disguis’d his Name, as well as the Place where they were Printed. There was publish’d last Year, a small Anonymous Piece in favour of *Plurality of Benefices*, which is likewise believ’d to be his. The Title of it is as follows :

*DE Re Beneficiaria Liber Singularis sive Questionis celebris & difficilis, an & quibus in Casibus liceat homini Christiano absque culpa & peccato plura Beneficia Ecclesiastica possidere* *AVAREMUS. Cura & Studio Theologi Parisiensis Abbatis Sedi-chembechensis, 1710. in 12<sup>o</sup>.*

M. NICOLAS BOILEAU, SIEUR DESPREAUX, whose Life I undertake to write, was born at *Paris*, the 5th of *December*, 1637. His Father

ther reflecting sometimes upon the different Temper of his Children; surpriz'd at the Sweetness and Simplicity of Manners which he fancied he saw in our Author, us'd commonly to say of him in Opposition to the others, *That he was a good Boy and wou'd never speak Ill of any Body.* But the good Man drew rather his own Character than his Son's, whose Genius was not then Unfolded. He believ'd he wou'd Inherit that Sweetness of Temper and that Simplicity which was so Natural to himself, and which his Son (*Despreaux*) has describ'd in the following Verses, design'd to be put under his Father's Picture.

*Ce Greffier doux, & pacifique  
De ses Enfans au Sang critique  
N'eut point le Talent redoute:  
Mais fameux par sa probite,  
Reste de l'Or du Siecle antique,  
Sa Conduite dans le Palais  
Par tout pour exemple citee,  
Mieux que leur plume si vantee,  
Fit la Satire des Rollets.*

This peaceful Man, who does the Canvas stain,  
Ne'er had his Critic Children's dreaded Vein.

In him——

For Sweetness fam'd, and Probity renown'd,  
A Remnant of the Golden Age was found.  
His Conduct in the Law, so oft confest,  
And by the Bench for Imitation prest,  
Did make against the \* *Rollet's* of the Age,  
A sharper Satire than their Scribling Rage.

The Author's Mother was no less Good-natur'd than his Father, as Monsieur *Despreaux* informs us in the following Epitaph, where that Lady is introduc'd, speaking of her self, thus:

*Epouse d'un Mari doux, simple, officieux,  
Par la meme douceur, je sus plaire a ses yeux :  
Nous ne sumes, jamais ni railler, ni medire.  
Passant, ne t'enquiers point si de cette bonte  
Tous mes Enfans ont herite ;  
Li seulement ces vers, & garde toi d'ecrire.*

Wife

---

\* *Rollet, a Lawyer, is frequently Satiriz'd by M. Boileau, upon Account of his unjust Practices.*



Wife to a Man of Candor, Sweetness, Ease,  
Him, by the self-same Arts, I knew to please.  
We never Rail'd, nor Snarl'd, by Day or Night ;  
The Yoke was Easie, and the Burden Light.  
Whether my Children did that *Sweetness* share,  
Too curious Passenger, such Questions spare ; }  
Read but these Verses---- and the *Pen* forbear. }

*Monsieur Despreaux* began his Studies in the College of *Beauvais* ; and when he was in the third Form, *Monsieur Sevin*, a Man of Merit, who taught that Form for near Fifty Years, first perceiv'd in his Scholar the Talent he had for Verse ; and took a Pleasure in telling People, *He wou'd be a great Man that Way* ; being persuaded, That he who is born a Poet must absolutely be so. The continual reading of the Poets and of Romances discover'd *Monsieur Despreaux's* Taste for Poetry : But this sort of Reading, which he himself call'd a *Madness*, far from spoiling his Head by a confus'd heap of Ideas, serv'd only to inspire him with a more exact Judgment and more lively Touches against the blind Sides of Authors. And this shows, *Sir*, That a Man who has  
natu-

naturally a sound Judgment, makes Advantage of every Thing, and rises to Perfection by the same Methods which generally Spoil your small Genius's. But the Authors which he read with most Relish and Delight, were those wherein he met with a fine and judicious Satire; as he himself informs us in these Verses \*, where, after having spoken of the Usefulness of Satire, he adds,

'Twas sacred *Satire* first inspir'd my Song,  
 And taught me to distinguish Right from Wrong;  
 She, from a Boy, instructed me to Hate  
 A foolish Book, and fear it's Author's Fate.  
 She help'd Me to ascend *Parnassus* Hill,  
 She first encourag'd, and confirms me still:  
 For *Satire*, in a word, I vow'd to write,  
 And made a Duty of my first Delight.

† Monsieur *Despreaux* was not long before he satisfy'd the Passion he had for Poetry. He was hardly Eighteen Years of Age, when he compos'd an *Ode*, upon a Report at that time, That the English were going to make War against France. This small Piece does not want for Fire nor Elevation, the Diction of it  
 is

---

\* *Sat.* IX.

† 1656.

*Monsieur* Boileau Despreaux. xxiii

is Pure, and the Versification sweet and harmonious. *Monsieur Despreaux* inserted it in the last Edition of his Works, after he had corrected it in some Places.

He had the Misfortune to lose his Mother when he was as yet but in the Cradle, and his Father, Sixteen Years afterwards. But all this was not capable of diminishing in the least the Ardour he had for Study. Great Genius's stand in need of nothing but themselves to make their Way in the World; the sole Strength of their Parts leads 'em on to every Thing that is most Excellent and most Sublime in that kind of Study which hits their Temper. You will soon see, *Sir*, that this was the Case of *Monsieur Despreaux*.

After he had gone through his Humanities and Philosophy, his Relations engag'd him to Study the Law; and he made such Progress therein, that he was admitted Advocate at an Age very little advanc'd. But tho' he had all the Talents necessary for the Bar, he wanted *Inclination*, without which 'tis impossible to succeed. The Obliquities of *Chicanry* didn't at all Suit with his Natural Candor: He cou'dn't Adapt himself to a Science which turns upon perpetual Equivocations, and which often obliges those who follow it, to cloath *Falshood* in the Garb of *Truth*. He resolv'd therefore to take another Course;  
and

and looking on the *Sorbonne* as the *Anti-pode* of the *Bar*, he determin'd to run a *Course of Divinity* there. But he cou'd not long endure the *Lectures of the Thorny School-Divinity*. He was equally surpriz'd and shock'd, to see There the most important *Points of Salvation* reduc'd to empty *Speculations*, obscur'd by barbarous *Language*, and subject to endless *Disputes*. To conclude, He imagin'd that, to allure him the more cunningly, *Chicany* had only chang'd her *Habit*; and so he renounc'd the *Sorbonne*.

He afterwards deliver'd himself up entirely to his own *Genius*, and giving a *Loose* to the *Passion* he had for the *Belles Lettres*, and especially for *Poetry*, he proceeded solely under his own *Conduct*, and took *Possession* of one of the foremost *Places* on the *French Parnassus*. But you will give me leave, *Sir*, to quote here his own *Words* on this *Occasion* in some of his *Epistles*. You will therein find, at the same time, some new *Particulars* of his *Family*, and a *Confirmation* of most that I have said.

My Sire, to *Business*, *Threescore Years* apply'd \*,  
 And left me for my *Portion*, when he dy'd,  
 A fair *Example*, and a *small Estate* ;  
 But hating *Pains*, I was content with that :

A

---

\* *Epist. X.*



*Monsieur Boileau Despreaux.*      xxi

A Nobler Business my Ambition fir'd ;  
Gold I neglected, and to Fame aspir'd.  
My Father, Brother, Uncle, Registers,  
My Cousin, Brother-in-Law, with equal Cares,  
Held the same Post, and *I the same with theirs.* }  
*Soon weary of the musty Rolls, I fled*  
*The Courts,* and turn'd to brighter Things my Head.  
I sought the Nymphs that haunt th' *Aonian* Floods,  
And early stray'd in the *Pierian* Woods.  
The Family beheld, with Rage and Scorn,  
A Poet, in the dusty Office born.  
To *them*, the lawless Muse, with Horror snor'd  
On Scrolls, o'er which with so much Gain *they* por'd.

*Monsieur Despreaux* says pretty near the same  
Thing, in his Epistle to his *Book \**,

Of you, my Verse, if any should inquire,  
Or what my Fortune was, or who my Sire,  
Or how I led my Life ; to these declare,  
My Father was a worthy *Register.*  
And higher still I my Descent might draw,  
From those who Plead, and those who deal the Law.

\* *Epist. X.*

From Magistrates and Advocates I came,  
 Nor will you be Dishonour'd by my Name.  
 I, in the Cradle, a dear Mother lost,  
 Nor long cou'd of a tender Father boast.  
 His Loss in Four *Bissextile* Years I mourn'd,  
 And Loose I, to the World, too Young was turn'd.  
 By the sole Conduct of my Genius led,  
*Persius* and *Horace*, I with Passion read.  
 Fond of their Talent, I their Manner chose,  
 And near to *Regnier* on *Parnassus* rose.

There was at that time in *France* a great Number of Poets, who, tho' very indifferent Ones, yet made a great Noise; and even some among 'em were look'd upon as Models. Monsieur *Despreaux* cou'd not endure to see a wrong Taste prevail, and the Town suffer it self to be Bubbl'd by Authors without Genius, and who seem'd to write in Opposition to good Sense and Reason. He thought it his Duty to revenge *Both*, and there-upon writ some *Satires* which gain'd him a great Reputation, and at the same time drew upon him the Hatred and Resentment of a Legion of Paltry Poets. The Love he had for *Virtue* engag'd him likewise not to spare *Vice* in his *Satires*, and put him upon Censuring  
 with

*Monsieur Boileau Despreaux.* xxiii

with great Sharpness the corrupt Manners of his Age. He thereby created himself new Enemies, tho' less Terrible than the former; but all this did not hinder the Public, who were charm'd with the Beauty of his *Satires*, from declaring themselves in his Behalf. People were never tir'd with engaging him to recite his Verses; and by frequently repeating the finest Passages, they became as it were Proverbs. Monsieur *Despreaux* himself has inform'd us of the happy Success his first Works met with. It is in his *Epistle to his Book*, where he thus Addresses himself to his last Productions \* :

You think, the Public will be proud to read,  
And like your Elder Brothers, to succeed;  
Tho' the weak Offspring of my Age, you hope,  
As well as they, to shine in *Barbin's* Shop:  
That from the People, you'll to Princes pass,  
And equal Glory gain, and equal Grace.  
That Court and Country will alike be pleas'd,  
And Proverbs soon be made of ev'ry Jest.  
So Home you'll strike, the Charm will be so strong,  
That nothing shall resist your pow'ful Song:

c 2

But

---

\* *Epist. X.*

But don't deceive your Selves, nor think to find  
 The Court and Country to your Rhymes, so kind :  
 My Spring of Wit is past; my Youthful Vein,  
 And you, my Muse, shall never Bloom again :  
 Nor ever must my *Verse* again pretend,  
 The Faults of Others to Reprove, or Mend.  
 My Muse, when Young, the French *Parnassus* sway'd,  
 And with gay Robes her pompous *Verse* array'd.  
 A lawful Rage did then her Wit provoke,  
 And just Resentment pointed ev'ry Stroke.  
 When before Reason she indicted Rhyme,  
 When she no Folly sooth'd, and spar'd no Crime.  
 When on Mankind, and on her Self, she fell,  
 And those who felt the Lash, approv'd her Zeal :  
 The Reader pleas'd with my Impartial Rage,  
 Forgot his Wrath, and rob'd the hated Page.  
 When the Jest tickled him, he stole the Line,  
 And often Larded his Discourse with Mine.

By this, *Sir*, you see, with what Applause  
 the first *Satires* of Monsieur *Despreaux* were  
 receiv'd. Those of *Regnier* had met with a  
 general Approbation ; and indeed, there are  
 some



some written by that Poet, which even in *Monsieur Despreaux* Judgment, are Admirable : But it must be own'd, they are very short of the Perfection of our Author's ; as well in Point of Sweetness and Harmony, as Purity of Style, and that Character of Chastity with which *Monsieur Despreaux* first found out the Way of enriching the *French* Satire. These Advantages gave so great a Relish for the *Satires* of *Monsieur Despreaux*, that every Body strove to have Manuscript Copies of 'em, which at length, as it never happens otherwise on such Occasions, were Printed, as they were handed about full of Faults, and with some other Pieces, father'd upon *Monsieur Despreaux*, tho' they were very far from his Genius and Turn of Wit. *Monsieur Despreaux* cou'd not bear to see his Works thus treated ; so having obtain'd a Privilege from the King \*, he publish'd them himself, as he had originally compos'd them. This first Edition came out in 1666. Perhaps, *Sir*, you may not be unwilling to see the Preface which *Monsieur Despreaux* prefix'd, under his Bookseller's Name. It is no disagreeable Thing to the generality of People to know in what Manner, an Author that is grown Famous, first produc'd himself into the World. Besides, this Preface being no where to be found but

---

\* It is dated May 6. 1666.

in the first Editions of Monsieur *Despreaux's* Works, which are extremely scarce, 'tis to be fear'd it might in time be lost, unless Care be taken to preserve it. It is as follows, entirely.

' 'The *Satires* now made Public, (says the  
' Bookfeller) had never run the hazard of being  
' Printed, if the Author could have been Master  
' of his own Writings. Whatever Applause his  
' Works may have receiv'd from sufficient Num-  
' bers of People fond of such Pieces, his Modesty  
' persuaded him that to Print them, wou'd be  
' increasing the Number of bad Books, which  
' he so often Condemns, and thereby ren-  
' der himself deserving of a Place in his own  
' *Satires*. This Consideration has for a long  
' time caus'd him to endure, with a Patience  
' somewhat Heroic in an Author, the mangled  
' Copies which have been handed about of his  
' Works, without being tempted to commit  
' them to the Press. But at length, all his  
' Constancy forsook him, when he saw that  
' monstrous Edition which lately appear'd.  
' The Tenderness of a Father awoke at the  
' Sight of his Children so Disfigured and torn  
' to Pieces: Especially, when he found 'em ac-  
' companied with such flat insipid Prose, that  
' all the Salt of his Verses cou'dn't give 'em  
' the least Relish. I mean that J U D G M E N T  
' U P O N S C I E N C E S, which was so in-  
' judiciously tack'd to the end of his Book.  
' He

‘ He was afraid his *Satires* won’d be utter-  
‘ ly spoil’d in such scurvy Company ; and at  
‘ length grew sensible, that since a Work is  
‘ sooner or later to pass thro’ the Hands of a  
‘ Printer, it were better to undergo one’s Fate  
‘ with a good Grace, and do that one’s Self  
‘ which was before done in spite of our Teeth.  
‘ Especially, seeing the worthy Gentleman, who  
‘ had the Care of the first Edition, has inserted  
‘ therein the Names of some Persons whom the  
‘ Author honours, and before whom he is very  
‘ willing to justify himself. All these Consi-  
‘ derations have, I say, oblig’d him to trust me  
‘ with the true Originals of his Pieces, and  
‘ Two Additional Ones besides, for which he  
‘ was apprehensive of the same Fate\*. But  
‘ withall, he charg’d me to Excuse him to  
‘ such Authors as may be offended at the  
‘ liberty he has taken in mentioning their  
‘ Works up and down in his Writings. He  
‘ desires ’em therefore to consider, That *Par-*  
‘ *nassus* was ever a Free-Country : That the  
‘ most ingenious are there every Day expos’d  
‘ to the Censure of the most Ignorant : That  
‘ one single Man’s Opinion is no Law ; and  
‘ that, at the worst, if they are perswaded he  
‘ has done their Works any Damage, they may  
‘ Revenge themselves upon His, which he gives  
‘ up entirely to ’em, not excepting even the  
‘ very Points and Comma’s.

C 4

‘ Now,

---

\* This Edition contain’d, *The Discourse to the King, and Eight Satires.*

‘ Now, if they are not satisfy’d with this,  
 ‘ he Advises ’em to have Recourse to the  
 ‘ happy Tranquility of some great Men, such  
 ‘ as those, who never fail to Comfort them-  
 ‘ selves for the like Misfortune with some fa-  
 ‘ mous Example taken from the most cele-  
 ‘ brated Authors of Antiquity, which they ap-  
 ‘ ply solely to themselves. In a word, he begs  
 ‘ ’em to consider, That if their Works are  
 ‘ Bad they deserve to be Censur’d, and if they  
 ‘ are Good, all that can be said against ’em  
 ‘ will never make ’em Bad. To conclude,  
 ‘ Since the Malice of his Enemies has lately  
 ‘ endeavour’d to give a guilty Sense even to  
 ‘ his most innocent Thoughts, he desires honest  
 ‘ Gentlemen not to suffer themselves to be fur-  
 ‘ pris’d with the refin’d Subtilties of those  
 ‘ small Wits, who know not how to Revenge  
 ‘ themselves but by Cowardly Methods, and  
 ‘ wou’d often make a frightful Crime of a  
 ‘ Poetical Elegance.

‘ I am likewise order’d to Advise those,  
 ‘ who shall be inclin’d to Satirize these *Sa-*  
 ‘ *tires*, not to do it in Hugger-Mugger.  
 ‘ I’ll undertake, the Author shall not Indict  
 ‘ ’em before any other Tribunal than that  
 ‘ of the Muses : Because, if they are gross  
 ‘ Abuses, the Pastry-Cook will do him Ju-  
 ‘ stice upon ’em ; But if they are keen Rail-  
 ‘ lery, he is not so ignorant in the Law, as  
 ‘ not



*Monsieur Boileau Despreaux:* xxix

‘ not to know that One ought to bear the Pu-  
‘ nishment of Retaliation. Let ’em therefore  
‘ Write and Welcome ; as they will undoubted-  
‘ ly contribute to render the Author more Illu-  
‘ strious, they will inhance the Bookseller’s  
‘ Profit, and that’s all I care for. But what-  
‘ ever Interest I have therein, I advise them  
‘ to wait a little, and give their ill Humour  
‘ time to ripen. Nothing is done well that is  
‘ done in Anger. You may, discharge your  
‘ Gall as much as you please, in odious foul-  
‘ mouth’d Language. It only shows the mean-  
‘ nefs of your Spirit, without lessening the Re-  
‘ putation of the Person you attack : A Reader,  
‘ who is perfectly indifferent, does not espoute  
‘ the idle Passions of a hot-headed Rhymer.  
‘ Much might likewise be said touching the  
‘ Reproach that is thrown upon the Author,  
‘ for having taken his Thoughts out of *Juvenal*  
‘ and *Horace*. But, all Things well consider’d,  
‘ he thinks the Objection so Honourable, that he  
‘ fancies he shou’d injure himself by making any  
‘ Reply.

This Work rais’d great Commotions upon  
the French *Parnassus*. The Authors, therein  
attack’d, were at their Wits-end, to see them-  
selves so Ridicul’d, after the Enjoyment  
of an advantagious Reputation ; and the  
Writers of a superior Class, of whom Mon-  
sieur *Despreaux* had nothing to say, were, not-  
withstanding, in dread of his Pen ; tho’ in all  
Pro-

Probability their Secret Thoughts were the same with His, yet they did not approve of his Manner of Writing, and blam'd him particularly for the liberty he gave himself in naming of Persons. This oblig'd him to write a new *Satire* \*, to defend himself against the Complaints of these Gentlemen.

He likewise writ a *Discourse upon Satire*, wherein he justify'd his Conduct from the Example of Satirical Poets, both *Latin* and *French*. 'When first I publish'd my Satires, 'says he, I expected the Tumult which the 'Printing of my Book has excited on *Parnassus*. 'I know that the Nation of Poets, and especially bad Ones, is a very untractable Nation, 'very apt to take Fire; and that these Wits, 'greedy of Praises, wou'd not easily digest a 'Raillery, be it ever so mild. This I will 'therefore venture to say for my Self, That I 'have look'd upon, with a Temper not a little 'Stoical, the defamatory Libels that have 'been publish'd against me. Whatever Calumnies they have endeavour'd to blacken me 'with, whatever false Reports they have spread 'concerning my Person; I readily pardon'd 'these little Revenges, to the Vexation of an 'exasperated Author, who saw himself attack'd in a Poet's most sensible Part, I mean, 'his Wit. But, adds he, I own I was a little 'surpriz'd at the unaccountable Concern of 'certain Authors, who instead of diverting 'them-

---

\* 'Tis the IXth.

‘ themselves with a Poetical Quarrel of which  
‘ they might have been the indifferent Specta-  
‘ tors, have chosen to take Part therein, and  
‘ to be uneasie with Fools rather than be merry  
‘ with Men of Sense. It is for their Consolation  
‘ that I wrote the preceeding *Satire*, wherein I  
‘ think, I have pretty clearly shown, that with-  
‘ out giving Offence, either to the Govern-  
‘ ment, or one’s Conscience, a Man may call  
‘ execrable Verses, execrable, and own him-  
‘ self tir’d with reading a silly Book. But,  
‘ *continues he*, since these Gentlemen have  
‘ mention’d the Liberty I have taken in  
‘ naming of Names, as an unprebented and  
‘ unheard of Attempt, I have thought it Pro-  
‘ per in this Place to add a Word or two for  
‘ their Information in a Thing which *they only*  
‘ wou’d be Ignorant of, and to let them see,  
‘ that in Comparison with the rest of my Sati-  
‘ rical Brethren, I have kept very much within  
‘ Bounds.

This he afterwards proves from the Example  
of *Lucilius*, *Horace*, *Persius*, *Regnier*, and se-  
veral other Poets Ancient and Modern.

\* Some Time afterwards, *Monfieur Despre-  
aux* address’d to the *King* an *Epistle* †, wherein  
he Praises his Majesty upon the Peace he had  
lately

---

\* In 1669.

† *Epist.* I.

lately concluded with *Spain*, and the Care he took to procure the Ease, the Plenty, and the Repose of his Subjects. This Piece was Printed by it self, and in that Manner more than one Edition was given of it. Monsieur *Despreaux* added it afterwards to his other Works, and put before it a little Advertisement, which contain'd some remarkable Particulars. The first, related to an Alteration he had made in that Piece, according to the Advice which the famous Prince of *Conde* was pleas'd to give him. ' I persuaded  
' my self, *says he*, That the Fable of the *Oyster*,  
' which I had put at the End of the Epistle  
' to the King, would prove an agreeable Re-  
' laxation to the Reader's Mind, which might  
' have been fatigued by too serious a Strain of  
' the Sublime; besides, the Correction I had  
' made thereof seem'd sufficient to have secur'd  
' me from a Fault which I demonstrated my  
' self to be the first Discoverer of. But I con-  
' fess, there are Persons of good Sense who have  
' not approv'd of it. I did, however, hesitate  
' a long while, whether I shou'd leave it out,  
' because there were many who prais'd it as  
' immoderately as others condemn'd it. But at  
' length, I surrender'd my self to the Autho-  
' rity of a Prince, no less considerable for the  
' Brightness of his Parts, than for the Number  
' of his Victories: He having sincerely assur'd  
' me, that this Fable, tho' very well told, did  
' not seem to him worthy the other Part of  
' the



‘ the Work; I readily complied, and put a diffe-  
‘ rent Conclusion to that Epistle; nor did I think  
‘ it became me, for the sake of a Score of Verses,  
‘ to fall out with the first Captain of our Age||.  
Monsieur *Despreaux* after this, disowns some  
Pieces that were handed about under his Name.  
‘ For the rest, *says he*, I desire the Reader to  
‘ take Notice, that there are a great many im-  
‘ pertinent Pieces industriously spread abroad  
‘ under my Name, and among others, a Satire  
‘ against *Ecclesiastical Exactions* †. I am under no  
‘ Apprehension, that Men of Sense will think  
‘ me the Author of these Pieces, because  
‘ my Style, good or bad, is easie to be known.  
‘ But as the Number of *Ignoramus*’s is very  
‘ great, and they may easily be deceiv’d, it is  
‘ per to let them know, that besides the  
‘ Eleven Pieces in this Book \*, there is nothing  
‘ of mine abroad, either Printed or in Manu-  
‘ script.

Some time before this, Monsieur *Despreaux*  
had compos’d a small Work in Prose, In-  
titled, *A Dialogue of the Dead*, wherein he  
made it his Business to expose the Folly of  
some Dramatic Pieces, and Romances,  
which, at that time were in mighty Vogue.  
The

---

] Monsieur Boileau, some time after, inserted this Fable, at the end  
of his 2d Epistle, inscrib’d to Monsieur l’Abbe des Roches.

\* It begins, *Quel est donc ce Cahos, &c.*

\* These Eleven Pieces, (in Verse) were, the Discourse to the  
King, Nine Satires, and the Epistle to the King.

The Poem call'd *la Pucelle*, (or, the Maid of *Orleans*) written by Monsieur *Chapelain*, was not spar'd in it; but the strefs of the *Critique* turn'd upon the Romances, *Grand Cyrus*, and *Clelia*, written by Mademoiselle *de Scudery*. 'Tis, undoubtedly, of this small Piece that Monsieur *Arnauld* speaks, in a Letter which I shall have Occasion to entertain you with more particularly hereafter.

' The Princess of *Conty*, and the Dutcheffs of  
 ' *Longueville*, says he, being inform'd that  
 ' Monsieur *Despreaux* had writ something in  
 ' Prose against Romances, wherein *Clelia* had  
 ' not escap'd Censure; and those Princeffes  
 ' knowing better than any Body how dangerous  
 ' such Books are; sent to let him know they  
 ' shou'd be very glad to see it. He repeated it  
 ' to them; and they were so well pleas'd with  
 ' it, that they cou'd not forbear expressing their  
 ' Wishes for having it Printed: But he excus'd  
 ' himself, lest it should create him new Ene-  
 ' mies.

*Mademoiselle de Scudery*, a Lady of great Merit, being, as I have before observ'd, the most Criticiz'd in this Piece, Monsieur *Despreaux* constantly refus'd to publish it during her Life. I am very well assur'd he never committed it to Writing. But yet, being always ready to oblige his Friends with repeat-

ing.

ing it, some of them writ down what they had retain'd in their Memory ; and so it came to be Printed, the first time in 1688. in a Collection of Flying Pieces. It was afterwards Printed in *Holland*, and inserted among the Works which bear the Name of *Monsieur de St. Evremond* ; and as Doctor *Silvestre* and my self had, in the Edition we gave of that Author's Works, left out every Thing that was not Genuine ; yet, to prevent this *Dialogue* from being lost, I inserted it in the *Melange curieux des meilleures Pieces attribuees a Monsieur de St. Evremond*. 'Tis probable that, as we have it, it is but an imperfect Resemblance of the Original. However, there are very beautiful Strokes in it, and I make no doubt but the Public will be glad to find it in this Translation among the Works of *Monsieur Despreaux*.

The Rapidity of *Louis* the XIVth's Conquests in *Holland*, in the Year 1672. gave *Monsieur Despreaux* Occasion to Address a New Epistle to the Prince ; wherein he gives the History of that Campaign, with all the Sublimity that Poetry can furnish. The Description of the Passage of the *Rhine* is so Pompous, that it has impos'd upon several *French* Historians, who affirm, That, *that Passage was look'd upon as one of the boldest Enterprizes*  
*that*

that were ever form'd and executed \*; and that it is impossible to conceive the Noise which so bold and so well conducted an Action made in the World †. But we have a far different Account of this Matter from the Count de Buffi Rabutin; who lies under no Suspicion, for being at that time banish'd the Court, he forgot nothing to reingratiate himself, and let not the least Opportunity slip of exalting the Glory of his Prince; and who besides, was very capable of forming a right Judgment in that case, being arriv'd to the Post of Lieutenant General of the King's Armies, and *Mestre de Camp General* of the *French and Foreign Horse*. 'The Passage of the *Rhine* by 'Swimming, (*says he, in a Letter to the Marchioness de Sevigny,*) is a Glorious Action, 'but not so desperate as you imagine. Two 'Thousand Horie pass over to attack Four or 'Five Hundred. The Two Thousand are 'supported by a great Army where the King 'is in Person, and the Four or Five Hundred are 'Troops intimidated by the rough and vigorous 'Manner in which the Campaign was begun: 'Tho' the *Hollanders* had had a greater Resolu- 'tion upon this Occasion, they wou'd not have 'kill'd many more Men, and at length they 'must have been overpower'd with Numbers. 'If the Prince of *Orange* had been on the 'other

---

\* Riencourt's *Hist. of Louis XIV.* Vol. I. p. 386.

† *History of Louis XIV. to the General Peace in 1697.* Book III. p. 103.



*Monsieur Boileau Despreaux.* xxxvii

‘ other side the *Rhine* with his Army, I do  
‘ not think they wou’d have ventur’d to Swim  
‘ it, before him : That had indeed been a despe-  
‘ rate attempt ; and yet it is what *Alexander*  
‘ did at the Passage of the *Granicus* ; he Swam  
‘ that River with 40000 Men, in spite of a  
‘ Hundred Thousand that oppos’d him. It is true,  
‘ had he been beaten, the World wou’d have  
‘ call’d him Mad-Man ; and ’tis only upon  
‘ Account of his Success, that he is said to have  
‘ perform’d the most glorious Action in the  
World \*.

A judicious and sincere Historian will relate this Fact upon the Ideas of the Count *de Buffi* ; and at the same time look upon Monsieur *Despreaux*’s Description as an excellent Piece of Poetry. And this likewise was the Opinion of Monsieur *de Buffi* concerning it.

† However, Monsieur *Despreaux*’s Enemies gave out, that that Lord had written a Letter, wherein he very roughly handled that Epistle, without sparing even the Author himself. Monsieur *Despreaux*, piqu’d at a Report, the Consequences whereof he was afraid of, desir’d the Count *de Limoges* to write about it to Monsieur *de Buffi* ; who answer’d, That he never had the least Thought like it.

d

This

---

\* *Letters of the Count de Buffi Rabutin*, Tom. II. p. 267, 268.

† 1673.

This oblig'd Monsieur *Despreaux* to write him the following Letter, dated from *Paris*, the 25th of *May*, 1673.

**I** Confess, Sir, I have been uneasie at a Report, That you have written a Letter wherein my self, and my Epistle to the King on the Campaign of *Holland*, have been very ill us'd; for besides the just Concern I had to be Disapprov'd by the Man whom I most Esteem and Admire throughout the whole Kingdom: I had a great deal of Difficulty to digest the Pleasure it wou'd give my Enemies; but I never gave much Credit to it. For how cou'd I possibly believe, that the greatest Wit at Court cou'd enter into the Sentiments and Interests of the Abbot *Cotin*, and to resolve even to be in the right with him. The Letter you have written to the Count de *Limoges* has entirely undeceiv'd me, and I plainly see, that all this Noise was nothing but a very ridiculous Artifice of my very ridiculous Enemies. But whatever ill Design they had against me, I am Indebted to them for the Opportunity they have given me, of assuring you, Sir, That no Body is more convinc'd than I am of your Merit, or with more Respect,

Your, &c.

The Answer which the Count de *Bussi Rabutin* made to this Letter is as follows. It is dated from his Seat at *Bussi* \*, *May* 30. 1673.

I

---

\* In the Dutchy of Burgundy.

*Monsieur Boileau Despreaux.* xxxix

**I** Cannot, Sir, answer your Letter as it deserves. It is so full of Civilities and Praises that I am confounded with them. I shall only tell you, that I never saw any Thing of your composing which I did not think very Beautiful and very Natural; and that I have observ'd in your Writings, the Air of a Gentleman, which I esteem'd above all the rest. This is what has made me often wish to be acquainted with you; and since an Opportunity now presents its self, I beg the Continuance of your Commerce and Friendship, assuring you, at the same time, of mine. As for my Esteem, you ought not to doubt of it, since your very Enemies give it you in their Hearts, unless they are the most stupid Wretches in the World.

About this time, several Doctors of the University of *Paris*, secretly supported by the Jesuits, endeavour'd to obtain a Decree of the Parliament against such as shou'd teach in the Philosophical Schools other Principles than those of *Aristotle*. This ridiculous Attempt put Monsieur *Despreaux* upon composing a Burlesque Decree in Favour of *Aristotle*, and against the New Philosophy; which had so good an Effect, That it oblig'd the University to drop the Petition they had prepared for the Parliament. They had it in their Thoughts, says the *Menagiana*, and were in good Earnest preparing a Decree against the Philosophy of *Descartes*, when Monsieur Des-

preaux publish'd his. It is a Trifle, which perhaps, more than any other Thing beside, prevented the Parliament from making a real Decree. Monsieur Boileau, the Register, adds the *Menagiana*, presented this Decree, with many others, to be sign'd by the late President Lamoignon, who, being a very exact Magistrate, examin'd them severally. When he came to that of Monsieur Despreaux, This is a Trick of your Uncle's! says he, to Monsieur Boileau.

In this little Piece are specify'd the principal Errors of which the new Philosophy has cur'd us, and the contrary Truths for which we are beholden to it. It is Intituled, *Arret donne, &c.* A Decree made in the High Court of Parnassus, in Favour of the Masters of Arts, Physicians, and Professors of the University of Stagira in the Country of Chimæra's, for the Maintenance of the Aristotelean Doctrine.

You know, Sir, That at Paris, in the Precinct call'd *Le Palais*, because indeed it was heretofore the Palace of the Kings of France, there is a Royal Chappel founded by St. Louis, call'd *La Sainte Chapelle*, and is independant of the Archbishop, as are the other Royal Chappels. A Difference which happen'd between the Treasurer and Chanter of this Church about a Reading-Desk, (*Lutrin*) which the Treasurer wou'd have plac'd in the Choir, in spite of the Chanter and the Canons; gave  
Occasion



Occasion to Monsieur *Despreaux* to write a new Piece. He was engag'd in it after this Manner. Monsieur *de Lamoignon*, first President of the Parliament of *Paris*, and who had a particular Esteem for Monsieur *Despreaux*, having ask'd him, in a Conversation which turn'd upon the Nature of Heroic Poetry, and wherein some Body gave an Account of the Difference before-mention'd; whether he cou'd write an Heroic Poem upon that Occasion: To this kind of Challenge, he reply'd, *It was not perhaps so Difficult as was imagin'd*; and some time after, he agreeably surpris'd that illustrious Magistrate, with a Mock *Heroic Poem*, in Four *Canto's*, upon the *Lutrin* of the Holy Chapel. Monsieur *Despreaux* himself has inform'd us in a very particular Manner what it was that occasion'd him to write this *Poem*, in the *Advertisement* which he put to it the first time it was publish'd. But as this Piece is not insert'd in the latter Editions of his Works, and therefore has probably been never seen by you, I shall give it in this Place entire. You will find that Monsieur *Despreaux* bewilders the Readers as much as he can, and removes him as far as possible from the Place of Action.

‘ I shall not do, *says he*, as *Ariosto*  
‘ does, who very often, when he is about to  
‘ tell the most absurd Story in the World,  
‘ vouches it for a certain Truth, and even  
d 3 ‘ backs

' backs it with the Authority of Archbishop  
 ' *Turpin*. As for my Part, I frankly declare,  
 ' That the whole Poem of the *Lutrin* is a mere  
 ' Fiction, and that every Thing therein is in-  
 ' vented; so much as the very Name of the  
 ' Place where the Action is laid. I have call'd  
 ' it *Pourges*, from the Name of a small Chappel  
 ' standing formerly near *Monlhery* \*. The  
 ' Reader therefore is not to wonder, that the  
 ' Goddess of *Night* in her Way from *Burgundy*,  
 ' takes the Road of *Paris* and *Monlhery*. 'Tis  
 ' a pretty odd Accident which gave Occa-  
 ' sion to this Poem. In an Assembly, where  
 ' I was present not long since, the Discourse  
 ' fell upon Heroic Poetry. Every one spoke  
 ' of it according to his Sentiments. And I  
 ' being ask'd my Opinion, insisted upon what  
 ' I had advanc'd in my Art of Poetry: That  
 ' an Heroic Poem, to be excellent, shou'd be  
 ' founded upon no large Bottom, and that  
 ' it belong'd to the Invention to support and  
 ' extend it. The Subject was very strongly  
 ' debated, and great Heats arose; but after  
 ' many Reasons *pro* and *con*, the Event was, as  
 ' it generally is in such sort of Disputes, that is,  
 ' no Body was convinc'd, but each stuck firm  
 ' to his own Opinion. The Warmth of the  
 ' Dispute being over, they talk'd of other Things,  
 ' and began to laugh at their being so hot upon  
 ' so inconsiderable a Question. They proceeded  
 ' to

---

\* A small Town in the Isle of France, Six Leagues from Paris, Southward.

‘ to Moralize upon the Folly of Men, who con-  
‘ sume almost their whole Life in a serious  
‘ Pursuit of very great Triffles, and who often  
‘ make a considerable Affair of an indifferent  
‘ Thing. Upon this, a Country Gentleman, up,  
‘ and told the Company, a great Dispute that had  
‘ formerly happen’d in a small Church of his  
‘ Province, between the Two Chief Dignita-  
‘ ries, the Treasurer and the Chanter, whether  
‘ a Desk shou’d be plac’d here or there. The  
‘ Story was entertaining enough. Upon this,  
‘ one of the Virtuofos in Company, who cou’d  
‘ not so soon forget the Debates, ask’d me ; If  
‘ I, who was for having an Heroic Poem charg’d  
‘ with so little Matter, wou’d undertake to com-  
‘ pose One upon a Quarrel so thin of Incidents  
‘ as that of this Church. I said, *Why not ?*  
‘ before I reflected upon the Question. This  
‘ occasion’d a loud Laughter in the Company,  
‘ and I cou’d not forbear Laughing my self ; not  
‘ thinking I shou’d ever attempt to be as good  
‘ as my Word. . However, in the Evening,  
‘ being at Leisure, I considered the Thing, and  
‘ having in the General laid the Plan of the  
‘ the Waggery I now present the Reader with,  
‘ I compos’d Twenty Verses, and shew’d them  
‘ to my Friends. This beginning pleas’d them.  
‘ Finding them tickled with those, I writ Twenty  
‘ more: Thus from one Twenty to another, I  
‘ at length stretch’d the Work to near Nine  
‘ Hundred.

' This is the whole History of the Trifle I  
 ' now publish. I wou'd gladly have given it  
 ' compleat, but I cou'd not do it, for some secret  
 ' Reasons which the Reader I hope will Excuse  
 ' me from telling; nor had I been in haste to  
 ' have given it thus Imperfect, were it not  
 ' for the wretched Fragments of it that have  
 ' been handed about. 'Tis a new Burlesque  
 ' which I was willing to make a Tryal of in our  
 ' Tongue. For whereas, in the other Burlesque,  
 ' *Dido* and *Aeneas* talk like Oyster-Women and  
 ' Porters; in this, a Watch-maker and his  
 ' Wife speak like *Dido* and *Aeneas*. I know not  
 ' therefore, whether my Poem will have the  
 ' Qualities requisite to please a Reader: But I  
 ' dare flatter my self, it will have at least the  
 ' the Agreeableness of Novelty, since I do not  
 ' think there is any Work of this Nature in our  
 ' Tongue: *Sarazin's Defeat of the Bouts rimez\**,  
 ' being rather a meer Allegory than a Poem,  
 ' as this is.

Of all Monsieur *Despreaux's* Works there is none  
 wherein he has better shewn the Beauty and  
 Fruitfulness of his Genius. Here indeed he has  
 fulfill'd the true Idea of a Poet; since out of  
 so barren a Subject he had the Art to produce  
 so great a Variety of Incidents, and to adorn  
 them with such beautiful Episodes. But what  
 makes one of the greatest Beauties of this Work  
 is

---

\* A list of Words that Rhime to one another, drawn up and given to  
 a Poet, who was to make a Sonnet or some other little Piece of Poetry to  
 the Rhymes, in the same Order they are plac'd upon the List.



*Monsieur Boileau Despreaux:* xlv

is undoubtedly the Satirical Touches which are therein agreeably interspers'd, and shew, That Monsieur *Despreaux* had no less in View to instruct the Reader, than to divert him, according to the Maxim of *Horace*: *Et prodesse volunt & delectare Poeta.* Can, for Example, the luxurious Idleness of the Canons be better Painted than he does it in these Verses?

Midst the soft Pleasures of fraternal Peace,  
In laughing Plenty, and luxurious Ease,  
*Pourges* had long her Ancient Chappel seen,  
Florid in Years, and in her Autumn Green;  
Her lusty Canons rosy Beauties Grace,  
And brilliant Health Crimsons each ruddy Face;  
Deep sunk in Down, soft as their Furs they lye;  
Fatten'd with tedious Holy Luxury;  
While there the sacred Sluggards waste the Day;  
In dull Repose—— By *Deputy* they Pray.  
They only Watch'd, that they might relish Rest,  
And never Fasted, but to make a Feast.  
Unhealthy *Mattins* wisely they decline,  
And substitute a *Journeyman-Divine.*

*Lutrin, Canto I.*

The

The Ambition, Vanity and Ignorance, of those Gentlemen is drawn to the Life in this Work. Is any Thing more Natural than what he puts into the Mouth of *Evrard* that fat fuffy Canon, whom they wou'd have had to consult some certain Books?

If at my Years, *said he*, I turn one Page,  
 Or hurt with *Books* these Eyes too weak with Age,  
 May I, like thee, on musty Paper feed,  
 Turn *Bookworm*, and be buried e'er I'm Dead;  
 Let us, who know the Use of living, live;  
 Thy Meagre *Body* does thy *Soul* survive:  
 Go, Macerate, what Flesh remains, with Books,  
 We are not fond of such mean haggard Looks;  
 What *others* do shall ne'er disturb my Head;  
 I neither *Alcoran*, nor *Bible*, read.  
 I know right-well the Price of College Hay,  
 Or what our Farmers every Quarter Pay:  
 On which good Vineyard there's a Mortgage made\*,  
 And what, and how, the Interest must be paid;

Twenty

---

\* *The Abbey of Saint Nicaise at Rheims, worth between 9 and 10000 Livres a Year, is Mortgag'd to the Chapter of the Sainte Chapelle.*

*Monsieur* Boileau Despreaux. xlvii

Twenty large Hogheads fill'd by my Command,  
Rang'd Orthodoxly in my *Cellar* stand :  
These are my Authors, there my Study's plac'd ;  
By them inform'd, substantial Blifs I taste ;  
And since all Knowledge in Opinion lies,  
Can, when I please, from thence *be warm and wise*,  
As for this Desk ; D'ye think your Books will charm  
The Monster down ? Believe me, this Right Arm  
More expeditiously your Work shall do ;  
The *Gorgon*, without *Latin*, overthrow.  
Whatever does offend me I'll remove,  
Tho' *all* the Father's shou'd the Desk approve :  
Let us to Breakfast, and our Sorrows drown ;  
So fortified, we'll knock the Monster down.

*Canto IV*

In another Place, he causes one to address himself in this Manner to the Treasurer, to whom likewise he gives the Name of *Prelate*, because he was the Head of that independant Church.

If in the Morn the *Chanter* dares destroy  
Our glorious Work, and the Machine annoy,

Actions

**ACTIONS on ACTIONS, Suits on Suits shall tell**

**The Church's Spirit and her Servants Zeal.**

**Then authoriz'd by Heaven you may engage ;**

**This is a War worthy a Prelate's Rage :**

**Wou'd you to *Prayer* alone that Heart confine ?**

**Let your great Soul in ardent *Action* shine !**

**\* Let a dull Country Prelate be content**

**With a long-life in lazy Preaching spent.**

**At *Pourges*, Sir, you flourish---- Then prepare,**

**Be Obstinate, Vexatious, Rouse to War ;**

**Be Active, Restless, Vigilant and Proud ;**

**This raises you above the vulgar Croud ;**

**From common Crape discriminates a Lord,**

**And is a Prelate's Charter on Record :**

**Then throw your *Benedictions* boldly round :**

**Let every Place your *Benedictions* sound.**

**Bless in the *Chanter's* Sight, and never cease,**

**With up-lift Palms the very *Chanter* bless. *Canto I.***

'Tis

---

\* *Monfieur Nicolas Pavillon, Bishop of Aleth, a Town in Languedoc, made himself famous for his Piety and the Application with which he endeavour'd to restore the ancient Discipline in his Diocess. He died in 1677.*



'Tis certain, that as this is a very ticklish Subject, so Monsieur *Despreaux* did not dwell long upon it; nor cou'd he indeed have said so much as he did without the help of Fiction, and the Esteem he was in at Court. How much soever an Author may be in the right, he must not expect impunity in *France*, if he attacks the Excesses and Irregularity of the Clergy. That would be the worst of all Heresies; and you have doubtless, *Sir*, taken Notice, That our illustrious Author has kept a profound Silence upon that particular in his other Works. We are not therefore to be surpriz'd, if even in the *Lutrin*, he has so lightly touch'd upon that Sore. I know not whether Monsieur *la-Bruyere* had not an Eye to this, when he says \*: *A Man that is born a Christian and a French-Man, finds himself constrain'd in the Writing of Satire; the great Subjects are forbid him; he sometimes enters upon them, but afterwards diverts to little Matters, which he heighthens by the Beauty of his Genius and Style.*

You Observe, *Sir*, That Monsieur *Despreaux*, in the Advertisement put before the *Lutrin*, says, 'he wou'd gladly have given it complete but cou'd not do it, for some secret Reasons, which the Reader, he hopes, will Excuse him from telling; nor had he been in haste to have given it thus imperfect, were it not

---

\* *La Bruyere's Characters, pag. 30.*

# 1            *The LIFE of*

‘ not for the wretched Fragments that had been  
‘ handed about.

It is probable, he speaks here of the Fifth and Sixth *Canto's* of that Work, which he did not think fit to Publish at that time ; not only because he therein makes a Description of the *Palais* \*, which was too plain to be misunderstood by any Body, but likewise because he Addresses himself to Monsieur de *Lamoignon*, under the Name of *Aristus*, and gives such a Picture of that illustrious Magistrate as wou'd soon have discover'd the Original. We may, perhaps, likewise add, That these Two *Canto's* contain certain Things of a bolder Nature than the former ; such for Example is the Description of the Prelate, getting the Victory over the Chanter and the Canons, by Blessing them unexpectedly and against their Will, and the Manner, how he gains to himself, by this Artifice, the Acclamations and Protection of the Mob. After, having said, That the Partisans of the Prelate had been knock'd down with *Avicenna's* Works, he adds :

The Prelate saw their Fall with ghastful Eyes,  
And sent to Heav'n a Scream that pierc'd the Skies.  
Struck back with Horror, and appal'd with Fear,  
He curses in his Heart the God of War.

With

---

\* *The Scene of Action in the Lutrin ; and where the Courts of Judicature are likewise held.*

With silent Indignation he retreats,  
Yet still the *Chanter* in his Mind defeats.  
Then rallying his lost Spirits, makes a Stand,  
And from his *Cassock* draws his vengeful Hand.  
Yes, said the Mighty Chief, tho' *Armies* fail,  
These *Blessing-giving Fingers* shall prevail.

Forward he moves, and upwards turns his Eyes,  
Then stretch'd his Fingers forth in Holy-Wise.

Kneeling in heaps the *Passengers* Receive  
The *Benedictions* he prepares to give  
With Politic Design, to turn the Rout  
Upon his Foes, who durst not *stand* him out.  
The zealous Vulgar force down all they meet,  
Nor will they suffer One to keep his Feet.

Th' out-witted adverse Host, confounded Stare  
At this unthought of Stratagem in War,  
And dread the Storm approaching from afar.  
Vainly the trembling *Chanter* seeks for Aid  
From his own Courage, or his firm Brigade;  
By *Both* forsaken, *He* too now must *Fly*,  
Or *Fall* before his haughty Enemy.

The consternated Troops themselves Disband ;  
Yet none Escapes the swift-pursuing *Hand*.

Driv'n on each others Backs, and spur'd with Fear ;  
Still Hangs the Conqu'ring *Finger* on their Rear.

*Eurard*, in Hopes to hide his threatn'd Head  
From Holy Insult, to a corner Fled.

The Watchful *Prelate* saw his close Retreat,  
And strait March'd up, his Conquest to Compleat ;  
Then Turning to the Right, he Wheel'd around,  
And *Bless'd* the frightn'd Champion to the Ground.

Thrice he erects his Rebel Head in vain,  
The lengthen'd *Finger* forc'd him down again.  
Oblig'd to Kneel, because the *Mob's* so near ;  
And what he owes to *Rev'rence* pays to *Fear*.

The *Prelate* to the Temple makes his Way,  
To taste the Fruits of this Victorious Day.

The *Chanter* and the *Canons* too return,  
And *Inly* their defeated Project mourn.  
Vanquish'd by pious Fraud, in Crouds they prest,  
Thro' the throng'd Doors, at once both *Maul'd* and  
*Blest*.

*Canto V.*

It



It is, I say, not unlikely, that this Passage, and some others, oblig'd Monsieur *Despreaux* to defer the Publication of the Two last *Cantos* of the *Lutrin*, till the Year 1681 ; as we shall see hereafter. 'Tis certain, the Clergy were not over-well pleas'd with this Work, and 'twas charg'd with Irreligion. This is the Opinion of Monsieur *Baillet*, at least. *The Poem of the Lutrin*, says he, *is perhaps the least defensible of all Monsieur Despreaux's Works. It must be own'd, there are some Touches which look a little too Comic ; as that of the Episcopal Benediction, which is perfectly Burlesque, and affords a little too much Diversion to Scoffers and Libertines* \*.

Poets, you know, *Sir*, are not equally capable of succeeding in all Kinds of Poetry. *Chapelain*, for Example, got Reputation by an Ode, and made himself Ridiculous by his Heroic Poem of *la Pucelle* ; *Quinault* miscarry'd in his Tragedies, and yet was so happy in his Operas that no Body cou'd Match him in that Way of Writing ; &c. Monsieur *Despreaux* having observ'd, That the generality of the Poets, whom he had Criticis'd in his *Satires*, might have done better, if they had well consulted their own Genius, and been sufficiently instructed in the

e

Rules

---

\* *Baillet*, Jugement des Scavans, Tom. IV. Contenant les Poetes, Part 5. Pag. 369.

Rules of *French* Poetry; he apply'd himself to write an *ART OF POETRY*, to prevent, if possible, the *French* Poets from falling into the like Mistake another time. Not but that *Ronsard*, *Pelletier*, and others, had treated upon that Subject: but besides their not having a just Idea of the Genius of their Tongue, they neither understood the Sweetness, nor the Harmony, nor the Severity of the *French* Poésie; and therefore their Precepts are too defective to serve at this time for a Rule.

Monfieur *Despreaux* therefore could not perform any Thing of greater Benefit to his Nation, than his *Art of Poetry*. But whereas the Authors just now mention'd, wrote in Prose, he compos'd his Work in Verse, like *Horace*, and divided it into Four *Canto's*. He likewise imitated that illustrious Ancient, in not only giving Rules for Writing well in each Kind of Poetry, but quoting several living Authors, and mentioning them as Examples which were carefully to be avoided.

*The Art of Poetry* appear'd the first Time in the New Edition which Monfieur *Despreaux* gave of his Works in 1674. He added to it, the *Treatise upon the Sublime, or the Marvellous in Discourse*, which he had translated from the *Greek* of *Longinus*. This Translation is accompanied with a Preface, wherein Monfieur *Despreaux* gives first an Abridgment of *Longinus's* Life;

*Monsieur Boileau Despreaux.*      iv

Life; and afterwards, a Commendation of *his Treatise on the Sublime*, which of all the Works that able Rhetorician was Author of, is the only one transmitted down to us: and after having taken Notice of the several *Latin* Translations that had been made of it, he declares the Method which he follow'd in his, and the Difficulties he had met with. Lastly, he advertises, That by *Longinus's Sublime* we are to understand *the Extraordinary, the Surprizing*, and, as he himself translates it, *the Marvellous in Discourse*; and gives for an Example of it that Passage of *Moses* reported by *Longinus* himself: *God said, Let there be Light, and there was Light.* Monsieur *Despreaux* subjoins to this Work some *Remarks*, wherein he explains the Text of *Longinus*, and Accounts for his own Translation.

\* The Advertisement which Monsieur *Despreaux* prefix'd to this Edition being, not only a Piece of Curiosity, but likewise omitted in the following Editions, I shall report it, *Sir*, in it's full length, without fearing that you'll take it Ill; and I shall continue to do the like hereafter, for preserving these sort of small Pieces.

‘ I had Thoughts, *says Monsieur Despreaux,*  
 ‘ of making a pretty long Preface ; wherein,  
 ‘ according to the receiv’d Custom of our Mo-  
 ‘ dern Writers, I hop’d to have given a very  
 ‘ Satisfactory Account of my Works, and ju-  
 ‘ stify’d the Liberties I had therein taken. But,  
 ‘ afterwards, I consider’d, That these sort of  
 ‘ Preambles generally serv’d for no other pur-  
 ‘ pose, but to expole the Author’s Vanity, and  
 ‘ instead of excusing his Faults, did frequently  
 ‘ furnish new Weapons against him. Besides,  
 ‘ I do not think my Writings good enough to  
 ‘ Merit Elogiums, nor bad enough to need an  
 ‘ Apology. I shall not therefore either Praise  
 ‘ or Justifie my self in the least. The Reader  
 ‘ is only to be inform’d, That I now give him  
 ‘ a more correct Edition of my Satires than any  
 ‘ that has yet appear’d, Two New Epistles, an  
 ‘ Art of Poetry in Verse, and Four Cantos of  
 ‘ the *Lutrin*. I have likewise added a Tran-  
 ‘ slation of the Treatise which *Longinus* the  
 ‘ Rhetorician wrote upon the *Sublime*, or the  
 ‘ *Marvellous in Discourse*. I at first made this  
 ‘ Translation for my own Instruction, rather  
 ‘ than out of any Design to publish it. But I  
 ‘ was of Opinion it wou’d not be unacceptable  
 ‘ after the *Art of Poetry*, to which that Treatise  
 ‘ has some Relation, and wherein I have in-  
 ‘ serted several Precepts taken from it. I fur-  
 ‘ ther design’d to annex some Dialogues in  
 ‘ Prose, which I have by me, but was preven-  
 ‘ ted



‘ red by some particular Considerations. I hope,  
‘ one Day, to give a Volume of them, apart.  
‘ This is all I have to say to the Reader; and  
‘ yet I know not but I have already said too  
‘ much, and, by these few Words, run into the  
‘ Error I wou’d have avoided.

These *Dialogues in Prose*, which Monsieur *Despreaux* speaks of, have not yet appear’d, except the *Dialogue of the Dead*, and of that too we have but a very imperfect Copy, as I have observ’d before.

Besides, There is in this Edition I am now speaking of, one Thing too singular and too glorious for M. *Despreaux* not to be related here. The most Christian King, who always lov’d to encourage the Sciences and Polite Literature, and who does not yield to any of his Subjects in Justness of Thinking, and Delicacy of Taste, was pleas’d to have Monsieur *Despreaux*’s Works read to him constantly as he compos’d them: but, not Content with giving them his private Approbation, he was resolv’d to render the same Public: for Monsieur *Despreaux* having Petition’d his Majesty to grant him a License to Reprint his first Pieces, and Publish some new Ones, he order’d that they shou’d make known in the Patent, the Pleasure he had taken in reading those Works. It runs in these Terms\*.

e 3

LOUIS,

---

\* It is dated, March 28. 1674.

‘ **L** OUIS, &c. Whereas our Dear and Well-  
 ‘ beloved the Sieur *Despreaux*, has most  
 ‘ humbly remonstrated to Us, that he has  
 ‘ written divers Pieces; namely, The *Art of*  
 ‘ *Poetry*, in Verse; a Poem, Intitul’d, *The Lu-*  
 ‘ *trin*, several Dialogues, Discourses, and Epi-  
 ‘ stles, in Verse, and a Translation of *Longinus*,  
 ‘ which he desires to have Printed, and likewise  
 ‘ to Reprint a second Time his *Satires*, the Li-  
 ‘ cense whereof is expir’d, if we shou’d please  
 ‘ to grant him our Letters of Permission for so  
 ‘ doing: WHEREFORE, being desirous to encou-  
 ‘ rage the said Sieur *Despreaux*, and to give to  
 ‘ the Public, by the Reading of his Works, the  
 ‘ same Satisfaction we our Selves receiv’d there-  
 ‘ by; We have permitted, and by these Pre-  
 ‘ sents under our Sign Manual, do permit him,  
 ‘ to cause the said Works to be Printed, &c.

But the most Christian King did not only  
 give him this particular Mark of his Esteem;  
 but likewise gratifi’d him with a Pension, as  
 Monsieur *Despreaux* himself informs us in an  
 Epistle he some time after compos’d, and ad-  
 dress’d to Monsieur *de Guilleragues*, Secretary  
 of the King’s Cabinet. After having said, That  
 he had renounc’d the Law to devote himself  
 to Poetry, he adds:

Riches

*Monsieur* Boileau Despreaux.      lix

Riches I saw must be acquir'd by Sweat,  
And hated Wealth which was so hard to get.  
The Muse and Bus'ness never well agree,  
The one's as much a Slave as t'others free.  
Freedom I chose ; my Studies Bent to Truth,  
And in her Service signaliz'd my Youth.  
Was Truth the Way to Rise ? And cou'd the Muse  
A worse Employ to make her Fortune chuse ?  
Poets have still their Father *Homer's* Curse,  
And who, by speaking Truth, e'er fill'd his Purse ?  
What had I done, that I shou'd hope to see,  
Where all were Blanks, a Prize turn up for me ?  
But the King's Bounty which is unconfin'd,  
To Truth a Friend, to Merit ever kind,  
Pleas'd with a Plainness seldom seen before,  
Enlarg'd with Royal Gifts my little Store.  
Nor Envy nor Cabal his Hand withheld,  
The more they Griev'd, the more my Treasure swell'd.  
My Foes enrag'd, with doleful Cries complain ;  
His Favour was the same ; they Rage in vain.  
No Cries cou'd stop his Course ; with Hands profuse,  
He crown'd my Labours and enrich'd my Muse.

But 'tis too much — My Fortune far surpass

My Hopes, and all above Enough is waste.

Now Constant or Inconstant let her be ;

It is not in her Power to anger me.

And for the Future, if she's up or down,

It shall not break my Rest, I'll still sleep on.

The only Care that now my Breast can sting,

Is how I shall the Hero's Praises sing, &c.

\* You do not want to be inform'd, *Sir*, that the Inhabitants of *Messina* who had revolted from the *Spaniards* in 1674, to give themselves up to *France*, suffer'd a very great Dearth of Provisions in the Beginning of the next Year. The *Spaniards* had prevented their receiving any by Land, while their Fleet, consisting of twenty Men of War and seventeen Gallies, block'd up the Entrance of the *Phare*. Mean time the Duke of *Vivonne*, who was appointed Viceroy of *Sicily*, setting out from *Toulon* with nine Men of War, one light Frigate, three Fire-ships and eight Barks laden with Provisions, came in Sight of the *Spanish* Fleet the 11th of *February*, and attack'd them. After a very sharp Engagement of some Hours the two Fleets parted ; but *M. de Vivonne* being join'd by six Men of War, who were before *Messina*,  
he



he again attack'd the *Spanish* Fleet; and notwithstanding the Inequality of Forces, beat them and oblig'd them to retire with Loss. Next Day he enter'd the *Phare* with the Provisions design'd for the *Messinois*, and of which they were in extreme Want. *M. Despreaux* was too well known to *M. de Vivonne*, not to congratulate him upon so resolute and glorious an Action; but not being willing to follow the common Road of Compliments, and knowing besides how nice that Lord was upon the Article of Praise; he sent him two Letters dated from the *Elyzian Fields*, one in *Balzac's* Style, and the other in *Voiture's*, as if those two *Beaux Esprits*, charm'd at the News of the Battle, had written to him from the other World to congratulate him. This Fiction, consider'd only as such, is a very ingenious one, and perfectly worthy of *M. Despreaux*; but 'tis believ'd, and with a great Deal of Reason, that he carry'd his Views further, and that these two Letters are two very cunning Satires against *Balzac*, *Voiture*, and the Partisans of both \*. And indeed it wou'd be a vain Attempt at this Time to think to gain Applause by so bombast a Style as that of *Balzac*; and I very much doubt whether a Gayety full of Points and Puns, like *Voiture's*, wou'd meet with any more Approbation.

' There

---

\* *Baillet, ubi supra.*

‘ There are very few true Models, *says*  
 ‘ *M. de la Valterie*; *Voiture* is not one; and  
 ‘ much less *Balzac*. *Voiture’s* Prettynesses and  
 ‘ *Balzac’s* Flights have an Affectation naturally  
 ‘ displeasing. The one wou’d be agreeable  
 ‘ and make his Reader laugh, let him be in  
 ‘ what Humour he will. The other wou’d be  
 ‘ admirable and make himself esteem’d by the  
 ‘ Numerousness of his Words, and the Excess  
 ‘ of his Amplifications. The two Letters writ-  
 ‘ ten to *M. de Vivonne*, by imitating the Man-  
 ‘ ner of both, are a delicate Satire upon their  
 ‘ Style, and genteely discovers the Weakness  
 ‘ of those two Authors, who were so much ce-  
 ‘ lebrated some Years ago \*.

But *M. Despreaux* has explain’d himself more fully with Relation to *Voiture* in one of his last Pieces, wherein he speaks thus :

*Le Lecteur ne fait plus admirer dans Voiture*  
*De ton † froid jeu de Mots l’insipide figure.*  
*C’est a regret qu’on voit cet Auteur si charmant,*  
*Et pour mille beaux traits vante si justement,*

Chez

---

\* *La Valterie’s* true and false Beauty of Pieces of Wit. Chap. 1. In the *Melange Curieux des Meilleures pieces attribuees a M. de St. Evremond*, &c. Vol. I. p. 146, 147. *Amst.* Edit. 1706.  
 † *Monsieur Despreaux*, s’adresse a l’Equivoque.

*Monsieur Boileau Despreaux.*      Ixiii

*Chez toi toujours cherchant quelque finesse aigue*

*Presenter au Lecteur sa pensee ambigue :*

*Et souvent du faux sens d'un Proverbe affecte*

*Faire de son Discours la piquante beaute \*.*

The Reader now no longer can endure

Th' insipid Puns so frequent in *Voiture* :

That Author, whom the World so high had rais'd,

And for a thousand Beauties justly prais'd,

Is pity'd, now, when we behold him sweat

To *point* his Thought with some ambiguous Wit,

And with what Pains the *piquant* Grace he drest

In the false Sense of some Proverbial Jest.

About this Time there appear'd some very bitter Pieces against M. *Despreaux*. The Poets whom he had fall'n upon, and among others M. *Desmarets*, Author of a Poem intituled *Clovis*, and M. *Pradon*, who wrote several Plays, left no Stone unturn'd to run down the last new Pieces he had publish'd. They took to task both the Versification and the subject Matter of them. The *Art of Poetry* was the most roughly handled. Some maintain'd that it was nothing but a Translation from *Horace*; others,

---

\* Satire the XII. Upon Equivocation.

others, that many of the Reflexions were borrow'd from *Vida*. *M. Despreaux* return'd no Answer to these Writings; he only took the Opportunity of the new Impression that was Printing of his Works to shew in general what he thought of all these Criticisms.

‘ I fancy, says he in his Preface, the Public  
 ‘ will do me the Justice to believe that I shou’d  
 ‘ not be much puzzled to answer the Books  
 ‘ that have been written against me; but I  
 ‘ have naturally a kind of an Aversion for those  
 ‘ long Apologies which are made in favour of  
 ‘ Trifles, especially such Trifles as my Works.  
 ‘ Besides, having Formally attack’d, as I have  
 ‘ done, many celebrated Writers, I shou’d be  
 ‘ very unjust, if I took it ill, to be serv’d in the  
 ‘ same Manner. Besides, if the Objections that  
 ‘ are made against me be weighty, it is fit they  
 ‘ shou’d stand as such; and if they are trifling,  
 ‘ there will be found sensible Readers enow  
 ‘ to set right those weak Heads, that may  
 ‘ suffer themselves to be surpris’d by them. I  
 ‘ shall therefore make no Reply to any Thing  
 ‘ that has been either said or written against  
 ‘ me; and if I have not given my Readers good  
 ‘ Rules for Poetry, I hope by this Means to  
 ‘ give them a pretty fair Example of Modera-  
 ‘ tion. Far from rendering Reproach for Re-  
 ‘ proach, they may please to accept of my  
 ‘ Thanks for the Care they take in publishing,  
 ‘ that my *Art of Poetry* is a Translation of *Ho-  
 race*.



*Monsieur* Boileau Despreaux.      lxxv

‘ *race*. For since in my Work, which contains  
‘ eleven hundred Verses, there are not above  
‘ fifty or sixty at most imitated from *Horace*,  
‘ they cou’d not have pass’d a greater Compli-  
‘ ment upon the Rest than by supposing it  
‘ translated from that great Poet, and I am  
‘ amaz’d after this that they dare oppose the  
‘ Rules therein laid down. As for the *Plagia-*  
‘ *risms* from *Vida*, which I am likewise charg’d  
‘ with, my Friends know very well that I ne-  
‘ ver read him, and if Occasion were, can make  
‘ any Oath of it which they shall think requi-  
‘ site, without Fear of being perjur’d.

Are you not pleas’d, *Sir*, with this Apology? It is certainly worthy of a great Soul: A Man of Sense is not uneasy, does not disturb himself when he is written against. If his Adversaries Argument be groundless, he leaves it to fall of it self; if it be valid, he makes use of it for his Amendment. *M. Despreaux* had not a good Opinion enough of his Antagonists Writings, to sit down and refute them: yet he improv’d by their Censure whenever he thought it reasonable; And even made use of the Idea of their Hatred and Envy as Incentives to take the more Pains in his Studies, and to set himself above the Reach of their Censure. This is what he has thought fit to inform us himself in an Epistle he writ some Time after to his Friend *M. Racine*.

E'vn I, whose Merit's so much less than thine,  
Can on pale Envy look, and not repine ;  
Free, as I found my Humour and my Mind,  
Not form'd by Nature of the pliant Kind,  
I stock'd my Self with useful Foes betimes,  
And whetted on their hardn'd Spite my Rhimes.  
More to their Hate, I grant, I owe, than All  
That *France a Talent* has been pleas'd to call.  
Against me when they rose, their venom'd Spite,  
Serv'd, when I trod, to keep my Steps upright :  
With Caution, every Line I ventur'd, came,  
As ready to Correct, as they to Blame ;  
*Beware,* I to my self wou'd often cry,  
*The Band observes thee with a watchfull Eye.*  
By their Advice my Verses I review'd,  
And mended them, if their Remarks were good.  
Charg'd with an Error, no Reply I make,  
But Answer, by Correcting the Mistake :  
When Criminal to render me they strove,  
My Vengeance was in Virtue to improve.

But

But to return to the Edition of Monsieur *Despreaux* Works in 1675. I must observe to you, That at the End of the Preface to *Longinus*, Monsieur *Despreaux* added a very handsome Commendation of Monsieur *Cassandre*'s Translation of *Aristotle*'s Rhetoric into *French*.

\* Tho' the most Christian King had, as you have already seen, Sir, honour'd Monsieur *Despreaux* with particular Marks of his Esteem and Favour, he was pleas'd to give him further and stronger Proofs of both, by pitching upon him joyntly with Monsieur *Racine*, to write *His History*. And his Majesty not only assign'd each of them a Pension for the Employment he had honour'd them with, but likewise order'd them a considerable Gratuity in hand. It was in *October* 1677. they were appointed to this Function. Some short time after, these Gentlemen going to Court, the King said to them : *I am sorry you were not present at the last Campagne ; you might have seen something of War, and your Journey wou'd have been no very long one.* Monsieur *Racine* reply'd ; Sir, *We had nothing but Town-Habits ; We order'd a Campaign-Suit ; but the Places which your Majesty attack'd were taken before we cou'd get them made.* This was agreeably receiv'd †. You know, Sir, The  
*French*

---

\* 1677.

† *Lettres du Comte de Buffi Rabutin, ubi supra, Vol. 3. Let. 309.*

*French*, in *Flanders*, that Campaign took *Valencienne*, *Cambray*, and *St. Omer*, between the First of *March* and the Twenty first of *April*. But Affairs then stood upon a very different Foot from what they do now.

Monfieur *de Lamoignon* died about this time, to the great Concern of Monfieur *Despreaux*, who had address'd a New Epistle to him some Months before. That Illustrious Magistrate was not only Valuable for his rare Virtue; but likewise for his Extraordinary Learning, and the Love he had for Men of Letters. He held Assemblies every Week in his own House, whither the most eminent Virtuofos resorted, and Discours'd upon all Manner of Subjects with great Learning and Politeness. Monfieur *Despreaux*, who was, as it were, the Bosom-Friend of Monfieur *de Lamoignon*, was extreamly afflicted at the Loss of him.

\* This Year our new Historiographers Royal went to see the Army in *Flanders*. *Ipres* was then Besieging, and the Duke *d'Enghien*, (the last Prince of *Conde*) was pleas'd to carry them into the Trenches. *The Duke*, says *Mada-moiselle de Scudery*, in a Letter to the Count *de Buffi Rabutin*, carried the King's Historians into the Trenches at *Ipres*, to give them a nearer  
Sight



*Monsieur Boileau Despreaux.* Ixix

*Sight of Danger, that they might the better know how to Describe it: But, adds she, I fancy Fear hinder'd them from seeing any Thing* \*. The Count de Bussi reflected thus upon it: *When the Duke, says he, took the King's Historians in the Trenches, instead of causing them to conceive the Danger greater than they expected, it made them think it less: Fancy magnifies such Things more than Experience* †.

Monsieur Despreaux in 1683. publish'd a fuller and more Correct Edition of his Works than any before. 'The present Edition of my Works, says he in the Preface, is much more Exact and Correct than the preceeding, which were, all of them, very full of Faults. I have now added Five New Epistles †, written long before I was engag'd in the Glorious Employment which has drawn me from the Study of Poetry. They are of the same Style with my other Works, and I dare Flatter myself are not unworthy their Company. But the Reader is to Judge of them, and I shall not make use of a Preface here, any more than in my other Editions, to win him by Flatteries, or to Prepossess him with Arguments which ought to proceed from himself.

f

'Tis

---

\* Lettres du Comte de Bussi, *ubi supra*, Lettre 372.

† Ibid. Lettre 373.

‡ That is, The Fifth to Monsieur de Guilleragues, the Sixth to Monsieur de Lamoignon, the Seventh to Monsieur Racine, the Eighth to the King, and the Ninth to Monsieur de Seignelay.

‘ I shall only acquaint the Reader with one  
 ‘ Thing, which is, That when I attack’d  
 ‘ the Errors of several Writers of our Age, I  
 ‘ did not mean thereby to deprive them of the  
 ‘ Merit and good Qualities which they may have  
 ‘ in other Respects. I did not pretend to de-  
 ‘ ny, but that *Chappelain*, for Example, tho’  
 ‘ a very indifferent Poet, might be a pretty  
 ‘ good Grammarian: Nor did I pretend to de-  
 ‘ ny, that there’s a great deal of Wit in  
 ‘ Monsieur *Quinaut’s* Works, tho’ far from the  
 ‘ Perfection of *Virgil*. [\* And as to the latter,  
 ‘ I shall add, That at the Time when I writ  
 ‘ against him, we were both of us very Young;  
 ‘ nor was he then the Author of a great many  
 ‘ Pieces which have since gain’d him a just  
 ‘ Reputation.] I do likewise own, That there  
 ‘ is some Genius in the Writings of *St. Amand*,  
 ‘ *Brebeuf*, *Scudery*, and even *Cotin*, and many  
 ‘ others whom I have Criticis’d, and who in-  
 ‘ deed do, as well as my self, deserve to be Cri-  
 ‘ ticis’d: In a Word, with the same Sincerity  
 ‘ which I have us’d in rallying their Faults,  
 ‘ I am ready to allow of whatever Excellencies  
 ‘ they may have. This I take to be doing  
 ‘ them Justice, and to be a plain Proof, that  
 ‘ it is not a Spirit of Envy and Detraction  
 ‘ which put me upon Writing against them.

The

---

\* What is contain’d between the two Crochets, was added in the Edition of 1685.

The Reasons which had oblig'd Monsieur *Despreaux* to Suppress the two last *Cantos* of the *Lutrin* being no longer in Force, he added them to this Edition, and at the same time discover'd, what had induc'd him to write that Poem. 'To return, *adds he*, to my Edition, I have 'subjoyn'd to the *Lutrin* two New *Cantos*, 'which make the Conclusion of it. I do not 'think them worse than the other Four, and 'I persuade my self they will make the Reader 'amends for some Verses I have left out of 'the Episode of the *Clockmaker's* Wife, which 'I always thought too long. It were in vain 'now to deny, That the following Poem was 'occasion'd by a petty Quarrel that happen'd 'in one of the most celebrated Churches of '*Paris*, between the Treasurer, and the Master 'of the Choir. The Fact is true, and that's 'all. The rest is meer Fiction, from the 'Beginning to the End; and all the Actors 'in it are not only invented, but industri- 'ously drawn quite opposite to the true Cha- 'racters of the Ministers of that Church.— 'It is not therefore to be wonder'd at that no 'Body took Offence at this Poem, since in Truth 'no Body is attack'd by it.

What Monsieur *Despreaux* tells us here, That all the Actors in the *Lutrin* are invented, and that he has industriously drawn their Characters quite opposite to the true Characters of the Ministers of

that Church, may be so in General; but it is certain, as some have very well observ'd, That many of the Characters in that Piece are Real and True. ' The *Lutrin* of Monsieur *Despreaux*, ' says the *Menagiana* \*, is fill'd with a great ' many Portraits from the Life. The *Clock-* ' *maker la Tour*, is a *Perukemaker* named *Da-* ' *mour* †.

' *Cet Horloger est l'effroi du Quartier :*

That *Clockmaker* the Terror of the Street.

' This *Perukemaker* had a Horse-Whip, with ' which he us'd to Part the Boys when they ' were Fighting in the Street.

' But the Abbot *Aubri*, Canon of the *Sainte* ' *Chappelle*, a famous *Molinist*, Brother to that ' Monsieur *Aubri*, who wrote the History of ' Cardinal *Mazarin*, is describ'd after a plainer ' and more obvious Manner than any of the ' rest :

' *Alain touffe & se leve, Alain ce savant homme*

' *Qui de Bauni vingt fois a lu toute la Somme :*

(Learned Head,  
Then *Alain* Rose, and Cough'd; *Alain* that  
Who Twenty times had *Bauni's Summa* read.

Mon-

\* Tom. 2. Pag. 8, 9. Second Edit. Holland. 1695.

† It shou'd be l'Amour, and so Monsieur *Despreaux* puts it in the last Edition of his Works.



*Monsieur Boileau Despreaux.* lxxiii

‘ Monsieur *Aubri*, whom he Shadows under  
‘ the Name of *Alain*, never Spoke till he had  
‘ Cough’d once or twice.

‘ *Mes yeux en sont temoins ; j’ai vu moi-meme hier,*  
‘ *Entrer chez le Prelat le Chapelain Garnier.*

It must be so ; We’re in the Prelate’s Snare ;  
These Eyes saw Chaplain *Garnier* enter there.

‘ This Chaplain *Garnier*, whose true Name  
‘ was *Fournier*, was a great *Jansenist*, and con-  
‘ sequently not much in Favour with Monsieur  
‘ *Aubri*. To proceed : So Blind are we in what  
‘ Concerns our Selves, That Monsieur *Aubri* read  
‘ over the *Lutrin* several times without knowing  
‘ his own Picture. His Brother perceiv’d it soon  
‘ enough.

Monsieur *Despreaux* informs us afterwards in  
this Preface, what it was that occasion’d his  
Writing the *Lutrin* : But this he does only *en*  
*passant*, and that he may thereby have an Op-  
portunity of letting the Reader know the Cor-  
respondence he had with Monsieur *de Lamoignon*,  
and of displaying the Excellent Qualities  
of that Great Man ; he proceeds thus : ‘ I shall  
‘ not mention how I was engag’d in this Trifle  
‘ upon a kind of a jocular Challenge made me  
‘ by the late Monsieur *de Lamoignon*, whom I

‘ Paint under the Name of *Aristus*. A parti-  
 ‘ lar Narration of this Matter does not seem to  
 ‘ me to be at all Necessary. But I shou’d think  
 ‘ I did my self a great deal of Wrong, to let  
 ‘ slip this Opportunity of informing those who  
 ‘ are ignorant of it, how much I was honour’d  
 ‘ by that Great Man’s Friendship during his  
 ‘ Life. I began to be known to him at the  
 ‘ Time when my Satires made the greatest  
 ‘ Noise; and the obliging Access he gave me  
 ‘ into his Illustrious Family, was a very advan-  
 ‘ tageous Apology in my behalf, against those  
 ‘ who were minded to accuse me of Libertini-  
 ‘ nism and Ill Morals. He was a Man of an  
 ‘ amazing Knowledge; and a passionate Ad-  
 ‘ mirer of all the good Books of Antiquity, and  
 ‘ this was what made my Works the more tole-  
 ‘ rable to him; fancying he perceived in them  
 ‘ some Taste of the Ancients. As his Piety was  
 ‘ unfeign’d, so it had nothing in it that was  
 ‘ Stiff or Troublesome. He was not at all  
 ‘ frighten’d at the Title of my Works, *Satires*;  
 ‘ where in Truth he found only Verses and Au-  
 ‘ thors expos’d. He was pleas’d often to com-  
 ‘ mend me for having purg’d this Sort of  
 ‘ Poetry from the Obscenity and Filth, which,  
 ‘ till then, had been, as it were, peculiar to it.  
 ‘ Thus I had the good Fortune not to be dis-  
 ‘ agreeable to him.

Monsieur *Despreaux*, after this, proceeds to  
 mention, what Pleasure he receiv’d from the  
 Conversation of so valuable a Person as Mon-  
 sieur

*feur de Lamoignon*; and how he was daily afflicted with the Remembrance of so sensible a Loss. But the whole Piece being prefix'd to the *Lutrin* in the last Edition of *Monsieur Despreaux's* Works, and likewise in this Translation, under the Title of *Avis au Lecteur*, I need not Transcribe any more of it.

I have already observ'd, Sir, That *Monsieur Despreaux* the better to explain what *Longinus* means by the *Sublime*, had quoted the Passage out of *Genesis*: *God said, Let there be Light, and there was Light.* I shall add here, That the famous *Monsieur Huet*, some time Bishop of *Avranches*, publish'd in 1679, a Book to prove the Truth of the Christian Religion, Intitul'd; *Demonstratio Evangelica*, and Dedicated it to the Dauphin, to whom he had the Honour to be Preceptor; wherein he maintains, That this Expression of *Moses* was perfectly Simple, and not Sublime and Figurative as *Longinus* had pretended. Three Years afterwards, viz. in 1682. *Messieurs de Port Royal* gave a French Translation of *Genesis*, with an *Exposition of the Literal and Spiritual Sense thereof, drawn from the Holy Fathers and Ecclesiastical Authors*; and in the *Preface*, after having produc'd the Authority of *Longinus*, to shew, that there is the Sublime and Grand, in the Style of that History, which being temper'd with a Divine Simplicity, is every where stamp'd with the Character of Truth, they report the Opinion of this able Rhetorician

upon the Passage I just now mention'd, to which they added the Remark, or, to Use their own Words, the *Wise Reflection* made thereupon by Monsieur *Despreaux* in his Preface.

All this gave Occasion to Monsieur *Despreaux* to make an Addition to the Preface upon *Longinus*, wherein he seems mightily surpris'd that Monsieur *Huet* shou'd disown the Sublime in this Passage; and congratulates himself upon the Suffrage of the Messieurs *de Port Royal*, who had made a very different Judgment of it from that Prelate.

Monsieur *Huet*, having read that Passage of Monsieur *Despreaux's*, thought it concern'd him to defend his Opinion, and thereupon wrote a Letter of some length, which he address'd to the Duke *de Montauzier*, the Dauphin's Governor, and who had a great Share of Learning. Give me leave, Sir, to produce some loose Pieces concerning the History of this Quarrel.

' You were pleas'd, my Lord, *says* Monsieur  
' *Huet*, that I shou'd engage in the Difference  
' you had with the Abbot *de St. Luc*, concerning  
' *Apollo* \* : I have in my turn a Dispute with  
' Mon-

---

\* That Abbot maintain'd, That *Apollo* and the Sun were not the same God.



*Monsieur Boileau Despreaux.* lxxvii

‘ Monsieur *Despreaux*, of which I most humbly  
‘ beg your Lordship wou’d please to be Judge.  
‘ It is concerning a Passage of *Longinus*, which  
‘ before I go any further, mult be made known  
‘ to you. It is *verbatim* thus: *The Jewish Le-*  
‘ *gislator, who was a Man of no vulgar Under-*  
‘ *standing, having a due Notion of the Power of*  
‘ *God, did express it accordingly, when he writ in*  
‘ *the beginning of his Laws, these Words:*  
‘ GOD SAID: *What? LET THE LIGHT BE*  
‘ MADE, LET THE EARTH BE MADE, AND IT

‘ WAS MADE.  
‘ When first I read *Longinus* I was shock’d  
‘ at this Remark, the said Passage out of *Moses*  
‘ not seeming to me to be well chosen for an  
‘ Example of the Sublime. I remember, *My*  
‘ *Lord*, being one Day at your House, long  
‘ before I had the Honour to be in the Dau-  
‘ phin’s Family, I told you my Opinion of this  
‘ Remark; and tho’ the Company was pretty  
‘ numerous, there was but one single Per-  
‘ son that thought otherwise. Since then, I  
‘ have been oblig’d to make this Opinion  
‘ public in the Book I wrote to prove the  
‘ Truth of our Religion: For having under-  
‘ taken to enumerate the prophane Authors,  
‘ who have given Testimony to the Antiquity  
‘ of *Moses’s* Books, I found *Longinus* among  
‘ them, and because all that he says of him  
‘ is only upon another’s Credit, I conceiv’d my  
‘ self accountable to the Public for this Con-  
‘ jecture,

' jecture, and to give them my principal Reason  
 ' for it, which is this, That if he had seen what  
 ' follows and what preceeds that Passage of  
 ' *Moses*, he wou'd soon have been sensible that it  
 ' had nothing of the Sublime. My Words are  
 ' these: Longinus, *Prince of Critics*, in the Ex-  
 ' cellent Book he writ touching the Sublime, gives  
 ' a very great Commendation of *Moses*; for he  
 ' says, That he had a due Notion of the Power  
 ' of God, and expres'd it accordingly by wri-  
 ' ting in the Beginning of his Laws, That  
 ' GOD SAID, LET THERE BE LIGHT MADE,  
 ' AND IT WAS MADE; LET THE EARTH BE  
 ' MADE, AND IT WAS MADE. However, what  
 ' Longinus here alledges from *Moses* as a Sublime  
 ' and Figurative Expression, seems to me to be per-  
 ' fectly Simple. *Moses*, it is true, relates a  
 ' Thing that is in it self great, but expresses it  
 ' in a Manner which is by no means so. Which  
 ' convinces me, that Longinus did not take these  
 ' Words from the Original; for if he had gone to  
 ' the Fountain Head, and perus'd the very Books  
 ' of *Moses*, he wou'd have found a great Simpli-  
 ' city running thro' the Whole; and I believe  
 ' *Moses* affected it, by reason of the Dignity of  
 ' the Subject, which by being barely related, makes  
 ' a sufficient Impression upon the Senses, without  
 ' any need of study'd Ornaments to heighten it:  
 ' tho' indeed it's manifest both from the Canticles  
 ' and the Book of Job, which 'tis my Opinion *Moses*  
 ' wrote, that he very well understood the Sublime.  
 ' Now, tho' I knew, that Monsieur Despreaux  
 ' had

‘ had translated *Longinus*, tho’ I had even read  
‘ his Work, and, after a careful Examination,  
‘ I gave that Judgment upon it which it de-  
‘ serves ; yet I did not believe he had taken  
‘ that Author into his Protection, and enter’d  
‘ into so strict a Participation of Interests with  
‘ him, that to find Fault with *Longinus* was  
‘ doing an Affront to Monsieur *Despreaux* ; any  
‘ more than to some other Learned Men who  
‘ had translated that Author before him. God  
‘ forbid I shou’d go about to Espouse all the  
‘ Quarrels of *Origen*, and to undertake to plead  
‘ his Cause, when he is treated every Day as a  
‘ Heretic and Idolater ! And yet, *my Lord*, you  
‘ know I have enter’d into Engagements with  
‘ him of as high a Nature at least as Mon-  
‘ sieur *Despreaux* has done with *Longinus* \*.

‘ And therefore, to speak Truth, I was some-  
‘ what surpris’d, when finding the other Day  
‘ upon your Table, the new Edition of his  
‘ Works, in opening the Book I fell upon these  
‘ Words: *What then shall we say of one of the*  
‘ *most Learned Men of our Age, who, tho’ he*  
‘ *had the Advantage of the Gospel Light, yet*  
‘ *did not find out the Beauty of this Passage,* (he  
‘ is speaking of the Passage of *Moses* reported  
‘ by *Longinus*) *but has presum’d to advance in a*  
‘ *Book he wrote in Demonstration of the Christian*  
‘ *Reli-*

---

\* Monsieur Huet publish’d in 1668. *Origenis in sacras Scripturas Commen-  
taria quæcunque Græce reperiri potuerunt, cum Latina Interpretatione,  
Notis & Observationibus.* In Fol. 2 Vol.

‘ Religion, That Longinus was mistaken in think-  
 ‘ ing these Words **SUBLIME**? However, I have  
 ‘ the Satisfaction to find there are Persons no less  
 ‘ considerable for their Piety than for their Learn-  
 ‘ ing, who are of another Opinion. The Transla-  
 ‘ tors of the Book of Genesis, in their Preface,  
 ‘ among several other excellent Proofs that that  
 ‘ Book was dictated by the Holy Ghost, have men-  
 ‘ tion’d this Passage of Longinus, to shew how  
 ‘ much Christians ought to be convinc’d of a Truth  
 ‘ so clear, that a Pagan himself cou’d not help  
 ‘ being sensible of it’s Power by the Light of  
 ‘ **REASON** only. I was surpris’d, I say, at  
 ‘ these Words, *my Lord*, for Monsieur Despreaux  
 ‘ and I have taken such different Paths in the  
 ‘ Country of Letters, that I never thought to  
 ‘ have met him in my Way, but fancy’d my  
 ‘ self out of the Reach of his terrible Pen. Nei-  
 ‘ ther did I any more believe that all *Longi-*  
 ‘ *nus* says is Gospel, and may not be contra-  
 ‘ dicted without incurring the Guilt of Pre-  
 ‘ sumption; or that we were oblig’d to believe,  
 ‘ as if it were an Article of Faith, that these  
 ‘ Words of *Moses* are Sublime, and that not  
 ‘ consenting to it, was as good as questioning,  
 ‘ whether the Books of *Moses* were Inspir’d by  
 ‘ the Holy Ghost.

‘ To conclude, I did not expect to see *Lon-*  
 ‘ *ginus* Canoniz’d, and my self in a manner  
 ‘ Excommunicated, as I am by Monsieur Des-  
 ‘ preaux.

‘ And



‘ And yet, as Whimsical as that Censure is,  
‘ he might have express’d it in more genteel  
‘ and softer Terms. As for my Part, *my Lord*,  
‘ I mean to let you see, in my own Justifica-  
‘ tion, that not only there is not any Thing  
‘ a-kin to the Sublime in this Passage of *Moses*,  
‘ but likewise if there was any such Thing as  
‘ *Longinus* wou’d have it, the Sublime were  
‘ very ill employ’d, if it be permitted to speak  
‘ in those Terms of a Holy Book.

Monfieur *Huet* proceeds to the Merits of the Cause, and after having back’d his Opinion with whatever cou’d be said that was Home and Convincing, he concludes thus :

‘ It is now easie to see, whether Monsieur  
‘ *Despreaux*’s Censure be well grounded. It is,  
‘ in short, making the Difference between us a  
‘ Point of Religion, and accusing me of a kind  
‘ of Impiety, for denying, That *Moses* made  
‘ use of the Sublime in the Passage now under  
‘ Dispute. But this is asserted without Proof,  
‘ and is begging the Question. If it be con-  
‘ trary to good Sense to say that this Passage is  
‘ Sublime, as I think I have demonstrated; it  
‘ is ridiculous to say, that not to speak against  
‘ good Sense is to wound Religion. The Se-  
‘ cond Proof turns upon the new Translators  
‘ of *Genesis*, who have confirm’d his Opinion.  
‘ But

' But it is visible, That Monsieur *Despreaux*  
 ' does not vouch them so much for the Weight  
 ' he thought their Opinion might carry, in this  
 ' Case, as to pay the Debt of Compliments  
 ' they had laid upon him by their reporting that  
 ' Passage. Since therefore this Censure is found  
 ' ed upon nothing but the Magisterial Air with  
 ' which it is deliver'd; I fancy I have a right  
 ' to ask in my turn, What shall we say of a  
 ' Man, who, tho' he had the Advantage of the  
 ' Gospel Light, has presum'd to represent *Moses*  
 ' as a wretched Rhetorician, and maintain'd,  
 ' that he made use of unnecessary Figures in  
 ' his History, and disguis'd under superfluous  
 ' Ornaments, a Matter excellently Beautiful and  
 ' Rich of it self? What shall we say of that  
 ' Man, who is ignorant, That the Excellence,  
 ' the Energy, and the Valuableness of the Holy  
 ' Scripture does not consist in the Richness of  
 ' it's Figures, nor in the Sublimity of it's Lan-  
 ' guage? *Non in Sublimitate Sermonis aut Sapi-*  
 ' *entia, non in persuasibilibus humana Sapiencia*  
 ' *Verbis; sed in Ostensione Spiritus & Virtutis; ut*  
 ' *fides nostra non sit in Sapiencia Hominum sed*  
 ' *in Virtute Dei;* and knows not, that nei-  
 ' ther the Elevation, nor Simplicity of the Sa-  
 ' cred Volumes are the Badges which discover  
 ' their being dictated by the Holy Ghost,  
 ' since St. *Austin* was of Opinion, That it  
 ' was indifferent whether the Scripture Lan-  
 ' guage were Polite or Barbarous; who is  
 ' so ignorant, as not to know, That St. *Paul*  
 ' was

*Monsieur Boileau Despreaux.* lxxxiii

‘ was no Master in the Artifices of Rhetoric,  
‘ and that he was *imperitus Sermonis* \*; that  
‘ *Moses* had an Impediment in explaining him-  
‘ self; that the Prophet *Amos* was Rude and  
‘ Unpolite; and that all the Holy Personages,  
‘ tho’ speaking different Languages, were how-  
‘ ever inspir’d with the same Spirit?

‘ In fine, *my Lord*, I appeal to your Lord-  
‘ ship for Judgment, &c.

Tho’ there’s no doubt to be made, but that the Duke *de Montauzier* soon communicated this Piece to *Monsieur Despreaux*, yet it is not likely he was convinc’d by *Monsieur Huet’s* Arguments, since in all the following Editions of his Works, he never alter’d that Passage of his Preface which had occasion’d that Complaint of the Bishops. Neither did he make any Answer to that Dissertation of *Monsieur Huet’s*, by reason, as I suppose, the same was not made Public: For *Monsieur le Clerc* having inserted it (in 1706.) in his *Bibliotheque Choisie* †, together with very Judicious Remarks, wherein he confirms the Opinion of *Monsieur Huet*; *Monsieur Despreaux* did, at last, oppose an Answer to it, which his Friends, ’tis hop’d, will not fail to let us have.

---

\* 2 Epist. Corinth. Chap. 11. Ver. 6.  
† Tome X. Pag. 211. &c.

I had almost forgot to tell you, Sir, That Monsieur *Dacier*, so famous for the *French* Translations he has publish'd of divers Ancient Authors, understanding that Monsieur *Despreaux* was about to reprint his Works, he visited him, and communicated the Remarks he had made upon the Translation of *Longinus*. Having, says he himself, study'd this Rhetorician with Care; I made some Discoveries by reading him again with the Translation, and found out some New Meanings in several Places, which the Interpreters had not thought of. I cou'd do no less than communicate them to Monsieur *Despreaux*; and therefore I waited upon him, tho' I had not the Honour of knowing him. He did not recieve my Criticisms like an Author, but as a Man of Wit and a Gentleman; he agreed with me in some Places; we had long Disputes upon others; but even on those which we did not agree about, he shew'd a Value for my Remarks, and told me, if I pleas'd, he wou'd Print them with his own in a Second Edition\*.

Monsieur *Despreaux* inserted in the Edition which was then preparing of his Works, Monsieur *Dacier's* Remarks, as he had promis'd he would, and because Monsieur *Dacier* had not therein named himself, he tells the Public in his

---

\* Preface of M. *Dacier* before his Remarks upon the Translation of *Longinus*.



*Monsieur Boileau Despreaux.* lxxxvii

his Preface to *Longinus*, who it was they were oblig'd to for that Piece. 'To Conclude, 'says he, when this last Edition of my Book 'was at the Press, Monsieur *Dacier*, who has 'lately giv'n us *Horace's* Odes in *French*, communicated to me some short Notes of his on '*Longinus*, which are very Learned, and in 'which he has endeavour'd to find out New 'Meanings unknown to all the Interpreters that 'went before. I have follow'd him in some 'Places, and as I may be mistaken in those 'wherein I am not of his Opinion, I thought 'I cou'd not do better than make the Reader 'the Judge. 'Twas with this View that I put 'em at the end of my Remarks; Monsieur *Dacier* being not only a Man of very great Learning and a Nice Critic, but also very Polite, 'a Quality by so much the more Valuable, as 'it is rarely attended with great Erudition. He 'was a Disciple of the famous Monsieur *le Fevre*, Father of that Learned Gentlewoman to whom we are Indebted for the first 'Translation of *Anacreon* into *French*, and who 'has very lately given us three of the best 'Comedies of *Plautus*, and is about translating '*Sophocles* and *Euripides* into our Language.

Monsieur *Dacier*, about that time, marry'd Mademoiselle *le Fevre*, and these Two celebrated Persons have given us either in Conjunction or apart, many valuable Translations.

\* I have already mention'd to you, *Sir*, the generous Protection given by the most Christian King to Men of Letters; I shou'd add, that herein he was strenuously Seconded by his Prime Minister Monsieur *Colbert*, who spar'd nothing to bring from Foreign Countries, such Persons as were Eminent in any Art or Science whatsoever: The Royal Academy of Sciences; that of Inscriptions and Medals; and that of Sculpture and Painting, were erected chiefly by his Means. The Academy of Inscriptions consisted at first but of Four Persons; But Monsieur *de Louvois* succeeding Monsieur *Colbert* in the Office of *Surintendant des Batimens du Roy*; he added more Members to that Society, and Monsieur *Despreaux* was one of the Persons so chosen. These Gentlemen began then to Assemble at the *Louvre* every Week, and employ'd themselves upon Designs for Inscriptions and Medals for his Majesty. This Academy receiv'd a New Lustre in 1701. by the Means of the Abbot *Bignon*, who is no less distinguish'd by his Merit than his Birth. This Illustrious Protector of the Sciences and Noble Arts, has made it more Numerous, procur'd to it a fix'd Settlement, caus'd a Regular Form to be given it, and enlarg'd the Object of it's Studies; so that now, all Sorts of Philology and Literature, *Greek* and *Latin*, come within it's Cognizance.

Mon-

## *Monsieur Boileau Despreaux. lxxxix*

*Monsieur Despreaux* was likewise receiv'd into the *French Academy*. *Monsieur Bayle* informs us of divers curious Particulars concerning his Admission, in his incomparable Journal \*, and gives at the same time the Substance of the Speech made by *Monsieur Despreaux* upon this Occasion, according to Custom. *Monsieur de la Fontaine*, says he, was receiv'd by the *Academy* the 2d of May, (1684.) and *Monsieur Boileau* wou'd have been admitted the same Day had he been at Paris. But he was then in Flanders with the King, whom he attends in all his Expeditions, that he may be able to give an Account of them as an Eye-witness. So he was not admitted till the first of this Month (July.) He made a Speech about a quarter of an Hour long, that was heard with a great deal of Attention and Pleasure by the whole Assembly, which was very numerous on that Day. He began with expressing the Amazement he was in to see himself a Member of a Society from whence he ought to have been excluded upon so many several Accounts. He proceeded, That he cou'd attribute that Honour to nothing but the Desire the King had signify'd for that Purpose; and that his Majesty having made Choice of him to write his History, in Conjunction with another of the Members of their Society, was of Opinion he cou'd not acquit himself of it as he ought to do, without being instructed

---

\* *Nouvelles de la Republique des Lettres*, July 1684. Pag. 528. &c.

*in their School. He added, with a Confidence which was not unbecoming, That the King had some Reason to make Choice of him for such an Employ, because he every Day performs so many Things, which tho' true in themselves, hardly seem probable, that his Majesty therefore did not think it amiss they shou'd be written by a Man who was accus'd rather of too much Sincerity than Flattery.*

‘ Monsieur Boileau’s Speech, continues Monsieur Bayle, was thought worthy of his Wit and Character ; the greater Part of those who mention it, praise it extreamly ; and those who speak of it with the greatest Indifference, do only insinuate, that there was nothing very Extraordinary in it. A plain Sign that he came off very well. That Part wherein he says, *He ought to have been excluded from the Academy upon so many several Accounts*, reviv’d the Memory of that Multitude of Academicians dead and living whom he had maul’d in his Satires. The *Chapelains*, the *Cassagnes*, the *Cotins*, the *Demarets*, the *Scuderys*, and the *Quinauts*, presently came into every Body’s Mind ; and, ’tis thought, that if the King, who is Superior to the Laws, had not interpos’d, the Academy wou’d have stuck to their Statutes, whereby, as ’tis said, they are oblig’d to resent all Affronts done to them in the Persons of their Members, even to a perpetual Exclusion from their Society. But  
‘ their



*Monsieur Boileau Despreaux* xci

‘ their Complaisance for their Sovereign caus’d  
‘ them to observe a Conduct perfectly Chri-  
‘ stian. Those who are Friends to this Aca-  
‘ demy commend them for this generous Pro-  
‘ ceeding, in forgetting the Injuries they had  
‘ receiv’d. Monsieur *Boileau*’s Enemies are  
‘ mighty glad that he courted as a Favour to  
‘ be admitted into a Body, which they say, he  
‘ had so much abus’d, and make Comparisons  
‘ upon it, which there is no Occasion for me  
‘ to repeat here \*. Be it as it will, Monsieur  
‘ *Boileau* is a Person of so distinguish’d a Merit,  
‘ that the Gentlemen of the *French Academy*  
‘ wou’d have found it no easie Matter to have  
‘ fill’d the Place of Monsieur *de Bezons*, so  
‘ worthily as they have done in chusing him.

† In 1685. Monsieur *Despreaux* publish’d a new Edition of his Works, which he enlarg’d with his Speech of *Thanks* to the *French Academy*, Two *Epigrams* against the Abbot *Kautin*, (or rather *Cotin*) one of which turns upon a Paultry Satire which that Abbot had made, and handed about under the Name of Monsieur *Despreaux*; an Epigram *Against an Atheist*; and Two other *Epigrams* against *Desmarais*; who had writ against Messieurs *De Port Royal*, as well as against Monsieur *Despreaux*.

g 3

Two

---

\* The Comparison hinted at by Monsieur Bayle, turn, it is likely, upon a Man’s being oblig’d to Marry the Woman he has Dishonour’d, &c.

† 1685.

\* Two Years afterwards, Monsieur *Perrault* writ a Poem, Intituled, *The Age of Louis the Great*, which gave Occasion to the famous Dispute about the Preference of the Ancients and Moderns; wherein Monsieur *Despreaux* had so great a Share. But the Name of *Perrault* being oftentimes confounded, it will not perhaps be amiss, *Sir*, to give some short Account of them in this Place, that you may the better know Monsieur *Despreaux's* Adversary.

There have been Four Messieurs *Perrault*, all Brothers, who have made themselves esteem'd in the Republic of Letters.

I. PETER PERRAULT, Receiver of the Finances of the Generality of *Paris*, who publish'd in 1674. a Treatise de *l'Origine des Fontaines*; and in 1678. a Translation of *Tassoni's* Poem, Intituled, *La Secchia Rapita*.

II. NICHOLAS PERRAULT, Doctor of the *Sorbonne*, who died in 1661. He was the Author of a Treatise *De la Theologie Morale*, &c. Printed in 1667.

III. CLAUDE PERRAULT, Physician of the Faculty of *Paris*, and of the Royal Academy

---

\* 1687.

*Monsieur Boileau Despreaux.* xciii

Academy of Sciences. He has publish'd, *Essais de Physique*, in Four Volumes; some *Memoirs* to serve for a Natural History of Animals, grounded upon the Dissections made in the Royal Academy of Sciences; a French *Translation of Vitruvius*, undertaken by the King's Order, with very learned Notes: It appear'd first in 1673. and the second time in 1684; *An Abridgment of Vitruvius*; a Work, Intituled, *Ordonnance des cinq Especies de Colomnes selon la Methode des Anciens*. He died in 1688. You will find his Elogium in the last *Paris Edition of Morery*.

IV. CHARLES PERRAULT, Author of the Poem I have already mention'd, study'd the *Belles Lettres* from his Youth; and began to make himself known to Advantage, by *A Dialogue of Love and Friendship*, which was soon follow'd by *Two Odes*, one upon the Peace of the *Pyrennees*, the other upon the King's Marriage. His Skill in the Arts, and his Integrity, supported by a Spirit of Equity, procur'd him the Esteem and Confidence of Monsieur Colbert, who made him First Clerk of the Works of which himself was the Supervisor. Monsieur Perrault was afterwards Comptroller-General of the Works, which gave him the Inspection into every Thing relating to the King's Buildings and the Ornamental Part of them. But he made no other Use of the Credit this Employment gave him, but to cause the Sciences and Arts to flourish, and to sollicite Rewards or

*Pensions for those who excell'd therein, or who had a promising Genius. It was upon the Memoires which he gives to Monsieur Colbert, that the Academies of Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture, were form'd, and he had the Honour of being one of the first admitted into that of the Sciences and Inscriptions. After the Death of Chancellor Seguier \*, he procur'd to the French Academy the Honour of an Apartment in the Louvre to hold their Assemblies in, and obtain'd a Donative to every Academician of a Piece of Silver, value 20 d. every Day they met, not so much to encourage and fix their Assiduity, which till then was Gratuitous, as to regulate the Time and Continuance of their Application. The Death of Monsieur Colbert † setting him at Liberty, and finding himself Master of his own Time, he devoted it entirely to the Muses. The Poem upon Painting, which appear'd in 1688. and the Epistle which he address'd to Monsieur de la Quintinie, had the Approbation of all that were Judges; the Poem of St. Paulin, Bishop of Nola, which he publish'd in 1686. confirms the Opinion of those who believe that a Subject taken from the Christian Religion cannot be successful in an Heroic Poem. Almost the same Thing may be said of a Christian Poem, which he publish'd in 1697. Intituled, Adam, ou la Creation de l'Homme, sa chute & sa Reparation. He also publish'd some Tales.*

‘ In

---

\* In 1672.

† He died in 1683.



‘ In all these Works, the Exactness of his  
‘ Descriptions was Amazing. Never did Poet  
‘ dive so deep into Nature, or make more live-  
‘ ly and more natural Portraits, even of  
‘ Things which seem’d most Ungrateful. He  
‘ might be look’d upon as an Original this Way.  
‘ There hardly past any extraordinary Day of the  
‘ Academy, wherein he did not read something  
‘ or other of his own Composing; with which  
‘ the Assembly was always pleas’d \*. *The Age of*  
‘ *Louis the Great* was read in 1687. the Day  
that the Academy had an extraordinary Meet-  
ing to testify their Joy for the most Christian  
King’s Recovery.

*The Subject of this Poem was to shew †, That  
the Moderns are by no Means inferior to the An-  
cients in any of the noble Arts, but even excel  
them in many Things; this divided the Academy  
into two opposite Parties. The Poem was applauded  
by all who prefer the Moderns to the Ancients, and  
the Favourers of Antiquity resented that Prefe-  
rence, and said, the Ancients wou’d find Defenders  
who wou’d redress the Injuries that were done them.  
The Spectators of this Dispute form’d a third Par-  
ty, consisting of such as believ’d, that the Ancients  
excell’d the Moderns in some Things, as they did  
them in others; and this Party suspended their  
Judg-*

---

\* Morery, Edit. 1707. Artic. of Mess. Perrault.

† The History of the Poetical War lately declar’d between the Ancients and  
Moderns, Pag. 2, 3.

*Judgments till the Reasons pro and con were produc'd.* In this Disposition it was, that the Author from whom I borrow these Words, wrote at that time, a Book, Intituled, *Histoire Poetique de la Guerre nouvellement declaree entre les Anciens & les Modernes*, wherein he feigns, that Monsieur Perrault's Poem having been read upon *Parnassus*, occasion'd a War there between the Ancients and Moderns, that is to say, the *Greeks* and *Latins*, and the *French*, *Italians* and *Spaniards*, wherein the Ancients obtain'd almost all the Advantage. In this Piece is contain'd, a delicate and judicious Criticism upon both Parties, nor is Monsieur Perrault's Poem forgot. The Truth is, this warm Defender of the Moderns was not sufficiently acquainted with the *Greek* Tongue to make a right Judgment of the Authors who wrote in it. And this gave Occasion to the Historian of the Poetical War, to tell us, That *Apollo* coming to *Parnassus* to appease them, and having call'd *Homer*, who was the General of the Ancients; *Father*, says he to him, *These young Men*, pointing to the Moderns, *have undertaken to make War against you; you must forgive them if they do not allow you what is your Due; it is because they do not understand you, and to my Knowledge the greater Part of them speak of you without knowing you; but I will take Care and do you Justice. They shall be brought to a Sense of the Duty they owe you.*

Mon-

\* *Monsieur de Fontenelle* having publish'd in 1688. a Volume of *Pastoral Poems, with a Treatise concerning the Nature of Eclogue*, he added thereto a *Digression upon the Ancients and Moderns*, wherein he examines the Eclogues of the Ancients, and dexterously insinuates, that if any of the Moderns shou'd Attempt to write the like, they wou'd not have many Approvers. This was giving the Preference to the Ancients as to Pastoral Writing.

† *Monsieur Perrault* was not contented with delivering his Opinion in the Poem I just now mention'd, but endeavoured to prove it in a Work written by Way of Dialogue, and Intituled, *A Parallel of the Ancients and Moderns*. The First Volume, relating to the *Arts and Sciences*, appear'd in 1688. The Second, concerning *Eloquence*, was publish'd in 1690; and the Third, which treats of *Poetry*, appear'd in 1692. In this Third Volume, *Monsieur Perrault* not only placed the Modern Poets, and especially *Monsieur Despreaux*, upon the same Level with the Ancients, but likewise made himself in some sort a Defender of *Chappelain, Quinault, Cotin*, and some other *French Poets*, who had been very little spar'd in *Monsieur Despreaux's* Satires; and pretty openly declar'd, that he did not approve of the Treatment they had met with.

Mon-

---

\* 1688.

† 1690. 1692.

Monsieur *Despreaux*, who was always a passionate Admirer of the Ancients, cou'd not bear a Comparison so much to their Disadvantage; and looking upon himself as Personally concern'd in this Dispute, he at first made some very sharp Epigrams against Monsieur *Perrault*, notwithstanding the Praises the latter had given him. He afterwards compos'd an ODE upon the Taking of Namur, in Imitation of those of *Pindar*, to give an Idea of that ancient Poets Way of Writing, which had been censur'd by Monsieur *Perrault*, and to shew the Beauty of his Poetry to such as cou'd not read him in his own Tongue. ' The following ODE, says he, ' in the short Discourse that precedes it, was compos'd upon Occasion of some strange Dialogues lately publish'd, wherein all the greatest Writers of Antiquity are treated as Persons of mean Genius, Fellows of the same Pitch with the *Chappelains* and the *Cotins*; and wherein the Author pretending to Honour our own Age, has in some Measure disgrac'd it, by giving Instances, that there are Men capable of Writing such Senseless Stuff. PINDAR is handled the worst of any; for the Beauties of that Poet being extreamly confin'd to the Language he writ in, the Author of these Dialogues, who probably knows nothing of Greek, and never read *Pindar* but in the Latin Translations, (which are very faulty) has taken for Trash whatever the Weakness of his  
 ' Under-



*Monsieur Boileau Despreaux.*    xcix

‘ Understanding cou’d not comprehend. He  
‘ has, *continues he*, especially ridicul’d those mar-  
‘ vellous Passages, where the Poet, to shew a  
‘ Spirit intirely beside it self, does sometimes  
‘ designedly quit the Pursuit of his Discourse;  
‘ and, if we may so say, departs from Reason,  
‘ the better to enter into it; with great Dili-  
‘ gence avoiding that Methodical Order, and  
‘ those exact Connections of Sense which wou’d  
‘ take away the very Soul of Lyric Poetry.

*Monsieur Despreaux* afterwards endeavours  
to bring Religion into the Quarrel of the An-  
cients. ‘ The Censor I speak of, *says he*, did  
‘ not consider, That in falling upon these noble  
‘ Boldnesses of *Pindar*, he gave Occasion to be-  
‘ lieve, That he never understood the Sublime  
‘ of *David’s* Psalms, wherein (if we may be  
‘ allow’d to mention those Holy Songs in the  
‘ same Breath with Things so Profane) there  
‘ are a great many of these abrupt Meanings,  
‘ which sometimes serve even to convey to us  
‘ the Divinity of them. It is very likely,  
‘ *continues he*, this Critic is not thoroughly con-  
‘ vinc’d of the Precepts I laid down in my  
‘ *Art of Poetry*, with respect to the Ode.

‘ Her Generous Style, will oft at random Start,  
‘ And by a brave Disorder show her Art.

‘ And

‘ And indeed, this Precept, which gives for a  
 ‘ Rule, *Not to observe any Rule at all, upon some*  
 ‘ *Occasions*, is a Mystery of the Art, *adds he*,  
 ‘ not easily made intelligible to a Man without  
 ‘ any Taste, who esteems *Clelia*, and the *Operas*,  
 ‘ as Models of the Sublime; who thinks *Terence*  
 ‘ flat, *Virgil* cold, *Homer* nonsensical; and who,  
 ‘ by an odd turn of Mind, is become insensible  
 ‘ to every Thing that the generality of Man-  
 ‘ kind is mov’d with. But, *continues he*, this is  
 ‘ no Place to shew him his Errors; and there-  
 ‘ fore we shall defer it to some proper Opportu-  
 ‘ nity, which may happen e’re it be long.

Monsieur *Despreaux* says afterwards, that it  
 wou’d be no difficult Matter to make those  
 sensible of *Pindar*’s Beauties who are ever so  
 little acquainted with the *Greek*: But this  
 Tongue being now-a-days pretty much un-  
 known to most Men, and it being impossible to  
 shew ’em *Pindar* in *Pindar* himself, ‘ he was of  
 ‘ Opinion he cou’d not better justify that great  
 ‘ Poet, than by endeavouring to make an *Ode* in  
 ‘ *French* after his Manner: That is to say, full  
 ‘ of Movements and Transports, wherein the  
 ‘ Mind seems rather hurry’d away by the Fury  
 ‘ of Poetry, than guided by Reason. Mon-  
 sieur *Despreaux* adds, That he chose the Taking  
 of *Namur* for his Subject, ‘ as the greatest war-  
 ‘ like Action perform’d in our Time, and as the  
 ‘ fittest Matter to warm a Poet’s Fancy; and  
 he

he concludes this little Discourse, by saying, That tho' he has omitted nothing that cou'd imitate the Loftiness and Magnificence of *Pindar*; yet he does not know, 'whether the Public, who are accustom'd to the regular Excursions of *Malherbe*, will approve of these Sallies and Pindaric Extravagances; but that if he shou'd Miscarry, he comforts himself with the Difficulties which *Horace* represents in an Enterprize of that Nature.

As soon as this Ode appear'd, several Criticisms were made upon it: but Monsieur *Despreaux* did not think himself oblig'd to Answer them; he rather chose to employ his Time in defending the Ancient Poets; and thereupon writ a small Piece, Intituled, *Reflections upon Longinus; wherein Answer is occasionally made to some Objections of Monsieur P—— against Homer and Pindar.* There is conspicuous, throughout this Piece, a great Stock of Learning, supported by an exact and judicious Criticism. It were only to be wish'd, That Monsieur *Despreaux* had contented himself with being in the Right, and not made use of any harsh or outrageous Terms against his Adversary, who, in other Respects, was a Person of excellent Qualities. Monsieur *Despreaux*, it is true, pretended that he had been injur'd by Monsieur *Perrault*, in relation to what he had said in his Satires against some *French* Authors. And this is what he likewise gives to under-

understand in the Advertisement of the New Edition of his Works, which he publish'd at that Time\*, with the Addition of the two Pieces I just now mention'd, and some others, which I shall take Notice of presently.

‘ I give here, *says he*, the same Preface which  
 ‘ was in the two preceding Editions, because of  
 ‘ the Justice I therein render to several Authors  
 ‘ whom I attack'd. I thought I had sufficient-  
 ‘ ly demonstrated by that voluntary Procedure,  
 ‘ that it was no malignant Spirit which put me  
 ‘ upon Writing against those Authors, and that  
 ‘ I rather gave Instances of my Sincerity to-  
 ‘ wards them, than Ill-will : Yet Monsieur P—  
 ‘ is of another Opinion. That worthy Gentle-  
 ‘ men (after Twenty five Years that my Sa-  
 ‘ tires have been Printed) comes Slap upon me,  
 ‘ and, whilst he calls himself my Friend, rakes  
 ‘ into old Quarrels, and prosecutes a fresh In-  
 ‘ dictment against my Works, when my Ene-  
 ‘ mies had long ago drop'd the Suit. He  
 ‘ reckons as nothing the good Arguments I  
 ‘ made use of to shew that there is no Slander  
 ‘ in Laughing at wretched Poetry ; and, with-  
 ‘ out taking the Pains to confute those Argu-  
 ‘ ments, has thought fit to Style me, in Terms  
 ‘ far from Obscure, a Slanderer, Envyer,  
 ‘ Detractor, and one who meant nothing  
 ‘ more than to establish his own Reputation  
 ‘ upon

---

\* 1694.



*Monsieur Boileau Despreaux.* . . . ci

‘ upon the Ruin of that of other Men. And  
‘ this, principally founded upon my having said  
‘ in my Satires, that *Chapelain* was a rugged  
‘ Poet, and that there was Elbow-room enough  
‘ at Abbot *Cotin*’s Sermons.

‘ These are the Two great Crimes, adds Mon-  
‘ sieur *Despreaux*, which he charges me with,  
‘ even to the letting me know that I am never  
‘ to expect Pardon for the Mischief I have  
‘ caus’d, by giving thereby an Occasion to Po-  
‘ sterity to believe, That under the Reign of  
‘ *Louis the Great*, there was in *France*, a heavy  
‘ Poet, and a Preacher not much follow’d.

‘ The Cream of the Jest, *continues Monsieur*  
‘ *Despreaux*, is, That in the Book he wrote to  
‘ vindicate our Age from that strange Calumny,  
‘ He himself owns *Chapelain* to be no very di-  
‘ verting Poet, and so harsh in his Expressions,  
‘ that it is impossible to read him: But he does  
‘ not agree as to the Solitude there is when  
‘ Abbot *Cotin* preaches. On the contrary he  
‘ affirms, He has been mightily Crouded at a  
‘ Sermon of that Abbot’s; but he informs us at  
‘ the same time of one pleasant Particular of  
‘ that great Preacher’s Life; namely, That had  
‘ it not been for that Sermon, at which one of  
‘ the Judges fortunately happen’d to be present;  
‘ the Preacher, upon a Petition, prefer’d by his  
‘ Kindred, had certainly been begg’d for a Fool.  
‘ This is Monsieur P——’s way of defending  
‘ his

' his Friends ; and thus he Practises the Lessons  
 ' of that noble Modern Rhetoric unknown to  
 ' the Ancients, which probably has taught him  
 ' to say, what he shou'd not say. But I take suf-  
 ' ficient Notice of the Exactness of Monsieur  
 ' P——'s Way of Thinking, in my Critical  
 ' Reflexions on *Longinus* ; to which I refer the  
 ' Reader.

' All I have to tell him here, *continues he*, is,  
 ' That I give him in this new Edition, besides  
 ' my old Works exactly revis'd, my *Satire*  
 ' against *Women*, the Ode upon *Namur*, some  
 ' *Epigrams*, and my Critical Reflexions upon  
 ' *Longinus*. These Reflexions, which I com-  
 ' pos'd upon Occasion of Monsieur P——'s  
 ' Dialogues, multiply'd themselves under my  
 ' Hand much faster than I expected, and caus'd  
 ' me to divide my Book into Two Volumes.  
 ' I have added at the End of the Second,  
 ' two *Latin* Translations of my *Ode* done by  
 ' Two of the most celebrated Professors in Elo-  
 ' quence of the whole University : I mean,  
 ' Monsieur *Lenglet* and Monsieur *Rollin*. These  
 ' Translations have been generally admir'd ; and  
 ' they are so much the more honourable for me,  
 ' as that they very well know it was nothing but  
 ' the reading my Work that excited them to  
 ' undertake that Trouble. I have likewise sub-  
 ' join'd to these Translations Four *Latin* Epi-  
 ' grams, made by the Reverend Father *Fra-*  
 ' *guier*, Jesuit, against the Modern *Zoilus*.  
 ' There

*Monsieur Boileau Despreaux.* ciii

‘ There are Two of them imitated from One of  
‘ mine. Nothing can be more Polite or Elegant  
‘ than these Four Epigrams ; and I can’t but  
‘ fancy, that *Catullus* is therein reviv’d to re-  
‘ venge *Catullus*. I therefore hope, the Pub-  
‘ lic will think themselves oblig’d to me for  
‘ that Present I make them.

‘ Furthermore, says he, in concluding this Ad-  
‘ vice to the Reader, just as this new Edition of  
‘ my Works was going to be publish’d, the  
‘ Reverend Father *de la Landelle*, another fa-  
‘ mous Jesuit, brought me a *Latin* Translation  
‘ he had likewise made of my *Ode* ; and I  
‘ thought it so well done, that I cou’d not resist  
‘ the Temptation of further enriching my Book  
‘ with it, and accordingly it will be found  
‘ with the Two others at the End of the Second  
‘ Volume.

The *Satire* against *Women* had made a great  
deal of Noise even before it was publish’d ;  
*Monsieur Despreaux* had read it to his Friends,  
and they had spoken so advantageously of it  
that every Body passionately wish’d to see it.  
He did not, however, make over much haste  
to publish it, because he was willing to in-  
sert it in the New Edition of his Works that  
was Printing, as he himself tells us in the  
short Advertisement which he prefixes to that  
Piece.

‘ At last, *says he*, I present you with the  
 ‘ Satire which has so long been demanded of  
 ‘ me. That I deferr’d publishing of it till now  
 ‘ was, because I was unwilling it shou’d appear  
 ‘ till the New Edition of my Book, which was  
 ‘ then in the Press came out, intending to have  
 ‘ it therein inserted. Several of my Friends,  
 ‘ to whom I read it, have given it great Com-  
 ‘ mendations, and prais’d it publicly, as the  
 ‘ best of my Satires; in which they did not do  
 ‘ me any Pleasure. I know the Public natu-  
 ‘ rally rises against any extraordinary Praises  
 ‘ bestow’d on Works before they appear in the  
 ‘ World, and that the greatest part of Readers  
 ‘ peruse what is rais’d so high, only with a De-  
 ‘ sign to abase it.

‘ I declare therefore, continues Monsieur *Des-*  
 ‘ *peraux*, That I will not make any Advantage  
 ‘ of these Discourses in Favour of this Satire,  
 ‘ and not only leave the Public to it’s free Judg-  
 ‘ ment, but give full Power to all those who  
 ‘ criticis’d on my *Ode on Namur*, to exercise  
 ‘ the utmost Severity of their Criticisms against  
 ‘ my Satire also. I hope they will do it with  
 ‘ the same Success; and I can assure them, that  
 ‘ all their Discourses shall not oblige me to break  
 ‘ a Sort of Vow I have made, never to defend  
 ‘ my Writings, when only Words and Syllables  
 ‘ are attack’d. I can very easily defend against  
 ‘ these



*Monsieur Boileau Despreaux.* cv

‘ these Censurers, *Homer, Horace, Virgil,* and  
‘ all those other great Men whose Works I ad-  
‘ mire. But for my own, which I do not value,  
‘ let those who approve of them find out Rea-  
‘ sons to defend them; which is all the Advice  
‘ I have here to give to the Reader.

*Monsieur Despreaux* afterwards says, ‘ That  
‘ nevertheless, he thinks, Decency requires that  
‘ he shou’d make some Excuse to the fair Sex for  
‘ the Liberty he has taken to paint their Vices.  
‘ But in the Main, all the Pictures he has drawn  
‘ in his Satire are so general, that far from be-  
‘ ing afraid the Ladies will be offended, ’tis  
‘ on their Approbation and Curiosity he  
‘ Grounds his greatest Hopes of it’s Success;  
‘ That, one Thing at least he is sure they will  
‘ commend him for, which is, his having found  
‘ out a Way in treating of so delicate a Subject.  
‘ to do it so that no one Word has escap’d him  
‘ which can give the least Offence in the World  
‘ to Modesty.

*Monsieur de la Bruyere,* in Answer to the  
Criticism that had been made upon his Speech  
to the *French Academy* \*, mentions this Satire  
with great Commendations, and even defends  
it against those who had censur’d it. *There is*  
*publish’d,* says he, *a new Satire against Vice*

---

\* June 15. 1693. the Day of his Reception.

*in general, which in a nervous Strain of Poetry, and with a Pen of Steel inforces it's Strokes against Avarice, Excess of Gaming, Chicanry, Effeminacy, Sordidness and Hypocrisie, wherein no Body is either nam'd or delineated, where no Woman of Virtue either can or ought to think her self struck at: A BOURDALOUE in the Pulpit never drew more lively or innocent Pictures of Guilt, no Matter for that, 'tis all Slander, 'tis all Calumny. This has been for some time their only Cry, and all they have to say against Books of Morality that are in any Vogue: They take every Thing literally, they read them as they do a History, they make no Allowance for Poetry, no Allowance for Figure; and so they condemn them; they find out some weak Places in them; there are some such in Homer, in Pindar, in Virgil, in Horace, indeed where are there not? Except, perhaps in their own Writings\*. Monsieur Bayle has likewise given very great Praises to this Satire, which he calls Monsieur Despreaux's Master-Piece †. But tho' there are indeed many Things in it which discover it to be the Product of an excellent Pen, yet it is very short of that Energy and Fire which is to be found in the other Satires of Monsieur Despreaux. Neither is the Versification either so pure or so easie, and we ought not to wonder at it. Human Wit, Sir, has it's Revolutions and Alterations as well as all other Things.*

---

\* Bruyere's Preface to his Speech to the French Academy, Pag. 9, 10,  
 † Diction. Hist. & Crit,

Things. It wears out like them, and grows weaker by Degrees, as it approaches to it's End.

However *Monsieur Perrault* might be mortify'd by the *Critical Remarks upon Longinus*, he did not fail to Answer it by some *Reflections*, wherein he endeavours to repel the Censure of his Adversary. He likewise compos'd a small Poem, Intituled, *Apologie des Femmes*, in Opposition to the *Satire against Women*; and in the Preface to that Piece, he sharply criticis'd that *Satire*, which contain'd some very nipping Strokes against him. He even accus'd him of making use of indecent Terms in that *Satire*, and Expressions, which gave Offence to modest Ears. *Monsieur Perrault* having sent this Work to *Monsieur Arnauld*, the latter writ him a long *Letter*, wherein he justifies *Monsieur Despreaux* with great Force and Eloquence. *Monsieur Despreaux* was so proud of such an Advocate, he caus'd that *Letter* to be printed at the End of his Works in the last Edition he gave of them.

\* The Criticisms that were publish'd upon the *Satire against Women* gave Occasion to *Monsieur Despreaux* to write an Epistle address'd to his Book, wherein he Accounts for his Life and Works. It is, you see, Sir, an

h 4

Imi-

Imitation of one of the most beautiful Pieces in *Horace* \*. I have already quoted to you two Places of it, give me leave, *Sir*, to do the like here. After having taken Notice of the Successes that his first Pieces met with, he adds :

But now that I am Old, and on my Head  
 The Snow of Threescore Winters has been shed ;  
 Now these dissembled Locks my Baldness hide,  
 And Age has with my Vigour sunk my Pride ;  
 Now heavy is it's Hand, and I, with Pain,  
 Pursue the wonted Labours of my Brain.  
 Cease then my Muse, in your Fantastic Whims,  
 To hope the World will crowd to buy your Rhymes ;  
 That *Barbin* will be throng'd ; 'twill now be strange,  
 If for your Ice, they shou'd their Silver change.  
 Our brighter Days are gone, &c.

He thus afterwards Draws his own Picture :

If my past Writings for my present plead,  
 And you, my Verse, shou'd for my Sake be read ;  
 Describe me, in Return, and let 'em see,  
 I'm not the Man that I've been made to be.

See

---

† Epist. 20. Lib. 1. Vertumnum janumq; &c.



*Monsieur* Boileau Despreaux.      six

See, that with Care, those Features be effac'd,  
With which my Picture has been oft disgrac'd.  
Tell all Mankind, What e'er my Foes have said,  
I'm not so Black at Bottom, as I'm made :  
That he, who has for Railing been revil'd,  
Is in the main, Plain, Equitable, Mild :  
A Friend to Truth ; Nor did he ever write  
With Malice, or was Spitefull out of Spite:  
That in a Word, his Candor was his Fault,  
And That Sincerity he lov'd, he Taught:  
Say, tho' by wretched Rhymers teaz'd, his Pen,  
When e'er it lash'd the Poets, spar'd the Men.  
Free was his Verse, but it was still Discreet ,  
And Sow'r as it may seem, his Look was Sweet.  
In Body weak ; not short, nor yet too tall ;  
Nor is he what the World Voluptuous call.  
Himself less Virtuous than he's Virtue's Friend,  
Yet will not dare his Frailties to defend.

At length, after having given an Account of  
his Father and Mother, of the Inclination he  
had to Poetry from his very Youth, and the  
Progress he made therein ; he sets forth the Steps  
of his Fortune, how he had been produc'd at  
Court,

Court, and how he quitted it, the Infirmities that grew upon him, &c.

Tell 'em ; by Chance, I in my greener Age,  
 To Court was brought, and to the Public Stage.  
 And from *Permessis* humble Banks remov'd,  
 Amid the Great applauded and belov'd,  
 I liv'd, and early saw my Works approv'd. }  
 And when the Muse her lowly Shades forfook,  
 A flight Sublime with daring Wings she took.  
 Tell 'em, that Monarch, whose victorious Name,  
 To Monarchs dreadful, is so dear to Fame,  
 Me has employ'd, his Conquests to Record,  
 And bid my honour'd Pen attend his Sword,  
 To tell to future Times the glorious Deeds,  
 Which he who saw 'em scarce Believing reads.  
 Tell 'em, your Author to the Great was dear;  
 And had in mighty *Colbert's* Heart a share.  
 Tell 'em, that now, tho' he's from Court retir'd,  
 Weak in two Senses, and not oft Inspir'd ;  
 Yet is he not forgotten ; still the Great  
 Seek him, and please themselves with his Retreat.  
 More than One Hero, whom his Works content,  
 The Shade, he for his Labours chose, frequent.

Some short time afterwards, Monsieur *Despreaux* compos'd a new *Epistle*, directed to his *Gardener* \*. Tho' there be a great deal of Gayety and Jocularity in this Piece, yet it contains some very beautiful Moral Strokes upon the Necessity and Advantage of Pains-taking, and the Inconveniences of Idleness and Sloth, and the Difficulties of Poetry.

† For the right Understanding of the Subject of the Satire upon *The Love of God*, which Monsieur *Despreaux* publish'd afterwards, we are to remember, That the Divines of the *Romish* Church are very much divided upon the Tenet of *Attrition*; Thus they call a *Sense of Grief* conceiv'd from the bare *Apprehension of Hell Torments*, and without any *Love for God*; and 'tis made a Question, *Whether such Grief be a sufficient Preparative for receiving Remission of Sins, and the Benefit of Justification at the Sacrament of Penance.* Many Divines of the *Romish* Church, among whom are reckon'd the most Learned Jesuits, declare themselves for the Affirmative; but others maintain, That *Confession*, and the Priest's *Absolution*, avail nothing, if the Party be without *Contrition*, that is to say, *A sincere Sorrow*

---

\* Horace, directed one of his *Epistles* to his Farmer; it is the XIVth *Epistle* of the first Book: *Villice Silvarum, & mihi me reddentis agelli, &c.*

† 1697.

*Sorrow for having offended God as he is Amiable.*  
 Both Sides Appeal to the Council of *Trent*, and pretend it favours them ; which shews, That that Council was not clear in it's Explications upon so important a Matter. *Alexander VII.* has equally forbid \* those who maintain the Sufficiency of Attrition, and those who defend the Necessity of Contrition, to pass Censures on each other ; whereby he undoubtedly meant, That it was no great Matter which of the two Opinions was follow'd. However, it were doing wrong to the Church of *Rome* to accuse Her of having determin'd in general and absolutely, That a Man may be absolv'd from his Sins and consequently Sav'd, without Loving God. That Church never intended to establish so detestable a Doctrine. But she has happen'd upon this Occasion, as well as some others, to renounce the most evident Notions, for the favouring a Tenet, which by degrees was crept upon Her, and which she put among the Articles of Her Creed before She was well aware of all the Consequences of it. Thus having laid down, That to obtain Pardon of Sins, a Man must confess himself to a Priest, and receive Absolution from him ; many have believ'd they had a right from thence to conclude, that that alone was sufficient to restore them into the Way of Salvation. And this Opinion seem'd to them so much the better Grounded, as that  
 they

---

\* By a Decree of the 6th of May, 1667.



they fancy'd Confession, &c. would become useless, if in order to reap any Benefit by it, they ought previously to have a true Contrition. And indeed, such *Contrition*, carrying along with it a true Love for God, and such Love being a Favour from the Holy Ghost, communicated to none but the Faithful; it necessarily follows, that every Man, who is truly *contrite*, is, *ipso facto*, justify'd and absolv'd from all his Sins. What need therefore is there after this for Confession and Sacerdotal Absolution? And how can the *Sacrament of Penance* procure Pardon to a Person, who before the receiving that Sacrament must have been in a State of Grace? It is no easie Matter, according to the System of the *Romish* Religion to remove these Difficulties. In the mean while, there is something so harsh and so shocking in asserting a Man may be Sav'd tho' he has no Sense of the Love of God, that the greater Number of *Roman* Catholicks have rejected this Doctrine, and without being concern'd at the Objections that may be made against them, they look'd upon the Tenet of *Attrition* as an abominable Error.

*Monsieur Despreaux* had, long before, declar'd himself upon that Subject in one of those Assemblies which were held at *Monsieur de Lamoignon's* House. One Day after they had been reading some Book relating to this Subject, he maintain'd that neither Confession nor the Priest's Absolution were sufficient unless the  
Party

Party had in his Heart, at least some Tendency towards the Love of God. Some Jesuits who were present, immediately cry'd out against this Opinion, and said it was downright *Calvinism*. They afterwards put him to all the Difficulties that the Subject cou'd possibly bear. But Monsieur *Despreaux* brought himself off by a Piece of Wit which confounded those good Fathers, and gain'd him the Applause of the whole Company. Give me Leave, *Sir*, to relate, this Particular as I find it in a Book which I have already more than once quoted. ' Monsieur *Boileau Despreaux*, ' *says the Menagiana* \*, was one Day at the ' House of the late Monsieur *de Lamoignon* at ' *Baville* †. There was a great Number of Je- ' suits, who all of them, to a Man, boldly main- ' tain'd, that a certain well known Author ' was in the Right to make a Book on purpose ' to prove that we were not oblig'd to love ' God, and that those who affirm'd the contra- ' ry were in the Wrong, and impos'd an insup- ' portable Yoak upon the Necks of Christians, ' from which God has set them free by the new ' Dispensation. The Dispute upon this Subject ' growing at length to be pretty warm, Mon- ' sieur *Despreaux*, who till then had kept a pro- ' found Silence: Ah, *cried he, rising up*, how ' prettily will it sound on the Day of Judgment, ' when our Lord shall say to his Elect: Come ' you

---

\* Tome 2. Pag. 301. 2d Edit. Holl.

† A Country Seat of Monsieur de Lamoignon's.

*Monsieur Boileau Despreaux.* CXV

‘ you the well beloved of my Father, for you never  
‘ lov’d me in your Life, but always forbid that I  
‘ shou’d be belov’d, and constantly oppos’d those Here-  
‘ tics who were for obliging Christians to love me ;  
‘ and you on the contrary go to the Devil and his  
‘ Angels, you the Accursed of my Father, for you  
‘ have lov’d me with your whole Heart, and have  
‘ sollicitated and urg’d every Body else to love me-----  
‘ It made the whole Company laugh, adds the  
‘ *Menagiana*, and this Raillery was a more ef-  
‘ fectual Argument for the Necessity of the  
‘ Divine Love than any Monsieur *Arnauld* cou’d  
‘ use in his Books or most eloquent Dis-  
‘ courses.

‘ *ridiculum acri*

‘ *Fortius ac melius magnas plerumq, secat res.*

Monsieur *Despreaux* darted a Stroke of his Satire against these loose Doctors, in the VIth *Canto* of the *Lutrin*, where he introduces *Piety* complaining to *Themis* in this manner :

False Teachers next in numerous Crouds arise,

To fill the Measure of my Miseries.

Then dangerous Heretics began their Reign,

And execrable Maxims craz’d the Brain.

That ’tis enough, to Dread the Pow’r above,

And servile Fear’s prefer’d to Filial Love.

‘ That

That God necessitates the Doing Ill,  
 By pre-determining his Creature's Will.  
 That Reason is the only Sovereign Queen,  
 And Faith no Evidence of Things not seen.  
 Church-Champions me with formal Lips address,  
 And at my Feet for Absolution press.  
 Pure to the outward Eye, but foul within,  
 Place all their Virtue in confessing Sin.

Mon<sup>sieur</sup> *Despreaux* said no more of the Matter at that Time. But some Years afterwards, *Louis XIV*, having given into Devotion; the whole Court after his Example, strove who shou'd seem the most Devout; and there was no Author of any Name, but what conform'd himself to the Humour in Fashion. Mon<sup>sieur</sup> *Racine* apply'd himself to write nothing but Holy Plays; and the Commentators of profane Authors fill'd their Remarks with Moral and Religious Maxims. Mon<sup>sieur</sup> *Despreaux* accommodating himself to the Taste of the Court, or perhaps only following the Sentiments with which an advanc'd Age is apt to inspire us, wrote his *Epistle upon the Love of God*, wherein the Defenders of *False Attrition*, as he calls it, were oppos'd with equal Strength and Zeal. He concludes this Piece by a Recital of what happen'd at Mon<sup>sieur</sup>

de



*de Lamoignon's*, and forgets not the *Prosopopœa* which he had made use of with so good an Effect.

He publish'd these Three New Epistles separately in 1697, with a short Preface. 'I know  
' not, *says he, in this Preface,* Whether the  
' Three Epistles I now present to the Public  
' will meet with a great many Admirers: But  
' I know very well, my Censors will find abundantly  
' wherewithall to exercise their Criticisms; for every Thing in them is extreamly  
' put to the Venture. In the *First*, Under pretence of  
' Condemning my own Works, I make my own Elogium, and forget nothing that  
' cou'd be said to my Advantage. In the *Second*,  
' I entertain my self with my *Gard'ner* upon trivial Matters: And in the *Third*, Take upon  
' me boldly to determine the greatest and most important Point in Religion, I mean the  
' *Love of God*: I therefore give my Censors a fair  
' Occasion to attack, in me, the Proud Poet, the Rude Peasant, and the Presumptuous  
' Divine. However, as strong as their Efforts may be, I question, Whether they will shake  
' the firm Resolution I have long since taken, never to make any Reply to whatever shou'd  
' be written against me, at least not to Answer any thing in a grave Manner.

' And indeed, *continues he,* To what End shou'd one needlessly waste Paper? If my Epistles are bad, all that I can say will not make  
i ' them

‘ them better: If they are good, all that can  
 ‘ be urg’d against them will not make them  
 ‘ worse. The Public is not a Judge liable to be  
 ‘ corrupted, nor is it govern’d by another’s  
 ‘ Passions. The Effect all Criticisms have  
 ‘ against such Pieces as please, only helps for-  
 ‘ ward their general Reception, and shews the  
 ‘ Merit of them the better. ’Tis Essential to  
 ‘ a good Book to meet with Censors; and the  
 ‘ greatest Disgrace which can happen to a  
 ‘ Work, after ’tis publish’d, is, not that Abun-  
 ‘ dance of People speak ill of it, but that no  
 ‘ Body speaks of it at all.

‘ For which Reason, *pursues he*, I shall not  
 ‘ be in the least concern’d, if these Three *Epi-*  
 ‘ *stles* are taken to Task. ’Tis most certain, I  
 ‘ have been at a great deal of Pains about them,  
 ‘ especially that, on the *Love of God*, which I  
 ‘ have revis’d more than once; and I own, I  
 ‘ made use of all the little Wit and Judgment  
 ‘ I was Master of, in giving it the finishing  
 ‘ Stroke.

Monsieur *Despreaux* says afterwards, That  
 at first he intended to publish this Epistle, *singly*,  
 because the other Two *seem’d too trifling to ap-*  
*pear with so serious a Work*; but that his Friends  
 over-rul’d this Design, by Reasons which he  
 relates, and to which he yielded. Yet, he  
 tells us, That there being *some Religious Per-*  
*sons*, who desir’d to have only That Epistle, he  
 had

had given Notice to his Bookseller, to distribute it separately; and I shall not only not think it strange, adds he, that they read no more than that, but I am sometimes ready to wish, I had never wrote any other, than that Piece; tho' tis likely to be the last Poem I shall ever write: My Genius for Verse beginning to be exhausted, and my Historical Employments not affording me much Leisure for Rhyming.

‘ This, says he, is all I had to say to the  
‘ Reader. However, before I finish this Preface,  
‘ it will not be improper, methinks, to satisfy  
‘ some scrupulous People, who, having no great  
‘ Opinion of my Capacity in Theological Mat-  
‘ ters, may question, whether what I advance  
‘ in my XIIth Epistle, be Orthodox; and may be  
‘ apprehensive, that while I pretend to be their  
‘ Guide, I shall lead ’em astray. Wherefore,  
‘ that they may Walk securely, I must tell  
‘ them, I have read that Epistle several Times  
‘ to a very great Number of eminent Doctors  
‘ of the *Sorbonne*, Fathers of the Oratory, and  
‘ Jesuits, who all applauded it, and allow’d the  
‘ Doctrine to be very sound and pure. *He adds,*  
‘ That a great many illustrious Prelates likewise,  
‘ entertain’d the same Thoughts of it. And last-  
‘ ly, That the Bishop of *Meaux*, and the Arch-  
‘ bishop of *Paris*, had also read and examin’d it  
with Care, and had given it their Appro-  
bation.

While these Epistles were Printing, there came out a Spurious Copy of Monsieur *Despreaux's* Epistle on *The Love of God*. It was accompanied with divers Remarks, wherein the Jesuits were not spar'd: Upon which, Monsieur *Despreaux* was oblig'd to disown that Piece. *I thought*, says he, *I shou'd have no further Occasion to trouble the Reader. But whilst this Preface was Printing, a wretched Epistle in Verse was brought me, publish'd by some impertinent Fellow, as if it were written by me. I am therefore oblig'd to add this Article, to inform the Public, that I never made any other Epistle upon the Love of God, than that which will be found in this Edition: The other, being a fictitious and imperfect Copy, consisting of some Verses which were stol'n from me, and many others ridiculously father'd upon me, as well as the presumptuous Notes that go along with it.*

Some Time after, the Count *d'Ericeyra* sent to Monsieur *Despreaux* from *Lisbon*, a Translation which he had made of his *Art of Poetry*, in *Portugueze Verse*, and with it a very obliging Letter, and some *French Verses*, which shew'd an extraordinary good Taste. Monsieur *Despreaux* in the Answer he return'd to that Letter, express'd how sensible he was of the Honour of being approv'd of by a Person of his Merit and Quality, and assur'd him, *That in the next Edition of his Works he wou'd not fail*  
to



*Monsieur Boileau Despreaux.* cxxi

to insert a Translation which was so glorious for him.

\* Tho' the Dispute between Monsieur *Despreaux* and Monsieur *Perrault* was mingled with a great deal of Sharpness and Personal Animosity, yet it was not attended with the common Fate of Quarrels between Men of Letters, which nothing but the Death of one of the Disputants generally puts an end to. These two Gentlemen were soon reconcil'd, and without either's pretending to impose his Opinion upon the Other, they interchangeably gave Proofs of a real Esteem and hearty Friendship. Upon which Occasion Monsieur *Despreaux* made the following Epigram.

The Poets Wars at *Paris* cease,  
And *Phæbus* to his Sons gives Peace;  
*Perrault*, Immortal *Pindar's* Foe;  
And *Homer's* fastest Friend, *Boileau*,  
Their Critic Quarrel now give o'er,  
As Angry as they were before.

Each other's Merit they confess;  
Nor think it, for their differing, less;

Nor

Nor Argue who was Wrong or Right,  
 But both in Search of Truth unite ;  
 We fear it will much longer be,  
 E'er Pradon and the Pit agree.

\* Monsieur *Racine*, you know, *Sir*, died in 1699. and the Most Christian King having appointed Monsieur *de Valincour*, Secretary-General of the Navy, to succeed him in the Place of Historiographer-Royal, Monsieur *Despreaux* address'd to his new Associate, a *Satire*, Upon True and False Honour, which he at that Time compos'd.

Some short Time after, Monsieur *Despreaux* being recover'd from a dangerous Fit of Sickness, Father *Fraguier*, who had written in his Favour some *Latin* Epigrams against Monsieur *Perrault*, congratulated him upon the happy Restoration of his Health, in a *Latin* Epistle, which he made at the Instance of Monsieur *Remond*, Counsellor in the Parliament of *Paris*, their common Friend.

† Monsieur *Despreaux* publish'd in 1701. a New Edition of his Works, with several Additions. To this he prefix'd a new Preface, wherein he first of all Thanks the Public for the Approbation they had given to his Works.

*This*

---

\* 1699.

† 1701.

*Monsieur Boileau Despreaux.* cxxiii

*This being, says he, in all Probability the last Edition of my Works that I shall Revise, &c \**

Then he enquires into the Reason that might Influence the Public in behalf of his Works †.

He afterwards Examines the Nature of those Graces and Delicacies which are necessary to recommend a Work of Wit. ‘Now, if any Man asks me, What this Agreeableness and this Salt is? I Answer, That it is a *Je ne scay quoy*, which may be better conceiv’d than describ’d. But yet in my Opinion, it principally consists in offering nothing to the Reader but true Thoughts and just Expressions. The Mind of Man is naturally full of an infinite Number of confus’d Ideas of *Truth*, which he oftentimes perceives but by Halves; and nothing pleases him more, than when any of these Ideas are presented to him well illustrated and set in a good Light. What is a New, Brilliant, Extraordinary Thought? It is not, as the Ignorant persuade themselves, a Thought which no Body ever had, nor was likely to have had. But on the Contrary, a Thought which every Body might have had, and which some one Bethinks himself of expressing the first, &c. \*\*.

---

\* Vid. M. Boileau's General Preface, hereto annex'd.

† Ibid.

\*\* Ibid.

· Monsieur *Despreaux* afterwards gives an Account of this new Edition ; and lastly Answers those, who *Notwithstanding the solid Reasons he had Twenty Times given, still look'd upon, as Calumny, the Railleries he had made on a great many Modern Authors, and who reported, that while he expos'd the Faults of those Authors, he had not done Justice to their good Qualities ;* he Answers them, I say, by repeating the same Words he had before us'd upon that Occasion in the Preface to his Two preceding Editions.

While this Edition was preparing for the Public, Monsieur *Boivin*, the King's Library Keeper, communicated to Monsieur *Despreaux* some Observations he had made upon the old Manuscript of *Longinus*, which is in that Library, and is an Original with Respect to all the other Manuscripts of that Author that are at this Day to be found. He added thereto some very curious Remarks upon the famous Ode of *Sappho*, which *Longinus* hath preserv'd, and which is seen in this Manuscript more Correct than in any other. These Observations of Monsieur *Boivin* were so highly pleasing to Monsieur *Despreaux*, that he desir'd they might be Printed in his Book next to those of Monsieur *Dacier* ; as we are inform'd in the short Advertisement that precedes them. Whilst these Notes were Printing, Monsieur *Boivin*, (says that Adver-



*Monsieur Boileau Despreaux.* CXXV.

*Advertisement*) one of the Under-Library Keepers of the King's Library, a very deserving Gentleman, and particularly skill'd in the Greek Tongue, brought to Monsieur Despreaux some very judicious Remarks he had likewise made upon Longinus in reading the old Manuscript which remains in that famous Library, and Monsieur Despreaux was of Opinion the Public might be pleas'd with seeing them subjoin'd to Monsieur Dacier's.

The most remarkable Piece in this New Edition is the Letter which Monsieur Despreaux wrote to Monsieur Perrault after their Reconciliation; it contains several very curious Particulars, and well deserves that I should take some Notice of it here. He tells him First, That since the Public had been inform'd of their Quarrel, it was likewise fit they should be acquainted with their Reconciliation, and that they were become very good Friends. He adds, That their Dispute was scarce at an End, but Monsieur Perrault sent him his Works, as he himself had done the like to Monsieur Perrault; and that notwithstanding those mutual Civilities they still adher'd each to the same Sentiments as before; that is to say, Monsieur Perrault in a firm Resolution not to have over much Esteem either for Homer or Virgil, and Monsieur Despreaux, their constant passionate Admirer.

Monsieur Despreaux afterwards asks Monsieur Perrault, What it was that could Incense him

so

so much, and induce him to write against all the celebrated Authors of Antiquity; and makes appear, that it could not be the want of Respect paid in France to any good Modern Author, since the Public have reader'd to those Writers, (of whom he Names the greatest Part,) all the Justice they deserv'd. Your self, Sir, for instance, adds he, Can you complain of any Injustice done to your Dialogue of Love and Friendship, your Poem upon Painting, your Epistle to Monsieur de la Quintinie, and many other excellent Pieces of your Composing? He likewise shows, That it could not proceed from any fear that the Moderns should spoil themselves by imitating the Ancients; since on the contrary, it was to this very Imitation that Corneille, Racine, and Moliere, ow'd the Success of their Writings.

He therefore believes, That this Heat and Animosity of his against the Ancients might in all Probability be occasion'd 'by Meeting  
' with some of those Sophists, who Study more  
' to enrich their Memories than their Minds,  
' and who having neither Wit, Judgment, nor  
' Taste, esteem the Ancients only because they  
' are Ancients; who think that Reason can't  
' speak any other Language than Greek or  
' Latin, and condemn at first Sight all that is  
' writ in any Modern Tongue, merely because  
' 'tis Modern. That these ridiculous Admirers  
' of Antiquity had disgusted him against admiring what is wonderful in the Ancients; and  
that

that this in all Probability was the Occasion of writing his *Parallels*. Monsieur Despreaux thereupon Desires him to remember, That the great Writers among the Ancients do not owe their Glory to the Approbation of some few either of the Sophists, or truly Learned; but to a constant and unanimous Admiration express'd by the Men of Sense and Taste in all Ages, among whom, says he, were more than one Alexander or one Cæsar.

Monsieur Despreaux afterwards shews, That Monsieur Perrault and himself did not differ so much in Opinion as some People might imagine. Your Design, says he, is to shew that as to the Knowledge, especially of the fine Arts, and the Belles Lettres, our Age, or, to speak better, that of **LOUIS THE GREAT**, is not only comparable, but superior to all the most famous Ages of Antiquity, and even to that of Augustus. You will then be surpriz'd, adds he, when I tell you, That as to that particular, I am entirely of your Opinion; and in case my Business or Infirmities wou'd give me leave, I wou'd joyn with you in the Proofs of it.

He, however, tells him, That he shou'd make use of different Arguments, and take such Precautions and Measures as he had not done: That he shou'd not oppose, like Monsiear Perrault, their own Nation and Age alone to all other Nations and Ages together; but  
that

that he wou'd examine every Nation and every Age separately; and after having maturely weigh'd wherein they excell'd us, and wherein we surpass'd them, I am very much mistaken, adds he, If I cannot prove that the Advantage is altogether on our Side. Monsieur Despreaux afterwards gives an Example of the Method he wou'd observe in this Examination, when he shou'd come to the Age of Augustus; after which, he adds, That nothing remain'd to confirm their Reconciliation, and prevent all further Disputes between them, but that they should endeavour each to cure his own Failings.

‘ This, Sir, continues he, is what I was very desirous the Public should know; and to inform them thoroughly of it, I do my self the Honour to write you this Letter, which I intend to Publish in the new Edition of my Works. I wou'd willingly have suppress'd some few Railleries, a little too Sharp, which unwarily fell from me in my Reflexions upon *Longinus*; but I thought such a Design altogether Fruitless, considering the Two former Editions were abroad; to which, and some foreign Editions that might be publish'd, People wou'd undoubtedly have Recourse. I thought, then, the best Way for me was to satisfy you here, as I have already done, of the real Sentiments I have for you. I hope you will be pleas'd with my Procedure, and that you will not be offended at the Liberty



*Monsieur* Boileau Despreaux. cxxix

‘ I have taken of inserting in this last Edition  
‘ of mine, the *Letter* which the famous Mon-  
‘ sieur *Arnauld* wrote to you concerning my  
‘ Xth *Satire*.

You see, by this Letter, *Sir*, what *Monsieur Despreaux's* Thoughts were upon the famous Dispute about the Ancients and Moderns, and the good Opinion he had of *Monsieur Perrault*. But do you not admire the frank Confession he makes, That the *Vexation it gave him to see himself reflected upon in Monsieur Perrault's Dialogues, made him say some Things that had better never been said.* Such a Confession cou'd proceed from nothing but a Gentleman, and is perfectly worthy of *Monsieur Despreaux*.

You are not to be inform'd, *Sir*, That for these last Forty Years, the Jesuits in *France* have with great Industry apply'd themselves to the Study of the Sciences and polite Literature. They have likewise cultivated their Language with so much Success, that many of their Works may now serve for Standards; whereas formerly they were written in so barbarous a Manner, that their Antagonists us'd to make it a common Topick, to turn them into Ridicule.

However, as the best Things are not secure against Envious and Sullen Tempers, They, who are no Well-wishers to these Gentlemen,

in *France*, pretend, That it is nothing but a  
 ‘ Spirit of Ambition and Vanity which puts  
 ‘ them upon thus distinguishing themselves in  
 ‘ all Sorts of Learning; and that they have  
 ‘ nothing in View but to raise themselves by  
 ‘ this Means above other Societies, both Reli-  
 ‘ gious and Civil. It is, *say they*, a Desire of  
 ‘ Rule, that Spurs these good Fathers on to act  
 ‘ thus, and not the Love of Learning, or the  
 ‘ Good of the Public. They are little con-  
 ‘ cern’d, whether the Sciences flourish, or whe-  
 ‘ ther, Ignorance and Barbarism prevail, pro-  
 ‘ vided, they enlarge their Jurisdictions, and  
 ‘ attain at length to be Masters. For we see  
 ‘ them equally make use of these two Methods,  
 ‘ as contrary as they are, in Hopes that one of  
 ‘ them at least will succeed. Thus, we see them,  
 ‘ at the same time, destroy all the Monuments  
 ‘ of learned Antiquity, and clear up whatever  
 ‘ is obscure in History or Chronology; decry the  
 ‘ Study of Criticism, and yet comment upon, or  
 ‘ examine the Ancient Authors both Ecclesiasti-  
 ‘ cal and Profane, according to the Rules of  
 ‘ that very Art they so much condemn; re-  
 ‘ vive Legends and superannuated Fictions,  
 ‘ and question Maxims which no Man e-  
 ‘ ver doubted of; declare for *Aristotle’s* Phi-  
 ‘ losophy, and assent to every Discovery  
 ‘ made by the Moderns in the Sciences and  
 ‘ Noble Arts. And all this, purely to attain  
 ‘ to absolute Rule and Universal Dominion.  
 ‘ The

*Monsieur Boileau Despreaux.* cxxxix

‘ The Reason why they apply themselves to the  
‘ Mathematics, for Example, is only, *say these*  
‘ *Gentlemen*, to get footing in the Territories  
‘ of the *Eastern* Princes, and the more effectually  
‘ to supplant all other Missionaries. They  
‘ study’d the *French* Tongue, only out of Envy  
‘ to the *Messieurs de Port Royal*, whose Writings  
‘ were admir’d throughout *France*. But,  
‘ *continue their Accusers*, the several Works  
‘ which they from Time to Time publish’d, not  
‘ seeming to them the most commodious or  
‘ ready Way to spread their Merit through the  
‘ World, they resolv’d at the beginning of this  
‘ Century, to publish a Monthly Journal, where-  
‘ in their Works might be proclaim’d and pom-  
‘ pously founded forth, and wherein they might  
‘ insert short Discourses, to shew, there was no  
‘ Art, Science, or Language, they were Ignorant  
‘ of, or wherein they had not made some  
‘ considerable Discoveries; which, together with  
‘ their unfair Judgment of all other Writers, as  
‘ well Catholic as Protestant, wou’d not fail to  
‘ leave in the Minds of the Readers a high Idea  
‘ of the profound Knowledge and extraordinary  
‘ Merit of the Fathers of the Society.

These, *Sir*, are the ungenerous Motives ascrib’d by the Enemies of the Jesuits, to the Noblest Occupations of those Good Fathers. As their Distance from us secures us from their Attempts, we are not possess’d with that Hatred and Prejudice against them as is  
Visible

Visible in *France*. Nothing hinders us from doing them Justice, and acknowledging the Benefit which the Public receives from their Works; and particularly from the *Memoirs for the History of the Sciences and Polite Arts*; for so they have Modestly intitul'd their Journal, which is Printed at *Trevoux*, a little Town within the Sovereignty of *Dombes*\*: It must, however, be own'd, That this Monthly Performance wou'd be more generally esteem'd, if they were Nicer in chusing the Memoirs they insert in it; if it had fewer Monkish Invectives against the Protestants; and if the Criticisms they sometimes make upon Modern Authors, did not look as if they rather proceeded from some personal Animosity, than a too refin'd and delicate Taste.

For thus, as 'tis generally believ'd, they acted with respect to Monsieur *Despreaux*, in one of their Journals for the Year 1704. They seem'd to Censure his Works, only by way of Revenge, for his Reflecting upon their Brethren so much as he did, in his *Epistle on the Love of God*. What furnish'd them, *Sir*, with a Handle, was this. A Bookseller of *Amsterdam*, having publish'd in 1701. an Edition of Monsieur *Despreaux's* Works, wherein were inserted, at the Bottoms of the Pages, some Passages out of  
the

---

\* *Trevoux*, is Three Leagues from *Lyons*: The Principality of *Dombes* belongs to the Duke du *Maine*.



*Monsieur Boileau Despreaux.* cxxxiii

the *Latin* Poets which he had imitated ; These Gentlemen, under Pretence of giving an Account thereof in their Journal, represented Monsieur *Despreaux* as a Copier, or rather a Plagiary, who ow'd his whole Reputation and Merit to the Noblest Passages of the Ancients, which he had transferr'd into his Works ; and endeavour'd to give a ridiculous Turn to the Preface of the last Edition of his Works before-mention'd. As 'tis likely you have not seen this Article of their *Memoirs*, you will please, *Sir*, to give me leave to insert it here at full length.

' The New Edition of Monsieur *Despreaux's*  
' Works, which is lately come to our Hands,  
' seems to us, *says these Gentlemen*, remarkable  
' enough to be taken Notice of. At the Bot-  
' tom of the Pages there are seen the Verses of  
' the *Latin* Poets which he has transferr'd into  
' his Works. Others, may by this Means learn,  
' from that Great Poet, the Prime Satyrift of  
' our Time, how to imitate the Beauties of the  
' Ancients, and to improve them to their own  
' Advantage and Reputation ; not to mention  
' the Pleasure there is in Comparing the bor-  
' row'd Places with those from whence they  
' are taken, and in Discovering every where  
' something more Cutting in one than t'other.  
' This Edition is likewise Advantageous to  
' Monsieur *Despreaux* in another Respect. It  
' highly justifies his siding with the Ancients,  
k ' whom

' whom he always look'd upon as the best  
 ' Models. And indeed, the Reader, in turn-  
 ' ing over this Volume, will find the Pages  
 ' more or less abounding with *imitated Latin*  
 ' Verses, according as Monsieur *Despreaux's*  
 ' Pieces were generally more or less esteem'd.  
 ' For Example, In his *Art of Poetry*, by which  
 ' he has got so great a Reputation, here is  
 ' Printed a full fourth Part of *Horace's Art of*  
 ' *Poetry* upon the same Subject, so far as con-  
 ' cerns the General Rules of Poetry : And yet  
 ' I have seen a Preface to some of Monsieur  
 ' *Despreaux's* Editions, where he affirms, He  
 ' borrow'd no more than Forty Verses from  
 ' *Horace* : But the Others, by long Acquain-  
 ' tance, might become as it were his own  
 ' Thoughts, without his perceiving it. Several  
 ' Pages are likewise cramm'd with *Latin Verses*  
 ' in the Eighth Satire, *Against Man* ; in the Ninth,  
 ' where the Author speaks to his *Muse* ; and in  
 ' the Fifth upon *True Nobility*, wherein is seen  
 ' a long Series of *Juvenal's* Verses translated  
 ' almost *Verbatim* ; and yet so happily turn'd,  
 ' and with so much Genius, that 'tis certain  
 ' there are no finer Passages in all Monsieur  
 ' *Despreaux's* Works.

' We find no imitated *Latin Verses* in the  
 ' Tenth Satire *Against Women* ; and but Two  
 ' or Three in his Epistle *upon the Love of God*.  
 ' And yet this Collection of Quotations, as be-  
 ' neficial as it is, may be made much fuller and  
 ' more exact than it appears. ' There

*Monsieur Boileau Despreaux.* cxxxv

‘ There are likewise contain’d in this Edi-  
‘ tion, two ingenious Pieces, but of which we  
‘ cannot certainly say, that *Monsieur Despreaux*  
‘ was the Author, since he did not publish them  
‘ himself in his last Collection to which he put  
‘ his Name. The first is a *Parodie of some Pas-*  
‘ *sages of the Cid*, which is a very sharp Criti-  
‘ cism upon *Chapelain, Cassaigne, and la Serre*,  
‘ drawn into Scenes. As for this *Parodie*, we  
‘ are assur’d from the Authority of the second  
‘ Edition of the *Menagiana*, that ’twas made on  
‘ Purpose to divert the late *Monsieur de La-*  
‘ *moignon*. The second Piece is a Petition in  
‘ Prose in Favour of *Aristotle*, wherein is fool-  
‘ ishly ridiculed the blind Adherence of the  
‘ University of *Paris*, to the true or pretended  
‘ Doctrin of that Philosopher. We have, in-  
‘ deed, in the last *Paris* Edition, the Decree  
‘ that was made upon that Petition, and which  
‘ is written in a no less Merry but much more  
‘ delicate Style: But as for the Petition it self,  
‘ it is not inserted in that Edition.

‘ The Public may perhaps take it well of us,  
‘ at least they in *Holland*, for Pointing out the  
‘ whole Difference that there is between these  
‘ two Editions publish’d in the same Year, (1701)  
‘ with respect to the several Things therein con-  
‘ tain’d. We have just now taken Notice of  
‘ those which are in the *Dutch* Edition, and  
‘ omitted in that of *Paris*; and now we shall  
‘ give

‘ give an Account of what are in the *Paris*  
 ‘ Edition, and omitted in that of *Holland*.

‘ Besides the Name of Monsieur *Despreaux*,  
 ‘ Printed here at full length, there is a very  
 ‘ remarkable Preface of the Author’s, by which  
 ‘ he seems to set the Seal to all the preceding  
 ‘ Editions which he has made of his Works;  
 ‘ being, as he says himself, Sixty three Years  
 ‘ of Age, and depress’d with *many Infirmities*.  
 ‘ And therefore he takes his Leave of *the Public*  
 ‘ *in Form*; and to avoid the most monstrous of all  
 ‘ Vices, Ingratitude, he thanks the *same Public*  
 ‘ *for their Goodness in so often purchasing Pieces*  
 ‘ *so little worthy of their Admiration*. Having  
 ‘ this Preface before us, we cannot avoid tran-  
 ‘ scribing here, some particular Places, which  
 ‘ made an Impression upon us. Among others,  
 ‘ we think nothing more Witty than what the  
 ‘ Author says, when he endeavours to explain  
 ‘ wherein the Agreeableness and Salt of any  
 ‘ excellent Work of Wit consists.

‘ It consists, says he, in *True Thoughts and*  
 ‘ *just Expressions*. *The Mind of Man*, adds Mon-  
 ‘ sieur *Despreaux*, *is naturally full of an infinite*  
 ‘ *Number of confus’d Ideas of Truth, which he*  
 ‘ *oftentimes perceives but by Halves; and nothing*  
 ‘ *pleases him more, than when any of these Ideas*  
 ‘ *are presented to him well Illustrated and set in*  
 ‘ *a Good Light*. Upon which he produces an  
 ‘ Example in the Saying of *Lewis XII*. which  
 ‘ every



*Monsieur Boileau Despreaux. cxxxvii*

‘ every Body knows, *A King of France revenges*  
‘ *not the Injuries done to a Duke of Orleans.*

‘ To shew on the contrary, how cold and  
‘ Puerile a false Thought is, he brings several  
Examples: The first is out of *Theophile*:

Ah ! Coward Blade, which Drank, before his  
Time,

It’s Master’s Blood; *and Blushes at the Crime.*

‘ The Second is the Author’s own, which  
‘ he, it seems, made Choice of, on purpose to  
‘ make the Character of the First more ob-  
‘ vious. *All the Ice of the North put together,*  
‘ *is not, in my Opinion, more Frigid than this*  
‘ *Thought.*

‘ Monsieur *Despreaux* concludes this Article  
‘ with telling us, *That he cou’d say a great*  
‘ *deal more upon the Subject, enough to fill a*  
‘ *a large Volume*; but he thinks this sufficient  
‘ *to testify to the Public his Gratitude, and the*  
‘ *high Opinion he has of their Taste and Judg-*  
‘ *ment.* After these repeated Compliments and  
‘ Civilities, the Public wou’d be very rude  
‘ if they did not make some return on their  
‘ Part.

‘ Besides this Preface, the Pieces which are  
 ‘ in the late *Paris* Edition, and not in that of  
 ‘ *Amsterdam*, are. 1. A Satire upon False  
 ‘ Honour, address’d to Monsieur *de Valincour*.  
 ‘ 2. Several Trifles which the Author wrote *in*  
 ‘ *his Youth*, but which he *has corrected a little*  
 ‘ *to render ’em the more tolerable to the Reader*.  
 ‘ 3. A Letter to Monsieur *Perrault*, concern-  
 ‘ ing their Reconciliation. 4. A Letter writ-  
 ‘ ten by the famous Monsieur *Arnauld* to Mon-  
 ‘ sieur *Perrault*, wherein he makes an Apology  
 ‘ for the Xth Satire against Women. Mon-  
 ‘ sieur *Despreaux* does not doubt that the *Pre-*  
 ‘ *sent*, he makes to the Public, of this Letter,  
 ‘ will be very acceptable: And indeed, it is a  
 ‘ true Present and a perfect Bounty, for the  
 ‘ Public cou’d not expect the Author shou’d  
 ‘ give them a Letter which was not written to  
 ‘ him.

The Author of this Extract does not Study  
 (you see, *Sir*,) to perform the Duty of an Impartial  
 Journalist or Historian: He sets himself up a  
 Public Censor, and a declar’d Enemy of Mon-  
 sieur *Despreaux*. He disguises his Words, he  
 ascribes Things to him which he does not say;  
 and changes his Expressions to make them ca-  
 pable either of a false or ridiculous Meaning.  
 All this wou’d furnish Matter for a large Differ-  
 tation, but which cannot be brought within the  
 compass of these Memoirs. Besides, if we compare  
 Monsieur *Despreaux*’s General Preface with what  
 our

*Monsieur Boileau Despreaux.* cxxxix

our Journalist says of it, 'twill easily be seen that his Criticism is mixt with too much Passion and Ill Nature.

I shall content my self, *Sir*, with giving you Two or Three Examples of this Author's unreasonable Prejudice, and relate them as they Offer, without confining my self to Order.

After having laid down as a Maxim, That in turning over this *Dutch* Edition it will be found the Pages are more or less cram'd with imitated Latin Verses, according as *Monsieur Despreaux's* Pieces were generally more or less esteem'd, he afterwards observes, That there are but Two or Three to be found in his Epistle upon the Love of God. He might justly have added, That the Two single Verses of *Horace*, quoted by the *Dutch* Editor upon that Epistle, have but a very remote Relation, or rather none at all, with the Subject which *Monsieur Despreaux* is there treating of; and from thence he might, according to the Maxim he had laid down, conclude more certainly, That the Epistle upon the Love of God was One of those Pieces which were less esteem'd. But how comes our Journalist not to perceive he lay open to this Objection, That 'tis no wonder *Horace*, *Juvenal*, or any other Ancient Latin Poet never writ any Thing against False Attrition, since in their Time there were no loose Casuists who

k 4

' dif-

‘ discharg’d Mankind from the most important  
 ‘ Duties of Morality, and who even dispens’d  
 ‘ with their Obligation to love God? But this  
 Epistle on the Love of God was what he  
 principally aim’d at: This was the real Cause  
 of his Animosity against Monsieur *Despreaux*;  
 and there was a Necessity for finding out some  
 Pretence to run it down.

Monsieur *Despreaux* thought this so Merry  
 a Criticism, that he made it the Subject of an  
 Epigram. It is as follows. He speaks to the  
 Journalists.

*Non, pour montrer que Dieu doit etre aime de nous,  
 Je n’ai rien emprunte de Perse ni d’Horace,  
 Et je n’ai point suivi Juvenal a la trace:  
 Car bien qu’en leurs Ecrits ces Auteurs, mieux que vous,  
 Attaquent les Erreurs dont nos Ames sont ivres,  
 La necessite d’aimer Dieu  
 Ne s’y trouve jamais prechee en aucun lieu,  
 Mes Peres, non plus qu’en vos Livres.*

Right; When I undertook to Prove,  
 Men ought to serve the Power above,  
 Not with base Fear, but filial Love:

From



From *Juvenal* I did not steal,  
Nor follow'd *Horace* at the Heel;  
For tho' the *Vices* that controul,  
And lord it o'er the Human Soul,  
Are rally'd with more Sense and Wit  
By *Them*, in ev'ry Poinant Sheet  
Than in whatever *You* have writ;  
The *Love* which to our GOD is due,  
Is no more Preach'd by *Them* than *You*.

Our Censor is no less Satyrical on Monsieur *Despreaux's* Art of Poetry. In his *Art of Poetry*, says he, by which he has got so much Reputation, especially with Respect to the General Rules of Poetry; we see Printed a full fourth Part of *Horace's* Art of Poetry upon the same Subject. And yet I have seen, continues he, a Preface to some of Monsieur *Despreaux's* Editions, wherein he affirms he took no more than Forty Verses out of *Horace*, &c. To make a right Judgment of this Criticism, we must first of all consider, That the Question here does not turn upon the Conformity there may be between the Verses of Monsieur *Despreaux* and those of *Horace*, in Relation to certain Maxims of good Sense which may naturally offer themselves to the Mind of any Writer, who is attentive and judicious. To take it by this Handle, there is no Author that may not be

re-

represented as a Copyer or Imitator of another, when he treats upon the same Subject; since it can't possibly happen but that a great Number of general Maxims will be equally found in both of them. The *Dutch* Editor ought to have no regard to this Kind of Conformity. He was only to quote the *Latin* Verses, which, it manifestly appear'd to him, Monsieur *Despreaux* had in View, and which he had only translated as it were into *French*. Yet this was what he did not observe; as it were easie to shew if it were necessary. But supposing all the *Latin* Verses which he has taken out of *Horace's* Art of Poetry were imitated by Monsieur *Despreaux* in the Sense of the Journalist; it is not however true, as he pretends, that these imitated Verses make a full fourth Part of the Art of Poetry, and he that is ever so little acquainted with Arithmetic may convince himself of it\*.

As to what he adds about *his seeing a Preface to some of Monsieur Despreaux's Works, wherein he affirms, he took but Forty Verses out of Horace; I have given that Preface already †, and you have seen, Sir, That Monsieur Despreaux only says, That in his Work, which consists*

---

\* *Horace's* Art of Poetry, consisting of 476 Verses, the fourth Part is 119. Now all the Verses quoted in the foremention'd Dutch Edition amount but to 92, which is short of a fourth Part by 27. The Journalist therefore did not reckon right when he spoke of a full fourth Part.

† See, Pag. lxxv.

*Monsieur Boileau Despreaux.* cxliii

*sists of 1100 Verses, there are, not above 50, or at most 60 imitated from Horace.* There's a great deal of Difference betwixt *Forty* and *Sixty*; and after all, *Monsieur Despreaux*, I shou'd think, ought sooner to be credited than the *Journalist*, who plainly declares himself his *Enemy*, and whose *Passion* must needs magnifie the *Object*. But let us admit, that there is in *Monsieur Despreaux's Art of Poetry*, a full fourth Part taken out of *Horace*, that is to say, 119 Verses; since *Monsieur Despreaux's Work* contains 1100, there will still remain, upon that *Foot*, very near a 1000 which he has not imitated from that *Ancient Poet*.

Our *Censor's Intention* is to represent *Monsieur Despreaux* as a *Person* of no extraordinary *Genius*, but has trickingly adorn'd himself with the *Merit* and *Reputation* of the *Ancients* whom he has *Copy'd*. After having said, *there are seen at the Bottom of the Pages* in the *Dutch Edition*, *the Verses out of the Latin Poets* which *Monsieur Despreaux* has transferr'd into his *Works*, he adds, *That by this Means others may Learn to imitate the most beautiful Passages of the Ancients, and improve them to their own Advantage and Reputation.* But if this *Criticism* were *Just*, it wou'd fall no less upon *Virgil* than *Monsieur Despreaux*. For *Virgil*, every one knows, has imitated *Theocritus* in his *Eclogues*, and *Homer* in his *Aeneid*. *Fulvius Ursinus*

*Ursinus* has given us a Collection of the Verses which that illustrious Author has imitated from the Greek Poets, and transferr'd into his Works : And yet no Body ever took it in their Heads to conclude from thence, that, *Others may Learn after the Example of this great Poet to imitate the finest Passages of the Ancients, and to improve them to their own Advantage and Reputation, &c.* And the Reason is, because, tho' *Virgil* did transfer into his Works several Places out of *Homer* and *Theocritus*, yet the Substance of these same Works, that is to say the Argument, the Plan, the Turn, the Diction, &c. being a Fund of his own, he has a Right to Challenge these Pieces entirely as his own, since he furnish'd the *Principal* Part of them, and borrow'd nothing from another but what was *Accessory*. We may say the same with Respect to *Monfieur Despreaux*, he has made use of the Ancients, it is true: But if we compare his Works with theirs, even in those Places, which one wou'd take for bare Imitations, we shall soon discover, that the Oeconomy, the Turn, and the Expression, belongs properly to him, and consequently they may be look'd upon as his own proper Goods. *Horace*, for Example, has given a Description of a ridiculous Collation in one of his Satires \* : *Monfieur Despreaux* has imitated him in this ; but he that ever so little examines *Monfieur*  
Des-

---

\* Lib. II. Sat. 8.



*Monsieur Boileau Despreaux.* cxlv

*Despreaux's* Imitation \*, must confess it to be a true Original.

This is so Evident, That an ingenuous Author, and one of our Journalist's own Fraternity, who has given us a very valuable Translation of *Horace*, acknowledg'd it with respect to another Passage of that Poet : For after having translated these Four last Verses of the Epistle to *Augustus* :

*Ne rubeam pingui donatus munere ; & una  
Cum Scriptore meo, capsâ porrectus aperta,  
Deferar in Vicum vendentem Thus & Odores,  
Et piper, & quidquid chartis amicitur ineptis :*

in these Words : *I shou'd Blush at such a Present, and to see the Hero of a Poem, together with his Poet, lying at their full length, in some old Trunk without a Lock, to be carry'd to the Grocers-street, where dull and impertinent Pieces serve to wrap up Pepper, Frankincense, and Perfumes, &c.* he adds, ' This is what Monsieur *Despreaux* has so happily and so elegantly express'd so many different Ways, and in Verses altogether new, and which will continue so a long time.

' Ha-

---

\* Sat. III.

‘ *Habiller chez Franc-Cœur le Sucre & la Cannelle.*

‘ *Autour d’un Caudebec j’en ai lu la Preface.*

‘ *Et j’ai tout Pelletier*

‘ *Roule dans mon Office en Cornets de Papier.*

And in the Second Canto of his *Art of Poetry*, speaking of Sonnets :

‘ *Le reste aussi peu lus que ceux de Pelletier,*

‘ *N’a fait de chez Sercy qu’un saut chez l’Epicier.*

‘ Here we have Wrappers of all Sorts, small  
‘ and great, and the *Grocer* that makes them  
‘ up. This is neither Copying nor Imitating,  
‘ but Creating\*.

What Answer do you think, *Sir*, cou’d these  
Censurers of Monsieur *Despreaux* make to a  
Person who shou’d Talk to them in this Manner.  
‘ You endeavour, *Gentlemen*, to lessen the Value  
‘ of Monsieur *Despreaux*’s Works, under Pre-  
‘ tence, that they are only Imitations, which  
‘ can afford at best but a borrow’d Merit an  
‘ Reputation : Well, do you, your Selves en-  
‘ deavour to imitate the finest Passages of the  
‘ An-

---

\* Letter from Father Tarteron, to a particular Friend, prefix’d before that Jesuit’s Translation of Horace, Pag. 60, 61. Dutch Edit. 1710.

*Monsieur Boileau Despreaux.* cxlvii

‘ Ancients; write *Satires* for Example, or an  
‘ *Art of Poetry*, that shall be as well received  
‘ by the Public as those of *Monsieur Despreaux*.  
‘ You have, as well as he, the *Verses of the*  
‘ *Latin Poets*, which, you say, he has only  
‘ Copy’d; transfer them into your Works;  
‘ imitate the most beautiful Passages of these  
‘ *Ancients*; make Use of them; take your  
‘ Advantage of them; and we shall see, whe-  
‘ ther, by this Means, you will be able to gain  
‘ your selves a Reputation and a Merit equal  
‘ to that of *Monsieur Despreaux*?

But this is enough to shew how little Exact-  
ness and Solidity there is in the Censure of  
the Journalists of *Trevoux*. *Monsieur Des-*  
*preaux* no sooner read it, but he address’d to  
them the following Epigram:

*Mes Reverens Peres en Dieu,*

*Et mes Confreres en Satire,*

*Dans vos Ecrits en plus d’un lieu*

*Je vois qu’a mes depends vous affectez de rire;*

*Mais ne craignez vous pas que pour rire de vous,*

*Relisant Juvenal, reseuilletant Horace*

*Je ne ranime encor ma Satirique audace?*

*Grands Aristarques de Trevoux*

*Ne faites point courir aux Armes*

clxviii      *The LIFE of*

*Un Athlete tout pret a prendre son Conge,  
Qui par vos traits malins au Combat rengage  
Peut encore aux Rieurs faire verser des Larmes.*

*Aprenex un Mot de Regnier*

*Notre celebre devancier ;*

*“ Corsaires attaquant Corsaires*

*“ Ne font pas, dit il, leur Affaires.*

*Fathers in God, whom I revere !*

*But as to Satire, Brethren dear !*

*You lately have vouchsaf'd to show*

*Your Strength of Wit on poor Boileau.*

*But are you not afraid, his Gall,*

*With Help of Horace, Juvenal,*

*May rise again, tho' now 'tis low,*

*And with a stronger Tide reflow ?*

*Trevoux's great Aristarchuses !*

*Mind your own Business if you please.*

*Be once advis'd, and don't enrage*

*A Wrestler, going off the Stage,*

*Who, tho' Infirm, and much in Years,*

*May turn your Laughter into Tears.*

**What**



*Monsieur* Boileau Despreaux. clxix

What our Forefather *Regnier* says,  
Is worth your Notice and your Praise:  
*That when Corsaires attack Corsaires,*  
*Ill must it go with their Affairs.*

*Monsieur Despreaux* did not Content himself with letting fly this and the preceding Epigram against these Gentlemen; he form'd the Design of a Work, wherein the whole Body of Jesuits were to be Censur'd. As he was not Ignorant that these Fathers were accus'd of having pernicious Sentiments upon the Doctrine of *Equivocation*, he compos'd a New *Satire*, wherein he addresses himself to *Equivocation*, as to a Person, and ascribes to it the Cause of *Adam's* Fall; of the *Pagan* Idolatry; of the *Heresies* that have disfigur'd Christianity; of the Blood that has been shed both by the Hereticks and the Orthodox in their Turns; and lastly, of the Licentiousness which has slipt into the Christian Morality, by introducing the Tenet of Probability, that of false Attrition, and some others, which have been Taught by the most celebrated Jesuits, whom he accuses, directly; of totally subverting the Morality of JESUS CHRIST. But the Jesuits of *Trevoux* being the Principal Object of his Anger, he did not forget them in this *Satire*. After having said, that  
1 'twas

'twas proper to prevent, by a prudent Silence,  
the Noise which wou'd infallibly be made by  
the *Doctors of Equivocation*, whom he had be-  
gun to paint in the blackest Colours; he adds,  
in the Conclusion of that Piece:

*Alte donc la ma Plume : & toi sors de ces lieux,  
Monstre, a qui par un trait des plus capricieux,  
Aujourd'hui terminant ma course satirique,  
J'ai prete dans mes Vers un Ame allegorique.  
Fui, va chercher ailleurs tes Patrons bien aimez  
Dans ces Pays par toi rendus si renommez,  
Ou l'Orne epand ses eaux, & que la Sarte arrose \* :  
Ou si plus surement tu veux gagner ta cause,  
Porte la dans Trevoux a se beau Tribunal,  
Ou de nouveaux Mydas un Senat Monacal,  
Tous les Mois, appuye de ta Sœur l'Ignorance,  
Pour juger Apollon, tient, dit on, sa Seance.*

But halt my Pen—— and, thou my Presence quit,  
*Monster!* To whom, in a Poetic Fit,  
(My last Performance of the Satire Kind)  
I here have lent an *Allegoric Mind.*

Fly

---

\* La Normandis.

*Monsieur Boileau Despreaux.* cii.

Fly to thy Friends, be gone, thou guilty Shade,  
Into those Climes, by Thee so famous made,  
Where *Sarte* glides, and *Orn'* o'erflows his Bed.  
Or woud'st thou gain a Vict'ry more compleat,  
Carry thy Cause to *Trevoux's* Judgment Seat!  
There, by thy Sister *Ignorance's* Care,  
A Monkish Set of *Midas's* repair,  
And, every Month, as busie Fame reports,  
For trying of *Apollo*, keep their Courts.

This New Satire made a great deal of Noise in *Paris*, tho' it was yet known only upon the Report of some of *Monsieur Despreaux's* Friends to whom he had recited it. People passionately wish'd he wou'd hasten the Publication of it, but he rather chose to keep it till the new Edition of his Works, which he intended suddenly to give the Public.

\* And indeed, about the End of the last Year, he obtain'd a Privi'lege from the King for the Reprinting his former Pieces, and for the Publication of several others which had not yet seen the Light; such as the *Satire upon Equivocation*; the *Dialogue upon Romances*,  
1 2 which

which I have already taken Notice of, with the Addition of a very curious Preface; Fifteen or Sixteen *Letters* upon Subjects of Literature; some Additional *Chapters* to his *Reflections upon Longinus*, wherein, among other Things, he answers Monsieur *Huet's* Dissertation, relating to the Passage out of *Genesis*; a Dissertation upon the Manner of making Inscriptions, &c.

† The New Edition was now put to the Press; but there was hardly Five Sheets Printed, when the Jesuits, not able to endure the Publishing the *Satire upon Equivocation*, order'd their Father *le Tellier*, the King's Confessor, to speak to his Majesty about it, and prevail with him to give Orders, that the Impression of the whole Work might be stop'd, and to revoke the Privilege he had granted. Some very considerable Persons, among others, the Cardinal *de Noailles*, Archbishop of *Paris*, and the Comte *de Pontchartin*, Chancellor of *France*, sollicitated for Monsieur *Despreaux*; but the Insinuations of Father *le Tellier* prevailed with his Majesty, and render'd all their Representations ineffectual; so that the King, not only forbid Monsieur *Despreaux* to publish that *Satire*; but likewise order'd him to put the Original into his Hands. It is true, He at the same time let him know, That in respect to  
his



his other Writings, the *Privilege* shou'd continue in it's full Force : But Monsieur *Despreaux*, who found himself near his End, did not think fit to Temporize, and rather chose entirely to suppress his New Edition, than to Maim it, thro' any mean, interested Views. He had long before this quitted the Court, and liv'd in a sort of Recess. As he never car'd to Launch far into the Conversation of the Great, he contented himself with a Set of Friends, whose Commerce was always his Chief Delight. And thus he quietly expected Death which he was daily warn'd of by acute Pains, Swoonings, and an almost habitual Fever, which at length carry'd him off, on the Second Day of *March*, in the 74th Year of his Age. He was Buried at St. *John le Rond*, where his Friends will undoubtedly erect a Monument worthy of him.

We are in Hopes of a New Edition of his Works, with those Pieces that have not yet appear'd. We can't expect to find therein *the Satire upon Equivocation*; but that Defect is already supply'd by the Impression that was secretly made of it a few Days after the Author's Death. As for the *History of Louis XIVth*, which he was long engaged upon, we must not expect to see it publish'd before the Death of that Prince. Meanwhile, the Sincerity and Natural Candor of Monsieur *Despreaux* cannot but give us a favourable pre-possession for whatever he has written upon that Subject. A Gentleman, who

was intimately acquainted with him, has assur'd me, that, Discoursing one Day upon the Difficulties such Works were attended with, Monsieur *Despreaux* frankly own'd, That he did not well know what Reasons to alledge in Justification of the War against *Holland* in 1672, This were a very evident Proof of his Veracity; and, in truth, this Circumstance of *Louis XIVth's* History has been hitherto the Stumbling-Block of the *French* Writers. Some have only urg'd childish and frivolous Pretences; while others, more Circumspect, have look'd upon the Motives of that great Enterprize, as one of those Mysteries of State, which it does not belong to private Men to search into. *This Year, (1672)* says Monsieur *Riencourt* †, was remarkable for the War which the King declar'd against the Dutch, after having found Means to disunite them from the Kings of England and Sweden. His Majesty engag'd the former to make War upon them by Sea, after he had promis'd to do the like by Land. As it is not permitted to Subjects, adds he, to penetrate into the Secrets of their Prince, his Majesty contented himself to let them know in the general, That he had sufficient Reasons no longer to look upon that Nation any otherwise than as his Enemies. If this Declaration of War, continues he, was very surprizing to the Dutch, that which the King of England, on his side, declar'd against them, was no less amazing; each of those

---

† Ubi supra, Pag. 379, 380.

*those Monarchs had their private Reasons, and Cor<sup>r</sup>responded together.*

This, Sir, is certainly a very Mysterious Way of Writing; and if Posterity had not more intelligible Memoirs relating to that War than those of Monsieur *Riencourt*, they wou'd find it pretty difficult to come at the secret Motive of it. After all, I shou'd think the *French* Historians need not be so perplex'd to Account for this Historical Phenomenon. Why do they not say, *That Louis XIVth having a Conde and a Turenne to put at the Head of a Victorious Army; That besides, being in the midst of a great many young Lords, eager to Signalize themselves and to acquire Glory; That, in short, being himself young, and proposing to follow the Example of Alexander, or Charles the Great, he was willing to begin with the Conquest of Holland, being reasonably persuaded, that if he cou'd once unite his own Forces with those of that Mighty State, all the rest of Europe wou'd soon be oblig'd to submit to his Power, and to acknowledge him for their*  
UNIVERSAL MONARCH.

But, leaving Politicks, let us return to Monsieur *Despreaux*. It is time I shou'd give you some Lineaments of his Character.

Nothing is more frightful than the Picture his Enemies have giv'n of him. They have

represented him, as a *Slanderer, an Envyer, a Detracter, and one who only study'd how to establish his own Reputation upon the Ruin of that of other Men*\*: But never was Man more exempt from all these Faults than he, or more strongly addicted to the contrary Virtues. And by this it was, he principally won the Esteem of so many Persons no less conspicuous for their Quality than their Merit. His Justice, his Rectitude, and his Sincerity, were so well establish'd, that he made no difficulty of publishing them himself in his *Epistle to his Book*, and to make it a Matter of Glory to himself; as you have already seen †. It is likewise true, That it was his Integrity and Innocence, which did, as it were, give him a Right to Compose *Satires*. An Author that shou'd reprehend in others such Faults as he himself is guilty of, wou'd be expos'd to the public Laughter, and regarded by none. A Satiric Poet, shou'd, to a great share of Equity and Uprightness, joyn an ardent Love for Virtue and a perfect Exemption from the Vices which he Lashes in his Writings: By this he gains the Favour of good Men, and secures himself against the Malice of his Enemies ¶.

A

\* See above, Pag. cii.

† See, Pag. cviii.

¶ Si quis

Opprobriis dignum latraverit, integer ipse,  
Solvuntur risu tabulæ, tu missus abibis.

Hor, Sat. Lib. II. Sat. 1.



A Satyric Author is commonly represented as a Malicious, Envious, Sullen, and Ill-natur'd Person: But there's nothing more unreasonable than this Prejudice. It is not, either, Malice or Envy or a sour captious Humour that inclines him to write; but the sole Desire of making Men better. It is the Consideration of their Disorders that Angers him; his Sharpness proceeds only from his Vexation to see Vice, Error, or Folly, prevail. As he has a Natural Sense of Good-nature, Justice and Humanity, he Interests himself in every Thing that Concerns other Men; he Sympathizes with their Misadventures; and the Wrong they receive, either in their Person or Reputation, makes as quick an Impression upon him, as if himself had suffer'd those Indignities. One of our most Polite Writers, who is justly admir'd for a New and Inimitable Manner of Correcting the Vices of the Age; who has the Art to ennoble the most Common Subjects, to Abound in the most Barren, and to make so happy a Mixture of the *Utile* and the *Dulce*, that Censure, in his Hands, becomes Amiable, and Reproof Agreeable: In a word, Mr. *Steele* has perfectly well discuss'd this Subject in his Incomparable TATLER\*.

*Good*

---

\* Vol. IV. No. 242.

Good Nature, says he, is an essential Quality in a Satyrift, and all the Sentiments which are beautiful in this Way of Writing must proceed from that Quality in the Author. Good Nature produces a Disdain of all Baseness, Vice, and Folly, which Prompts them to express themselves with Smartness against the Errors of Men, without Bitterness towards their Persons. This Quality keeps the Mind in Equanimity, and never lets an Offence unseasonably throw a Man out of his Character. When Virgil said, He that did not hate Bavius might love Mævius, he was in perfect Good Humour, and was not so much mov'd at their Absurdities, as passionately to call them Sots or Blockheads in a direct Invektive; but Laugh'd at them with a Delicacy of Scorn, without any Mixture of Anger.

The best good Man, with the worst-natur'd Muse' was the Character among us of a Gentleman as famous for his Humanity as his Wit\*.

The ordinary Subjects for Satire are such as incite the greatest Indignation in the best Tempers, and consequently Men of such a Make are the best qualified for speaking of the Offences in Human Life. These Men can behold Vice and Folly when they injure Persons to whom they are wholly

---

\* My Lord Rochester's Character of the late Earl of Dorset.

*Monsieur Boileau Despreaux.* clix

*wholly unacquainted, with the same Severity as others resent the Ills they do themselves. A good natur'd Man cannot see an over-bearing Fellow put a bashful Man of Merit out of Countenance, or out-strip him in the pursuit of any Advantage; but he is on fire to succour the Oppress'd, to produce the Merit of the one, and confront the Impudence of the other.*

Mr. Steele shews afterwards, that 'The Men of the greatest Character in this Kind were Horace and Juvenal; and adds that, There is not that he remembers, one ill-natur'd Expression in all their Writings, not one Sentence of Severity which does not apparently proceed from the contrary Disposition; tho' they attack Vice with an equal Force, but in a different Style, according to the particular Genius, Manners, and ridicule of the respective Times they liv'd in.

And such was Monsieur *Despreaux*. Plain and unaffected in his Manners; full of Sentiments of Humanity, Mildness and Justice; He nervously censur'd Vice, and sharply attack'd the bad Taste of his Time, without being govern'd by any Motive of Envy, or any Spirit of Calumny. But, whatever shock'd good Sense or Truth, rais'd in him an Indignation which he cou'd not Master, and to which perhaps we are beholden for his most ingenious Compositions. But tho' he expos'd this Defect in Writers, he  
always

*always spar'd their Persons* \*. The Hatred which he had for indifferent Verses did not hinder him from esteeming the good Qualities of bad Poets : And when he was most unmerciful to their Writings, he not only spar'd their Persons, but likewise sought Occasions to do them Service. *The Sight of any Learned Man in Want made him so uneasy, that he cou'd not forbear lending Money, even to Liniere, who often went from him directly to the Tavern, to make a Song against his Creditor* †. This was the same *Liniere* whose Name you have met with, more than once, in Monsieur *Despreaux's* Works, among the Poets of the lower Rank ; so that we may, with a great deal of Reason, apply to Monsieur *Despreaux* what was said of the late Earl of *Dorset* :

*The best Good Man, with the worst-natur'd Muse.*

The good Nature and Justice of Monsieur *Despreaux* did further appear in his Manner of Recompensing his Domesticks, and by his Liberality to the Poor. He gave by his Will Fifty Thousand Livres to the small Parishes of the City, adjoining to the Church of *Notre Dame* ; Ten Thousand Livres to his *Valet de Chambre* ; and Five Thousand to an old Woman

---

\* Monsieur *Valincour's* Answer to the Speech made by the Abbot *d'Estrees* to the French Academy, upon his Reception, the 25th of June 1711. N. S. in the Room of Monsieur *Despreaux*.

† *Le Nouveau Mercure*, Printed at *Trevoux*, April 1711. Pag. 127.



*Monsieur Boileau Despreaux.* clxi

man who had serv'd him a long time. But he was not contented to bestow his Benevolences at his Death, and when he was no longer in a Condition of enjoying his Estate himself; he was, all his Life long, studious in seeking Opportunities of doing good Offices. This Inclination was Natural to him, and nothing equal'd the Pleasure he took in Satisfying it. I shall give an Instance of it in a Story well known throughout *France*.

*Monsieur Patru* \*, Advocate in the Parliament of *Paris*, was one of the finest Wits of his Age. When he was admitted into the *French Academy* †, He made a *Speech of Thanks*, which was so very pleasing to the *Academicks*, that they order'd That for the Time to come, whoever was admitted into their Body shou'd make a *Speech of Thanks* to the Company; which has been ever since practis'd. He had so perfect a Knowledge of the *French Tongue*, that all the best Writers of his Time consulted him as their Oracle. His Pleadings serve still as a Model for correct Writing in *French*. He was, besides, a Man, whose Virtue was Proof against the Corruption of the World; and there never was a more faithful or a more officious Friend. But having entirely devoted himself to the violent Passion he had for the

*Belles*

---

\* He Died in 1681.

† Morery, Artic. of Patru, ubi supra.

*Belles Lettres*, and prefer'd his Books and Closet to the Bustle of the Bar, he fell at length into extreme Poverty, too common with Men of Learning; and found himself at last reduc'd to Sell his Library. Monsieur *Despreaux*, who knew his Merit, and had consulted him oftner than once upon his own Works, came to hear that he was just upon the Point of parting with his Books for a very inconsiderable Sum of Money. He presently went and bid more, that he might have the Preference, and obtain'd it; but, the Money being told out, he added to his Bargain a new Condition, which surpriz'd Monsieur Patru: It was, That he shou'd keep his Books as before, and that his Library shou'd only revert to Monsieur *Despreaux* after his Death\*.

Monsieur *Boursault* reporting this Particular, has join'd another to it, which is no less glorious for our Author; it is concerning the great *Corneille*; and Monsieur *Boursault*'s Testimony ought to be so much the less suspected by us, since Monsieur *Despreaux* did not spare him in his Satires †. It is in one of those Letters, containing *Observations* and *Wise Sayings*, written to the Bishop of *Langres*, that Monsieur *Boursault* tells us these Particulars.

He

\* Le Nouveau Mercure, ubi supra.

† *Boursault*, to be reveng'd, writ a whole Comedy against Monsieur *Despreaux*, where he Criticiz'd him in his Turn; but it was not allow'd to be Play'd, because Monsieur *Despreaux* was nam'd in it.

*Monsieur Boileau Despreaux.* clxiii

He had just been giving the Elogium of *Monsieur Catinat*. ‘After having mention’d to you, ‘*says he to that Prelate* \*, a great Marechal ‘of *France*, whom I have no Knowledge of, ‘but from public Fame, be pleas’d, my Lord, ‘to give me leave to take Notice of a Person ‘illustrious in another Respect, whose Enemy ‘I have heretofore been; and whom I cou’d ‘not help praising even tho’ I were so still. ‘I mean *Monsieur Despreaux*, whom I have ‘already quoted at the beginning of this Letter. *Monsieur Patru*, of the *French Academy*, ‘a Person of great Merit, but low in Circumstances, being persecuted by inflexible Creditors, who wou’d have oblig’d him to make ‘a public Sale of his Library; *Monsieur Despreaux*, having Notice of it, Bought it, ‘to prevent the Indignity he might suffer by ‘parting with it, and then left *Monsieur Patru* freely to enjoy it the remainder of his ‘Days, as if it were still his own. If the ‘Pleasure was great to him that received it, ‘*adds Monsieur Bourfault*, I make no Question ‘but it was greater to him that gave it. ‘The same *Monsieur Despreaux*, *continues he*, ‘being at *Fontainebleau*, and hearing that the ‘Pension, which the King gave to the great ‘*Corneille* had been just then retrench’d, he ‘hasten’d to *Madam de Montespan*, and told ‘her, That the King, as Equitable as he was, ‘cou’d

---

\* *Lettres nouvelles de feu Monsieur Bourfault*, Vol. 2. Pag. 149. Paris Edit. 1709.

‘ cou’d not without some Appearance of In-  
 ‘ justice, give a Pension to such a Man as him-  
 ‘ self, who was but beginning to Climb the  
 ‘ Hill of *Parnassus*, and take it away from  
 ‘ another who had so long been at the Top.  
 ‘ He beg’d her, for his Majesty’s Glory, ra-  
 ‘ ther to cause his own to be withdrawn than  
 ‘ to take it away from a Man who deserv’d  
 ‘ it incomparably better ; and that he cou’d  
 ‘ much easier bear the not having it himself,  
 ‘ than to see so great a Poet as *Corneille* with-  
 ‘ out it. He spoke to her so advantageously  
 ‘ of the Merit of *Corneille*, and *Madam de*  
 ‘ *Montespan* thought it so generous a Proceed-  
 ‘ ing, that she promis’d him to cause *Corneille*’s  
 ‘ Pension to be restor’d ; and was as good as  
 ‘ her Word, Tho’ nothing can be more beau-  
 ‘ tiful than *Monsieur Despreaux*’s Poetry, yet  
 ‘ in my Opinion, adds *Monsieur Boursault*, the  
 ‘ Actions I’ve just now mention’d to your  
 ‘ Lordship, are much more so.

It were indeed impossible to give more sen-  
 sible Proofs of Good nature, and a strong In-  
 clination to Beneficence.

You, *Sir*, will have a quicker Sense of this,  
 because you are not, in the least, a Stranger  
 to so Noble an Inclination, and are never  
 better pleas’d than when you can give In-  
 stances of it. This is one of your strongest  
 Passions ; and this Conformity of Temper will  
 make



make *Monsieur Despreaux's* Memory dearer and more precious to you.

This, *Sir*, is sufficient, to let you into the Character of *Monsieur Despreaux*, with respect to the Virtues of the Heart: It were needless to go about to describe his WIT to you; his WORKS are a faithful Representation of it. I shall Content my self with Two or Three Reflexions.

*Monsieur Despreaux* had not that fiery Imagination which is observ'd in some other Poets: He rather seems a little Dry, and sometimes falls into a Repetition of the same Thought. But what he wants in Imagination, he amply Supplies by the Order and Exactness of Thinking, Purity of Style, a beautiful Turn, and clearness of Expression; Qualities, far more valuable than the First, and which very rarely go along with it. It is however, visible by the Poem of the *Lutrin*, That he had a beautiful, lively, and fruitful Imagination. This further appears, from his having compos'd almost always by Memory, and never committing his Productions to Paper till he was going to Print them.

He took a great deal of Pains about his Works, as he himself insinuates in his Preface. Whatever *Facility* there is in his Verses, every Body that reads them is sensible

ble they Cost him a great deal, and that it was only by Dint of Labour, he gave them that free and natural Air which constitutes the principal Beauty of them.

Those, Pieces of Poetry which he publish'd after his *Ode upon Namur*, are neither so lively nor so exact as those that he publish'd before. And indeed, there are some of them, which it were to be wish'd he had not written. But when a Man has been a long time in Possession of the just Applauses of the Public, it is very Difficult for him not to persuade himself that he can always continue to Please them.

There is, however, visible throughout his whole Works, an exquisite Taste, a true good Sense, and an infinite Politeness. Whenever he Borrow'd any Thing from the Ancients, he made a masterly Use of it, and render'd it his Own by the New Turn he gave it. *This Gentleman*, says Monsieur de la Bruyere, in giving the Character of Monsieur Despreaux \*, excells Juvenal, comes up to Horace, seems to create the Thoughts of another, and to make whatever he Handles his own. He has, in what he borrows from others, all the Graces of Novelty, and all the Merit of Invention; his Verses strong, and harmonious,  
made

---

In his Speech to the French Academy.

*Monsieur Boileau Despreaux. clxvii.*

*made by Genius, tho' wrought with Art, will be read even when the Language is obsolete, and will be the last Ruins of it; there is observable in them, a Criticism, sure, judicious and innocent, if it be but allowable to call Bad, Bad.*

But it is not only the *French* who have prais'd *Monsieur Despreaux*, his Elogium has been made by all ingenious Men, of whatever Nation, who have read his Works. ' *Baron Spanheim*, says *Monsieur Baillet*, acknowledging, that it is upon the Model of the ' *Ancient Latin Authors*, such as *Lucilius*, ' *Horace*, *Persius*, and *Juvenal*, that the Modern Satyrists in *France*, *Italy*, and elsewhere, ' have form'd their Works, thought himself ' oblig'd in Justice to say, That *France* bears ' away the Bell not only from her Neighbours, as ' to Satire, but Disputes it with Old Rome. ' He adds, That if the Glory of the Invention be ' due to *Lucilius*; That of having equal'd or surpass'd it, be due to those who have come after; ' the Glory of having excell'd therein, either ' for Beauty and Facility in Versification, for ' true good Sense, or for a Liberty which has it's ' requisite Bounds and Decencies, cannot be contested with *Monsieur Despreaux* \*.

m 2

But

---

\* *Baron Spanheim's* Preface to his Translation of *Julian's* Account of the Emperors, Pag. 5. apud *Baillet*, ubi supra, Pag. 360.

But it must be confess'd, That nothing is more glorious for Him than the Approbation he has met with in *England*, where a Foreign Author wou'd in vain attempt to impose upon the People's Judgment. A too favourable prepossession is not much to be fear'd ; and therefore we may say, That Monsieur *Despreaux* is beholden to nothing but his own Merit for those advantageous Notions which are entertain'd of him. The present Translation of his WORKS will make him still better known. If he cou'd be read in his own Tongue he wou'd undoubtedly be a Gainer ; but equitable Readers will of themselves make the necessary Allowances, and forbear to condemn Monsieur *Despreaux* before they are sure it is He that Speaks, and not his Translators. But this Inconvenience is the less to be fear'd, since the greatest Part has pass'd thro' the Hands of Mr. *Ozell*, who some time since made a Version of the LUTRIN, which has met with a general Reception.

I wish, *Sir*, That these MEMOIRS may not be found unworthy of your Approbation : At least, I beg you wou'd look upon them as a Testimony of my Gratitude, and of the Passion with which I shall ever be,

London, Nov. 24.  
1711.

S I R,

Yours, &c.

THE



THE  
LUTRIN:

A

Mock-Heroic

POEM.

In Six *CANTO'S*.

Render'd into English Verse.

---

To which is prefixt Some *ACCOUNT* of  
*BOILEAU'S* Writings, and this *TRANSLATION*,

By *N. ROWE*, Esq;

---

*THE SECOND EDITION.*

---

*LONDON,*

Printed in the Year *MDCCXI.*

111

1880

1880

1880

1880

1880



To the Right Honourable

*Charles* Lord *HALIFAX*.

**Y**OUR Lordship is not to be inform'd of the great Reputation Monsieur BOILEAU has acquir'd by all his Works. They are esteem'd so Nice in themselves, that it has been thought by some as rash an Attempt to translate this *French* Author, as for an English General to attack an Army of theirs. The late Successes of some former Campaigns have sufficiently prov'd that their *Heroes* are not *Invincible*; and the happy Imitations of some of their best Pieces, that their *Writers* are not *Incomparable*. Not that I'm so vain as to imagine the following Translation deserves to be mention'd in the same Breath with some I cou'd name. But certain it is the *French* Genius may be match'd (if not surpass'd) in both, the *Pen* as well as the *Sword*; whatever exalted Notions to the contrary

## *The Dedication.*

trary some amongst us may have, who cou'd relish *Slavery* it self, if it were but *French*. I do not intend any thing to the Disadvantage of our Enemy's Wit and Knowledge, but only to put the Matter in a Way of Issue, and let the Country try it. I have endeavour'd with the Assistance of my Friends, to do Monsieur BOILEAU all possible Justice in this Celebrated Piece of his, the *Lutrin*; I hope I have us'd him with that Civility which is due to one of the first Figure in the Common-wealth of Learning; I was going to say, with that Generosity our Country-Men treat his at *Litchfield* and *Nottingham*.

But, *My Lord*, if it really be so bold an Undertaking to translate the *Lutrin*, it is unpardonably worse to offer it to Your Lordship, whose *Penetration*, is equal to Your Noble *Birth*; and yet *Both* yield to the Prevalence of Your *Good Temper*, which with a like Indulgence receives the Homage of all sorts of Persons.

Upon this Foundation I presum'd to set Your Lordship's Name on the Frontispiece of this Work; to be to it, what You are to Your Country, its *Ornament* and *Protection*.

If ever Your Lordship shall alienate so much of Your Time from the *Public Good*, as to read this *Poem*; You will find in it very Great, but necessary Variations from the *Original*; whether for the better or the worse, I submit to *You*, from whose Judgment there is no Appeal.

Nothing



## The Dedication.

Nothing checks and deadens the Fancy more than a too superstitious Respect for the Original, especially in Poetry; it is commonly the Cause that an *Idolatrous* Translator (as *la Motte* calls such a one) endeavouring too exactly to render *All* the Beauties of his Author, gives you in Truth *never a one*. Every *Minute* Circumstance of a Thought cannot be preserv'd with any tolerable Grace, nor is it indeed necessary; provided the Translator makes amends for his Neglect of what is less important, by Improving, and if possible by Refining upon *Essentials*; which is better done by studying the *Genius* and copying the *Tour* and *Air* of an Author, than in adhering to a scrupulous *Detail* of *Phrases*, ever flat and disagreeable.

Thus a *Translation* may be Excellent, and by this an Equitable Reader may judge of it's Merit. A Picture is but the Translation of a Face, yet if *APELLES* or *LYSIPPUS* shall attempt an *ALEXANDER*, Posterity will pay an equal Veneration to the *Artist* and the *Hero*.

Translation, in general, besides its useful *Communicative* Character to recommend it, and other Arguments that may be brought in its Behalf, comes back'd with what most Arts and Sciences pretend to, *Antiquity*.

Did not *TERENCE* divert the *Romans* with the Original Comedies of the Greek *MENANDER*, turn'd into *Latin*, which serves as a Standard at this Day? And by what remains of *ALCÆUS* and some other *Lyrics*, 'tis evident how much *HORACE* himself was oblig'd to the *Greeks*,

## *The Dedication.*

not by copying the Measure of their Numbers, but by imitating the express Sense of the Authors. To bring it nigher Home; we at this Day read BEN JONSON's *Cataline* and other Plays of his with Pleasure; yet those who converse with *Tully*, know who furnish'd him with his Rhetorick.

I expect the Critics will fall upon me for writing in this manner to Your Lordship, as if I was giving You a *Lesson* instead of a *Dedication*. I must confess it looks something like it. But I rather chuse to repeat to Your Lordship *what You already know*, than to exhibit a Bill of Your Perfections and Excellencies *which all the World knows*.

MONSIEUR BOILEAU calls this Poem of his, *Heroi-Comique*, Mock-Heroic; that is, a Ridiculous Action made considerable in Heroic Verse.

If I distinguish right, there are two sorts of *Burlesque*; the first were things of mean Figure and slight Concern appear in all the Pomp and Bustle of an *Epic* Poem; such is this of the *Lutrin*. The Second sort is where great Events are made ridiculous by the Meanness of the Character, and the oddness of the Numbers, such is the *Hudibras* of our excellent BUTLER.

BOILEAU, like HORACE, was born equally for *Satire* and for *Praise*. The *Lutrin* partakes of both. The *Satyrical* Part, as 'tis very severe upon those of his own Church, so I cou'd wish it were applicable to the *Romish* Clergy only and none other.

As

## *The Dedication.*

As for the Panegyricks so frequent in it, I know not why they should not as well become the Queen of *France* as the *French King*, the Prince of *Mindleheim* as the Prince of *Conde*, and the *Atticus* of Dr. GARTH as the *Aristus* of BOILEAU.

*I am*

*Your Lordship's most Obedient*

*and most Humble Servant,*

**J. Ozell.**

---

---

Monfieur *BOILLEAU*'s

P R E F A C E.

**T***WERE in vain now to deny that the following Poem was occasion'd by a petty Quarrel that happen'd in one of the most celebrated Churches of Paris, between the Treasurer of the Relicks, and the Master of the Choire; (otherwise call'd the Prelate and the \* Chanter.) The Fact is true, and that's all. The rest is meer Fiction from the Beginning to the End; and all the Actors in it are not only invented, but industriously drawn quite opposite to the true Character of the Ministers of that Church, who for the most part, especially the Canons, are Men of great Virtue and as much Wit: There's one amongst 'em, whose Opinion I would as willingly have upon my Performances, as of a great many Gentlemen of the Academy. 'Tis not*

---

\* The Chanter it seems being a Man of a forward incroaching Spirit, had made some Steps towards an Invasion of the Rights and Privileges of the Treasurer; which he not brooking, and being resolv'd to humble him, bethought himself of setting up in the Choire a sort of a Reading-Desk (*Lutrin*) upon the very Overture of the Chanter's Seat, and so block him up.



## Monfr. Boileau's

*not therefore to be wonder'd, that no Body took Offence at this Poem, since in Truth no Body is attack'd by it. A Spendthrift is not troubled to see a Miser expos'd; nor do's a Religious Person resent the Ridiculing of a Rake. I shall not mention how I was engag'd in this Trifle upon a kind of a jocular Challenge made me by the late Monsieur Lamoignon, whom I paint under the Name of Aristus. A particular Narration of this Matter, does not seem to be at all necessary. But I should think I did my self a great deal of Wrong to let slip this Opportunity of informing those who are ignorant of it, how much I was honour'd with that great Man's Friendship, during his Life. I began to be known to him at the Time when my Satires made the greatest Noise; and the obliging Access he gave me into his illustrious Family, was a very advantageous Apology in my Behalf, against those who were minded to accuse me of Libertinism and ill Morals. He was a Man of an amazing Knowledge, and a passionate Admirer of all the good Books of Antiquity, and this was what made my Works the more tolerable to him; fancying he perceiv'd in 'em some Taste of the Ancients. His Piety was unfeign'd, and yet had nothing in it that was stiff or troublesome. He was not at all frighten'd at the Title of my Works, Satires, where in Truth he found only Verses and Authors expos'd. He was pleas'd often to commend me for having purg'd this sort of Poetry from that Obscenity and Filth, which till then, had been, as it were, peculiar to it. Thus I had the good Fortune not to be disagreeable to him. He let me into all his Pleasures and Diversions, that is to say, his Studies and Retirements. He favour'd*  
me

## P R E F A C E.

*me sometimes even with his strictest Confidence, and open'd to me the inmost Recesses of his Soul. And what did I not see there! What a surprising Treasure of Probity and Justice! What an inexhaustible Fund of Piety and Zeal! Tho' the outward Lustre of his Virtue was exceeding great, it was infinitely brighter within; and 'twas visible how careful he temper'd the Rays of it, not to wound the Eyes of an Age so corrupt as ours. I was sincerely struck with so many admirable Qualities; and as he always discover'd a great deal of Kindness for me, so I ever return'd it with the strongest Devotion for him. The Respects I paid him were not mixt with any mercenary Leven of Self-Interest, and I made it more my Business to profit by his Conversation, than his Credit at Court. He dy'd at the Time when his Friendship was in its highest Point of Perfection, and the Remembrance of so great a Loss afflicts me daily. Why must those who are so worthy to live, be so soon snatch'd from the World, whilst the Worthless and Undeserving are crown'd with Length of Days! I shall say no more upon so sad a Subject, lest I wet with Tears the Preface of a Work purely Jocular.*

*Some*

---

---

*Some Account of BOILEAU'S  
Writings, and this Translation.*

---

To Mr - - -

S I R,

**I**F Criticising other People's Works, especially Living and late Authors, were not a Task that I am by no Means inclin'd to, I should have sooner answer'd your Desire, and told you what I thought of Monsieur *Boileau's Lutrin*, and the Translation of it into English Verse, which you did me the Favour to send me in Writing.

M. *Boileau* and his Works, especially this of his *Lutrin*, are of so great a Name in the World, that I think it a pretty bold Attempt to endeavour to translate him; not but that I must confess I know but few Hands cou'd have succeeded better than this Gentleman has done.

Amongst that Little that I have read of the *French Poetry*, M. *Boileau* seems to me without Comparison to have had the finest and truest Taste of the best Authors of Antiquity; his violent Passion for 'em and famous Disputes  
in

### Some Account of Boileau, &c.

in their behalf are too well known to be told over again now; it is very certain that he had 'em so perpetually in his Eye, that he form'd most of his Poetical Writings so closely after their Models, that in many of 'em especially his *Satires*, he can hardly pretend to the Honour of any thing more, than having barely translated them well; and I am apt to believe that if the Design of the *Lutrin* be entirely his own and Modern, it is because there was nothing in the Ancient Poetry of this kind for him to draw after. However it is very plain that even in this, *Virgil* has been of great Use to him, and supply'd him with some of his finest Images; to mention one Particular only, every Body may see, that his *Fury* who sets the good People at *Paris* together by the Ears, is a manifest Copy of *Alecto* in the seventh *Aeneid*, or indeed is rather taken from *Juno* and *Alecto* together, as both contriving and executing the Mischief her Self. I won't pretend to give you a Critical Account of this Kind of *Mock-Heroic* Poetry, if it can be call'd a Kind, that is so new in the World, and of which we have had so few Instances. I call it new because I take *La Secchia Rapita* of *Tassoni* to be the first of this sort that was ever written, or at least that ever I heard of: As for *Homer's* Battle of the *Frogs* and *Mice*, I take that only to be a Tale or Fable, like those of *Aesop*, amongst which it is to be found, and ought rather to be rank'd among the Writings of the *Mythologists*



*and this Translation.*

*logists* than those of the *Poets*. Whatever Name or Title the Critics may be pleas'd to dignify or distinguish this Sort of Writing with, I am sure it has had the good Fortune to be very well receiv'd: The Reputation of the *Lutrin* in *France*, and the *Dispensary* in *England*, are two of the best Modern Instances of Success in Poetry that can be given.

And since I have mention'd those two Poems together, it may not be Improper to observe, that in the Latter of 'em, tho' writ upon a very different Subject, there are some Passages that are plainly Imitations, or indeed even Translations of the Former; Those who will take the Trouble to compare 'em now they are both in one Language, will be best able to judge, how near the Translator of the *Lutrin* comes to the Beauties which all the World has so justly admir'd in *Dr. Garth*.

I won't venture to say this Translation is the most correct and finish'd Piece of it's kind that we have, but I believe most People will allow, That the Author of it is perfectly Master of *Boileau*, and in some Places has even improv'd him, to mention that only of,

\* *Dans le Reduit obscur, &c.*

And so on for a Dozen Verses; where I think the *English* at least Equal, if not Superior to the *French*.

The

\* *Lin. 57. in the French, 91 in English, Canto 1.*

### *Some Account of Boileau, &c.*

The General Turn of his Verse is agreeable, his Diction Poetical, and very proper to the Subject, and that whatever Faults there may be, they are meerly verbal, and may very well be receiv'd under that good natur'd Allowance which *Horace* makes for those

——— *Quas aut incuria fudit*

*Aut humana parum cavit Natura.*

That which indeed to me seems most liable to an Exception, is, that the Gentleman has taken the Liberty in some Places to depart from his Author, and to substitute other Persons and Things in the Room of those which he has left out or chang'd; and that while he still retains the original Story, and keeps the Scene at *Paris*, he makes use of the Names of Men and Books in *England*, unknown to and unthought of by Monsieur *Boileau*, and particularly in the Battle of the Books, where he makes use of some *French* and some *English*: I could have wish'd indeed they had all belong'd to one Nation; For tho' the *Satire* upon our own Countrymen is very just and entertaining, yet I must always think the Poem would have look'd more of a Piece, if the Names had been all as they are in the Original, or that else removing the Action and Scene entirely into *England*, the Names of Persons, Places, &c. had been all *English*, and so the whole had been rather an  
Imi-

*and this Translation.*

Imitation than a Translation of Monsieur *Boileau*.

After all I am sensible that it may be easily enough reply'd in Defence of the Translation, that as it is intended for *English* Readers, and more especially for those who don't understand *French*, so a long Bead-roll of dull *French* Authors who are grown into such Contempt, that they are hardly read, or even known in their own Country, would be but an odd Entertainment to People here, who never heard of 'em before ; besides it must be allow'd that one may very easily apprehend the Plaisantry of the *Satire* in the Original, by the Translator's mustering up a Set of *English* Authors of equal Degree and like kind of Dulness with those mention'd by M. *Boileau*.

As for the Objection of his having chang'd the Persons, I believe a Subject of *Great Britain* may be very easily forgiven if the Love of his Country and the just Honour which he has for his Sovereign, led him to aply those handsome Complements to the Queen, which the Author makes to the King of *France* in some of the *Canto's*, and in others that of the Prince of *Conde* to the Duke of *Marlborough*.

It is not the first Time that Justice has divested that Monarch of Honours which he had long assum'd to himself, to place 'em more worthily upon Her Majesty : Nor is it now only that his Grace has been adorn'd with the Spoils of a *French* General. The Praise is, I am  
sure

*Some Account of Boileau, &c.*

sure at least as highly deserv'd, and as justly given by the *English* as the *French Poet*. And indeed I think the whole Translation to be so well done in the main, and so entertaining, that what little Faults are in it, if there are any, ought not to be taken Notice of, for the Sake of the Beauties. Nor had I taken the Liberty to say what I have said of it, if it had not been to give you a Proof of an exact Sincerity in every thing where you ask my real Opinion.

I am

S I R,

*Your Humble Servant*

LONDON,  
April the 24<sup>th</sup>.  
1708.

N. Rowe.





Monfr. *BOILEAU*'s

# General Preface,

To the Last Edition of his

# W O R K S,

Printed at *PARIS*, Anno 1701.



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

ii *M. Boileau's General Preface.*

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

ex-

*M. Boileau's General Preface.* iii

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

*Ah! voici le poignard qui du sang de son Maistre,  
S'est souille lachement. Il en rougit le Traitre.*

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

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

*Dieu lava bien la teste a son Image.*

God to some Purpose did his Image Scour.

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

Since



*M. Boileau's General Preface.* v

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

vi *M. Boileau's General Preface.*

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

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

*M. Boileau's General Preface.* vii

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

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

It only Remains, that I shou'd let him know what those *Additions* are which I have  
a 4 made.

viii *M. Boileau's General Preface.*

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



*M. Boileau's General Preface.* ix

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

*M. Boileau's General Preface.*

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

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

M. Boileau's General Preface. xi

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

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

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

---

**V O L. I.**

*The* LUTRIN, a Mock-Heroic POEM.

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



# *The* ART of POETRY.

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

## SATIRE S.

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

V O L.

VOL. II.  
EPISTLES.

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

ODES,

## ODES, EPIGRAMS, and other MISCELLANIES.

<i>A DISCOURSE upon ODE.</i>	Pag. 147
<i>ODE on the Taking of Namur.</i>	153
<i>ODE upon a Report that Cromwell and the English were going to make War against France in the Year 1656.</i>	170
<i>EPIGRAMS, and other small Pieces.</i>	172

## P R O S E.

<i>A Treatise of the SUBLIME; or, The Marvellous in Discourse. Translated from the Greek of Longinus.</i>	11
<i>Critical Reflexions on some Passages out of Longinus.</i>	88
<i>Remarks on Longinus.</i>	128
<i>M. Dacier's Remarks upon Longinus.</i>	139
<i>M. Boivin's Observations on Longinus.</i>	163
<i>A Letter to M. Perrault.</i>	169
<i>A Letter of M. Arnauld, Doctor of the Sorbonne, to M. Perrault.</i>	179
<i>A Burlesque Decree of the High Court of Parnassus, in Defence of ARISTOTLE.</i>	203
	A

<i>A Discourse upon SATIRE.</i>	208
<i>Letters to the Duke De Vivonne.</i>	214
<i>A Speech to the Gentlemen of the Royal Academy.</i>	221
<i>A Letter to the Count d'Ericeyra.</i>	228

---

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

<i>A Dialogue of the DEAD.</i>	237
<i>A Letter to M. De Maucroix.</i>	257
<i>M. De Maucroix's Answer to the foregoing Letter.</i>	263

THE







F. Knight Inven.

M. V. Gache Sculp.

---

---

I

T H E  
L U T R I N :

A  
M O C K - H E R O I C Poem.

---

C A N T O I.

**A** *RMS* and the *Priest* I sing, whose Martial Soul  
No Toil cou'd terrify, no Fear controul.  
Active it urg'd his *Outward Man* to dare  
The num'rous Hazards of a *Pious War* :  
Nor did th' Immortal *Prelate's* Labours cease,  
Till Victory had Crown'd 'em with Success ;  
Till his gay Eyes sparkling with Beamy Fire,  
Beheld the *Desk* reflourish in the *Choire*.  
In vain the *Chanter* and the *Chapter* strove ;  
Twice they essay'd the fatal *Desk* to move :

B

As

As oft the Prelate with unweary'd Pain,  
Fix'd it to his proud Rival's Seat again.

*Muse*, let the *Holy Warrior's* Rage be sung ;  
Why *Sacred Minds Infernal Furies* stung :  
What Sparks inflam'd the zealous Rival's Heat,  
† How *Heavenly Breasts* with *Human Passions* beat !

And thou *Illustrious \* Hero*, whose *Command*  
Asswag'd the Fire, whose salutary Hand  
With more than *Æsculapian Art* cou'd heal  
The *Schism sick Church*, and stop the growing Ill.  
Propitious o'er these *Sacred Numbers* shine,  
With thy bright *Influence* aid the great *Design* ;  
And as you deign a willing *Ear* to lend,  
*Religiously* th' important *Tale* attend.

'**M**id'tt the soft Pleasures of Fraternal Peace,  
In laughing Plenty and luxuriant Ease,  
*Paris* beheld her || *Ancient Chappel* rise,  
Florid in Years, delightful to her Eyes ;

Her

---

† *Tantæne animis Cælestibus ira* Virg. *Æn.* lib. 1.  
\* *M. Lamoignon. Premier President.* || *L' Ancienne Chapelle* in  
*Paris*, the Scene of Action.



C A N T O I.

3

Her lusty Canons rosy Beauties Grace,  
 And brilliant Health crimsons each ruddy Face ;  
 Deep sunk in Down, soft as their Furs they lie ;  
 Fatten'd with tedious HolyLuxury ;  
 While there the sacred Sluggards waste the Day  
 In dull Repose——By *Deputy* they Pray.  
 They only watch'd that they might relish Rest,  
 And never fasted but to make a Feast.  
 Unhealthy *Mattins* wisely they decline,  
 And substitute a *Journeyman-Divine*.

When *Discord* rose, a squalid guilty Shade,  
 Black as her Crimes, in fable Night array'd ;  
 Soft Peace with Horror view'd the Ghastly Sprite,  
 And trembling fled her inauspicious Sight :  
 The livid Fury her dire Course had run,  
 From *Church* to *Church* her *Visitation* gone ;  
 Then at the noisy Hall's litigious Bar  
 She stop'd, and smil'd to see the pleasing War ;  
 Contemplating her growing Power she stood,  
 And breath'd Contention on the jarring Croud.

## The L U T R I N.

In countless Shoals her faithful \* *Normans* flow ;  
*Normans* whose Breasts perpetual Tempests blow :  
 Squadrons of *Lawyers* here, drive o'er the Plain,  
 And *Clients* there, the dreadful Charge sustain :  
 The Lord, Clown, Senator, Fop, Bully, Cit,  
 Mingling in one Vexatious Jargon fight ;  
 Round *Themis* every Standard they display,  
 And in the Wordy War consume the Day.

The Fury raising then her Baleful Head,  
 O'er the *Parisian* Towers her Venom shed ;  
 Unshaken yet beholds one Church alone,  
 But one, that Peaceful durst her Power disown.  
 Sacred to pious Ease this Temple stood  
 Firm as a Rock, unshaken by the Flood :  
 Of all her numerous Sisters only she  
 Enjoy'd an undisturb'd Tranquility.

The *Fiend* at Sight of this offensive Peace  
 Grins horrible, she howls, her Serpents hiss ;

Then

---

\* *Litigious to a Proverb.*

Then lashing her thin Form, strong Poison fills  
 Her Mouth ; with Vengeance her lean Bosom swells ;  
 Her Eyes in Streams of livid Lightning glow,  
 Distracted sits malignant on her Brow.

Have then, said she (and as the Fury spoke  
 The trembling Windows jarr'd, the Houses shook)

Have my resistless Fires these Hundred Years  
 Inflam'd the *Carmelites*, and *Cordeliers* ?

Did not the *Celestines* my Fury feel,  
 Did not the great St. *Austin's* Order reel ?

Have I involv'd in Feuds the Ministry ?

Have I made Convocations disagree ?

And shall this Church alone rebellious dare  
 Cherish eternal Peace, when I bid War ?

And am I *Discord* ? Then may Tumult cease,  
 If I've no Power to blast her boasted Peace !

To hated Quiet let Mankind return,

Nor on my sacred Altars Incense burn !

She said, and strait assum'd a *Chanter's* Dress ;  
 Her Shape was such, so formal in her Pace :

Her Warlike Village rich in Rubies shines,  
 Painted with the best Blood of generous Vines.  
 Thus dress'd, she to the sleeping Prelate flies,  
 And in this borrow'd Form deceives his Eyes.

Deep in the Covert of a dark Alcove,  
 Form'd for the idle Gods of *Sleep* and *Love*,  
 A Downy Couch appears with wond'rous Care,  
 At great Expence secur'd from noxious Air:  
 Curtains in double Folds around it run,  
 And bar all Entrance of th' intruding Sun;  
 Artfully rais'd to lull each softer Sence,  
 Devoted to the Goddess *Indolence*.  
 In idle Riot there she keeps her Court,  
 There airy Visions, wanton Fantoms sport.  
 There negligently Dreaming out the Day,  
 Dissolv'd in Ease the Holy Sluggard lay,  
 Strengthen'd with an immoderate Morning Meal,  
 The Glutton batten'd till the Dinner Bell:  
 Youth in its Flowry Bloom with vernal Grace,  
 Shone in his Eyes, and brighten'd on his Face;

His



His Chin enormous, overspreads his Chest,  
 In three deep Folds descending on his Breast:  
 There doz'd the leaden Lump of slumbring Fat,  
 While the press'd Cushions groan'd beneath the Weight.

The *Fury* entring saw the Table spread,  
 In artful Order elegantly laid ;  
 She recogniz'd the *Church*, and thus address'd,  
 With her delusive Words, the sleeping Priest.

Prelate arise, quit this inglorious Down,  
 Or the proud *Chanter* will thy Power disown :  
 He sings *Oremus*, He *Processions* makes,  
 With his resounding Voice the Chappel shakes :  
 Without thy Leave thy Blessings he bestows ;  
 His Mouth with endless Benedictions flows :  
 Do'st thou then wait till this Invader's Hand  
 Seizes thy Mitre, takes thy high Command.  
 Shake off these idle Bonds, or all you lose ;  
 Renounce thy *Bishoprick* or thy *Repose*.

She spoke, and her infectious Breath inspires  
 His troubled Bosom with contentious Fires.  
 The drowsy Prelate at her Words revives  
 Confus'd and frighten'd, *but his Blessing gives.*

So wounded by a Wasp have I beheld  
 A sturdy Bull, Lord of the Flow'ry Field ;  
 Unus'd to Pain till then in amorous Play,  
 He Lov'd and Eat, and Wanton'd out the Day :  
 But now impatient Loves and Feeds no more,  
 The Neighb'ring Forests tremble at his Roar :  
 With deep fetch'd Bellowings the noble Beast  
 Exhales his Spirits, and torments his Breast  
 At the vile Insect that disturbs his Rest.

Thus the gall'd Prelate's Rage no Balm can heal,  
 The Servants first his rising Fury feel ;  
 His Rage grows high, and kindling by Degrees,  
 From his Stung Bosom drives inactive Peace.  
 He dresses, and oh Horror ! makes a Vow,  
 Tho' Dinner waits, he to the *Choir* will go.

Wife

Wife *Gilotin* his Chaplain vainly strove,  
 With sage Advice this rash Resolve to move ;  
 Councill'd, Intreated, every Danger told ;  
*That then 'twas Noon, that Dinner wou'd be cold.*

What more than frantick Rage (said he) now Reigns?  
 What wild *Capricio's* hurry round your Brains?  
 Support your Lustre better, think, at best  
 A rich laborious Prelate's but a Jest :  
 Let a full Meal this uselefs rage expel ;  
 Sharpen your Appetite, and blunt your Zeal ;  
 This is no *Ember-Week*, the Church commands  
 No Fast, impose not then these rigid Bands.  
*Great Sir*, resume your Senses and your Food,  
*A Dinner heated twice was never good.*

Thus *Gilotin*—Then pointing shew'd his Lord  
 The smoaking Soup attending on the Board ;  
 The Prelate struck with Reverence and Delight,  
 Stood silent, conquer'd by the pleasing Sight.  
 Victorious *Pottage* stop'd his eager Haste,  
 Soften'd his Rage, and broke his three Hours Fast:

Yet

Yet the black Choler struggling with his Meat,  
Oppos'd the Passage of each luscious Bit.

Good *Gilotin* express'd in Groans his Care,  
And politickly spread the growing Fear.

His *Partizans* the dreadful News receive,

And feeling Own a Sympathetic Grief:

In numerous Troops to their lov'd Patron fly,

And bravely swear to *Conquer* or to *Die*.

Thus when the fierce *Pigmean* Army crouds  
The Banks of *Heber*, or *Strimonian* Floods ;  
The haughty Cranes round their known Leader Swarm,  
And their invincible Batallions form.

Pleas'd with the Sight the *Prelate* rowl'd his Eyes,  
Confess'd his new-born Joy, and strove to rise:  
His Colour grows again, his Voice receives  
Its ancient Tone, and the whole Man revives ;  
The lusty *Gammon* reasumes its Place,  
He scans and blesses every friendly Face.  
Then to the general Health a Goblet swills ;  
Each Man the great Example takes, and fills :

The



The \* *Cruise* bled pure Vermillion Nectar round,  
And the *Desert* their Entertainment crown'd.

And now the *Orator* prepares to speak ;  
He groans as if his mighty Heart would break.  
Then in a Voice to his Misfortunes bent,  
Thus in a proper Tone began his Plaint.

Illustrious-Partners of my long Fatigues,  
You sole Supporters of my Pious Leagues ;  
By whose Assistance I at last am made  
Of a Mad *Chapter* the exalted Head.  
To your incessant Services I own  
All the rich Honours that impose my Gown ;  
And can you unconcern'd with equal Eyes,  
Behold my Rival, and confirm his Joys ?  
Must I, the Creature of your Wisdom, fall  
A Sacrifice to that proud Chanting *Baal* ?  
Will you my Cause, and your own Right deny ?  
Can you and angry Heaven stand Nenter by ?

(This

---

\* *A Church Vessel.*

(This Morn a sacred Vision I beheld ;  
 Some Deity these fatal Truths reveal'd.)  
 Yes, he has seiz'd the Fruits of all my Toil,  
 And insolently glories in the Spoil :  
 He Daily blesses the unhallow'd Croud,  
 Pronounces *Benedicat Vos* aloud.  
 Horror on Horror ! who can speak the rest !  
 Turns my own pointed Weapons on my Breast.

Here Tears and Sighs his faltring Language break ;  
 His Tears and Sighs too eloquently speak ;  
 Redoubled Sobs stopt the respiring Breath ;  
 His Visage darken'd, Choler strove with Death :  
 But *Gilotin* the fierce Attack withstood,  
 And a full Bowl repel'd the rising Blood.

When *Sidrac* came, Age lengthen'd out his Way,  
 (The languid Limbs confessing their Decay.)  
 Four Ages in this peaceful Choire he told ;  
 Knew Men and Manners well, was Wise and Bold ;  
 'Twas this rare Knowledge did his Merit raise,  
 From Sexton to the Vestry-Keeper's Place.

He

He saw the sinking Prelate, guess'd his Grief,  
And with paternal Care brought swift Relief.

Then thus the *Reverend Sire*—*Prelate* revive ;  
To the dull *Chanter* useless Sorrow give :  
Arise, resume thy Spirits, and thy Power ;  
I will thy injur'd Empire's Rights restore :  
Collect your Judgment, and attend with Care,  
What Heaven and Heavenly Powers inspire me, Hear.  
Where now that supercilious *Chanter* rears  
His harden'd Front, that Source of all thy Cares,  
In ancient Days a well known Desk of Wood,  
Fram'd of unequal Structure firmly stood ;  
There in the Chaire, on thy Left-Hand 'twas plac'd,  
And its large Sides a spacious Shadow cast.  
Behind this Work the humble *Chanter* sat  
In an obscure Invisible Retreat :  
When forward to the radiant Day, alone,  
Attracting every Eye the Prelate shone.  
Whether some *Demon*, to the *Desk* a Foe,  
Or Nightly Force combin'd its Overthrow ;

Or

Or was it *Destiny's* unerring Hand  
 That Pre-ordain'd it shou'd no longer stand.  
 One fatal Morning with surprizing Noise,  
 The great *Machine* fell down before our Eyes :  
 In vain we at the Angry Heav'ns repin'd ;  
 'Twas to the Vestry in our Sight confin'd ;  
 There thirty Winters hid from open Day,  
 Forgotten in Ignoble Dust it lay.

Hear Prelate then——When nightly Mists arise,  
 And veil in dim suffusion prying Eyes,  
 Let Three elected from this Friendly Rout,  
 And favour'd by the growing Night, steal out,  
 With ready Zeal the broken Mass rejoin,  
 And to its pristine Seat the *Desk* confine :  
 If in the Morn the *Chanter* dares destroy  
 Our glorious Work, and the Machine annoy,  
 Actions on Actions, Suits on Suits shall tell  
 The Church's Spirit and her Servants Zeal :  
 Then Authoriz'd by Heaven you may engage ;  
 This is a War worthy a Prelate's Rage :

Wou'd



Wou'd you to *Prayer* alone that Heart confine ?  
 Let your great Soul in ardent *Action* shine !  
 Let a dull Country Vicar be content  
 With a long Life in lazy preaching spent.  
 At *Paris*, Sir, you flourish——Then prepare,  
 Be Obstinate, Vexatious, rouse to War ;  
 Be active, Restless, Vigilant and proud ;  
 This raises you above the Vulgar Croud ;  
 From common Crape discriminates a Lord,  
 And is a Prelate's Charter on Record :  
 Then throw your *Benedictions* boldly round :  
 Let every Place your *Benedictions* found.  
 Bless in the *Chanter's* Sight, and never cease,  
 With uplift Palms the very *Chanter* Bless.

This warm Oration the Assembly fir'd,  
 And every Soul with God-like Rage inspir'd :  
 The Prelate with uncommon Ardor mov'd,  
 In a loud Out-Cry *Sidrac's* Speech approv'd ;  
 Let then (said he) a careful Choice be made  
 Of Three, Three worthy this Design to head.

Each

Each pleads his Merit to the great Command ;  
 Each worthy seems in this Illustrious Band.

Let Destiny, the Prelate then reply'd,  
 Let Fortune by decisive Lots provide.  
 They write ; Each hopes his own Immortal Name  
 Will rise the Foremost in this Scrole of Fame.  
 Full thirty Names into small Billets made,  
 Are in a Cap's round sinuous Bottom laid ;  
 And that no Fraud may their great Hopes Destroy  
 Of a just Choice, they call a Singing Boy :  
 Young *William* strait the great Design attends ;  
 Blushing, his Artless Novice-hand he lends.

The Prelate with his naked Hands and Eyes  
 Thrice blesses all the Tickets ; stirs 'em thrice :  
 The Infant draws : First *Brontin's* Name appear'd ;  
 They all approve the Lot with due Regard :  
 The Prelate hop'd a lucky Augury,  
 And smiling wish'd the happy *Brontin* Joy.  
 When instantly the Name, that glorious Name  
*Lamour* was drawn, belov'd by Gods and Fame ;

The

The beauteous Barber, whose long flaxen Hair  
 Curl'd o'er his Shoulders, as *Adonis* fair ;  
 Nor was bright *Cytherea's* lovely Boy  
 More the soft Goddess's Delight and Joy,  
 Than He of \* *Barberissa* ; much she lov'd,  
 Much He, and each the others Flame approv'd ;  
 For they were chain'd three Years by Love alone,  
 Before they clapp'd the Marriage Shackles on.  
 The cringing Neighbours servilely submit  
 To this *Fastidious Hero* of the Street,  
 While his hot Courage flashes o'er his Face,  
 And in his Eyes *destructive Comets* blaze.

One undetermin'd Lot did yet remain ;  
 The Prelate mingles, shakes 'em well again.  
 All crowd and watch the Draught with eager Haste,  
 Each hopes his own great Name may be the last.

Oh *Boirude* ! how shall I thy Joys relate,  
 When in the Prelate's Eyes thou read'st thy Fate,  
 And saw in them thy faithful Name appear ?  
 Such Transports, *Mighty Sexton*, who cou'd bear ?  
 Then thy pale Face which never blush'd before,  
 'Tis said, with flushing Blood was purpl'd o'er ;  
 C Thy

---

\* *La Perruquier* in *Boileau* ; the Barber's Wife.

Thy Gouty Limbs resum'd their Youthful Heat,  
 And every Pulse with Martial Ardor beat.  
 Boldly thy feeble Corps attempted thrice,  
 As oft alas! in Vain essay'd to rise.

Fate has determin'd, and the joyful Croud,  
 With dreadful Shouts, confirm that Choice aloud.

Th' Assembly rises, with applauding Noise  
 They slide away, and murmur out their Joys,  
 Leaving the Prelate with Fatigue oppress'd,  
 'Till a full Supper calm'd his moody Breast,  
 And laid his Anger, and his Limbs, to Rest.

---

## C A N T O II.

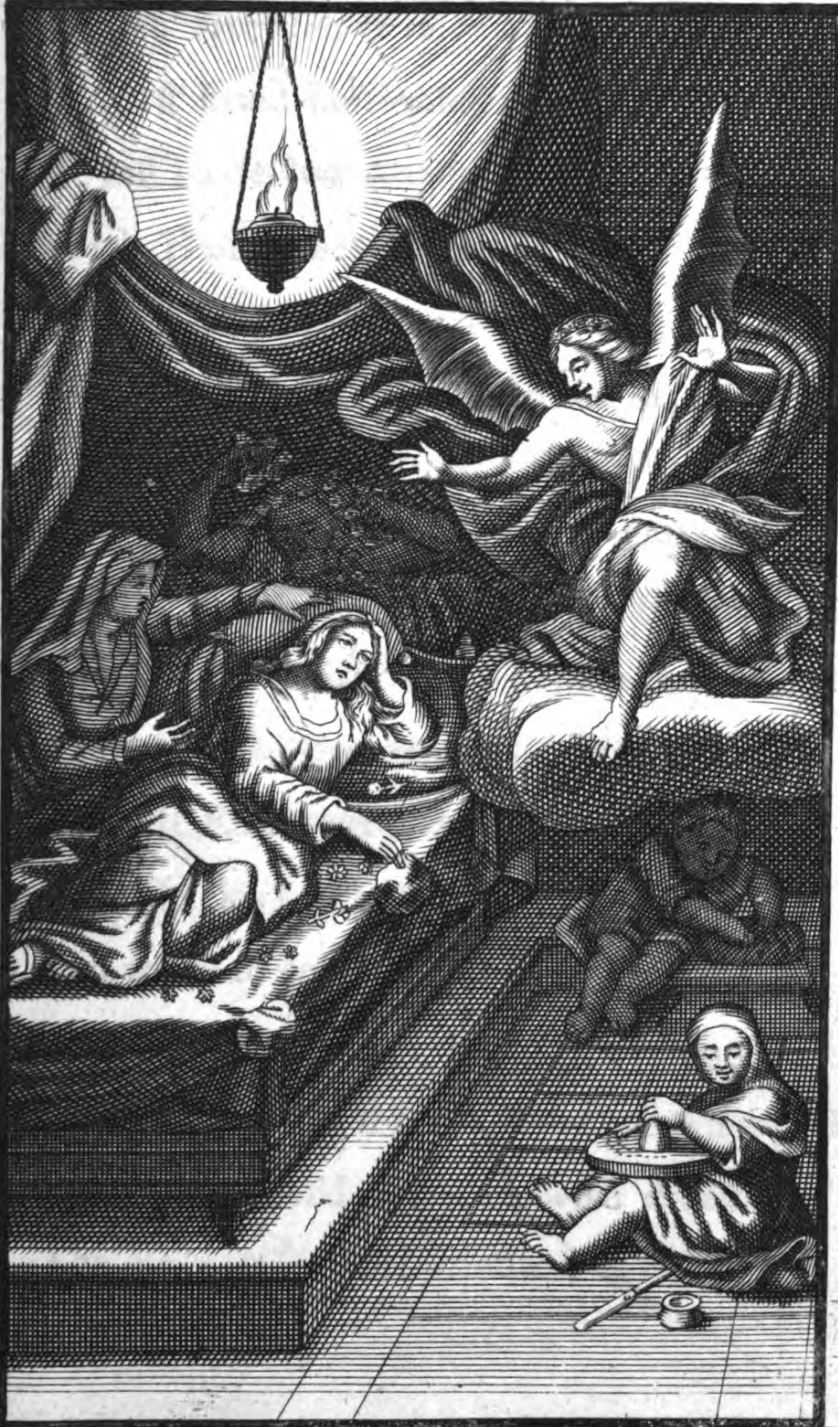
**M**EAN Time the Monster of Gigantick Size,  
 Hung round with opening Mouths, and wa-  
 king Eyes;

Who far and wide tells what she hears, and more ;  
 Trav'ling from Clime to Clime, from Shore to Shore :  
*Fame*, nimble Messenger, prepares to dart  
 A mortal Dread on *Barberiffa's* Heart :  
 Tells how her Lord, by a fond Fancy led,  
 That Night determin'd to forsake her Bed,

And



*Lutrin. Canto. II.*



*H. Hulbergh Sc.*



And to erect the *Desk*. Amaz'd to hear;  
 She first stood motionless, and froze with Fear:  
 At last confessing Anger and Surprize,  
 With Hair dishevel'd, and with flaming Eyes,  
 Her Wrath no longer able to conceal,  
 She thus upbraided his officious Zeal:

\*And would'st thou hide this Mischief of thy Mind?  
 And can nor Sacred Vows, nor Duty bind?  
 Dar'st thou then, Traytor, so perfidious prove  
 To plighted Faith, and *Hymeneal* Love?  
 Are all th' Indearments of a Wedded Life,  
 The soft Embraces of a tender Wife,  
 (A Wife alas! just ready to expire)  
 Too weak to conquer one unkind Desire?  
 False Man, wert thou oblig'd to wear away  
 The tedious Hours from Eve to dawning Day;  
 With well-form'd Curls, or with dissembled Hair,  
 The Beau to furnish, or adorn the Fair:

C 2

I

---

\* *Dissimulare etiam sperasti, perfide, tantum  
 Possè nefas?*

*Nec te noster amor, nec te data dextera quondam,  
 Nec moritura tenet crudeli funere Dido?*

Virg. *Æneid.* lib. 4. vers. 305.

I cou'd, perhaps, without Regret or Pain,  
 The Want of *due Benevolence* sustain ;  
 Thy Absence sweetned with the Hopes of Gain.  
 But thus to leave your Partner in the Lurch,  
 With a mad Zeal in Favour of a Church?  
 Stay, cruel Man ! Ah ! whither do you run ?  
 Why the Companion of your Pleasures shun ?  
 Have you forgot so soon ? And can you see  
 These flowing Streams, and not be touch'd, like me ?  
 By all our Kisses, by our softer Nights,  
 And melting Sweets of Conjugal Delights.  
 If ever mov'd with *Barberissa's* Charms,  
 You took the easie Victim to your Arms :  
 If by no previous Promises betray'd,  
 E'er join'd by Priest, I fell a willing Maid :  
 If those yon glimmering Lamps, which rowl above,  
 Ne'er saw a second Rival in my Love.  
 Ah ! do not go ! let me your Stay implore  
 But for one Night, and I will ask no more.

She said : The Torrent of her amorous Flame  
 Threw on a trusty Stool the swooning Dame.  
 The moving Sight her Lord's brave Soul oppress ;  
*Honour* and *Love* contended in his Breast.

Till



Till calling his known Courage to his Aid,  
 Thus to the Queen of his Desires he said :  
 (But with a Voice which spoke divided Care,  
 A *Lover's* Sweetness, and a *Husband's* Air,)  
 Madam, Should I my Happiness disown,  
 And Joys so often reap'd from you alone ;  
 I shou'd to Honour a curst Traytor prove,  
 Unworthy of your Bed, and lavish Love ;  
 But sooner shall the *Gallick Liger* join  
 His blended Waters with the *German Rhine*,  
 E'er from my Memory your Love depart,  
 So safely treasur'd in my constant Heart :  
 Yet think not *Hymen*, when my Faith I gave,  
 Resign'd me to your Yoke, a *Woman's Slave*.  
 Had I the Power my Destiny to chuse,  
 I still had 'scap'd the *Matrimonial Noose* :  
 Still had I revel'd like a free-born Soul,  
 In lawless Pleasures, and without Controul.  
 Away ! no more your empty Title plead ;  
 What's Love compar'd with such a noble Deed ?  
 How will it sound, when future Poets write,  
 That I, by Favour of the silent Night,  
 The *Desk* erected in the Church's Right !

Curb then your fond Desires ; nor seek to shock

My solid Honour, stable as a Rock.

Ah ! do not *Barberissa's* Vertue stain,

Nor those fair Eyes bedew with brackish Rain ;

Nor with ungenerous Sighs protract my Stay,

\* *For Heav'n has call'd me, and I must obey.*

This said ; He leaves her full of anxious Hears,

Her Cheeks all delug'd with a Flood of Tears.

Streight the *Vermillion* vanish'd from her Face,

And the wan *Lily* took the *Rose's* Place.

Thrice to recall the Salvage Man th' assay'd ;

But her rebellious Tongue thrice disobey'd.

Then to the lofty Room, which fac'd the Skies,

By Men the *Garret* call'd, the weeping Lady flies.

*Alicia* heard ; streight after her she went,

Nimbly surmounting the Stairs high Ascent,

To shew her Duty, by her speedy Care,

And lessen Sorrow, while she takes a Share.

Now had th' approaching Night the Town o'erspread

And scatter'd thro' the Streets a dusky Shade.

The

---

\* *Et nunc Fove missus ab alto  
Interpres Divum fert horrida jussa per auras.*

The Bell Rings Supper; th' hungry Chaplains all,  
 Blessing the Sound, and pliant to the Call,  
 Flock from the *empty Choire* to the more *welcome Hall*.

The Taverns thicken; the wet *Chanter* sings;  
 And every Room with Noise and Nonsense rings.

Forth the brave *Brontin* march'd, whose watchful Eyes  
 Sleep thrice in vain attempted to surprize:  
 Whom the third Bottle Fortify'd within,  
 Provided by the cautious *Gilotin*,  
 Who knew that Wine made heavy Burdens light,  
 And push'd the unarm'd Hero to the Fight.

The Sexton follow'd, *Boirude* was his Name;  
 The Third in this immortal Deed of Fame:  
 Both sally out, kindled with Honour's Charms,  
 To fire the slow *Lamour* with Love of Arms.  
 Let us depart, they cry'd, the Day declines,  
 And to succeeding Night his Sway resigns.

Why thus dejected; Whence this black *Chagrin*  
 Which hovers o'er your Eyes and swells your Spleen?  
 Art thou the Man, who blam'd the tedious Day,  
 And curs'd the lagging Sun's unkind Delay?  
 Rise, follow us; great Deeds great Souls inflame.  
 At this the *Barber* blush'd with gen'rous Shame.

Then

Then to his well-fill'd Magazine he flies.  
 Where many an Iron Weapon sacred lies,  
 Till call'd to Light on some brave Enterprize.  
 Some fashion'd by the skill'd *Cornavian's* Care,  
 At *Birmingham*, the Shop of *Mulciber* :  
 Not like those Arms of the *dead-doing* Kind ;  
 These *fasten* things which were before *disjoyn'd* :  
 Like an inverted *Cone*, of Metal strong,  
 Sharp Pointed, and *quadrangularly* long ;  
 In Vulgar Speech call'd *Nails* ; of these the best  
 He chose ; a Hatchet his broad Shoulders prest :  
 A well-tooth'd Saw his brawny Body bends,  
 Which, like a Quiver, down his back descends :  
 Incourag'd thus, *Brontin* a Malet shook,  
 And *Boirude* a Nail-driving Hammer took.  
*Lamour's* Heroic Steps they tread, and feel  
 An unknown Warmth, a more than Human Zeal.  
 Happy the Wretched who implore the Aid  
 Of such a Leader, such a firm Brigade !  
 The *Moon* who spy'd their haughty March from far,  
 Withdraws her Peaceful Light, and aids the War.



*Discord* pursu'd them, with a fav'ring Eye,  
 She grin'd a Smile, and with her hideous Cry  
 Drove back the trembling Clouds, and pierc'd the  
     vaulted Sky.

From thence the *Sound* descended to th' Abode  
 Of the \* *Citose*, and wak'd *Sloth's* drowsy God.  
*There* in a Cell he keeps his silent Court ;  
 Around him, luke-warm lazy *Genij* sport :  
 Here *One* retires to knead the fat'ning Paste  
 Which plumps the *Canon's* Cheeks, and swells his  
     brawny Waste.

*Another* the Vermilion grinds, to paint  
 The jolly Looks of mortifying Saint :  
*There Pleasure* an observant Centry stands,  
 Regardful of the *Deity's* Commands ;  
 While *Morpheus* pours continual Poppy Rain ;  
 (Tho' now redoubled Show'rs descend in vain)  
*Sloth* at the Noise awakes. All-covering *Night*  
 Relates the Story, and improves the Fright ;  
 Tells how the *Prelate* with Ambition fir'd,  
 T' Heroick Fame by new Designs aspir'd.

Near

---

\* *Cisterians*. A Fraternity in the Romish Church.

Near to a Venerable House of Prayer,  
 She saw Three Champions, who delight in War :  
 Proudly they march'd beneath her thick Disguise,  
 Safe in their Strength, secure from Human Eyes :  
 While *Discord's* fiery Brands their Souls In flame,  
 Who threatens here to Agrandize her Name.  
 Lo ! with to Morrow's Light a *Desk* appears,  
 The Joy of Factious restive Mutineers.  
 A Thousand Dangers on the Tumult wait !  
 A Thousand Feuds foment the curst Debate !  
*So Heav'n has written in the Book of Fate.*

She spoke : *Sloth*, rising from his silky Bed,  
 And leaning on one Arm his lumpy Head ;  
 While from his languid Eyes a Deluge ran,  
 This broken Speech with feeble Voice began.  
 O *Night* thou stab'st me with this killing News ?  
 What new-born Plagues does *active Hell* produce ?  
 Still do the *Furies* throw their Fiery Darts ?  
 Still breathe Fatigue and War in Human Hearts ?  
 Ah ! whither fled those happy Times of Peace,  
 When idle Kings, dissolv'd in thoughtless Ease,  
 Resign'd their Scepters, and the Toils of State  
 To *Counts*, or some inferior *Magistrate* :

Loll'd

Loll'd on their Thrones, devoid of Thought or Pain ;  
 And, nodding, slumber'd out a lazy Reign ?  
 No anxious Cares did nigh the *Palace* creep ;  
 But Day and Night was one continu'd Sleep,  
 Except the *Vernal* Month, when *Flora* gilds  
 The chearful Valleys, and the smiling Hills,  
 When the loud *North* his Airy Rule resigns  
 To gentle *Zephyrs*, and more peaceful Winds,  
 Four *Oxen* drew with *slow* and *silent* Feet  
 Th' unactive Monarch to some Country Seat.

But 'tis no more : That Golden Age is gone ;  
 And an unweary'd *Princess* fills *Britannia's* Throne.  
 Each Day she frights me with the Noise of Arms,  
 Slights my Embraces, and defies my Charms.  
 In vain does Nature, Seas and Rocks oppose,  
 To bar her Virtue ; which undaunted goes  
 Thro' *Libyan* Burnings, and o'er *Scythian* Snows.  
 Her *Name* alone my trembling Subjects dread,  
 Not her own *Cannon* can more Terror spread.  
 To tell the Wrongs and Cruelties I bear,  
 Would exercise the Labour of a Year.  
 I thought the *Church* would shelter an Exile,  
 Driv'n from a *Court*, inur'd to Cares and Toil.

Vain

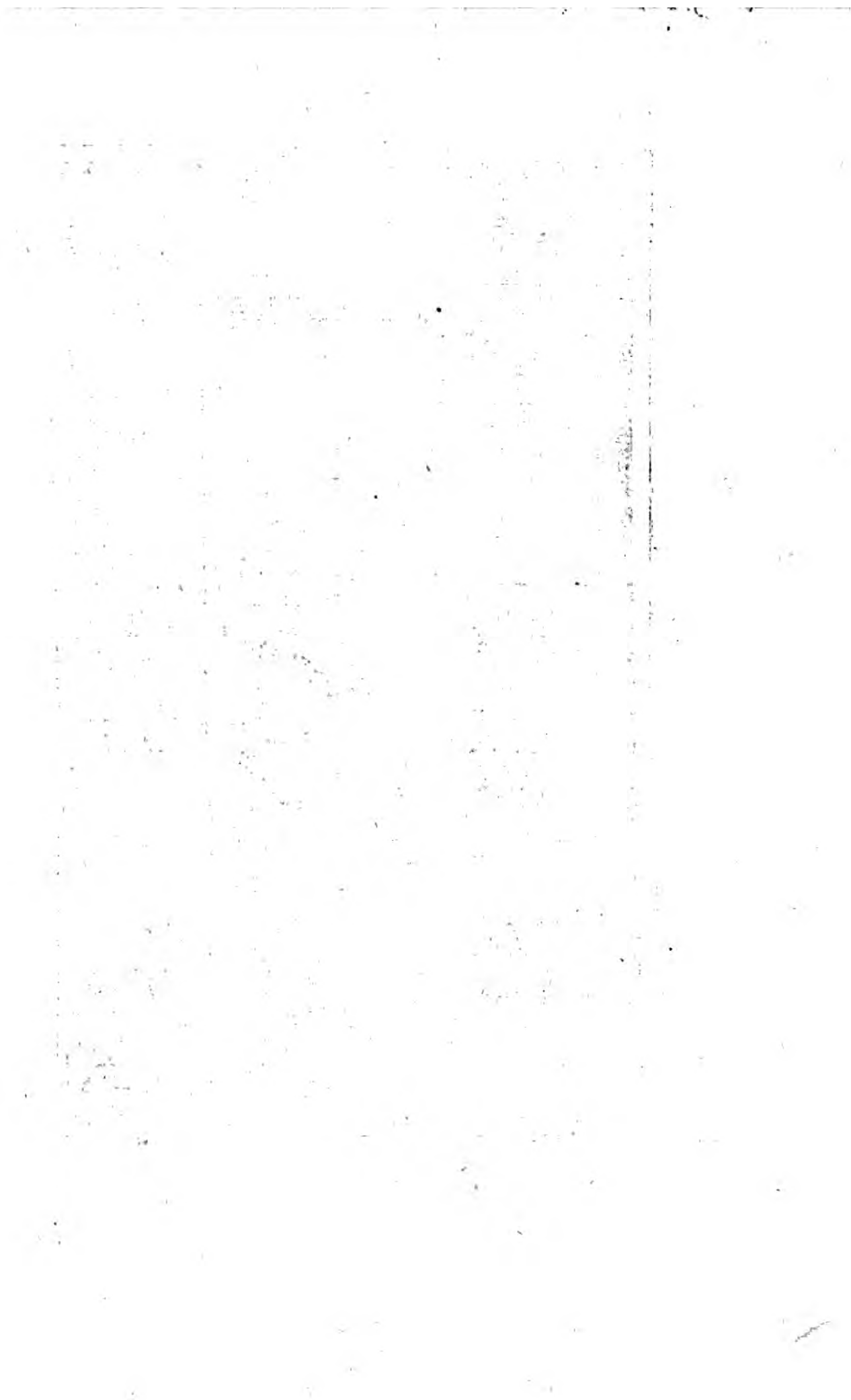
Vain was my Thought: For now each *sad Recluse*,  
 Monks, Abbots, Priors, wretched Me abuse.  
 \* *La Trape's* grown Famous by my shameful Flight,  
 Nor can \* *St. Denys* bear my odious Sight.  
 The *Jesuites* ever have my Power defy'd ;  
 Few but the dull *Citose* my Rule obey'd.  
 The † *Holy Chappel*, with its Founder, slept,  
 And from old Time its Lethargy had kept.  
 Lo ! now a *Desk*, a fatal Foe to Peace,  
 Strives to dislodge me from my ancient Ease.  
 And wilt thou, *Night*, lend thy officious Aid  
 To cover Crimes, far blacker than thy Shade ?  
 Wilt thou, dear Partner of my lov'd Repose,  
 Abbet my Ruin and protect my Foes ?  
 If e'er to thee alone I did reveal  
 The Joys of Love which I from Day conceal ;  
 Ah ! suffer not at least—Here *Sloth* opprest  
 With length of Words, and want of grateful Rest,  
 Sunk down : His Strength forsook the stupid *God*,  
 And to Repose resign'd the lifeless Load.

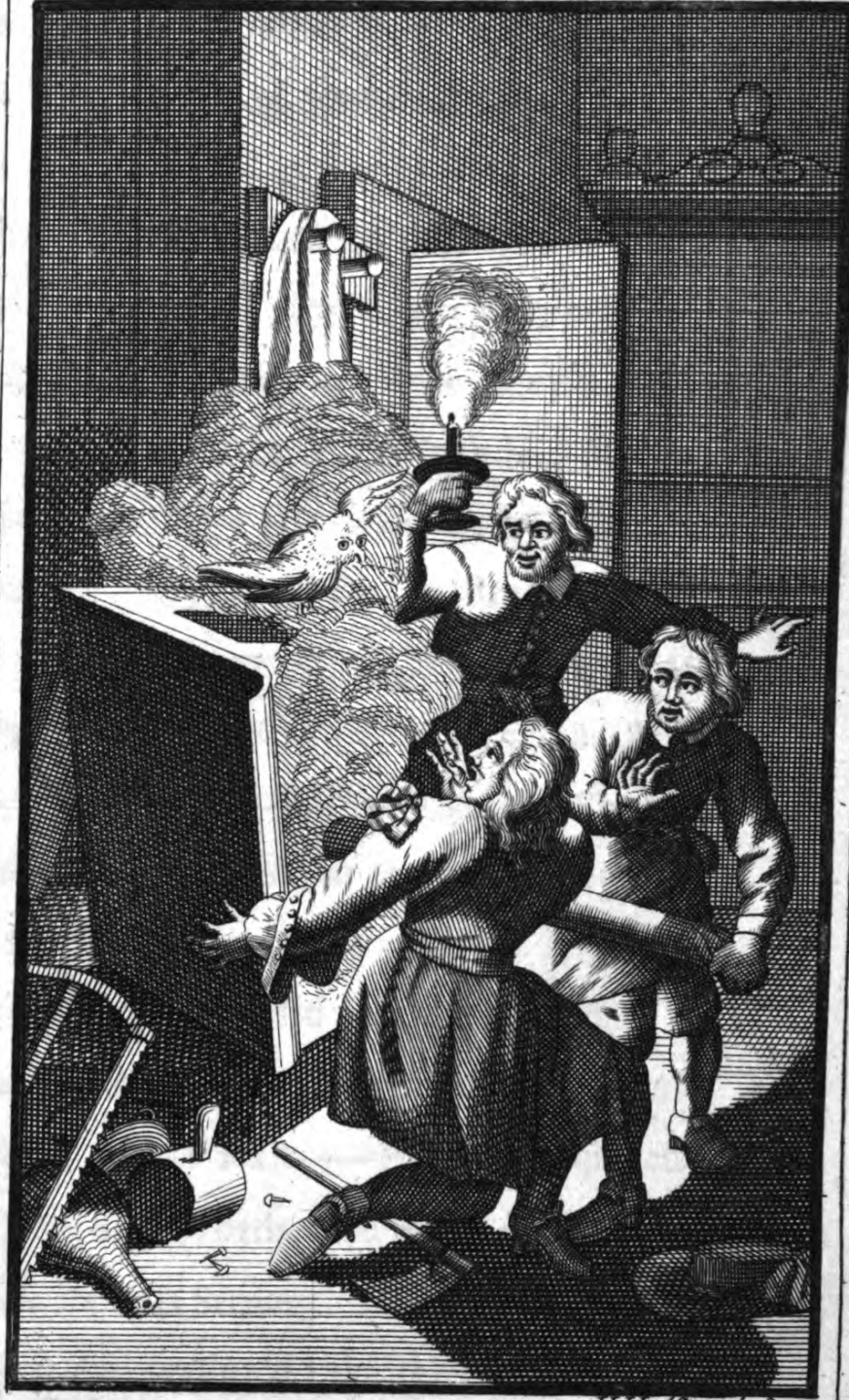
C A N.

---

\* *Religious Houses in and near Paris.*  
 The Scene of Action where this Dissention happen'd.







## C A N T O III.

**O**LD *Night*, Triumphant on a footy Cloud,  
 Parent of Fears, and Nurse of Sorrow, rode:  
*Burgundia's* vinous Fields she hovers round,  
 And sheds her dreery Vapors o'er the Ground:  
 Then tow'rd's the fair *Lutetian* Turrets flies,  
 Distilling *Opiats* from her humid Eyes.  
 At length \* *Montlerry's* lofty Tow'rs she shrouds,  
 Fond of those venerable Old Abodes;  
 The Summit of whose Walls stupendious Height,  
 Steals by Degrees from the deluded Sight;  
 While the strain'd Eye-balls pierce the Clouds in vain,  
 And stretch their fiery Beams the vast Ascent to gain.  
 The weary'd Pilgrim *flies* the tedious View,  
 The *Objects* follow, and his Flight *pursue*.  
 Here *Crows* and *Vultures* keep their ruin'd Court;  
 Here *Ravens* and *Funebrous Birds* resort;  
 The croaking *Toad* and *Bat* in om'nous Squawls  
 Improve the Horror of these desert Walls:  
 Here thirty Winters aged *Howlet* lay,  
 And claim'd a Refuge from the hated Day;

Fruit

---

\* *An old Castle near Paris, situated on a Hill.*

Fruitful of Evil Fate the Sckrieker cries,  
 And by *foretelling* Mischiefs *magnifies* :  
 In this wild Place retir'd to meditate,  
 Expecting Night the sober *Creature* fate :  
 The Goddess came ; *Howlet* exalts his Voice,  
 Sadning the tuneful Neighbours with his Joys :  
 Complaining *Progne* trembles with new Pains,  
 And *Philomela's* Fears o'ercome her Strains :  
 Follow me, *Son*, said *Night*. The *Feather'd Fate*,  
 Rous'd at her Voice, forfook his drowfy Seat ;  
 With heavy Wings they press the thickning Air,  
 And darkling their dull Shades to *Paris* bear ;  
 Here both arresting their auspicious Flight  
 On the fam'd *Chappel's* destin'd Bellfry Light :  
 The Goddess bending from the lofty Arch,  
 Observes the Warriours, and regards their March.  
 The smirking *Barber* brandishes on high  
 A Bumper, which re-smiles with mutual Joy :  
 Each deluging in genial Juice his Soul,  
 To *Gilotin* and *Bacchus* fill the Bowl.

Shall they then Triumph thus, the Goddess said,  
 And find an easy Conquest in my Shade ?

Soon



Soon these insulting Miscreants shall know,  
 What to my sacred Dignity they owe :

Then gravely nodding to her darling Pride,  
 Her tardy Wings the foggy Air divide :  
*Howlet* with equal Pinions takes his Flight,  
 And follow's thro' thick Shades his Mother Night.

Both to the fatal *Sacristy* repair,  
 Where lay the dreadful Business of the War :  
 The fullen Deity now makes a Stand,  
 Beholds the *Desk*, and gives this stern Command :

*Rest here, Prophetic Son, in the dark Womb  
 Of this old Desk till rip'ning Time shall come.*

The *Owl* assum'd his delegated Place,  
 And sat expecting with a sage Grimace.

The Champions warm'd with Native Heat and Wine,  
 Unanimous pursue the great Design.

The sacred *Chappel's* Marble Steps ascend,  
 While *Bacchus* does his friendly Influence lend.

The Proud *Piazza's* pass'd, the Heroes now  
 Behind 'em see the Shop of fam'd *Rebow* ;  
 There undisturb'd volum'nous *H*—— sleeps,  
 Him under Twenty faithful Locks he keeps ;

Secure

Secure from Chandlers, and devouring Fire,  
The learned Lumber there remains intire.

When *Boirude*, as the Danger nearer grew,  
A Tinder-box from his wide Pocket drew ;  
The veiny *Flint* and hardy *Steel* engage,  
Breathing in Particles of Fire their Rage :  
Colliding Blows the *Atoms* disunite,  
And kindle living Seeds of *Infant Light* :  
The new-born Sparks a bluish Flame beget,  
Which from sulphureous Fumes ejaculate ;  
The waxen Taper glows with borrow'd Fires,  
And in a lasting bolder Flame aspires.

The *Heroes* with this trembling Star their Guide,  
(This trembling Star the absent Sun supply'd)  
Approach the Temple ; *Boirude* opes the Gate,  
And manfully conducts the Van in State :  
As thro' the spacious Solitude they steer,  
With Talk they dissipate invading Fear.  
The *Vestry* now is seen ; each pallid Face  
Owns the tenebrous Horror of the Place.  
There lies the *Desk*, dread Work of wayward Fate ;  
A while they stand its Form to contemplate :

'Till

'Till rousing 'em, aloud the *Barber* cries,  
 This Spectacle is not t' amuse our Eyes :  
 We are not here conven'd, my Friends to stare ;  
 Time will not stay ; the Moments precious are :  
 Into the middle Isle convey the *Mafs*,  
 And fix it on the haughty *Chanter's* Place.  
 To Morrow a plump Prelate's gloating Eyes  
 Shall view the Triumph with uncommon Joys.

Then with an Arm tremendous bravely strove  
 From its old Post the dusty Lump to move.  
 When *Oh Distraction !* a dread Voice aloud,  
 Was heard to Issue from the hollow Wood :  
*Brontin* grew stiff with freezing Ague-Fear,  
 The *Sexton's* Colour fled, uprose his Hair,  
*Lamour* bemoan'd (to dastard Fear betray'd)  
 The Want of *Barberiffa* and his Bed ;  
 Yet strait his Courage recollects, and now  
 Resolves, what e're Fate means, to stand the Blow  
 When from his Powdry Roost the *Bird of Night*  
 With Fate-denouncing Outcries takes his Flight ;  
 Like *Statues*, Petrify'd with chilly Fear,  
 Unable to resist, they shake, they stare.

*Howlet th' illuminated Wax* descry'd,  
 And soon. extinguish'd with his Wings their *Guide*.  
 Now difarray'd, Confounded they retreat,  
 Confessing by swift Flight a base Defeat :  
 Their *Nerves* relax, their trembling Knees in vain  
 Their Bloodless Bodies labour to sustain ;  
 Their Hair Erect, and Grey with sudden Fright,  
 The flying Squadron pierce the Shades of Night.

So meet a heedless Troop of wanton Boys  
 In some close Corner, with *unpunish'd* Noise ;  
 Th' indocile Libertines securely play,  
 In idle Pastime truanting the Day ;  
 Far from their studious Masters prying Sight,  
 They give a Loose to Joy, and revel in Delight.  
 But if stern *Argus* by Surprise appears,  
 They quit their *Pleasures* and resume their *Fears* ;  
 Dreading the future Birch and threatening Eye,  
 In Clusters from th' unfinish'd Game they fly.

*Discord* enrag'd beheld the routed Crowd,  
 And roar'd like Thunder from a broken Cloud ;  
 Then, to revive their Hearts congeal'd with Fear,  
 And rally their base Souls to Second War,

She



She borrow'd furly *Sydrac's* aged Look,  
 Wrinkl'd her Brow, and his long Visage took.  
 Earthward she bent, and to the Sight appears  
 Depress'd beneath the Weight of Fourscore Years.  
 Her Limbs did on a knotted Staff rely,  
 And seem'd to move on Springs of *Chicanry*:  
 A winking Taper in her Hand she takes,  
 And growling thus the timid Band bespeaks.

Stop, Mifcreant Wretches, whither wou'd you fly?  
 Here neither Bloodshed is, nor Enemy.  
 What! Will you then for a vile Bird alone  
 Your Honour lose, and Enterprife disown?  
 Dare you not stand the impotent Grimace  
 Of *one* poor Owl? What wou'd you do alas!  
 If every Day, like me, you saw the *Bar*,  
 And wag'd with hideous Looks eternal War?  
 Friendless solicit hard a Hearing *now*,  
 Then stand a Haughty Judge's rigid Brow;  
*Ear-beat*, without his Fee, a Lawyer dead;  
 In *Forma Pauperis* incessant plead.  
 Believe me, Sons, Experience is my Guide,  
 My self a *Chapter* su'd, the *Law* defy'd.

Nor can the *Bar* shew that tremendous Look,  
 But I a hundred times have stood its Shock :  
 Dauntless their forward Way my Body bar'd,  
 W'ith' Church's Name demanding to be heard.  
 The *Church* was fruitful then in great *Divines*,  
 Souls forg'd by Nature for immense Designs.  
 Then *Pennyles* and *Friendless* we could go,  
 Farther than now for *Love* and *Money* too.  
 In those Triumphant Days, the vilest Head  
 A *Prelate* and a *Chanter* durst implead.  
 The *World* grows old, *Time* runs a jaded Race,  
 And worn-out *Nature* teems with her Disgrace.  
 If yet you cannot *Reach* your Father's State,  
 At least their shining Vertues *Emulate*.  
 Think what Dishonour your bright Names will foul,  
 When Men shall tell the *Fable* of the *Owl*.  
 Think how the *Chanter* with indignant Pride  
 Will mock your Valour, and Attempt deride :  
*Howlet* will be the Word, a standing Jest,  
 The Flout of Boys, and Mirth of every Feast.  
 Yes, I perceive your Souls no longer bear  
 These stinging Thoughts ; for *Action* then prepare :

Re-

Remember, Sirs, what Prelate 'tis you serve,  
 And snatch the verdant Laurels you deserve ;  
 Your Eyes re-sparkle with their wonted Fires,  
 And each Heroic Breast the War requires.  
 On then ; run ; fly ; immortal Honour calls,  
 And *consecrates* the Man who bravely falls.

So shall the *Prelate* see with wondring Joy,  
 Your *Vengeance* swift as your *Affront* can fly.

This said ; the warring Goddess takes her Flight,  
 Plung'd in a sudden Stream of blazing Light ;  
 Restoring to each Breast their Martial Heat,  
 Fills with *Herself* the bold *Triumvirate*.

So when the rescu'd *Danube*, *Rhine* and *Scheld*  
 Immortal *Churchill*, Thee in Arms beheld ;  
 The Face of War soon took a brighter Turn ;  
 And fainting Squadrons with *new* Vigour burn :  
 Thy Courage, like the *Universal* Soul,  
 Darts thro' the Troops and Animates the *Whole*.  
*Victoria* yielding to thy stronger Charms,  
 Carefs'd thy Standard and embrac'd thy Arms.

*Asham'd* and *Angry* at their late Defeat,  
 They light their Taper and their Task repeat :

The *Noisy Enemy* flies off unhurt,  
 And what was late their *Terror* is their *Sport*.  
 And now the *Desk* the *Chanter's Pew* ascends,  
 A Shout the *Chappel's* lofty *Arches* rends :  
 The wormy *Boards*, by *Times* corroding *Spite*  
 Disjoin'd, the lusty *Mallet's* *Blows* unite :  
 With their continu'd *Strokes* the *Pews* resound ;  
 The *Vaults* Rebellow'd, and the *Organ* groan'd.  
 Ah *Chanter*, buried in profound *Repose*,  
 Little thy *Heart* the brooding *Mischief* knows ;  
 But undisturb'd by *Grief* or anxious *Fear*,  
 Dreams not what angry *Fate* is doing here !  
 If in a *Vision* yet some *Pow'r* *Divine*  
 Shou'd to thy *Sense* reveal the dread *Design*,  
 E'er thou wou'd'st suffer that ill-shapen *Mass*,  
 Aspiring so, to *Lord* it in thy *Place* ;  
 Bold as a dying *Martyr* wou'd'st thou come,  
 And gloriously *Dispute* thy hapless *Doom* :  
 Thy naked *Body* to the *Nails* expose,  
 And tender *Head* to the hard *Hammer's* *Blows* :  
 To *Mummy* bruis'd thou on the *Spot* wou'd'st die,  
 And worthless *Life* refuse with *Infamy*.

But



But while the *Desk* to thy Disgrace does rise,  
In filken Chains *Thee* gentle Slumber ties.

Now two concluding Strokes the *Work* complete,  
And the *Hinge* turns on thy unhappy *Seat*.

---

## C A N T O IV.

**T**H E *Sextons* to their early Task repair,  
And call the Yawning *Priests* to *Matin* Pray'r ;  
The Bells with silver Sounds the Region shake,  
Their Turrets rock, and lazy *Chanters* wake ;  
Half rais'd at the sad Din, Each drowsy Head  
Sinks down oppress'd by its own *Native Lead*.

Their *Chief* alone with fancy'd Terror struck,  
And scar'd by visionary Forms awoke ;  
At the redoubled Clangor of his Cries  
Each Servant quits his Down, and trembling flies.  
First Faithful *Giro*t, with undaunted Speed,  
Appear'd before the Sweating *Chanter's* Bed :  
*Giro*t his shaking Master's Sense Restor'd ;  
The *worthiest* Servant of so good a Lord !  
Who, pleas'd *Domestic* Merit to prefer,  
The *Choir's* proud Gate committed to his Care ;

*Abroad*, a stiff-neck'd haughty *Verger*, He;

*At Home*, a supple *Slave* in *Livery*.

My Lord, said he, what Trouble heaves your Breast ?  
 What Melancholy breaks your grateful Rest ?  
 Would you *unpresidented* madly run  
 To *Chappel*, and prevent the rising Sun ?  
 Consider, Sir ; to vulgar *Chanters* Leave  
 The Pride of *Meriting* what they receive.  
*Your Genius* then indulge without Reserve,  
 Let Wretches born for Labour toil and starve.

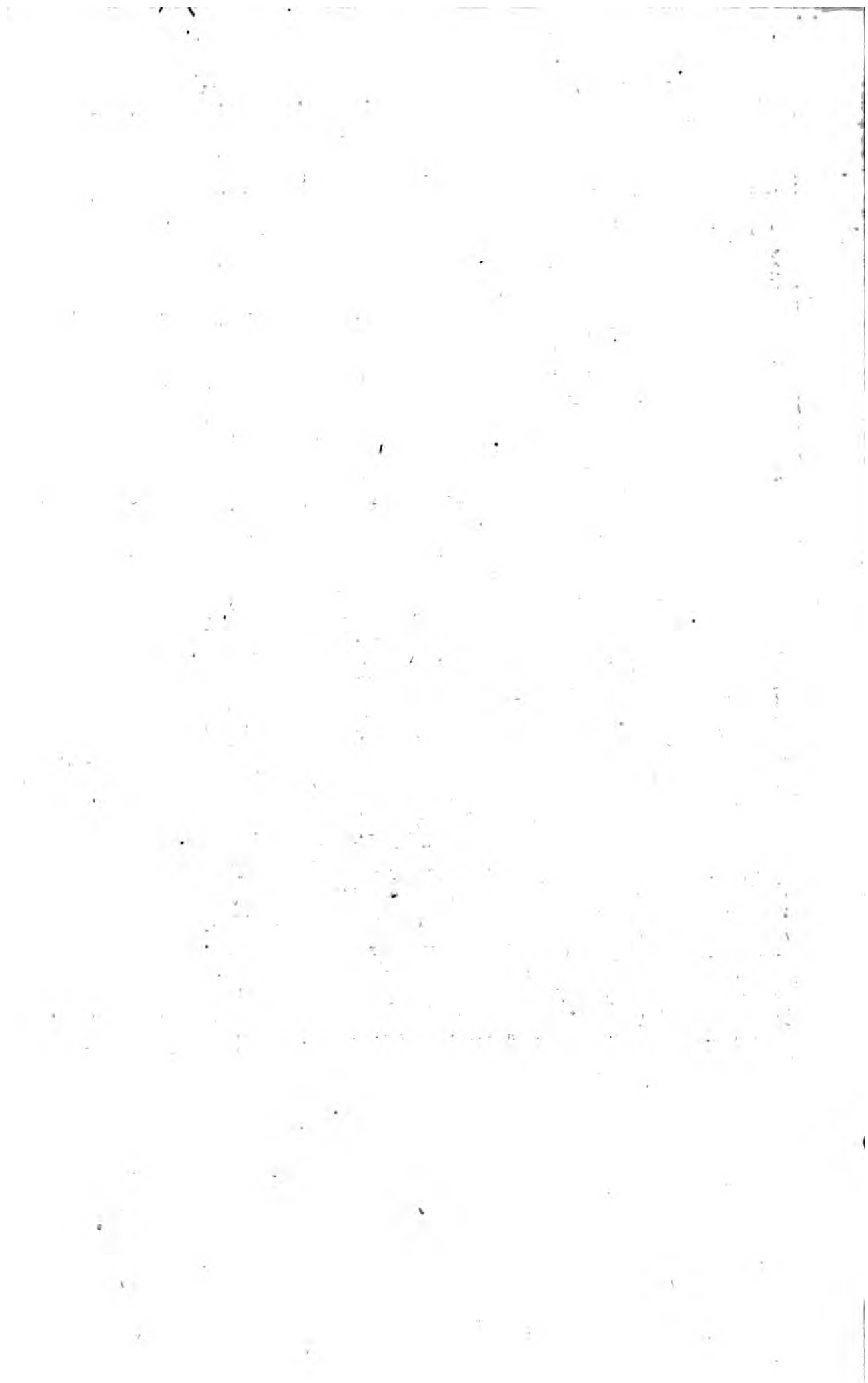
Friend, said the *Chanter*, still with Horrour pale,  
 What can these vain Reflections now avail ?  
 Here thy Companionable Passion join,  
 And mix thy amicable Sighs with mine ;  
 Thy honest Heart will tremble when it hears  
 The Subject of thy dying Master's Fears :  
 Twice gracious *Morpheus* had my Temples bound,  
 And in forgetful *Nightshade* Reason drown'd :  
 Intoxicating Fumes had *Fancy* warm'd,  
 And every *Sense* to sweet *Repose* was charm'd,  
 When as I thought i'th' *Choire* with glorious Grace  
 I *Bless'd* the Croud and fill'd my wonted Place,

Swallow'd

Lutrin. Canto. IV.



H. Hulbergh Sc.





Swallow'd the Incense, and *unrivall'd* bore  
 The first Degree in Office and in Pow'r ;  
 A Gloomy Smoke long rowling from afar  
 Seem'd from the darken'd *Vestry* to appear ;  
 Forward it shot, and kindling as it came,  
 The dreadful Cloud burst in a bluish Flame ;  
 And Oh ! Dire Object ! to my Sight display'd  
 A Dragon, by th' assisting *Prelate* led ;  
 His Head *Triangular* ; the frightful *Mafs*  
 A very *Reading-Desk* appear'd, or Was.

When, animated by his Guide, the Beast  
 Darting at me, uprais'd his Monstrous Crest.  
 In vain I trembling fled, cry'd out in vain,  
 Till kindly *Sleep* relax'd his gentle Chain.  
 I can no more——Possess'd with *Panic* Dread ;  
 In my pale Eyes the Sequel may be read.

Ah, Sir, said *Giro*t smiling, Noblemen,  
 Wits, Critics, Ladies, Poets nurse the Spleen ;  
 'Tis a Gentile *Disease* and ever bred  
 By *Duns*, or *Affectation*, or a *Bed*.  
 Without Delay on fam'd \* *Cephalic* call,  
 The *Camisar* shall cure you with his *Sal*.

The

---

\* *A Doctor in Paris famous for Sal Volatile and Enthusiasm.*

The *Master* of the *Choire*, averse to Jest  
 (With chiding Eyes his ill-tim'd Wit suppress) }  
 Leap'd furious from his Bed, and hasten'd to be dress.  
 All his rich Vests and sumptuous Robes puts on,  
 His *Mohair* Cassock and his *Tabby* Gown,  
 His *Violet* Gloves; that very *Rochet* wore  
 Which once the jealous *Prelate's* Fingers tore :  
 An *Ebon* Stick he held, and on his Head,  
 Snowy with Winter Age, a *Sattin* Bonnet laid ;  
 Quickning his Pace with fierce impulsive Ire  
 He runs, he flies, and reaches *first* the *Choire*.

\* Oh Thou who guided by the *Delphic* God  
 Sung, On the Margin of a drowsy Flood,  
 Obstinate Chiefs inur'd to deadly Wars ;  
 'Twixt Hostile *Frogs* and *Mice* immortal Jars.  
 † Oh Thou whose *Muse's* bold Fantastick Flight  
 Did the *Bolonian* Bucket's Rape indite ;  
 Vile Cause of War ! All *Latium* to engage  
 In Bloody Arms, The *Helen* of their Rage !  
 And || Thou who painted in a Deathless Strain  
 The *Licens'd* Homicides of *Warwick* Lane !

(*Phœbus*)

---

\* Homer's *Batrachomyomachia*.

† *Alessandro Taffoni* Author of *La Secchia rapita*. An Italian Poem.

|| *Dr. Garth*.

(*Phœbus* to Thee his *Double* Blessing gives ;  
Thy *Music* charms us, and thy *Art* relieves,)

Give *Energy* to my Enervate Tongue,

While the fir'd *Chanter's* flagrant Rage is sung :

What Pencil can his Indignation draw,

When on his Seat th' aspiring *Desk* he saw !

Mute, Motionless and Pale a while he stood,

Horror, Surprize and Grief benumb'd his Blood ;

But his imprison'd Words at Length resound,

And breaking thro' his Sobs a Passage found.

See *Girot* ! See the *Hydra* that opprest

My troubl'd Soul, and broke my pleasing Rest !

Behold the *Dragon* ! There he rears his Head,

And buries *Me* in an Eternal Shade !

*Prelate*, what have I done ? What hellish Rage

Makes thee Ingenious to torment my Age ?

What ! Can thy *waking* Malice know no *Rest*,

Nor *Sleep*, nor *Night* lull thy tempestuous Breast ?

Oh Fate ! must this opprobrious *Desk* appear,

And cloud me in my proper *Hemisphere* ?

Into a *Dungeon* thus convert my *Pew*,

Eclipse my Glories from the *Public* View !

Unseen,

Unseen, Unknown to all *but God*, my Face  
 Must there be hid *incog'* in my own Place !  
 What ! Must I sit *Ingloriously Obscur'd* !——  
 It is too much ; It cannot be endur'd.  
 No, let us first the sacred *Altar* fly,  
 Abandon *Heav'n*, Renounce the *Ministry*.  
 Yes, let us cease our inharmonious *Pray'rs*,  
 No longer offer Music to the *Spheres*,  
 Nor deafen, with rude Sounds, *Immortal Ears* :  
 Let us from this ungrateful *Church* retire,  
 Nor *see*, where we're *not seen*, a thankless *Choir* ;  
 But then my *Rival* Triumphs on his Seat,  
 And smiles insultingly at my Defeat,  
 While on my Pew this *Desk* will *still* be born,  
 And riding on its creaking Hinges, turn,  
 Forbid it *Heav'n*, Or give me Instant Death,  
 And Stifle foul *Dishonour* with my *Breath* !  
 Yes, faithful *Griot*, let us bravely Die,  
 If we're too weak to move this *Infamy* ;  
 But this Right Hand shall tear the *Tyrant* down ;  
 'Tis lawful an *Usurper* to Dethrone :  
 Yes, e're we die, if noble Death must come,  
 The Rival *Desk* shall, falling, share Our Doom.  
Strengthen'd

Strengthen'd with Rage, at these Determin'd Words  
 The Furious *Chanter* seiz'd the trembling Boards ;  
 When, guided thither by Auspicious Chance,  
*Roger* and *John*, two well known Chiefs, Advance ;  
 Renowned *Normans* both, Equally Skill'd  
 I'th' Law, with Knowledge and Experience fill'd ;  
 They hear his Anger's Source, his *Cause* they *Own* ;  
 Yet Counsel, Nothing *rashly* shou'd be done :  
 Yes, they Agree The *Monster* must not stand,  
 Nor must it fall by any *Private* Hand :  
 But let th' *Assembled Chapter* View the Sight,  
 And in full *Synod* do the *Chanter* Right.

This Sage Advice repriev'd the threatn'd *Mafs*,  
 And Smooth'd the ruff'd *Sire's* distorted Face :  
 Then be it so, said he, Let them appear,  
 Summon, *without Delay*, the *Chapter* Here ;  
 Fly, and with *holy Yell* the *Dotards* Wake ;  
 So shall they of our *Early Grief* partake.

At this Discourse Surpriz'd and Froze they Stand,  
 Regardless of their *Sovereign's* rash Command.

Foolish and bold, Says *Roger*, To enjoyn  
 A Morning's work I fear we must decline !

Betimes



Betimes we ought to *Quit* this Party Fray,  
 Where 'tis Impossible we shou'd *Obey* ;  
 Tho' from the distant Street the piercing Sound  
 Shou'd wake the Snoring *Footmen*, stretch'd around,  
 And penetrate without the least Regard  
 That sacred *Calm*, where Noise is never heard,  
 Can you Conceive, my Lord, when peaceful Shades  
 Have bound 'em fast to their Inchanting Beds,  
*We* shou'd the Sluggard's Iron-slumbers break,  
 Whom Six Bells thirty Years cou'd never Wake ?  
 Can two weak *Chanters* Voices e'er perform  
 What is a Work for *Thunder* or a *Storm* ?

The Warm Old Man Replies, I see what Ends  
 You Wish, and whither this Oration tends.  
 I see, your Daftard Souls the *Prelate* dread ;  
 Yes, of the haughty *Prelate* You're afraid ;  
 Ye Servile Wretches ; I have seen you stand  
 Bending your Necks beneath his *Blessing* Hand.  
 Go still be Slaves, still Fawn, and Lick, and Bow ;  
 I will the *Canons* raise without you now.

Approach then, Honest *Giro*t, thou true Friend !  
 Whom neither *Bribes* can Shake, nor *Prelates* Bend :

Do

Do thou the *Maundy Thursday's* \* *Rattle* Take ;  
 Soon shall this Engine make 'em *Hear* and *Shake* ;  
 The *Sun* a Sight intirely new shall see,  
 The *Droning Chapter* Up as soon as *He*.

This heart'ning Speech made *Trusty Giro*t fly,  
 And rake the *Dust* of *Holy Armory*.

Now the *Lugubrous* Instrument Resounds,  
 And every Ear with hideous Clangor Wounds.  
*Infernal Discord*, pleas'd, prepares to head  
 Her *Willing Champions*, and afford them Aid ;  
 Then from the † *Clam'rous Hall*, t'improve the *Fright*,  
 She Calls the *God* of *Noise* thro' *Shades* of *Night* :  
 And now sweet *Sleep* forsakes each wondring *Eye* ;  
 The *Street*, astonish'd, rises at the *Cry* :  
 At length the *Canons* their strong *Fetters* Break,  
 Unseal their *Lids*, and in *Confusion* Wake :  
*Monstrous* and wild *Ideas* Each *Conceives*,  
 And what his *Fancy* breeds, his *Fear* believes :  
 One *Thinks* loud *Thunder* Splits the sacred *Choire* ;  
 The *Chappel* burning with a || *Second* *Fire* :

Others

---

\* *La Cresselle*, in *French* ; an *Instrument* us'd on *Maundy Thursday* instead of *Bells*. † *Answerable* to our *Westminster-Hall* The *Reader* will please to apply it so as oft as he meets with it. || *Once burnt down* in 1618.

Others more *Sad* and *Phlegmatick* than He  
Gues's'd it the *Toning* of the \* *Tenebra* :

A *Third*, still Dozing with the Fumes of Wine,  
Believes it *Noon*, Vows 'tis a laid Design,  
And Grumbles that he was not Call'd to Dine.

So when returning *Phæbus* gilds the Year,  
And Cheers with Genial Warmth our *Hemisphere* ;  
When *Zephyrs* blow, and Birds difus'd to sing  
Essay their Notes to welcome in the *Spring* ;  
*Albion's* bright Goddess, mov'd with *Europe's* Tears,  
Sends forth her *Heroes* to dissolve their Fears ;  
With *Insulary* Thunder to prevent  
The tow'ring Giants of the *Continent*.  
The *L'ouvre* shakes, Pale *Lewis* tastes again  
The Terrors of a new *Ramillia* Plain.  
Th' *Escurial* dreads *ANN A's* recruited Might,  
And *Anjou* Saddles for a *second* Flight :  
*Parisian* Walls shall prove a weak Defence  
For † *Quixot* Kings, and each \* *Knight Errant* Prince.

In vain does *Terror* urge ; Supine they lie,  
And wait between the Sheets their *Destiny*.

*Girot*

---

\* The Service in the Romish Church the Week before Easter. † Don Philip. \* Chevalier St. George.

*Girot* resolves to rouse 'em and prepares

A Story which he knew wou'd take their Ears,

Restore their *Senses*, and Expel their *Fears*.

I'm sent, said he, t'inform you from my Lord,

A warm *Collation* smoaks upon the Board ;

With *Art* collected, it no Dainty wants

Which *Luxury* can wish, Or the rich *Season* grants.

He spoke ; All catch at once the welcome Sound,

Shake off dull Sleep, and from their Pillows bound

Headlong they press, as rapid Lightning, fleet ;

Yet swifter *Appetite* out-strips their *Feet*.

Ready to break their *Necks*, to break their *Fast* ;

Each flatters as he flies, his Eager Taste

With entertaining Thoughts of Sweet Repast.

But, ah Vain Hope ! Fond Man's delusive *Bait* !

Regardful of the Cover'd *Hook* too late !

The disappointed *Chapter* View their *Chief*,

And find they come not there to *Eat*, but *Grieve*.

The *Chanter* in the most *Pathetic* Words

(The best his interrupting Grief affords)

Reveals the sad *Misfortune* to his Friends,

And his just Cause to *Them* and *God* Commends.

Plump *Ev'ard* only durst propose to Eat ;  
*Ev'ard's* keen *Stomach* did his *Zeal* abate ;  
 The *Canons* fill'd with other Thoughts, his *Vote*  
 Vanish'd *unseconded* and soon forgot.  
 When *Allen* rose ; Collected and prepar'd,  
 He regularly *Hem'd*, then strok'd his Beard,  
 And Claim'd as *Prolocutor*, to be Heard.  
 The Learned *Seer* Attention might demand ;  
 The Only Scholar in this Reverend Band !  
 For Copious *Baxter* he had often read,  
 And with old *Bunyan* cram'd his Muddy Head.

Thus Oft, Sublime, Contiguous to the Skies,  
 Sacred to Dust, an Empty *Garret* lies ;  
 'Till hir'd by some vile *Quack*, The *Furniture*  
 Do's all the happy *lightsome* Space Obscure ;  
 And What th' Unlucky Owner meant to *Grace*,  
 Converted to a *Indigested Mass*.

Yes, Great *a-Kempis* he cou'd construe too,  
 And all his *knotty Passages* Undo:

Whence cou'd this Stroke, said he, but from the Womb,  
 Some Younger Sprig of Old *Socinus*, Come ?  
 It must be so ; We're in the *Prelate's Snare* ;  
 These Eyes Saw *Deist Toland* visit there ;



*Satan* Endeavours, by that subtle Fiend,  
 The *Prelate* to his Purposes to Bend.  
 Sirs, he most certainly has somewhere heard  
 That this Litigious *Desk St. Louis* rear'd ;  
 Thus, grown *Polemical*, He'll proudly think  
 To Drown us All with *Deluges of Ink* ;  
 Vast Subsidies of *Paper-Force* he'll raise,  
 And make his Partizans find *Means*, and *Ways*.  
 Now 'tis Our Duty timely to prepare,  
 And stand a resolute *Defensive War* ;  
 Consult *Antiquity*, The *Scholiasts* scan,  
 Let every *Text* be bolted to the Bran ;  
 Consider ; Do's *Aquinas* nothing say  
 Of *Desks* ? None of the Fathers lean that Way ?  
 I find this *Argument* will ask much *Oil*,  
 Close *Reading*, *Indefatigable Toil*.  
 Then when *Aurora* kindles up the Day,  
 And lights her Lamp extinguish'd in the Sea ;  
 Let every Man by *Lots* his Portion take,  
 And what our learned *Doctors* dictate, Speak.

Struck with this unexpected Speech, they Stare,  
 And each pale Face betray'd Uncommon Care ;

Squab *Everard* with most Concern appear'd,  
He Shov'd, and Prest, and Swore he *wou'd* be Heard.

If at my Years, said he, I turn One Page,  
Or hurt with *Books* These Eyes too weak with *Age*,  
May I, like *Thee*, on Musty Paper feed,  
Turn *Bookworm*, and be Bury'd e'er I'm Dead ;  
Let us, who know the Use of Living, live ;  
Thy Meagre *Body* do's thy *Soul* Survive :  
Go, Macerate what Flesh remains with Books,  
*We* are not fond of such mean haggard Looks ;  
What *Others* do shall ne'er disturb *My* Head ;  
I neither *Alcoran*, nor *Bible* read.

I know right well the price of *College* Hay,  
Or what Our *Farmers* every Quarter Pay,  
On which good Vineyards there's a *Mortgage* made,  
And What, and How, the *Int'rest* must be paid ;  
Twenty Large *Hogsheads* fill'd by my Command,  
Rang'd *Orthodoxly* in my *Cellar* stand :  
*These* are my *Authors*, *There* my *Study's* plac'd ;  
By *Them* Inform'd, Substantial *Bliss* I Taste ;  
And since All *Knowledge* in *Opinion* lies,  
Can, when I please, from *thence* be *Warm* anst *Wise*.

As for this *Desk* ; D'ye Think your *Books* will Charm  
 The *Monster* down ? Believe me, this *Right Arm*  
 More expeditiously your Work shall Do ;  
 The *Gorgon* without *Latin* Overthrow.  
 Whatever does offend me I'll Remove,  
 Tho' *All* the *Fathers* shou'd the *Desk* approve :  
 Let us to Breakfast, and our Sorrows drown ;  
 So Fortify'd We'll Knock the *Monster* down.

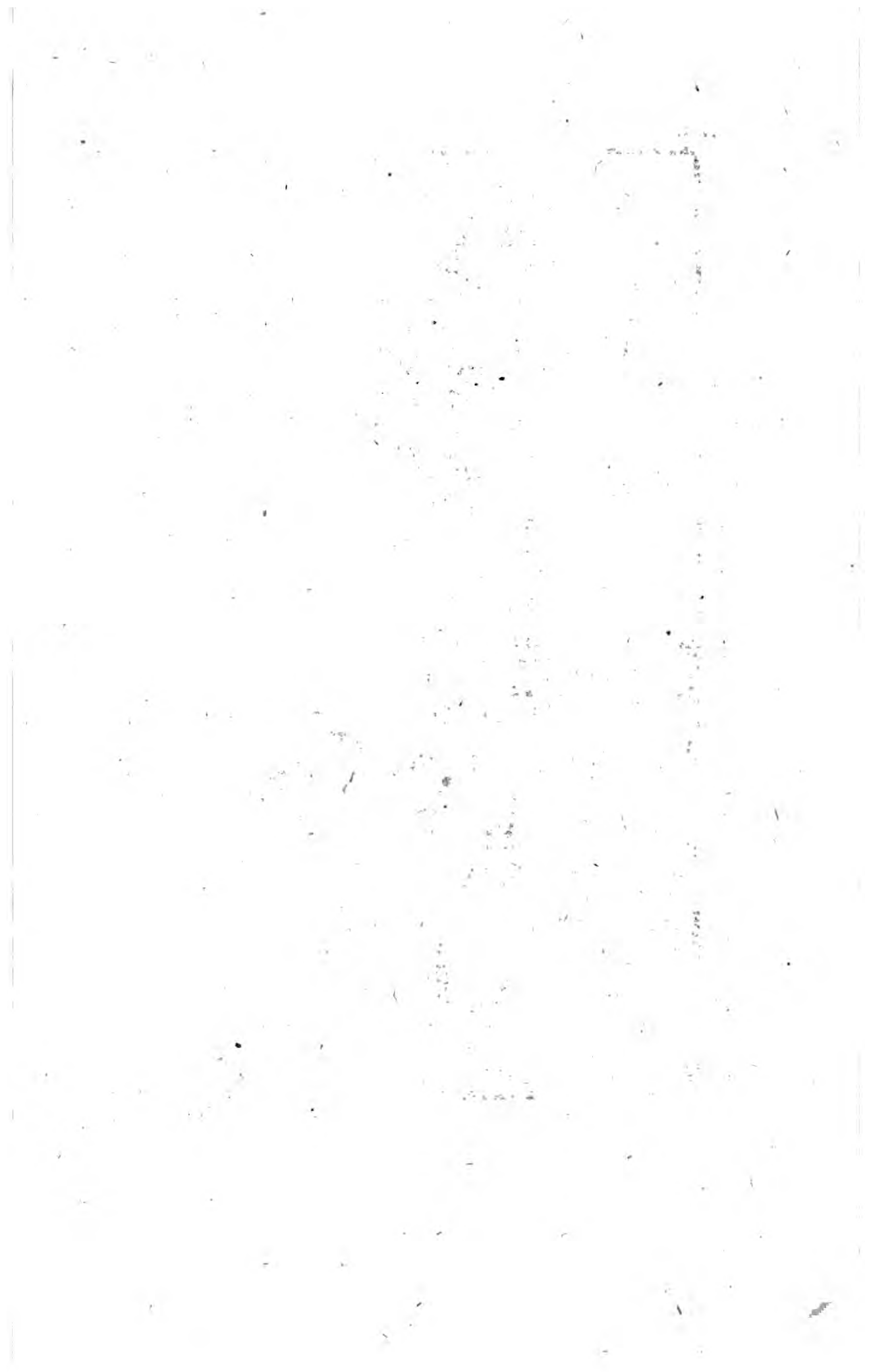
This Speech ; Supported by his *Jolly* plight,  
 (Plump as if Fed at both *Ends*, *Day* and *Night*,) }  
 Revives their *Courage* and their *Appetite*.

The *Chanter*, now recover'd from his Fear,  
 Rallies his Senses and declares for *War* ;  
 Too long (*He cry'd*) has that foul *Cerb'rus* Head  
 Obscur'd us with his \* *treble-crested* Shade.  
 Let's instantly our sully'd *Fame* Restore,  
 And show at once our *Courage* and our *Pow'r* :  
 Yes, let us for this Work *some Minutes* Fast ;  
 This Done ; *Messieurs*, We'll make a *long* Repast ;  
 A Breakfast which the *Morn* to *Noon* shall join,  
 And *Then* but to a nobler Feast Resign.

---

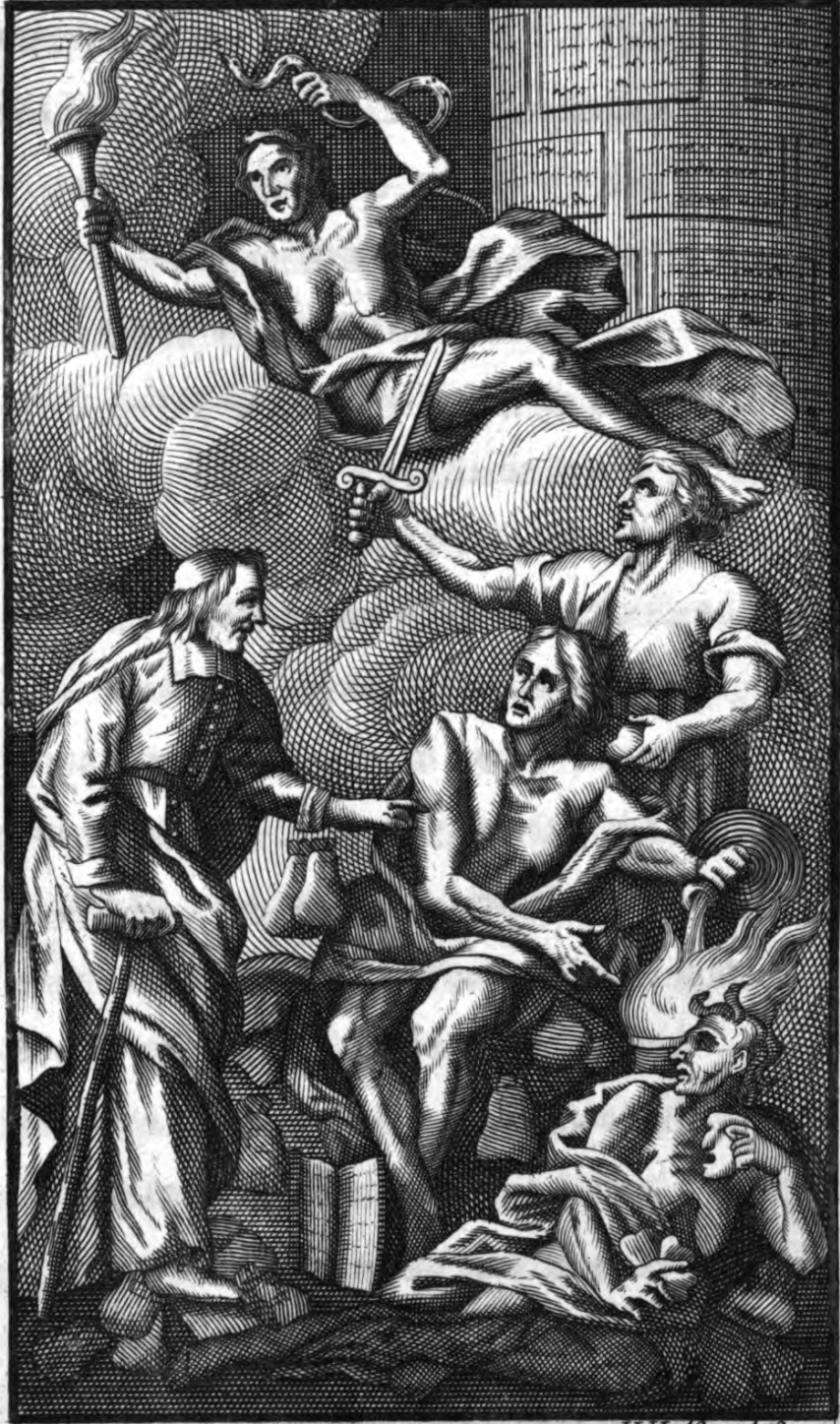
\* The *Desk* was of a triangular form.

Up rose the *Chief*. The faithful *Cohort* Charm'd  
 With these *attracting* Words, his *Zeal* Confirm'd.  
 Then to the *Choir* with fearless Steps they go,  
 And there behold the bold usurping Foe :  
 At this, *To Arms* tumultuously they Cry,  
 And pour upon the *Common Enemy* ;  
 The *Axis* now defends it self in vain ;  
 What Force cou'd such *Confederate Pow'rs* sustain !  
 Each honours with a Blow his gallant Hand ;  
 The *Desk* as bravely strove their Rage to stand :  
 Firmly a while the *Hydra* kept his Ground,  
 Till some dire *Hero* gave a fatal Wound ;  
 Deep was the Cut, he stagger'd with the Blow,  
 And bow'd beneath his unexpected Foe.  
 At Length for want of his great *Master's* Aid.  
 The tott'ring *Lump* with Odds is *Overlaid*.  
 So batter'd by the North, A *Russian Oak*  
 Succumbs, Unequal to the violent Shock :  
 Or So, Abandon'd by its *Girding* Wood,  
 Sinks an old *Roof*, which had for Ages stood.  
 The Captive *Boards* in Triumph are convey'd,  
 And in the Victor *Chanter's* Mansion laid.





Lubin. Canto. V.



H. Hulbergh Sc.

## CANTO V.

**N**OW had the *Morn* unbar'd the Gates of Light,  
And saw the *Canons* up, *Surprizing Sight!*

*Aurora* blush'd to see her self out-shone  
By *Florid Looks* more ruddy than her *Own*.

*Brontin* to *Sydrac* speedily repairs,  
And the Misfortune of the *Desk* declares;  
Old *Sydrac* wept for Joy at his successful Cares.

In silent Raptures Building as he stood

A Thousand Law-suits on the ruin'd *Wood*.

The *Youthful Sire* grows vigorous and bold;

Age has no *Ice*, and *Winter* has no *Cold*.

A sprightly Warmth quickn'd his tardy Blood,

His Veins recruiting with a brisker Flood.

Strait to the *Prelate* he betakes his Flight,

And with Loud Clamour opens to the Light

The Melancholy Scene, and Crimes of Night.

The *Prelate*, grieving to be rous'd so soon,

Impetuous leap'd from his enchanting Downe.

Gladly would *Gilotin* his Stay detain

With a two-handed Goblet of *Champaign*;

The *Graceful Bumper*, wont to break his Fast,  
 With *slighted Smiles* now lures his Master's Taste.  
*Unmoisten'd* and *Unblest'd*, he strait prepares  
 With *Extricating Comb* t' adjust his frizl'd Hairs.  
 Twice did the *Ivory* break, and twice the *Box*,  
 In hasty grapple with *Confed'rate Locks*.

So when *Alcides* Spun, Unbred to feel  
 A Weight so light, he broke the *Spinning-Wheel*.  
 Half-dress'd he goes. When lo ! before his Gate  
 An ardent Troop of *Church-Militia* Wait.  
 Resolv'd at their affronted Lord's Desire,  
 Unanimously to *Desert* the *Choire*.  
 But the grave *Sire*, appealing to the Laws,  
 Condemns a Project useless to his Cause.  
 For future *Fate*, said he, we ought too look  
 In the *Mysterious Sybil's* sacred Book.  
 Not far her Cave; come on, and let's submit  
 To what Expedient *She* pronounces fit.

All with one Voice the sage Advice approve,  
 And tow'rds the *Bar* the *Holy Warriour's* move.

Her *Den* groan'd horrible, while *Eccho* round  
 Doubles th' *Affright*, as she repeats the Sound.

Amidst

Amidst those *Gothic Pillars*, which support  
 The formidable *Hall*, and awful Court  
 Of *Common Pleas*; a Famous *Fabrick's* rear'd,  
 Ador'd by *Lawyers* and by *Clients* fear'd.  
 Here Fools and Knaves each *Term* in Shoals repair,  
 Thin'd with the Diet of *Litigious Air*,  
 Beneath a Hill of *Briefs*, *Green B igs*, and *Scroles*,  
 Here every Morn a *Hectic Sibyl* howls.  
 Vain are the Tears of *Orphans*, vain their Cries,  
 To that *foul Monster*, void of Ears and Eyes,  
 Call'd *Chicanry*, in learned Modern style,  
 Bulky with Ruin, and o'ergrown with Spoil.  
 While the wrong'd Widow want of Justice mourns,  
 And the vex'd *Air* each empty Groan returns;  
 Pale *Want* and *Famine*, like some *injur'd Ghost*,  
 Stalk o'er the Ground and weep their Treasures lost.  
 Infamous *Poverty*, Devouring *Care*,  
 And Everlasting *Toil*, and lean *Despair*,  
 And black *Chagrin*, Compleat the Mournful Part;  
 The wretched Off-spring of her *curst Art*!  
*Case-Books* and *Codes* the Busy Hag Consume,  
 And Dies her self to dig another's Tomb:

At every Meal, the hungry Fury Eats  
 Fair Palaces, strong Castles, Country Seats;  
 The bubb'd Suitors at their Fate repine;  
 Gull'd with Superfluous Reams for Solid Coin.  
 A Hundred times has Justice turn'd her Scales;  
 So oft her guilty Influence prevails.  
 Incessantly from Trick to Trick she runs;  
 And sometimes like an Owl, the Day-light shuns.  
 Now, like a Lion Lashing his dull Sides,  
 She stalks with fiery Eyes, and frightful Strides:  
 Now like a Serpent thro' the Herbage glides.  
 Long has the justest Monarch strove in Vain,  
 With Gordian Knots this Proteus to restrain.  
 Her Claws, by Sommers clip'd increase in Strength:  
 With Ink discolour'd, and o'ergrown in Length.  
 Ramparts and Dykes of Law, too feeble Foes,  
 Resist th' Invasion, but in vain oppose.  
 With Creeping Guile she Saps the Easy Ground,  
 Or with High Torrent breaks th' Obstructing Mound.  
 Sydrac Salutes the Fiend, and bending low,  
 With distant awe reveres her wrinkled Brow.  
 Then Tempting Gold displays: She with Delight  
 Views the bright Scene, and dwells upon the Sight.  
 When



When thus the Sire—*Contention's* Mighty Queen!  
 Unquestion'd You o'er *Kings* and *Peasants* Reign.  
 Thro' Thee, *Force* uselefs is, and *Laws* are weak;  
 Statutes, like *Cobwebs*, You at pleasure Break.  
 For Thee the *Hind* Sweats at his drudging Plough;  
 For Thee his Flocks are fleec'd, his Meadows grow,  
 For thee he Yearly reaps his *Golden Fields*;  
 To Thee his Rich *Autumnal* Labour Yields.  
 If from my Infant Years I've Thee ador'd,  
 And Seas of Ink on thy dread *Altars* pour'd,  
 Disdain not, *Mighty Goddess!* now to own  
 In his declining Years thy faithful Son.  
 Industrious *Faustress* of *Vexation*, Hear,  
 And Answer an imploring *Prelate's* Pray'r.  
 For on the Ruins of his Bright Renown  
 An envious Rival has advanc'd his own:  
 The *Desk* Destroying with a forceful Band;  
 The *Desk*, late Re-erected by our Hand.  
 Exhaust thy Fatal Knowledge in this Cause,  
 Revolve the Books, Create Eternal Flaws,  
 And with *Dadalean* Wiles confound the Laws.

Be to thy Darling Sons those Arts display'd  
Which puzzle \* *Themis* in the Rules she made !

The *Sibyl*, wild with Joy, thrice shriek'd aloud,  
While her swoln Visage glow'd with pois'nous Blood,  
Convulsive Agitations rack'd her Breast ;  
Full of the *Demon* which her Soul Opprest,  
Till in these Words the loud *Tornado* broke ;  
And eas'd her lab'ring Bosom, as she spoke.

My Friends dismiss your Fears, You shall replace  
On the proud *Chanter's* Pew that *War-creating Mass*,  
Arms you must take ; so *Fate* Ordains ; To Arms !  
Prepare, my Sons, for glorious loud Alarms :  
May long, long Suits ensue, and Oh ! Beware  
Never on any Terms your Cause Refer.

Let all *Accommodation* be Abhor'd :

Curst be the Slave who listens to *Accord* :

Curst be the Wretch that mentions but the Word. }  
}

She stopt, and foaming breath'd upon the Throng  
The same dire Spirit late her Breast had stung.  
From the wild Hag, The *Demons* disengag'd,  
Entred the *Herd*, and like a Tempest rag'd.

Head-

---

\* *The Goddess of Justice.*

Headlong he drives 'em to the deep Abyfs  
 Of *Law*, unmindful of the Precipice.  
 Demurers, Writs, Injunctions, Outla'ry,  
 Errors, eternal Bills in Chancery,  
 In each undaunted Champions Front appear,  
 And obstinately threat perpetual War.  
 All, flush'd with fancy'd Victory, return;  
 They quit the lefs'ning *Cave*, and with new Fury burn.  
 Mean time, the *Canons* far from Noise and Care,  
 Indulge their Senses with delicious Fare.  
 The Servants under Thirty Chargers sweat,  
 And the full Board groans with the sav'ry Weight.  
 Each *Glutton* hunts, and garbles out nice Bits,  
 And as his Fancy dictates Dainties, Eats.  
 The *Pasty's* irritating Salt excites,  
 And kindles up their thirsty Appetites.  
 When (Oh ! Uncertain State of Human Things !)  
 Light-footed *Fame* Unhappy Tidings brings,  
 Reports with trembling Lips and Visage pale  
 The *Oracle*, and all its dire *Detail*.  
 The *Chanter* warm'd with *Muscadine* and *Rage*.  
 Arose, resolv'd the *Prelate* to ingage.

He

He too the *Sibyl* will consult, and try,  
 What is reserv'd for *Him* in *Destiny*.

Plump *Ev'rad* the Deserted Banquet mourns,  
 And still, with strong Desire of Feasting, Burns.  
 But the regretting *Epicure* they tear,  
 Born off by Numbers, to the dreadful *Bar*.

Thro' various Paths, *Oblique* and *Dark* they Draw  
 Near to the Clam'rous Market of the Law.  
 At length they reach the celebrated *Hall*,  
 Where Mercenary Tongues unweary'd bawl.  
 In Om'nous Black, like *Priests*, each *Proctor* plies  
 And serves his *Client* up for Sacrifice.  
 Here the Shop'd *Sirens* make a busy Show,  
 But get their Bread by what they vend *Below*.  
 Here crafty *Bibliopole* all Authors sells ;  
 Wit, Learning, Arts and Sciences retails.  
 Mingling, without Distinction, Good and Bad ;  
 Here *Dryden*, next him *Ogilby* is laid.  
 While *Boyle* and *Bently* blended, well Accord ;  
 And *Rowe* and *Settle* grace one common Board.  
 The *Chanter* now with formidable Noise,  
 Exalts his shril Ecclesiastic Voice :

Urging

Urging his forward Way——When Oh dire Chance!

The *Prelate* and his *Myrmidons* advance.

Each rugged *Hero*, with encountring Eyes,

His Rival's louring Front alternately Surveys :

Sullen and Dumb Disdainfully they stop,

An equal Madness choaks and swells them up.

So two Fierce *Bulls*, who Rival-Passions share

For some lov'd *Heifer*, meditate a War.

With jealous Rage fir'd at each others Sight,

They quit the *Pasture* and prepare for *Fight* ;

Bowing their Necks, each his curl'd Forehead shakes,

While from their Blood-shot Eyes their inward Fury

breaks.

*Ev'rard*, by *Boirude* elbow'd, found his Spleen

Began to swell, and *Stimulate* within ;

To *Biblio's* Shop he bent his hasty Course,

*Grand Cyrus* seiz'd, and with gigantic Force

Th' unweildy Volume, at the *Sexton* threw ;

He politickly judg'd it, and withdrew :

But hissing as it went, it *Sydrac* struck

Full on the Chest ; who sunk beneath the Shock :

The



The Sire, by \* *Artamene* forc'd to yield,  
 Fell Breathless, the first Victim of the Field :  
 His Friends with pain beheld his Overthrow,  
 And Sympathizing Felt *Themselves* the Blow.  
 Now against *Everard* twenty Champions dart,  
 And all resolve to batter down a Part :  
 The *Canons* their Assaulted Brother Spy,  
 And forward, to sustain the Onset, fly :  
*Discord*, Triumphant in the turbid Air  
 Gave a loud shriek, the *Signal* of the *War*.

Now Nothing's heard but Clank and Warlike Din ;  
 All Mingling, Enter *Biblio's* Magazine :  
 Poor *Ev'rard* Sinks beneath a *Booky* Show'r ;  
*Twelves*, *Quartos*, *Folios*, and *Octavos* pour.

So when destructive *Boreas* Marches forth  
 With his Impetuous Forces of the *North* ;  
 In Storms of Icy Rain he plows the Air,  
 Lays waste the Fields and makes the Orchards bare :  
 Throws down the blooming Honour of the Boughs,  
 The Promise of the teeming Year and Lab'ring  
 Gardner's Vows.

All

---

\* *Artamene*, the Name of Cyrus in Scudery's *Romance*.

All arm themselves with Ammunition Books,  
 Contract their Brows, and threaten with their Looks:  
 One with vindictive Hand light *Durfy* shakes;  
 Another, *Wycherly* more weighty, takes;  
 A Third tore *Westly* from the Dusty Wood,  
 Where long untouch'd the Mouldy *Epic* stood:  
 A fourth up heaves a leaden *Basnage* high,  
 Stuff'd with *Rabbinical* Philosophy;  
 Lo, a tremendous *Typhon* Guards the Front,  
 With Enterprizing *L——t's* Name upon't,  
 Oh! had'st thou Mighty Nurse of *Dulness*, liv'd  
 I'th' bright *Augustan* Age, we had receiv'd  
 The *Bavian* Works entire; *Mævius* by Thee  
 Had been Immortal as † *The Hollow Tree*.

The Absent *Biblio's* Prentice strives in vain,  
 Their more than *Gothick* Madness to restrain.  
 Volumes aloft, a *Leathern Tempest*, Fly;  
 And Clouds of rising Dust involve the Sky.  
 They Bruise for Bruise Exchange, and Wound for  
 Wound,  
 And Heaps of *Books* and *Bodies* raise the level Ground.

F

Here

---

\* *A Comedy printed for B——d L——t.*

Here Tuneful *Waller* on the Pavement lay,  
 And near him *Quarles* once more beheld the Day :  
 Here *Aristotle* Flew, *Descartes* There ;  
 The *Heroes* met, and \* *Fostled* in Mid-Air.  
 Numberless Books appear'd this mighty Hour,  
 Which scarce were seen, or ever known before.  
 Here *Parthenissa* and *Cassandra* flew ;  
*Romantic Weight* did *Real Strength* subdue.  
*John Dunton* too was seen, A wondrous Sight !  
 To Dust retir'd, Revisiting the Light :  
 And Towing the † *Dead Author* took his Flight.  
 Next him, from its belov'd recess is Torn  
 An English *Chevreau*, dead as soon as born.  
 The *Rights o'th' Church* alone Unshaken stood,  
 And grinning smil'd at sight of *Priestly* Blood.  
*Keble's Large Statutes*, with Unfriendly Weight  
 Of crabbed Law, bruis'd *Girot's* empty Pate.  
 When rough *Alcippus* felt a sudden Shock ;  
 Th' *Arabian Tales* his wounded Shoulder struck.  
*Indolent Sheets* ! till now unus'd to bear  
 The rough *Fatigues* and barbarous *Rage of War*,  
 Supinely in soft Dreams *You* lull'd the *Fair*.

\* *Descartes's Philosophy is founded on contrary Principles to Aristotle's.* † *Dunton writ Letters from Himself, as Dead.*

Some luckless Hand a Fresh *Eliza* throws  
 At *Clotho's* Head, and Smote him 'twixt the Brows;  
 When, Strange effect! the brawny Priest began  
 To Yawn and stretch; *Lethargic Stiffness* Ran  
 Thro' All the Magazines of Vital Heat;  
 The Veins no more Life's quickning Task repeat;  
 The *Soporiferous* Rhimes benumb'd his Breast,  
 And with Strong *Opiats* forc'd him down to Rest.  
*Clelia* wag'd *Amazonian* War Around,  
 And bore down many a *Hero* to the Ground.  
 'Twas by her Aid alone *Gorillion's* Name  
 Reap'd Glorious Laurels, and a Deathless Fame.  
 \* Ten times by Her he signaliz'd his Arm,  
 And Murd'rous bruises dealt and Mighty Harm.  
 But to Stout *Fabri's* Virtue all must Yield;  
*Fabri* the foremost Champion in the Field!  
 Hatch'd of a Sturdy *Consecrated* Brood,  
 Nurtur'd i'th' *Church*, And Cradle'd up in *Feud*,  
*Robust* of *Body*, And of *Mind* as Hard,  
 No Danger his Intrepid Soul Debar'd,  
 And Equally for *All Events* prepar'd.

---

\* *Clelia* is in Ten Volumes in French.

To *Fight* or *Eat* He never wou'd decline ;  
 Nor knew the Use of *Water* with his *Wine*.  
 His *Single Arm* Whole *Squadrons* Overthrew ;  
 He *Guibert*, *Grasset*, and *Grangullet* slew,  
 Beau *Gervase*, and insipid *Guerin* too.

And now the *Prelate's* Vanquish'd Forces Fly ;  
 Renounce their *Strength*, and On their *Speed* rely.  
*Fabri* as fast pursues the Scatt'ring Train,  
 Wounds 'em Behind, and Drives 'em o'er the Plain.

So have I seen a Tim'rous flock of Sheep  
 Affrighted Run, and in their Hurdles Creep ;  
 When some Fierce Wolf, the *Lewis* of the Wood,  
 Attempts the Fold, to Feast himself with Blood.

Or when *Pelides* shook his Thundering Spear  
 On *Xanthus* Plains, the Terror of the War ;  
 The *Ilian* Troops struck with Imperious Dread,  
 Behind their Rampires in Confusion Fled.

When thus, to sinking *Boirude*, *Brontin* Spoke ;  
 I see, *Illustrious Sexton*, in thy Look  
 Some Seeds of Ancient Prowess : Oh my Friend !  
 Let's to the last Our righteous Cause defend.  
 What shall *One Canon* over *Us* prevail,  
 And with his Single Weight thus turn the Scale ?

Shall



Shall it be said *One* Warrior bore away  
 The Glory of the Cope and this Decisive Day?  
 No ; Never let that Envious Babler Fame  
 Tarnish the Lustre of thy Dauntless Name.  
 Come, and Behind my Screening Body stand,  
 This *Bastion* shall secure Thee from his Hand.  
 Here, At his Head Fair *Trotter's* Works let fly ;  
 And may they prove as killing as her Eye !

*Boirude* recal'd his Spirits to his Aid,  
 And with Collected force th' Advice Obey'd ;  
 By *Brontin* Cover'd, Takes delib'rate Aim,  
 And at the Warrior darts the Missive Dame.

The tender Auth'refs *Softens* on his Crown,  
 And Guiltless of a Wound fell *Feebly* down.

Ye Miscreant Pair, said *Fabri*, thus you see  
 My Front rebates your soft Artillery.  
 Think ye, that I, who like a Castle stand,  
 Can fall, the Conquest of a *Female* Hand?  
 Judge, if my Arm, with Mean exploits content,  
 Do's on it's Errand send an *Innocent*.

Lo ! here ! A *Folio*, swol'n with Floods of Gore,  
 Shall Crown the Carnage of this Bloody Hour !

With this, *He Fox's Book of Martyrs* chose.  
 Four ill-joyn'd Boards the Coverture compose,  
 Burrow'd by Worms, and Edg'd with Iron round ;  
 And with an Old black Sheep-skin half way bound.  
 No Silken Tyes it had, but at each Hasp  
 Hung by three Nails a Remnant of a Clasp.  
 Firm as it Stood upon the bending Shelf,  
 No Humane Force cou'd Stir it, but Himself.

This *Fabri* seiz'd, and brandishing on High  
 A-tiptoe Stands, and Guides it by his Eye,  
 Then at the trembling Slaves, half Dead with Fear,  
 Flings with both Hands the *Thunderbolt* of War.  
 And home it went. With *One* disastrous Wound  
*Both* Heroes fell, and Measuring Bit the Ground.  
 Torn with the Nails, and Pounded by the Wood,  
 The Pavement swam with gushing Streams of Blood.  
 They churn'd the Dust, and gnash'd their Teeth, and  
 Howl'd,  
 And down the Stair-case o'er each Other rowl'd.

The *Prelate* saw their Fall with ghastful Eyes,  
 And sent to Heav'n a Scream that pierc'd the Skies.  
 Struck back with Horror and Appal'd with Fear,  
 He curses in his Heart the *God of War*.

With

With Silent Indignation he Retreats,  
 Yet still the *Chanter* in his Mind defeats.  
 Then rallying his lost Spirits, Makes a Stand,  
 And from his *Cassock* Draws his Vengeful Hand.  
 Yes, said the Mighty Chief, Tho' *Armies* fail,  
 These *Blessing-giving Fingers* shall prevail.

Forward he moves, and upwards turns his Eyes,  
 Then Stretch'd his Fingers forth in Holy-Wife.

Kneeling in heaps the *Passengers* Receive  
 The *Benedictions* He prepares to Give  
 With politic design to turn the Rout  
 Upon his Foes, who durst not *Stand* him Out.  
 The Zealous Vulgar force down All they Meet,  
 Nor will they Suffer One to keep his Feet.

Th' Out-witted Adverse Host, Confounded stare  
 At this unthought of Stratagem in War,  
 And dread the Storm approaching from afar. }  
 Vainly the Trembling *Chanter* seeks for Aid  
 From his own Courage, or his Firm Brigade ;  
 By *Both* Forsaken, *He* too now must *Fly*,  
 Or *Fall* before his Haughty Enemy.

The Conternated Troops themselves Disband ;  
 Yet None Escape the swift-pursuing *Hand*.

Driv'n on each others Backs, and spur'd by Fear ;  
Still Hangs the Conqu'ring *Finger* on their Rear.

*Ev'rard*, in Hopes to hide his threatn'd Head  
From Holy Insult, to a Corner Fled.

The Watchful *Prelate* saw his close Retreat,  
And strait March'd up, his Conquest to Compleat ;  
Then Turning to the Right, he wheel'd around,  
And *Bless'd* the frightn'd Champion to the Ground.

Thrice he Erects his Rebel Head in Vain,  
The lengthen'd *Finger* forc'd him down again.  
Oblig'd to Kneel, because the *Mob's* so near ;  
And what he owes to *Rev'rence* Pays to *Fear*.

The *Prelate* to the Temple Makes his Way  
To taste the Fruits of this Victorious Day.

The *Chanter* and the *Canons* too Return,  
And *Inly* their defeated Project mourn.  
Vanquish'd by Pious Fraud, in Crouds they Prest  
Thro' the throng'd Doors, at once both *Maul'd* and  
*Blest*.

C A N T O





Lutrin. Canto. VI.



H. Hulbergh Sc.

## CANTO VI.

WHILE All Things thus to outward View  
Concur

To fan the *Fire*, and carry on the *War* ;  
*True Piety* who long had lain Conceal'd  
And to the \* *Alps* her exil'd Head reveal'd.  
Deep in her Desert hears the Mournful Cries  
Which from *Lutetia's* distant Walls arise.

Up rose th' Angelic Form, for well She knew  
Th' imploring Accents of her faithful *Few*.  
The Heavenly Maid quits her Divine Retreat.  
*Faith* leads the Way with Safe, Unerring Feet ;  
*Gay Hope* Supports and Hands her in the Course,  
While *Charity* Attends her with the Purse.  
Tow' rds the Parisian Gates her flight she bent ;  
Where with a holy Confidence, the Saint  
At *Themis* Feet prefers her just Complaint.

Oh Virgin ! thou who dost my Shrines Support !  
*Scourge* of the *Bad*, and the *Good Man's Resort* !

No

---

\* La Grande Chartreuse among the Alps.

No Human Passion can o'er *Thee* Prevail ;  
 Nor ought, but *Right*, turn thy impartial Scale.  
 Shall I ne'er come to thy Salubrious Arms,  
 But thus in Tears and Sighs to give Alarms ?  
 Is't not enough that in despite of *Thee*  
 My Name's assum'd by Vile *Hypocrisy*,  
 That her rapacious Hand shall Seize my Due,  
 My *Croziers*, *Mitres* and *Tiara* too ?  
 Must I behold my Heritage laid Waste,  
 My Vineyard made a Prey to each Wild Beast !

In Stormy Times, and when my Reign was young,  
 My God-like Sons, with Holy Ardor stung,  
 Wou'd Face a Tempest, and, prepar'd to Die,  
 The Thunder of a Tyrant's Rage defy :  
 Soon as Baptiz'd, in Martyrdom expire,  
 And from the *Font* Run joyful to the *Fire*.

With my Inspiring Name their Souls were fill'd,  
 And only breath'd the Doctrines I Instill'd.

To High Preferments call'd in Church or State,  
 True to my Rules they scorn'd the glittering bait,  
 Nor Mounted the World's Stage but with Regret.

Those

Those Hearts that did No Racks nor Tortures shun  
 Wou'd from a *Mitre's* proffer'd Honour Run.  
 Fearless of Pain, and Toil, and Earthly Loss,  
 Thro' Thorns and over Rocks they bore the *Cross*.  
 In Vain did gaping Hell's Artillery play ;  
 Pressing to Heav'n they forc'd their glorious Way.  
 But when the *Church* her Altars had *Immur'd*,  
 With the Cementing Blood of Saints Secur'd ;  
 When Christen'd Kings had Smooth'd her *Stormy* Face,  
 A Dangerous *Calm* Succeeded in the Place ;  
 A Slack *Indifference* Stagnated the Flood,  
 Deaden'd their Spirits and benumb'd their Blood.  
 The Aidor of their burning *Zeal* decreas'd ;  
 And lagging *Faith* their load of Sins Confess'd.  
 The Mortifying *Monk* grown Debonair  
 Shook off the Ashes, and his Coat of Hair.  
 The Prelate, by Intrigues prefer'd to Place,  
 High Living held to be Sufficient Grace ;  
 A Cross and Mitre, painted on his Coach,  
 Virtue Enough to Silence All Reproach.  
*Humility* to Stalking *Pride* gave Way ;  
 And in the \* Frock's foul Grease *Ambition* lay.

Then

---

\* Frock. A Monk's Habit.

Then Discord soon the Ties of Love Unbound,  
 And to my Sacred Cloysters Entrance found.  
*There* with my Wealth she Built her Strongest Forts,  
 Drag'd all my Subjects to Litigious Courts ;  
 In Vain my bended Knees her Steps prevent ;  
 Under *my Banners* March'd this Insolent.

False Teachers next, in Numerous Crouds Arise,  
 To fill the Measure of my Miseries.

Then Dangerous Heresies began their Reign,  
 And Execrable Maxims craz'd the Brain.

‘ That ’tis Enough, to *Dread* the Pow’r Above,  
 ‘ And *Servile Fear’s* prefer’d to *Filial Love*.

‘ That *God* Necessitates the Doing Ill,  
 ‘ By pre-determining his Creatures Will.

‘ That *Reason* is the only Sovereign Queen,  
 ‘ And *Faith* no Evidence of things not seen.

*Church-Champions* Me with formal Lips address,  
 And at my Feet for Absolution press.

Pure to the *Outward Eye*, but Foul *Within*,  
 Place all their Virtue in *Confessing Sin*.

Chas’d by these Trait’rous Black Attempts, I fled ;  
 Propitious Heaven my Exil’d Progress led,

To



To seek a Calm Retreat, a Halcyon Cell,  
 Where Deadly Cold and Freezing Vapours dwell.  
 Those Hills with everlasting Ice Confin'd,  
 Where *Winter* never yet to *Spring* Resign'd.  
 Ev'n *There* the News of my Misfortunes flew,  
 My Fears return'd, and old Wounds bled anew.  
 This Day too faithfully a Voice I heard,  
 Fraught with D<sup>is</sup>trous News I little fear'd.  
 That *Temple* ; where a King of \* *Holy* Name,  
 Devoted all his Toils, and Fruits of Fame,  
 Whose Pompous Form, and Wealth Immense reveal  
 The flowing Grandeur of the *Founder's* Zeal,  
 Lo! now with Lux'ry fill'd, and foul Debate!  
 Boundless their Pride, Implacable their Hate.  
*Honour* and *Duty*, Empty Sounds, are fled ;  
 While *Tyranny* Erects her *Hydra-Head*.  
 And wilt thou, *Sister*, with indiff'rent Eyes  
 Behold their Malice, and my Cause despise ?  
 And shall this *Temple*, to my Glory rais'd,  
 Where thronging *Poet'rys* Once *Ador'd* and *Prais'd* ;  
 Shall it be fill'd with *Sacrilegious* War ?  
 For *Combatants* the shameful *Theater* ?

Oh

---

\* *St. Louis*, founder of the *Holy Chapel*.

Oh No! at length let thy sworn Vengeance burst!

*Impunity* too long their Crimes has Nurst.

Arise then, *Themis*, shake thy flaming Rod;

Absolve the *Heav'ns*, and Vindicate a *God!*

Thus to her Sister spoke the Plaintive *Dame*;

*Grace* kindling in her Eyes *Æthereal* Flame.

*Themis* Assures an undefer'd Redress;

With Cordial Speech thus Chearing her Distress.

Dear, Holy Sister, Thou whose Ears and Eyes

Were Never shut to Other's Miseries;

But still with thy Officious Helpful Hands,

Hast wip'd away their Tears, and loos'd their Bands.

Why dost thou Sorrow thus without Relief?

And give thy Heavenly Charms a Prey to Grief?

Swell not those Beauteous Eyes with Causeless Tears,

Nor Entertain Anticipating Fears.

What if thy lukewarm Subject's Ardor Cools,

Warp'd by a prosp'rous Sun-shine from thy Rules?

On an Eternal Rock thy *Church* is built,

And Fortified with Blood of *Martyrs* spilt.

Tho' *Hell* its firm Foundations should assail,

Yet never shall the Gates of *Hell* prevail.

Midst

Midst all the Show'rs of persecuting Darts,  
 Thy Name still Cherish'd lives in *Faithful* Hearts.  
 Yes ; In this very Place, now up in Arms  
 To Crush Thee, and Dishonour all thy Charms,  
 Thou shalt Return ; Their fierce Debates shall Cease,  
 The Storm be hush'd, and all Compos'd to Peace.  
 Lo, yon Vast *Dome*, by Mortals much Rever'd,  
 Where suppliant *Clients* at *all Hours* are heard !  
 There sits a Matchless Man, and bears in State  
 My Honourable *Purple's* Pompous Weight.  
 For *Me*, his Valuable Health Impairs ;  
 Nor does the lab'ring Sun see half *His* Cares.

*Aristus* He————

By *Heav'n* and *Heaven's* Vicegerent justly chose  
 To Rule my *Balance*, and Dispence my *Laws*.  
 Now on my Throne, by *Him* confirm'd, I see,  
 The *Bench* redeem'd, and rescu'd *Bar* set free  
 From Hostile Arts of howling *Chicanry*.  
 Fair *Truth* invited by his friendly Aid,  
 Returns assur'd, and lifts her chearful Head ;  
 At foul *Imposture's* Name she shakes no more ;  
 But Triumphs o'er the Fiend she fear'd before.

Inhuman

Inhuman *Guardians* now no longer dare  
Prey on the *Orphan*, and devour their Care.

But wherefore do I vainly thus Aspire  
To paint the Man thou Know'st, and All admire ?  
*Aristus* is thy Work, his Image *thine*,  
'Twas Thou that Form'd him, like thy self, Divine,  
And brooding o'er the Infant's tender Shell,  
Gave him in Spotless Merit to Excel.  
Thy Lessons with the early Milk Imbib'd,  
Are nobly in his Nervous Sense describ'd.  
His Soul thus fir'd with thy *Cælestial* Flame,  
Ne'er made one base degen'rate Step to Shame.  
His hardy Zeal, for Useful Action made,  
Ne'er rusted in the dark *Monastic* Shade.

Haste, Sister, and the Godlike Man address ;  
His Op'ning Gates thy Presence will confess.  
All know thee There, for All thy Laws observe,  
And *Imitate* the pious Man they *Serve*.  
One Glance from *Thee* will pierce his inmost Soul,  
Which *Love*, nor *Fear*, nor *Hatred* can Controul.  
Thy Aspect's Silent Rhetoric shall gain  
What Earth-born Eloquence may Ask in vain.

Thus

Thus *Themis* spoke. Her Sister's ravish'd Ears  
 Blest the sweet Music that allay'd her Fears ;  
 Then wing'd with Joy, she to *Aristus* flies,  
 And Obvious to his *Intellectual* Eyes  
 The *Goddeſs* thus bespoke her faithful Friend ;  
 In vain thy Courage and thy *Zeal* contend  
 To Justify my Cause, and Rights Defend ;  
 If Impious *Discord* \* at thy *Doors* presume  
 Thus to insult me and my Throne assume.  
 Within those Walls, once Holy and Renown'd,  
 (Strangers to Every inharmonious Sound)  
 Poison'd by *Discord's* stimulating Rage,  
 Two mighty Pow'rs in adverse Arms Engage.  
 With Cruel Feuds my Altars they profane,  
 While *Piety* exalts her Voice in vain.  
 Thou then, to whom th' Oppress'd for Aid appeal,  
 Do thou their sharp *Religious* Ulcers heal.  
 Save *Me* from splitting on these dangerous Shelves ;  
 Save *Them*, *Aristus*, Save 'em from *Themselves* !  
 She spoke ; the Hero leaves, and sinks in Air.  
 A while he lay in *Extasie* of Pray'r :

G

All

---

\* The Chappel was near Mr. Lamoignon's Palace.  
 Mr. Lamoignon (the *Aristus* of Boileau) was Premier President;  
 a Place of Law and Equity 100.



All cover'd o'er with Flames divinely bright,  
He Own'd the lovely Virgin's *Heavenly* Light.

And now recover'd from the dazzling View,  
Convenes the *Prelate* and the *Chanter* too :

But, O my *Muse*, in this Sublimer Part  
*Aid* my faint *Spirit* and *Inspire* my *Art* !

Unequal I, to sing the Man, or tell  
How by his Mighty Art fierce *Discord* fell.

What *Godlike* Cares, And what *Herculean* Toils  
He pass'd, to Reconcile the *Church's* Broils :

*Thou* rather, who the mighty Cure Apply'd,  
And broke their Stubborn *Sacerdotal* Pride,

Inform the list'ning Age what Wond'rous Skill  
Suppl'd the *Chanter's* Heart and Cool'd his Zeal.

*Thou* Know'st, by what prevailing Council wrought,  
With his own Hands th' invidious *Desk* he brought ;

And how the *Prelate*, pleas'd with his *Devour*,  
Soon sent it back and banish'd it the *Choir*.

Speak *Thou* these Miracles ; I've done my Part,  
And spun out Eighteen Hundred Lines by Art.

Nor let the Man's Attempt be rashly damn'd,  
Who from a Simple *Desk* a Second *Iliad* fram'd.

Still

Still burns the *Muse* to speak the *Hero's* Praise ;  
 And with *Thy* Name immortalize her Lays.  
 But when she Measures the Transcendant Height,  
 Her feeble Wings Decline the dangerous Flight.  
 The trembling Sounds are dash'd upon her Tongue,  
 And *Admiration* interdicts her Song.  
 So in the famous *Hall* where *Themis* sways,  
 And re-inthron'd by *Thee* exerts her Rays,  
 A Youth, who fain wou'd to the *Bar* proceed,  
 And from a *Hearing-Counsil* Call'd to Plead,  
 At length, Surrounded with *Black Gowns* and *Fears*,  
 The Aukward Wrestler at the *Bar* appears ;  
 Entring the Lists, his *Virgin-Motion* makes ;  
 But soon the Oil his fault'ring Tongue forfakes.  
*Thy* Awful Presence Thunder-strikes his Sense,  
 And Disarrays his Puny Eloquence.  
 The blushing *Orator* Attempts in vain,  
 The Thred of his Distracted Speech to gain.  
 On the *last* Word tenaciously he Dwells,  
 And lengthens out the bashful Syllables.  
 Paining the Court with Passions not their own,  
 He Stammers, Pauses, Stops, and Speechless grown,  
 With Shame Oppress'd young *Cicero* plunges down.

---



---

T H E

# Art of Poetry.

I N

Four *CANTO's*.

---

*CANTO I.*

**R** A S H Author, 'tis a vain Presumptuous Crime  
To undertake the Sacred Art of Rhyme ;

\* If at thy Birth the Stars that rul'd thy Mind  
Shone adverse ; of the Unpoetic kind,  
Thy Want of Genius soon shall be betray'd ;  
*Phæbus* prove deaf, and *Pegasus* a Jade.

You whom the Muse's Syren-charms invite  
To tempt an untry'd Sea and Dang'rous Flight,

Forbear

---

\* *Hor. Art. Poet. vers. 385.*  
Tu nihil invita dices faciesve Minerva.

1945

ATTORNEYS: [Illegible]

To front of Art of Poetry.



H. Hulstbergh Sculp



Forbear in fruitless Verse to lose your time,  
 Or take for Genius the desire of Rhyme :  
 Fear the Allurements of a specious Bait,  
 And well consider your own Force and Weight.

Nature abounds in every kind of Wit,  
 And to each Author does a Talent Fit.  
 One may in Verse describe an Amorous Flame,

Another sharpen a short Epigram :

\* *Prior* a Hero's mighty Acts extol ;

*Congreve* write Comedy and Pastoral :

But Authors who themselves too much esteem,  
 Lose their own Genius, and mistake their Theme ;  
 Thus in times past † *Dubartas* vainly Writ,  
 And mingl'd Sacred Truth with trifling Wit,  
 Impertinently, and without delight,  
 Describ'd the *Israelites* Triumphant Flight,  
 And following *Moses* o're the Sandy Plain,  
 Perish'd with *Pharaoh* in th' *Arabian* Main.

Whate're you write of Pleasant or Sublime,  
 Always let Sense accompany your Rhyme :  
 Vainly they seem two different ways to draw,  
 Rhyme must be made to close with Reason's Law.

---

\* *Carmen saculare*, &c. † *Dubartas* Translated by Sylvester.

And when to conquer her you bend your Force,  
 The Mind will Triumph in the Noble Course ;  
 To Reason's Yoke she quickly will incline,  
 Which, far from hurting, renders her Divine :  
 But, if neglected, will as quickly stray,  
 And master Reason, which she should Obey.

Love Reason then : and let what e're you Write  
 Borrow from her its Beauty, Worth and Light.

Most Writers, mounted on a resty Muse,  
 Extravagant, and Senseless Objects chuse ;  
 They Think they err, if in their Verse they fall  
 On any Thought that's Plain, or Natural :  
 Fly this Excess ; and let *Italians* be  
 Vain Authors of false glitt'ring Poësie ;  
 All ought to aim at Sense ; but most in vain  
 Strive the hard Pass and slipp'ry Height to gain :  
 You're lost, if you the right or left prefer ;  
 Reason has but one way, and cannot Err.

Sometimes an Author fond of his own Thought,  
 Pursues his Object till 'tis over-wrought :  
 If he describes a House, he shews the Face,  
 And after walks you round from place to place ;

Here

Here is a *Vista*, There the Doors unfold,  
 Balconies here are Ballustred with Gold ;  
 Then counts the Rounds and Ovals in the Hall,  
 \* *The Freeze the Festoon and the Astragal* :  
 Tir'd with his tedious Pomp, away I run,  
 And skip o're twenty Pages to be gone.  
 Of such Descriptions the vain Folly see,  
 And shun their barren Superfluity.  
 All that is needless carefully avoid,  
 The Mind once satisfi'd, is quickly cloy'd :  
 He cannot Write, who knows not to give o're ;  
 † To mend one Fault, he makes a hundred more :  
 A Verse was weak, you turn it much too strong,  
 || And grow Obscure, for fear you should be Long.  
 Some are not Gaudy, but are Flat and Dry ;  
 Not to be low, another soars too high.  
 Would you of every one deserve the Praise ?  
 In Writing, vary your Discourse, and Phrase ;

G 4

A

---

\* *Verse of Scudery.*

† In Vitium ducit culpæ fuga, si caret Arte. *Ibid. Vers. 31.*

|| *Ibid. verse 25.*

— Brevis esse laboro,  
 Obscurus fio ; sectantem levia, nervi  
 Deficiunt, animiq; profusus grandia, turgeat,  
 Serpit humi tutus nimium, timidusq; procellæ.

88      *The* ART of POETRY.

A frozen Stile, that neither Ebbs or Flows,  
Instead of pleasing, makes us gape and doze.  
Those tedious Authors are esteem'd by none  
Who tire us, Humming the same heavy Tone.  
Happy, who in his Verse can gently steer,  
From Grave, to Light; from Pleasant to Severe:  
His Works, where-ever found, the World admires,  
\* And *Curll* and *Sanger* shall be teiz'd with Buyers.  
In all you Write, be neither Low nor Vile:  
The meanest Theme may have a proper Stile.  
The dull Burlesque appear'd with Impudence,  
And pleas'd by Novelty, in Spite of Sense.  
All except trivial Points, grew out of date;  
*Parnassus* spoke the Cant of *Belinsgate*:  
Boundless and Mad, disorder'd Rhyme was seen:  
Disguis'd *Apollo* chang'd to *Harlequin*.  
This Plague, which first in Country Towns began,  
Cities and Kingdoms quickly over-ran;  
The lowdest Scriblers some Admirers found,  
† And our *Mock-Virgil* was a while renown'd:

But

---

\* In the Original, M. Boileau names his Bookseller Barbin.  
† Cotton's *Virgil Travesty*. M. Boileau, in the Original, reflects upon M. Daffoucy who translated Ovid's *Metamorphosis* into Doggrel Verse.

But this low stuff the Town at last despis'd,  
 And scorn'd the Folly that they once had priz'd,  
 For Wit and Nature had a just regard,  
 And left the *Country* to admire *Ned Ward*.

Let not so mean a Stile your Muse debase ;  
 But learn from *Garth* the true Satiric grace :  
 And let Burlesque in Ballads be employ'd ;  
 Yet noisy Bumbast carefully avoid,

Nor think by loud tempestuous Phrase to Rise,

\* *Exploded Thunder tears th' embowell'd Skies.*

† Nor with *Sylvester*, bridle up the Floods,

*And Periwig with Snow the bald-pate Woods.*

Chuse a right Key ; be Grave without constraint,

Great without Pride, and Lovely without Paint :

Write what your Reader may be pleas'd to hear ;

And, for the Measure, have a careful Ear.

On easy Numbers fix your happy choice ;

Of jarring Sounds avoid the odious noise :

The fullest Verse and the most labour'd Sense,

Displease us, if the Ear once take Offence.

Our ancient Verse, (as homely as the Times,)

Was rude, unmeasur'd, only Tagg'd with Rhimes :

Number

---

\*Verse in Pr. Arthur. † Verse of Sylvester's Translation of Dubartas.



Number and Cadence, that have Since been Shown,  
To those unpolish'd Writers were unknown.

*Chaucer* was he, who, in that Darker Age,  
By Nature's Rules restrain'd Poetic Rage ;

*Spencer* did next in Pastorals excel,

And taught the Noble Art of Writing well :

To stricter Rules the Stanza did confine,

And found for Poetry a richer Mine.

Then *D'Avenant* came ; who, with a new found Art,

Chang'd all, spoil'd all, and had his way apart :

His haughty Muse all others did despise,

And thought in Triumph to bear off the Prize,

Till the Sharp-sighted Critics of the Times

In their Mock-*Gondibert* expos'd his Rhimes ;

The Lawrels he assum'd they did refuse,

And dash'd the hopes of his aspiring Muse.

This head-strong Writer, falling from on high,

Made following Authors take less Liberty.

*Waller* came last, but was the first whose Art

Just Weight and Measure did to Verse impart ;

Who of a well-plac'd Word could teach the Force,

And shew for Poetry a nobler Course :

His

His happy Genius our rough Tongue refin'd,  
 And easie Words with pleasing Numbers joyn'd ;  
 His flowing Verses in good method Rang'd,  
 And to soft Harmony harsh Discord Chang'd.  
 His Laws which have with long Success been try'd,  
 To present Authors now may be a *Guide*.  
 Tread boldly in his Steps, secure from Fear,  
 And be like him, in your Expressions, clear.  
 If in your loistring Verse your Sense decays,  
 My Patience tires, and my Attention strays,  
 And from your vain Discourse I turn my mind,  
 Nor search an Author difficult to find.  
 There is a kind of Writer pleas'd with Sound,  
 Whose Fustian Head with Clouds is compass'd round,  
 No Reason can disperse 'em with its Light ;  
 Learn then to Think e'er you pretend to Write.  
 \* As are Our Sentiments Obscure or Clear,  
 So will our Diction Bright or Dull appear,  
 What we conceive, with ease we can express ;  
 Words to the Notions flow with readines.

Observe

---

\* *Ibid. Verse 311.*  
 Verbaque provisam rem non invita sequentur.

Observe the Language well in all you Write,  
And swerve not from it in your loftiest flight.

The smoothest Verse, and the exactest Sense  
Displease us if bad *English* give Offence:

A barb'rous Phrase no Reader can approve ;

Nor Bombast, Noise, or Affectation love.

Without true Style, the Labours of the Muse,

Can neither Profit or Delight produce.

\* Take Time for thinking ; never work in haste ;

And value not your self for writing fast.

A rapid Poem, with such Fury writ,

Shews want of Judgment, not abounding Wit.

More pleas'd we are to see a River lead

His gentle Streams along a flow'ry Mead,

Than from high Banks to hear loud Torrents roar,

With foamy Waters on a Muddy Shore.

Gently make haste, of Labour not afraid ;

Consider twenty Times of what you've said.

Polish, repolish, every Colour lay,

And sometimes add ; but oft'ner take away.

'Tis

---

\* *Ibid.* vers. 292.

— Carmine reprehendite, quod non  
Multa dies & multa litura coeruit, atque  
Præ seum decies non castigavit ad unguem.

'Tis not enough, when swarming Faults are writ,  
 That here and there are scatter'd Sparks of Wit ;  
 Each Object must be fix'd in the due Place,  
 And diff'ring Parts have Corresponding Grace :  
 Till, by a curious Art dispos'd, we find  
 \* One perfect whole, of all the Pieces join'd.  
 Keep to your Subject close, in all you say ;  
 Nor for a sounding Sentence lose the Way.  
 The publick Censure for your Writings fear,  
 And to your self be Critic most severe.  
 Fantastic Wits their darling Follies love ;  
 But find you faithful Friends that will reprove,  
 That on your Works may look with careful Eyes,  
 And of your Faults be zealous Enemies :  
 Lay by an Author's Pride, be never Vain,  
 Esteem a Friend ; the Flatterer disdain  
 Who seems to like, but means not what he says :  
 Embrace true Council, but suspect false Praise.

A

---

\* *Ibid. Vers. 152.*

Primo ne medium, medio ne discrepet imum.

— Sit quodvis simplex dumtaxat & unum.

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

Re-

---

† *Ibid. Vers. 426.*

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

\* *Ibid. Vers. 438.*

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



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

Thus 'tis a faithful Friend will freedom use;  
But Authors, partial to their Darling Muse,  
Think, to protect it, they have just Pretence,  
And at your Friendly Council take Offence.  
*Said you of this, that the Expression's flat?*

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

He answers you. ' This word has here no Grace,  
' Pray leave it out: *That, Sir's the proper'st Place.*

' This Turn I like not: 'Tis approv'd by all.  
Thus resolute not from a Fault to fall,  
If there's a Syllable of which you doubt,  
'Tis his sure Reason *not* to blot it out.

Yet still he says *you may his Faults confute,*  
*And over him your Pow'r is absolute:*

But of his feign'd Humility take heed;  
'Tis a Bait lay'd, to make you hear him read:  
And when he leaves you, happy in his Muse,  
Restless he runs some other to abuse,  
And often finds; for in our scribbling times  
No Fool can want a Sot to praise his Rhymes:

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

---

## CANTO II.

**A**S on a gaudy Day, Some Sheperdes  
 Does not her Head with Sparkling Diamonds  
 Drefs ;

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

*PAN*

*PAN* Fly's Alarm'd, into the neighb'ring Woods,  
 And frighted Nymphs dive down into the Floods.  
 Another, in an abject clownish Style,  
 Makes Shepherds speak a Language base and vile :  
 His stupid Writings most profoundly creep,  
 Barren of Wit ; Provocatives of Sleep.  
 You'd swear *Tom Durfy*, in his Rustic Strains,  
 Was Quav'ring to the Milkmaids and the Swains.  
 Changing without Respect to Sound or Dress  
*Strephon* and *Phyllis*, into *Tom* and *Bess*.  
 Twixt these Extremes 'tis hard to please the Town;  
 Read *Virgil*, *Spencer*, Poets of Renown,  
 And Equally avoid the Courtier and the Clown. }  
 Be their soft Lines, by ev'ry Grace inspir'd,  
 Your constant Pattern, practis'd and admir'd.  
 By them alone you'll quickly comprehend  
 How Poets without Shame, may condescend  
 To sing of Gardens, Fields, of Flow'rs and Fruit,  
 To stir up Shepherds, and to tune the Flute,  
 Of Love's Reward to tell the happy Hour,  
*Daphne* a Tree, *Narcissus* made a Flower,

And by what helps the Eclogue you may Raise,

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

This of such Writings is the Nicest Part ;

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

§. The *ELEGY* requires a Nobler Flight ;

Should soar a Higher pitch, but keep in Sight ;

In plaintive *Dirges* and a mournful Stile

With unbound Hair weeps at a Funeral Pile,

It Paints the Lover's Torments, and Delights ;

How the Nymph Flatters, Threatens, and Invites :

But if you wou'd these Raptures well Infuse,

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

I hate those Lukewarm Authors, whose forc'd Fire

In a cold Stile describes a hot Desire,

Who sigh by Rule, and raging in cool Blood

Their sluggish *Muse* whip to an Amorous Mood :

Their Extasies Insipidly they Feign,

And always pine, and fondly hug their Chain,

Adore their Prison, and their Suff'rings bless,

Make Sense and Reason quarrel as they please.

'Twas

---

\* *Virg. Eclog. 4.*

*Si Canimus Sylvas, sylvæ sint Consule dignæ !*

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

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

H 2

Her

---

\* *Hor. Lib. 2. Od. 2.*  
 Facili sævitia negat  
 Quæ poscente magis gaudent eripi.



Her generous Stile will oft at Random Start,

And by a Brave Disorder show her Art.

Unlike those fearful Poets, whose cold Rhyme

In all their Raptures keeps exactest time,

Who Sing th' Illustrious Hero's mighty Praise

(Lean Novelists) by Terms of Weeks and Days ;

Who for a *Poem* do a *Journal* Show,

And tell their Tale like *Holinshhead* or *Stow*.

Who trace their Hero thro' a whole *Campaign*,

And Mark each Circumstance on *Blenheim* Plain.

To these *Apollo*, niggard of his Fire,

Denies a Place in the *Pierian* Chaire.

The Humorous God once took it in his Head

To Plague the scribling Tribe, as some have said ;

And that he might their lab'ring Brains Confound,

For the short *Sonnet* order'd a strict Bound.

Set Rules for the just Measure, and the Time,

The easy running, and alternate Rhyme ;

But, above all, those Licences deny'd

Which in their Writings the lame Sense Supply'd ;

Forbad an useles Line should find a Place,

Or a repeated Word appear with Grace.

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

A hundred Scribling Authors, without Ground  
Believe they have this only Phœnix found :

When yet th' exactest scarce have two or three  
(Among whole Tomes,) from Faults and Censure free.

The rest, but little read, regarded less,  
Are shovel'd to the Pastry from the Press.

Closing the Sense within the measur'd time,  
'Tis hard to fit the Reason to the Rhyme.

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

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

And

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

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

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

H 4

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

Tho' horrid Truths thro' all his Labours Shine,  
 In what he Writes there's something of Divine :  
 \* Whether he Blames the *Caprean* Debauch,  
 Or of *Sejanus* Fall relates th' Approach ;  
 † Or that he makes the trembling Senate come  
 To the stern Tyrant, to receive their Doom ;  
 Or *Roman* Vice in courtest Habits shews,  
 || And Paints an Empress reeking from the Stews :  
 In all he Writes appears a noble Flame ;  
 To imitate such Masters be your Aim.

*Chaucer* alone, fix'd on this solid Base  
 In his old Stile, preserves a pleasant Grace :  
 Too happy, if the Freedom of his Rhymes  
 Offended not the Gusto of our Times.

The *Latin* Writers, Decency reject ;  
 But *English* Readers Challenge our respect,  
 And at immodest Writings take Offence,  
 If clean Expression cover not the Sense.

I love sharp Satire, from Obsceneness free ;  
 Not Impudence that Preaches Modesty :

Our *English*, who in Malice never fail,  
 Hence, in Lampoons and Libels, learnt to Rail ;  
Pleasant

---

\* *Sat* 10. † *Sat*. 4. || *Sat*. 6.



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

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

And furnish'd out a Scene for Master *Settle*.  
 But for one lucky Hit, which chanc'd to please,  
 Let not thy Folly grow to a Disease,  
 Nor think thy self a Wit; for in our Age  
 If a warm Fancy does some Fop ingage,  
 He neither Eats or Sleeps, till he has Writ;  
 But Plagues the World with his Adulterate Wit.  
 Nay, 'tis a wonder, if, in his dire Rage,  
 He Prints not his dull Follies for the Stage;  
 And, in the Front of all his Senseless Plays,  
 Makes \* *David Logan* Crown his Head with Bays.

\* A Graver.

C A N T O

## CANTO III.

**T**Here's not a Monster Bred beneath the Sky  
But, well dispos'd by Art, may please the Eye :

A curious Workman, by his Skill Divine,

From an ill Object makes a good Design.

Thus, to Delight us, *TRAGEDY* in Tears,

Provokes for \* *Oedipus* our Hopes, and Fears :

For Parricide *Orestes* asks Relief ;

And, to encrease our Pleasure, causes Grief.

You then, who in this noble Art would rise,

Come ; and in *lofty* Verse dispute the Prize.

Would you upon the Stage acquire Renown,

And for your Judges Summon all the Town ?

Would you your Works for ever should remain,

And, after Ages past, be sought again ?

In all you Write, observe with Care and Art

To move the Passions, and incline the Heart.

If, in a labour'd Act, the pleasing Rage

Cannot our Hopes and Fears by turns engage,

Nor in our Mind a feeling Pity raise,

In vain with Learned Scenes you fill your Plays :

Your

---

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

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

But

But we, who are by Reason's Rules confin'd,  
 Will, that with Art the Poem be design'd,  
 That Unity of Action, Time, and Place  
 Keep the Stage full, and all your Labours Grace.  
 \* Write not what cannot be with Ease conceiv'd ;  
 Some Truths may be too strong to be Believ'd.  
 A foolish Wonder cannot Entertain :  
 My Mind's not mov'd, if your Discourse be vain.  
 You may *relate*, what would offend the Eye :  
 † *Seeing*, indeed, would better satisfy ;  
 But there are Objects, which a curious Art  
 Hides from the Eyes, yet Offers to the Heart.  
 The Mind is most agreeably surpriz'd,  
 When a well-woven Subject, long Disguis'd,  
 You on a sudden Artfully unfold,  
 And give the whole another Face, and Mould.

At

---

\* *Ibid. Vers. 338.*

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

† *Ibid. Vers. 108.*

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

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

Ingag'd

---

\* *Ibid. Vers. 275.*

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

† *Ibid. Vers. 220.*

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

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



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

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

Let

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

In

---

\* *Ibid.* Vers. 119.

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

In a Romance those Errors are excus'd:  
 There 'tis enough that, Reading, we're amus'd:  
 Rules too severe wou'd then be uselefs found;  
 But the strict *Scene* must have a juster bound:  
 Exact Decorum we must always find.  
 If then you form some Hero in your Mind,  
 Be sure your Image with it self agree;  
 For what he first appears he still must be.  
 Affected Wits will naturally incline  
 To paint their Figures by their own Design:  
 Your Bully Poets, Bully Heroes write;  
*Chapman*, in *Buffy D'Ambois* took Delight,  
 And thought Perfection was to Huff and Fight.  
 § \* Wise Nature by Variety does please;  
 Cloath diff'ring Passions, in a diff'ring Dress:  
 Bold Anger, in rough haughty Words appears;  
 Sorrow is humble, and dissolves in Tears.

Make

---

\* *Ibid.* Vers. 105.

——— Tristia mœstum

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

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

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

I

To

† *Ibid. Vers. 95.*

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

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

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

§. But the HEROIC claims a Loftier Strain.

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

'Tis



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

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

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

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

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

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

Sometimes, the Name being well or ill apply'd,  
Will the whole Fortune of your Work decide.

Would you your Reader never should be tir'd ?

Chuse some great Hero, fit to be admir'd,

In Courage Signal, and in Virtue Bright,

Let ev'n his very Failings give Delight ;

Let his great A&ctions our Attention bind ;

Like *Cesar*, or like *Scipio*, Frame his Mind,

And not like *Oedipus's* perjur'd Race ;

A Vulgar Conqueror is a Theme too Base.

Chuse not your Tale of Incidents too full :

Too much Variety may make it dull ;

*Achilles* Rage alone, when wrought with Skill,

Abundantly does a whole *Iliad* fill.

Be your *Narrations* lively, short, and Smart ;

In your *Descriptions* show your Noblest Art :

There 'tis your Poetry may be employ'd ;

Yet you must Trivial Circumstance avoid.

Nor imitate that Fool, who, to describe

The wondrous Marches of the Chosen Tribe,

Plac'd on the Sides, to see their Armies Pass,

\* *The Fishes staring through the Liquid Glass ;*

Describ'd

---

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

Describ'd a Child, *who with his little Hand,*

*Pick'd up the shining Pebbles from the Sand.*

Such Objects are too mean to stay our Sight ;

Allow your Work a just and Nobler Flight,

\* Be your beginning Plain ; and take good heed  
Too soon you Mount not on the Fiery Steed :

Nor tell your Reader, in a Thund'ring Verse,

† *The Conqueror of Conquerors I Rehearse.*

What can an Author after this Produce ?

*The lab'ring Mountain must bring forth a Mouse.*

Much better are we pleas'd with his † Address

Who, without making such vast Promises,

Says, in an easier Style and Plainer Sense,

“ *I Sing the Combats of that Pious Prince*

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

“ *And landed first on the Lavinian Shore.*

I 4

His

---

\* *Ibid. Verse 136.*

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

† *The first line of Scuderies Alaric.*

‖ *Virgil's Æneids.*



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

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

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

His

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

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

*Virgil,*

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

\* From the Success which *Tragic* Writers found,  
 In *Athens* first was *Comedy* Renown'd.

Th' Abusive *Grecian* there, by Pleasing ways,  
 Dispers'd his natural Venom in his Plays :  
 Wisdom, and Virtue, Honour, Wit, and Sense,  
 Were Subject to Buffooning Insolence :  
 Poets were Publicly approv'd, and fought,  
 Who Vice extol'd, and Virtue set at Naught ;

And

\* *Ibid.* Verse 281.  
 Successit vetus huic Comœdia, non sine multa  
 Laude ; sed in vitium libertas excidit & vim  
 Dignam lege regi ; lex est accepta, chorusque  
 Turpiter obticuit.

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

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

A

---

\* *Vid. Nub. Com. Aristophan.*

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

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

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

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

Vain

\* *Ibid. Verse 156.*

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

† *Verse 161.*

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



Vain in Discourse, inconstant in Desire.

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

The *manly Age* does steadier Thoughts enjoy;

Power, and Ambition do his Soul Employ :

Against the Turns of Fate he sets his Mind ;

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

*Decrepit Age*, still adding to his Stores,

For others Heaps the Treasure he Adores.

In all his Actions keeps a frozen Pace ;

Past Times extols, the Present to debase ;

Incapable of Pleasures Youth abuse ;

In others Blames, what Age does him refuse.

Your Actors must by Reason be Control'd ;

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

Observe the Town, and Study well the Court ;

For thither various Characters resort :

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

And in his Art had Born away the Crown ;

If less desirous of the Peoples Praise,

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

Mixing dull Ribaldry with Wit refin'd,

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

When

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

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

## CANTO IV.

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

In

In his New Country House affords him Place,

'Twas a rich *Abbot*, and a building *Ass.*

Here first in Play the Doctor's Talent came,

Who seem'd to Rival \* *Wren's* immortal Fame.

Of this new *Portico* condemns the Face,

And turns the Entrance to a better Place ;

Designs the Stair-case at the other End.

His Friend approves, does for his *Mason* send,

He comes ; The Doctor's Arguments prevail.

In short, to finish this our hum'rous Tale,

He *Galen's* dang'rous Science does reject,

And from ill *Doctor* turns good *Architect.*

In this Example we may have our Part:

Rather be *Mason*, ('tis an useful Art !)

Than a dull Poet ; for that Trade accurst,

Admits no Mean betwixt the Best and Worst.

In other Sciences, without Disgrace

A Candidate may fill a second Place ;

But Poetry no Medium can admit,

No Reader suffers an indiff'rent Wit.

The Ruin'd Stationers against him baul,

And Fragrant *Jacob* kicks him from his Stall.

*Burlesque,*

\* *Sir Christopher Wren, the Architect.*

*Burlesque*, at least our Laughter may Excite ;

But a cold Writer never can Delight.

\* *Grub's* Ballad has, by much, more Wit and Art,

Than the stiff Formal Style of *Gondibert*.

Be not affected with that empty Praise

Which your vain Flatterers will sometimes raise,

And when you read, with Extasie will say,

*The finish'd Piece ! The Admirable Play !*

Which, when expos'd to Censure and to Light,

Cannot endure a Critic's piercing Sight.

A Hundred Authors Fates have been foretold ;

And *Ogilby* is Printed, but not Sold.

Hear all the World ; consider every Thought ;

A Fool by Chance may Stumble on a Fault :

Yet, when *Apollo* does your Muse inspire,

Be not Impatient to expose your Fire ;

Nor Imitate the *Motteu's* of our Times,

Those Tuneful Readers of their own dull Rhymes,

Who Seize on all th' Acquaintance they can meet,

And stop the Passengers that Walk the Street ;

You can no Church, no Monastery Chuse,

To Shelter you from their pursuing Muse.

K

I've

---

\* *St. George for England.*



I've said before, be Patient when they Blame ;  
To alter for the better is no Shame.

Yet yield not to a Fool's Impertinence :

Sometimes Conceited *Sceptics* void of Sense,  
By their false Taste condemn some finish'd Part,  
And Blame the noblest Flights of Wit and Art.

In vain their fond Opinions you Deride ;

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

And their weak Judgment, void of Sense and Light,  
Thinks nothing can escape their feeble Sight :

Their dang'rous Counsels do not Cure, but Wound ;  
To shun the Storm, they run your Verse a ground ;  
And thinking to escape a Rock, you're Drown'd. }

Chuse a Sure Judge to Censure what you Write,  
Whose Reason leads, and Knowledge gives you Light,  
Whose steady Hand will prove your Faithful Guide,  
And touch the darling Follies you wou'd hide :

He, in your Doubts, will carefully Advise,

And clear the Mist before your partial Eyes.

'Tis he will tell you, to what Noble Height

A generous Muse may sometimes take her Flight ;

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

May from her Stricter Bounds and Limits Part :

But

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

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

\* In Prudent Lessons every where abound ;  
 With Pleasant, joyn the Useful and the Sound :  
 A Sober Reader, a vain Tale will flight ;  
 He seeks as well Instruction, as Delight.

Let all your Thoughts to Virtue be confin'd,  
 Still off'ring Noble Figures to the Mind :  
 I Love not those loose Writers, who Employ  
 Their guilty Muse, good Manners to Destroy ;  
 Who with false Colours still deceive our Eyes,  
 And show us Vice dress'd in a fair Disguise.

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

K 2

The

---

\* *Ibid.* Vers. 341.

Centuriæ seniorum agitant expertia frugis, &c.  
 Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci,  
 Lectorem delectando pariterque monendo.

† *The Cid.* Translated into English.

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



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

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

The

---

\* *Ibid. Vers. 391.*

Sylvestres homines facer interpresque Deorum  
 Cædibus & victu sædo deterruit Orpheus :  
 Dictus ab hoc lenire tigres, rapidosque Leones,  
 Dictus & Amphion Thebanæ conditur arcis,  
 Saxa movere sono testudinis, & præcè blanda  
 Ducere quod vellet.

*inductor*



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

K 4

Takes

---

——— Neque enim cantare sub antro  
 Pierio, thyrsūve potest contingere mœsta  
 Paupertas, atque æris inops, quo nocte dieque  
 Corpuseget, satur est, cum clamat Horatius, Evoc.  
 Juvenal. Sat. viii. Vers. 59.

*Takes little Pleasure in Parnassus Dreams,*

*Or relishes the Heliconian Streams:*

*Horace had Ease and Plenty when he writ,*

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

*Did not expect his Dinner from his Wit.*

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

And now none famish who deserve to eat:

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

Receive the Stars propitious Influence;

When an Indulgent Queen, by early Grants

Rewards your Merits and prevents your Wants?

Sing then her Glory, Celebrate her Fame;

Your noblest Theme is her Immortal Name.

Let mighty *Spencer* raise his reverend Head,

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

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

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

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

And his great Models form by this Design:

But where's a second *Virgil* to rehearse

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

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

And make the Hills and Forests move again;

Show

Show her bold Navy on the *Celtic* Shore,  
 And *Gallia* trembling when her Cannons roar ;  
 Paint *Europe's* Balance in Her steady Hand,  
 Whilst the two Worlds in Expectation stand  
 Of Peace or War, that wait on her Command ?  
 But as I speak, new Glories strike my Eyes,  
 Glories bestow'd by Heav'n, as Valour's Prize ;  
 Blessings of Peace ; that with their milder Rays  
 Adorn her Reign, and bring *Saturnian* Days.  
 Now let Rebellion, Discord, Vice and Rage,  
 That have in Patriots Forms debauch'd our Age,  
 Vanish with all the Ministers of Hell ;  
 Her Rays their Poys'nous Vapors shall dispel :  
 'Tis She alone our Safety did create ;  
 Her own firm Soul secur'd the Nation's Fate,  
 Oppos'd to all th' Incendiaries of State.  
*Authors*, for Her your great Endeavours raise ;  
 The loftiest Numbers will but reach her Praise.  
 For me, whose Verse in Satire has been bred,  
 And never durst *Heroic* Measures tread ;  
 Yet you shall see me, in that famous Field  
 With Eyes and Voice, my best Assistance yield ;

Offer



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

## SATIRE

---

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

## S A T I R E I.

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

But

out



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

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

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

Let

---

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

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

† *Verse 26.*

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



As the Case stands I've nothing else to do,  
No other Counsel's left me to pursue.

\* Let *George* live here, for *George* knows how to live,  
He's a Stanch Rogue, and Rogues are those that Thrive.

The Gold that Jingled on his Counter Board

Is, of a Lackey, like to make a Lord.

And here let *Faquin* live whose Cheats, by far,

Have done more Mischief than a Plague or War ;

Whose Income taken down by Alphabet,

With Ease might make a *Calepin* Complete.

Here, let him if he Pleases, Domineer ;

† I live at *Paris*? What shou'd I do there ?

I don't know how to Feign, Deceive and Lye,

And cou'd not, if I did, so far Comply.

I cannot Bear, if others are so Base,

A Coxcomb's Insolence because he Pays.

I can't the World with flatt'ring Poems tire,

Nor set my Praises and my Verse to Hire.

My Muse for such a Mean Employ's too Proud,

I'm Rustic, Stout, and some may think me Rude.

---

\* Verse 29.

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

† Verse 41.

Quid Romæ faciam ? mentiri nescio.



I can't call any Thing but by it's Name,  
 Or think that to Describe is to Defame:  
 I only speak the Truth, what wou'd you have?

A Cat's a Cat, and *Rolet* is a Knave.

I can't an Am'rous Fop Assist, nor Know  
 How in his Love to serve a lavish Beau:

I do not know the way to Ladies Hearts,  
 I'm unacquainted with those Thriving Arts;  
 I live at *Paris* Poor and Discontent,

Like a Caught Fish out of its Element.

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

But why this Savage Virtue some may say,  
 It tends to Alms, and now is not the Way?

Riches a Lawful Boldness will allow,

A Rich Man may be Stiff, a Poor must Bow.

A Writer who for Indigence declares,  
 May thus Correct Malignity of Stars;

Thus Fortune not to all alike Severe,

† May of a Pedant make a Duke and Peer.

To

\* *Ibid.* Verse 46.

————— Tanquam  
 Mancus & extinctæ corpus non utile dextræ.

† Verse 197.

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



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

The

---

\* *Ibid.* 47.

— *Damnatus Inaqui*  
*Judicio* (quid enim *Salvis Infamia Nummis* ?  
*Exul ab Octava Marius bibit & fruitur Dis*  
*Iratis.*

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



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

What



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

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

L

Shall

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

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

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

Turn o'er the *Institutes*, Thumb *Littleton*,  
 And dragling at my Tail a dirty Gown,  
 Pick up for ev'ry Cause a Double Crown?  
 But at the very Thought I Start, and find  
 The Bar and I, shall ne'er be of a Mind.  
 Can I, in such a Barb'rous Country, Bawl,  
 And Rend with Venal Lungs the Guilty Hall;  
 Where Innocence do's daily Pay the Cost.  
 And in the Labyrinth of Law is Lost;  
 Where Wrong by Tricks and Quirks prevails o'er Right,  
 And Black is by due Form of Law made White.  
 Where *H——s* out nois'd by *D——s* yields the Prize,  
 And *Cicero's* are form'd o'er Mutton Pies?  
 E'er I, a Thought like this can entertain,  
 Frost shall at *Midsummer* congeal the *Seine*;  
 His *Holinefs* shall turn a *Protestant*,  
*Burgefs* wear Lawn, and *Atterbury* Cant.

Hence get thee from this Irksome City far,  
 Where Fortune makes on Worth perpetual War?  
 Where Vice Ufurps the Sway, Exerts her Pow'r,  
 And those that don't Obey her she'll Devour;

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

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

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

“ Where ev'ry Thing I meet with Shocks me---Hold,

“ Such Truths as these are better Thought than Told.

But who can keep his Temper when he sees,

Such Actions, Manners, and such Men as these ?

Who without my Resentment can look on,

And mark the Mortals of this Noble Town ?

One who a *Pegasus* did never Stride,

With ne'er a Muse nor *Phæbus* on his Side,

To Lash this Iron Age might know to Rhyme,

The Subject Needs no Beauty nor Sublime.

He who can't hope to Reach *Parnassus* Top,

Below may do the Business of a Fop,

L 2

Or

---

\* *Regnier has said,*

If Science Poor Contemptible Forlorn,  
Is the Mob's Fable and the Courtier's Scorn.

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

\* Or without Walking in the Sacred Vales,  
 For Indignation Rhymes, if Nature Fails.  
 " 'Tis very Fine, (you say,) you're Angry Grown,  
 " Why all this Preaching, Sir, against the Town ?  
 " Stop; not so fast; and if you'll Preach, Pray mount  
 " The Pulpit, e're you Call it to Account;  
 " It only to the Preachers does belong,  
 " To say what'ere they Please or Right or Wrong;  
 " To Sleep the People by your Sermon Lull,  
 " You can't be well too daring nor too dull.

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

Yet

---

\* *Juvenal Satire I. 79.*

*Si natura negat, facit indignatio versum.*

Good Verses often are by *Choler* made.

*Thus Regnier has translated this Verse of Juvenal.*

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



Yet, when the Tempest rages, lifts his Eyes  
To Heaven and calls on the relenting Skies.  
No sooner comes a Calm he quickly cools,  
And laughs at all Mankind as fearful Fools ;  
Then if you tell him there's a God who guides  
This World and o'er all Human Things presides :  
That there's another Life when this is done,  
He hears you, but will nothing like it own.

As for me, Friend, who ev'n in Health allow,  
That World to be which is his Banter now ;  
Who think the Soul Immortal, and the Noise,  
Of Rolling Thunder, Heaven's tremendous Voice,  
I certainly have nothing here to do ;  
Adieu to *Paris* then, a long Adieu !

S A T I R E

## SATIRE II.

TO M. DE MOLIERE.

**O** Happy Wit. Whose rare and fruitful Vein,  
 In Writing knows no Toil nor anxious Pain :  
 For whom *Apollo* opens ev'ry Store,  
 Shews you his Mines, and helps you to the Oar,  
 Who Sees so well in the Disputes of Wit,  
 Where sometimes to defend and where to hit;  
 Teach me to Rhyme ; to me your Art disclose,  
 And how it from your Pen so freely flows.  
 Sweet Rhymes, whene'er you write, uncall'd attend,  
 And wait your Pleasure at the Verse's End ;  
 They ne'er perplex you, but observe your Pace,  
 And when you want, you find 'em in their Place ;  
 While I, who only by Caprice and Whim,  
 I doubt, am for my Sins condemn'd to Rhyme  
 My Fancy rack on such rude Tasks as these,  
 And Sweat in vain, for what you find with ease.  
 When the Fit takes me thus, from Morn to Night  
 I labour hard, but oft put *Black* for *White*.

Am

Am I to paint an humble, *Priest*, or show  
 A just Example of a well drest *Beau*,  
 Purely for sake of *Profody* and Tag,  
 I put *Sacheverell* and Captain *Rag*.  
 Quote I an Author of the first Degree?  
 Reason's for *DRYDEN*, but the Rhyme for *LEE*.  
 Thus spite of my Endeavors, or my Will,  
 The Humorous Gypsie is against me still.  
 I rage that Rhymes shou'd puzzle me, and grieve,  
 And balk'd, at last the tiresome study Leave,  
 I curse the Sprite, with which I am possess'd,  
 And swear to drive the *Demon* from my Breast.  
 Scarce have I curs't *Apollo* and the Nine,  
 But the Rhyme offers to complete the Line.  
 My Fire re-kindles, I retake my Pen,  
 And spite of all my Curses write again.  
 My Oaths forgot, my Paper I resume,  
 And think from Verse to Verse the Rhyme will come;  
 And if my Muse shou'd in so wild a Fit,  
 A frigid Epithet, or Phrase admit,  
 I shou'd not then without Example be,  
 What Author is there from this Failing free?

If I begin, *Oh Nymph of Race Divine,*  
 I soon can add, *That do's all Nymphs outshine.*  
 If I praise *Phyllis* for a *Thousand Charms,*  
 The next Verse tells, how *She each Swain alarms.*  
 When I'm to talk of *Celia's sparkling Eyes.*  
 Shall I not think of *Stars and glitt'ring Skies?*  
*Celia,* Heav'n's *Master Piece,* *divinely fair,*  
 The Rhyme makes *Celia still without Compare.*  
 With all these shining Words, by Chance compos'd,  
 The Noun and Verb a hundred times transpos'd,  
 All *WALLER* I might make my own with Ease,  
 And without Genius steal him Piece by Piece:  
 But in my Choice of Words I can't dispence  
 With one improper, or which clogs the Sense.  
 I can't allow that an insipid Phrase  
 Shou'd juttle in to fill a vacant place,  
 I write, and add, and rase, and when I've done,  
 'Tis rare that in four Words I suffer one.

Curse on the Man, who in a senseless Fit,  
 To Rhymes and Numbers first confin'd his Wit;  
 And giving to his Words a narrow Bound,  
 Constrain'd the Sense to yield to empty Sound.

Had



Had I ne'er travell'd in such dang'rous Ways,  
 Nor Pains, nor Envy had disturb'd my Days;  
 But o'er my Bottle with a Jest and Song,  
 My pleasant Minutes wou'd have rowl'd along.  
 Like a fat Prebend, Careless and at Ease,  
 Content and Lazy I had liv'd in Peace:  
 Slept well at Night, and loiter'd all the Day,  
 And every Passion I had felt been Gay.

At Court I had not then to Fortune bow'd,  
 But fled the Greatness which deceives the Crowd.  
 Private and Pleasant I had past my Time,  
 Had my curst Stars not Fated me to Rhyme.

From the sad Hour this Frenzy first began,  
 With its black Vapours to perplex my Brain;  
 That some cross *Demon*, jealous of my Ease,  
 Flatter'd my Muse that she with Toil might please.  
 Nail'd to my Works, or adding something new,  
 Or rasing out, or on the strict Review,  
 In this vile Trade I pass my weary Days  
 So ill that *B—re* can my Envy raise.

Oh happy *B—re* Thy prodigious Muse  
 Huge Books of Verse can in a Year produce.

True,

True, Rude and Dull, to some she gives Offence,  
And seems created in Despite of Sense.

Yet for all what the Critic World have said,  
She finds both Sots to print, and Fools to read.

If thy Verse jingle with a lucky Rhyme,  
What matters Reason, first secure the Chime.

Unhappy those who wou'd to Sense confine  
Their Writings, and with Genius Method join ;  
Fools write with Ease, are ne'er for Rhimes perplext,  
Nor ever in the Choice of Phrases vext.

Such, ever fond of what they last brought forth,  
Admire themselves, and wonder at their Worth ;  
While Wits sublime their utmost Fancy stretch,  
To gain the Summit they but seldom reach ;  
Disgusted still, themselves, at what they write,  
With Pain they read, tho' others with Delight.  
They scarce, what all the World applaud, will own,  
And wish for their Repose it was undone.

You then, who see the Ills my Muse endures,  
Shew me a Way to Rhyme, a Way like yours.  
But least I shou'd in vain your Care implore,  
Teach me then, dear *Moliere*, to Rhyme no more.

## S A T I R E III.

**A. W**Hence comes it, Friend, that thou'rt so  
chang'd of late ?

What can this Grave and gloomy Air create ?

Why art thou Paler, than at Quarter Day

A Farmer, who has five or six to pay ?

Where's now the Jolly Look, the double Chin,

The plump hard Flesh that us'd to stretch thy Skin ?

Where's now the livid Blue, the ruby Red ?

With fatning *Ortolans* thou then wert fed,

And us'd rich Bisket stead of hungry Bread.

No glorious Carbuncle adorns thy Face,

When the Wine sparkled there as in the Glas ;

Then ev'ry Eye on thee was cast ; the Sad

When e'er they saw thy honest Face grew glad.

Why now so Melancholly ? has the State

Reform'd the Kitchin by some Law of late ?

Or have the Floods o'er-whelm'd the fruitful Vale

Where thy Vines throve, or do thy Melons fail ?

Something's the Matter ; say, What Cause unknown

Disturbs thee, answer me, or I am gone.

M

P.

P. \* --- For Heav'n's Sake give me Time to breath,

I vow

I ne'er was nearer Pois'ning, than but now.

A Fop has oft invited me to dine,

But I mistrusting some such vile Design

Avoided it, inventing an Excuse.

For what I cou'd not decently refuse.

A Year, he courting, I excusing, past,

But meeting Yesterday he caught me fast,

And cry'd, " To Morrow I expect you ; come ;

" You'll find I do not entertain with Stum ;

" I've fourteen Bottles by me ; right and rare ;

" *Bucingo's* cannot with my Wine compare :

" Mine on the Palate is so bold and dry,

" I *Villandri* and all the Town defy.

" *Moliere* has promis'd to rehearse † *Tartuff*,

" And I have *Lambert's* Word || and that's enough.

" You know him. *How is Lambert to be there ?*

" Yes *Lambert, Sir. To Morrow. Take no Care.*

And

---

\* Horace gives a Description of a ridiculous Entertainment in the 8th Satire of the 11th Book ; but there is hardly any thing in his like this of Mr. Despreaux.

† *Tartuff* was at that Time forbidden to be acted, and every one was fond of having Moliere to hear him rehearse it.

|| *Lambert* the famous Musician was a very honest Fellow, who us'd to promise every body, but never came according to his Promise.



And thus to Day as soon as Mass was done,  
I thither like a Fool vouchsaf'd to run ;  
The Door I scarce had enter'd, e'er my Man  
Came out, embrac'd me, and his Speech began,  
Joy in his Eyes, " I'm glad to see you here,  
" And tho' we've neither *Lambert* nor *Moliere*,  
" You make amends for both, he cries. Walk in,  
" You're wanted and to serve they'll soon begin.  
I saw my Error now, but 'twas too late ;  
So up I follow'd to the Room of State ;  
'Twas very Hot as well as very High,  
And bore the broiling of the Summer Sky ;  
No Shutter cou'd defend our fine Alcove,  
Much hotter than a Bath or burning Stove :  
The Cloth was laid in this delicious Place :  
Of all the Company I knew no Face,  
Except two Country Boobies, nicely bred,  
And in the Learning of Romances read.  
With me, and with themselves in full Content,  
I had all *Cyrris* in a Complement.  
This put me out of Patience till I saw  
The Soup, and on his Spoon each laid his Paw.

A Cock in splendid Equipage appears, ;  
 His State, his Title chang'd ; a new he bears ;  
 The *Cock* which us'd among the Hens to crow,  
 Their Host to Honour is a *Capon* now.  
 Two Dishes next was serv'd of Leaden Hue,  
 In this a Tongue was cookt, a vile Ragon' ;  
 In that a Lumber Pye to dare us stood,  
 And the broad Walls with Oily Butter flow'd ;  
 We sat, but crowded up, and happy he  
 Whose Fortune was to have an Elbow free ;  
 Sideway, and in close Order we were plac'd,  
 And each by Force upon his Neighbour prest ;  
 Judge ye, if posted thus the Feast cou'd please  
 A Man who always loves to sit at Ease,  
 To whom a Throng of People is a Pain,  
 Who ne'er but to have Room had heard *Cassaign* ;  
 Who if he did not love to loll and stretch,  
 Had never seen *Cotin* nor heard him preach.

Our Host thus to the Company address,

“ How like ye Gentlemen the Soup ? D' ye Taft

“ The Citron in't, methinks the Juice does well,

“ The Relish is as grateful as the Smell :

Sweetly

“ Sweetly the *Verjus* and the *Eggs* agree ;  
 “ How say ye ? *Mignot* is the Cook for me, —  
 At *Mignot*’s Name as if with Thunder struck  
 I star’d, for he’s the Devil of a Cook.  
 In *Paris* never was and ne’er will be  
 So great a Poisoner in his Trade as He,  
*Mignot* ! --- I kept my Cholera in my Breast  
 In hopes the Wine would answer for the Rest.  
 For Wine I call’d : A Silver strait was brought  
 With Red, but in a horrid Mixture fraught ;  
 Strong *Auvernal* with *Lignage* join’d ; the same  
 That *Crenet* sells but in a borrow’d Name ;  
 It passes off for *Hermitage* tho’ dead  
 And sweet and of a dull Vermillion Red ;  
 ’Twas flat and pall’d, and when it touch’d my Tongue  
 I found we were alike in all things Wrong.  
 Good store of Water in the Wine I put,  
 To mollify and force the Poyson out ;  
 ’Twas Labour lost, for when I cur’d that Vice,  
 The Heat remain’d and we could get no Ice.  
 No Ice in *June*, thought I, if thus you make  
 Your Feast, the Devil may Feast and Feaster take.

From Table I was oft about to start,  
Scorn their severe Reflections and depart.  
Fantastical and rude or what they pleas'd  
'Twere better to be call'd, than stay the Feast.  
Both *Guests* I was resolv'd to leave and *Host*,  
And just as I was rising came the Roast.  
By six lean Pullets flank'd a Hare appear'd,  
O'er that, their Heads three Household Rabbits rear'd,  
Which from their Infancy in *Paris* bred  
Stunk of the Cabbage still on which they fed.  
Around this Heap of Victuals pil'd ; a String  
Of Larks stuck close together, made a Ring :  
Six Pigeons on the Brim encreas'd the Course,  
As well to grace the Dish as reinforce ;  
Two Sallads on the side stood in Parade,  
Of wither'd Herbs and yellow Purslain made ;  
Which both in Vinegar of Roses Swam ;  
And far the Oil diffus'd it's od'rous Fume.  
The Fools assum'd a different Air, and strait  
They prais'd the Plenty of the Pile, and State.  
My Coxcomb made Grimaces all the while,  
Excusing what was wanting with a Smile.

But

But above all a Sycophant whose Looks  
 Shew'd that he had not much to do with Cooks,  
 A Brother, as he said. of the *Coteau* \*  
 Did most his Praises by his Eating shew.  
 Led by the Scent he comes, and down he sits,  
 And crams it in by Birds and not by Bits.  
 His Band might have been white, for ought I know,  
 And his Wig curl'd some twenty Years ago ;  
 Old now and dirty as they were ; His Mien  
 Was truly merry, shabby, bold and lean.  
 For our Hutch Rabbits he the Warren robs,  
 And our Hen Pigeons are with him young Squabs ;  
 Our Host to flatter he observes his Tone,  
 And to his Look and Air adjusts his own.  
 The Cully on my Plate perceiv'd the Meat  
 Untouch'd, and thought it strange I could not Eat,  
 " You're out of Humour, Sir, he cries, I find  
 " I have not got a Dinner to your Mind.

M 4

Musk,

---

\* This Name of *Coteaux* or Hills, was given to three great Lords  
 who could not agree in their Opinions, as to the Excellence of the Wines  
 which the Hills in the Neighbourhood of Rheims produce. They had  
 each their Partisans.



- " Musk, if you love it, every where you meet ;  
 " Are not these Pullets tender, fat, and sweet ;  
 " These Pigeons plump, upon my Word they're fresh ;  
 " These Rabbits—See how white and soft's the Flesh.  
 " 'Tis tolerable all, you must allow  
 " That *Mignot* has out-done even *Mignot* now.  
 " How fav'ry is the Sauce. The Pepper too  
 " So nice——well nothing gives so fine a *Gou'*.  
 " I'm stor'd, thank Heaven ; and *Pelletier* entire,  
 " For *Wrappers* us'd, has thus escap'd the Fire.

I stood it like the Statue in the Play,

And had not to his Speech a Word to say.

I swallow'd at a Venture, down it went,

I took whate'er I met with by Content,

A like disgusted with the Taste and Scent.

Mean Time the Prater, busy with the Roast,

Found Leisure for a Glas, assum'd the Toast,

And on the Company impos'd our Host :

But all were with the Imposition pleas'd,

For who'd refuse the Glas that was a Guest ?

The Challenge they accepted, round it goes,

And in each Hand the Poys'nous Brimmer flows ;'

The

The Glasses went about, and none cou'd think  
 They wanted rinceing, or be loath to drink ;  
 The Footmens Fingers were too plainly seen  
 For any one to doubt their being clean.

The Brimmers void, and all with Drinking glad,  
 One only look'd dissatisfy'd and fad.

A Song it seems he wish'd; a Song he had :

With a rude Consort then the Chamber rung,  
 And loudly as their Throats cou'd reach they sung.  
 But sure such charming Music ne'er was heard :  
 They stunn'd me with the Noise as well as scar'd.

There a hoarse Base, a squeeking Treble here;  
 Not one of 'em had either Note or Ear ;  
 And yet all this I with the rest must bear.

A meagre Gammon loaded next the Board  
 And soon as seen ----- *Westphalia* was the Word.

The Valet as he brings it gravely treads,  
 As when Vice-Chancellor the Doctors heads,  
 And the sage Troop to Convocation leads.

Two greasy Scullions next attend in State,  
 Each bearing in his lifted Hand a Plate ;  
 In this were Sweet-breads and Champignons stow'd,  
 Green Pease in that, with Water over-flow'd;

Two

Two Napkins round their Waste in order tuckt  
 Hinted by whom this Noble Feast was cook't.  
 So fine a Show surpriz'd each Gaping Guest,  
 And Joy was double now in every Breast,  
 But presently the Troop, of Noise so full,  
 Begin to argue and grow gravely dull.  
 They regulate the Interest of the State ;  
 And most, what least they understand, debate :  
 Correct our Politics, the Court reform,  
 And for another War, the Nation, Arm.  
 They beat the Britains, and the Dutch subdue,  
 Conquer both *Indies*, and acquire *Peru* :  
 Then leaving all these several Foes in Peace,  
 They talk of Plays and Poems as they please,  
 \* And by unheard of Impudence pretend  
 To Censure things at Random, and Commend  
 Our Host, for Wit and Art, (to shew his Zeal)  
 Rais'd *Ronsard* to the Skies and *Theophile*.  
 One of our Country Critics, somewhat shockt,  
 Curl'd his hard Whiskers, and his Castor Cock

Broad

---

\* *Perfius Sat. 1 30.*—*Ecce inter Pocula quærunt  
 Romulidæ faturi, quid dia Poemata narrent.*

Broad-brim'd, and cover'd with a spreading Shade  
Of a huge Feather for his Father made.

Silence, he cries, and with a Doctor's Air

Defies the Company to match *La Serre*.

" Oh he's a charming Author, (Verse or Prose;)

" He's fine in ev'ry Thing, and always flows.

" He writes with so much Elegance and Ease.

" The Maid of *Orleans* too 's a Gallant Piece;

" Yet, when I read it, I am such a Fool

" I always gape. *Le Pai*'s a pleasant Droll.

" I wonder what they in this *Voiture* find,

" The World and I are seldom of a Mind.

" Well, Judgement's all, say I, and who wou'd drudge

' Upon an Author if he cou'd not Judge?

" *Corneille* is well enough sometimes I own,

" Good Language pleases me, when all is done.

" Pray what for *Alexander* \* can they say,

" He says not one soft Thing in all the Play.

" Do *Quinault*'s Heroes talk at such a Rate?

" All's tender there, so much as ev'n *I hate*.

" I'm told he's brought on the Satiric Scene

" By a young Writer——I know whom you mean

Reply'd

---

\* *A Tragedy written by Racine.*

Reply'd our Host, the Verses too I know.

“ \* Were I an Author without Fault to show

“ Reason says *Virgil*, and the Rhime *Quinau*,

The same. If all his Satire is like that,

“ Faith 'tis as poor as one cou'd wish, and flat.

“ Condemn *Quinault*, Sir ! shew me such a Thing

“ As his *Astratus*, or his *Royal Ring*.

“ His Condu&t is so Nice, that ev'ry Act

“ Composes of it self a Play compact :

What others like, will not go down with me ;

I'm not so fond of ev'ry Thing I see,

Profound is *Quinault's* Genius, 'tis true, —

A Coxcomb interrupts whom soon I knew

To be a Poet; By his Look 'twas seen,

So jealous that, and so reserv'd his Mien ;

“ 'Tis not your Word Sir, that his Fame secures.

The Country Man enrag'd, *as much as yours*.

And hotter growing by another Cup,

He swell'd, and storm'd, and cou'd not put it up.

Perhaps so, says the Author ? “ But d' ye know

“ What you are talking of : The Squire. “ I do,

“ And better, Sir a Thousand times than you.

'Tis

\* See the Satire address'd to Moliere.



That's very fine indeed---- " Pray mind your Glafs.

The Author cries, *Then I'm it seems an Ass*

Cries Countryman. " So be it ; Sir, you Lye.

And without more ado a Plate lets fly.

The Poet seeing what was like to come,

Duckt. To the Wall the flying Plate went home,

And thence rebounded round about the Room.

Such an Affront, what Man of Rhime cou'd brook.

He darted at the Squire a dreadful Look :

The Combatants engag'd, the Fight was close,

And hot the Battle grew, and thick the Blows :

In vain the Company to part 'em strove,

About the Chairs, about the Bottles move ;

The Tables overturn'd, the Glassës broke,

And the Room eccho's with each sounding Stroke ;

The Waiters take away----But e'er they'd done,

Rivers of Wine about the Chamber run.

At last to end the Fray, the Guests renew

Their Pains, and parted 'em with much ado ;

Their Fury went as quickly as it came,

For Valour's not in all a constant Flame :

The Company, as both to Peace inclin'd,  
 Few Difficulties in the Treaty find ;  
 While they were lab'ring at it, to the Door  
 I got, said nothing, and sneakt' off, but swore,  
 If ever for the Future I shou'd stay  
 In such a Crew when I cou'd get away,  
 I gave with all my Heart, my full Consent,  
 That this shou'd be my Folly's Punishment,  
 " Ne'er to have any Wine, but what might be  
 " As Despicable as the Growth of *Brie* ;  
 " No Wild Fowl all the Winter brought to Town ;  
 " Nor Pease come in till Summer's almost gone.

## S A T I R E IV.

To M. L' ABBE' LE VAYER.

**T**ELL me, *Le Vayer*, whence does it arise,  
 That Fools still think themselves the only  
 Wife ?

Whence----That in all this Town there's not an Ape,  
 But what presents his Neighbour with the Cap ?

A Pedant, of his usefess Learning, Proud,  
 Pufft up with Ignorance, contemns the Crowd ;

He

He Crams with musty *Greek* his Leaden Skull,  
 While at the Bottom he's an errant Fool:  
 With him the Force of Wit and Sense is small;  
 Reason is nothing---- *Aristotle's* All.

On t' other Hand, a *Fashionable Fop*  
 You meet, who thus is wholly taken up.  
 From House to House he runs, from Street to Street,  
 And ev'ry Thing he says is soft and sweet;  
 His Wig is light, and very like his Mind,  
 And oft for want of Thought 'tis toff behind;  
 He's dully Gay; and then to shew his Wit,  
 Damns, whether good or bad, whatever's writ;  
 Fond of his Folly, he defies the Schools,  
 And fancies Beaus by Privilege are Fools;  
 That Courtiers shou'd not be to Learning Friends;  
 And Scholars to the dirty College sends.

The *Hypocrite*, so vain as to believe  
 That God, he can with his Grimace deceive;  
 Thinks that his solemn Look, and holy Pride  
 Will pass for Virtue, and his Vices hide;  
 To judge Mankind a Pow'r Supreme assumes,  
 And whom he pleases to Perdition dooms.

## S A T I R E IV.

The *Libertine* without or Faith or Soul  
Himself will only by himself controul.  
Brimstone and Hell he thinks an idle Tale  
And treats it as ridiculous and stale :  
He's not to be by such Devices sham'd,  
For Women only and for Children fram'd.\*  
His Pleasure is with him a Sov'reign Law,  
And nothing shall his noble Spirit awe :  
He'll not be troubled with such needless Care ;  
For all Religion's built, with him, on Fear ;  
He takes Devotion as a certain Sign  
Of Frenzy, and his Jest is the *Divine*.

In short, who'ere of these Reforming Times  
Wou'd Paint the manners and relate the Crimes,  
As well may count those fall'n by *Salmon's* Bills,  
\* Whom *Tunbridge* Mineral, or *Epsom* kills ;  
How often *B-----* has been kis't for Gold,  
Or *F-----* has his Venal Manhood fold.  
But not in such an endless Wild to stray,  
I'll soon dispatch the little I've to say.

Give

---

\* *Juvenal Sat. 10. Vers. 220.*

Promptius expediam quot amaverit Hippiæ Mæchos,  
Quot Themison ægros Autumno occiderit uno.

Give me the Freedom of a Rhyme or two,  
 And a small Matter shall my Business do.  
 Tho' by that Freedom I wou'd not displease  
 The *Sages*, if you will, or Fools of *Greece*.  
 So far I must presume as to premise,  
 We ne'er shall find a Man that's truly wise.  
 We are all Fools, this Truth we must confess,  
 The Difference only is who's more or less.  
 \* As in a Wood, 'tis hard to find the Way,  
 Where the Paths cross, and easy there to stray.  
 These take the Right, and those the Left prefer,  
 Yet both, tho' differing, by one Error err.  
 Each in this World a different Way pursues,  
 According to the Error of his Views.  
 Some Men usurp the Character of Wise,  
 And every thing condemn, and every thing despise.  
 Others they Fools without Distinction call,  
 While they're themselves the greatest Fools of all.

N

But

---

\* Horat. *Lib. 11. Sat. III. Verse 48.*

Velut Sylvis, ubi passim,  
 Palantes error certo de tramite pellit.  
 Ille sinistrorsum, hic dextrorsum abit; unus utriq;  
 Error, sed varijs illudit Partibus.



But Satire, as she pleases, may be free;  
 Men still have been the same, and still will be:  
 His Folly, as a Vertue, each maintains,  
 And as it reign'd of old, this Weakness reigns:  
 Tho' a Man's Reason may be ne'er so wry,  
 He trusts his own and not anothers Eye:  
 Whate'er he does is right——And you may preach;  
 He ne'er will learn who fancies he can teach:  
 The Man who thoroughly himself wou'd know,  
 Whose Modesty is something more than Show,  
 Is he who views himself with equal Eyes,  
 And then the Wisest find he is not wise.  
 He looks on others with a kind Regard,  
 And always is himself the last that's spar'd.  
 He's in his Justice to his Faults precise,  
 And in his proper Court indicts his Vice.  
 But where was ever such a Cenfor known?  
 On others Faults we fall, but spare our own.

The Misers who their idol Gold adore,  
 Want in their Wealth, and are in Plenty poor.  
 They dignify their Folly, with the Name  
 Of Prudence, and are harden'd in their Shame.

Gain

Gain, as their chiefest Good's, their sole Employ ;  
 Tho' what they gain they never can enjoy ;  
 And other Fools are in as furious Haste,  
 What's left 'em, which their Fathers got, to waste.  
 How foolish is that Hunk—the Spend thrift cries,  
 While he himself is quite as far from wise :  
 He to all Commers throws his Wealth away,  
 And loses, when he cannot spend, a Day.  
 His Fortune is his Plague ; and pray judge you,  
 Which of these Fools is greatest of the Two.

They're both alike ; and if you'll take my Word,  
 Their Brains are touch'd (replies, unask'd, my Lord.)  
 My noble Lord, who duly waits at *White's*,  
 And wanting Company, accepts the Knight's.  
 Early the Cards are in his Hand, and late,  
 Expecting from a Point or Pic his Fate.  
 Or else to *Br——y's* he rashly goes,  
 And Life and Death like a Deserter throws.  
 If a cross cast comes up—(Nor is it strange  
 For Luck, wherever she presides, to change.)  
 His Hair soon stands an end : With lifted Eyes,  
 And horrid Oaths, he threats the patient Skies.

Blaspheming like a Fiend before the Priest,  
 When driv'n by sacred Spells from the Possess.  
 Bind him—For by his Daring one wou'd fear,  
 Like a new *Titan*, he with Heav'n will War ;  
 Whilst by his Oaths, th' Avenger he defies,  
 And Hills on Hills he piles, and scales the Skies.

But leave him rather to his Vice ; in Time,  
 His Punishment, you'll see, will be his Crime.  
 His Patrimony gone, his Chattels seiz'd,  
 And all Things but his Person in Arrest ;  
 Then let him answer who's the silliest Elf,  
 The Prodigal, the Miser, or himself.

Men are to other Weaknesses inclin'd,  
 Vices of Thought, and Errors of the Mind ;  
 A pleasing Poison which the Soul receives  
 With Rapture, and a Heav'nly Gift believes !  
 'Twas *M*—'s Folly that he needs must Rhyme,  
 And from a Sonnet soar to the Sublime.  
 You, as a Poet, find him in the List,  
 Tho', even by Cits his rambling Rhymes were hist,  
 And ev'ry *Saturday* at *Sydney's* Board  
 Were *D*—y's Jest and entertain'd my Lord.

Himself

Himself well fatisfy'd with what he'as done,  
*Parnasses* climbs ; he claims the Laurel Crown,  
 And boldly pleads a Right to *Virgil's* Throne.  
 How wretched wou'd he be, how basely griev'd,  
 If e'er he happens to be undeceiv'd ;  
 If any one shou'd show him that he's blind,  
 And say his founding Verses are but Wind,  
 That without either Force, or Grace they walk,  
 On two big Words as if on Stilts they stalk't :  
 If his divided Phrases he perceives,  
 For which no Reason but the Rhyme he gives :  
 Or his dull Ornaments in Rank and File,  
 Which prove so little after so much Toil.  
 Whoe'er before his Eyes shall set that Sight,  
 \* He'll curse him and the new disorder'd Light :  
 Still fond of his Imaginary Vein,  
 He wishes, when he wakes, to dream again.

A Bigot once there liv'd, whose Brains were crackt,  
 And yet in other Things no Sense he lackt :  
 He fancy'd that he heard the Heav'nly Choires,  
 And Angels tuning their eternal Lyres.

N 3

At

---

\* Hor. Ep. Lib. 11. 138.

——Pol, me occidistis, amici,  
 Non servastis, ait, cui sic exorta voluptas,  
 Et demtus per vim mentis gratissimus error.

At last a fam'd Physician by his Skill,  
 Or Luck, produc'd the Salutary Pill :  
 The Man restor'd, the Doctor wants his Fees ;  
 Fees, quo the Bigot, give me my Disease ;  
 By your damn'd Art you've rob'd me of my Blifs ;  
 I'm cur'd——But cur'd of what ? Of Paradice.  
 His Anger's good——For, what you Reason call,  
 Whatever Plagues we have 's the Worst of all.  
 She by impertinent Remorse destroys  
 The Relish of our Sweets, and checks our Joys.  
 She's strict unmanagable and severe,  
 And always preaching what we wou'd not hear.  
 The Tyrant or the Pedant still she plays,  
 Free of her Censure, niggard of her Praise ;  
 She's always Chiding us, and always Sour,  
 But preaches with no more Effect than *Shower* ;  
 In vain in Robes magnificent she's seen,  
 Drest up by some Deep Thinkers for a Queen ;  
 They'd have her to our Sense, forsooth, give Law,  
 Direct our Manner's, and our Passions awe.  
 A Goddess, she's with them ; and to the Skies,  
 They hope, by her Assistance, they shall rise :

How



How to live well she teaches us, they cry :

Tis true—And we have nothing to reply :

All's right—But to this Truth you must consent,

The Fool of all Men is the best Content.

## S A T I R E V.

*To the Marquis DE DANGEAU.*

---

*Done by Mr. OLDHAM.*

*Corrected and Completed from the Original.*

---

**I** Grant, *Dangeau*, Nobility in Man,  
 Is no wild flutt'ring Notion of the Brain ;  
 When he, descended of an ancient Race,  
 Which a long Train of numerous Worthies grace ;  
 By Virtue's Rules, like you, directs his Course,  
 And treads the Steps of his bright Ancestors.

But yet I can't endure an haughty Afs,  
 Debauch'd with Luxury, and slothful Ease ;  
 Who, besides empty Titles of high Birth,  
 Has no Pretence to any thing of Worth,  
 Shou'd proudly wear the Fame, which others won,  
 And boast of Excellencies not his own.

I grant, his brave Fore-Father's Feats in War,  
 Have furnish'd ample Matter for *La Serre*.  
 For which their Scutcheon, by *Hugh Capet's* Grace,  
 Still bears three *Flow'r de Luces* on the *Base*.  
 But what does this vain Mass of Glory boot  
 To be the Branch of such a noble Root ;  
 If he of all the Heroes of his Line,  
 Which in the Register of Story shine,  
 Can offer nothing to the World's Regard,  
 But mouldy Parchments which the Worms have spar'd ?  
 If sprung, as he pretends, of Stock so high,  
 He does his own Original belie,  
 And, swoln with selfish Vanity and Pride,  
 To Greanefs has no other Claim beside ;  
 But squanders Life, and sleeps away his Days,  
 Dissolv'd in Sloth, and negligent of Praise ?  
 Mean while, to see how much the Insolent  
 Boasts the false Lustre of his high Descent ;  
 You'd fancy him Comptroller of the Sky,  
 And form'd by Heaven of other Clay than I.

\* Tell me, great Hero, you that look so proud,  
 So much above the mean and humble Croud ;  
*Which of all Creatures do's the World esteem ?*  
*And which would you your self the noblest deem ?*  
*Put case of Horse : No doubt; you'll answer strait,*  
 The Racer, which has often't won the Plate :  
 Who full of Mettle, and of sprightly Force,  
 Is never distanc'd in the Dusty Course ;  
 But if the Breed of Bayard, often cast,  
 Degenerate, and prove a Jade at last ;  
 Nothing of Honour, or Respect (we see)  
 Is had of his high Birth, and Pedigree :  
 But let him e'er so noble Linage boast,  
 The worthless Brute is banish'd from the Post.

Condemn'd

---

\* *Juvenal*, Sat. VIII. 56.

Dic mihi, Teucrorum proles, animalia muta  
 Quis generosa putet, nisi fortia? Nempe volucrum  
 Sic laudamus equum, facili cui plurima palma  
 Fervet & exultat rauco victoria circo.  
 Nobilis hic quocumque venit de gramine, cujus  
 Clara fuga ante alios, & primus in æquore pulvis  
 Sed venale pecus Corythæ, posteritas &  
 Hirpini, si rara jugo victoria sedit.  
 Nil ibi majorum respectus, gratia nulla  
 Umbrarum, Dominos pretijs mutare jubentur  
 Exiguus, tritoque trahunt epirhedia collo,  
 Segnipedes dignique molam versare Nepotis.

Condemn'd for Life to ply the dirty Road,  
 To drag some Cart, or bear some Higgler's Load.  
 Then how can you expect with any Sense,  
 That I should be so fond to Reverence  
 The Ghost of Honor, perish'd long ago,  
 That's quite extinct, and lives no more in you?  
 Such gaudy Trifles with the Fools may pass,  
 Caught with mere Shew, and vain Appearances:  
 Virtue's the certain Mark by Heaven design'd,  
 That's always stamp'd upon a noble Mind.

If you from such illustrious Worthies came,  
 By copying them your high Extract proclaim:  
 Shew us those generous Feats of Gallantry,  
 Which Ages past did in those Worthies see;  
 That Zeal for Honor, and that brave Disdain,  
 Which scorn'd to do an Action base or mean.

Do you apply your Interest aright,  
 Not to oppress the Poor with wrongful Might?  
 Or wou'd you Scruple to pervert the Laws,  
 Tho' brib'd to do't, or urg'd by your own Cause?  
 Dare you, when justly call'd, expend your Blood  
 In Service for your King's and Country's Good?

Can

Can you forget Repose? and in the Field,  
 Harnest in Armour sleep beneath your Shield?  
 By such illustrious Marks as these, I find,  
 You're truly issu'd of a noble Kind:  
 \* Then lengthen out your Line to *Charles* the Great,  
 Or *Pharamond* of a more ancient Date.

At leisure search all History to find  
 Some great and glorious Warrior to your Mind:  
 Take *Cæsar*, *Alexander*, which you please,  
 To be the mighty Founder of your Race:  
 Heralds in vain your Parentage belie,  
 That was, or shou'd have been your Pedigree.

But, if you cou'd with Ease derive your Kin  
 From *Hercules* himself in a right Line;  
 If yet there nothing in your Actions be,  
 Worthy the Name of your high Progeny;

All

---

\* *Ibid.* Verse 131.

Tunc licet a Pico numeres genus, atque si te  
 Nomina delectant, omnem Titanida pugnam  
 Inter Majores, ipsumque Promethea ponas  
 De quocumque voles proavum tibi sumito libro.



\* All these great Ancestors, which you disgrace,  
 Against you are a Cloud of Witnesses :  
 And all the Lustre of their tarnish'd Fame  
 Serves but to light and manifest your Shame.  
 You urge the Merit of your Race in vain  
 And boast that Blood, which you your self distain.  
 In vain you borrow, to adorn your Name,  
 The Spoils and Plunder, of another's Fame ;  
 If, where I look'd for something Great and brave,  
 I meet with nothing but a Fool, or Knave,  
 A Traitor, Villain, Sycophant, or Slave ;  
 A freakish Madman, fit to be confin'd,  
 Whom *Bedlam* only can to Order bind :  
 Or (to speak all at once) an useles Limb  
 And rotten Branch of an illustrious Stem.  
 But I am too severe, perhaps you'll think,  
 And mix too much of Satire with my Ink :  
 We speak to Men of Birth and Honor here,  
 And those nice Subjects must be touch'd with Care :  
Your

---

\* *Ibid.* Verse 138.

Incipit ipsorum contra testare parentum  
 Nobilitas, claramque facem præferre pudendis.

Your Pardon, Sirs ! *Your Race, we grant, is known ;*  
*But how far backwards can you trace it down ?*

You answer : ' For at least a Thousand Year  
 ' And some odd Hundreds you can mak't appear ; }  
 ' 'Tis much : But yet in short the Proofs are clear :  
 ' All Books with your Fore-Fathers Titles shine,  
 ' Whose Names have scap'd the general Wreck of Time :  
 But who is there so bold that dares engage  
 His Honor, that in this long Tract of Age  
 No one of all his Ancestors deceas'd  
 Had e'er the Fate to find a Bride unchast ?  
 That they have all along *Lucretia's* been,  
 And nothing e'er of spurious Blood crept in, }  
 To mingle and defile the sacred Line ?

Curs'd be the Day, when first this *Vanity*  
 Did primitive Simplicity destroy !  
 In the blest'd State of infant Time, unknown,  
 When Glory sprung from Innocence alone :  
 Each from his *Merit only* Title drew,  
 And that alone made Kings, and Nobles too :  
 Then scorning borrow'd Helps to prop his Name,  
 The Hero from himself derived his Fame :

But

But Merit by degenerate Time at last,  
 Saw Vice ennobled and her self debas'd :  
 And haughty Pride did pompous Titles find  
 T' amuse the World, and Lord it o'er Mankind :  
 Thence the vast Herd of Earls, and Barons came,  
 For *Virtue* each brought nothing but a Name :  
 Soon after, Man, fruitful in Vanities,  
 Did *Blazoning* and *Armory* devise,  
 Founded a *College* for the *Heralds* Art,  
 And made a Language of their Terms, apart,  
 Compos'd of frightful Words, of *Chief* and *Base*,  
 Of *Chevron*, *Saltier*, *Canton*, *Bend* and *Fess*,  
 And whatsoe'er of hideous *Fargon* else  
 Fantastic *Guillim's* barbarous Volume swells.

Then farther the wild Folly to pursue,  
 Plain down-right Honor out of fashion grew ?  
 But to keep up it's Dignity and Birth,  
 Expence and Luxury must set it forth :  
 It must inhabit stately Palaces,  
 Distinguish Servants by their Liveries,  
 And carrying vast Retinues up and down,  
 The Duke and Earl be by their Pages known.

Thus

Thus Honor to support it self is brought  
 To it's last Shifts, and thence the Art has got  
 Of borrowing every where, and paying naught :  
 Tis now thought mean, and much beneath a Lord  
 To be an honest Man and keep his Word ;  
 Who by his Peerage, and Protection safe,  
 Can plead the Privilege to be a Knave :  
 While daily Crouds of starving Creditors  
 Are forc'd to dance Attendance at his Doors :  
 Till he at length and all his mortgag'd Lands  
 Are forfeited into the *Banker's* Hands :  
 Then to redress his Wants, the *Bankrupt Peer*  
 To some rich trading Sot turns Pensioner :  
 And the next Step for a more easie Life,  
 He takes the Rascal's Daughter for his Wife.  
 Where for a Portion of ill-gotten Gold,  
 Himself and all his Ancestors are sold :  
 And thus, when all his Patrimony's lost,  
 Repairs his *Fortune* at his *Honor's* Cost.

For if you want Estate to set it forth,  
 In vain you boast the Splendor of your Birth :  
 Your priz'd Gentility for Madness goes,  
 And each your Kindred shuns and disavows :

But

But he that's Rich is valu'd at full Rate,  
 And tho' he once cry'd *Small-Coal* in the Street,  
 Tho' he ne'er had a Name, unless you look  
 Into the Register, or Parish Book,  
*Greg. King* shall show, by help of old Records,  
 Of his long Family a Hundred Lords.  
 Then *Dangeau*, thou who dost thy Honor grace,  
 Adding new Lustre to thy ancient Race,  
 Who thy unspotted Vertue dost secure,  
 Tho' the soft Syrens of a Court allure,  
 Who dost our King, bright of himself, behold  
 Outshining all his Gems and Circling Gold ;  
 Cloath'd with fresh Beams he ev'ry Day appea  
 Whose Brow adorns the Laurel which he wears.  
 Who does the sweet but shameful Ease disdain  
 Of *Turkish Sultans* or a *Persian* Reign ;  
 Blind Fortune yeilds nor can she go astray,  
 Where his discerning Councils lead the way,  
 Th' Undocile World begins at last to see  
 By his Example, what a *King* shou'd be.

If then desirous of a Titl'd Name  
 Thou seek'st true Honor and an Unbought Fame ;

Go ;



Go ; in bright Arms thy Royal Master serve,  
 And by brave Actions his Esteem deserve ;  
 The wondring Nations of the World convince,  
 That *France* has Subjects worthy of their Prince.

## S A T I R E VI.

\* **W**Hat Noise is this, good God ! what doleful  
 Cries  
 Assault my Ears and keep unshut my Eyes ?  
 What spiteful Goblin do's this Clamour make ?  
 Do Men at *Paris* go to Bed to wake ?  
 The Caterwauling Cats in Garret groul,  
 Worfe than Cur-Dogs anights in Hamlets houl : ?  
 Disturb'd and Terrify'd, in vain I rouze ;  
 It rattles as if Hell was in the House.  
 One grumbles like a Tyger here ; and there  
 One, like a squawling Brat torments my Ear :  
 This is not all my Curse ; the Mice and Rats  
 To wake me seem in Confort with the Cats :

O

As

---

\* See the 3d Satire of Juvenal from the 232 Verse.  
 Plurimus hic æger moritur Vigilando, &c.

As ill I can by Night this Plague endure,  
As e'er I cou'd by Day, *L'Abbe de Pure.*

All Things at once conspire to break my Rest,  
And that which I lament, disturbs me least:

No sooner the shrill Cock his *Mattins* crows,

Than the Smith rises and his Hammer goes:

Heav'n for my Sins has posted him so near,

That on his Anvil ev'ry Thump I hear;

It tears my Brains, and ev'ry dreadful Sound

Makes in my Head a terrible Rebound.

Now Carts and Coaches run along the Streets,

And next my Ear the *Masons* Music greets;

Now Doors unlock'd on rusty Hinges jar,

And opening Shops, expose deceitful Ware:

Now Clocks and Cries, a horrid Confort make,

And snoring Priests for hated Duties wake:

Now in the neighb'ring Tours the crazy Bells

By drunken Sextons ring departing Knells;

The troubled Air they with Confusion fill,

To compliment the Dead, the Living kill;

While Storms of Hail upon the Windows beat,

And various Discords in one Chaos meet.

But

But this is nothing to the Plagues to come,  
 'Twere well if I had known the Worst at Home.  
 A-Bed, if I cou'd not forbear to curse;  
 How cou'd I in the Street, for there 'twas worse.  
 \* I prest where e'er I went, from Throng to Throng,  
 Jostled and shov'd, and sometimes heav'd along;  
 The Crowd incessantly came on in Swarms,  
 I scarce had Use of Feet, and none of Arms;  
 Torn are my Ruffles, rumpled my Cravat,  
 And rudely from my Head they tofs my Hat.  
 † Here to'ards the Church a pompous Funeral Show  
 Advances with a solemn March, and slow;  
 There, Lackies fall together by the Ears,  
 And there set Dogs upon the Passengers;  
 Here Paviers stopping me, I'm at a Loss,  
 And there I meet an ill presaging Cross:  
 Here Tilers are at work, and down they pour,  
 Of Dirt and Brick and Tile a dangerous Show'r;

Q 2

\* There

\* *Ibid.* Verse 243.

— Nobis properantibus obstat  
 Unda prior, magno populus premit agmine lumbos,  
 Qui sequitur, ferit hic cubito, ferit assere duro  
 Alter, at hic tignum capiti incutit, ille metretam.  
 † *Horace, Lib. II. Epist. 2. Vers. 24.*  
 Tristia robustis luctantur funera Plaustris.

\* There on a Cart, with an extended Team,  
 Is drawn along a huge unweildy Beam;  
 The Cart the trembling Street and Houses shakes,  
 And threatens from afar the Croud it makes.  
 It runs against a Coach, and breaks a Spoke,  
 And overturns it with a furious Shock;  
 It lays it in the Dirt: Another came,  
 And forcing to get by, it fares the same.  
 These Coaches soon are follow'd by a Score,  
 Those in an Instant by a Hundred more;  
 And as ill Luck wou'd have it, in the Nick,  
 The Stop so lengthen'd, and the Croud so thick,  
 A Drove of Oxen in the Street appears;  
 Each strives to pass; one Lows, another Swears,  
 The Noise of Mules, the horrid Din increase;  
 And strait a hundred Horse augment the Press;

The

---

\* Juvenal *Sat. III. Verse 254.*

\_\_\_\_\_ Modo longa coruscant,  
 Sarraco veniente abies, atque altera pinum  
 Plaustra veniunt, nutant alte populoque minantur.

The Deflees of the Confusion close,  
 Surround the Croud, and more confus'd it grows ;  
 Chain in the Passengers by firm Brigades,  
 And shew in midst of Peace the Barricades ;  
 Nothing but one continual Cry was heard,  
 Heav'n thunder'd, but his Thunders were not fear'd ;  
 And none his Voice, to *Demons*, dreadful mind,  
 Before no Passage, no Retreat behind ;  
 Still crouding as they croud they faster bind :  
 But I, who had an Affignation made,  
 Was with most Pain and most Impatience stay'd ;  
 As well afraid that I might come too late,  
 As weary in so curst a Place to wait,  
 Not knowing to what Saint my Vows to pay,  
 I ventur'd ev'ry thing to make my Way ;  
 I ran in Danger of the Wheel to scape,  
 And twenty Kennels was oblig'd to leap ;  
 I squeez'd and shov'd, but still 'twas worfe and worfe,  
 For now I met with *G——r* and his Horfe ;  
 The Water on my Face, and Cloaths was dash'd,  
 And I with Dirt from Top to Toe was splash'd ;



Nor daring in that Pickle to appear,  
 I labour'd to get out, and car'd not where ;  
 While grumbling in the Corner of a Street,  
 I stay'd to clean the Dirt and dry the Wet.  
 Thus posted, thus employ'd, while I remain'd,  
 To plague me worfe, if possible, it rain'd,  
 And pour'd as if the Skies were to be drain'd ;  
 As if another Flood wou'd fall to drown  
 The Place, and to a Sea convert the Town :  
 To cross the Street, the Waters rising high,  
 Slight Boards a thwart the flowing Kennels lie :  
 The boldest Lackey trembled when he past,  
 And the most hafty there forgot his Haft :  
 Like others, I the tottering Plank must pass,  
 Or stay and still be wetter where I was ;  
 The Waters which from Spouts in Torrents fell,  
 To Rivers soon the roaring Kennels swell :  
 I tript in passing, but approaching Night  
 Quicken'd my Speed as it increas'd my Fright.

\* For when the peaceful Shades the Skies obscure,  
 And Shops are shut and Chains defend the Door ;  
 When o'er his Bags the glad Mechanic looks,  
 His Bills examines, and his guilty Books :  
 When ev'ry Thing at the *Marche-neuf*'s in Peace,  
 Then the Thieves fally and the City sieze ;  
 No Wood where bloody Murderers retreat,  
 But what's still safer than a *Paris* Street.  
 Wretched the Man whom Business keeps abroad,  
 The Danger wou'd be left to trust the Road :  
 If thro' an Alley he's oblig'd to go,  
 'Tis odds but he in Ambush finds the Foe ;  
 Beset by Rogues, saluted with a Curse,  
 'Tis well if they're contented with his Purse :  
 If he resists they cut his Throat, and then  
 His Death's recorded by some Ballad Pen ;  
 Or sung in doggrel Verse, or serves to fill  
 The Tales of Massacres and Weekly Bill.

O 4

For

\* *Ib. Verse* 302.

Nam qui spoliat te  
 Non deerit ; clausis domibus, postquam omnis ubique  
 Fixa catenatæ fluit compago tabernæ.  
 Interdum & ferro subitus grassator agit rem  
 Armato quoties tutæ custode tenenter  
 Et Pontina palus & Gallinaria pinus.

For me—My Business with the Day is done,  
I regulate my Setting with the Sun :  
Fast then my Doors, my Shutters close I keep,  
And when He goes to Bed, I'd go to sleep.  
But 'tis in vain in Town to hope for Rest,  
For Sleep the Eyes, and Quiet flies the Breast ;  
And scarce my Candle's out before I find  
No Ease is there, or for the Eyes or Mind ;  
Some desp'rate Burglerer his Pistol Fires,  
Nor always innocent of Blood retires ;  
The Ball thro' Windows and thro' Curtain flies,  
And Fear presents the Robber to my Eyes :  
Hark ! Murder ! Help me ! Help ! I hear 'em cry  
Thieves, Thieves ; and serenaded thus I lie.  
Now Fire they tell me's in our Neighbour's House,  
And from my Bed in mortal Dread I rouse ;  
Half naked from our House to his I run,  
All Night in Terror that 'twill take our own ;  
The raging Flames our Neighbourhood destroy,  
And all around is like a second Troy,  
Where many an *Argive* Rogue and greedy *Greek*  
Thro' Fire and Ashes *Trojan* Plunder seek.

Down

Down with a thousand Cracks the Fabrick falls,  
 And bare at last it leaves the burning Walls:  
 The Fury of the Flame the Ruins broke,  
 And the choak'd Fire is lost it self in Smoke.

Still pale with Fear, I to my House return'd,  
 And ev'ry Thing, methought, about me burn'd:  
 'Twas light before I to my Lodging came;  
 But Day is to my Bed and Night the same:  
 I lay me down to rest, for Rest I pray,  
 Which none can have in Town unless they pay.

\* At *Paris*, Sleep like other Things is sold,  
 And you must purchase your Repose with Gold:  
 Room within Room, at Rates excessive, hire,  
 And far from those that front the Street retire;  
 'Tis well if you the Noise from thence can keep,  
 And if in any Corner you can sleep.

*Paris* is for the Rich a glorious Place,  
 From Town they when they please to Country pass;  
 Within the Walls they have their Grots and Groves,  
 Their flow'ry Gardens and their green Alcoves;

In

---

\* *Ibid.* Verse 234.

— Nam quæ meritoria somnum  
 Admittunt? magnis opibus dormitur in Urbe.

In midst of Winter they enjoy the Spring,  
 And hear the captive Birds in Cages sing :  
 The City Air's perfum'd with *Sylvan* Sweets,  
 And lonely Walks are join'd to croud'd Streets ;  
 Where he who's rich may on his Wealth employ  
 His Thoughts, and sweetly his dear self enjoy.

But I (thank Fate) who've neither House nor Home,  
 Am glad if any one will make me Room ;  
 To sleep I'm forc'd to hire another's Bed,  
 Lodge where I can, and where by Chance I'm led.

## S A T I R E VII.

**N**O more, my Muse, tho' Satire may prevail,  
 Let's change our Style for once and cease to rail :  
 'Tis an ill Trade, and we have often found,  
 Instead of giving, we receive the Wound ;  
 Whate'er a Muse shall in this War engage,  
 She'll surely, soon or late, repent her Rage.  
 All bitter Taunts which you at others throw,  
 Begin, perhaps in Mirth, but end in Woe.

The



The Poets, whom their Choler has inflam'd,  
 Have mist their Aim, and been or drub'd or damn'd ;  
 What tho' the Reader's tickled with the Jest,  
 You then may mourn the most when most he's pleas'd.

A tedious Panegyric coldly wrote,  
 Is bundled up, and may at Leisure rot ;  
 It fears no differing Censures, or unjust,  
 And has no Enemies but Moth and Dust.  
 'Tis not with Authors thus, who Satire love ;  
 The Reader may be pleas'd, he's safe enough :  
 He blames 'em while he reads, yet still reads on,  
 The Pleasure his, while they the Hazard run.  
 They fondly Fancy yet, 'tis lawful all,  
 Pursue the slipp'ry Path and fear no Fall.  
 They can't, alas, their merry Fits forego,  
 Tho' ev'ry Laugh that pleases makes a Foe.  
 A Poem soon offends, if too severe,  
 For each will think he sees his Image there ;  
 And he who reads it may applaud your Art,  
 Yet fear its Force, and hate you from his Heart.  
 Forbear it then, my Muse, and change thy Strain,  
 An Itch of Satire tickle thee in vain :

Learn then, like others of the Rhiming Throng  
 On some fam'd Hero to employ thy Song :  
 But to what End wou'd I thy Fancy raise,  
 That scarce can blunder out a Rhime for Praile :  
 When to such Heights my Muse attempts to rise,  
 Like *Westley's* she with flagging Pinions flies.  
 I scratch my Head, I bite my Nails in vain ;  
 For all this mighty Labour of my Brain,  
 Brings nothing less unnatural abroad,  
 Than *B——*'s *Epic*, or than *Talden's* Ode.  
 I'm on the Rack, while Elegy I write ;  
 But have my Wish when Satire's arm'd with Spite ;  
 Then, only then, I feel my self inspir'd,  
 And soon my Fancy is to Rally fir'd :  
 Soon, when *Apollo* I invoke, he hears,  
 And in each angry Page the God appears.  
 Words come with Ease and in due Order stand,  
 To wait the Motion of my eager Hand.  
 Were I to paint the Rascal of the Town,  
 My Pen, before I think, puts *M——b* down :  
 Were I a finish'd Coxcomb to design,  
 Till *Aaron's* broke I ne'er can want a Line.

Sweetly

Sweetly my Muse when big with Satire teems,  
 But hates your flattering Dauber's fulsome Theams.  
 Am I a foolish Author to describe,  
 Before me, Satire sets the Rhiming Tribe:  
 My Verse comes breaking like a Tempest down,  
 At once you meet with P—, W—, and B—,  
 With *Durfey*, O—, and the Doater C—;  
 And for one Scribler of their Rank, you find,  
 A thousand more, as bad, unnam'd behind.  
 I triumph to my self, with secret Joy,  
 I thus my Muse's happier Arts employ:  
 Fond of the Stroke, with ev'ry Lash, my Pen  
 The keener grows, and longs to strike again.  
 I often with my Muse, my self engage,  
 And strive to stop the torrent of my Rage;  
 In vain I wou'd at least some Persons spare,  
 Satire forbids, and wages equal War.  
 When once the Frenzy seizes me, you know  
 What follows. Fly, if you wou'd miss the Blow.  
 Howe're, true Merit, I shall always Prize,  
 But Coxcombs shock me, and offend my Eyes;  
 I hunt 'em, as a Hound pursues his Prey,  
 And Bark when e'er I smell 'em in my way.

This

This must be granted me, if Wit is scarce,  
 I know to hit a Rhime, and tag a Verse.  
 Plain Prose I can in jingling Metre dress,  
 To more I ne'er pretended, nor to less.  
 \* Tho' Death, whom Human Minds so greatly dread,  
 Levell'd his Terrors, sudden, at my Head:  
 Tho' a long Life were mine, and lasting Peace,  
 The Pleasures of the Town, or Country Ease;  
 Shou'd the wide World against my Muse declare,  
 With the whole World I know my Muse wou'd war;  
 And Merry, Melancholly, Rich or Poor,  
 Not Rhime the less, but rally on the more.  
 I pity the poor Poet, some will say,  
 He'll rue this Rage, and for his Jest will pay  
 † The Fool he touches in a vengeful Mood,  
 \* May quench his Thirst of Satire in his Blood:

\* But

\* *Hor. Lib. 11. Sat. 1. Verse 47.*

———— Seu me tranquilla senectus  
 Expectat, seu mors apris circumvolat alis,  
 Dives, inops, Romæ, seu fors ita jufferit, exsul,  
 Quisquis erit vitæ, scribam, color.

† *Hor. Lib. 11. Sat. 1. Verse 60.*

———— Opner, ut sis  
 Vitalis metuo, & majorum nequis amicus  
 Frigore te feriat.

\* But pray, When *Horace* and *Lucilius* rail'd,  
 And thus the Vapors of their Spleen exhal'd ;  
 When their bold Strokes, against the reigning Crimes,  
 Lanch'd the mature-Corruptions of their Times,  
 And when the furious Pen of *Juvenal*  
 Ran o'er with Floods of Bitterness and Gall,  
 When with keen Edge, and with unbridl'd Rage,  
 He lash'd the Vices of an Impious Age ;  
 Yet for their Jest, Did any of 'em die ?  
 What did they fear of old, and what shou'd I ?  
 Where do's my Manner, or my Name appear ?  
 What Feature does the Writer's Image bear ?  
 I don't to imitate *M*———x presume ;  
 And bring my Verses out where e'er I come ;  
 My Table 's not like his, with Papers spread,  
 And sometimes I can scarce be brought to read :

Perhaps

\* *Ibid.* Verse 62.

——— Quid cum est Lucilius ausus  
 Primus in hunc operis componere carmina morem  
 Detrahere & pellem, nitidus qua quisque per ora  
 Cederet introrsum turpis, num Lælius, aut qui  
 Duxit ab oppressa meritum Carthagine nomen  
 Ingenio offensi, &c.

Lanch'd, I shou'd think, is here meant. ———



Perhaps, to please a Friend with Satire pleas'd,  
 I shew my Rhimes; but 'tis with Pain at least;  
 Perhaps too when I read my Verses, he  
 Laughs out at them, and in his Sleeve at me.  
 Be that as 'twill, I'm pleas'd, and that's my View,  
 Which if I gain, I have no more to do.  
 I'm hurry'd by a resty Muse along,  
 I can't speak well, nor can I hold my Tongue:  
 And if I fancy I have hit a Jest,  
 Down it must go, or I shall never rest.

Enough of this at once. Let's breath a while,  
 My very Hand is weary of the Toil:  
 Have done my Muse, and when you write in Pain,  
 Give o'er; to morrow, we'll begin again.

S A T I R E

## S A T I R E VIII.

To Monfr. M\*\*\*, Dr. of the Sorbonne.

---

Imitated by Mr. O L D H A M, in the Year 1682.

---

*Compar'd and Corrected, from the Original,  
by Mr. O Z E L L.*

---

**O**F all the Creatures which *Earth's* Surface tread,  
That fly i'th' Air, or in the Sea are bred,  
Throughout the Globe from *Paris* to *Japan*,  
The arrant'st Fool in my Opinion's *MAN*:  
*What?* (strait I'm taken up) *Dare you affirm,*  
*An Ant, a Butterfly, a crawling Worm,*  
*A Bull that chews the Cud, a braying Ass,*  
*Or browsing Goat, do Man in Sense surpass?*  
*Do you an Insect of a Day prefer*  
*To Man?* Ay, most unquestionably, Sir.  
Doctör, I find you're shock'd at this Discourse:  
*Man is* (you cry) *Lord of the Universe;*

For him was this fair Frame of Nature made,  
 And all the Creatures for his use and aid:  
 To him alone of all the living kind,  
 Has bounteous Heav'n the reas'ning Gift assign'd.  
 Reason, 'tis true, has ever been his Lot;  
 But thence I argue Man the greater Sot.

*This idle Talk, (you say) and rambling Stuff,*  
*May pass in Satire, and take well enough*  
*With Sceptic Fools, who are dispos'd to jeer*  
*At serious Things: But you must make't appear*  
*By solid Proof. Believe me, Sir, I'll do't,*  
 Take you the Desk, and let's Dispute it out!  
 Then by your Favour, tell me first of all,  
 What 'tis, which you grave Doctors, Wisdom call?  
 You Answer: 'Tis an evenness of Soul,  
*A steady Temper, which no Cares controul,*  
*No Passions ruffle, nor Desires inflame,*  
*Still constant to it self, and still the same,*  
*That moves as gingerly in all Affairs,*  
*As a Dean mounts the Convocation Stairs.*  
 Most true; yet is not this, I dare maintain,  
 Less us'd by any, than the Fool, call'd Man.

The wiser *Emmet*, quoted just before,  
 In Summer-time ranges the Fallows o'er  
 With Pains, and Labour, to lay in her Store;  
 But when the blust'ring North, with ruffling Blasts,  
 Saddens the Year, and Nature overcasts;  
 In her own Cell, remote from Harm and Noise,  
 The Fruits of her past Industry enjoys.  
 No *Ant* did e'er so little Sense betray,  
 To work in Winter, and in Summer play.  
 \* But sillier Man, in his unconstant Course,  
 Is wilder'd, and oft strays from Bad to Worse:  
 Tost by a thousand Gusts of wavering Doubt,  
 His restless Mind still rolls from Thought to Thought:  
 In each Resolve unsteddy, and unfixt,  
 And what he one Day loaths, desires the next.

*Shall I, so fam'd for many a t'vant Jest  
 On Wiving, now go take a Fitt at last?  
 Shall I turn Husband, and my Station choose,  
 Amongst the reverend Martyrs of the Noose!*

---

\* *Hor. Epist. Lib. 1. Ep. 1. 98.*

Quod petiit spernit, repetit quod nuper omisit;  
 Et tuat & vitæ disconvenit ordine toto,  
 Diruit, ædificat, mutat quadrata rotundis.

*No, There are Fools enough besides in Town,  
 To furnish Work for Satire, and Lampoon :  
 Few Months before cry'd the unthinking Sot ;  
 Who quickly after, hamper'd in the Knot,  
 Was quoted for an Instance by the rest,  
 And bore his Fate, as tamely as the best ;  
 And thought, that Heav'n from some mirac'lous side,  
 For him alone had drawn a faithful Bride.*

*This is our Image just : Such is that vain,  
 That foolish, fickle, motly Creature Man :  
 More changing than a Weathercock, his Head  
 Ne'er wakes with the same Thoughts, he went to Bed.  
 Irksome to all beside, and ill at ease,  
 He neither others, nor himself can please :  
 Each Minute round his whirling Humours run,  
 Now he's a Trooper, and a Priest anon,  
 To day in Buff, to morrow in a Gown.*

*Yet pleas'd with idle Whimsies of his Brain,  
 And pufft with Pride, this haughty Thing would fain  
 Be thought himself, the only stay, and prop,  
 That holds the mighty Frame of Nature up :*

The



The Skies and Stars his Properties must seem,  
 And turn-spit Angels tread the Spheres for him:  
 Of all the Creatures he's the Lord (he cries)  
 More absolute, than the *French* King of his.  
*And who is there* (say you) *that dares deny*  
*So own'd a Truth?* That may be, Sir, do I.

But to omit the Controversie here,  
 Whether, if met, the Passenger and Bear,  
 This or the other stands in greater fear.  
 Or if the *Lybian* Herdsmen made a Law,  
 That all the *Barca* Lions shou'd withdraw,  
 Whether they'd strait obey their high Command,  
 And at a Minutes warning rid the Land:  
 This Monarch of the World, this Demy-God,  
 That rules the subject Creatures with a Nod;  
 This titular King, who thus pretends to be  
 The Lord of all, How many Lords has he?  
 The Lust of Money, and the Lust of Power,  
 With Love, and Hate, and twenty Passions more,  
 Hold him their Slave, and chain him to the Oar.

Scarce has soft Sleep in silence clos'd his Eyes,  
 \* *Up!* (strait says Avarice) *'Tis time to rise.*  
 Not yet: One Minute longer. *Up!* (she cries)  
 The Shops, quo' you, are shut: 'Tis hardly Day.  
*No matter, Rise!* Still you, For what, I pray?  
*To scow'r from end to end the spacious Deep,*  
*Crys Avarice, Shake off inglorious Sleep!*  
 To Monks and Beggars laziness resign,  
*The distant Indies search, exhaust New Spain,*  
*Fetch Spice from Goa, China from Japan.*  
 What need all this? I've Wealth enough in store,  
 I thank the Fates, nor care for adding more.  
*You cannot have too much, for Sacred Gain,*  
*You must no Crime, no Perjury refrain.*  
*Hunger you must endure, Hardship, and Want,*  
*Amidst full Barns keep an eternal Lent,*  
*And tho' you've more than B—————m e'er spent,*

Or

---

\* *Perf. Sat. V. Vers. 132.*

Mane piger stertis: surge, inquit Avaritia: eja,  
 Surge. Negas; instat. Surge, inquit. Non queo: Surge  
 En quid agam? Rogitas? Saperdas advehe Ponto,  
 Castoreum, stupas, hebenum, thus, lubrica Coa;  
 Tolle recens primus piper e sitiente Camelo.  
 Verte aliquid, jura, &c.

Or C——n got, like stingy B——l save,  
 And grudge your self the Charges of a Grave,  
 And the small Ransom of a single Groat,  
 From Sword or Halter to redeem your Throat.  
 And pray, why all this sparing? Don't you know?  
 Only t'enrich a spendthrift Heir, or so:  
 Who shall, when you are timely dead, and gone,  
 With his Gilt Coach and Six, amuse the Town,  
 Keep his gay brace of Punks, and vainly give  
 More for a Night, than you to Fine for Sheriff.  
 But you lose time; the Wind and Vessel waits,  
 Quick, let's aboard! Hey for the Downs, and Streights.

Or, if all-powerful Money fail of Charms  
 To tempt the Wretch, and push him on to Harms:  
 With a strong Hand does fierce Ambition seize,  
 And drag him forth from soft Repose and Ease:  
 Amidst ten thousand Dangers spurs him on,  
 With loss of Blood and Limbs to hunt Renown,  
 Who for Reward of many a Wound and Maim,  
 Is paid with nought but wooden Legs, and Fame;  
 And the poor Comfort of a grinning Fate,  
 To stand recorded in the next Gazette:

But hold, (cries one) your paltry gibing Wit,  
 Or learn henceforth to aim it more aright :  
 If this be any ; 'tis a glorious Fault,  
 Which through all Ages has been ever thought  
 The Hero's Virtue, and chief Excellence :  
 Pray, What was Alexander in your Sense ?  
 A Fool helike. Yes, faith, Sir, much the same :  
 A crack-brain'd Huff, that set the World on flame ;  
 A Lunatic broke Loose, who in his Fit,  
 Fell foul on all, invaded all he met.  
 Who \*, Lord of the whole Globe, yet not content,  
 Lack'd Elbow-room, and seem'd too closely pent.  
 What Madnefs was't, that born, to a fair Throne,  
 Where he might Rule with Justice, and Renown,  
 Like a wild Robber, he should choose to roam,  
 A pitied Wretch, with neither House, nor Home :  
 And hurling War and Slaughter up and down,  
 Thro' the wide World make his vast Folly known ?  
Happy

---

\* *Juv. Sat. X. Vers. 162.*

Unus Pellæo Juveni non sufficit Orbis.  
 Æstuat infelix augusto limite Mundi.

en

Happy, for ten good Reasons, had it been,  
If *Macedon* 'ad had a *Bedlam* then :

That there with Keepers under close restraint  
He might have been from frantic Mischief pent.

But that we mayn't in long Digressions now  
Discourse all *Senault*, and the Passions through,  
And ranging them in Method stiff and grave,  
Hold forth in Verse, and Rhyme by Paragraph :

Let's quit the present Topic of Dispute,  
For *Charron*, or *la Chambre*, to confute ;  
And take a view of Man in his best light,  
Wherein he seems to most Advantage set.

'Tis *be alone*, (you'll say) 'tis *happy he*,  
*That's fram'd by Nature for Society :*  
*He only dwells in Towns, is only seen*  
*With Manners and Civility to shine ;*  
*He only Magistrates and Kings Elects,*  
*Observes a Polity, and Law Respects.*

'Tis granted, Sir ; but yet without all these,  
Without your boasted Laws, and Policies,  
Or fear of Judges, or of Justices ;

\* Who



\* Who ever saw the Wolves, so bent on Prey,  
 To rob their fellow Wolves upon the way ?  
 Who ever saw *Church* and *Fanatic* Bear,  
 Like savage Mankind one another tear ?  
 What Tyger e'er, aspiring to be great,  
 In Plots and Factions did embroil the State ?  
 Or when was't heard upon the *Lybian* Plains,  
 Where the stern Monarch of the Desert reigns,  
 That *Whig* and *Tory* Lions in wild Jars  
 Madly engag'd for choice of Sheriffs and May'rs ?  
 The fiercest Creatures, we in Nature find,  
 Respect their Figure still in the same kind ;  
 To others rough, to these they gentle be,  
 And live from Noise, from Feuds, from Actions free.  
 No Eagle does upon his Peerage sue,  
 And strive some meaner Eagle to undo :  
 No Fox was e'er suborn'd by Spite, or Pay,  
 To swear his Brother Fox's Life away :

Nor

---

\* ——— *Idem, Sat. XV. Vers. 159.*

Sed jam Serpentum major concordia, parcit  
 Cognatis maculis similis fera. Quando Leoni  
 Fortior eripuit vitam Leo ? Quo nemore umquam  
 Exspiravit aper majoris dentibus apri ?  
 Indica Tygris agit rabida cum Tygride pacem  
 Perpetuam, sævis inter se convenit Urfis.

Nor any Hind, for Impotence at Rut,  
 Did e'er the Stag into the Arches put ;  
 Where a grave Dean the *Congress* might ordain,  
 And with that Burlesque Word his Sentence stain :  
 They do no dreadful *Quo Warranto* fear,  
 No Courts of Sessions, or Assize, are there,  
 No *Common-Pleas*, *Queen's-Bench*, or *Chancery-Bar* :  
 But happier they, by Nature's Charter free,  
 Secure, and safe, in mutual Peace agree,  
 And know no other Law, but Equity.

'Tis Man, 'Tis Man alone, that worst of Brutes,  
 Who first brought up the Trade of cutting Throats,  
 Did Honour first, that barbarous Term devise,  
 Unknown to all the gentle Savages ;  
 'Twas not enough, his Hand was taught by Hell,  
 To knead Salt-Petre, and to sharpen Steel.

Farther to Plague the World, he must ingross  
 Huge *Codes* and bulky *Pandects* of the Laws,  
 With Doctors Glosses to perplex the Cause.

Where darken'd Equity is kept from light,  
 And under Heaps of Authors buried quite.

Gently, good Sir ! (cry you) *Why all this rant ?*  
*Man has his Freaks and Passions ; that we grant ;*

He

*He has his Frailties, and blind Sides ; who doubts ?*

*But his least Virtues balance all his Faults.*

*Pray, was it not this bold, this thinking Man,*

*That measur'd Heav'n, and taught the Stars to scan,*

*Whose boundless Wit, with soaring Wings durst fly,*

*Beyond the flaming Borders of the Sky ;*

*Turn'd Nature o'er, and with a piercing view*

*Each cranny search'd, and look'd her through and through.*

*Which of the Brutes have Universities,*

*When was it heard, that they e'er took Degrees,*

*Or were Professors of the Faculties ?*

*By Law, or Physic, were they ever known*

*To merit Velvet, or a Scarlet Gown ?*

No, questionless ; nor did we ever read,

Of Quacks in Woods, that were Licentiates made,

By Patent to profess the pois'ning Trade :

They have no Doctors there, to hold Dispute

About Black-pudding, while the wond'ring Rout

Listen to hear the knotty Truth made out :

Nor Virtuoso's teach deep Mysteries

Of Arts for pumping Air, and smothering Flies.

But

But not to urge the Matter farther now,  
 Nor search it to the Depth, What 'tis to know,  
 Or whither our laps'd Spirit, since the Fall  
 Has known, or do's know any Thing at all.  
 Answer me only this, What Man is there  
 In this vile thankless Age, wherein we are,  
 Who does by Sense and Learning value bear?  
*Would'st thou get Honour, and a fair Estate,  
 And have the Looks and Favours of the Great?*  
 Cries an old Father to his blooming Son,  
 † Take the right Course, be rul'd by me, 'tis done.  
*Leave mouldy Authors to the reading Fools,  
 The poring crouds in Colleges and Schools:  
 How much is threescore Nobles? Twenty Pound.  
 Well said, my Son, the Answer's most profound:  
 Go, thou know'st all that's requisite to know;  
 What Wealth on thee, what Honours haste to flow!*

In

---

† Hor. Art. Poet. Vers. 325.

Romani pueri longis rationibus affem  
 Discunt in partes centum dividere; dicat  
 Filius Albini, si de quincunce remota est  
 Uncia quid superat? poteris dixisse triens, Eu,  
 Rem poteris servare tuam. Redit uncia, quid fit?  
 Semis. At hæc animos ærugo & cura peculi  
 Cum semel imbuerit, speramus carmina fingi  
 Posse, &c.

*In these high Sciences thy self employ,  
 Instead of Plato, take thy Ricard, Boy.  
 Learn there the Art to audit an Account,  
 To what the King's Revenue does amount :  
 How much the Customs and Excise bring in,  
 And what the Managers each Year purloin.  
 Get a Case-hard'ned Conscience, Irish proof,  
 Which nought of Pity, Sense, or Shame can move :  
 Turn Algerine, Barbarian, Turk, or Jew,  
 Unjust, inhuman, treacherous, base, untrue ;  
 Ne'er stick at wrong ; hang Widows Sighs and Tears,  
 The Cant of Priests to frighten Usurers : }  
 Boggle at nothing to encrease thy Store,  
 Not Orphans spoils, nor plunder of the Poor :  
 Scorn then the paltry Rules of Honesty,  
 By surer Methods raise thy Fortune high ; }  
 And disappoint ev'n \* Colbert's watchful Eye.*

*Then Shoals of Poets, Pedants thou shalt have,  
 Lawyers, Astrologers and Doctors grave,*

*Authors*

---

\* The Treasurer of France.



*Authors of every sort, and size, shall press,  
 To thee their Works, and Labours shall address,  
 Degrade the Heroes to give thee their Place.  
 With pompous Lines their Dedications fill,  
 And learnedly in Greek and Latin tell  
 Lies to thy Face, that thou hast deep insight,  
 And art the nicest Judge of what they write.  
 † He that is Rich, is every Thing that is,  
 Without one Grain of Wisdom, he is wise,  
 And knowing nought, knows all the Sciences:  
 He's Witty, Gallant, Virtuous, Generous, Stout,  
 Well-Born, well-Bred, well-Shaped, well-Drest, what not  
 Loved by the Great, and courted by the Fair;  
 No Farmer of the Customs need Dispair.  
 Gold to the loathsom'st Object gives a grace,  
 And sets it off, and makes ev'n D—— please:  
 But tatter'd Poverty they all despise,  
 Love stands aloof, and from the Scare-crow flies.*

Thus

---

† *Hor. Lib. I. & VI. Vers. 36.*  
*Scilicet, uxorem cum dote, fidemque & amicos,*  
*Et genus & formam regina pecunia donat.*  
*Ac bene nummatum decorat Suadela, Venusque.*

Thus a stanch Miser, to his hopeful Brat,  
 Chalks out the way that leads to an Estate:  
 Whose Knowledge oft with utmost stretch of Brain  
 No high'r than this vast Secret can attain,  
 Five and Four's Nine, take Two, and Seven remain.  
 Go, Doctor, after this, and rack your Brains,  
 Unravel Scripture, and grow Lean with Pains:  
 On musty *Fathers* waste your fruitless Hours,  
 Correct the Critics, and Expositors:  
 The Sacred Horror pierce of Holy Writ;  
 Point out each Quicksand, and with labour'd Wit,  
 Shew us where *Calvin* and where *Luther* split;  
 The fam'd Disputes of Ages past display,  
 And drive the *Rabbies* learned Clouds away:  
 Then at the last, some bulky Piece compile,  
 There lay out all your Time, and Pains and Skill;  
 And when 'tis done and finish'd for the Press,  
 To some great Name the mighty Work address:  
 Who, for a full Reward of all your Toil,  
 Shall pay you with a gracious Nod or Smile:  
 Just Recompence of Life too vainly spent!  
 An empty, *Thank you*, Sir, and Compliment.

But

But, if to higher Honors you pretend,  
 Take the Advice and Counfel of a Friend ;  
 Here quit the Desk, and throw your Scarlet by,  
 And to some gainful Course your self apply.  
 Go, Practise with some Banker how to Cheat,  
 There's choice in Town, enquire in *Lombard-Street*.  
 Let *S---* and *O-----* wrangle, as they please,  
 And thus in short with me conclude the Case,  
 A Doctor is no better than an *Ass*.

*Ass* in your Teeth, Sir Poet, have a care ;  
 This is to push your Raillery too far.  
 But not to lose the time in trifling thus,  
 Beside the Point come now more home and close :  
 That Man has Reason is beyond debate,  
 Nor will ev'n you, I think, deny me that :  
 And was not this fair Pilot giv'n to Steer  
 His tott'ring Bark through Life's rough Ocean here ?

All this I grant: But if in spite of it  
 The Wretch on every Rock he sees will split,  
 To what great purpose does his Reason serve,  
 But to misguide his Course, and make him swerve ?  
 What boots it *Durfey*, when it says, Give o'er  
 Thy scribbling Itch, and play the Fool no more,

If her vain Counsels, purpos'd to reclaim,  
 Only avail to harden him in Shame;  
 Lampoon'd, and hiss'd, and damn'd the thousandth  
 time,

Still he writes on, is obstinate in Rhime :

\* His Verse, which he does every where recite,  
 Puts all his Neighbours, and his Friends to flight ;  
 Scar'd by the Rhiming Fiend, they haste away,  
 Nor will his very Boy be hir'd to stay.

The Ass, to whom Dame Nature has deny'd  
 Reason ; content with Instinct for his Guide,  
 Still follows that, and wiser does proceed :  
 He ne'er aspires, with his harsh braying Note,  
 The Songsters of the Wood to challenge out :  
 Nor, like this awkward smatterer in Arts,  
 Sets up himself for a vain Ass of Parts ;  
 Of Reason void, he fees, and gains his End ;  
 While Man, who does to that false Light pretend,  
 Wildly gropes on, and in broad Day is Blind.

By

---

\* *Id. in Art. Poet. Vers. 474.*  
 Indoctum doctumque fugat recitator acerbus.

By Whimsey led, he does all Things by chance,  
 And Acts in each against all common Sense,  
 With every Thing pleas'd, and displeas'd at once,  
 He knows not what he Seeks, nor what he shuns :  
 Unable to distinguish good, or bad,  
 For nothing he is Gay, for nothing Sad :  
 At random Loves, and loaths, avoids, pursues,  
 Enacts, repeals, makes, alters, does, undoes.

Did we, like him, e'er see the Dog, or Bear,  
 Chimera's of their own devising fear ?  
 Frame needless Doubts, and for those Doubts forego  
 The Joys, which prompting Nature calls them to ?  
 And with their Pleasures awkwardly at strife,  
 With scaring Fantoms pall the Sweets of Life ?  
 Tell me, grave Sir, Did ever Man see Beast  
 So much below himself, and Sense debas'd,  
 To worship Man with superstitious Fear,  
 And fondly to his Idol Temples rear ?  
 Was he e'er seen with Pray'rs and Sacrifice  
 Approaching him, as Ruler of the Skies,  
 To beg for Rain, or Sun-shine, on his Knees ?  
 No never : But a thousand Times has Beast  
 Seen Man, beneath the meanest Brute debas'd.



Fall low to Wood ; and Metal heretofore,  
 And madly his own Workmanship adore :  
 \* In Egypt oft has seen the Sot bow down,  
 And Reverence some deify'd Baboon :  
 Has often seen him on the Banks of Nile  
 Say Pray'rs to the almighty Crocodile.

*But why (say you) these spiteful Instances  
 Of Egypt, and its gross Idolatries ?  
 Think you that such wild Stuff as this will pass  
 For any Proof, that Man's below an Ass ?  
 An Ass ! That heavy, stupid, lumpish Beast,  
 The Sport, and mocking Stock of all the rest ?  
 Whom they all Spurn, and whom they all despise,  
 Whose very Name all Satire does comprize ?  
 An Ass, Sir ! Yes ; Pray, Wherefore do we Mock  
 At him ? Yet he's the common Laughing-stock ;  
 But, if one Day, he should occasion find,  
 Upon our Follies to express his Mind ;*

If

---

\* Juvenal, Sat. XV. Vers. 1.

Quis nescit, Voluci Bithynice, qualia demens  
 Ægyptus portenta colat ? Crocodilon adorat  
 Pars hæc : illa pavet saturam Serpentibus Ibin.  
 Effigies sacri nitet aurea Cercopithecii.

If Heav'n, as once of old, to check proud Man,  
 By Miracle should give him Speech again;  
 What wou'd he say, d'ye think, cou'd he speak out,  
 Nay, Sir, betwixt us two, What wou'd he not?

What wou'd he say, were he condemn'd to stand,  
 For one long Hour in *Fleetstreet*, or the *Strand*,  
 To cast his Eyes upon the motly throng,  
 The two-legg'd Herd, that daily pass along;  
 To see their odd Disguises, Furs and Gowns,  
 Cassocks, Lac'd Coats, Lawn-Sleeves, and Pantaloons?  
 What would he say to see a Velvet Quack  
 Walk with the Price of Forty kill'd on's Back;  
 Or mounted on a Stage, and gaping Loud,  
 Commend his Drugs and Ratsbane to the Croud?  
 What wou'd he think upon a Lord-Mayor's Day,  
 Shou'd he the Pomp and Pageantry Survey?  
 Or view the Judges, and their solemn Train,  
 March with grave Decency to kill a Man?  
 What wou'd he think of us, should he appear  
 In *Term*, amongst the Crouds, at *Westminster*,  
 And there, the hellish Din, and Jargon hear;

Where *D—s*, and his Pack, with deep mouth'd Notes,  
 Drown *Billingsgate*, and all its Oyster-Boats ?  
 There see the Judges, Serjeants, Barristers,  
 Attorneys, Councillors, Solicitors,  
 Cryers, and Clerks, and all the Savage Crew  
 Which wretched Man at his own charge undo ?  
 If after Prospect of all this, the *Ass*  
 Should find the Voice he had in *Aesop's Days* ;  
 Then, Doctor, then, casting his Eyes around  
 On Human Fools, which every where abound :  
 Content with Thistles, and from Envy free,  
 He'd shake his Head, and cry undoubtedly,  
*Man is a Beast, Good Faith, as much as we.*

S A T I R E

## S A T I R E IX.

**T**H E Faults of others I enough have shown,  
 'Tis just at last that I should tell my own ;  
 Nor vainly think while I their Errors see,  
 That I who judge 'em am from Erring free.

To thee, My Muse, this Satire I'll address,  
 And force thee ev'ry Failing to confes ;  
 My partial Patience has endur'd too long  
 The Sallies of thy proud Censorious Song.  
 Thy Friends have either flatter'd thee, or thought  
 That like another *Cato* Thou hast Taught.  
 All Authors Merit thou hast boldly weigh'd,  
 And Schemes to form a perfect Poet laid ;  
 As if, from Censure, and Reproof secure,  
 No Wit nor Writings but thy own were pure.  
 Enough of that—— For I who know thee well,  
 Thy Pride and Weakness will no more conceal:  
 I laugh to see thee so presumptions grown, u  
 To fancy thou, forsooth, canst mend the Town ;

Tho' thy loud Malice may be heard as far  
 As a duckt Scold or \* *G* ——— *r* at the Bar :  
 Does that a Critic make thee or a Wit ;  
 When thou for neither art by Nature fit ?  
 Didst thou e'er feel the sacred Fire that warms  
 The Poets Breast, and all his Readers charms :  
 To climb *Parnassus* sharp Ascent ne'er try ;  
 † The Fall is dreadful if thou soar'st too high.  
 A *Dryden* or an *Otway* thou must be  
 Or else a *Settle* or at most a *Lee*.  
 And if, my Firm, Endeavours can't restrain  
 The furious Spleen of thy Satyric Vein,  
 Ne'er break thy Rest thy Neighbours Verse to scan,  
 || But if thou hast a Genius Sing of *Anne* ;  
 The Mighty Theme thy humble Muse will raise,  
 And Favour thou may'st thus acquire or *Bays* :  
 And tho' the forward Bard the Pension gains,  
 The Glory of the Song rewards the Pains.

Tempt

---

\* *G* ——— *r* a famous railing Lawyer.

† *Horat. Art. Poet. Vers. 372.*

————— *Mediocribus esse Poetis*

*Non Homines, non Di, non concessere Columnæ.*

|| *Hor. Lib. 11. Sat. 4. Verse 10.*

*Aut si tantus Amor scribendi te rapit, aude*

*Cæsaris invicti res dicere, multa laborum*

*Premia laturus. Pater optime, vires*

*Deficiunt, &c.*



Tempt me (methinks the Muse Replies) No more,  
 My Wings too heavy and too weak to soar;  
 The most of me you can with Reason ask,  
 Is a dull Sonnet or insipid Masque.  
 Of some Renown'd Enchantress let me sing,  
 Some whining Emperor or Maudlin King;  
 For *Anna's* Godlike Vertues and her Fame  
 Are Themes reserv'd for some illustrious Name:  
 The Muses to the Men that Charge assign,  
 Who drew *Mirmillo* and who sung the *Boyne*.  
 \* *Aaron* and I by hazard only write;  
 And never had been Poets but for spite;  
 And witty as we think our selves, had best  
 To Rhime no more, to be no more a Jest;  
 For if like Slaves we shou'd to Fortune bow  
 And find out Merit in a *F*—*b* or *H*—  
 Wou'd not the World the Myst'ry soon unfold?  
 And cry the Coxcomb said it all for Gold?  
 Shou'd we pretend new Triumphs to proclaim,  
 Great *Churchill's* Deeds or *Stanhope's* growing Fame:

The

\* *Juvenal Sat. i. v. 79.*

*Si natura negat, facit Indignatio Versum,  
 Qualemcumque potest, quales ego vel Cluvenus.*

The Town wou'd be surpriz'd at what we meant,  
And think it at the best Impertinent.

If you will scribble you shou'd be discreet  
Nor fall on ev'ry Fool you chance to meet;  
This Town was never yet nor e'er will be  
From Fools and Fops of all Professions free.

Pray why shou'd Poets only then be spar'd,  
If they as Mortal may not err, 'tis hard.

Perhaps you have a Deathless Name in View  
And *Horace's* unerring Tracts pursue;  
For future *Rhymers* crabbed Work prepare,  
And raise another *Boyle* and *Bently* War.  
Vain Hopes uncertain as a Gamesters Pence,  
A Tradesman Honesty or Tory's Sense.  
'Tis odds, you venture little if you lay  
That he's to Morrow damn'd who took to Day.  
Taking's a Trick and by a Party made,  
You court the Player and your Farce is play'd.  
One Winter on the *Posts* 'tis seen in *Red*,  
But like an Almanack the next 'tis dead.  
Thus Books by which the Father Printer won,  
Rot on the dirty Stall and break the Son:

Like

Like honest *Tom's* whom you so much despise  
 Light Pipes or else are bak'd with Penny Pies :  
 Your Works so highly by your self esteem'd,  
 To Trunks or *London Bridge* may be condemn'd ;  
 Or what nor Eating Time nor Rats destroy,  
 Some lazy Lucky's idle Hours employ.  
 Or through some bawling Ballad-Singers Throat  
 Be strain'd and Sold by Dozens for a Groat.

But grant your Labors have a longer Reign,  
 Sell whole Impressions off, Reprint again ;  
 That more by Malice than Desert you hit,  
 And Criticks yet unborn approve your Wit,  
 I'm still expos'd to suffer for your Guilt,  
 And threaten'd with an Action or a Tilt.

What will you get if future Times allow  
 Your Satire good if you must suffer now :  
 You Toil and Trouble to your self create,  
 That Fools may fear you and their Fav'ers hate.  
 To Rail and Rhime what *Demon* sets thee on ?  
*A Book offends thee.* Let the Book alone.  
 Can no poor Author from thy Rage be free,  
 No Sot be damn'd in Quiet now for thee ?

Ill Fortune! When their Works wou'd be forgot  
 Thy Spleen revives and will not let 'em rot:  
 What Mortal Wight if thou hadst never writ  
 Had heard that B—— wou'd be thought a Wit?  
 In Dust proud *Gondibert's* Heroic Head  
 Had lain, and *Westley's* Life of Christ been dead.  
 A Croud of Sonnetteers and Stage Buffoons,  
 Fathers of Fustian Scenes and lewd Lampoons;  
 Vain Coxcombs, of Conceit and Nonsense Full,  
 Swoln with Success and insolently dull:  
 The Living and the Dead alike you blame,  
 And fight a wretched Host too vile to name;  
 Yet some of 'em have had the Luck to hit,  
 And C—— is for others Worth a Wit  
 The Living to their Shame and Loss give o'er,  
 The Dead are dead and can offend no more.  
 You say they tire you with their Trash—— 'tis true,  
 What then, has no body been tir'd but you.  
 These very Coxcombs are at Court carest,  
 And thought to be *inspir'd* when they're *possest*.  
 'Tis ev'ry English Man's undoubted Right,  
 To use his Pen, and when he pleases, write;  
 To

To lead some fam'd Romantic Knight along,  
Thro' Fifty Thousand Lines of Epic Song;  
*Parnassus* thus with Wit is over-run,  
Like Swarms of Insects in a Summers Sun;  
The pasted Door of ev'ry Tradesman's Shop  
Informs us daily of some Printing Fop;  
Each Scoundrel Scribler with his *Scriptions* fills  
The Posts like Quacks to vend *Veneréal Pills*,  
And Shoals of Pamphleteers the World Abuse  
With Paltry Politicks or Lying News.  
Writing's a Humor and will have its run,  
Till Fools are weary or the Trade's undone.  
But what and who are you that you shou'd dare  
Against the Reigning Folly to declare?  
D' ye think your Name or Lessons will prevail  
Or has the God commission'd you to rail?  
While you with others Works are so severe  
Pray lend to what they say of you an Ear.

The



The Man is mad or else he wou'd n't lose  
 \* A hundred Friends to please a froward Muse:  
 Nothing, not *Arthur* will with him go down,  
 He'd make his Taste the Standard of the Town:  
 No Pleader tho' for Tropes and Tricks renown'd  
 Can please him, he's so nice and so profound.  
 He ne'er likes any thing he hears at Church,  
 At *A*—y sleeps, and snores at *B*—h.  
 Yet all he ever told us is no more  
 Than *Juvenal* or *Horace* said before,  
 For *Juvenal* in Latin somewhere says,  
 When *T*—y preaches ev'ry Soul's at ease;  
 That *B*—k's drowfy Sermons are so dull,  
 To sleep like *Laudanum* his Flock they lull:  
 Against vile Poets they declared aloud,  
 And you of such Authority are Proud,

*Horace*

\* *Horat. Sat. IV. Lib. 1. Vers. 34.*

*Fœnum habet in cornu, longe fuge. Dummodo risum  
 Excusiat sibi, non hic cuiquam parcat amico*

*Which Regnier has thus Imitated in the XII. Satire.*

*Fly, Fly; with all the World this Railer Fights,  
 His Spleen so froward thus he snarles and bites,  
 Yet nothing can his peevish Humour mend  
 But for his Jest he'll sacrifice his Friend.*

*Horace* and *Juvenal's* great Names you use,  
 Your own licentious Satire to excuse ;  
 'Twill never do, if all your Readers fear  
 To dip into your Book lest they are there ;  
 Your Freedom will in Drowning end in time,  
 And I shall to the *Thames* be sent to Rhime,  
 Or some Boy-Bully with obscure Attack,  
 Insult me, seconded by friendly *Back*.  
 Thus I, for neither Sword nor Swimming fit,  
 Shall penitently pay for what you writ.  
 Perhaps some merry Wits who love to laugh,  
 May like your Mirth ; but let your Mirth be safe ;  
 For one Man's Love you gain a hundreds Hate,  
 And endless Quarrels to your self create.  
 Give me a Reason why you'll still rail on,  
 Or Muse, to speak my Mind——You must 'ave done  
 Is it to rail, to tell an empty Sot,  
 His Fame will fail him, and his Writings rot ;  
 To Show a Poet of his Buyers proud,  
 That Sound as well as Sense may please the Croud,  
 That equal Time will in a faithful Glass  
 Discover They are Fools and He an Ass ;

That

That ev'ry vile Translator's not a Wit,  
 Nor ev'ry College Priest for Preaching fit;  
 If this by your so sage Reproof you mean,  
 Then Truth's Impertinence, and Reason Spleen.

Railing of late's mysterious grown and fine,  
 A Quality too courtly to be mine.

In ancient Times 'twas open and severe,  
 But now it flatters and is seeming fair;  
 To hit the Mark it takes an artful Round,  
 Yet gives a surer and a deeper Wound.

\* As thus; were D——b's Story to be told,  
 It wou'd n't all at once his Sins unfold,  
 Nor *Helm'sly* bought with *Abdicated* Gold;  
 'Twou'd cry——*Alas I knew him from a Child,*  
*And sure He's not the first by Woman spoil'd:*  
*He made the prettiest Lucky in the Town,*  
*And clean'd a Shoe, and rub'd a Pacer down*  
 So well——*Who thought that he wou'd wear the Gown:*  
 Fortune

\* Horat. Lib. 1. Sat. IV. Vers. 93.

———Mentio siqua

De Capitolini furtis injecta Petilli

Te coram infuerit: defendas, ut tuus est mos:

Me Capitolinus convictore usus amico,

Quæ a Puero est causaque mea permulta rogatus:

Fecit, & incolumis lætor quod vivit in urbe.

Sed tamen admiror quo pacto iudicium illud

Fugerit. Hic nigræ succus coliginis

*Virginius*

*Fortune was Nodding when his Master broke,  
And giving him the Chain, her Man mistook.*

These soft Mouth'd Satyrists wou'd thus declaim  
At M——r whose Charity records his Name,

“ The Knight had known how needy Wretches fare;

“ His Parents were it seems the Parish Care;

“ A Saint profound—— To make his Reck'ning ev'n;

“ The Wealth he stole from Man, he gave to Heav'n.

Thus they defame, but in a sweeter Note,

And compliment ye, when they cut your Throat.

A Soul above such base Compliance born

To rally in so soft a Tone wou'd scorn.

With hobling Verse to quarrel What Offence ?

Or Wrong, to War with those that War with Sense ?

To laugh at such as labour to delight

In vain, is ev'ry common Readers Right.

A Fop of Quality with fine Grimace,

May Sentence freely and uncensur'd pass ;

May to our Modern Bards prefer our Old,

Or *Tasso's* Tinsel Rhymes to *Virgil's* Gold.

Each Powder'd Clerk believes his Eighteen Pence

Entitles him to judge of Wit and Sense ;

To Damn without Distinction or approve;  
 To Clap the *Trip* and Hiss at *Love for Love* :  
 Nay, I have seen a Poet's Valet weigh  
 In clumsy Scales, the Merit of a Play ;  
 For he that in the Scene his Fortune tries,  
 Is still a Slave to him that sees or buys :  
 To Prejudice and Humour he submits,  
 And stands the Shock of Fools as well as Wits.  
 In vain an Author if his Works displease  
 Begg Pardon in a Preface on his Knees.  
 The Reader, like an angry Judge, will use  
 His Pow'r, and not admit of an Excuse.  
 Shall ev'ry one have Leave to speak but I,  
 Give me a Reason for't and I'll comply,  
 My Taste till then, like theirs, shall be my Rule,  
 I'll call a Sot a Sot, a Fool a Fool ;  
 Besides what harm has all this Freedom done,  
 Their Talents but for me had ne'er been known :  
 Nor *T——*'s Fame beyond *St. Mary's* reach'd,  
 Nor *London* heard that *Bi--ks* had ever preach'd.  
 Satire's a Service to a Rhiming Sot,  
 His Writings else, his Name wou'd be forgot ;

By



By this a Coxcomb is illustrious made,  
As Light in Pictures is set off by Shade.

In short, I speak my Mind, whate'er I blame,  
And those that may condemn me, think the same.

Some wary Persons fancy I'm too free  
With *A*——. Let 'em so fancy still for me,

Can Faction mend an incorrect Design,  
Or soften to my Ear a rumbling Line,

If thousands have or may applaud his Song,  
Their Judgment ever was and will be wrong.

You tell me he has Wit and Sense, suppose  
He has, To prove it let him write in Prose;  
For 'tis not ev'ry Man of Sense and Wit  
Who for the lofty Epic Strain is fit.

True Satire is an Author's truest Friend,  
She shows him how he errs and how to mend,  
Nor does she all that she condemns despise,  
And only calls 'em Fools to make 'em wise:  
By Sot and Fool she means a forward Wight,  
Who will in spite of Art or Nature write;  
His Public Character she always takes,  
And never into private Actions rakes.

Did I like *W*— with base Invectives scan  
 His Life and for the Muse attack the Man,  
 From Reason and from Justice I shou'd swerve,  
 And erring like a Slave a Slave's Reproof deserve,  
 Satire for Virtue has a due Regard,  
 And from the Knight distinguishes the Bard :  
 Say if you please, he's civil and discreet,  
 \* Learn'd, Eloquent, Obliging and Polite;  
 Say he's a Man of Honour and Estate,  
 'Tis granted, he is all and more than that,  
 Yet if you take his Poems for the Test  
 Of Epic Song, your Judgment is a Jest ;  
 For as the Prince of Poets I disown  
 His Empire, and deny his Title to the Throne,  
 When his pretended Right some Fools proclaim,  
 My Choler with Disdain is in a Flame,  
 And if I durst not vent my raging Spleen,  
 Or tell the World my Grievance with my Pen,  
 † Like the fam'd Barber I shou'd dig a Hole,  
 And there discharge the Burthen of my Soul.

There

\* This relates to Chapelain, and is more literally translated in M. Arnauld's Letter.

† Persius Sat. 1. V. 119.

Men' mutire nefas, nec clam, nec cum scrobe ? Nusquam  
 Hic tamen infodiam. Vidi, vidi ipse, libelle,  
 Auticulas Afini Midas Rex habet.

*alter'd by Comenius to Quis non habet? Tho' if read in the way, it must be Mida, and not Midas as here, for the sake*

There whisper to the Reeds that *Midas* wears  
 Beneath his Royal Crown an Asses Ears.  
 What hurt has my impartial Satire done?  
 Its Talent is not baulkt, it labours on ;  
*Folio's* on *Folio's* still are brought to light,  
 And *L——s* Garrets groan beneath the Weight.  
 No Critics friendly, or unfriendly Look  
 Can make or mar the Fortune of a Book.  
 When once 'tis publish'd it will have its run,  
 And is not to be sav'd or damn'd by one.  
*Richlieu* in vain the famous \* *Cid* decry'd,  
 All *Paris* for the fair *Chimene* sigh'd ;  
 Ev'n the whole Academy wrote in vain ;  
 The Public did the Poets Cause maintain.  
 That Head that held the Christian World in Chains  
 Was baff'd by *Corneille's* Tragic Strains.  
 But fruitful *A——* Fortune is so hard  
 Each Reader is a Rimer to the Bard.  
 In vain a thousand Writers Altars raife  
 To offer to this God their Songs of Praise :

R 3

As

---

\* *A Tragedy of Corneille*

As *Phæbus* Son they lift him to the Sky,  
 Whose Poems give their loud Applause the Lye,  
 Enough—— The Town has said as much before,  
 They're tir'd with *A*—— So are we. No more.

Satire you say's a dang'rous Trade at best,  
 Which tho' it pleases some, offends the rest.

*Dryden* was drub'd, and honest *Crown* was bang'd,  
 And *Oldham* liv'd to fear he should be hang'd :

Forbear—— The Pleasure's fatal as 'tis great,  
 And let your Song be safe as well as sweet :

Like *Westley* a Seraphic Subject chuse

That all the Godly may espouse the Muse,

And Sanctity its want of Sense excuse;

Or else, like *Cowley* with a daring Wing

Of *Mighty Deeds* in *Mighty Numbers* sing ;

Or waiting on your Flocks in Town, relate

How hapless *Damon* dy'd for *Sylvia's* Hate ;

Or tune your Oaten Reed at *Temple Bar*,

And in your Closet tell the Woods your Care ;

Or warm'd with gen'rous Draughts of *Tuscan* Wine,

For *Amarillis* in an *Eclogue* whine.

Or in cold Couplets, careless of the Fair,

Sigh for some cruel *Chloris* in the Air :

Compare

Compare her to the Morn, or radiant Day ;  
 And while with living well, you're plump and gay, }  
 Sicken in Simile and Pine away.

Let Lovers to themselves their Language keep,  
 To lull fond Women and old Fools to Sleep.

Satire, abounding with instructive Sense,  
 Profit and Pleasure, wou'd at once dispense.

Her Verse in Reason's Limbec first refin'd,  
 Reforms the modish Errors of the Mind ;

Pride and Injustice she alone defies,

And follows to the Throne the reigning Vice :

Oft by a Jest, or happy Turn, she shows,

That Reason has her Friends, as well as Foes.

\* *Lucilius* Thus, with more than mortal Rage  
 Attack'd the Roman *Westley's* of his Age :  
 And *Horace* lash'd the Poet's scribbling Crimes,  
 The *M—*, and the *D—* of his Times.

'Twas

\* *Perfius excufes himfelf for writing Satire Sat. I. V. 114.*

— *Secuit Lucilius urbem,  
 Te Lupe, Te Muti, & genuinum fregit in illis.  
 Omne vafer vitium ridenti Flaccus amico  
 Tangit, &c.*

*See a Passage in Horace thereon cited in the VII. Sat.*



'Twas Sacred Satire, first inspir'd my Song,  
 And Taught me to distinguish Right from Wrong.  
 She, from a Boy, instructed me to hate  
 A foolish Book, and fear its Author's Fate:  
 She help'd me to ascend *Parnassus* Hill,  
 She first encourag'd, and confirms me still:  
 For Satire, in a word, I vow'd to write,  
 And made a Duty of my first Delight.

But since you tell me, I shou'd make amends,  
 And late oblige my Foes to be my Friends,  
 Th' Offences of past Poems to repair,  
 I'll change my Style, and to the World declare;  
*M——*'s a *Virgil*, and a *Horace* *B——n*  
*Lesley* a *Lock*, and *Bi———ks* a *Tillotson*.  
 That *Westley's* Parish-Temple's always cram'd,  
 And *Ch——*, and *Bur——y* were never dam'd;  
 That *F——. Hold*, the furious Fry's allarm'd,  
 And each against th' *Ironic* Figure arm'd,  
 His Pen, to blot the *Passive Paper* draws,  
 And Rheams of Scandal shall revenge his Cause:  
 Too wise to be by Metaphors misled,  
 That backward must, like *Indian* Books, be read.

Per-

Perhaps they may discover hidden Crimes,  
 And make a Misdemeanor of my Rhimes.  
*Churchill* and *Stanhope*, I in vain have sung,  
 And oft my Loyal Lyre for *Anna* strung:  
 Of vile Fanatic Notions, they'll accuse  
 My Satire, and indite the peevish Muse,  
 Who likes not *A—y*, *Bi—ks* and *B—h*,  
 They Swear, can never like the Queen and Church.  
 What then: What Hurt can these Declaimers do?  
 I have no Pension, nor no Place, in view.  
 Can they the common Privilege refuse  
 To mine, allow'd to ev'ry British Muse.  
 Deny'd her Native Freedom 'twill be hard,  
 Since Favour she expects not, nor Reward,  
 Nor Posts nor Pay. What all the World admires,  
 Provokes her Zeal, and grateful Praise inspires;  
*Churchill's* high Acts, and *Stanhope's* injur'd Fame;  
 Fair Liberty their Cause and Her's the same,  
 Not slavish Flatt'ry, nor a Venal Flame.  
 Gold is not wanting to untie my Tongue,  
 When conquer'd *Spain* or *Belgia* calls my Song.  
 I hope for nothing from my feeble Layes,  
 But the sole Honour such Desert to Praise;

With

With the same Pen that I have fall'n on Fools,  
 And lash'd vain Writers for neglecting Rules,  
 Dull Coxcombs, of the Name of Authors Proud,  
 And in their Colours shown the vicious Croud,  
 Due Homage to our Righteous Queen I yield,  
 And her fam'd Heroes in the glorious Field.

Those Wonders which to future Times shall seem  
 A Fable, are my Loyal Muse's Theme:  
 Enough for Her that she's allow'd to sing,  
 And Her poor Tribute to the Conqu'ror bring.  
 The Faults of Poetasters tho' I scan,  
 I know my Duty and Respect to *Anne*,  
 And wish (but all of us may wish in Vain,)  
 For Force to tell the Blessings of Her Reign.

" 'Tis Labour lost and you'll the Theme abuse ;  
 " But what can your Satyric Strokes excuse ?  
 " The Roaring Bullies of *Parnassus* Mount  
 " Severely vow to call you to Account.

I'm not afraid--- *You're stupid---* and shou'd fear  
*An angry Author like a Greenland Bear.*

What, fear him whether he is right or wrong ?

*No Matter----* You are Merry--- hold your Tongue.

## Preface, to the X Satire.

**A**T last I present you the Satire which has so long been demanded of me. That I defer'd publishing of it till now, was because I was unwilling it should appear till the new Edition of my Book which was then in the Press came out, intending to have it therein inserted. Several of my Friends, to whom I read it, have given it great Commendations, and prais'd it publickly, as the best of my Satires; in which they did not do me any Pleasure. I know the Public naturally rises against any extraordinary Praises bestow'd on Works before they appear in the World, and that the greatest Part of Readers peruse what is rais'd so high, only with a Design to abase it. I declare therefore that I will not make any Advantage of these Discourses in Favour of this Satire, and not only leave the Publick to its free Judgement, but give full Power to all those that criticiz'd on my Ode of Namur, to exercise the utmost Severity of their Criticisms against my Satire also. I hope they will do it with the same Success; and I can assure them that all their Discourses shall not oblige me to break a Sort of Vow I have made, never to defend my Writings, when only Words and Syllables are attack'd. I can very easily defend against these Censurers Homer, Horace, Virgil, and all those other great Men, whose Works I admire. But for my own, which I do not value, let those who approve of them find out Reasons to defend them; which is all the Advice I have here to give to the Reader: Nevertheless, methinks, Decency requires that I shou'd here make some Excuse to the fair Sex for the Liberty I have taken to paint their Vices. But in the Main all the Pictures I have drawn in my Satire are so general, that far from being afraid that the Ladies will be offended, 'tis on their Approbation and their Curiosity that I ground my greatest Hopes of its Success. One Thing at least I am sure they will commend me for, which is my having found out a Way in treating of so delicate a Matter, to do it so that not one Word has escap'd me which can give the least Offence in the World to Modesty; wherefore I hope I shall easily obtain my Pardon, and that the Ladies will not be more shock'd at my preaching against their Faults in this Satire, than at the Satires the Preachers make every Day against the same Faults in the Pulpit.

A  
**DIALOGUE,**  
 OR  
*SATIRE X.*

'TIS true, then, you're of Roring weary grown,  
*Alcippe*, and all the Fair renounce for *one*.  
 You'll take a Wife at last, the Bargain's made ;  
 The Portion, which indeed is all, agreed ;  
 The Jointure 's fixt, and to conclude the rest,  
 Your future Father ope's his Iron Chest ;  
 The Wax is on the Marriage Cov'nants squeez'd,  
 And nothing now is wanting but the Priest.  
 'Tis very well——You'll free your self from Snares,  
 And *Hymen* has his Comforts with his Cares.  
 Oh with what Joy, what wond'rous Joy you'll prove  
 The kind Caresses of a Spouse you love ?  
 In a fond Fit, how sweet 'twill be to hear  
 The loving Creature cry, *My Life, My Dear ?*  
 To see a little Fry about you grown,  
 And please your self to think they're all your own?

The



The Mother's easy in her Sway and Mild, *mild*  
 Ne'er frightens with the Rod the froward Child ;  
 So you, as she's to you, indulgent, kind,  
 Who wou'd not be to such a Bliss confin'd ?  
 How charming (when you're indispos'd) to see,  
 How over careful, how concern'd she'll be ;  
 And tho' she's sure your Ill is nothing, run  
 To help you, just as if 'twas Mortal sworn ;  
 Well, that no Danger's in the Case, she knows,  
 Yet the Fit's stronger, if you say it grows.  
 You will not, like some Fools, mistrust her Grief  
 Hopes, in a secret Lovers Arms, relief :  
 Coxcombs who to torment themselves contrive !  
 No Way to such suspicious Whims you'll give ;  
 But when your Spouses Agony you view,  
 Believe she'll die her self in Fear for you.

I see you can't with this Discourse dispense,  
 It strikes too close, and gives too much Offence.

“ Go on, your groundless Malice I defy,  
 “ Write against Wedlock what you please, you cry.

When

“ When you have said your worst ’twill be no more

“ \* Than *Juvenal*, whose Vein you thus adore,

Had told us with his utmost Spite before.

† *From Rhæas Days was Chastity despis’d,*

*No more the Blush that grac’d her Forehead priz’d,*

*Affronted and insulted by Mankind,*

*And Lust and Impudence against her joyn’d.*

*Injustice in the Iron Age was born,*

*And Heav’n by Man was treated now with Scorn ;*

*Pride and Impiety with ev’ry Vice*

*To this vile Metal ow’d its early Rise.*

*But scarce did Faith in Nuptial Love endure*

*So long, nor was the Ore for Hymen pure.*

“ How far beyond your Railery is this ?

“ These Words have in his Mouth an *Emphasis*.

“ But still with all its Keeness and its Force,

“ Why shou’d we to the Fable have Recourse ?

“ I tell you, Sir, that if in *Adam’s* times,

“ Or long e’er *Noah*, Man increas’d in Crimes,

Heav’ns

\* *Juvenal Sat. VI. Vers. 23.*

Omne aliud crimen mox ferrea protulit ætas.

Viderunt primos argentea secula mæchos.

† See the beginning of *Juvenal’s VI. Sat.*

" Heav'n's Justice and its threaten'd Vengeance dar'd,  
 " Avow'd his Vices and with Virtue war'd ;  
 " A Remnant of his Race was always found,  
 " And Honour in some Places to be found,  
 " Ev'n when the *Lais's* did most abound.  
 " And if the World with faithless *Phryne's* swarm'd,  
 " With Virtue there were then some Women arm'd ;  
 " More than one chaste *Penelope* was known  
 " To Teach all Ages and adorn her own :  
 " Form'd by these famous Models You'll allow  
 " Some faithful Wives are to be met with now.

Doubtless, In *Paris*, Sir, if I can count,  
 The Number will to Three at least amount ;  
 Your Lady too, a Dame of peerless Worth,  
 To these will, when you're wedded add a Fourth ;  
 Grant it. But think ye with the Name of Spouse  
 Fair *Chastity* it self will bless your House ?  
 Trust me --- Whene'er you from a Journey come,  
 Forget not, to send early Notice Home,  
 And let the Lady of the Mansion hear  
 Betimes, when you may be expected there ;  
 For this may many dire Mishaps prevent ;  
 And Husbands, oft, a rash Return lament.

One leaves his dear *Lucretia* in Tears,  
 And failing yet in these judicious Cares  
 Finds her-- You know-- " I know, Sir, what you'd say,  
 " And how, the Cuckold gone, the Wife will play ;  
 " I've foul'd my Mem'ry with \* *Jocunda's* Tale  
 " As well as you, but what does that avail ?  
 " I find what you wou'd have, you've heard me own,  
 " I mean to Wed, and that's to be undone.  
 " Such is your Notion of this dang'rous State  
 " Which now I see I'm bound to vindicate.  
 " I young into the World by you was brought,  
 " And have enough of this at times been taught.  
 " Too well I know to what malignant Spite  
 " Has *Hymen* been expos'd, what War of Wit,  
 " Not fully of its Fate to be appriz'd,  
 " And how tis either hated or despis'd.  
 " This is the common Theme, on Wedlock all  
 " Who are or wou'd be Wits with Malice fall.  
 " 'Tis very sure no Husband can be safe ;  
 " At him the Mimicks grin, the Poets laugh.  
 " Songs, Satires, Fables are on Marriage made,  
 " And the poor Cuckold in the Farce is play'd.

I've

\* *This is an admirable Tale of Fontaine's.*

“ I’ve seen what *Fontaine* and *Moliere* have said  
“ And *Villers* Writings on this Theme I’ve read;  
“ What *Ariosto*, *Rabalais*, and *Boccace*,  
“ This Author’s merry Wit, and that’s Grimace.  
“ All the Lampons that have on *Hymen* been,  
“ And all against the injur’d Sex I’ve seen :  
“ But put ’em in the Scale you’ll find ’em light,  
“ For Reason will out-weigh their partial Spite.  
“ What signify these vain invidious Tales ?  
“ Marriage, you see, as much as e’er prevails ;  
“ And he that was the smartest with his Joke,  
“ Submits, as well as others, to the Yoke.  
“ All in the Snare are caught, and soon or late  
“ Put on the Fetters, and pretend ’tis Fate.  
“ He who most laugh’d at Matrimonial Vows,  
“ Makes oft a very tame convenient Spouse ;  
“ In short, who e’er a happy Life enjoys,  
“ In Wedlock must have made a prudent Choice ;  
“ For ev’ry thing on that alone depends ;  
“ On that the Blessing, or the Curse attends.  
“ But to be plain, so far my Life is spent,  
“ A Wife can only give the rest Content.



“ My greedy Nephews when I near me see,  
 “ What to my Eyes more terrible can be  
 “ My Fortune they before my Face divide,  
 “ And living to their Use my Wealth's apply'd.  
 “ They seem uneasy that I live so long,  
 “ As if my Keeping it was in their wrong.  
 “ I see methinks, (when they shall hear it said,  
 “ Their loving Unkle's with his Father's laid,  
 “ Gone to the Place from whence he'll ne'er return)  
 “ What Tears they'll shed, and how affect to mourn.  
 “ What Care they'll take to let the World perceive  
 “ With what Decorum o'er my Grave they grieve.  
 “ Yet scarce can their dissembled Dew conceal  
 “ The secret Pleasure in their Hearts they feel.  
 “ To tell you all my Soul, I think with Joy,  
 “ How—— I by Marrying shall their Hopes destroy.  
 “ That while I'm still alive 'tis in my Pow'r  
 “ From their false Eyes to force a real Show'r.  
 “ Nay, further to confess a Truth, I own  
 “ At last, I'm tir'd to see my self alone.  
 “ Weakness or Reason call it what you will,  
 “ With Fears and Visions I my Fancy fill,

“ Of

" Of Trayt'rous Servants while I dread the Curse,  
 " And tremble for my Throat or for my Purse,  
 " With Rogues a mellancholy Life to lead,  
 " And a vile Crew of thieving Rascals feed :  
 " My Head a nights with dreadful Dreams is fill'd,  
 " Begot by bloody Tales of Masters kill'd.  
 " With Tragic Stories rack my restless Mind,  
 " Which yearly we in *Paris* Records find.  
 " Hence with this Foolish fashionable Scorn ;  
 " Man for Society and Love was born.  
 " Proud of our Freedom as we are and vain,  
 " We ne'er in Solitude can long remain  
 " Before our Happiness becomes a Pain.  
 " Abandon'd to our selves there's none so strong  
 " In Mind, as to endure its Labours long.  
 " If Grandfire *Adam* had been left alone,  
 " He gladly for a Bride had giv'n a Bone ;  
 " Tho' richer by a Rib, the tedious Life  
 " One day had been too long without a Wife ;  
 " But when, the Woman made, he found a Mate  
 " Frail as she was he blest his alter'd State,  
 " And his long Life was of too short a Date.

- “ Why then shou’d we a bold Attempt engage  
 “ By Rhimes and Railing to reform the Age ?  
 “ Why to Misantropy should we pretend ?  
 “ The World if wrong are not dispos’d to mend.  
 “ Cou’d we effect it, wou’d it not be weak,  
 “ The sweetest Tie of human Minds to break ?  
 “ Let Men live on as they have always done,  
 “ Let those that will, have Wives and others none.  
 “ *But Marriage is a Yoke, The Better still ;*  
 “ What Man so certain as to trust his Will ?  
 “ Our Passions easily the Mastr’y gain,  
 “ And are not to be rul’d without the Rein.  
 “ Man’s fatal Power’s the Rise of all his Pains,  
 “ And ne’er is he so free as when in Chains.  
 “ Heav’n knows the Weakness of his roving Mind,  
 “ And he’s in Kindness to himself confin’d ;  
 “ ’Tis thus Heav’n helps him out, or he’d persist  
 “ In Error still a perfect *Jansenist*.

So learnedly you’ve laid the Matter out,  
 Who of your Judgment and its Truth will doubt ?  
 And shou’d you publicly this Doctrine broach  
 The Priest \* cou’d not out-preach you at St, *Roch*.

Enough

\* *Father Desmares a famous Preacher.*

Enough of Railery ; we'll insult no more,  
But give *Hyperbole* and jesting o'er ;  
Marriage as you have made it out, looks fine;  
Your turn has been to preach, and now 'tis mine.

You chuse so well, you say, your future Wife  
Lives above Malice, an unblemish'd Life ;  
In Virtue's ways instructed by the Schools,  
She governs her Desires by Duties Rules.  
But how can you be sure she'll still remain  
A Foe to Pleasure and be free from Stain,  
That ne'er, by Licence, she'll from Duty Swerve,  
But her first Innocence to Death preserve ?  
When thou thy self shalt to the *Opera* lead  
Thy Saint, think how 'twill fill her Heart and Head.  
How will she there the pompous Scenes behold,  
And hear the Tale of Love in Music told ?  
How will her Eyes the wanton Dance pursue,  
These Heroes with luxurious Voices view ?  
How will the Magic Sounds her Passion move,  
When ev'ry Thought and ev'ry Word is Love ?  
How will she like to see a Lover dye,  
'To hear *Orlando* rave, *Rinaldo* sigh ?

By

By them that Love's a Sovereign God she'll know,  
 And all to this Divinity must bow ;  
 Ev'n Virtue's self must yield, by them she'll prove,  
 That Hearts had not been giv'n us but to love.  
 These lustful Morals, These lewd Topics shine  
 In *Lully's* Airs, and Vice looks there Divine.  
 May not the Thoughts those melting Sounds inspire,  
 In flame her Breast and kindle new Desire ?  
 Who'll swear that when she to her House returns,  
 She will not burn as fond *Armida* burns ;  
 Or when prepar'd by Musicks fatal Charms,  
 Ne'er take some happy *Medor* to her Arms ?  
 Suppose her Virtue can this Shock endure,  
 That faithful from the Scene she comes and pure.  
 Much Company and Visits will create  
 A Thousand Rocks to wreck the Marriage State ;  
 In slipp'ry Places will she walk secure,  
 And on the Precipice her Steps be sure ?  
 Will no vain Youth his free Access abuse  
 And with soft Arts her gentle Heart seduce ?  
 Will she not soon the way of *Clelia* get  
 And Gallants by the Name of Friends admit ?

Will



Will they be fatisfy'd with *Nomme de Guerres*,  
 With Counterfeited Sighs and mimic Tears?  
 No, she'll at last improve the prosp'rous Gale,  
 And down the River *Tender* sweetly fail.  
 She'll censure Scorn, of which she's now afraid,  
 And any thing will say and hear it said;  
 Us'd to intrigue she'll further still advance,  
 Nor end upon the Terms of a Romance.  
 Vice asks no more of us but to begin,  
 One Sin's the Parent of another Sin.  
 Honour's a shelvy Isle without a Shore,  
 When once we've lost it we return no more.  
 Perhaps before a second Year is past,  
 She'll hate thee and thy Love because 'tis chaste.  
 And out of Spite, to her Embraces take  
 Some younger Brother, or some Redcoat Rake;  
 A Tipling-house or Sutlers Cellar use,  
 Or make her Assignations at the Stews.  
 She'll *Phadra's* silly Modesty despise,  
 Her Lovers meet with *Messalina's* Eyes,  
 And tempt the lusty Slave to Lawless Joys:  
 Like *Ch——ot* of her ruin'd Lovers boast,  
 What one has lavish'd, what another lost.

And when she runs her Beggard Cullies o'er,  
 Of wounded, and of beaten count a Score,  
 The List four murder'd in her Quarrels crown,  
 And this with open Face and Pride she'll own,  
 Happy for thee if in her wicked Course,  
 Outragious thou mayst claim a full Divorce;  
 If for a hundred Crimes the Court allows  
 Thy Pray'r, condemns her, and dissolves thy Vows.

What will become of thee, suppose her Whim  
 Shou'd turn to love the Scandal, not the Crime,  
 And tho' so deep she shou'd not dip in Guilt,  
 Affect the Shew as much and act the Jilt,  
 Yet more to plague thee, than her self to please,  
 She smiles on ev'ry forward Fop she sees.

What wilt thou think to see thy Mansion grown  
 The common Rendezvous of Court and Town?  
 With gracious Looks she all but thee receives,  
 To this a Sigh, to that an Ogle gives.  
 To thee she's only fullen and morose,  
 She gaily rallies these and flatters those.  
 Soft, Witty, fond agreeable and free  
 To others, but a perfect Shrew to thee.

For

For them in Jewels and Brocade she shines,  
 Their Company she courts, and thine declines :  
 For them, she's at such waste, of Red and White,  
 By Day an Angel, but a Hag by Night :  
 For them, the Structure of her Hair is rais'd ;  
 For them, with borrow'd Curls, her Forehead grac'd :  
 By Day, avoid her Chamber, and beware,  
 By too much Freedom, to offend the Fair.  
 If, in your turn, you wou'd the Spouse possess,  
 'Tis well, if she'll Consent, in an Undress.  
 Stay till she lays aside her Days disguise,  
 And on her Toilet her Complexion lies.  
 D'ye think that Head's so nicely Drest for you,  
 No, a Night-Pinner, or a Coif, will do.  
 When of her Beauties, for the Bed she's strip'd,  
 And from her Cheeks, the Rose and Lilly wip'd ;  
 When in four Handkerchiefs of vary'd Scent,  
 The Cherries to the Whitster's Hedge are sent ; *Whitster's*  
 'Tis free for you to Enter, but take Care,  
 Put on kind Looks, at least, and speak her Fair.  
 Don't drop a Word, by which she may suspect  
 You, on her Folly and Expence reflect.

But

But show, the ready Money's, tempting Charms,  
 And ne'er come empty-handed to her Arms.  
 Or, if to try her Temper, you put on,  
 Another Face, and meet her with a Frown ;  
 Soon will you see her clench her threat'ning Hand,  
 And in a Posture of Defiance stand ;  
 Or else, with weeping Eyes complain, How hard  
 Her Fate, how ill her Virtue you reward ?  
*I've a fine Husband, with disdain, she'll cry,  
 That won't my necessary Wants supply.  
 To spend her Breath about such Stuff, she loaths,  
 But what's Five hundred Pound a Year in Cloaths.  
 Did ever Wife so little Cost ? You've done :*  
 Compell'd, her Houfwifry, and Care to own :  
 The Keys pull'd out, her Fury to appease,  
 And she may drain your Treasure at her Ease.  
 Who'd Grieve, or for a Gallant Wife, or Gay,  
 That had been plagu'd with one possess with Play ?  
 Those Curses are but Trifles, to the Dame  
 Infected, with a fatal Itch to Game :  
 Howe'er thy plenteous Fortune may be fraught,  
 'Twill daily to the brink of Wreck be brought :

To

To Chance abandon'd, or a Gamester's Trick,  
Thy Wealth become a Prey to a *Repic*.  
How charming will it be, to see, thy Spouse,  
Surrounded with her Heroes in thy House?  
To see her Busie, and with grateful Care,  
The *Basset*-Table for the Guests prepare.  
But if some saucy Law shou'd interdict  
Its use, and on the Game, a Pain inflict,  
The Table, that she fitted for *Basset*,  
Will serve the turn as well for *Lansquenet*.  
If Plays, so necessary, they decry,  
There yet remains a better still, the *Die*:  
She'll Cog at that, or with a solemn Face,  
At *Ombre* meditate to steal an *Ace*.  
If One's ill play'd, how she'll of luck complain,  
And murmur, when a *Gano*'s call'd in vain.  
In private, Heav'n, on which she looks, she'll blame,  
To lose, by an unguarded King, the Game:  
And when she's *Beasted*, she can scarce forbear  
To burn the guilty Cards, her Points to tear.  
This her Employment, till the dawning Day,  
And the Sun-rising, finds her oft at play;

The



The Cards still in her Hand, with Pain she leaves,  
 And that the Light so soon disturb'd 'em, grieves.  
 She pities Human Nature's wretched State,  
 The Cares and Pains that want of Sleep create.  
 She's sorry, that the Bed, those Minutes waste,  
 That with such Pleasure might at Cards be past.  
 She Pines, that Time, so swiftly flies away,  
 And thinks all lost, that is not spent at Play.  
 Some Comfort 'tis howe'er, amidst her Pain,  
 That when she rises, 'tis to Game again ;  
 That the whole Company, when they withdrew,  
 Engag'd, the Morrow, shou'd the Work renew.  
 Her Time in these Amusements sweetly past,  
 Thus your whole Wealth, the Spoil of Chance, she'll  
     waste,  
 And leave you in the Hospital at last.  
 Your guiltless Family, on Alms subsist,  
 Plac'd by her Madness, in the Parish List ;  
 Your Goods by Out-cry, sold ; and thus your Mate,  
 Frighten all *Paris* with your dreadful Fate :  
 Or let her hold the Card, or fling the Die,  
 Better thy Peace at such Expence to buy ;

Better

Better be ruin'd by her Lust of Game,  
 Than by a scraping, starv'd, or niggard Dame,  
 Infensible of Reason, or of Shame.

}

Who, when thou seest thy faithful Slaves dismiss,  
 Will Collar thee, if thou should'st dare resist :  
 Of Frauds, thy Servants, or of waste accus'd,  
 To Serve thy self, thou shalt be soon reduc'd :  
 Like that base Magistrate of hideous Fame,  
 Whose Fate, and that of his unpittied Dame,  
 I'll lightly, tho' so known a Story touch,  
 That those may dread their Deaths, whose Lives are  
 such.

From an old Stock, he did his Lineage draw,  
 And was himself illustrious in the Law :  
 Nor Reason did he want, nor Sense, nor Wit,  
 Nor any Talent for his Station fit :  
 But all his Virtues were by Av'rice spoil'd,  
 By that his Character and Birth defil'd ;  
 Yet within Bounds his Weakness he restrain'd,  
 And a good Port, and handsome Board maintain'd ;  
 For Frugal, he a while, and prudent past,  
 For one, who did not love to want or waste.

He

He two good Horses kept, nor did they lack  
 Their stint of Corn, nor empty was the Rack :  
 Enough besides to feed a Mule was found,  
 And well as yet in Fame he kept his Ground :  
 But still his secret Thirst of Gold increas'd,  
 And Money fill'd his Head, and fir'd his Breast.  
 A Wife he wanted to enlarge his Store,  
 The Portion was his view, and nothing more.  
 Nor Honour did his choice, nor Virtue guide,  
 But in a fordid House he chose his Bride.  
 'Twas Nature in him, all his Soul inclin'd  
 To Gold, and he to other Charms was blind.  
 A Monster, in a Virgin's Dress, he took,  
 Nor did he on her Parts or Person look.  
 Handsome to him, or ugly, was the same,  
 He never much examin'd whence she came.  
 With all her Faults, her Portion made her pass,  
 He knew her Rich, and matter'd not her Face :  
 \* Tho' goggle was her Eyes, her Shoulders round,  
 She must be Fair, with Thirty thousand Pound ;  
 Tho' like a Witch she look'd, yet in his sight,  
 A naked *Venus* wou'd not shine so bright.

He

He marries her, and home his Bride he brings,  
Who in his Ears her saving Lectures rings.  
The Man in short, at his Expence, tho' small,  
Finds he has been a perfect Prodigal ;  
A Squand'rer, a meer Debauchee, compar'd  
To her ; and he must learn to live as hard.  
He sees the Folly of his former Life,  
And yields to be directed by his Wife.  
Of all his past Profusion he repents,  
And by her Counsel to be rul'd consents.  
First then, she throws the Spit, as useless by,  
And Wheat renounces in her Bread, for Rye:  
The Steeds and Mules were strait to Market sent,  
Fasting at Night, two lusty Lackeys went ;  
And least for bad they might the House infest,  
Betimes she warily disbands the rest.  
Two Wenches, when she well had box't their Ears,  
At once, by Kicks compell'd, descend the Stairs ;  
Safe in the Street, with lifted Hands and Eyes,  
They thank for their Escape the gracious Skies.  
One Servant, whom alone his Master lov'd  
Still staid, expecting still to be remov'd.

He

He from his Birth, had with her Husband liv'd,  
And deepest in his shallow Bounty div'd:  
Thus something had he sav'd, and not to Part,  
He shrunk his scanty Store, with chearful Heart:  
A Share of his Expences he defray'd,  
Yet, *Madam* was uneasie, while he staid.  
Impatient both, this faithful Wretch beheld,  
And he too, like a Thief, e're long expell'd.  
This Pair, well-mated, now are left alone,  
No Children come, and all the Servants gone;  
Triumphant in their House they live, and free,  
In all their greedy griping Ways agree.  
No Limits to their Av'rice now they put,  
The Cellar's now condemn'd, the Kitchin shut:  
And least the Billets shou'd be burnt, afraid,  
E're Winter comes, they're far from Chimnies laid.  
Both on the Public liv'd; by Presents he  
From fraudulent Lawyers, and by Spunging she.  
But in full light, to set this glorious Pair,  
Let 'em in Public, as they us'd, appear;  
Dusty and Dirty, in a tatter'd Gown,  
You see him gravely foot it through the Town.



A greazy Hat, that hangs about his Ears,  
 Bandlefs, and of an Antique make, he wears.  
 He sweeps the Kennels with his daggled Train,  
 And calls the cleanly, Fops, the Decent, Vain.  
 But when he's on the \* Bench, to make a show,  
 How well his Wife equips the ragged Beau!  
 How well her self! how like the Queen of Hags,  
 In rusty Crape, in Clouts and filthy Rags!  
 From whence her motly Robe, she pick'd, we know,  
 By the course Pieces, and the dunghill Hue.  
 With thirty Holes shall I design her Hose,  
 Or twenty Times repair'd her cobbled Shoes?  
 Or her foul Coif, to which her Mask is ty'd  
 Bald as her Pate, her hideous Face to hide?  
 Shall I the Tinfell on her Coat describe,  
 The Regent's Present, and a College Bribe?  
 The tawdry Stuff, which she for Fine mistakes,  
 Three Sattin *Theses*'s together makes.  
 For this, the Magistrate compells the Laws,  
 And the rich Fellows gain the doubtful Cause.  
 The vary'd Cassock, as she walks, provokes  
 A thousand biting Taunts, and vulgar Jokes.

T

\* M. Tardieu a *Judge* in Paris, for a more particular Account of  
 him and his Wife vid. Vol. II. Pag. 239. Some

Some scorn the Wife, and some the Judge abhor,  
And baul behind her, *Argumentabor* ?

*This Story is my own, perhaps you'll cry.*

Tell *Paris* so, and give the Town the Lie,  
For thus, to him that Doubts it, she'll Reply.

“ To prove it, I good Witnessses can bring ;

“ My whole Extent did of this Couple ring.

“ United by One Vice for Twenty Year,

“ They made it to my Citizens appear,

*Those who abound in Wealth, may be as Poor*

*As those who beg their Bread, from Door to Door :*

Robbers, at last, their Riches to possess,

Surprize these Misers, and their *Mammen* seize:

They broke their well-bar'd Doors, their Throats they

And a sad End to their curst Beings put. (cut,

Such, of their horrid *Hymen*, was the Fate,

Nor worse did e'er attend the Marriage State.

Such they deserv'd, and righteous was their Doom,

And to such Ends may all such Couples come.

But you'll be apt to think our Tale too long ;

Can Censure for such Vices be too strong?

Their Crime, cou'd Satire in less room have shown,

And made so useful an Example known ?

Each

Each to his Trade ; then lets pursue our Theme,  
 And further set in view the Nuptial Flame.  
 A Preacher but of yesterday, 'tis true,  
 Who with the Rev'rend Air of *Bourdaloue*,  
 Wou'd teach the list'ning World, if he knew how. }  
 For tho' he may assume the Teacher's shape,  
 He's not so much his Scholar, as his Ape.  
 My Sermons, I like him, with Pictures fill,  
 There I have painted, and not painted ill :  
 The wanton Wife, the Worldly, the Coquet,  
 And other Images, are wanting yet.  
 The Froward, and the Humerfome, comes next,  
 Who's always vexing others, always vext.  
 Her Lectures, when her Husband wakes, begin,  
 And ev'ry Night he dreads her Curtain din.  
 She Scolds, she Snarls, she Thwarts, and right or wrong,  
 Her passive Lord is bound to bear her Tongue.  
 With her, there is for him, no Sleep nor Ease,  
 For never does her War-Domestic cease :  
 His hopeful Marriage is a round of Strife,  
 And he has ev'ry Plague in One, his Wife.  
 But granting, when her Humour's at the best,  
 A Moment she permits her Spouse to rest,

Her Rage she'll on her Servants quickly vent,  
 For ne'er but with her Force her fury's spent.  
 Observe, when she addresses 'em, her Tone,  
 How sharp, how shrill, how quick, how much her own.  
 Mark how her Action's suited to her Speech,  
 And with what Words she does our Tongue enrich ;  
 Words, which were we to trace by Alphabet,  
 Another Tome wou'd fill, for *Richelet* :  
 But you're of no such noisie Dame afraid,  
 Your Lady has, you say, been better bred :  
 She'll in your House make no such hateful stir,  
 She suck'd in too much Reason at *St. Cyr*.  
 'Tis well, Sir, very well, and you believe,  
 She won't your Hopes in *Hymen's* Yoke deceive.  
 Did you ne'er know, an humble Female Saint,  
 Beauteous and young, become a Termagant ?  
 She, who 'ere Marriage, look'd so mild and meek,  
 And blush'd and smil'd, as if she fear'd to speak ;  
 Who seem'd an Angel 'ere the Knot was ty'd ;  
 But then the Fiend appear'd: Nor Peasant's Bride, }  
 Nor City Wife, cou'd match her Savage Pride. }  
 This during Life, her wretched Spouse must hear,  
 And be most Civil, when she's most Severe.

The

The more Tyrannic and Outrag'ous She,  
The more Complying and Submissive He.

But granting none of this : Suppose, my Friend,  
Your Lady is as Meek as you pretend ?

Will she ne'er be by Jealousy possess'd ?

And with her wild Suspicions break thy Rest ?

Will she to Reason listen, and to thee ?

Then how the Fury works, *Alcippe*, thou'lt see.

To lead a happy Life, poor Man, prepare,

And the dire Load with humble Patience bear :

Daily on visionary Doubts to hear,

The Dæmon roaring in thy trembling Ear :

Thy Laugh, thy Leer, thy ev'ry Look indite ;

By Day observe thee, and pursue by Night :

Stand at the Corner of a Street to see,

To whom thou'rt stealing, or who steals to thee :

Or frantic with her Fears, her Hair an end,

The various Av'nues of the House defend.

Tho' behind twenty well-bar'd Doors thou'rt shut,

She'll force 'em open all to find thee out :

Thy Trembling Ears she'll with Reproaches rend,

And to thy Eyes present no peaceful Fiend ;



Not, as in *Isis* \*, mild *Eumenides*,  
 So tame appears, as if the Child of Peace :  
 But like *Alecto*, in the *Eneis*, stand,  
 Fire-darting from her Eyes; and in her Hand,  
 Like her, thou'lt see her hold, the lifted Brand :  
 As when, she at *Latinus*, *Turnus* seiz'd,  
 And breath'd her Rage into *Amata's* Breast.  
 But why should I the Tragic Buskin wear ?  
 The Comic Sock will do the Business here.  
 Less frightful Objects on the Scene we'll show ;  
 What need a Fury, when a Fool will do ?  
 Shou'd a sick Lady be thy Lot, we'll see,  
 How much thy Fate in her will better be.  
 One, who when e're she's out of Humour, Swoons,  
 And where her Nights she spends, she wastes her Noons.  
 Whole Months abed, in perfect Health, she'll lie,  
 And into Fits will fall, if thou art by.  
 What Reason for this Illness ? Some will say,  
 Why dies the fainting Fair so oft away ?

Has

---

\* *A Fury in the Opera of Isis, who has hardly any Thing to do throughout the whole Representation.*

Has Death a beauteous Daughter snatcht, or Son,  
Or is her House's Hope for ever gone?

No: 'Tis to bring her Husband to dismiss  
A Servant, whom she hates for being his.

He's pleas'd with him, and she of Course displeas'd;

Away he must be turn'd, or thus she's seiz'd  
With Fits, and only by Indulgence eas'd.

Or is some useful Journey to be made ?

She's sick, and takes, to break it off, her Bed.

Least from her Lover, she a Week must be,

And lead a dull, a hated Life with thee ;

She cannot bear the Thoughts, she'll more than feign  
Be sick indeed, but hide her real Pain.

O, that her Mimic Illness to chastize,

Some true Distemper wou'd disarm her Eyes !

Wou'd she indeed were Sick !— Perhaps she may

To morrow feel, what she affects to day,

And Die, with no dissembling Fits, away.

*Courtois* and *Denyau*, when they're call'd to view

The feigning Patient, may create a true.

A Work well worthy *Esculapian* skill,

Such Strength to ruin, and such Health to kill ;

And when the Red in her Complexion grows,  
The Lilly add to the prevailing Rose.

By this they may a true Disease produce,  
And scorning <sup>\*</sup>*Fagon's* frightful Means to use,  
Destroy a Life, which 'twas a Sin to save,  
And give her, what she most deserv'd, a Grave :  
Heav'n rest her Soul, and from such Plagues as these  
Deliver us, and Doctor's Recipe's !

I hate their Art, 'tis all at best but Guess,  
And scarce, for killing her, I hate 'em less.  
Now let us, some more curious Subject chuse,  
And with the Muses, entertain the Muse.

Fine Ladies, who to Books pretend, and Wit,  
If such you like, you may your Humour hit :  
With all thy Soul, and searching Eyes pursue,  
The various Pictures that demand thy view.

And first appears, a proud Pedantic Dame,  
A Friend to *Roberval's* disputed Fame ;  
Whom *Sauveur* courts, whose House is always full  
Of Scholars, and her Visits like a School ;  
Who o'er her Beauties hangs that gloomy Cloud,  
And blunts those Eyes of which she once was proud.  
*Cassini*

---

\* *The King's chief Physician.*

*Cassini's* Calculation's in her Head ;  
 To meditate on that she quits her Bed ;  
 All Night she'll often in her Garret Stand,  
 A lifted Quadrant in her lovely Hand,  
 The Course of *Jupiter* to mark and try,  
 And measure with her Ken the Starry Sky.  
 Beware how you disturb her, and you'll find  
 How variously employ'd she'll-work her Mind :  
 Such boundless Science will not be content  
 With one dull exercise, but new invent,  
 And at *Delance's* make th' Experiment.  
 The Tryal of some Microscope behold,  
 And hear *Du Vernay* Nature's Depths unfold ;  
 To see a Woman with her Embryo dead  
 Dissected, and to hear the Lecture read :  
 Whatever's to be heard this *Curious She*  
 Will hear, whatever's to be seen she'll see.

But what fine Lady's this, what foppish Fair,  
 Whose Wit consists in her fantastic Air ?  
 Such Wits were in the Days of Yore renown'd,  
 And kept, till *Moliere's* rough Attack, their Ground.  
 The Remnant of the noble *Precieuse* Race  
 Your Lady, still retains their *Prudish* Ways.

Her

Her Visits for the vilest Author's free,  
 Their Friend, their Flatt'rer, and their Fav'rite she ;  
 They Comfort from her sure Applauses find ;  
 She damns the best, and to the worst is kind.  
*Perrin* has in her House the foremost Place,  
 And it is always Open to *Corras*.  
 False Wits to her are Welcomer than true,  
 And ev'ry Poem's good to her that's new.  
 For \* *Pradon* she has still a Word to say,  
 But rails at ev'ry good and artful Play ;  
 She thinks that none but Fools are fond of Greek,  
 And to love Latin is with her as weak.  
*Cotin* to *Aristotle* she prefers,  
 And, if you talk of Poets, *Chaplain's* Verse.  
 Th' *Aeneis* she compares with the *Pucelle*,  
 And if she censures not the first 'tis well ;  
 For when she's forc'd some Places to endure,  
 She flights as many more as mean and poor :  
 But *Chaplain's* her consummate Author still,  
 In him, if you'll believe her, nothing's ill,

But

---

\* *A Play-wright.*



*But that he can't be read*————

[She thinks, howe'er, he may be read at last,  
 When, after some few Centuries are past,  
 The Tongue grown old and alter'd by Degrees,  
 His barbarous Diction shall no more displease ;  
 She wonders that a Work like † *St. Paulin*,  
 Where ev'ry Word's so perfect and so fine,  
 On *Coignard's* dusty Stall unfold should lie,  
 And none but Grocers be dispos'd to buy :  
 A Pen so soft, so easy, and so sweet,  
 With fewer Readers than the *Maid* shou'd meet !  
 She blames the Age that on the Ancients doats,  
 And Modern Authors, better Models, quotes ;  
 She wonders we so vile a choice can make,  
 And how a dull Pedantic *Gou'* should take ;  
 'Tis strange, she thinks, it shou'd so high advance  
 As Magistrates and Peers and Sons of *France* ;

They

---

☞ *The Verses between the Crotchets were left out in the last Paris Edition 1701, and instead of the four First, (which are what Perrault says in his Dialogues, in relation to Chapelain) were these Two,*

And his true Worth the better to disclose  
 Wou'd have his Verses all turn'd into Prose.

† *A Poem of Monsieur Perrault's.*

They to a finer Relish should be bred,  
 Nor *Virgil* be by such nor *Terence* read ;  
*Perrault* she's always praising and repines  
 Less at the *Pucelle's* Fate than *St. Paulin's*]

“ Why this fantastic School do you expose  
 “ To me? am I in League with one of those?  
 “ Does she I love, like City Criticks, rail  
 “ To see that Taste which you despise prevail ?  
 “ Dull Books does she admire and foolish Plays,  
 “ And Authors who the Town has censur'd praise ?  
 “ Am I some vain pretending Nymph to wed,  
 And take a Prentice Author to my Bed ?  
*Know then, you cry, the Maid that I'll espouse*  
 “ May boast of Princes in her ancient House.  
 “ Her Grandfires were in *Italy* renown'd,  
 “ And Highnesses among 'em may be found.  
 I understand you, Sir, your purchas'd Place,  
 Is meant with Titles to adorn your Race.  
 Yet still my Satire shall her Cause maintain,  
 And, tho' you think her insolent, be plain.

For

\* For me shou'd such a Fair the Mountains pass,  
 And frowning boast of her illustrious Race,  
 Shou'd she her Houses ancient Names repeat,  
 How rich they were, upbraid me, or how great,  
 Madam, I'd cry, " We two shall ne'er agree,  
 " Your Ladyship's a Match too big for me,  
 " To wed so high a Dame, I'm not so vain,  
 " And you for me, may cross the *Alps* again :  
 " Your Grandfires were among those martial Souls,  
 " Who won immortal Fame at *Cerizoles*, †  
 " When *Enguien* under a *Valois* compell'd  
 " Th' *Iberian* Chiefs to quit the Doubtful Field :  
 " Tho' *D' Hozier* says it not, be that as 'twill,  
 " I'm fix'd and in my purpose stiddy still ;  
 " My Master shall not be a Spouse for me,  
 " I'll have no Mate of your sublime Degree.  
 " Go Princess with your Sires whose burnish'd Shields  
 " With mighty Mounds have fill'd the *Latian* Fields.

" Go

---

\* Juvenal, *Sat. VI. Ver. 166.*

\_\_\_\_\_ malo,

Malo Venusinam, quam te Cornelia, mater  
 Gracchorum, si cum magnis virtutibus affers  
 Grande supercilium & numeras in dote triumphos,  
 Tolle tuum precor Hannibalem, victumque Syphacem  
 In castris, & cum tota Carthagine migra.

† *The Battels of Cerizoles gain'd by the Duke of Enguien in Italy.*

“ Go there and glory in your kindred dead,  
 “ My House is not for you, nor humble Bed.  
 “ Proceed, you cry, I like your noble Rage,  
 “ And with just Satire fill your keener Page ;  
 “ But know my House’s Honours are not due  
 “ To th’ Place I hold, nor are our Titles new ;  
 “ In *Paris* born, my Ancestors, ’tis known,  
 “ Have long with Magistrates supply’d the Town,  
 “ No Mushroom Upstarts no, nor Owners we,  
 “ Proud of a feign’d and purchas’d Pedigree ;  
 “ None of those Nobles we, without a Name,  
 “ Who from the Province by Compulsion came ;  
 “ Nor did my Sires attend the Plough or Flock,  
 “ Nor hide their Filth beneath a Millers Frock ;  
 “ Nor Will my Spouse tho’ of a higher Race,  
 “ Upbraid me that my Parent’s hers Disgrace ;  
 “ Nor boast of her Descent, nor rail at mine ;  
 “ Her Soul’s so taken up with things Divine :  
 “ In Acts of Piety she’ll lead her Life,  
 “ A Gentle Mistress and an humble Wife :  
 “ Her self to humble she betimes was taught,  
 “ Her Heart betimes to Heav’nly Ways she brought.

“ To

“ To undeceive you of a Thought so strange,  
 “ *That Hymen cou'd corrupt her Mind and change;*  
 “ Hear what she first in our Accord requir'd  
 “ (What you had in a Woman most admir'd,)  
 “ That no vain Husband shou'd her Will constrain,  
 “ To drag with her to Church a Pompous Train ;  
 “ But above all she cou'd not bear to come  
 “ Before a jealous God, as those presume  
 “ Who with high Canopy's hung o'er their Head,  
 “ And *Tyrian* Carpets all around 'em spread,  
 “ On Velvet proudly pay their careless Vows.  
 “ Such is the Virtue of my future Spouse.

I see, as you are pleas'd the Fair to paint,  
 The Lady you're to wed will prove a Saint ;  
 Nothing's affected in this mighty Zeal,  
 Nor does this humble Air her Pride conceal.  
 But are you sure you can distinguish well,  
 And who's the Saint, and who the Bigot tell ?  
 Do you the Nation Hypocritic know ?  
 What's solid Substance, and what's only Show ?  
 I'll mark you out some Tokens hard to find  
 How far the Mein's concern'd, how far the Mind.

By



And when I have this useful Draught exprest,  
With this great Portrait finish all the rest.

At *Paris* I confess, at Court, we see  
Some pious Fair, who from this Fraud are free,  
Whose Zeal is worthy of our high Applause,  
Who guide themselves by Virtues sacred Laws,  
Who in all times and Places are the same ;  
Of fair Report and an unblemish'd Name.  
One only, dear to God himself, I know,  
Wife in her Fortune, in her Greatness low,  
Who *Esther* like beneath her Grandeur groans,  
And Vice it self her matchless Merit owns ;  
Whose Picture, tho' imperfect as you see,  
You'll know th' Original, and cry 'tis she.  
But where we one so truly virtuous meet,  
How many are their false and Counterfeit ?  
How many of the Fair their Crimes conceal  
Beneath a solemn Look and fullen Zeal :  
When God imprinted on their Face we see,  
How far are they from what they seem to be ?  
Their shameful Pleasures thus they hide from view,  
And with clean Looks their filthy Paths pursue.

Think

Think not I will their Secret Sins disclose,  
 Or naked the Fair Hypocrite expose.  
 'Tis better we shou'd with their License bear,  
 Than let 'em to the World unmask'd appear.  
 The *Bussies* and *Brantomies* may if they please  
 Complete whole Volumes with such Lives as these:  
 But such lewd Images I dread to touch,  
 And blush least I've already said too much.  
 Nothing in wicked *Fury* can excel  
 Nor monstrous *Caprice*, a pretended Zeal.

If one among these sullen Fair we find  
 Who to her Husband bears a softer Mind,  
 Her to a haughty Bigot I prefer,  
 Foolish, and Proud, and in her Pride severe,  
 Who when she on Devotions Threshold lies,  
 Thinks she can higher in Perfection rise,  
 Who tho' she plagues me with incessant Care,  
 From her Shrews Lecture daily flies to Pray'r;  
 And once a Week is at Confession seen,  
 Her Look's so pious—— So devout her Mein,  
 None could believe that from a Heart so pure  
 Such Storms could rise, and I so much endure,

Or when her Eyes to Heav'n erect they see,  
 She's off'ring up the Woes she caus'd to me ;  
 She in a hundred Duties mates the Saints ;  
 Few of their Vertues in Appearance wants ;  
 She reads *Rodriguez*, oft is on her Knees,  
 Sighs from her Soul, and yet her Soul's at Ease.  
 She haunts the Hospitals, laments the Poor,  
 And seeks the wretched out from Door to Door ;  
 Six Masses in a day at Church she hears,  
 And back the Guilt she carried thither bears :  
 But with her self to war, her Errors view,  
 And fight till she those Errors can subdue ;  
 Her Pride, her Passion, and her Lust of Play  
 To quell and make her Rebel Mind obey,  
 If Heav'n of her exacts such Terms as those,  
 She thinks 'em hard, and ne'er with Heav'n will close :  
 She'll trust to her Director, for she's sure,  
 Of Him, and if he's Judge, of Heav'n secure ;  
 She'll a soft Sentence find from such a Friend,  
 Him she'll consult, and on his Word depend ;  
 To him she flies, and now methinks, I see  
 She's at Confession, and that Priest is He,

Mark

Mark how well fed He is, how plump his Cheek !  
 How fresh his Colour, and his Skin how sleek !  
 The florid Spring we in his Face behold,  
 His Paunch how prominent, his Front how bold !  
 And yet to hear him groan or see him strain,  
 You'd think that he supports himself with Pain.  
 He, Yesterday, was with a Fever seiz'd,  
 And a short burning Fit disturb'd his Rest.  
 The fiery Fumes that from his Stomach rose  
 Confess'd with Morning Flames his Evening Dose,  
 Or else by Surfeit cloy'd the luscious Load,  
 Thro' his full Veins in fev'rish Juices flow'd,  
 The Sex allarm'd their ready Succours bring:  
 Nor guess from whence the boiling Vapours spring.  
 Officious to the Bed the Lump they bear,  
 For none's so certain of the Lady's Care  
 As a Fat Priest, the Fav'rite of the Fair.  
 Tho' Light his Ail and of it self t'wou'd go,  
 Yet the next Minutes with the Saint too slow ;  
 The Pinner'd Squadron to assist him fly,  
 While she with anxious Cares stands Weeping by ;  
 This warms the Broth, the Med'cine That prepares,  
 Which He the sooner takes because 'tis Hers.

Syrups and Sweatmeats from her household Stores,  
 Fast do they fetch, and he as fast devours :  
 Rich Sugar-Cakes such pious Paunches please,  
 Not the sweet Bloom's more grateful to the Bees ;  
 And the first *Citron* of the candid kind  
 Was made at *Rean*, and for a Priest you'll find.

Our Doctor by these Female Helps restor'd,  
 Sooths Her sore Conscience by a healing Word.  
 The Rubs which in her Way to Heav'n are found,  
 He easily removes and smooths the Ground.  
 And far from foul on her Defects to fall,  
 Himself takes Care to justify 'em all.  
 Why a vain Censure shou'd you mind, he cries,  
 What if that White and Red the World surprize,  
 What if they murmur, let 'em murmur still,  
 I can't conceive why they shou'd think 'tis ill ?  
 Nor how a Lady does her Conscience load,  
 Because she's Innocently in the Mode.  
 A Tribute from the Fair to Fashion's due,  
 What others pay her she expects from you ;  
 To frighten you, they only make this Stir,  
 You can no Guilt, where there's no Crime incur.

Pride



Pride on your pompous Robes is seen they say,  
 Our dazl'd Eyes we're forc'd to turn away;  
 Does Heav'n such Vanity profane allow,  
 Or is he pleas'd with so much costly Show:  
 Yes sure, in Quality 'tis all allow'd,  
 And to be Decent is not to be proud:  
 But how will you your Gaming now excuse?  
 To Game was never reckon'd an Abuse  
 In any Age, but ever had its Use.  
 One cannot always Labour, Read, or Pray,  
 And to Backbite's more sinful than to Play:  
 If to avoid that Sin you take the Dice,  
 To Game is more a Virtue than a Vice;  
 For what in others may perhaps be ill,  
 In you receives a Sanction from your Will,  
 The Heav'nly Motions of a holy Heart,  
 Things Natures change, and Ill to Good convert;  
 But you're Ambitious, Covetous they cry,  
 And in the State wou'd see your Kindred high;  
 You'd have 'em all the chiefeft Posts engross,  
 And what's to others Gain, to you is Loss:  
 What d'ye in this but your good Nature show,  
 What do you morethan you are bid to do?

For

For if your Neighbour you must love, what Fool  
 Can think Relations are not in the Rule :  
 Virtuous your Kindred are besides and Wife,  
 And such are only worthy such Employ  
 For shou'd they be on Carnal Minds bestow'd,  
 They're apt of Worldly Nothings to be proud :  
 No, let the Wicked Murmur as they please,  
 And as for your Salvation be at ease.

On all these Points He thus himself declares,  
 His Judgment is in all a Guide to hers ;  
 She thinks an Angel's sent her from the Skies,  
 And gladly with his easy Law complies :  
 She lulls her Soul into a sweet Repose,  
 And thus confirm'd in all her Errors grows ;  
 Still in her Confessor she puts her Trust,  
 Still keeps her Crimes, and still believes she's just ;  
 Tho' daily on the Host she feeds, her Head,  
 By Pride, by Vanity and Passion's fed.  
 Heav'ns Gate she with Assurance thinks to pass,  
 And hopes that Confidence in Her is Grace ;  
 As privileg'd to sin she can't believe  
 But God her Soul will with the Saints receive.

To

To this comes all the Doctors pious Cares,  
 His holy Councils and his Heav'nly Pray'rs,  
 And if with this He's satisfy'd, tis well,  
 For to worse Uses he may put his Zeal.  
 So much He preaches of the Light within,  
 Whate'er she does with Him she thiaks no Sin ;  
 When his new Doctrine by new ways he proves  
 She'll easily believe the Spirit moves :  
 By Satan's Help the Bounds of Virtue past,  
 In Paradice the Joys of Hell they tast.

Was you with one of these two Wives to mate,  
 Pray tell me, which you'd most incline to hate ;  
 The Saint whom I've describ'd in Sin secure,  
 Or Her who fondly thinks she's only pure ;  
 Who for Ill-Nature Piety mistakes,  
 And Merit of her Spleen and Choler makes :  
 In whose, false Charity, Self-love, we meet,  
 For to love God, with her's the World's to hate :  
 In Human Actions all things she suspects,  
 And Virtue out of ev'ry Vice extracts ;  
 She'll something criminal in all presume,  
 And censure where there is, or is not Room :

If in her Men, the Complafance perceives,  
 For a chafte Maid ſhe ſtrait the worſt believes,  
 Both are reputed guilty, both diſmiſt,  
 And others hir'd to fill the Houſhold Liſt.  
 Her Husband, when oblig'd to Town to come,  
 And all things leaves in peaceful State at Home,  
 At his Return, when he expects the ſame,  
 Wonders to hear the Porter ask his Name,  
 To find his Houſe ſo chang'd, there is not one  
 Whom he now knows in't, or to whom he's known.

“’Tis very well--- The Painting’s very fine,  
 “ And the whole Sex, as you the Draught deſign,  
 “ Have neither Virtue you approve nor Vice,  
 “ A noble Image this, ſo juſt-- ſo nice:  
 “ Not *Theophrastus* with *La Bruyere’s* Aid,  
 “ A richer Price had of this Picture made.  
 “ Enough, ’tis time to lay the Pencil by,  
 “ You have already drain’d the Subject dry;  
 Drain’d it *Alcippe*— The Subject’s ſo extreme  
 I might fill Volumes with the copious Theme.  
 If the whole Sex I ſhould pretend to trace,  
 In whom their Cauſtick Piety’s Grimace.

But

But shou'd I a more tragic Story tell,  
Show a She Atheist ridiculing Hell,  
More than one *Capanea* should I paint,  
What would you say, at Heav'n to hear her rant ;  
Laugh at the Glories of a Future State,  
And make the Sov'reign Law consist in Fate :  
To brave Heav'ns Thunders, and with Scoffs despise  
The Voice and Lightnings of the vengeful Skies ;  
Against the great Creator to declaim,  
And with lewd Tongue insult his mighty Name.

Hence with the most infernal of her Kind,  
But don't believe there are no more behind.  
What have I said of the fantastic Fair,  
Whose Mind's as various as th' inconstant Air ;  
Who loves me in the Morn and hates at Night,  
And what of her who Fawns tho' full of Spite,  
What of that Woman, whose infatiate Will,  
Wou'd have her wearing Spouse a Lover still :  
Tho' Twenty Winters he has warm'd her Bed,  
And with due Fires her furious Wisbes fed ?  
What of the Damsel who from Drinking comes,  
And scatters as she goes her nauseous Fumes ;

Whose



Whose squeamish Lovers can't the Vapours bear,  
 With which when e'er she breaths, she blasts the Air,  
 Free of her Kisses, which they fly with Fear,  
 So strong they of Tobacco Smell and Beer ?  
 What have I told you of the Sharping Dame,  
 Whose Braves and Callow Bubbles meet to game,  
 Who suffers more Affronts than she who deals  
 For Sixpence to her Guests her scanty Meals ?  
 What of those Furies have I said in whom  
 There's no Remembrance of the lab'ring Womb,  
 Than the young Lion's dreadful Dam more fierce,  
 Whom not the Cries of her own Young can pierce,  
 Who storms and raves, and in her Children beats  
 The Husband, who because he's hers she hates.  
 Her House like *Phalaris's* full of Cries,  
 Where dwell the bleeding Hearts and streaming Eyes.  
 What have I of the Pedant Lady writ,  
 Stately and starcht or of the fulsome Cit,  
 Of her who's always playing with her Cat,  
 Or wastes her useless Life in Senseless Chat ?  
 What of the Superstitious---- 'tis in vain  
 To think of all for thousands still remain.

Three Quarters of 'em are untouch'd at least,  
I'm tir'd, and will excuse you of the rest.

“ Oh ! Sir, you have your Moderation shown  
 “ And do not now give over, pray go on  
 “ But end, you cry, your Speech as you begun,  
 “ D'ye fancy dazl'd by such vain Discourse  
 “ I thought you gave each Phrase its Genuine Force,  
 “ That gravely I your Censure understood,  
 “ Not a mere Banter, as you meant I shou'd ;  
 “ You only laught, and were as much in Jest,  
 “ As when you plac'd a Man below a Beast.  
 “ You the same Project now had in your Brain,  
 “ And rally'd in the same facetious Strain ;  
 “ But we have banter'd both of us enough,  
 “ Besides the Jest's too false as well as rough.  
 “ 'Tis time to put an end to this Dispute,  
 “ And all you've said, I'll in a word confute.  
 “ The Lady I adore, is Noble, Great,  
 “ Modest, well-bred, Fair, Humble and Discreet,  
 “ Not one of all those Errors you have shown,  
 “ In Her is to be found, in her there's none ;  
 “ But if, as 'tis not to be thought it shou'd,  
 “ It happens that she turns to Bad from Good.  
 “ Shou'd

“ Shou’d she, to use your Phrase, with whom I’m charm’d

“ Be from an Angel to a Devil transform’d,

“ Unsociable when she’s grown, my Heart

“ Will soon grow cold, and we a soon shall part ;

“ Nor shall I hang my self, nor drown, but cry,

“ Go, Madam, here’s no Room for you and I ;

“ We’re not, I find, for one another made,

“ And I’ll this irksome Life no longer lead :

“ Your Fortune was so much ? and so much mine ?

“ We’ll each our Share resume, and then disjoin ;

“ Pray let me not be troubled with you more,

“ Madam, your Dowry’s there-- and there’s the Door.

And you beleive, *Alcippe*, that you so soon  
Shall bring her to’t, and she’ll at this begone ;

But don’t you, when you thus have shockt her, know  
It in your Lady lies, to stay or go ?

And can you think she’ll quit the dear Delight  
Of Teazing, Plaguing and the Sweets of Spite,

And first in hand his Pen her Proctor takes,

And of her various Claims a Volume makes.

In *Paris*, thanks be to the Law, we meet

Good Christian Husbands, Men of Nature sweet ;

Tho’

Tho' ne'er so high a Wife's Demands may be,  
 The Court confirms them by a kind Decree.  
*Alcippe*, I see you start at this Discourse,  
 And place in Arbiters your last Resource;  
 Your Cause by partial Judges shan't be try'd,  
 But Friends, the Matter by themselves, decide;  
 By Friends, by Arbiters, you'll brave the Laws,  
 Prevent the Courts and they shall judge the Cause,

But hold--- you go too fast---- consult your Wife,  
 For Right she does not sue--- so much as Strife:  
 The Proceſs pleaſes her--- she'll never flinch,  
 But gain the Land or loſe it Inch by Inch.  
 A Lordſhip got by Law ſhe wou'd deſpiſe,  
 For her ſole Pleaſure in Conteſting Lies.

With her no Right, no Title can be clear;  
 No Proof is Proof, no Proceſs old with her,  
 Tho' ne'er ſo well adjudg'd the Cauſe and plain,  
 She'll when ſhe pleaſes bring't about again.

Not *Rolet* in his way, tho' ſo expert,  
 More Difficulties in a Cauſe can ſtart,  
 Nor puzzle Matters more, nor ſhow more Art:  
 Believe me--- don't to gain the better hope,  
 But try, if poſſible to make it up ;

Or

Or I'll not swear, if far you let it run,  
 You won't with all your Skill be first undone.  
 Cast and confounded, ruin'd and a Foot,  
 Lean, Poor, and languishing, you'll curse the Suit  
 You'll wish, too late, you had not been so hot,  
 And oft resolve to tye the fatal Knot ;  
 But longer must you bear the Plague of Life  
 And take again, the Plague of Plagues, your Wife.

The first half of the preceding Satire, is unmis-  
 tably translated; and as the Original, is said, to  
 be the most careful, with regard to Termination,  
 and metrical Harmony, of all Despreaux's Satires,  
 a strong presumption may be formed of the Trans-  
 lator's being stimulated with a sort of ambition  
 to surpass his Proto-type - This short (tho' probably  
 impertinent) commendatory remark, is extracted purely  
 from the high pleasure this Satire in its English  
 Dress has imparted to us - G. M. P. J. - J. M. -



---

S A T I R E X I.

TO

Monfr. de *V*ALINCOUR,

Principal Secretary

O F T H E

A D M I R A L T Y.

---

---

STATUTE

OF

THE NEW HAMPSHIRE

Principal Secretary

OF THE

LEGISLATURE

---



---

**S A T I R E. XI.**

**Y**ES, Honour, *VALINCOUR*, to all is Dear :  
 No Word so oft in ev'ry Mouth we hear ;  
 To praise it, all in Eloquence abound,  
 If one begins, its Eulogy goes round.  
 Honour by High and Low's alike ador'd,  
 Go where you will, and Honour is the Word.  
 The Rogue that in the Gally Plies the Oar,  
 Whom e'en his Fellows for his Crimes abhor,  
 Of Honour talks; and with a Letter'd Brow,  
 Pretends that she's in him condemn'd to Row.  
 Of Judge unjust, and Sentence he complains,  
 And wonders how the World permits his Chains.

'Tis ev'ry where the fame by Land or Sea,  
Honour you'll find's the Universal Plea.

The Cit who cheats behind his Counter Board,  
Pretends as much to Honour as my Lord:

The Man, who robs his Country in a Place,  
Of Honour talks as boldly as his Grace.

This Lord, who ne'er his honest Debts will pay,  
And That, who bubbles callow Heirs at Play,  
Of Honour are so full, that they can spare  
Sufficient for a common Mortal's Share:

Of Soldier, Courtier, Magistrate inquire,  
Tho' this for Pension serves, and that for Hire;  
They'll tell you, and believe them if you can,  
They're Men of nicest Honour to a Man:  
They scorn so mean a thing as Interest, They,  
And only Honour's gen'rous Laws obey.

But if you put the Lanthorn to their Eyes,  
And bring 'em to the Light their Honour flies;  
If by a strict Examen they are try'd,  
You'll soon perceive what Spirit is their Guide,  
You ev'ry where will find Ambition reign,  
With Fraud, Corruption, and the Lust of Gain.

Pride,

Pride, Folly, Vanity in all abound,  
And Honour often taught, is seldom found.  
This World in my Opinion's like a Scene,  
Where never what they say the Actors mean;  
Where each imposes on the other, This  
On That, and none appears for what he is.  
How often do we on this spacious Stage,  
Some Fool or other meet, who acts the Sage?  
This Blockhead who wou'd for a Scholar pass,  
Assumes the Mein, tho' he's an errant Ass;  
That Rascal for a Saint sets up, and None,  
Tho' free with others Faults, wou'd show his own:  
How does it flatter 'em and feed their Pride,  
Their Weakness when they vainly think they hide?  
Truth finds 'em out, whatever Art they use,  
She knows them; Her they cannot long abuse;  
Nor can they to the Publick's piercing Eyes,  
Their Follies always, and their Faults disguise;  
For Malice ever to the Bottom goes,  
She'll all things know, and publish what she knows;  
And Censure quickly with a searching View,  
Observe what's false about us, what is true;



It opens us with our Defects, and shows  
 How our dear Masks upon the World impose.  
 Truth will o'er Falshood always reign, and He  
 Who'd act the Man of Honour such must be.  
 For let who will assume another Air,  
 ,Twill not do long, he must himself appear.  
 His Inside, and his Out, the World will see,  
 And what he's not, he shan't appear to be.  
 In vain that surly *Misanthrope* puts on  
 A smiling Air, those Looks are not his own.  
 The Sullen's Genuine, but the gay Grimace,  
 The Smiles are out of Humour in his Face,  
 And not one Feature there becomes a Grace;  
 His soothing Words, our utmost Scorn create,  
 Fear his Caresses, and his Flattery Hate.  
 E'en in his *Meannesses* there's something Vain;  
 So true it is, that Truth will always reign,  
 That Nature ev'ry where will force her Way,  
 Show what she is, and what she's not, betray.  
 In vain we stop her Course, we drive her back,  
 She'll pierce thro' all, thro' all her Passage break.

But

But from my Subject I too far have stray'd,  
 'Tis time I shou'd resume it, and proceed.  
 Honour, I've said, by all the World's admir'd,  
 But how are they, who have the same, inspir'd?  
 What is that Honour which we shou'd admire?  
 Is't that which sets the warring World on Fire?  
 Inform me if thou can'st? As well as I,  
 Thou know'st some make it in Ambition lie:  
 The Miser when his Chests are cram'd with Gold,  
 Thinks the more Honour, the more Bags they hold.  
 As the false Brave, whene'er he draws his Sword,  
 And the true Cheat, whene'er he breaks his Word;  
 When of his Rhymes the Poet boasts, is this  
 True Honour, if 'tis not, say, What it is?  
 Is He who with a mighty Title grac'd,  
 Defrauds his Creditors, of this possess'd,  
 Or He who of a Penance cheats the Priest?  
 Or a Buffoon, whose Honour 'tis to brave,  
 That Honour which the Wise wou'd wish to have?  
 Is one of these a Man of Honour? Who  
 Can think it? Where shall we to find it go?  
 In what does it consist? To hear our Sense  
 Extol'd, our Courage, or our Eloquence;

To see the Subject World our Sway confess,  
 A Thousand shining Talents to possess?  
 For tho' these Gifts of Mind we Blessings call,  
 A King may be a Scoundrel with 'em all.  
 A *Herod*, a *Tiberius*, whom to name  
 Is dreadful, and no Daubing hides their Shame.  
 Where shall we then that real Honour find,  
 Which fills, which raises and refines the Mind?  
 What e'er St. *Evremond* is pleas'd to say,  
 I shall not think the worse of *Seneca*,  
 Nor rather for my Guide *Petronius* chuse,  
 Since the Grave Sage speaks better than the Loofe.

There's nothing in the World, but Justice, fair,  
 There's nothing so much worth our Praise or Care;  
 Force, Bounty, Courage are, without Her, faint,  
 And all our Gifts their, Grace without Her, want.  
 The Virtues which for sparkling Diamonds pass,  
 Without Her, are like Bits of broken Glafs.  
 A Warriour dreadful for Unrighteous Arms,  
 Who fills the Universe with dire Alarms,  
 Who without Cause, a hundred Nations spoils,  
 What are his Conquests, his Heroic Toils?

To rob the Globe if he delights to range,  
 He's but a greater Robber than \* *Saint Ange* ;  
 And why shou'd Fame his boasted Deeds prefer,  
 But only for their Grandeur, to \* *Duterte* :  
 For the first *Cæsar*, who his Pen durst draw,  
 If his great Acts were to be judg'd by Law;  
 Who by the Laws his Conduct cou'd excuse  
 Less Heroes for the same, their Necks, wou'd lose :  
 In *France* He to the Scaffold had been led,  
 And lost at once his Laurels and his Head.  
 This Phœnix of the killing Trade, had gone  
 The same sad way some Brother Braves had done.  
 ¶ 'Twas a King said it, and the Rule's August,  
 That He's the greatest Man, who is most Just.  
*Sylla* and *Mithridates* you may name,  
 And others of as great, tho' fiercer Fame,  
 As *Attila*, *Genferic*, *Tamerlane*,  
 I think 'em less than e'en a Private Man :  
 These Conq'rors, Kings, these Princes in my Eyes  
 Are less than him whom Heav'n pronounc'd most † Wise.

---

\* *Two Famous High-way Men*  
 † *Agésilas.* † *Socrates.*

That Citizen of *Athens*, as we read,  
 In Justice censur'd ev'ry glorious Deed,  
 Who with no Folly and no Vice defil'd  
 Was always Frugal, Mod'rate, Equal, Mild ;  
 Each Action of his Life to Justice tends,  
 Begins in Justice, and in Justice ends ;  
 Brighter than all the Virtues, Justice shines,  
 And none is Great but who to Her inclines ;  
 Nothing looks well but what her Liv'ry wears,  
 No Dress so taking, none so fine as hers :  
 A Hypocrite ne'er pleases nor betrays,  
 But when he gives his Wiles an honest Face ;  
 No Charm but Equity can touch the Soul,  
 Injustice e'en to the Unjust looks Foul.  
 And he who ne'er to Equity is true,  
 Severely from the World exacts his Due.  
 We in the most abandon'd Villain's Mind  
 Some Prints of Justice, some weak Footings find ;  
 The greatest Rogue in some Things may be true,  
 And who does always what he ought to do ?  
 Where shall we hope an Honest Man to meet  
 Whose Justice is in all his Works Complete ?

Where



Where shall we in an Age such Heroes know  
 As *Caumartin*, *Bignon* or *Daguesseau* ;  
 The wretched Natives of the barb'rous Clime,  
 Where Spoil is fair, and Plunder thought no Crime :  
 Ev'n there, where Robbing is the Reigning Lust,  
 The Robbers oft among themselves are just.  
*Arab* and *Scythia* fairly share the Spoil,  
 And e'en with them, to sink the Booty's Vile.  
 The Prize they get among the lawless Band,  
 Justice distributes with an equal Hand.

But Truth we now will to the Fountain trace,  
 And see the Saint with his reserv'd Grimace ;  
 That Look of Abstinence, that holy Leer :  
 What is he ? Who wou'd thus devout appear,  
 To Heav'n how hideous ! if he's not sincere.  
 The Gospel no where says be Sullen, Sour,  
 But bids you to be Simple, Honest, Pure.  
 The Man, who is a Christian, seems to me,  
 Compar'd with him who so affects to be,  
 As distant from each other, as the Poles,  
 From \* *Davis* Streight to where th' *Antartic* Rolls.

And

---

\* *A Streight under the Artic-Pole near Nova Zembla.*

And by this Saint I do not understand  
*Tartuff*, or *Molinos's* Mystic Band,  
 But a false Christian, who's of Scripture fall,  
 And yet despises or Mistakes the Rule.  
 Its Wisdom and its Justice ne'er conceives,  
 And just no more than he thinks fit, believes;  
 Who colours with a Text his Darling Vice,  
 And fancies to defraud, is to be wise;  
 Who flatters in their shameful Faults the Great,  
 And Scripture will in their Excuse, repeat;  
 Winks at great Crimes, and makes a Jest of small,  
 As if the Sacrament wou'd hide 'em all;  
 As if 'twou'd bear him thro' the dreadful Streight,  
 And open at his Call the Heav'nly Gate.  
 Rare Saints in my Opinion these! For who  
 To Heav'n, and not to Justice, can be true?  
 But in these Wiles that we no more may rove,  
 Let's hence conclude what is not hard to prove,  
 That solid Honour's only that which takes  
 Truth for its Guide, and Truth its Glory makes:  
 And that the Man of Honour's only He  
 Whom Reason rules, and what the Laws decree;

To

To others Gentle, to himself Severe,  
 In all his Words, in all his Works Sincere,  
 In whom, no Courtiers Promise, we shall find,  
 The Man alone, who bears an upright Mind.  
 We in this Title ev'ry thing conclude  
 That's Noble, Virtuous, or that's Great and Good.  
 But whether what we say will please the Croud,  
 We doubt, or if 'twill be for Truth allow'd :  
 The Reason why we think it won't prevail,  
 Is couch'd, you'll see, beneath this Mystic Tale.

When good old *Saturn* the first World control'd,  
 Then *Honour* and his Sister *Justice* rul'd.  
 Mankind enlightend by their sage Advice,  
 Were then, my Friend, in Favour with the Skies :  
 All things were then in Common, gentle Peace  
 Smil'd on the World, and Plenty flow'd with Ease ;  
 Bounds then, and Fields divided, were unknown,  
 And no Man yet had learnt the Phrase, *My Own*.  
 Virtue to Danger was not then Ally'd,  
 And none for too much Merit Fled or Dy'd :  
 E'er *Ostracismes* disgrac'd the guilty World,  
 And shining Worth was into Dungeons hurl'd.

E'er

E'er he, who was Religious, was not nam'd  
A *Jansenist*, or for his Virtue Damn'd.

Honour was then with Genuine Beauties fair,  
And with vain Ornaments did ne'er appear ;  
In Glories rich he us'd his Native Store,  
Nor Gold, nor borrow'd Diamonds Lustre wore.  
And while the Heav'nly Pair o'er Mortals reign'd,  
Severely He his Sisters Laws maintain'd ;  
But summon'd to the Starry World he fled  
To Heav'n, and with the Gods he long has stay'd.

Soon an Impostor in his Place is seen ;  
His Look is like him, and his lofty Mien ;  
On Honour ev'ry where he loudly cries,  
Again to rule you, see he leaves the Skies ;  
From me alone you must your Laws receive,  
And his false Tales the easy World believe.  
Now guiltless Justice from her Seat is driv'n,  
She follows now her Brothers Flight to Heav'n,  
And to the Cheat their lawful Throne is giv'n ;  
He mounts it ; now with glitt'ring Rubies bright  
It shines, and all around's a borrow'd Light.  
In Gorgeous Robes how proudly he appears,  
Jewels and Gold an Alien Pomp he wears ?

You

You know the vile Impostor by his Train,  
 Here Pride, there Impudence, and here Disdain.  
 From Lux'ry's Hands when he receives the Crown  
 The Foolish World the bold Pretender own,  
 And now to show his State, he learns to frown:  
 Two wrangling Brothers are by him employ'd,  
 And half the Globe's by *Mine*, and *Thine*, destroy'd;  
 These endless Suits create, and endless Feuds,  
 And Force into the World her Sway intrudes;  
 These now divide the Earth, and *Right* and *Wrong*,  
 The Names they take, are but the *Weak* and *Strong*.  
 Thus Triumphs the new King, and thus he awes  
 His Subjects, with some New unrighteous Laws:  
 All founded on that only Plea of Might,  
 For Pow'r is with this Prince Undoubted Right.  
 Soon were his wicked Edicts spread abroad,  
 And the Globe rul'd by his fantastic Code:  
 Revenge He on the least Affront commands,  
 And fills the guilty Earth with Hostile Bands.  
 One Man for Trifles now another kills;  
 The Conq'ror unprovok'd a Crimson Deluge spills:  
 Conscience in vain asserts her Legal Sway,  
 The Bloody Characters are *Die* and *Slay*.

When



When *Jupiter* the Iron Age began,  
 No Tye was a Constraint to furious Man ;  
 Now Brothers fight with Brothers, Sons with Sires,  
 The Tyrant now to boundless Rule aspires.  
 For Conquests Heroes rove from Clime to Clime,  
 No Virtue but Ambition is sublime,  
 And Crime, if happy, is not thought a Crime ;  
 Division, Hatred, Envy, Fear obtain'd,  
 And Tumult, Horror and Confusion reign'd.

True Honour in high Heav'n this Change was told,  
 That a base Metall had Debauch'd the Gold.  
 To Earth he strait descends, but none wou'd own  
 The King, or help him to resume the Throne ;  
 None lik'd his Presence, None cou'd now endure  
 His Virtues, for corrupted Times too pure ;  
 His Manners were no more in Vogue, and all  
 Himself the Cheat and the Impostor call.  
 Himself a while to the Seducer bends,  
 Tir'd with Affronts, and destitute of Friends :  
 At last, He to his injur'd Sister flies ,  
 And dwells with Justice in their Native Skies ;

To Slav'ry an Ungrateful Race he leaves,  
And whom the Cheat deceiv'd, he still deceives:  
Ev'n to our Age He on their Ruin Preys,  
For still false Honour, his wide Empire Sways.  
O'er all, He in our Universe presides,  
'Tis He, perhaps, who ev'n these Verses guides,  
But whither 'tis or not, the Tale has shown  
True Honour, is my Friend, in G O D alone.

---

*☞ This is the last of M. Boileau's S A T I R E S. we shall not take any Notice of the Dutch Ribaldry, impos'd upon him, but only endeavour to give the Public a just Translation of his G E N U I N E Works; as We find 'em in the best Paris Edition.*



A N

## ODE of SAPPHO,

Quoted by LONGINUS.

*Thus Translated by CATULLUS.*

Ad LESBIAM.

**I**LLÉ mi par esse Deo videtur,  
 Ille, si fas est, superare Divoe,  
 Qui sedens adversus identidem te,  
                                   Spectat & audit  
 Dulce ridentem. misero quod omnis  
 Eripit sensus mihi. nam simul te,  
 Lesbia, adspexi, nihil est super mi,  
                                   Quod loquar amens.

Lingua sed torpet ; tenuis sub artus  
 Flamma dimanat ; sonitu suopte  
 Tinniunt aures ; geminâ teguntur  
                                   Lumina nocte ;  
 Manat & Sudor gelidus ; tremorque  
 Occupat totam ; velut herba pallent  
 Ora ; spirandi neque compos, orco  
                                   Proxima credor.

*Non tamen despero : etenim indigentem.*

Y

*Thus*

*Thus by Mr. PHILIPS.*

## I.

**B**lest as th' Immortal Gods is he,  
 The Youth who fondly sits by thee,  
 And hears and sees thee all the while  
 Softly speak and sweetly Smile.

## II.

'Twas this depriv'd my Soul of Rest,  
 And rais'd such Tumults in my Breast;  
 For while I gaz'd, in Transport tost,  
 My Breath was gone, my Voice was lost:

## III.

My Bosom glow'd; the subtle Flame  
 Ran quick thro' all my vital Frame;  
 O'er my dim Eyes a Darkness hung;  
 My Ears with hollow Murmurs rung:

## IV.

In dewy Damps my Limbs were chill'd;  
 My Blood with gentle Horrors thrill'd;  
 My feeble Pulse forgot to play;  
 I fainted, sunk, and dy'd away.

*Thus*



Thus by Monsieur BOILEAU.

**H**Eureux ! qui pres de toi, pour toi seule soupire :

Qui jouit du plaisir de t'entendre parler :

Qui te voit quelquefois doucement lui sourire.

Les Dieux, dans son bonheur, peuvent-ils l'égaler ?

Je sens de veine en veine une subtile flamme

Courir par tout mon Corps, si-tost que je te vois :

Et dans les doux transports, ou s'egare mon ame,

Je ne scaurois trouver de langue, ni de voix.

Un nuage confus se repand sur ma vue,

Je n'entens plus, je tombe en de douces langueurs ;

Et passe, sans haleine, interdite, esperdue,

Un frisson me saisit, je tremble, je me meurs.

Thus Paraphras'd by a LADY.

I.

**H**Appy who near you Sigh, for you alone,

Who hear you Speak, or whom you Smile upon :

They well for this might Scorn a Starry Throne.

Y 2

II. To

## II.

To this compar'd the Bliss which Gods do prove,  
No Envy raises; for the Blest above  
Ne'er tasted Joys compar'd to those of Love.

## III.

When e're I look on you, thro' ev'ry Vein,  
Subtile as Light'ning flies the nimble Flame,  
I'm all o're Rapture, while all over Pain.

## IV.

And while my Soul does in these Transports stray,  
My Voice disdains to teach my Tongue its Way,  
Each Faculty does now it's Trust betray.

## V.

A Cloud of wild Confusion veils my Sight,  
Sounds vainly strike my Ears, my Eyes the Light,  
Soft Languishments my Senses disunite.

## VI.

Swift Tremblings streight o're all my Body fly,  
Life frighten'd thence, Love does her Place supply,  
Disorder'd, breathless, pale, and cold, I die.

---

*The End of the FIRST VOLUME.*

