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P.

284/1

1284

POETICAL
TRACTS

1715-1720.

G. Pamph 1284 (1).



There should be a frontispiece

cf. Douce P 240 (4)

T H E
R A P E *of the* B U C K E T.
A N
H e r o i - C o m i c a l
P O E M.

The First of the Kind.

Made English from the Original Italian of TASSONI
By Mr. OZELL.

The SECOND EDITION.

L O N D O N :

Printed for E. CURLL, at the *Dial and Bible* against
St. Dunstan's Church in *Fleetstreet*. 1715.

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The TRANSLATOR to
the READER.

AT my first looking into this Poem, I saw too many Beauties in it not to give me a Desire to make my self thorowly acquainted with them. When I had done that, it naturally led me to a like Desire of seeing how these Beauties wou'd look in an *English* Dress. There are indeed some things in the Poem that may appear *unseemly* to effeminate Readers ; but nothing that can be thought *unnatural* by true Discerners. It is to be consider'd that such Expressions, wherever they happen, are so essential to the very Design of the Poem, that without them it had not been a perfect Mock-Heroic. Besides, when the Author compos'd it he was Young, nor is his Translator Old. The Poem in it self is of a considerable length, no less than Twelve Canto's. If what I now publish meet with a tolerable Reception, I shall go thro with it, and give it in Parts with good Cuts ; and that the Reader may judg in what Time and Manher he may expect all the rest, 'tis fit I shou'd

A 3 tell

6 *The Translator to the Reader.*

tell him, That thus much of it as he sees, and just as he sees it, I compos'd in less than a Month, besides some Avocations of a very different nature, which will now cease for some time.

The *Italian* Tongue seeming at present to be pretty much in vogue here, and this Author being deservedly rank'd among the most excellent of the *Italian* Writers, as well for the Purity of his Diction, as for the Beauty of his Descriptions, the Justness of his Comparisons, the Sweetness of his Verses, and the Facility of his Rhimes: This, I say, being consider'd, as also that the Book it self is rarely to be met with, and never fails of a good Price, I thought it advisable to print the Original with the Translation; by which means likewise I shall be justify'd in some Passages that may seem aggravated by my self.

There have been a great many Editions of this Poem in several Parts of *Europe*. They all differ in some few Places. I have generally follow'd the Edition of *Venice*, and have accordingly added *Salviati's* Notes, which are wanting in that of *Paris*. *Salviati* was a Friend of the Author's, and Fellow-Member of the Academy of the *Humorista*, and consequently very capable of making proper Explications upon the Poem. As for the Author himself, *Moreri* gives a short account of him; and to that I refer, till such time as I can collect a fuller; which perhaps I may do in the Course of this Work, and subjoin it at the end,

end, together with a *Critique* upon the whole. Some have taken the Author for the same as *Tasso*. He liv'd indeed about the time of *Tasso*, and has not been dead above fourscore Years. *Moreri* says, his Poem of *La Secchia Rapita* was very well receiv'd ; and so it certainly was, if ever any Book was. I wou'd gladly compound for a fourth part of the Success, for my Translation of it. *Moreri* says he was of *Modena* ; I rather think, with the *French* Editor, he was of *Bolonia* : and if so, our Author has not imitated either *Homer*, *Virgil*, or *Tasso* in flattering their own Countrymen ; for he turns most of the Ridicule upon *his*. I believe he had been sour'd by some Disappointments, by his Fancifulness to be always painted with a Fig in his Hand, to shew he did not value of a Fig the Promises of Great Men. He turn'd to writing Church-History in his declining Years, and discovers a good deal of that sort of reading throughout this Poem, which indeed consists both of Truth and Fiction.

The *French* Editor observes, “ That none
“ of the *Italian* Historians (who write of
“ this War between the People of *Bolonia*
“ and *Modena*) do positively aver the *Bucket*
“ to be the Cause of it : and yet 'tis cer-
“ tain, there is a *Bucket* of *Fir* kept in a
“ strong Tower at *Modena*, hung up to the
“ Roof of a Chamber with an *Iron Chain*.
“ The Poet, in his Preface, does not absolute-
“ ly say that the *Bucket* was the occasion of

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“ that War, but only that it was reported to
“ be so. All the Historians agree however,
“ that the Popes of those times had a hand in
“ those Quarrels, upon account of the Fac-
“ tions of the *Guelphs* and *Gibellines*; for it
“ was the Legate *Octavian Ubaldini*, who
“ excited the *Bolonians* to make that Insult
“ on the *Modenois*, which is mention’d in
“ the beginning of this Poem. The Emper-
“ or *Frederick II.* then at Enmity with the
“ Pope, took part with the *Modenois*, and
“ sent his Son *Henzio* King of *Sardinia* to
“ their Assistance. *Henzio* being full of
“ youthful Courage, came to a precipitate
“ Engagement with the *Bolonians*, at a Pass
“ call’d *Fossalta*, near the River *Panaro*, which
“ parts the two Estates, on *St. Bartholomew’s*
“ day, in the year 1248. The King had se-
“ veral Horses kill’d under him, but at length
“ was taken, and carry’d in Triumph into
“ *Bolonia*. The Emperor his Father threa-
“ ten’d the *Bolonians*, if they did not surren-
“ der his Son; but they laugh’d at him. He
“ afterwards chang’d his Language, and pro-
“ pos’d for his Ransom to encompass their City
“ with Wire of Gold; which they likewise
“ refus’d. The King endeavour’d to make
“ his Escape, but was discover’d. At length
“ he dy’d at *Bolonia*, after Twenty Three
“ Years Imprisonment, during which he was
“ treated with all manner of Respect and Di-
“ version. His Funerals were magnificent,
“ and with all the Marks of Royalty; a rich
“ Tomb

The Translator to the Reader. 9

“ Tomb was erected for him, which is still
“ to be seen, with honourable Inscriptions.

“ *Campanaccio's* History speaks of several
“ Persons who are likewise mention'd in this
“ Poem ; such as *Gerardi, Manfredi*, the Legate
“ *Ubal dini, Hugo* the Pretor of *Bolonia*, and a
“ great many more ; and the Poet has made
“ use of some Particulars of the true History,
“ which he has disguis'd and adorn'd with
“ Poetical Figures : and therefore it is that he
“ says in his Preface, his Work preserves thro-
“ out an appearance of Truth. But as for the
“ Bucket, the *French* Editor takes it to be a
“ mere Fiction of the Poet (and I'm apt to
“ believe so too) and that the Bucket which is
“ still to be seen in *Modena*, may have been
“ nothing else but a Standard for some sort
“ of Measure then in use, or perhaps the
“ Model of some Bucket better contriv'd,
“ and more commodious than ordinary. And
“ upon this 'tis probable the Poet has made
“ this Story, which perhaps too might be
“ founded upon some bantering Tradition a-
“ mong the *Modenois*.”

Mentioning some of the Author's Heroes,
such as *Manfredi, Gerardi, &c.* I sometimes call
them *Manfred, Gerard*, for the same reason as
Hudibras does his Squire, *Ralpho*, or plain
Ralph. I have once or twice also taken the
liberty of using *Modenia* for *Modena*.

I shall not tire the Reader with an account
of the two Parties of the *Guelphs* and *Gibel-*
lines, who divided and worry'd *Italy* for two or
three

three Ages. Every body knows the Faction began about the Eleventh Century, upon occasion of the Pope's setting up an Independency on the Emperor, and rejecting the Imperial Right of Nomination to the Bishoprick of Rome: The *Guelphs* were the *Popelins*, call'd so in contempt (*quasi Whelps*) by the *Germans*; they, on the other side, were call'd *Gibellines* from *Guibert*, who was nominated by the Emperor to be Pope, in opposition to *Hildebrand*, the then Usurper of the Chair.

There's one or two Errors of the Press in this *Italian* Edition, but they shall be taken notice of at the end of the whole.

The Arguments to each Canto were made by the Abbot *Barisoni*, and not by the Author: I have drawn the Arguments in Prose, in such manner as I thought might best open the Subject of each Canto.

As Books of this kind, like an Apple-Tree upon the Highway, are free for any body to have a Pull at that can reach them, so I know not but this beginning of mine may prompt some other to proceed upon it. Be that as it shall happen, unless Death or Sicknes prevent, I'll make an end on't my own way, tho'twere only to exercise my self in *Italian* Poetry.

The middle Syllable of *Modena* must be read short, as likewise *Modenois* and *Bolonois*.

The Figures, which are set to some of the Lines, refer to the same Number in *Salviani's* Notes, at the end of the Canto.

The PREFACE to the Original.

LA *Secchia Rapita* (The Trophy-Bucket) a Poem of a new kind, invented by Tassoni, * treats of a Subject partly Heroic and partly Civil, founded upon the History of the Wars between the *Bolonians* and the *Modenois*, in the time of the Emperor *Frederick the Second*; wherein || *Henzio King of Sardinia*, Son to the said Emperor, assisting the *Modenois*, was taken Prisoner (Anno 1248.) and died at *Bologna* before he was set at liberty; as may be seen

* The *French* Editor says, partly *Heroic* and partly *Comic*; but I don't take that to be the Author's Meaning. What he intends by *Mezza Eroica* and *Mezza Civile*, I conceive to be, That it is part *Fable* and part *Truth*; as the best Critics agree an *Epic Poem* shou'd be, like that of the *Iliads*, &c.

|| In the Records of *Modena*, *Henricus*. He was one of *Frederick's* base Sons. *Frederick* had likewise a legitimate Son nam'd *Henry*, by *Isabella* our *Henry the Third's* Sister. This last Son was *Viceroy of Sicily*. See *Rymer's* Edition of the *Tower-Records*.

at this day, by the Epitaph upon his Tomb, in the Church of St. Dominick.

The Wooden Bucket, which, by report, was the Occasion of this War, is still preserv'd in the Treasury of the Cathedral Church of Modena; hung up to the Roof of a Chamber with an Iron Chain, which, they say, serv'd to fasten the Gate of Bologna, where the Modenois enter'd when they forc'd away the Bucket.

The Historians, Sigonio and Campanaccio, speak of this War, as likewise some Manuscript Chronicles of the City of Modena; whereby it is manifest, that the Poem of the Secchia Rapita has all the Marks of History and of Truth.

The Design is single and perfect; that is to say, it has a Beginning, a Middle, and an End. If it be objected that the Design is not One, because it takes in more things than one; it may be reply'd, that Aristotle has no where prescrib'd such strait-lac'd Rules to those who compose any Work: And 'tis now plain, that the Actions of Many are more diverting than those of One alone; and that a Pitch'd Battel is more curious to behold than any Duel whatever. For, the Pleasure of Epic Poetry does not arise from seeing one Man alone in Action, but from a probable Representation of Miraculous Exploits; of which the more they are in number, the more they recreate. Now by employing but one Agent,*

* Unlike, in this respect, to the Works of Homer and Virgil; which the Author discovers himself thorowly acquainted with, but was willing to strike into a new way.

you cannot represent in one Subject a great number of Performances: wherefore it will be always more secure to introduce more than one. And 'tis for this reason, we see, that Ariosto, altho he has not observ'd the Unity of Fable, and brings in a great Multiplicity of Persons, is much more agreeable than Homer in his Odyssees, by means of the Quantity and Variety of Miraculous Actions well united together.

However it be; when the Author compos'd this Poem (which was one Summer in his Youth) it was not to acquire Fame in Poetry, but to pass away the time, and out of a Curiosity to see how a Mixture of the Grave and Burlesque Stiles wou'd succeed: fancying that if they pleas'd, asunder, they might do the like in conjunction; especially if blended with such Artifice, that from their reciprocal Variety, as well the Wise as those that were Otherwise, might receive Entertainment. The Learned commonly read Poetry for their Amusement, and are more delighted with Pleasantrys, when they are well told, than with Things of a Serious nature: And as for the Unlearned, besides the Relish they have for Burlesque, they are likewise ravish'd with the Miracles which Heroic Actions are us'd to produce.

Since therefore this new Method must be agreeable to every body, it is sufficient for the Author that he invented it, and gives the Proof of it in this Essay. However, as 'tis easy to add to Things already found out, some other may perhaps go further upon this Model.

14 The PREFACE, &c.

The Author, in representing the Personages of Former Times, has made use of many of the Present; like your Painters, who draw from Modern Faces the Resemblances of the Antients: it being probable, that what we see in our days was the same heretofore. But where he has struck at any Vice, it is not to be understood that they are the Vices of this or that particular Man, but the common Vices of the Age: Thus, for example, the Count de Culagna and Titta are not any real determinate Persons, but the Ideas of a Vain-glorious Coward and a Roman Fop. And let this suffice, &c.

The

The Trophy-Bucket.

C A N T O I

The ARGUMENT.

The Bolognians, secretly incited by the Pope's Legate, make an Insult upon the People of Modena, who repulse them, and drive them back to the very Gates of Bologna. There the Fight renews, upon account of a Bucket, which in the end the Men of Modena carry off Triumphantly to their own City.

HOW fierce a Flame did *Italy* o'er-
run,
From a vile *Bucket's* wooden Cause
begun ;

How the * *Bolognians* and *Modenians* rag'd, (1)
And foreign Aid and distant Realms engag'd ;

* *The Author calls them Petronians and Geminians. See the reason at the end of the Canto.*

How

False

How Gallantly they fought, how Bravely Fell,
The *Bard* in num'rous Verse delights to Tell.

Thou, *Phæbus*, who within my Brain do'st roul
The horrid War, and rack'st my lab'ring Soul!
Thou who do'st over Harmony preside,
O lead me by the Sleeve, and be the Blindman's
Guide!

And * Thou, the Hope of the World's potent
Head,
The latest Fruit of Generous *Charles's* Bed;
Thou whose smooth Cheeks and flaxen Locks
conceal

Wisdom profound and Thoughts of Public Weal;
If haply Thou unknit thy studious Brow,
And to thy pond'ring Breast some Ease allow;
If midst thy crouding Cares the Muse find room,
Fair *Helen* shall a *Bucket's* Form assume. (2)

Barbarians now had clip'd the *Roman* Crest,
And forc'd their Eagle from her antient Nest;
Broke were those Claws which knew no end of
Spoils,

Beyond the Scarlet Sea and *British* Isles:
While *Latian* Cities to her Cries were deaf,
Glad rather and rejoicing at her Grief;
In home-bred Jars and mutual Hatred burn;
As Colts, unty'd, each other bite and spurn.

Not so the *Adriatic* Sea's Fair Queen, [*Venice*. (3)]
She only Free, in others Feuds unseen;

* This is certainly meant of Don John of Austria, Natural Son of Charles V. born to him when a Widower. He was a Youth of a most unbounded Ambition and projecting Brain, witness his Contrivances to get himself made King of England. Vide *Geddes's Tracts*.

Turning her Thoughts to Eastern Realms intense,
 In sedentary Mood weigh'd vast Events:
 Of Greece great part already had she forc'd
 From Unbelievers hands, Usurpers curst!

The *Other* Towns, some Holy Feast-Day wait,
 By Sound of Bell to sack their neighbouring State.

Part, *Gibellines* yclip'd, the *German* Crown
 Strongly espous'd, for Interests of its own.
 The other, *Guelphs*, did with the Pope combine;
Masses their Pay, the Church's common Coin! (4)

(Hate

Hence flow'd these Tears, and hence th'inveterate
 'Twixt † *Potta-Men* and *Sipa* took its date;
 Hence this *Event*, of infinite account,
 Writ in the Annals of the Forky Mount.

Now had the Sun the Heav'nly Ram forfook,
 Darting thro Wintry Clouds his radiant Look;
 The || Fields with Stars, the Sky with Flow'rs seem'd
 drest;

The Winds lay sleeping on the Sea's calm Breast;
 Soft Zephyr only breathing o'er the Meads,
 Kifs'd the young Grass, and wav'd the tender Reeds:
 The *Nighringales* were heard at peep of Day,
 And *Asses* singing am'rous Roundelay.

(the Earth,

When the new Season's Warmth, which cheers
 And moves the * *Cricket-kind* to wonted *Mirth*,

† The Modenois are frequently in this Work call'd *Potta-Men*, as the Bolonese, *Sipa-Men*. *Potta* is a Contraction of *Potesta*, and means in Italy the Chief Magistrate of Modena. *Sipa* is a Corruption of the word *Sia*, So be it; and us'd thus by the Vulgar of *Bologna*, who are therefore in *Raillery* call'd *Sipa-Men*.

|| The Dew look'd like Stars on the Ground, and the various Colours of the Dawn made the Sky look as 'twere fill'd with Flowers.

* *Grilli*; a sort of *Grasshopper*. We have it not in England.

The *Bolonois* to *Mischief* did excite,
And, like a gath'ring Storm, prepar'd their Spite.

Under two Chiefs they rush'd in separate Bands,
Arm'd, to lay waste † *Panaro's* fruitful Lands:
Fearless, like wading Boys, they pass'd the Stream,
And broke with horrid Rout *Modenia's* Morning-
Dream.

Modenia in a spacious Op'ning sits,
No hostile Foot the South or West admits;
Nature those Points has guarded with a Line,
The freezing Back of Woody || *Apenine*:
That *Apenine* which shoves so high his Head
To view the Sun descending to his Bed,
It seems as if upon his snowy Face
The Heav'nly Orbs had chose a Resting-place!
The Eastern Bounder fam'd *Panaro* laves,
Noted for flow'ry Banks and limpid Waves:
Bolonia opposite, and on the Left
The Stream where *Phaeton* fell Thunder-cleft: [Po.
Nor'ward, meandring * *Secchia* takes a Range,
Unconstant to its Bed, and fond of Change;
Swallowing its Banks, and strewing fruitless Sand,
The teeming Fields become a Barren Strand.

The *Modenois* no watchful Centries kept,
But, fearless, like the antient *Spartans* slept;
Nor Walls, nor Ramparts did the Town inclose;
The Ditch, fill'd up, was free for Friends or Foes.

Now had the greater Bell begun t'alarm
The sleeping Cits, and break their drowsy Charm:

† A River that parts the two States.

|| A Range of Hills so call'd, running thro' great part of Italy.

* A River or Torrent so call'd.

They start, and shake the Floors with bounding Feet,
 And crowd the Stairs, and jostle as they meet.
 Some up, some down; each as his Fears o'er-rule;
 These to the *Windows* haste, and Those to *Stool*. (5)
 Some, hip-hop, in a Shoe and Slipper run;
 This Leg a Stocking wears, its Fellow, none.
 One, for his Morning-Gown, a Mantua takes;
 While frowzy Miss, her Side left empty, wakes;
 Amaz'd she stares, and screams, and strains her throat,
 And inside outward turns her Petticoat.
 Here, for a Target, is a Stew-Pan prest,
 And there a Pail to arm some Cuckold's Crest:
 This brandishes a Hedg-Bill for a Spear,
 Cas'd Back and Breast in Iron, a Cuirassier.
 With threatening Looks they run, and fierce Regard,
 And crowd from several Lanes the Guild-hall Yard.
 The City-Standard, thro the * *Potta's* Care (6)
 Erected, stood conspicuous in the Air:
 As the Wind chanc'd to give the Staff a jirk,
 The † wriggling Augers seem'd to be at work.
 The *Potta* arm'd, on Horse-back too, appear'd,
 And to the *Saddle* had the *Bench* transfer'd.
 At that time *Lawrence Scotti* rul'd the State, (7)
 As well for Courage as for Wisdom Great:
 Revolving in his Mind the vast Affair,
 The City-Gates require his earliest Care:
 There a strong Guard being plac'd, with Critic Eyes
 To chuse a Band of Horse he next applies:
Gerard he made Commander of this Draft,
Gerard for Prowess fam'd, and warlike Craft! (8)

* *The Chief Magistrate of Modena. The Mayor suppose.*

† *Three Augers or Wimbles are the Arms of Modena.*

The Trophy-Bucket,

Go boldly on, my Boy, the Potta cry'd,
Stop their Career, and curb these Rascals Pride ! (9)

Be cautious tho, nor with inferior Strength
Provoke the Fight, but draw it out in Length.

Halt at Fossalta's Torrent : Fixt as Fate, (10)

Preserve that Pass, and further Orders wait :

If you can trust the Honour of your Chief,

E'er the sixth Hour, depend upon Relief.

Thus spoke the Chief. *Gerardo* seem'd to fly,
Attended by the Flow'r of Chivalry.

Soon as the Cavaliers had turn'd their Steeds,
A pleasing awing Spectacle proceeds :

A Hundred youthful Damsels strike the Eye ;

Their Habit plain, shortning below the Thigh :

Helms on their Heads, and Lances in their Hand,

Plates on their Breasts, an *Amazonian* Band !

At their soft Hips a glitt'ring Sword was hook'd,

And each bright Maid a second *Pallas* look'd.

Decent they move, by Fair *Renoppia* led, (11)

A mighty Huntress, and to Action bred :

One Birth did *Gerard* and *Renoppia* share,

Valiant like him, like him too, Debonair :

But *Italy* no Damsel e'er had seen

Like her for Beauty, and like her for Mien.

Such warlike Sweetness ! And so gently Brave !

Each Look at once both Love and Terror gave :

Black * were her Eyes, and Black her shining Hair ;

As Roses, Fresh, her Face ; as Lillies, Fair ;

Her Neck, an Iv'ry Column ; Silk her Skin ;

Rubies her Lips, enrich'd with Pearl within.

* This in the Original is often instanc'd by Italian Writers, as an
Excellent Description of a beautiful Woman.

With so much Wit she spoke, so sweetly Sung,
It seem'd the Musick of some Angel's Tongue.

Noted it stands amidst the Common Place
Of Him who criticiz'd on † *Chivy-Chace*,
That she was thick of Hearing, of one Ear:
So says that Scholiast on that Sonneteer.
Be that as 'twill, I'll swear she was not dumb;
Genteels, said she (for now the Dame was come)
My Masters all, pray give me leave to speak:
Most true it is, That Women are but weak;
And yet the weakest on's may be of use,
To keep the Gates, and guard the Avenues.
These my Companions, if Occasion call,
Will go as far — as any of ye all.
Non does it only to the Men belong,
To vindicate in Arms their Country's Wrong;
Women to Glory have an equal Claim,
The Laurel ne'er disgrac'd a well-born Dame.
This ponderous Helm, these Arms ye see me bear,
Were Trophies which my Grandfire gain'd in War,
The day proud Milan was by || Red-Beard fir'd,
And all her Houshold Gods in Flames expir'd.
A while my Brother did by Force withhold
The Glorious Iron, more tempting far than Gold;
But vain were Locks and Bolts: My burning Zeal
Unhing'd the Gates, and made the Fabrick reel:
This Day, unless our Hands our Hearts bely,
The Temper of our Steel yon Foe shall try.

† See the Original. It requires such a Turn.

|| The Emperor Frederick I. (call'd Barbarossa) burnt it to the ground, Anno 1163.

The Trophy-Bucket,

With Gen'rous Rage inflam'd, and Glory's Charms,
 Headlong the City-Youth prefs forth to Arms.
 The *Potta*, in Majestic decent Tone,
Ye hare-brain'd Puppies, whither is't ye run?
You think you're going now to Cakes and Ale;
Let's see who dares to budge beyond this Rail.
 Thus cool'd, and humbling to their Chief's Commands,
 He forms them into Companies and Bands.

Gerard mean time his hasty March had stretch'd,
 And, *Opportune*, *Fossalta's* Passage reach'd:
 For now the foremost Squadron of the Foe
 Prest hard the Tow'r that guards the Bridg below.
 With Darts and Stones they made a brave Defence,
 Hurl'd from the Windows and the Battlements.
 Th' Assailants now began to change their Mind,
 Unseconded by those they left behind.
 High on the Margin of *Fossalta's* Flood,
 The Captain o'th' *Bolonian* Nation stood;
You Whoresbloods there, Poltroons on t'other side! (12)
 (With throtling Voice the pulpy Leader cry'd)
Come forwards, and be damn'd! See how that Bitch
There, hangs an arse, afraid to leap a Ditch!
You, Dogsmeat, Guts and Garbage——Oons [*Looking*
who's here? *behind.*

Gerardo's Van in haughty March drew near.

* *Rangoni's* Son his Followers thus bespoke: [* *Gerard.*

“ You see, my Friends, how much the Foe is broke!

“ The Hand of Heav'n's against 'em: Each pale
 Face

“ Betrays Confusion, and expects Disgrace.

“ Divided as they are, and tir'd with Toil,

“ They'l fall an easy Prey, an unearn'd Spoil.

“ Then

“ Then follow me, my Lads, nor doubt the Day ;
 “ This Sword at once shall point and hew the way.”

He prick'd his Steed, and gath'ring all his Force,
 Where Danger threaten'd most, he bent his Course.
 As Lightning quick he dealt his Sword around,
 And many a Death he gave, and many a Wound,
 While Heaps of breathless Bodies raise the level
 Ground.

No more let *Tagus* or the *Maeße* recite
 The Celebrated *Cursio's* Feats in Fight !
 Justly *Panaro* may in *Gerard* pride !

(13)

Gerard Did more than *Cursio* ever *Ly'd*.
 The *Sun* ne'er saw so many on their backs ;
 The first he slew was *Cuthbert*, Prince of Quacks ;
Cuthbert for others, not himself, was born ;
 None drew a Tooth like him, or cut a Corn ;
 He Powder, Washballs, Passatempo's made ;
 Better had *Cuthbert* far ha' kept his Trade !
 Next him, *Phil Littigo*, depriv'd of Day,
 A fat facetious Pettyfogger lay :

As *Phil* had many others, during Life,
 So now the Devil drew *Phil* into a Strife :
 Yet honest *Phil* his Calling ne'er bely'd,
 For as he liv'd by Quarrel, so he dy'd.

Viano next he down the Body cleft ;
 Then Doctor *Hirco's* Face he Noseless left :
 As for this Doctor's Nose, some Authors write,
 He lost it not in Sword, but Scabbard-Fight.
 Left-handed *Crispaline* he then unsouls,
 Renown'd for making Perching-sticks for Owls.
Bartlet, sore wounded next, renounc'd the Light ;
 The well-fed *Fryar*, in his own despight,

Fell headlong to the Waves: Fantastic Death!
That what his Lips abhor'd *, shou'd stop his [^{*}Water.
Breath!

Two Fools in Masks against *Gerardo* join, (14)
A Horseblock heave and hit him on the Groin:
One dextrous Blow dispatch'd this loving Pair,
Thrice sprung their headless Bodies up in Air;
As if some Engine had the Sword controul'd,
At once they fell, and o'er each other roul'd.
Torrents of Crimson Hue ran pouring down,
And swell'd *Panaro's* Banks with Streams unknown:
So *Trojan* Gore o'erflow'd fair *Xanthus* Strand,
Tap'd by the Son of *Thetis* wrathful Hand.
So, near the *Theban* Walls, with hostile Blood,
Hippomedon distain'd *Asopus* Flood.

Glutted with Lifts of Dead, the Muse grows sick,
Nor can on all bestow th'immortal Prick.
Min'Hoft o'th'*Scritchowl*, fam'd for Muscadine, (15)
Drew Human Blood as freely as his Wine.
Hat he had none, and Helmet he despis'd,
In a huge High-way Perriwig disguis'd;
Him *Bruno* met: *Bruno* whose fertile Thought
Your * long small Sausage to perfection brought.
Fortune awhile stood Neuter to the Strife,
The *Thrummy Sconce* rebates the *Chopping Knife*:
At length *Min'Hoft*, unperiwig'd i'th'Fray,
At once lost both his *Scull-Cap* and the *Day*.

Gerard perceiv'd, by Signals from the Tow'r,
The *Potta* wou'd be punctual to his Hour:

* At Modena are made this sort of Sausages, at Bologna the short and thick: Qui bene distinguit, bene docet.

This the *Bolonian* Nation saw with Grief,
 And on their Side grew hopeless of Relief.
 Torn with Ten Thousand different Thoughts and
 Cares,

Their Leader to repass the Stream prepares ;
 His War-Horse, with Excess of Action tir'd,
 And full of Wounds, amidst the Waves expir'd ;
 Resigning, e'er he reach'd the distant Ford,
 To Groves of threatning Spears his much-lov'd Lord.
 Scarce was the Pris'ner reconvey'd to Land,
 But lifting up his Eyes he made a Stand,
 Then ate his Lips, and foam'd, and stamp'd, and swore,
Now the Steed's stol'n, you're come to shut the Door.

A neighbouring Meadow to his View display'd
 The tardy Troops resorting to his Aid.
John-Mary de la Grace, a cunning Thief
 As e'er cog'd Dye, led up these Troops in Chief.
 Casting his Eyes around th'abandon'd Plain,
 Moist with *Bolonian* Blood, and heap'd with Slain ;
 In biting Language and injurious Phrase,
 Reproach'd th'Attempt, and curs'd the Runaways :
 Then, like a Thunderbolt, to War he rusht,
 And headlong to the Battle's Center pusht.
 There, on the pressing Foe, he dealt quick Fate,
 While Mother-Earth groan'd with her Sons dead
 weight ;

The Gods were scar'd at Death's Gigantic Stride,
 And Heav'n look'd pale to see such *Potticide*.

Upon the Bridg a strong Detachment lay
 Intrench'd, to guard the Pass and bar the Way ;
 Here a rude Shock ensu'd, to win the Post,
 Of vast Concern, nor was it cheaply lost.

Struck

Struck by *Bolonian* Efforts on a Heap,
 Both Men and Horse fell tumbling to the Deep.
Gerard upon the Outcry turn'd his Face,
 And hasten'd to retrieve his Friend's Disgrace ;
 When, lo ! the *Potta* in full March appear'd,
 A Thousand Trumpets, Bells, Shouts, Horns, and
 Drums were heard.

The adverse Troops bethink themselves of Flight,
 Stun'd with the Noise, and dazl'd at the Sight ;
Gerard resolves t' attend them on their way,
 Proud to have broke two Bodies in a Day.
 To Right, to Left he runs, now here, now there,
 So quick, he seem'd transported in the Air :
 He turns, and winds, and swims his Horse in Blood,
 And drowns the Country with a Scarlet Flood ;
 Broke was his Sword, and half his Head reveal'd ;
Darts, a thick Wood, seem'd growing on his Shield.

From Saddle-Bow a Battle-Ax he drew,
 And *Afinelli* and *Caponi* slew,
 With *Carlo*, *Leopold*, *Gioseppi* too. }
 Their Arms, being finely gilt, he took ; to place
 'Mongst *China-Ware*, some Cupboard's head to grace.
 Oh had he spar'd their Lives ! because in truth
 'Twas Sin to fell such Loads of *Pretty Youth*.

Mean while the *Potta*, where the Battle droops,
 Sends fresh Detachments of his foremost Troops.
 Himself was mounted on a Female Mule ;
 Which, tho a Magistrate, he scarce cou'd rule :
 She bit, and winch'd, and such Excursions made,
 As if her Legs a Game at Draughts had play'd ;
 At length, not minding whether wrong or right,
 Full speed she run amidst the Thick o'th'Fight.

About

About this time *La Grace* receiv'd a Wound,
And, much against his Will, went off the Ground.

When the most antient Race of *Boii* saw (16)

One Captain Pris'ner made, and One withdraw;
They who before had made a *bold* Retreat,
Renounce their *Hands*, and solely trust their *Feet*.

Forwards the *Potta* urges with his Spear,
And like some Devil flashes in their Rear.

Such quantities of Blood the Brook distain'd,
It many days both *Warm* and *Red* remain'd;
That Brook which heretofore had scarce a Name,
Baptiz'd in Blood, *Il Tepido* became.

Such Crouds went reeking to th'*Elizian* Shore,
Charon complain'd there was no room for more.

All the Day long, and all the following Night
The poor *Bolonians* prosecute their Flight.

Three hundred Horse, *Manfredi* at their Head, (17)

Fill every Road and River with their Dead :

So close the Warlike Youth oppress'd their Heels,
Returning Day the City Walls reveals.

The Gate *St. Felix*, op'ning soon, admits,

In one Confusion, Foreigners and Cits ;

So thick they crowd, the Watch no difference knew ;

In went the Conquer'd, and the Conqu'rors too.

Far as an Arrow's Flight, and quick as Thought,

Manfredi's Men within the Town were got :

Manfred, who ne'er left any thing to Chance,

Halts at the Gate, nor further wou'd advance ;

By Drums and Trumpets founding from the Walls,

Th' indanger'd Troops he suddenly recal.

Radaldo, *Spinamont*, *Griffoni* fierce,
(And other Names too obstinate for Verse)

Fainting

Fainting with Heat, and harass'd with the Chace,
 Espy'd a *Well* belonging to the Place :
 They thank'd the Gods with lifted Hands and Eyes ;
 Then hastily dispatch'd to Nether Skies
 The Bone of Discord, Apple of the War,
 A brand new *Bucket* made of fatal Fir. (18)
 Low was the Water, and the Well profound,
 The Pully dry and broke, went hobling round ;
 Th'unlucky Hemp, knotting, increas'd delay,
 And all their Hopes hung dangling in Midway.
 Some with still Sighs the Bucket's Absence mourn,
 Others, impatient, curse its slow Return.
 At length it weeping comes, as if it knew
 The Sanguinary Work that was t'ensue.
 Greedy they all advance to seize their Prey ;
Radaldo's happy Lips first *pull'd away*.
 Scarce had he drunk, when, lo ! a numerous Ring
 Of adverse Swords surround the ravish'd Spring :
 Rushing from ev'ry Ally thro the Town,
Kill, kill, was all the Cry, and *Knock'em down*.
 The *Potta*-men alarm'd, with active Feet
 Regain their Steeds, and leap into their Seat :
Sipa, not liking much their threatenng Face,
 Began to keep aloof, and slack their Pace.
 The Bucket chanc'd to be at *Griffon's* Nose,
 His Tip thus spoil'd, away the Water throws ;
 Cuts the retaining Cord, and then apply'd
 The Vehicle to shield his Near-hand side ;
 His Off-hand grasps a Sword, and thus prepar'd,
 Defies the World, and stands upon his Guard :
 Nimble the Men of *Potta* intervene,
 And from the Foe their brave Companion screen.

Ye sorry Rascals, What d'ye mean by That ?
 Ye Hellfire Bougers, What wou'd ye be at ?
 Ye Potta-Pimps, cry'd one, produce the Bucket ;
 Ye Sipa-Sons o'Whores, cry'd t'other, Look it.
Radaldo, with an unforeseen Back-Stroke,
 An Orator's declaiming Jawbone broke.
 A Rapier's Point, directed by the Fist
 Of *Carlton*, pierc'd *Radaldo* thro the Twist :
 Vain was his Buckler, vain his Shirt of Mail,
 Nor cou'd against *Carltoni's* Thrust prevail.
Carlton was nurs'd in Blood ; a single Groat
 Had often been his Hire to cut a Throat :
 A Butcher he, and famous in his way ;
 No Prize was fought, but *Carlton* saw Fair Play ;
 Or when the Dogs were tofs'd with horrid Sprawl,
 His Back was readiest still to break the Fall.

Not *Helen* was so tug'd in Days of Yore,
 When * *Sadoc* held the sacrificing Lore ;
 Chaste *Aristoclee* with less Pain was lost, (19)
 Than this *Triobolary* Bucket cost.

Malvasio's Dagger-Arm receiv'd such Chops
 From *Roland's* Cimiter, his Weapon drops ;
 Had *Manfred* lain a little more remote,
 Each Mother's Son had surely gone to Pot :
 One wounded Man, 'tis strange, and yet 'tis Truth,
 With Bawling lost the Palate of his Mouth.
Manfredi with collected Force appears,
 Revives the War, and dissipates their Fears.

* *Sadoc* was High-Priest among the Jews about the time of the Trojan Wars.

Soon as the Glorious Boy *Victoria* spy'd,
 She clap'd her Wings, and clos'd her Fav'rite's Side;
 The *Sipans* to superior Virtue yield,
 Curse their hard Fortune, and disclaim the Field.

Clear of this Scrape, *Manfredi's* Squadrons join,
 And treading back their Steps repass the † *Rhine*.
 Their Captain, who no worthier Spoils cou'd show
 Than this same Bucket conquer'd from the Foe,
 Caus'd it in form of Trophy to advance
 Before the Troops, sublime, upon a Lance.
 To think how he in open Day had scour'd
Bolonia, and their Virgin-Spring deflower'd;
 To think how he had ravish'd from the Place
 An everlasting Pledg of their Disgrace;
 Elate and glorying in his slit-deal Prize,
 Not *Vict'ry* seem'd so noble in his Eyes.
 Strait from *Samogia's* Plains he sends Express
 To *Modena*, the News of his Success;
 And strait the Town resolves in Form to meet
 The Conquering Army, and their Gen'ral greet.

The Crozier then did *Adam Bosket* fway; (20)
 The *spiritual Potta*, as the Muse may say:
 In vulgar Speech, the Bishop of the Place,
 And kept his Flock in admirable Cafe;
 For lest they shou'd contract the Scab or Itch,
 He misapply'd no Time to Pray or Preach:
 A fundamental Lover, not inclin'd
 At all to th' Vice that propagates Mankind.

† *There's a little River near Bolonia call'd the Rhine. Par-*
vique Bononia Rheni. Silius Italicus.

But Gam'd (they say) the Livings of the Church,
Sometimes at Whisk and Swobbers, sometimes Lurch.

Soon as the News had reach'd the Father's Ear,
That his dear Children in the Faith drew near,
And cou'd undoubted Proofs of Vict'ry boast,
Won bravely from the Proud Philistin Host;
He puts himself in Order, to appear
In solemn Show, the Clergy at his Rear;
The Cope was to his brawny Back apply'd,
Sacred to *Easter* and to *Christmas-Tide*.

Superb in Mien the *Potta* stood confest,
In a huge Robe of Scarlet Drap'ry drest;
Round the Black Bonnet which his Head adorn'd,
High as the Crown a Bordering Welt was turn'd,
(If antient Books of Heraldry speak true)
In Breadth four Inches, and in Thickness two.

The *Antients* next proceed, thro a long Lane
Of scoffing Mob, a tedious Gut-like Train:
Their Gowns scarce hung so loose as did their *Skins*,
'Live Skeletons, a moving Row of Pins:
The Mules and Riders, both were of a piece,
Pharaoh's Lean Kine were Cherubims to these.

A Page in Armour bore the naked Sword
And Silver Buckler, previous to his Lord.
And on each Side, maintaining equal Rank,
March'd the two Chief Directors of the Bank.
Count *Hector's* Arm the City-Standard plies,
Mars in his Heart, and *Cupid* in his Eyes.
Two Troops attend; one Lance, one Cuirassier;
This led the Van, and t'other clos'd the Rear.
The City-Marshals, arm'd with Iron Mace,
Scour to and fro, and run from Place to Place;

The Trophy-Bucket,

No Pains they spar'd, and at no Danger stuck,
 To disengage the Road from *Mob* and *Muck*.
 Such Crouds of Running Populace were seen,
 As if the *Bucket* had some *Mountain* been.

A Knot of Lasses, from the neighbouring Seats,
 In white Buck'd Petticoats, the Show compleats.
 Twice twenty was this Band of Waistcoateers,
 And each a Basket of fine Oser bears ;
 Laden with Bread and Wine, and Jellies cold,
 Hard Eggs, and Bacon-Fraise, and Tarts *untold* :
 Fit Present for the Troops, whose Glorious Toil
 Deserv'd an easier, more refreshing Spoil.

In order, thus, the Cavalcaders reach,
 Discourfing as they went, *Foffalta's* Beach.
 There they the Curate of the Parish found,
 Adminiftring, Good Man ! upon the Ground :
 Amidst the agonizing * Field he pours [* *Field of Battle*.
 His Ghostly Balm, and helps their Dying Hours :
 But whilst his *Tongue* prays lustily by Heart,
 His *Eyes* perform as well a different Part ;
 Not knowing but some Diamond-Ring by Chance,
 Might gratefully return an ogling Glance ;
 Yet none were Cast-a-ways, or Plain, or Set,
 For all was Fish that came to *Peter's* Net.
 And lest Lay-Hands their Ready-Mony rob,
 He lays it up in consecrated Fob :
 Absolving this Man's Sins, to th'next he rouls,
 And clears at once their *Pockets*, and their *Souls*.

Now was *Manfredi* within Distance seen,
 His Troops rang'd Two and Two, in Comely Mien.

. Before

Before the rest the Bucket-Lance proceeds,
 With Myrtles grac'd, and Spoils of Flow'ry Meads, }
 Ten Thousand gloating Eyes the Trophy-Bucket feeds. }

Forwards the *Potta* takes a full Career,
 And kissing him, *You're welcome home, my Dear!*
 Then num'rous Questions ask'd, too long to tell,
Gad take my Soul—and so—and how—and well—
But pray how chance you was not kill'd i'th' Scrape,
Or taken Pris'ner? Gor, a strange Escape!

To which, *Manfredi*—Those who place their All
 In Heav'n, will Heav'n assist whene'er they call;
 For we who Four Legs had, the Foe but Two,
 Cou'd easier fly away, than they pursue.

This being granted, and the Conference o'er,
 The Country-Kates reveal their hidden Store; (21)
 A Meadow's Verdant Carpet was their Board,
 And loaded with the best their Farms afford;
 Scarce had the twinkling Curate clos'd his Grace,
 When, lo! the Food was vanish'd from the Place.
 This Jaw-work done, bestriding each his Horse,
 They orderly resume their former Course;
 And as they make their Passage to the Gate,
 The strange Adventures of the Fight relate.
 Beneath the Portal, lifting high the Host,
 My Good Lord Bishop's Grace had taken Post:
 Sometimes the Holy-Water-Brush * he wields,
 And then projects his Blessing on the Fields;
 Sometimes he tunes a Hymn in *Ela* Note,
 As when some Capon strains its Syren Throat.

* *In the Original 'tis, Dimenando il cotal dell' acqua santa.
 Agitando penem aquæ sanctæ.*

34 *The Trophy-Bucket.*

Manfred dismounts, and prostrate on the Ground,
 Salutes the Cope with Rev'rence most profound;
 Erecting then his Head by slow Degrees,
 Receives the Benediction on his Knees:
 At length arriving safe upon his Feet,
 My Lord and He in strict Embraces meet:
 Then in a Line, obliquely from the Arch,
 Tow'rds the *Cathedral* bend their solemn March.

There, *Manfred*, after great Devotions paid,
 The Bucket on the higher Altar Laid.
 My Lord, as if none other cou'd suffice,
 In his own Person deign'd to *Sermonize*.
 This done; the Bishop and his Clergy join
 In a long Pray'r at *St. Geminu's* Shrine.
 My Lord, perceiving Night begin to drop,
 Pronounc'd, *It was high time to shut up Shop*.
 Then, sudden, they the Rocky Steps ascend,
 Which, Spiral, to the inmost Tower tend;
 The Bucket to the Roof sublime they chain, (22)
 For ever as a Trophy to remain.
 Five Massy Gates, and at each Gate a Guard,
 The curious Travell'rs Eagerness retard.
 No Pilgrim poor, or generous Cavalier,
 To whom the Trophy-Bucket is not dear:
 All, soon or late, to *Modena* repair,
 Proud to have seen a Monument so rare.

End of the First Canto.

†

Signior

Signior *SALVIANI*'s
EXPLICATIONS
ON THE
FIRST CANTO.

(1) **H**OW the *Bolonians* and *Modenians* rag'd.

The *Bolonians* are call'd *Petronii*, and the *Modenois*, *Geminiani*, upon account of the great numbers of Citizens of both Citys who bear those Names, not thro any Contempt, they being otherwise the Names of the Patron-Saints of those Places.

(2) *Fair Helen shall a Bucket's Form assume.*

The Author points at the Conformity between the Rape of *Helen*, and that of the *Bucket*.

(3) *Not so the Adriatic Sea's Fair Queen.*

In truth the Republick of *Venice* at that time observing the *Grecian* Empire to go to Ruin, waited for an Opportunity of making an Advantage of its Fall, and did not much meddle in the Affairs of *Italy*; *Rebuelta de rio, gananza de pescador* (a *Spanish* Proverb) 'Tis good fishing in troubled Waters.

(4) *Masses their Pay, the Churches common Coin.*

Salviani observes, that according to the first Edition of this Poem, it ran (as I have translated it) but that it was afterwards chang'd to *Le pascea di speme e di promesse*, The Pope fed them with Hopes and Promises. It was alter'd, to qualify the Reflection upon the Church; because, says he, to satyrize the Frailties of Churchmen is an Offence against Morality, and scandalizes Persons of Piety.

(5) *These to the Windows haste, and those to Stool.*

The *Italian* word for Stool is in this place *Pitale*; upon which *Salviani* observes, that the Poet us'd this word and many others of the Court of *Rome*, not only thro the Licence *Aristotle* grants to Epic Poets to use various Dialects, but because he was of Opinion the *Roman* Dialect was as good as the *Tuscan*, and better and more generally understood.

(6) *The City-Standard thro the Potta's Care, &c.*

The People of *Modena* bear for the Arms of their City an Auger. They it seems did, and 'tis very likely do still abbreviate the word *Potesta*, and write it *Potta* in all their publick Instruments, which gave occasion to the *Bolonians* to nickname their Chief Magistrate or Mayor, *Il Potta*. Upon this *Salviani* observes, that it is not a Caprice of the Poet, as some have held, but true History, drawn from the Chronicles of *Lanceloto*, who likewise adds, That certain Husbandmen happening one day to be sowing Beans upon the Banks of *Panaro*, the Mayor of *Modena* came out with an arm'd Force to serve them for a Guard, that they might not be disturb'd by the Enemy who were likewise in the Field; from whence the *Bolonians*, being merry People, reported afterwards that the Mayor of *Modena* sow'd Beans on Horseback.

(7) *At that time Laurence Scotti rul'd the State.*

This has an eye to Count *Lorenzo Scotti*, a Friend of the Author's, who died afterwards at the Court of the Emperor *Matthias*.

(8) *Gerard for Prowess fam'd and warlike Craft.*

Gerard, *Rangoni's* Son, liv'd really in those times, and according to *Campanaccio* and *Sigonio's* Histories was a Captain among the *Modenois* in that War, and together with King *Henzio* was taken Prisoner.

(9) *Stop their Career, and curb these Rascals Pride.*

The *Italian* here for Rascal is *Marrabisi*, a word peculiar to the *Bolonians*.

(10) *Halt at Fossalta's Torrent, &c.*

Fossalta is a Pass of a Torrent between *Modena* and the River *Panaro*, which may be cross'd over dry-shod.

(11) *Decent they move, by Fair Renoppia led.*

This is a feign'd Name.

(12) *You Whores-Bloods there, Poltroons on t'other side.*

This is in the *Bolonian* Dialect, and therefore impossible to be translated. *Aristotle* teaches the Epic Writer, that he may use variety of Tongues; for which reason the Poet makes use of that Rule in this place to introduce Ridicule.

(13) *No more let Tagus or the Maese recite
The celebrated Curfio's Feats in Flight.*

Captain

Captain *Curzio* was a very brave Fellow, but withal a great Boaster. He brag'd that there had not been a Battle for a hundred years wherein he had not been present, and with his own hand cut to pieces at least a hundred Men, particularly in the Wars of *Flanders* and *Portugal*.

(14) *Two Fools in Masks against Gerardo join.*

Here 'tis necessary to relate a ridiculous Accident that befel the Poet while he was a Student in *Bolonia*, which perhaps gave occasion to these Verses. 'Twas Carnival-time, and People went about in Masks: The Poet was dress'd like a Zany-Doctor, with a Night-Gown and a Velvet Bonnet. He met two others in Masks dress'd like Zanies, who fell to jostling of him; and one of them, who had an old Cheese tied to the end of a String, gave him such a Blow on the Stomach, that he laid him sprawling, and the other run away with his Cap which was fallen in the Dirt, and left him a Zany in good earnest.

(15) *Min' Host o'th' Scritchowl fam'd for Muscadine.*

This is a Tavern without the Gate *St. Felix* at *Bolonia*, where there always us'd to be excellent Muscadine.

(16) *When the most antient Race of Boii saw.*

Some will have it that *Bolonia* was antiently call'd *Boijonia*, from the *Galli Boi* who inhabited there.

(17) *Three Hundred Horse, Manfredi at their Head.*

Manfredi Pio was not very distant from those times; he was the Head of the *Gibelline* Faction, and the Emperor's Vicar in those parts.

(18) *A bran new Bucket made of fatal Fir.*

The Bucket (which is still preserv'd in *Modena*) is truly of Fir, and shews that it was new, with three Hoops, and an Iron Handle. 'Tis a piece of Antiquity worthy to be seen, as holding the third place, next to the Ship of *Argos*, and *Noah's Ark*.

(19) *Chaste Aristoclee with less Pain was lost.*

Whoever desires to know what befel this Virgin, let him consult the Historical Dictionarys.

(20) *The Crosier then did Adam Bosket sway.*

He was really the Bishop of *Modena* in those times, and as a Man of the Faction was driven out by the *Gibellines*. The first Edition of *La Secchia* will justify my englishing of this Octave, See *Salviani's Italian Notes*. It was indeed afterwards alter'd, as *Salviani* relates, for that the Poet thought he had gone too far in playing upon the Person of a Bishop, who was besides of a very noble Family, and much the Author's Friend; and notwithstanding he only struck at the Person, and not the Order, nor the Family, he corrected it, as may be seen hereafter in the *Italian*. *Salviani* goes on, and says,

the faults of eminent Men are listen'd to with pleasure, because they serve for an Excuse to Inferiours for their Imperfections; but to ridicule sacred Persons is not allowable in good Policy, for it lessens the Reverence due to Religion. And I am of the same Opinion; but as it was the first Thought of the Poet, I have preserv'd it. A Translator is not answerable for the Morals of the Book he translates, 'tis indifferent to him whether the Work be Good or Bad. His Business is to proceed faithfully, and shew the Author such as he is in the Original; yet I own I have in some places enlarg'd, but the Original, will, I fancy, bear me out.

(21) *The Country Kates reveal their hidden Store.*

The Country Wenches about *Modena* are most of them call'd *Cataline* (*Kates*.) They pronounce it *Catalina* instead of *Caterina* like the *Spaniards*, for which they are banter'd by the *Bolonians*.

(22) *The Bucket to the Roof sublime they chain.*

Many believe this to be a Fable, but 'tis a very true Story, and any body that passes thro *Modena* may be satisfy'd of it.

CANTO II.

The ARGUMENT.

The People of Bologna send Ambassadors twice, to demand the Bucket : but in vain. Upon which they declare War against the State of Modena. Fame carries the News to Heaven. Jove calls a Council of the Gods. Mars and Vulcan quarrel. Venus retires, and comes to Earth with Bacchus and Mars.

A LREADY twice two Days had run their Race,
Since the *Bolonians* suffer'd shameful Chace :

While their Hearts burn with Anger and Disdain,
Their Dead a Prey to rav'nous Dogs remain.

Now two Ambassadors, of Peaceful Mien,
Within the Gates of *Modena* are seen :

The Waggon stopping at the *Lamb*, they ask
 What Wine the House affords, and what *per Flask?*

A trusty Messenger eftsoons they Sent
 To sue for Audience of the Government.

The Summ'ning Bell vociferates Ding-Dong,
 And bangs the Element with noisy Song,
 While Shoals of crowding Members to the Senate
 throng.

Two Agents on the welcome Strangers wait,
 And pay the usual Compliments of State.
 Conducted thus, they take the nearest way
 To th' Hall where now his *Highness* stows his Hay.

The Senior *Plenipo* Precedence took ;
 Pallid, as smoke-dry'd Bacon, was his Look ;
 His wrinkly Skin was thick with Crows-feet fown,
 And wither'd Flesh departed from the Bone :
 His few remaining Teeth, with painful Grin,
 Like Centries stood, to keep his Soul within :
 Famish'd with Avarice, and foul with Age ;
 And fit to act a *Lazar* on the Stage.

(spoke :
 Twice he look'd round, and paus'd before he
 At length, in Terms like these, he Silence broke.

I am, Messieurs, *Marcel de Bolomine* ;
 Doct'or in Laws ; a Count too, Palatine.
 My Colleague is a Count, and Knight ; both Peers :
Rodolph Campedgi, is the Name he bears.
 A Man of Peace am I ; and He, of War ;
 His Province, bloody Camps ; and mine, the Bar.
 Whereas, Messieurs, our People have of late
 Committed some Excesses on your State,

We

We come, in our Serene Republick's Name,
 To make unfeign'd Excuses for the same.
 Our Nation is the Devil of a Nation,
 Rash, obstinate, and deaf to all Persuasion ;
 If this ben't Truth, may St. *Petronio's* Ire
 Blast my devoted Breath, and choak the Lyar !
 When t'other night our People pass'd the *Rhine*
 (I vouch, Messieurs, this Colleague here of mine)
 'Twas Madnes all ; some Demon rid the Beast ;
 The State knew nothing on't, nor *smok'd* it in the
 least.

That this Offence was giv'n, we really grieve ;
 But what is done, is done, and past Retrieve.
 The Points our Errand rouls upon, are twain ;
 To *Offer Peace*, and to *Redeem our Slain* :
 Take this along——

The *Bucket* your audacious People Stole,
 'Tide Life, 'tide Death, we'll have, in Part or
 Whole :

Else we shall downright angry be ; th' Affair
 Must go to th' Dogs, and vanish into Air.

He ceas'd ; and sudden a loud Laugh began,
 Which universal thro th' Assembly ran.

Upon the Bench which foremost did advance (1)

* *Tassoni* fat, a Doctor made by Chance ;
 His Name was from the limping Badger drawn ;
 Short-legg'd and thick, and look'd like Collar'd
 Brawn.

* *Tassone* signifies a Badger in Italian : *Tesson* in French.

On Him th' expecting Senate fix their eyes ;
He firms his Look, and hems, and thus replies:

*That your Republick deigns to make Excuse
For what has pass'd, and disavows th' Abuse ;
That two such worthy Persons they shou'd send,
We hold a great Good-Fortune, and intend
T' enregister their Names : We likewise mourn
Your dead Compatriots ; Peace be with their Urn !
If to inburne their Bodies, be your Suit,
Your Embassy in that may have its Fruit :
Nor are we slow to Peace ; but as you Tack
An incoherent Bucket to its Back,
There's Intricacy in't : Points of such Weight
Require some Time, and ask mature Debate.
For first 'tis highly fit we shou'd agree
As to the very Fact, the Felony ;
We have no need to steal Folks Buckets ; We !
Wherefore, to use such Language here, you seem,
In our Opinions, as it were to Dream.*

*Manfred, who heard th' Oration from his Seat,
And inly burn'd, upstarting on his feet ;*

“ Who'er, cry'd he, maintains in Thought or
Speech

“ The Bucket *stoln*, and dares such Doctrine
preach,

“ —Lyes, and was litter'd by a Parish-B — ch.

“ In glaring Day, arm'd and expos'd on Horse,

“ I bore the Bucket from their Town by Force ;

“ And if I take a Fancy to't, will go

“ And — Ease my Body on the Spring below.

“ Geud

“ Geud Messer *Marcel*, we’re nut to be funn’d, (2)

“ We knaa hoo monny † Boodles mak a Pund.

’Sblews, cry’d the Cavalier *Campedgi* strait,

’Tis well if we escape a broken Pate:

I find it is resolv’d to send us back

With Colours furl’d, and *Trumpets in the Sack*.

But, Goodmen *Geminiani*, for what’s past,

You, in the end, may come off Hopper-a’ft.

Manfred prepar’d an Answer not unrude,

And some enormous Scandal had ensu’d,

But that the *Potta* wisely stept between,

And in imperious manner curb’d his Spleen.

Ha’ done, ye squittering Paper-Scull, ha’ done!

The Rights of Nations, like the rousing Sun,

Are ev’ry where rever’d, and shine where’er they run.

Ambassadors may speak, and not shew Cause;

Their Character exempts them from the Laws.

He spoke——

Their Excellencies made no longer stay,

But homewards in the instant took their way.

Thrice had the *Night* laborious Mortals blest
With Nature’s necessary Cordial, Rest.

Bolonia’s Senate with the Sun arose,

Resolv’d once more to try their haughty Foes.

The Learn’d Professor *Baldi* now they name, (3)

With fuller Powers the *Bucket* to reclaim,

Importing, an *Exchange of* || *Grevalcore*,

Provided they the Bucket wou’d restore.

The Doctor found Reception to his mind,

And Lodgings at the publick Charge assign’d.

† Scots *Farthing*, or *thereabouts*.

|| A Piece of Land so call’d.

Early next day the summon'd Council sat,
 And *Baldi* introduc'd with usual State.
Baldi had study'd Men as well as Books,
 And saw the inward Soul thro outward Looks;
 Knew how to Temporize, dress any Theme,
 Veer with each Wind, and swim with ev'ry Stream.

Mirror of Wisdom, Honour's bright Abode!
 (Thus he set out, nor trod the common Road)

*I thank the Gods, by whose peculiar Care,
 This day I your Illustrious Presence share!*
*Messieurs, I am commanded to Propound
 A Thing wherein there's Sense as well as Sound;
 A Thing that will engage your Ears and Eyes,
 And fill your wondring Souls with vast Surprise.*

*Within the utmost Lines of our Domain,
 A certain Tract of Ground long time has lain;
 By Nature to your State contiguous plac'd,
 With Heaven's innumerable Blessings grac'd:
 Of Leagues a full Quaternion intervene,
 Nor is it at this distance plainly seen.*

*Pansa upon this spot, in days of yore,
 His Death receiv'd; from thence call'd*
 * Grevalcore.

(4)
 [* Quasi,
 Grave Cor.

*So many Centuries of Lustra past,
 Tenacious of the Name, she holds it to the last.
 Once a Morass all o'er, and rotten Slough,
 Now beauteous Fields, and pregnant to the Plough.
 Th' industrious Husbandman with all his Pain,
 'Tis true, as yet, hant't dry'd up ev'ry Vein;
 Some lower Parts do still with Humours swell,
 And there the * Singing Fish delight to dwell:*

[* Frogs.
 The

*The Syrens of the Ditches, with their Song
 Invite to Slumber, and the Spring prolong:
 The Natives represent the Golden Time,
 And all the Country seems Aurora's Happy Clime.
 I have, Messieurs, my Principals Command,
 To offer ye this most delightful Land,
 Provided that same Bucket your rude Fo'ke
 Took from our Rabble (whom the Devil choke!)
 When t'other day our City-Gates they forc'd,
 And like a tim'rous Hare our Scoundrels cours'd:
 I say—If you, in publick-wise, restore
 The Bucket to the place 'twas in before,
 That moment you're possess'd of Grevalcore.
 While Fortune thus presents it to your hand
 To change a Worthless Bucket into Land,
 Consider, this same Fortune turns like Wind,
 And when her Forelock's slipt, she gives the Bald behind.
 If you forego th' Occasion, much I fear,
 You'l have a long and very dang'rous War:
 Nor can you, in my humble Thoughts, pretend
 To take the Field, or ev'n your Lines defend,
 For we have all Romania to our Friend.*

Here Baldi stopt. A mighty Hum went round,
 Like that of Bees, an undistinguish'd Sound.
 The Doctor for a time unanswer'd stood;
 And each Man's Brow appear'd in doubtful Mood:
 At length, lest they shou'd strike some Rock con-
 ceal'd,
 And rashly do what they might wish repeal'd,
 Baldi was told, that they the Thing wou'd weigh,
 And give their Answer to't th'ensuing Day.

The

The Day being come, " th' Exchange was well approv'd,

" But that it highly first of all behov'd
 " To have the Contract ratify'd ; which done,
 " The *Bucket* shou'd be brought in open Sun,
 " And giv'n to some *Attorney of their own.*
 " For as to Sending of it to its place,
 " The Senate cou'd not do an Act so base :
 " That they were much mistaken to believe
 " The Conq'rors wou'd from them the Law receive."
 The Doctor made Excuse (and bow'd profound)
 " That he was strictly by his Orders bound,
 " But that he wou'd go back with utmost speed,
 " To try if he cou'd get the Thing agreed ;
 " And if his Counsel met desir'd Success,
 " He wou'd that instant send a Man *Express.*"

With this, the Doctor sped his homeward way ;
 But no News came, that nor the following Day.
 Right early on the third revolving Morn,
 'Stead of a Peaceful Messenger's Return,
 Behold a Penny-Post-Man, on the Back
 Of a Pin-buttock'd, Wind-gall'd, Spavin'd Hack !
 Before the City-Gate a Poplar stands
 Planted by St. *Geminu's* Holy Hands.
 Forth from his Pouch, our Death-denouncing Spark
 A Paper drew, and fixt it on the Bark.
 The Paper said, " *The Bolonois declare*
 " *Against the Modenois a mortal War ;*
 " *If they omit, within a Month and Day,*
 " *The-Bucket, which they stole, to re-convey.*"

This

This done, the Herald mounts his three-leg'd
Beast,

And quickly to the following Eye decreas't.
He kick'd, and spur'd, and seem'd to those behind,
Snatcht by the Devil in a Gust of Wind.

As when some Fisherman, in eager quest
Of Crab or Lobster, prostrate on his Breast;
His Arm extending down the dark Abode,
Meets with a poisonous Snake or bloated Toad:
The conscious Fingers quit their Hold in haste,
And all the Man with Horror stands aghast.
So when the *Potta*-men the Lines had read,
Haughty and vain with Pride they tofs'd their Head,
And grin'd their Teeth, and forming foul Grimace,
Distorted ev'ry Muscle of their Face.

But, as Ambition, and the Love of Show
Compounds the chief Ingredients of their Dough;
In deep Disguise, dissembling what they thought,
They ridicul'd and set their Foes at nought;
The Breaches in their Walls unheeded stood,
Nor did they scoop the Ditches hardn'd Mud.
Thus, boastfully, they liv'd, and gave no Sign
Of fearing Human Force, or ev'n Divine:
They thought, however, not amiss to write
To *German Frederick*, and his Aid invite:
The Train'd-Bands too were privately prepar'd,
To form the City and the Country-Guard;
The yearly League they presently renew
With those of *Parma* and *Cremona* too:
They add fresh Troops to those within the Walls,
Then give a Loose to Festivals and Balls,

Mean

Mean time Gigantic Fame, with beating Wings,
 To Heav'n's High Court a *Latian* Packet brings ;
Olympus listen'd, while the Tatler shew'd
 What Mischiefs Fortune in a Bucket brew'd.
Jove, much a Friend to Mortals, and whose Heart
 In all his Creatures Sufferings takes a part,
 Bade ring the Bells throughout the blest Abodes,
 And summon'd to the Council *HOMER*'s Gods.

Strait issu'd from their Stalls Celestial Carrs,
 Mounted on Wheels be-studded o'er with Stars,
 And Litter-bearing Mules and Courfers, gay
 With Furniture that flash't excessive Day.
 A hundred gaudy Liveries deck the Show,
 In all the Colours of the Watry Bow :
 Valets and Pages these, in solemn State,
 Behind their Masters to the Council wait.

First starts the Prince of *Delos* from the Lift ; [*Apollo*.
 His bounding Chaise the Pavement scarcely kist :
 Six Chestnut Genets young *Apollo* drew,
 He crack'd his Whip, and thro the *Æther* flew :
 A Scarlet Coat his Body close embrac'd,
 And three-pil'd Velvet Cap his Temples grac'd :
 The Order of the *Fleece* around his Neck,
 In graceful Form, his Godship did bedeck :
 Twice twelve young beauteous Maids with tripping
 Heels

Buskin'd, pursue his Chaise's fiery Wheels.

Proud-looking *Pallas*, whimsically clad, *The Goddess of
 Wisdom and
 War.*
 Came mounted on a fine *Calabrian* Pad ;

Her

Her Vest succinct the Mid-Leg did declare,
 In *Grecian* partly, partly *Spanish* Air ;
 A Ribband ty'd her braided Locks behind,
 The Length was loose, and wanton'd in the Wind ;
 A Heron-Tuft her Head obliquely prest,
 Her Saddle-Bow a Scimiter confest :
 Thus singular she march'd, nor mingl'd with the rest.

Love's pow'rful Goddess with three Coaches came, *Venus.*

The *First* was Purple all, and Golden Flame ;
 In it there laughing sat the *Little Elf*,
 The three bright *Graces*, and her Charming self.
 The *Second* brought respectfully along
 Her Courtiers, of the Short Robe and the Long.
 Domestic Servants in the *Third* were seen,
 The Prince's Tutor, and her Chamberlain ;
 Nor did they honest *Gamon* overlook
 The Squire of the Mouth and Master Cook.

Saturn had chanc'd, being glandery and old, *Jupiter's*
 To take a Dose of Physick for his Cold ; *Father.*
 But yet he came, in a close Litter cas'd,
 With, underneath the Seat, a Basin plac'd.

Mars rode a Warrior-Horse ; the Azure Roofs
 Resounded with his supernat'ral Hoofs :
 The God a Corslet on his Body wore,
 And on his Hat, a scarlet Plumage bore.

But the two Deities of Corn and Wine, *Bacchus,*
 Together went, and in deep Conference join. *and Ceres.*

Neptune bestrode that Dolphin which *Jupiter's*
 durst try *Brother.*
 Celestial Waves, and swim in Liquid Sky :

D.

Sea-

Sea-Weeds, and Oozy-Slime, and Briny Mud
 Was all the Clothing of the wretched God;
 His pitying Mother's tender Nature shook,
 To see her Son's mean Herring-catching Look:
 In chiding Phrase she tax'd *Saturnian Jove*
 With want of Bowels, and Fraternal Love.

The Maiden-Deity was out o'th' way; *Diana.*

So Fortune will'd, 'twas *Dian's* Washing-Day,
 And she was early with her Nymphy Train
 Gone to the Marshes near the *Tuscan* Main; (6)
 Nor homewards turn'd before the Northern Bear
 Had roll'd her Waggon into dusky Air.

Knitting of Woolsted Hose *Latona* came, *Diana's* (7)
 To make Excuses for the By-Blow Dame. *Mother.*

Nor did the Thund'rer's Counterpart *Juno Wife to*
 appear, *Jupiter.*

No Day but that wou'd serve to cut her Hair. (8)

Nor did the Sacred Sisters come, but *Glotho, Lachesis,*
 sent, *and Atropos.*

Menippe, *Jove's* Kitchin-Clerk to represent,
 They Bak'd that Morn, and just began to Brew,
 And had a deal of Spinning-work to do.

Silenus staid i'th' Lobby, with design *The Butler.*

To mingle Water in the Footmens Wine. (9)

And now Heav'n's Palace-Gates begin t'unfold,
 The Massy Bars resound, and Bolts of beaten Gold:
 Passing the proud Parade, the Gods resort,
 And reach the Royal Hall within the Court.
 There the rich Walls with dazling Tap'stry shine,
 Of ever-during Price, and Work Divine.

There,

There, the most Brilliant Gems, the Eastern boast,
Eclips'd, but dimly shine, and mourn their Lustre lost.

The pow'rful Heroes of the Realms of Bliss,
Were sat beneath their Starry Canopies;
Drums strait and Trumpets of inflated Gold,
The Coming of th'Immortal King foretold.
A Hundred Menial Servants foremost pass,
By Chiefs succeeded, of superior Class.

And next to these stout *Hercules* appear'd,
With Club in hand, the Captain of the Guard:
His Intellect not yet entirely found,
He liberally dispens'd his Oak around;
So when a drunken *Swizzer* clears the way
Before the Pope on some Procession-Day,
The insolent Man-Beast does Terror spread,
And this Man's Arms he breaks, and t'other's Head.

The Thieving God came next; his Right *Mercury*.
Hand bore

The Spectacles and Hat of *Jupiter*;
And in his Left a huge green Bag he held,
With *Mortals* Cases and *Petitions* fill'd: *Addresses*
These afterwards, in solemn Form, he plac'd
On two Close-Stools which *Jove's* Back-Closet grac'd;
There, twice a Day, Mankind's Requests are sure
To be perus'd, and pass the *Signature*.

At length came *Jove*; his Radiant Head was
bound
With * Stars, by Sublunarians lately found;

* *The Satellites, four Stars discover'd by Galileo about a hundred Years ago, round the Planet of Jupiter.*

The Trophy-Bucket,

A Mantle of Imperial Make, and worn
 But rarely, did his sacred Back adorn :
 His Shoes were Gold ; a Scepter of Command,
 Form'd like a Bishop's Staff, imploy'd his Hand :
 His pompous Waistcoat was a Present made
 The God, by those who drive the Silken Trade :
 Behind, the Arms of *Ganymede* sustain
 The Cloke of *Jove*, and Mantle's Length of Train.

The King appears ; the Senators all rise,
 And their Eternal Monarch recognize ;
 They bow'd profound, nor upwards rais'd their Face,
 Till on his High-built Throne he took his place.
 On his Left Hand, in eminent Degree,
 Sat *Fortune* ; on his Right sat *Destiny* :
Death and bald *Time* beneath his Feet he puts,
 Both seem'd to have the Griping of the *Cacarella*.
 Guts.

This Side and that he turn'd his dread Regard, (10)
 The Winds grew still, not the least Murmur heard ;
 The Heav'n Serene ; at length he Silence broke,
 And *Earth* and *Ocean* trembled as he spoke :
 He took beginning from the Day, when first
 The World with Frogs and horrid Rats was curst ;
 Forth from the Womb of Time to Light he brought,
 Battles in Lunar Regions yet unfought :
But now, cry'd Jove, far fiercer Brands are hurl'd
Between the Sipa and the Potta World.
How many broken Pates have been exchange'd
You know, and what at first their Hearts estrang'd :
But now a Bucket's new unheard-of Cause,
Has arm'd their Rage, and into Battle draws ;
 Threatning

*Threatning the Frame of Nature to immerse,
And Topsy-Turvy turn the Universe.*

*To quench this Fire, and reconcile their Odds,
Imperial Jove consults his House of Gods.*

He spoke, and to old Saturn turn'd his Face ;
Saturn sat next, and fill'd the second Place :
The Antient smil'd, with Spleen replete and Wind,
And drawing an unfav'ry Sigh behind,
Oons is this All ? cries the malignant Sire,
I thought at least the World had been on Fire !
What is't to us, if that damn'd Bog below
Be Blest or Curst ? If War or Peace they know ?
If chear'd by Good, or by bad Fortune wrung ?
—— *I shou'd be glad to see 'em all well hung.* (11)

At this Reply the Warrior-God up-rose,
And partly smooth'd, and partly knit his Brows:
Well-said, old Boy ! cry'd Mars, Of what Import
Is Human Care to this Eternal Court ?

He that is born for Slav'ry, let him slave ;
Let Gods enjoy their Heav'n, and what their Fortune gave.
Unless my Cocky please, I'll take no Part ; Looking at (12)
Or if she bids, I'll make both Cities smart : Venus.

A double Carnage shall my Fury feast,
With Piles of Dead as high as Heav'n increast :
Torrents of Sweat and Vital Blood I'll sluice,
And inundate the Fields with Human Juice.

“ Brave Cavaleer, thus Pallas spoke, we own,
“ Your Fame to Tripe and Butter-women known :
“ Nor can you palm on Heav'nly Ears for News,
“ The thredbare Talk of *Billingsgate* and Stews :

" But if thy Heart with generous Ardour beats,
 " If thou desir'st the Fame of Worthy Feats,
 " Go then, and strengthen the *Modenian* Side,
 " I by my dear *Bolonians* will abide ;
 " And thus assisted, let the Cause be try'd.
 " *Bolonia* ever has unweari'd strove
 " To cultivate those Studies which I love ;
 " Nor will I, now Occasion calls, with Hand
 " In Girdle stuck, a bare Spectator stand :
 " If thou to real Glory dost pretend,
 " And hunger'st for the Prize, to Earth descend !
 " Nor will I fail to meet thee in the Field,
 " And either win the Palm, or bravely yield."

Pierian Phœbus waited till sh'had done ;
 Then, in the most respectful Terms begun :
Bright Maid, Thou shalt be seconded, he crys,
Nor singly shalt ingross this Enterprize :
One Int'rest Pallas and Apollo share ;
Their Cause the same, the same shall be their Care :
Bolonia from her Cradle has been mine ;
To me devoted, and the Sacred Nine.
My Altars with perpetual Incense smoke,
On me she calls, nor vainly does invoke :
Her scornful Haters shall severely know
The Strength of her Immortal Patron's Bow.

The Ruddy God with longing Eyes had dwelt *Bacchus.*

On *Citherea's* Charms, and Love's sweet Poison felt : *Venus.*

Then turning to th'Assembly from his Stall,
Unaided shall my Darling City fall?

†

That

That City which from Morn till Ebbing Night (13)
 Treads one continu'd Circle of Delight;
 Which to my Honour spends the live-long Day
 In Feasts, Songs, Turneys, Masquerades and Play?
 Shall that lov'd Place, where such sweet Juice abounds,
 Behold me Idle when the Trumpet sounds?
 Forbid it Love's bright Mother! Thou whose Eyes
 Can Strength un-nerve, and Wisdom's self surprize!
 With me descend, Apollo soon shall know
 His Beard of Gold is changeable to Tow. (14)

Venus return'd a Smile with luscious Eyes,
 As when the Soul in melting Pleasure dies;
 And gave the * Twice-born God a secret Sign
 She lik'd his Motion, and her Aid wou'd join.
 The bluftring God of Arms, with Eyes intent
 On Jove's † Increase, perceiv'd which way she bent;
 And loving Noise and Quarrel as his Blood,
 Abruptly cry'd, I'll make a Third by G—d;
 Let others, as their Fancies please, divide,
 But Venus ever shall be Mars's Guide.
 What Road the World's fair Gladder takes, I take,
 And Mars forsakes all those who Her forsake.
 For Her, this yet unconquer'd Sword I wield,
 For Her my Shoulder bears this pondrous Shield;
 For Her Panaro's Flood shall overflow,
 And gorge with Human Gore the distant Po.

* Bacchus had two Births. See his History.

† Venus was Jove's Daughter.

Here *Pallas* smil'd; but *Vulcan*, plac'd aside,
 And hearing *Mars*, with Look-a-skew reply'd:
Is then my Bed, curst Villain, common grown?
And dar'st thou thus aloud the Treason own?
Is Jove too, equal Jove, become so base,
To turn Confed'rate in his Child's Disgrace?
 'Twere a good Deed by Styx — with that he pluck'd
 His Hammer from his Side, and threatning look'd.
Mars starting up, full at the limping Smith
 His Gauntlet threw, and hit him 'twixt the Teeth.
 "Take that, mishapen Dog, the Hero se'd,
 "And for the time to come be better bred."
Jove, rising, stretch'd his Scepter out, between;
How now, ye Scoundrel Gods, What is't you mean?
*Where do ye think ye are? By * Mackins, Sirs,*
Your Rudeness shall be punish'd e'er Jove stirs.
My Thunder there! — The feather'd Squire obey'd,
 And to his Lord th' Artillery soon convey'd.
 But *Vulcan* at the Thunderer's Footstool kneel'd,
 And from *Just Jove* to *Jove* the Good appeal'd;
 With Floods of Tears he wept the broken Vows
 And the ill Conduct of his wanton Spouse.
 Mean time the Goddesses to avoid the weight
 Of Wrath Paternal, and a Husband's Hate,
 Out at a Postern-Door in secret flew,
 Nor bid her Kindred of the Sky adieu.

* A Macone: for if he had sworn by Styx, it had been unalterable.

The Pow'r Armipotent and Grape's plump God *
Pursu'd, nor waited for a beckning Nod.
Attended thus, to Earth she took her way,
And at an Inn that Night betwixt them lay.

What Pleasures pass'd, what Dalliances ensu'd,
I veil, nor will the bashful Muse intrude;
She turns aside her Lyre, nor dares repeat
What's done when *Planets* in Conjunction meet:
But Whispherers, to the Muse some things reveal'd,
(Her Ears were open, tho her Lips were seal'd)
" That e'er the Humid Goddess of the Night,
" Chac'd by the Rising Morn had ta'en her Flight,
" *Mars* and the * *Theban* Youth, with Zeal uncow'd,
" Twice Fifteen Times with *Vulcan's* Heifer
plow'd. (15)

The Host did Poultry keep, a numerous Store,
With new-laid Eggs like Sands upon the Shore.
Of these the choicest, each immortal Rake,
Debilitated, did a Hundred take:
The Goddess with a Couple was content,
For she requir'd no *Foreign* Aliment;
And that she might not give Suspicion room,
A Stripling's Form she wisely did assume.
Her Coat was Tabby, white as new-press'd Milk,
And cut upon a Ground of Crimson Silk:
Her Jerkin of the same, perfum'd all o'er;
Her Iv'ry Leg an Azure Stocking wore;

* *Mars and Bacchus,*

† *Bacchus was born of a Theban Mother.*

A colour'd Belt surrounds her tender Loins,
 And Snow-white-Shoe her pretty Foot confines :
 A Golden-hilted Dagger grac'd her Side,
 And her cockt Hat look'd smart with Plumy Pride.

A true *Bolonian* Native was the Host ; (16)

Some say he Squinted, some, an Eye had lost :
 The Squints are Circumspect. The Orbs of Light
 Reduc'd to *One*, project a keener Sight.

Be that as 'twill, the Man's suspicious Brain
 Began strange Jealousies to entertain :

He shook his Head, and did not like to see

His Guests so very fond of lying *Three*,

When he had Beds to spare : " By this good Light,
 (Quoth he, within himself) " It is not right."

They, who his Thoughts by Intuition knew,

Call'd for the Bill, and suddenly withdrew ;

For fear the Traitor, on some false Report,

Shou'd charge them in the *Inquisition-Court*.

With hasty Steps to *Modena* they went ;

Where, on their lov'd Festivity intent,

The Shops were shut, and all the Cits at Strife

To win the *Pallio* *, dearer than their Life.

Soon as the Strangers come in sight, they stare,

And eager ask each other, who they are ?

Most took 'em for Comedians, who were come

Beforehand to provide an Acting-Room :

Mars was the Bully, *Bacchus* was the Spark,

And that *Sweet Youth* the *Wife* ; nor did they miss
 the Mark.

* *The Pallio is a rich piece of Stuff, which they hang at the end of a Street, to be run for either on Horseback, or with Asses, &c.*

A Random Shot thus sometimes true will glance,
 And Those have Prophecy'd who spoke by chance;
 The *Blanks* and *Prizes* in one Vessel rest,
 And many a true word's often spoke in jest.

When the three Gods had hooft it up and down,
 Thro every Passage of the stinking Town; (17)
 When they its Avenues had view'd with Care,
 The Peoples Courage, and their Art in War;
 Strait to a Tavern they retir'd, which lay
 Snug and secreted from the beaten way:
 With Capons, Partridg, and delicious Wines
 Of * *Trebbian* Growth, they sup'd like *Paladines*.

But whilst these Gods indulge to Chear and Mirth,
Pallas and *Phœbus* make Descent on Earth:.

Bolonia and *Romania* they inspire,
 And all the Youth with Martial Fury fire.
 Whatever ties the *Rubicon* and *Rhine*,
 Extending in an intermediate Line;
 Whatever at the Mountain's Root takes place,
 And running Sea-ward, fills the middle Space,
 Confederate with *Bolonia*, and prepare
 The Bucket to re-conquer by a War.

Our Lovers heard the News, and on their Side
 For a most vigorous Defence provide.
Bacchus, his faithful *Germans* did invite, (18)
 And went himself their Troops to expedite:
 The *Germans* his Desire no sooner knew,
 But sudden, Horse and Foot, to Arms they flew;

* *Trebbiano* is a White Wine, made of the sweetest sort of Grape
 that is; in Latin commonly call'd, Vinum Trebulanum.

Blessing *October*, and *St. Martin's Shrine*, (19)
 And hoping all to swim in Seas of Wine.

Mars, busy'd, stays in *Italy*, and trains
 To Arms the *Parma* and *Cremona Swains*.

Venus resolv'd to try if she cou'd bring
 In Person to the Field a certain King.

Where * *Arno* does his Watry Tribute pay
 To Midland *Tethys*, and refunds the Sea,
 The Goddess pass'd; and by the Nereids born,
Gorgona † reach'd e'er next returning Morn:
 From thence she speeded to *Sardinia's Isle*,
 Of *Cheese* and *Rascals* a productive Soil.

* *A River running into the Mediterranean not far from Leghorn.*
 † *A small Island.*

EXPLICATIONS ON THE SECOND CANTO.

(1) **U**PON the Bench which foremost did advance.

As for this *Tassoni*, whom the Poet would have to be the Author of his Family, it is not certainly known that he was at that time Chief of a Bench: But however, his Name is found (in the Chronicles of that City) among the Antients and Conservators thereof, for near eight and twenty years.

(2) *Genl Mester Marcel we're nut to be funn'd.*

He equivocates and plays upon the word *Marcello*, which in Venice is a Piece of Mony worth twelve *Soms*; first coin'd by Pope *Marcellus*. *Bolonino* is likewise a Piece of Coin of a smaller Value, us'd in *Bolonia*.

I thought it proper to mimick in some degree this Banter of *Manfred's*, upon the Co-incidence of the Ambassadors Name and those Coins.

(3) *The Learn'd Professor Baldi now they name.*

Dr. Camillo Baldi was Prælector of *Bolonia*, and a Friend of the Author's. He had an Estate at *Grevalcore*, a marshy Soil; where, at the first appearance of the Frogs, the *Modenois* have a Saying, by way of Raillery, That the People of *Grevalcore* can't starve that year; because of the Frogs, which they eat in abundance.

(4) *Pansa upon this spot in days of yore.*

In truth, *Appian* of *Alexandria* describing the place where the Consul *Pansa* was slain by *Marc Antony*, seems to point at
the

the Valleys of *Grevalcore*, where as well the People as the Frogs are born Green and Yellow.

(5) *The Yearly League they presently renew,
With those of Parma and Cremona too.*

The Histories of those Times shew, that the *Modenois*, the *Parmesans*, and the *Cremonois* were always Confederates.

(6) *Gone to the Marshes of the Tuscan Main.*

He means the Marshes of *Siena*, the Wits whereof are reported to have a secret Intelligence with that Goddess.

(7) *Knitting of Woolsted-Hose Latona came.*

Old cast Whores do commonly apply themselves to such sort of Work.

(8) *No day but that wou'd serve to cut her Hair.*

He alludes to certain cross-grain'd Devils of Wives, who always contrive their Business so as to disgust their Husbands. If he has Strangers, they'l scour that day: If he has a mind to have Dinner betimes, they'l not appear till the last Course: If he wants 'em, they are going to have their Hair cut. Others will never begin to dress, till the Meat's just serving in, to make the Company wait a little. Obstreperous, Insolent, Hypocritical Vixens!

(9) *To mingle Water in the Footmens Wine.*

A Fashion in the Great Mens Families at *Rome*, that the Servants mayn't get drunk. One of those undesir'd Favours which the Charitable Moderns frequently confer!

Battles in Lunar Regions yet unfought.

See *Lucian*.

(10) *This side and that he turn'd his dread Regard.*

Signior Gulielmo Moons, Agent of the most Serene Elector of *Cologne*, compar'd this Passage with the like in *Homer* and *Virgil*, and did not think it equal to theirs; but I know, the Poet had no design to enter into Competition with them.

Between the Sipa and the Potta World.

Dante says,

Trà sauna, e'l Ren dove si dice Sipa.

This Explication of *Salviani's* is so short, it needs an Explication. I have done it before in the Course of the Poem it self.

(11) *I shou'd be glad to see 'em all well hung.*

Saturn, a Malignant Planet, always threatning Mischief to Mankind, makes an Answer here very sutable to his Nature. *Mars* applauds his Answer; being likewise a Planet of a bad Quality.

(12) *Unless my Cocky please, I'll take no part.*

The Original runs thus: *Unless my Goddess gainsays, I'll make both*

both Cities wretched. Upon which *Salviani* observes, that the Author speaks Astrologically; for if the Star of *Mars* be opposite in the Aspect, or quadrated by that of *Venus*, the Vigour of his evil Influences is abated.

(13) *That City which from Morn till ebbing Night.*

At *Modena* are made the most and best Masks of any in the world; and the Carnival is a continual Revelling, Tilt-ing, Dancing, with all manner of Extravagances. There are likewise the sweetest *Trebbian* Wines, and others in great plenty.

(14) *His Beard of Gold is changeable to Tow.*

He alludes to the Proverb, *Far la barba di stoppa*; To give a Man a Beard of Tow; to do him some prejudice. He ridicules the Statues of the Pagan Gods, made with Beards of Gold.

(15) *Twice fifteen times with Vulcan's Heifer plow'd.*

The Original is, *Cornuted Vulcan thirty times*. Upon which, *Salviani* observes; Obscenity cou'd not be more modestly deliver'd, nor Heathenism more sharply derided. Some have thought to imitate these Sarcasms upon the Heathen Gods, and have sunk into Dulness and Sterility.—But every one's wife in's own Conceit.

(16) *A true Bolonian Native was the Host.*

The common People of *Bolonia* are generally very sly: Add to this, he kept an Inn, and squinted into the bargain.

(17) *Thro ev'ry Passage of the stinking Town.*

The Poet gives it this Epithet, because of the Streets being perpetually full of Ordure; govern'd rather by the Goddess *Turdana* than the God *Phæbus*. Another Poet says,

*A Town there stands in Lombard Air,
And Modena 'tis writ,
Where ev'ry Christian Passenger
Is sure to be besh—t.*

The People of *Modena*, however, will tell you, that their City has two Streets throughout; one for Men, and the other for Beasts: meaning that the Portico's or Gallerys, at every door, may serve the Men.

(18) *Bacchus his faithful Germans did invite.*

Bacchus cou'd not have invited a People better affected to him, and more at his devotion; nor cou'd he have invited them to a place where they cou'd be better treated: for *Modena* affords the very best of Wines, and in such quantity that three *Julios* will purchase a Barrel [18 *d.* a Barrel, I think, is cheap enough o' conscience: this must be understood

at

at the time the Poet writ, a hundred years ago.] *Salviani* goes on : This Place may be therefore said to be the Kingdom of *Bacchus*, and the *Germans* Land of Promise.

(19) *Blessing* October and *St. Martin's Shrine*.

This is the first Saint that comes after Vintage, and his Day is usually set apart for proving the new Wines : Besides, *Gregorio Turonese*, among the Miracles of this Saint, reckons some Multiplications of Wine. So that upon all these accounts, the *Germans* ought to have in particular Veneration this great Saint.

The
Prophecy of the Bucket

TO let the Reader a little further into the Humour of this Poem, I shall give him the beginning of the Third Canto; which he will find entire in the Volume next publish'd.

CANTO III.

The ARGUMENT.

Venus appears to the King of Sardinia in a Dream, and animates him to the War against the Bolonians. The Emperor sends to him likewise upon the same. The Modenois draw their Army together from all Parts. The Characters and Humours of the several Captains and Troops represented, and exemplify'd by the several Devises on their Standards and Colours.

CALM was the Sea, in Gray the Sky was drest,

The Waves kept silence, and the Winds at rest;

Aurora deck't with Flow'rs, with Dew-drops spread,
Rear'd, from the liquid Element, her Head:

E

Night's

Elizabeth Juwar

Night's Sable-Scarf she into pieces rent,
 Be-starr'd with Silver of the Firmament:
 When the bright Goddess, whose resistless *Venus.*
 Sway

All things in Earth, and Air, and Sea obey,
 Appear'd, beneath an unknown Fair's Disguise,
 To Royal * *Henzio's* Intellectual Eyes.

With fixt regard the lovely Spright begun:
Honour of Arms! O Fredrick's Worthy Son!
Ausonian Cities antient Feuds revive,
And all things headlong to Confusion drive:
But Modena, expos'd above the rest,
Is on all Sides with threatening Danger prest;
That Modena which still her Faith preserv'd,
And never from the Sacred Empire sever'd.
And dost thou here, surrounded by the Deep,
Regardless of her Cries, supinely sleep?
Awake thou Slug-a-bed, for Arms prepare,
And let thy Faithful Friends thy Succour share!
For There an unexpected Fortune waits;
Thou shalt the Bucket save, so will the Fates;
That Bucket in whose Quarrel shall be fought
Such Battles, as transgress the Bounds of Thought:
No future Time, nor what's already roll'd,
Such Efforts ever did, or shall behold.

* Moreri, in the Article Bologna, says, It was Ezzelin that in-
 gag'd and was taken Prisoner in this War by the Bolognians, and that
 he was Son to Frederick II. But he mistakes; Ezzelin was another
 Person, Lord of Padua, and other Places, and so great a Tyrant,
 that he was look'd upon rather as a Son of some Devil, and so account-
 ed by the Italian Writers.

The Vict'ry shall with Modena remain;
 She shall the Laurel win, but win with Pain.
 Thou shalt the Hostile City enter. There
 A youthful Damsel shall thy Heart ensnare;
 The Fairest, most accomplisht of her kind,
 For outward Form and Graces of the Mind:
 A secret Ardour shall thy Breast inflame,
 And thou shalt languish for the beauteous Dame:
 But all things in the end shall happy prove,
 Thy Wishes crown'd, and thou enjoy her Love.
 And when thou yieldst to Fate, thy noble Race
 Shall rule that People, and ascend thy Place.
 Their Glory on the Wings of Fame shall ride,
 Aufonia's Envy, and Lombardia's Pride.

Here Venus suddenly to Flight betook,
 And Sleep the Royal Dreamer's Eyes forsook.
 The Windows first he views thro Curtains drawn,
 And whitening in the East beholds the Dawn:
 Then calls to dress, with fierce impatient Roar,
 And from the Feathers lanches on the Floor.
 A Sword, which was behind the Bolster laid,
 He drew, and like a Combatant display'd;
 He hack'd the Chairs, and push'd against the Wall,
 And shook the Blade, and struck the Urinal:
 Thrice did the Pot rebound, at length to Earth
 It came, and gave a thousand Chuckers *Boys Chuckers.*
 Birth.

The Liquor unconfin'd, and apt to seek
 A Channel, lengthens out a guttering Streak.
 Mean while a Page, the Presence entring, bears
 A Message of Concern to Royal Ears:

The Trophy-Bucket,

A Courier, from the Emperor sent Express,
 Was just arriv'd, and waited for Access:
 Access was granted soon, "*Frederick* desires,
 " By Letters dated from his Court at *Spires*,
 " That he wou'd Troops dispatch, with proper speed,
 " To *Modena*, which stood in utmost need."

The Letter read, the King resolves to go
 In Person, and confront the threat'ning Foe.
 Strait Horse and Foot he rais'd, a num'rous Host,
 Of Friends, and Vassals on the *Pisan* Coast.
 Whilst thus *Sardinia's* King his Aid prepares,
 Glad *Modena* the welcome Tidings hears,
 That Count *Nebrona*, with Six Hundred Horse,
 Had pass'd the *Alps*, and join'd *Cremona's* Force.
Frederick, not being able to attend
 Himself, thought fit this valiant Chief to send;
 A Baron! and the Empire's *Champion* stil'd,
 A mortal Enemy to Water boi'd.

But now a Spy the *Modenois* alarms
 With News, that all *Romania* was in Arms:
 On this they call'd a Council, and agreed
 To open the Campaign with utmost speed,
 To try if they cou'd dastardize the Foe,
 And strike some *Coup d'Eclat*, some glorious Blow;
 They quit their Junkets, and from various Parts
 At the same instant their whole Army starts:
 Their Orders were at six Days end to meet
 At an appointed Place (*Grassoni's* Seat)
 Thither each Chief his March was to direct,
 And there the *Potta's* Standard to expect.

Muse!

Muse! Thou who didst ingross each Hero's Name
In the unweildy *Ledger-Book* of Fame:

O let thy humble Slave a Copy take,
For their Grandchildren's Children's Children sake!
So shall their Glorious Deeds outshine the Day,
And your Petitioner shall ever pray.

Grassoni's Seat stands near *Panaro's* Beach,
An Arrow drawn with Strength the Space may reach.
On the Sixth Day precise, with Beat of Drum,
These from the *High-Lands*, those the *Lowlands* come.
Culagna's Count, the F——g of the Age,
Was the first Object did all Eyes engage:
A Thousand differing Talents were his Share,
A Bigot, Poet, and Philosopher.
In times of Peace, for Action he was ripe,
In dang'rous Times a very Bit of Tripe.
Some monstrous Giant he had often kill'd,
Which prov'd to be the Blood of Capons spill'd.
Long live * *Martano*, thus the Boys wou'd cry,
But at a distance kept, nor durst come nigh.
Two Hundred Sharpers was his Complement,
Devour'd with Vermin, and with Hunger spent;
But he *Two Thousand* boasted to the Foke,
And the best Regiment that e'er struck Stroke,
On his rich Banner, wrought with Silk and Gold,
A *Peacock* did its stately Train unfold:
A Silver-Armour his fine Shape adorn'd,
His Head a Crest, with Feathers charg'd and Horns.

* *A great Coward in Ariosto.*

The Second was the Lord *Montauban* stil'd,
 Hotheaded, Rakish, Furibund and Wild.
 Young tho he was, yet he had Wit at Will,
 Nor ever did his Tongue or Hand lie still:
 Unlimited at Play, and in a trice
 Wou'd lose the Universe at Cards or Dice.
 Inventive of new Oaths on any Theme,
 Swear like a *Scot*, or like a *Jew* blaspheme.
 A good Companion tho: Of Malice void,
 And many a roasted Chesnut had destroy'd.
 Seven Hundred rawbon'd Rusticks he commands,
 Drawn in to list from off his Father's Lands.
 His Standard bore a painted * *Mongibell*,
 Disgorging against *Heav'n* the Flames of *Hell*.

* *A burning Mountain in Sicily.*

F I N I S.

E R R A T A.

- Pag. 36. lin. ult. for *Flight* r. *Fight*.
 37. lin. last but two, r. *Friends*.

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