

(mires,
Durgen's sweet Pen, we know, the World ad-
 He's blest'd with a kind Muse that never tires;
 Skill'd in all antient Tongues, and modern Arts,
 A prodigy in Person, and in Parts;
 A half-bred Deity, made up of Thought,
 A something, but no mortal Man knows what;
 A living *Chaos*, whose prolifick Brain,
 Does e'ery thing in miniature contain;
 Has Wit at Will, and is, without dispute,
 A wondrous Creature, neither Man nor Brute;
 Who, to delight himself, and vex the Town,
 Spent twice three Years in writing one Lampon;
 And, if no Rival does his Scheme defeat,
 Will waste six more to make the work compleat;
 A task, that when it's finish'd, must command
 Laudative Poems from each skilful Hand,
 Especially each poor neglected Muse,
 His gen'rous Satyr does so kindly use,
 Forgetful of the hard unhappy fate
 Of Poets more sublime, and Wits more great,

Than

Than those that wrong the Mem'ry of the Dead,
 And stifle Conscience for the sake of Bread,
 Slander the living, with a spiteful Pen,
 And prostitute the Fame of worthy Men,
So the proud Cit, possess'd of an Estate,
For nothing good, tho' worshipfully Great,
Triumphs o'er Dealers of a low Degree,
More honest, tho' less prosperous than he.

The *Grecian* Bard whose excellence we trace,
 Great Prince and Father of the Epick Race,
 The first wise Sage that taught his native Tongue,
 The graceful Numbers of heroick Song,
Apollo's Darling, and the only light
 That in so dark a Lanthorn shone so bright ;
 As if the Gods assembled at his birth,
 And all consenting to enlarge his worth,
 Enrich'd with heav'nly Gifts the new born Earth.

Yet *Homer*, tho' adorn'd with all the kind
 Celestial Bounties that could fire his Mind,

Thro'

Thro' many Towns and Countries groap'd his way,
 And blindly fung his *Trojan* Songs for pay;
 Thus poor he was, moſt Authors do agree,
 But rich in Thought, tho' doom'd to beggary;
 Submitted humbly to his ſtarving Fate,
 And coin'd new Odes *as Supperleſs he ſate,*
 Yet was, in noble Verſe, a richer Prince
 Than all his wealthy dull Tranſlators ſince,
 Form'd all his great Deſigns without an Eye,
 And, tho' in darkneſs, ſoar'd immenſly high,
 Till his bright Muſe when ſhe could climb no high'r
 Return'd imbelliſh'd with celeftial Fire.

*So the ſwift Eagle, when depriv'd of ſight,
 Still upward flies in ſearch of hidden Light,
 Till too near Phœbus ſhe preſumes to riſe,
 Inflames her ſtrugling Pinions till ſhe dies,
 Then blazing tumbles from the lofty Skies.*

Thus *Homer's* Muſe from Heav'n to Earth retir'd,
 When to the utmoſt height ſhe had aspir'd,

Leaving

Leaving to Poets such an epick Plan,
 As if devis'd by Angels, not by Man:
 What tho' he beg'd relief of tender Hearts,
 His Wants were no dishonour to his Parts,
 But show'd his Genius too sublimely great
 For a dull World, that knew his Worth too late;
 Tho' Heav'n, perhaps, that had inspir'd his Mind,
 Might kindly suff'r him to be Poor and Blind,
 That no temptation should debase a Soul
 Of Wit and Virtue so divinely full;
 For beauteous Objects, that engage the Sight,
 Bend not our Thoughts to Wisdom, but delight;
 And Wealth, that Bawd to e'ery loose design,
 Does the frail Heart to sensual Joys incline:
 Therefore, had the immortal *Greek* possess'd
 Redundant Riches, or with Sight been blest'd,
 The seven contending Towns, perhaps, had heard
 No news of *Trojan Wars*, or *Grecian Bard*;
 All the brave Heroes in those Battles slain,
 Had in Oblivion's Grave long since been lain;

Fair

Fair *Helen's* Character entirely lost;
 And Seas of Blood forgot her Beauty cost;
 No great Examples left upon record,
 To spirit up yoang Princes to the Sword;
 Or teach poor suff'ring Nations to betake
 Themselves to glorious Arms for Justice sake,
 That when by Tyrants they're in Slav'ry held,
 Force may, by Force, be gallantly repell'd;
 No Wits inspir'd by his exemplar Worth,
 But Dulness must have reign'd thro' all the Earth;
 Then had the *Dunciad* Author gain'd renown,
 And his tame Hero bully'd all the Town;
 For if a Dunce shall in Heroicks bear
 Against all rule, the leading Character,
 And Epick Bards may feat a stupid Ass,
 Where none but warlike Princes should have place,
 Then in an Age when Men are least polite,
 Dulness must set off what such Poets write,
 As a dark foil makes Jewels shine more bright. }

Durgen, invoke the Nine to help thee praise,
 The *Grecian* Poet and his Epick Lays,
 Had not thy bold aspiring Muse been free
 With his old Songs, we scarce had heard of thee;
 Thy lustre; borrow'd from the Eastern Bard,
 Is but like Moonshine to the Sun compar'd ;
 In e'ery Line his fiery Genius charms,
 But thine's a glow-worm Light that never warms,
 Does of itself no dazzling Rays expand,
 But by Reflexion shines at second hand.
 None can to *Homer's* lofty pitch arrive,
 To equal his bright Thoughts in vain we strive }
 And only maim the Works we struggle to revive. }

'Tis hard such diff'rent Fortunes should attend
 The noble *Greek* and his translating Friend,
 One starv'd in framing his account of *Troy*,
 What he deserv'd his Ape does now enjoy ;
 But had not *Fortune* been, like *Homer*, blind,
 Sh'ad chang'd their Fates and to the first been kind,

H

And

And plac'd the latter in the same degree
 With those that he contemns for Poverty,
 Forc'd him, in spite of Wit, to humbly seek
 A free-cost Dinner twice or thrice a Week,
 And doom'd the proud *Homunculus* to share
 Those Hardships more instructive Authors bear,
 Then had his Epick-strains been less abstruse,
 And his pert Satyrs freer from abuse;
 But Dainties and full Bowls retard his flights,
 And make his Muse too lazy when he Writes;
 For had not other Wits, first, taken pains
 In *English Verse* to render *Homer's* strains,
Durgen the knotty Labour had declin'd,
 And in Heroick Numbers never shin'd;
 But *Og's* old Version having well explain'd
 The *Grecian* Text to our Translator's Hand,
 His Christian Muse, tho' Learn'd, disdain'd to seek
 For *Homer's* sense, in *Homer's* heathen *Greek*,
 But wisely took it, as before laid down,
 Disguis'd the antient Tale to gull the Town,

And

And in a pompous Style, his Art to shew,
Transform'd the old Translation to a new.

*So cunning Bawds oft Dye their Harlot's Hair,
Turn Brown to Black and Bleech the Red to Fair,
Then in rich Dresses pass the wanton Fades,
At Play-house, publick Balls, and Masquerades,
Upon their old Gallants once more for Maids.*

Ladies, bright heav'nly Stars, to you I bow,
Your charming Sex my Muse address'es now,
Without whose soft'ning Graces we should find
Proud Man unfriendly, and to rage inclin'd;
The sweet Examples your Endowments give,
Instruct us how to talk and how to live;
Your Beauties furnish Lovers Pens with Themes,
And lull our Poets into pleasing Dreams;
Your Virtues prompt'em both to Think and Write,
And your kind Converse makes the World Polite;
Robb'd of your Charms we justly might assert,
That Man would be no more than living Dirt,

Who, when divested of your soothing Smiles,
Has nothing left him to reward his Toils.

Then curs'd be e'ery Miser, Fool and Sot,
That value not such Blessings as they ought,
But drudge and hurry on their days till Old,
Some in pursuit of Wine, and some of Gold,
Affect a single State, neglect the Fair,
And die without a self-begotten Heir.

O Muse! inspire me with a just regard
To th' tender Sex, whose Favours I have shar'd,
And, to their Honour and my own, can say,
Not in a vicious, but a lawful way,
O grant me power, whilst on Earth I dwell,
To do 'em good, at least to wish 'em well.

Take this advice, ye bright angelick Race,
Whose sweet Perfections bless our Nights and Days,
Withhold your Bounty, barter not your Gold,
For *Grecian* Tales so oft in *English* told,
Cook'd, in all Ages, to their change of taste,
The last translation proving ever best:

For ancient Stories in a modern Style,
 Ne'er fail of some admirers, for a while,
 Who b'ing but slender Judges of the Sense,
 Think Novelty alone an excellence.

*So Salmon's Waxwork, common to our view,
 Gains always fresh applause when dress'd anew,
 And thus we're often cheated and surpris'd
 With the same Substance artfully disguis'd.*

You therefore that adorn our *British* Isles,
 And cherish Wit with your enliv'ning Smiles,
 To whose endearing qualities we owe
 The sweetest Comforts we enjoy below,
 And by whose wise domestick Care, the best,
 As well as meanest Families, are blest;
 Doat not so much on one proud epick Muse,
 Nor let the useful Stage your Favour lose,
 But by your pers'nal Influence sustain
 The sinking Credit of *Apollo's* Train,
 For wherefoe'er your Beauties you display,
 Admiring Crouds will follow to survey

Your

Your lovely Charms, as Swallows take their flight,
 Pursuing *Phœbus* for his warmth and light.

Be kind to Merit, wheresoe'er 'tis found,
 And show regard to Sense, as well as Sound;
 By vogue or common Fame be gull'd no more,
 Despise no Man of Wit for being poor,
 Since *Homer* starv'd, if History be true,
 For want of Benefactors, such as you:
 Think none an empty Coxcomb, or a Beau,
 Because an envious Dwarf proclaims him so;
 Nor for ill-natur'd Falsities cares
 A spiteful Satyr in an epick Dress,
 But lend your kind assistance to revive
 A Poet long defunct, and yet alive;
 Tho' not in Person, still his Works obtain
 New Life, and are about to shine again;
 Such as have ever pleas'd the nicest taste,
 And grac'd the *English* Stage for Ages past;
 But length of Time some Beauties have impair'd,
 And wrong'd the Sense of the immortal Bard;^a
 For

For Wit, tho' ne'er so regular and just,
 In a few Years, like polish'd Steel, will rust,
 And want a careful Artist to restore
 The pleasing lustre it display'd before.
 A Poet therefore in the Drama skill'd,
 Who to no Rival should the Laurel yield,
 Of late has rais'd old *Shakespear* from the dead,
 And with judicious care his Works survey'd,
 Expung'd the Faults, ungrateful to our view,
 Fil'd off the rust, and burnish'd him anew,
 A meritorious Work, that must prevail
 With all good Judges to promote its sale ;
 For Wit so well adapted to the Stage,
 Tho' stiff'd in a loose unthinking Age,
 Can never long lie bury'd in disgrace,
 And Farce be suffer'd to usurp its place.

Once more, fair Ladies, we implore your aid,
 All Arts without your quick'ning Smiles are dead,
 Your kind Encouragement the Muses ask,
 Pray lend your hands to the deserving Task,

That

That *Shakespear's* Plays, correct in e'ery Line,
 Once more may in their pristine Glory shine;
 Then may you, charming Students, justly boast
 An useful Treasure, bought at little cost,
 And *Shakespear's* faithful Friend more honour gain,
 Than *Homer's* Ape by his translating Pen.

Some think the Stars our diff'rent Fates dispense,
 But how, is yet unknown to human Sense;
 For what wise *Albumazar* can presage,
 When Wit shall reign and Folly quit the Stage?
 And both the Houses to their credit raise,
 Instead of monstrous Farces, moral Plaies?
 When these new changes shall surprize the Town,
 And Poets only father what's their own,
 Then shall repeated Plaudets let us see,
 Which angry Bard shall most regarded be,
 Heroick *Durgen*, or Dramatick *The* —