THE

SATIRES

OF

PERSIUS,

Tranſlated into Engliſh Verſe.

Multum, et veræ Gloriæ, quamvis uno Libro Perſius meruit.
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SATIRE the FIRST.

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THE

PROLOGUE

TO THE

FIRST SATIRE.

NEVER did *I* ſo much as ſip,
Or wet with *Hippocrene* a Lip;
I never dream'd, one ſingle Night,
Upon *Parnaſſus*' forky Height;
(Or if I did ſo, do not know it) 5
To make me thus ſtart up a Poet.

No; my Pretenſions to the *Nine*,
And pale *Pirene*, *I* reſign;
Reſign to thoſe, whoſe better Claim
Stands witneſs'd by approving Fame; 10
By ſacred Statues, plac'd around,
With twining Wreaths of Ivy crown'd!

 Theſe

Theſe rude, unpoliſh'd Strains of mine,
I, at *Apollo*'s hallow'd Shrine,
Lay humbly, unpreſuming, down ; 15
I, half a Poet, half a Clown.

Who taught the Pie's or Parrot's Throat,
To emulate the human Note ?
Thoſe Sounds which Nature had deny'd,
Ingenious Want, to both, ſupply'd. 20
Ingenious Want, in Nature's Spite,
Taught *them* to ſpeak—And *me* to write.

Nay, hang but Lure enough in View,
And *they* ſhall ſtrait turn Poets, too :
Ev'n Crows and Pies ſhall chatter Verſe, 25
And like their Brother-Bards, rehearſe.

THE

ARGUMENT

WE may suppose the Author to be just seated in his Study, and beginning to vent his Indignation in Satire. At this very Juncture, comes in an Acquaintance, who, upon hearing the first Line, dissuades him, by all Means, from an Undertaking so perilous; advising him rather, if he needs must write, to accommodate his Vein to the Taste of the Times, and to write like other People.

PERSIUS *acknowledges that this, indeed, were the readiest Method to gain Countenance and Applause; but then adds, that the Approbation of such Patrons as this Compliance would recommend him to, was a Thing to be desired, on no Terms at all; much less, upon Terms so shameful.*

AFTER *this, he takes occasion to expose the wretched Taste that prevailed then at* Rome, *both in their Verse and Prose; and informs us what abominable Stuff their noble Poetasters not only scribbled themselves, but encouraged in others. Of these their miserable Attempts in the Way of Poetry, the*

Author exhibits to us a ſmall Specimen : At the ſame Time lamenting, that he dares not ſpeak out with the Freedom allowable in former Times, and practiſed by his Predeceſſors in Satire, Lucilius *and* Horace. *He then concludes, expreſſing a generous Diſdain for all worthleſs Blockheads whatever: The only Readers whoſe Applauſe* he *covets, muſt be Men of Virtue, and Men of Senſe.*

THE

THE

FIRST SATIRE

OF

PERSIUS.

PERSIUS. MONITOR.

P. *VAin Cares of Man! All earthly Things how vain!*

M. Good Heav'ns! Who'll read this canting, preaching Strain?

P. * Speak'ſt thou to *me*? Not one, i'faith, not one.

M. Yes, two perhaps, or — *P.* None, moſt likely, none.

M. The Caſe is piteous— *P.* Why a piteous Caſe? 5

Polydamas forſooth, and all the Race

Of Maſter-Miſſes, join in my Diſgrace!

Ver. 2. of the Original.]

* *M.* Quis leget Hæc? *P.* Min' Tu iſtud ais? Nemo, Hercule, Nemo.

M. Vel Duo, Vel——*P.* Nemo. *M.* Turpe et miſerabile! *P.* Quare?

Ver 6. Polydamas *forſooth!* He means here *Nero* and his Minions; alluding to a Paſſage in a Speech of *Hector*'s. Hom. Iliad. B. XXII. V. 100 and 105.

Admit

Admit they do, need *I* for this repine,
That ſuch e'en *Labeo*'s Page prefer to mine?
Ridiculous! If muddy-headed *Rome* 10
Condemn our Wit, muſt we abide the Doom?
Stand to th' Award of an ill-judging Town?
And by their falſer Scale, adjuſt our own?
No, no; for *other's* Judgments aſk no more:
To know thy ſelf, thy ſelf alone explore. 15

For who at *Rome* is not a ? Might I ſay,
O might I mention what! — But ſure I may.
For ſee what Toys, their ſenſeleſs Lives engage,
From playful Childhood up to reverend Age!
Yet mark the ſolemn Cheat, the ſage Grimace! 20
Cenſorian Beard, Severity of Face!

Ver. 9. Labeo's *Page*] *Actius Labeo* was a Court-Scribler, who made a literal and wretch edTranſlation of ſeveral Books of *Homer*'s Iliad into *Latin*. See Verſe 115 and 272.

Ver. 14. *No, no, for others Judgments*] This is ſpoken conformably to that Principl of the *Stoic* Philoſophy, which maintained that a wiſe Man ſhould not make other People Opinion, but his own right Reaſon only, his Rule of Action.

Viewing

Viewing theſe hoary Fools, enrag'd I glow:
Out, out it muſt—You muſt excuſe me. *M.* No.

P. But my unruly Spleen with Laughter ſwells:
What muſt I do, when Nature thus rebels? 25

M. What muſt you do? The ſame that others do:
Obſerve the Courſe our other Bards purſue.
* Pent in their lonely Studies, they compoſe,
Some, meaſur'd Numbers, *ſome*, unfetter'd Proſe:
But, be it Proſe or Numbers, all they write 30
Is quite *ſublime*. *P.* Sublime, no doubt on't, quite!
Alike ſublime: For ſee, from firſt to laſt,
The Proſe is Fuſtian, and the Verſe Bombaſt!
It's Author too, alike, the heavy Load
Puffs from his huge, rehearſing Lungs, abroad. 35

Ver. 13. of the Original.] * *M.* Scribimus incluſi Numeros Ille, Hic pede liber, Grande aliquid——*P.* Quod Pulmo Animæ prælargus anhelet.

And lo the promis'd Day! At length, 'tis here:
New-cloath'd, new-powder'd, ſee the *Wit* appear!
A finiſh'd Beau, forſooth, behold him ſtand,
A Birth-Day Jewel ſparkling on his Hand!
A ſoftning Gargle tunes his warbling Throat, 40
And fits the varying Pipe for every Note.
A Deſk, rais'd high, the liſtening Throng controlls;
He mounts, and out the melting Poem rolls.
His Eye, a Comment to his Senſe affords;
And adds laſcivious Looks, to luſcious Words. 45

Theſe are the Means, the ſhameful Means! that pleaſe:
Rome's very Nobles own the Power of theſe.
Soon as the lewd, the luſt-provoking Line
(Aſſiſted by the ſoft, ſalacious Whine)
Shoots thro' the Bones it's prurient Influence, 50
And wakes the tickled Marrow's inmoſt Senſe;

Lo, how they all a wriggling Joy confeſs,
And vile Applauſe, in broken Sounds, expreſs!

What! at this Age, with theſe grey reverend Hairs,
Turn'ſt thou a Pander to ſuch Ears as theirs? 55
Theirs! at whoſe glutting Praiſe, ev'n thou wou'dſt cry,
Forbear! Forbear! or elſe I burſt, I die.

" Well but, *(ſay you)* what Uſe does Science yield,
" If in the parent Mind it lie conceal'd?
" If there the Leaven ſwell, in vain, for Vent, 60
" If there the barren Fig-tree ſtill be pent?"

O Men! O Manners! toils thy dotard Head,
Reſigns thy Cheek, for this, it's healthful Red?
Muſt then the Pageant, Knowledge, needs be ſhown?
Uſeleſs to thee, unleſs to others known. 65

Ver. 24. of the Original.—*Cute perditus, Ohe*] See *Dacier*'s Horace, Vol. VII. p. 284.

" O but the pointing Finger who can ſee,
" Who hear, uncharm'd, the Whiſper, *there, that's he?*

Nay more, the beauiſh Sons of *Rome* rehearſe,
Their Tutors teach, the Beauties of your Verſe:
And is it Nothing, Nothing, to become 70
A Leſſon, to the beauiſh Sons of *Rome?*

Lo next, our Surfeit-Sots, call, o'er their Wine,
To hear the Labours of a Bard divine.
Come, the Productions of ſome Heavenly Muſe,
Who can repeat? *cry they* — And what enſues? 75
Why one, or other, of the purple Beaus,
A nauſeous Preface ſnuffles thro' the Noſe;
Some old, ſome ſad old Tale, then forth he whines,
Made ſadder ſtill by lamentable Lines.
Tells how *Hypſipile* a Captive ſigh'd, 80
Or how poor fond deſerted *Phyllis* died.

Some ſuch trite Ditty, his refining Throat
Fritters; and melts and minces every Note.

All hear attentive: and, to crown the End,
All, gracious Nods of Approbation lend. 85

O happy Author! thou art ſure at Reſt;
Thy Aſhes, after this, muſt needs be bleſt!
Thy Tomb, no doubt! the monumental Stones,
Muſt, after this, lie lighter on thy Bones!

But Approbation only, will not do: 90
Behold, Applauſes are thy Portion too!
The Gueſts all ring thy Praiſe—Thrice happy thou!
Feel not thy Manes Joys exceſſive, now?
Now, raiſe not Violets, from thy Duſt their Head,
And proudly make thy precious Urn their Bed? 95

" O Sir *(ſays one)* your Worſhip's pleas'd to ſneer,
" (That Noſe informs us) but you need not here.
" For breaths there he, ſo ſtupid to diſclaim
" The Praiſe of Men, the general Voice of Fame?
" When ſuch his Labours, ſuch his ſacred Page, 100
" As Cedar's Juice ſhould vindicate from Age;
" Should bid to lateſt Times, unſoil'd endure;
" Of Grocers, fearleſs; and of Cooks, ſecure?

Whoe'er thou art, to whom, ſo lately, I
Aſſign'd th'Opponent's Part, take this Reply. 105

If in my Writings, by ſome lucky Hit,
(Luck it muſt be) I deviate into Wit;
Know, then, howe'er I ſcorn Applauſe undue,
Then, I can Praiſe accept — Approve it too.

Ver. 101. *As Cedars Juice*] Bookſellers, to preſerve their valuable Books from growing mouldy, or Worm-eaten, rubbed them over with the Liquor that diſtilled from the Cedar Tree. See *Pliny*, B. 13. C. 13.

To Glory's Charms, not callous is my Heart, 110
Such Glory, as refults from true Defert.
But that thefe Eulogies of Fools, fhou'd be
The final Aim---to that, I can't agree.
For fift (I beg) all this their mighty Praife :
Includes it not ev'n *Labeo*'s paltry Lays ? 115
His very *Iliad?* and each fuftian Strain
Teem'd in that purg'd, helleborated Brain ?
Includes it not our Noble Sonnetteers,
Whofe Flux of Elegy infefts our Ears?
Nay, all the Trafh that trickles from the Heads 120
Of glutted Fops, who loll on Citron Beds ?

Yes, this forfooth ! is Fame, the Jewel fought :
Yes, and (what's worfe) this too is meerly bought.

Ver. 117. *helleborated Brain ?*] The Ancients made ufe of Hellebore, not only when they were difordered, but oftentimes too in found Health, purely to quicken the Apprehenfion. See *Pliny*, B. XXV. C. 5

You

You know to bribe, to ſpread the ſmoaking Treat;
The grateful Gueſt returns you Fame for Meat. 125
You know to buy the ſhuddering Poet's Vote,
(An eaſy Purchaſe) with a thread-bare Coat.

" Now Sirs, (*cry you*) I honour Truth---be free---
" How is my Verſe?---Speak Truth, howe'er it be."

They, poor Dependants! are oblig'd to lie; 130
They ſpeak! No, no, *they* dare not---but ſhall *I?*
Truſt me, bald Trifler! worſe was never writ:
Thou! with that Mountain Paunch, aim'ſt *thou* at Wit?

Thrice happy *Janus*, bleſt with Face behind!
He to no flouting poſtern Jeers is blind: 135
He no crook'd Finger, no ſplay Mouth he fears;
No Length of lolling Tongue, or Aſſes Ears.

But

But you, *Patricians!* doom'd to *ſingle* Face,
Fear *you* the Tongue behind, that lolls Diſgrace.

" *What ſay the Town?*" ---- O dear Sir, can they ſay
Other than This? And this, beſure, they may: 141
" Verſe to its laſt Perfection you have brought,
" In liquid Flow conveying gentle Thought.
" Each poliſh'd Part, is ſo exactly join'd,
" That where they meet no curious Nail can find. 145
" Each Verſe is drawn ſo ſtrait, ſo ſmooth, ſo fine,
" Why ſure you ſhut one Eye, and work by Line!
" Whether you touch the *Humours* of the Age,
" Or paint the People's *Vice*, or Tyrant's *Rage*,
" True Genius ſtill inſpires the mighty Page!" 150

Ver. 145. *No curious Nail*] It is uſual with Artificers to run the Nail of their Finger along their Work; making it thereby a Teſt of the Aſperity or Smoothneſs of the Marble, or other Matter, which they have undertaken to poliſh. *Hor.* Art of Poetry, V. 294.

Ver. 148. *Humours—Vice—Rage*] That is, whether you write Comedy, Satire, or Tragedy. The Author deſcribes here the ſeveral Kinds of Poetry, by mentioning the different Objects that each is converſant about.

Each

Each Youngſter now (behold!) attempts to write,
And in Heroics wings his airy Flight;
Every raw Thing, and each pin-feather'd Fool,
Who left but Yeſterday his *Greek* and School;
Below the loweſt Theme; unbleſt with Skill 15
To paint or *Waving Grove*, or *purling Rill.*

Sings he the *Country*'s copious Scenes?--- his Lay
Recounts its *Chimnies*, *Panniers*, *Hogs*, and *Hay*.
" *Remus* of old (adds he) was ſuckled *here*; 15
" *Here* did'ſt thou, * *Quintus*, drive the labouring Stee
" *Here* thy Good-Woman, in the furrow'd Track,
" Trembling array'd her new Dictator's Back;
" And laſt, the Lictor carry'd home thy Plow."
----- Are not theſe hopeful Sparks for *Epic*, now?

Ver. 158. *Recounts its Chimnies, Panniers,*] *Perſius*, in this Paſſage, glances at ſome co temporary Poetaſter, or other, who, in a Poem upon the Pleaſures of a *Country Life*, h been very particular and tedious upon the Circumſtances here recited. See *Caſaub.*

* i. e. *Quintus Cincinnatus.*

Bu

But let bad *Writers* ſcribble as they will, 165
Some *Readers*, bad as they, admire them ſtill.
That puffy Offſpring of old *Accius*' Head,
Briſeis' ſelf, by one at leaſt is read.
Numbers adore *Pacuvius*' knotty Line,
And ſwear *Antiopa* is all divine. 170
" *Whoſe Sighs, like Pillars, propping every Part,*
" *Buttreſs'd her ſinking, dolorific, Heart.*"

Now, when each blear-ey'd Dunce theſe noxious Seeds
Sows in young Minds, and nurtures up the Weeds;
Aſk you from whence this motley Jargon ſprung, 175
Whoſe vile Contagion thus deforms our Tongue?
Aſk you, whence came thoſe fulſome Points of Wit,
Which charm our Lordlings, and the beardleſs Pit?

Ver. 171. *Whoſe Sighs*, &c.] Theſe two Verſes are the Tranſlation of a ridiculous Line, taken from a Poem of *Pacuvius*, entitled *Antiopa*.

Nay, which are urg'd as Arguments of Weight,
Where Life it ſelf's the Queſtion in Debate? 18

Lo thy grey Head obnoxious to the Laws!
In Tropes and Figures, plead'ſt thou *ſuch* a Cauſe?
In *ſuch* a Juncture, at thy Life's Expence,
Muſt thou be labouring for a *ſpruce* Defence?

" *Theft! Theft!* O *Pedius*, to thy Charge I lay."
Thus ſays th' *Accuſer*.----What will *Pedius* ſay? 18
The gentle *Pedius* places all his Hopes
In Points, in balanc'd Periods, and in Tropes.
" *How ſweet his Turns!*" the raptur'd Audience cry:
" *How choice his figures!*"----How abſurd! ſay *I*. 19
Canſt thou, O *Roman!* then, ſubmit to pleaſe
By Arts? Such tickling, trifling Arts as theſe?
Say, ſhou'd the Ship-wreck'd Sailor *ſing* his Grief,
Wou'd that prevail on *me*, to lend Relief?

Th

The Tablet on your Back, expreſſes Woe; 195
Is this a Time to warble as you go?
He whoſe Complaints would bend my ſtubborn Heart,
Muſt bring *me* Tears of *Nature*, not of *Art*.

M. Well, Sir, whatever Blemiſh taint our *Proſe*, 199
Our *Verſe*, you'll own, with ſweet Improvements flows.
Crude was the Poeſy of former Days,
But Oh! what Charms embelliſh *modern* Lays!

P. Thouſands, no Doubt! (thrice happy tinkling Times!)
Witneſs the Pauſe that *rhymes*, the Cloſe that *chimes*.

Ver. 195. *The Tablet on your Back*] Wretches who had ſuffered Ship-wreck, at the ſame Time that they went along the Streets, making a lamentable Recital of their Misfortunes, carried on their Shoulders (the more to move Pity and Compaſſion) a pictured Repreſentation of the Dangers, in which they had been concerned.

Ver. 204. *The Pauſe that rhymes*] *Caſaubon* obſerves, that in the ridiculous Verſes immediately following, we are particularly to remark the childiſh Affectation there is of Jingle, and of what we term *Monkiſh*, or *Middle Rhyme*. To make the Ridiculouſneſs of them more apparent to an *Engliſh* Reader, they are tranſlated accordingly.

Witneſs thou, *Attys*! " Thou, whoſe lovely Eyes 205
" Cou'd ev'n ſur*priſe* the Mother of the *Skies*."
Witneſs the Dolphin too, " who cleaves the Tides,
" And flouncing *rides* o'er *Nereus*' Sea-green *Sides*."
Witneſs thou likewiſe, " *Hannibal* divine,
" Who of the long-ribb'd *Apennine* did'ſt bravely laſh
" the *Chine*." 210

M. What of theſe Lines, Sir? ----- If you can't admire 'um,
Grant me, at leaſt, they equal *Arma Virum*.
Nay *Virgil*'s ſure, are ſpungier ſtill than theſe;
His empty Lines! like Limbs of dodder'd Trees,
Puſt up with fungous, fat Excreſcencies! 215

P. Theſe then are Samples of the *lofty* Vein:
Where next, I marvel, is the *tender* Strain?

Where is the gentle Lay, that muſt be read
With languid Accent, and inclining Head? 219
---Why doubtleſs, here --- * " The Bacchanalian Crew
" Their wreath'd Horns *blew*, and after *Pentheus flew*.
" He, ſcornful Calf! it is de*creed*, muſt *bleed*;
" His Mother's angry Knife ſhall do the Deed.
" His Siſters, joining in the *Mænad* Band, 224
" With Ivy-armed *Hand* the Subject *Lynx* com*mand*,
" And *Evion* cry; 'tis *Evion* all around:
" Echo repairs, and babbles back the ſound."

But oh, if *Rome*'s old Manhood were not fled,
Cou'd ſuch Lines gender in a *Roman* Head?
Hold, I miſtake; 'tis in the Mouth they grow: 230
Mænas and *Attys*, like our Spittle flow.

Ver. 101. of the Original. * *Torva Mimelloneis*] Theſe and the preceding Verſes, *Berecyrthius Attyn*, *&c.* have been almoſt univerſally ſuppoſed to be *Nero*'s own: but how unjuſtly, may be ſeen in Monſieur *Bayle's Life of Perſius*.

Ver. 231. *Mænas* and *Attys*] The two Poems from whence the foregoing Quotations are taken.

Their

Their Author thump'd no Deſk; no Finger bit:
His only Toil and Trouble, was ---- to ſpit.

M. Pſhaw, be their Poems, good, bad — What you will —

Nay, Sir, admit them deſpicably ill: 235
Muſt therefore *you*, your venom'd Verſe employ?
Your biting Truths the courtly Ear annoy?
What End will this, this ſnappiſh Satire ſerve?
What can'ſt thou purpoſe, Friend!—unleſs to ſtarve?
With Cold and Hunger, ſhivering wilt thou wait, 240
And barr'd, for ever, find the Great Man's Gate.

Ver. 233. *His only Toil*] *Ben Johnſon* in a piece of his, which he calls an Apologetical Dialogue, ſeems to have an Eye to this Paſſage, as well as to another in our Author's Prologue.

" ——— They wou'd think it ſtrange now,
" A Man ſhould take but Colt's-foot for one Day,
" And, between whiles, ſpit out a better Poem,
" Than e'er the Maſter of Art, or Giver of Wit
" Their Belly made.

How

How can'ſt thou leſs expect, in whoſe harſh Page
The curriſh *Letter* ſnarles perpetual Rage?

P. Adieu then, honeſt Muſe! Write, they who care:
For *me*, let all that's black, at once be fair. 245
Me it concerns not. Henceforth every Line,
Gods, how prodigious! Bleſs us, how divine!

" Sure the Reſolve *(ſay you)* is moſt diſcreet:
" Know while you live, your Diſtance with the *Great*;
" Their Doors are ſacred. Satiriſt, come not near, 250
" Lay not your excremental Libels *here!*"

Paint then *(ſay I)* with due Inſcription round,
Paint then two Snakes: *This, Boys, is hallow'd Ground,*

Ver. 243. R, is called the Dog's Letter; becauſe the trembling Vibration of the Tongue in pronouncing it, reſembles the Snarling of a Dog.

Ver. 253. *Paint then two Snakes*] The Ancients were uſed to denote the Sacredneſs of a Place, by the Repreſentation of *Serpents*; under the Shape of which Animals, they alſo characteriſed their Gods and Genii. For the Reaſon, ſee *L'Hiſtoire du Ciel*, Vol. I.

Urine not here! Nought further need be done;
Inſtant, I vaniſh; in a Trice, am gone. 255

Yet cou'd *Lucilius* laſh a vicious Age;
Mutius and *Lupus* felt his grinding Rage.
Yet cou'd ſhrewd *Horace*, with diſportive Wit,
Rally his Friend, and tickle while he bit:
Winning Acceſs, he play'd around the Heart; 260
And gently touching, prick'd the tainted Part.
The Crowd he *ſneer'd*; but ſneer'd with ſuch a Grace,
It paſs'd for down-right Innocence of Face.
May not *I whiſper* then? — Not any where?
No, not in private? — to a Ditch? — *M.* Not there. 265

P. Then *here* I'll bury, hide it *here* I muſt:
Take thou my *Book!* the Secret to thy Truſt.

I ſaw

I ſaw it, *I* myſelf— * " King *Midas* wears
" A goodly royal Pair of Aſſes Ears."

This ſecret Sneer, this one Conceit of mine,
So meer a Nothing---wou'd not I reſign,
For all your Tomes, replete with courtly Wit ;
For all the *Iliads*, that were ever writ.

Thou then, whom bold *Cratinus*' Zeal inſpires,
And his free Line with generous Ardor fires! 275

* See *Dryd.* Fab. *The Wife of* Bath.
Ver. 122. of the Orig. —— *Nullâ* tibi vendo
Iliade——

It has been doubted if the Word *nullâ* here, does not carry the Meaning farther than *Labeo*'s Iliad only; and if the Author does not deſign to expreſs in the ſtrongeſt Manner the Eſteem he has for his *Nothing*, by ſaying he would not exchange it for *any* Iliad, not even that of *Homer*'s. I rather agree with *Lubin*, who thinks the Poet would be underſtood to mean *Nero*'s Iliad. For *Nero*, as well as *Labeo*, had written a Poem on the Deſtruction of *Troy* : And as their Subject was the ſame, ſo was their Succeſs in treating it.

Ver. 274. *Eupolis—Cratinus—Ariſtophanes*] Theſe were Authors, who expoſed Perſons as well as Vices in their bare-faced Satire ; and ridiculed the Chief Magiſtrates of the Common-Wealth, by Name, upon the Stage.

Thou, who grow'ſt pale o'er *Eupolis*'s Rage;
Pale, o'er the * *mighty Maſter's* drolling Page;
Come *hither* too !--- If aught more mellow'd *here*,
If, haply, aught more-finiſh'd, ſtrike your Ear,
Let the rare Beauties win you to proceed; 280
O, let your Boſom kindle, as you read!

But as for *Him*, and ſuch like Things as *He*,
Who plumes, and takes himſelf for *ſome-body* †,
(Becauſe his Worſhip's Honour late is grown
Clerk of the Market, in ſome corporate Town; 285
Impower'd forſooth, in that exalted State,
To break ſmall Pints, and cenſure ſcanty Weight!)
Him, who with Scoffings (dull, and brutal too)
Can flout the *Græcian*'s philoſophic Shoe;
Can mock the Blind; and has the Wit to cry 290
(Prodigious Wit!) " *Why Friend, you want an Eye!*"

* *Ariſtophanes.* † Ver. 129. *Seſe* aliquem *credens &c.*

From

From reading what *I* write, let *him* refrain;
Be nought *his* Portion---but my juſt Diſdain.

The ſame to *thee*, whoſe thick unfurniſh'd ſcull
Contemns all Science, faſhionably dull; 295
Derides the ſage Geometrician's Pains,
With all the Lines his learned Duſt contains:
And then, O then is moſt ſupremely bleſt,
When ſome wiſe Beard becomes a Strumpet's Jeſt:
Then, moſt tranſporting Raptures feels within, 300
When the pert Wanton tugs the reverend Chin.

No, no; let *ſuch* mind this, and nothing more:
Let them, all Morning, conn the Play-Bills o'er;

Ver. 297. *his learned Duſt*] The Geometricians made their Demonſtrations upon Duſt, or ſanded Floors; to the End, that the Lines might with Eaſe be changed, and ſtruck out again at Pleaſure. As for the *Abacus*, or *Counting-Table*, the learned Reader may pleaſe to refer to Mr. *Holyday*'s ſecond Note upon the ninth Sat. of *Juvenal*.

Then

Then dine: From Dinner, to Rehearſals run,
There, with *Calliroe*, waſte their After-Noon. 305

Ver. the laſt of the Orig. *His mane edictum, poſt Prandia Calliroen do.*] Moſt Commenta-tors think *edictum* in this Place, means the Prætor's Edict; and that by *Calliroe*, we are to un-derſtand ſome Harlot of that Name. But *Marcilius*, with more Reaſon, takes *Edictu* agreeably to the Phraſes, *Edictum Ludorum*, *Edictum muneris Gladiatorii*, *&c.*) to ſignify a Pro-gramma, a kind of Play-Bill, which was ſtuck up, as ours are, in a Morning; and *Callir* to be the Title of a Play, which (as the Bill we may ſuppoſe expreſſed) was to be rehearſed in the After-noon.

Surely, the Decrees of the Prætor muſt have been Subjects too ſerious and rational for ſuc Gentlemen as *Perſius* is here directing himſelf to; and then *Calliroe*, I apprehend, ſhould ſee to be the Name of a Poem, rather than of a Strumpet, becauſe this Satire is ſo particular levelled againſt bad Authors and their wretched Productions.

The End of the Firſt B O O K.

rum, *Edictum muneris Gladiatorii*, &c.) to ſignify [illegible]
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muſt have been Subjects too ſerious and rational for ſuch
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han of a Strumpet, becauſe this Satire is ſo particularly
wretched Productions.