



Serpentes avibus gemirentur, Tigribus a

Harlequin - Horace :

OR, THE

A R T

O F

Modern Poetry.

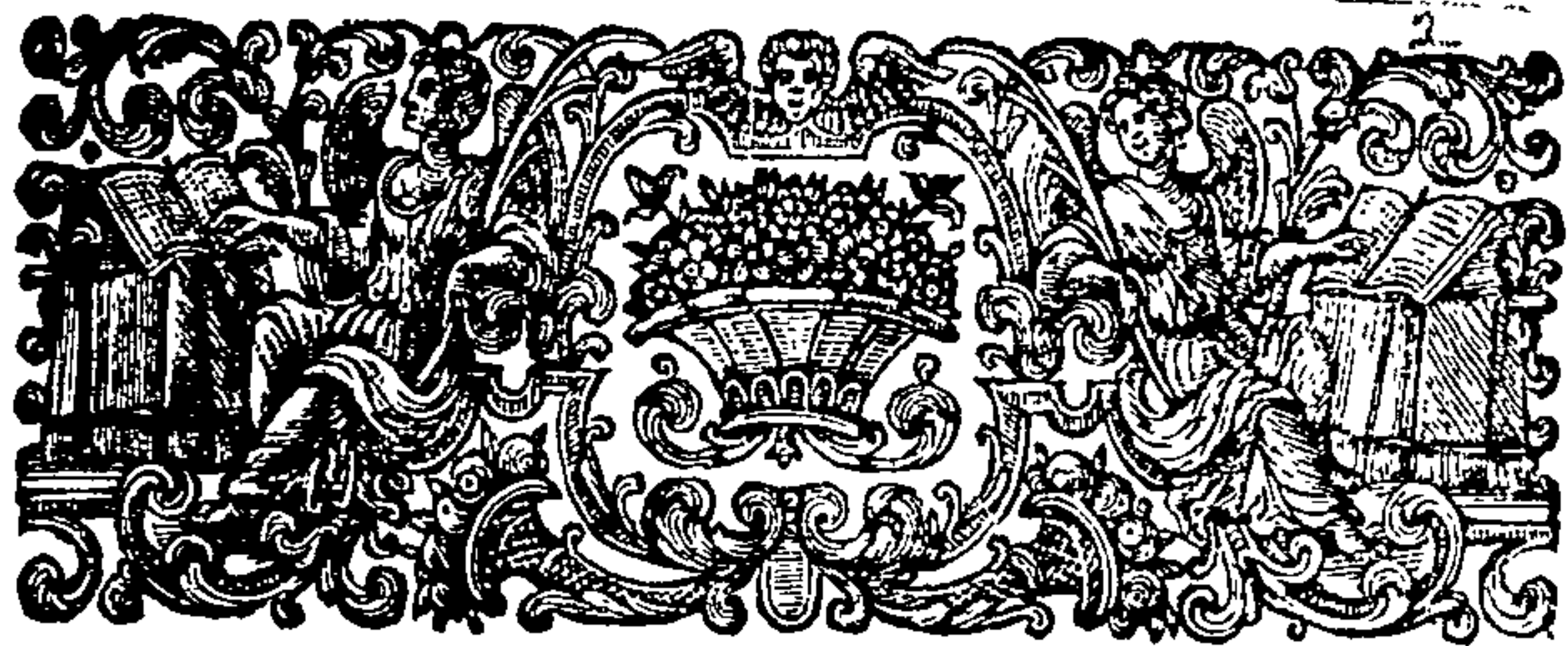
Tempora mutantur, & nos mutamur in illis.



L O N D O N :

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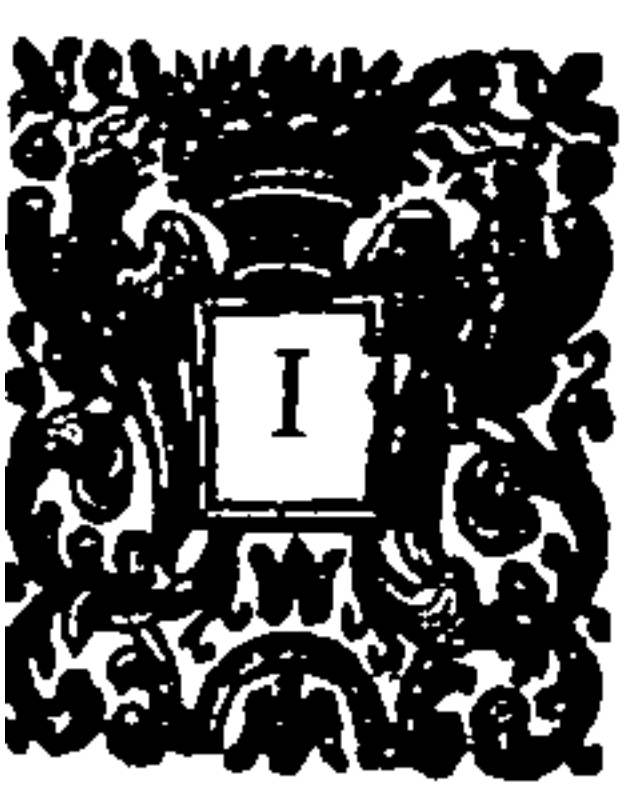


T O

J - - N R - - H, Esq;

Ec. Ec. Ec.

Worthy Sir,



Doubt not most assuredly but great will be your Astonishment, to find your Name prefix'd to this our *Epistle Dedicatory*, seeing true it is, that we neither previously crav'd your Consent thereunto, nor could presume to do it by Virtue of any Personal Acquaintance with you, forasmuch as our remembrance chargeth us not with having seen you at any time, save in the Guise of a *Hobby-Horse*, *Bull*, *Spaniel*, or some other such like *Animal*, in which you generally chuse to communicate your self to the Publick.

b Bur

The Dedication.

But to what worthy Personage could we so meetly apply for Protection, as to him who is the great Patron of the Art we here treat on? All the delectable Representations you have entertain'd us with, have been put together in absolute Conformity to the Rules we have laid down; nay verily, but from *those* are the Rules themselves extracted, in likewise as *Aristotle* compil'd his *Art of Antient Poetry* from the Writings of that then renown'd Ballad-maker *Homer*. Moreover 'twas you Sir (to your everlasting Honour be it recorded) that first introduc'd among us the present delicate and amazing Taste in our Diversions; and 'tis to your lawdable Zeal and unparallel'd *Agility* that it owes its Success. Indefatigable in *Well-doing* you courageously persevere to surmount all Opposition, and risk your very *Neck* for its Encouragement and Support.

We might here aptly take occasion, Sir, to talk to you about your Forefathers, not weening but you have had as many as any Peer in the Realm, and those too peradventure of as notable Memory; but you scorn to build your Name on any *Bottom* save your own, and justly resolve to *Stand* on your own *Legs* for Reputation. You are happy, Sir, in your Self, and from your Self. You are bless'd with ev'ry natural Qualification which is requisite to one in your Profession, and have, to a great Perfection, acquir'd the Art of leading People by the Nose. You have Wit enough to make your Advantage of the Follies of others, and Chymistry enough to extract Gold out of every thing but common Sense, and that both as *Wit*, and *Chymist* you have nothing to do with; neither in verity should you; for one in your Way can no more
expect

The Dedication.

expect to thrive by common Sense, than a *Westminster* Justice by common Honesty, or a *Covent-Garden* Bawd by common Modesty. You prudently look on Mankind to be one half Knaves, and t'other Fools, and conclude justly, that to entertain both Sorts, there must be a joint-mixture of Trick and Buffoonry, every one delighting in the Representation of what is most natural to him, or in which he labours to excel. Thus an *upright Citizen* is wonderfully diverted to see the Devil over-reach *Dr. Faustus* in a Bargain: a *Reverend Limb* of the Law, at seeing *Harlequin* turn'd *Judge*, take Bribes of both Sides, without doing Justice to either: Whilst those Shoals of *Templers*, *Beaux*, and *Lawyers Clerks*, the *Toupee Worthies* of *Tom's*, *Dick's*, and *White's*, that compose the other Part of your Audience, receive inexpressible Satisfaction and Transport, at beholding your Worship transform'd into an *Ass* or an *Old Woman*, and your Tables and Chairs, into Wheel-barrows, and Coblers Stalls.

Then as to the Fair Sex, Sir, you are not unknowing in what tends to their Recreation. You deem we conjecture, one Moiety of 'em to be very civil Gentlewomen, and no better than they *Should be*; The other, to be ill-natur'd Prudes, because they are forc'd to be really better than they *Would be*, and consequently that to hit the Tastes of the Whole, there must be an equal Quantity of Smut, and Scandal.

Nay, unspeakable is the Service you have done the Publick in this respect; for whereas, to the foul Discouragement of Wit and Humour among us, our Women were in past Days so squeamishly delicate, that

The Dedication.

that a pleasant Hint, or waggish Jest would have frighten'd 'em out of a Room; they are now (thanks to your Instructions, Sir) as impenetrable Proof against any thing that tends to put them out of Countenance, and altogether as incapable of the Weakness of a Blush, as *Heydigger*, *Henly*, or your Self.

They can, with manifest Ease, and Tranquility, sit out an Epilogue, or Farce, that describes to 'em in plain Terms, the *Way of a Man with a Maid*; and not shew the least Discomposure, or Emotion, when the most *significant* Gestures are represented in a Dance — Astonishing Philosophy! What sufficient Retaliation can we Fathers and Husbands make that worthy Person, who has been the happy Instrument of so powerfully correcting the vicious Inclinations of our Wives and Daughters, that they are not to be *moved* by any thing that can be said to them. This indeed is the great Design, the ultimate End of all Dramatick Writings; so to mould and temper the Passions, as to purge and refine 'em, by the very Means they are excited: And the Atchievement of this glorious Work, is your lawdable Aim in all your Performances. You profoundly judge, that one Poison is best expell'd by another; that Incontinency is most effectually cur'd by more Incontinency, like heaping on Fewel to put out the Fire; and that the Representation of Lewdness, is the most powerful Restraint from the Practice of it; agreeable to the Maxim of those wise Heathens who made their Slave drunk, to shew their Sons the Deformity of th
Vice.

The Dedication.

In fine, Sir, it may be very emphatically affirm'd of you, that you *know the World*. You have a commensurate Idea of the Length, Depth, and Breadth of all the *Choice Spirits* and *Fine Genius's* of the Age. You are convinc'd by happy Experience, that the Pleasures and Diversions which the present Race of Mortals are most fond of, are such as do the most effectually impose both on their Senses and Understandings; and that the utmost satisfaction they receive, is from being visibly play'd the Fool with. That their Judgements have got the *Palsy*, and their Imaginations the *St. Vitus's Dance*: The first, benumb'd, insensible, and unactive — the last convuls'd, ridiculous, and unnatural; and, like a true *Quack*, you continue to apply *Anodynes* to those, and *Volatiles* to these.

You are a thorough Master, Sir, of the great and Lucrative Art of *Delusion*, and every thing is taken for Gold that but goes through your Hands. You can make Profaness pass for Wit, and Lewdness for polite Conversation; Scolding for Rallery, and Hectoring for Courage, a Fool's Coat for pure Humour, and a Tweak by the Nose, or a Box to'the Ear for keen Repartee. The present Sett of Criticks who preside in the Theatres, and call themselves the Town, are Gentlemen you well know of such curious Constitutions, as can by no Means undergo the Drudgery of Thinking. To their Taste therefore do you prudently project to reduce your Productions. To apply to their Judgment you cannot, for you are convinc'd they have none; and to accost their Senses in a natural Way, would be likewise Impolitick, for those being a Sort of Inlets, or *Sink-holes* to the Understanding,

ing,

The Dedication.

ing, (which in these Gentlemen I look on to be a kind of *Common Sewer*) it would be only disturbing the *Puddle*, to bespatter your self. Well-judg'd therefore is it of you, Sir, to endeavour to engage 'em by such Diversions, as were never before seen, heard, or conceiv'd; and never can be judg'd of or understood. In which Attempt you have so wonderfully, and meritoriously succeeded, that whilst the *Sublime* of a *Shakespeare*, the *Tenderness* of an *Otway*, and the *Humour* of a *Vanbrugh*, are represented by a *Booth*, a *Wilks*, and a *Cibber*, to empty Benches; you can by the single wave of a *Harlequin's Wand* conjure the whole Town every Night into *your Circle*; where, like a true *Cunning Man*, you amuse 'em with a few *Puppy's Tricks* while you juggle 'em of their Pelf, and then cry out with a Note of Triumph,

Si Mundus vult Decipi, Decipiatur.

And now, Sir, having given you a full and true Account of your self, we come next (consonant to the lawdable Custom of Dedications) to say something of our selves, with a Word upon our Performance.

As to the following Piece, it is *Horace new dress'd, modernis'd, done into English, adapted to the present Taste*, or rather metaphorically speaking, it is *Horace turn'd Harlequin*, with his Head where his Heels should be; in which Posture we ween not but he will be well receiv'd by you Sir, and in Consequence of that, by the whole Town.

— *Nec Phebo gratior ulla est
quam sibi quæ Vari prescripsit pagina Nomen.*

But here sue we for Pardon, in not having consider'd that you are too much both of a *modern fine Gentleman*, and
Poet,

The Dedication.

Poet, to understand Quotations from such antiquated Authors; howbeit we are warranted hereunto by the daily Practice of our Brethren, who never fail to interlace, and trim their Dedications with Scraps from Authors at once so very foreign and enigmatical, that neither their Patrons or themselves are travel'd enough to unriddle them.

And now for the *Criticks*, — those malevolent *Mungrils*, whose Barking we despise; Those *Hogs* whose only Delight is to feed on Ordure and Offalls; Those Blund'ring *Oxen*, who tread down the good Corn, only to come at the Weeds; Those *Black Birds*, who will be always picking Holes in the fairest Fruit; Those *Ruffians*, with dark Lanthorns, which contain just Light enough to shew 'em the Way to murder other People; Those *Rats*, which tear Books to Pieces, only to come at the Paste they are glew'd with; Those *Owls*, *Batts*, *Vultures*, *Drones*, *Bears*, *Tigers*, *Crocodiles*, *Dragons*, we dread, abominate, neglect, and contemn; being thoroughly satisfy'd with our selves, and this our Performance; well knowing that what we have done, will be of infinite Service to Mankind in general, and greatly tend to the Advantage of our own dear *Countrymen*, and *Brethren*; The comfortable Reflection upon which, and the Approbation we shall unquestionably receive from the 'Town (and for which we lay hold of this Opportunity to return them our humble and hearty Thanks) will support us under all the Opposition we may meet with from the above-mention'd *Hottentots*; and will encourage us to go on to the utmost of our Power, and publish something more as speedily as possible.

One Word more Sir, and we bid you adieu; we had once purpos'd to make the following Work more acceptable to the *Erudite*, by casting at the Foot of each Page, a Competency of Notes both Critical and Explanatory;

The Dedication.

natory ; but upon more mature Deliberation, we determin'd to leave this Part to the penetrating, nice-guessing, and laborious Dr. *Zoilus* ; no way doubting but he will execute it with equal Astonishment and Satisfaction to the gentle Reader, as he has already done with regard to our original Author.

And now, Sir, begging Pardon both of your self and the Publick, for taking up so much of your precious Time, which is always employ'd in their Service, and intreating *Mercury* and *Venus* to take you into their Protection, praying at the same Time that you may never grow *fatt*, or be *laid by the Heels*, but may ever remain *slender, slippant* and *free*, both for the Recreation of this Metropolis, and your own private Emolument,

I subscribe my self with all due Submission,

Your humble Admirer,

And hearty Well-Wisher,

Harlequin-Horace






Harlequin - Horace :

O R, T H E

ART of Modern POETRY.

(1)  E some great Artist in whose Works
conspire

The Grace of *Raphael*, and a *Ti-*
tian's Fire,

Should toil to draw the *Portrait* of a Fair

With *Shaftsb'ry's* Mien, and *Harvey's* pleasing *Air*;

B

A Shape

(1) Humano capiti cervicem Pictor Equinam
Jungere si Velit, & varias inducere plumas,
Undique collatis membris, ut turpiter atrum

A *Shape* that might with lovely *Queenb'rough's* *Vie*,
 The *Smile* of *Vanbrugh*, and a *Hartford's* *Eye*,
 'Till the whole Piece shou'd like a *Richmond* shine,
 One finish'd *Form*, in ev'ry *Part* divine.
 Tho' thus with all that's *Justly* pleasing fraught,
 Our *modern Connoisseurs* would scorn the Draught.

(2) Such *Treatment* *Friend* you must expect to find,
 Whilst *Art*, and *Nature* in your works are join'd.
 'Tis not to *Think* with *Strength*, and *Write* with *Ease*,
 No — 'tis the *Ægri Somnia* now must please;
 Things without *Head*, or *Tail*, or *Form*, or *Grace*,
 A wild, forc'd, glaring, unconnected *Mass*.

Well!

Desinat in piscem mulier formosa superne;
 Spectatum admissi, risum teneatis, amici?
 (2) Credite, Pisones, isti Tabulæ fore Librum
 Persimilem, cujus velut Ægri Somnia, vanæ
 Fingentur Species, ut nec pes nec caput uni
 Reddatur formæ.

Well! Bards (*you say*) like Painters, Licence claim,
To dare do any thing for Bread, or — Fame.

'Tis granted — therefore use your utmost Might,
To gratify the Town in all you write;

A Thousand jarring Things together yoke,

The *Dog*, the *Dome*, the *Temple*, and the *Joke*,

Consult no Order, but for ever steer

From grave to gay, from florid to severe.

(3) To grand Beginnings full of Pomp and Show,

Big Things profess, and Brags of what you'll do,

Still some gay, glitt'ring, foreign *Gewgaws* join,

Which, like *gilt Points*, on * *Peter's Coat*, may shine;

B 2

Descrip-

— Pictoribus atque Poetis

Quidlibet adendi semper fuit æqua potestas;

Scimus, & hanc Veniam petimusque damusque vicissim:

Sed non ut placidis cocant immitia, non ut

Serpentes avibus gementur, tigribus agni.

(3) Inceptis gravibus plerumque & magna professis

Purpureus late qui splendeat unus & alter

Assuitur Pannus, —

* Vide *Tale of a Tub*.

Descriptions which may make your Readers stare,
 And marvel how such pretty Things came There.
 So old * *Dinarchus* tossing on his Bed,
 In dreadful Visions that his Daughter bled,
 A Friend comes in, and with Reflection deep,
 Descants upon the *Sweetness* of his Sleep;
 When up the Sire starts trembling from his Dream,
 And straight presents you with a *purling Stream*,
 Describes the *Riv'let* roving thro' the Trees,
 The dancing *Sun-beams*, and refreshing *Breeze*.

Thus ne'er regard Connection, Time, or Place,
 For sweet Variety has every Grace.

Suppose you're skill'd in the *Parnassian Art*,
 To purge the Passions, and correct the Heart,

To

——— cum *Lucus* & *ara Dianæ*,
 Aut *properantis Aquæ* per *amænos ambitos agros*,
 Aut *flumen Rhenum*, aut *pluvius describitur arcus*;
 Sed nunc non erat his locus:

——— & fortasse *Cupressum*

* Vide these Beauties in a Modern Play call'd *Timoleon*, a Tragedy.

To paint Mankind in ev'ry Light, and Stage,
 Their various Humours, Characters, and Age,
 To fix each Portion in its proper Place,
 And give the Whole one Method, Form, and Grace;
 What's that to us? who pay our Pence to see
 The great Productions of *Profundity*,
Shipwrecks, and *Monsters*, *Conjurers*, and *Gods*,
 Where every Part is with the Whole at odds.

(4) With Truth and Likelihood we all are griev'd,
 And take most Pleasure, when we're most deceiv'd.
 Now write obscure, and let your Words move slow,
 Then with full Light, and rapid Ardor glow;

In

Scis simulare, quod hoc, si fractis enatat exspes
 Navibus, ære dato qui pingitur? amphora caput
 Institui, currente rota cur urceus exit?
 Denique fit quidvis simplex duntaxat & unum.

(4) Decipimur specie recti; brevis esse laboro,
 Obscurus fio: sectantem lævia nervi

In one Scene make your *Hero* cant, and whine,
 Then, roar out *Liberty* in every Line;
 Vary one Thing a thousand pleasant Ways,
 Shew *Whales* in *Woods*, and *Dragons* in the *Seas*.

(5) To shun a Fault's the ready Way to fall,
 Correctness is the greatest Fault of all.

(6) What tho' in *Pope's* harmonious Lays combine,
 All that is lovely, noble, and divine;
 Tho' every part with Wit, and Nature glows,
 And from each Line a sweet Instruction flows;
 Tho' thro' the whole the *Loves*, and *Graces* smile,
 Polish the Manners, and adorn the Stile?

Yet

-
- Deficiunt animique : professus grandia turget.
 Qui variare cupit rem prodigaliter unam
 Delphinum Sylvis appingit, fluctibus aprum
 (5) In vitium ducit culpæ fuga, si caret arte.
 (6) Æmilium circa ludum faber imus & unguis
 Exprimet, & molles imitabitur ore capillos;

Yet still unhappily to Sense tied down,

He's ignorant of the Art to please the Town.

Heav'n grant I never write like him I mention,

Since to the *Bays* I could not make pretension,

Nor *Thresher*-like, hope to obtain a *Pension*.

(7) N'ere wait for Subjects equal to your Might,

For then, 'tis ten to one you never write ;

When Hunger prompts you, take the first you meet,

For who'd stand chusing when he wants to eat ?

Besides, Necessity's the keenest Whet ;

He writes most natural, who's the most in Debt.

Take

Infelix operis summa, quia ponere totum
Nesciet ; hunc ego me, si quid componere curem,
Non magis esse velim, quam pravo vivere naso —

(7) Sumite materiam vestris, qui scribitis, æquam
Viribus ; & versate diu, quid ferre recusent,
Quid valeant humeri : cui lecta potenter erit res,
Nec facundia deseret hunc nec lucidus ordo.

(8) Take then no pains a Method to maintain,
 Or link your Work in a continu'd Chain,
 But cold, dull Order gloriously disdain.
 Now here, now there, launch boldly from your
 Theme,
 And make surprizing Novelties your Aim ;
 Bombast, and Farce, the Sock and Buskin blend,
 Begin with *Bluster*, and with *Bawdry* end.

(9) In coining Words your own discretion use ;
 For coin you must to suit the *modern* Muse.
 New Terms adapted to the Purpose bring,
 When *Eagles* are to talk, or *Asses* sing.

-
- (8) Ordinis hæc vertus erit, & Venus, aut ego fallor,
 Ut jam nunc dicat, jam nunc debentia dici:
 Pleraque differat, & presens, in Tempus omittat.
 9) In verbis etiam tenuis, cautusque serendis,
 Dixeris egregie, notum si callida verbum
 Reddideret Junctura novum ; si forte necesse est
 Indiciis monstrare recentibus, abdita rerum
 Fingere cinctutis non exaudita Cethegis
 Continget, dabiturque licentia sumpta pudenter,

No matter that from *Greece*, or *Rome* they come,

An *English* Poet scorns to go from *Home*.

Why should to modern *Tibbald* be denied ?

What antient *Settle* would have own'd with Pride.

Or why should any mock, or envy me ?

For writing a new *Art of Poetry* ;

Since *Welsted*, *Philips*, *Ward*, have given us store

Of Beauties which were never known before.

For as the stately Oaks that late were seen

Proudly compacted, eminently green,

Rob'd of their leafy Honours, stragling Bow,

Their hoary Heads beneath the falling Snow ;

C

So

Et nova, fœtaque nuper, habebunt verba fidem, si
 Græco fonte cadunt parce detorta. Quid autem
 Cæcilio Plautoque dabit Romanus, addemptum
 Virgilio Varioque. Ego cur acquire pauca
 Si possum invidior ? Quum lingua catonis & Enni
 Sermonem patrium dilaverit, & nova eorum
 Nomina protulerit. Licuit, semperque licebit
 Signatum præsentem nota procudere nomen.
 Ut Silvæ foliis pronos mutantur in annos :
 Prima cadunt ; ita Verborum vetus interit ætas ;

So Nature, Wit, and Sense must *blasted* fall,
 Whilst *blooming* Ignorance prevails o'er all.

No *Work* so great, but what admits decay,

No *Act* so glorious, but must fade away.

Blenheim's vast Pile shall moulder into Dust,

And *George's* Statues be consum'd by Rust ;

Old things must yield to *New*, *Common* to *Strange*,

Perpetual Motion, brings perpetual Change.

Lo! *Shakespear's* Head is crush'd by *R——b's* Heels,

And a throng'd Theatre in *Goodman's* Fields.

Lo! *Smithfield* Shows a *polish'd* Court engage,

And *Hurlothrumbo* charms the *knowing* Age.

Since

Et Juvenum ritu florent modo nata, vigentque.
 Debemur morti nos, nostraque ; sive receptus
 Terra Neptunus classes Aquilonibus arcet,
 Regis opus : sterilisve diu palus, abtaque Remis
 Vicinas urbes alit, & grave sentit arratrum.
 ——— Mortalia facta peribunt
 Nedum Sermonum stet honos, & gratia Vivax.

Since Manners alter thus, the *modish* Muse,
 Themes suited to the reigning Taste should chuse :
 What Bard for *starving* Sense would suffer Death?
 When *fruitful* Folly is th' Establish'd Faith.

(10) The Way to write of Heroes, and of Kings,
 And sing in *wond'rous* Numbers, *wond'rous* Things;
 Of mighty Matters done in bloody Battle,
 How Arms meet Arms, Swords clash, and Cannons
 rattle,
 How such strange Toils, and Turmoils to rehearse,
 Learnt from *Bl—'s* everlasting Verse.

C 2

(11) To

Multa renascentur quæ jam cecidere, cadentque
 Quæ nunc sunt in honore Vocabula, si Volet usus,
 Quem penes arbitrium est, & jus, & norma loquendi.

(10) Res gestæ, Regumque, Ducumque, & tristia Bella
 Quæ scribi possunt numero monstravit Homerus.

(11) To sing of Shepherds, and of Shepherdesses,
 Their awkward Humours, Dialogues, and Dresses:
 The manner how they Plow, and Sow, and Reap,
 * *How silly they, more silly than their Sheep,*
In Mantles blue, can trip it o'er the Green,
 In *Namby Pamby's Past'rals* may be seen.

(12) *T*—*ld* in *Mail compleat of Dullness* clad,
Half Bard, half Puppet-man, half Fool, half Mad,
 Rose next to charm the Ear, and please the Eye,
 With ev'ry Monster bred beneath the Sky;
 His great Command Earth's Salvages obey,
 And ev'ry dreadful Native of the Sea;
 Amaz'd we view (by his strange Pow'r convey'd)
Pluto's dark Throne, and Hell's tremendous Shade;

The

(11) Verſibus impariter Junctis querimonia Primum,
 Poſt etiam Inclufa eſt Voti Sententia compos.

(12) Archilocum proprio rabies armavit Jambo
 Tunc Secii ceſere pedem grandeſque cothurni,

* *Two Lines in Phillips's Pastorals.*

Then change the Scene, and lo! Heaven's bright
Abode's,

We dance with Goddeffes, and fing with Gods;

Encore, Encore, rings thro' the raptur'd Round,

Encore, Encore, the ecchoing Roofs refound.

(13) The *Sacred Nine* first gave th'uncommon luck,

To charm the Royal Ear, to *Stephen Duck*;

To fing the *Thresher's Labours*, and recite

Things done by *Man of God* for *Shunamite*.

Laborious *Duck!* who with prodigious Pain,

Hast thresh'd from thy course, tough, hard-yielding
brain,

A most abundant Crop of *golden Grain*.

But

Alternis aptum Sermonibus & populares
Vincentem strepitus —

(13) Musa dedit fidibus, Divos Puerosque Deorum
Et pugilem Victoriâ, & Equum, certamine primum,
Et Juvenum Curas, & libera Vina referre.

* But which of these the *Laureat's* Wreath shall wear,

From their *like Merit* cannot well appear,

Till deep, discerning *G—ton* shall declare.

(14) If ignorant then of these *new* Ways to Fame,
You'll ne'er acquire the Poet's sacred Name.

Your Readers Tastes you must with Care discern,

And never be *too ignorant* to learn.

Let *Comick* Wit be wrote in *Tragick* Verse,

And *doleful* Tales be shown in *hum'rous* Farce.

Assign no Place to a peculiar Part,

Nor brook the Bondage of laborious Art ;

But

Quis tamen exiguos Elegos emisit Auctor
Grammatici certant, & adhuc sub iudice lis est.
(14) Descriptas Servare vices Operumque colores
Cur ego si nequeo Ignoroque, Poeta salutor?
Cur necire pudens prave, quam discere malo?
Versibus exponi Tragicis res comica non vult
Indignatur item privatis ac prope Socco
Dignis Carminibus narrari cæna Thyestæ,
Singula quæque locum teneant Sortita decenter.
Interdum tamen & vocem Comedia tollit,
Et tragicus plerumque dolet Sermone pedestri.

* When these Lines were first wrote, the Place of Poet-Laureat was Vacant by the Demise of the Reverend Mr. Eusden.

* J. of Grafton is Chamberlain
the Laureat's place is in gift of

But vary oft your Method, and your Stile,
 Let one Scene make us weep, the other smile,
 It suits the various Tempers of our Isle.



(15) 'Tis not enough that Show, and Sing-song
 meet,

The Ladies look for something *soft*, and *sweet* :

That ev'ry tender Sentiment can move,

And fix their Fancies on the *Part* they love.

In *Perseus* this was to Perfection done,

The *Dance* was very *moving* they must own.

(16) But if you must be foolishly severe,

And in dull Morals madly persevere ;

If Sense, and Decency you still will keep,

No wonder if your Audience hiss, or sleep.

Your

Si curat cor spectantis tetigisse querela.

(15) Non satis est pulchra esse Poemata, Dulcia sunt.
 Et quocumque volunt animum auditoris Agunto.

(16) ——— male si mandata Loqueris
 Aut dormitabo aut ridebo,

Your Words should ne'er be suited to your Theme,
The Sound a *Contrast* to the Sense should seem.

A merry Grinn sets off a *dismal* Tale,

Weep when you *jest*, and *giggle* while you *rail*.

For wanton Nature forms the human Mind,
Still fond of *Wonders*, and to *Change* inclin'd;
Plain Sense we fly, *strange* Nonsense to pursue,
And leave *old Follies*, but to grasp at *New*;
One hour we court, what we the *next* refuse,
And loath to morrow, what to day we chuse:
Now we are grave, then gay — now wing'd with
Joy,
Then sunk in Grief — and all we know not why.

Th

tristia mæstum
Vultum verba decent, Iratum Plena minarum
Ludentem lasciva, severum seria dictu.

Format enim natura prius nos intus ad omnem
Fortunarum habitum. Juvat aut impellit ad Iram
Aut ad humum mærore gravi diducit & angit.

The Things we hunt, are Pleasure, Wealth, and
Fame,

But a wrong Scent still cheats us of the Game ;

For different Objects, different Aims excite,

And still we think the last Opinion right :

To Craft, Deceit, and Selfishness inclin'd,

We never let the Face betray the Mind ;

But then look fairest, when we mean most Ill,

And *Syrens* like we only smile — to kill :

By Interest sway'd, each Word is full of Art,

And still the Tongue runs counter to the Heart.

(17) From all restraint your Characters set free,

Nor with their Fortune make their Words agree.

D

We

Post effort animi motus interprete Lingua.

(17) Si dicentis erunt fortunis absona dicta,

We hate a Piece where Truth and Nature meet,
 Scorn what is real, but enjoy deceit ;
 And always give the most Applause to those,
 Who on our very Senses most impose.

(18) Take then no Pains resemblance to pursue,
 Give us but something very strange, and new,
 'Twill entertain the more — that 'tis not true.
 If great Sir *R*——'s Character you'd feign,
 Describe him mean, revengeful, thoughtless, vain,
 A thousand monstrous Accusations bring,
 False to his *Friends*, his *Country*, and his *King*.
 Make *weekly Patriots* free from Envy seem,
 And Publick Good their *Thought*, as well as *Theme*.

Romani tollent Equites peditesque cachinnum.

(13) Aut famam sequere, aut sibi convenientia fuge
 Scriptor. Honoratum si forte reponis Achillem,
 Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer,
 Jura neget sibi nata, nihil non arroget armis :
 Sit Medea ferox invictaque, flebilis Ivo,

Call *D——t* proud, vain-glorious, fond of Station, *dom. 6*

And *H——r* the Honour of the Nation;

Shew *Cb——ld* nor witty, nor polite, *P. 107*

A——le unable or to speak, or fight. *J. 102*

(19) But if some untry'd Story you would chuse,

And in new Characters employ your Muse ;

Draw each be sure as monstrous as you can,

Something betwixt a *C——tres* and a Man. *G. 117*

True to it self let no one Image be,

Nor the Beginning, with the End agree ;

From first to last write on without Design,

And give us some new Wonder in each Line.

D 2

(20) 'Tis

Perfidus Ixion, Io vaga, tristis Orestes.

- (19) Si quid inexpertum scenæ committis, & audes
 Personam formare novam, servetur ad imum
 Qualis ab inceptu processerit, & sibi constet.

(20) 'Tis difficult a well-known Tale to tell,
 It won't admit Variety so well ;
 'But if you bring a *Scotch*, or *Irish* Story,
 You'll never fail to please both *Whig* and *Tory* :
 Then other's Labours you may make your own,
 Steal every Word, nor fear its being known ;
 For if another should your Theft explore,
 E'en cry *Thief* first, like honest *J*-^{ESSAY}*y* *M*-^{TO}*rc.*

(21) Let lofty Language your Beginning grace,
 And still set out with a gigantick Pace ;
 In thund'ring Lines your *no Design* rehearse.
 And rant, and rumble in a Storm of Verse.

It

-
- (20) Difficile est proprie communia dicere: tuque
 Rectius Illiacum Carmen deducis in actus,
 Quam si proferres ignota indictaque primus ;
 Publica materies privati Juris erit, Si
 Nec Verbum Verbo curabis reddere fidus
 Interpres, nec sic desilies Imitator in arctum
 Unde Pedem proferre pudor Vetet, aut Operis Lex.
- (21) Nec sic incipies ut scriptor Cyclicus olim,
 Hercanum Priami cantabo & nobis Bellum ,

It ne'er can fail to charm a crowded House,
 To see the lab'ring Mountain yield a Mouse.
 We're pleas'd to find the *great, th' important, Day,*
 Produce a Jig, a Wedding, or a Fray;
As if the old World modestly withdrew,
And in Creation had brought forth a New;
 Profoundly judging with the antient Sire,
That where there is much Smoke, must be some Fire.

(22) 'Tis therefore your's to keep the Mind in
 Doubt,

And never let your Meaning quite come out;
 To shun the least approach of Light with Care,
 And turn, and double like a hunted Hare.

To

Quid dignum tanto feriet hic promissor hiatu,
 Parturient montes nascetur ridiculus mus.
 Non fumum ex fulgore, sed ex fumo dare Lucem
 Cogitat ut speciosa dehinc Miracula promat.
 (22) Semper ad eventum festinat & in medias res,
 Non secus ac notas auditorem rapit & quæ.

To hide your whole Design make some Pretence,
 And spare no Pains to keep us in suspense ;
 Leave out no Nonfense, and you cannot fail
 To make your Work have neither Head nor Tail.

(23) If anxious to delight the list'ning Throng,
 Their strict Attention, and loud Claps prolong ;
 If ev'ry Rank, and Sect you would engage,
 Ne'er suit your Manners to the Sex, or Age.
 To write in Character is not requir'd ;
 The more uncommon, 'tis the more admir'd.

(24) A Child that just can go alone, and prattle,
 Should mourn at once, for loss of Breast — and Battle.

Like

*Desperat tractata nitescere posse, relinquit ;
 Atque ita mentitur, sic veris falsa remiscet
 Primo ne medium, medio ne discrepet imum.*

- (23) *Si plausoris eges aulæa manentis, & usque
 Sessuri donec cantor, Vos plaudite, dicat,
 Ætatis cujusque notandi sunt tibi mores.*
- (24) *Reddere qui voces jam scit puer, & pede certo*

Like little *W*———*m*, boast true *English* Spirit,
 And gravely talk of Vertue, Sense, and Merit ;
 Converse with Patriots, and *Politicians*,
 And rail at *Dunkirk*, *Hannover*, and *Hessians*.

(25) The beardless Youth as wanton as a Squirrel,
 Just free'd from Discipline of Rod, and Ferrel,
 Should wisely cast his jovial Sports away,
 Renounce his Wenching, Drinking, Dogs, and Play,
 Copy the *stingy Duke* so young and thrifty,
 And look, and talk a very Don of Fifty.

(26) One of that Age at which 'tis made a Rule,
 That each Man's a Physician, or a Fool ;

Wild

Signat humum, gestit paribus colludere, & iram
 Colligit ac ponit temere, & mutantur in horas.

- (25) Imberbis Juvenis, tandem custode remoto,
 Gaudet equis canibusque & aprici gramine campi;
 Cereus in vitium flecti, monitoribus asper,
 Utilium tardus provisor, prodigus æris,
 Sublimis, cupidusque & amata relinquere pernix.
- (26) Conversis studiis ætas animusque virilis

Wild as old wanton *R——r* should appear,
 Void of Ambition, innocent of Fear ;
 Nor Fame, nor Friendship, nor Preferment mind,
 So *Fowler* prove but staunch, and *Phillis* kind.

(27) Old Age in youthful Pleasures should delight,
 And like grim *C——s* Drink, Wench, Game, and
 Bite ;

Have each weak Side supported by a Whore,
 And ravish *Drury-Virgins* by the Score.

For 'tis, you know, an uncontested Truth,
 That Age is nothing but a second Youth.

Dejecting Thought! that all the Toil and Cares
 Which Youth's employ'd in, all our Hopes, and Fears

Th

Quærit opes & amicitias, inservit honori,
 Commisisse cavet quod mox mutare laboret.

(27) Multa senem circum veniunt incommoda, vel quod
 Quærit & inventis miser abstinet, ac timet uti :
 Vel quod Res omnes timide gelideque ministrat ;
 Dilator, spe longus inners avidusque futuri,
 Dillicilis, querulus, Laudator temporis acti.

The Wealth, Fame, Knowledge, Honour, we obtain,
 Pass a few Years, are useleſs found, and vain.

Thus Truth and Nature you muſt ſtill neglect,
 For thoſe Things pleaſe us moſt we leaſt expect,
 To ſee *Sixteen* like old Sir G——t ſcrape, *S. J. Heath*
 And *Sixty* ſent to *Newgate* for a Rape.

(28) Next ſhun with Care, the Rule preſcrib'd of
 old,

That Things too ſtrange, ſhould not be ſhewn, but
 told.

The Feats of *Fauftus*, and the Pranks of *Jove*
 Chang'd to a *Bull*, to carry off his Love ;

E

The

Se puero, cenſor caſtigatōque minorum.
 Multa ferunt anni venientes commoda ſecum,
 Multa recedentes adimunt ; ne forte ſeniles
 Mandentur Juveni partes, pueroque Viriles,
 Semper in adjunctis ævoque morabitur aptis.

(28) Aut agitur res in Scenis, aut acta refertur ;
 Segnius irritant animos demiffa per aurem,
 Quam quæ ſunt oculis ſubjecta fidelibus, & quæ

The *swimming Monster*, and the *flying Steed*,
Medusa's Cavern, and her *Serpent-breed*,
Domes voluntary rising from the *Ground*,
 And *Yaboo Rich* transform'd into a *Hound*,
 All acted, with a *Show of Truth* deceive,
 Which if related we should ne'er believe ;
 Glorious *Free-thinking* reigns to that degree,
 We credit nothing now, but what we *see*.

(29) The Number of your Acts we never mind,
 For modern Poets scorn to be confin'd :
 Two sometimes suits the Genius, sometimes three,
 With hungry Bards the fewest best agree.

(30) To

Ipse sibi tradit Spectator — non tamen intus
 Digna geri, promes in Scenam —
 Nec pueros, coram populo, Medea trucidet
 Aut in avem Progne mutatur, Cadmus in Anguem,
 Quodcumque ostendis mihi sic incredulus odi.
 (29) Neve minor, neu sit quinto productior actu
 Fabula, quæ posci vult & Spectata reponi.

(30) To serve each purpose, be it ne'er so odd,
 Be sure to introduce a *Ghost* or — *God*;
 Make *Monsters, Fiends, Heav'n, Hell*, at once engage,
 For all are pleas'd to see a *well-fill'd Stage*.

(31) The antient *Chorus* justly's laid aside,
 And all its Office by a *Song* supply'd:
 A *Song* — when to the Purpose something's lack't,
 Relieves us in the middle of an Act;
 A *Song* inspires our Breasts with am'rous Fury,
 And turns our Fancies on the *Nymphs of Drury*:
 Can quell our Rage, and pacify our Cares,
 Revive old Hopes, and banish present Fears;

E 2

Lighten

(30) Nec Deus interfit, nisi dignus vindice nodus
 Inciderit, nec quarta loqui persona laboret.

(31) Actoris partes Chorus officiumque Virile
 Defendat, neu quid medios intercinat actus
 Quod non proposito conducat & hæreat apte;
 Ille bonis faveatque & concilietur amicis,
 Ille regat iratos, & amet peccare timentes:
 Ille dapcs laudet mensæ brevis, ille salubrem

Lighten like Wine the bitter Load of Life,
 And make each Wretch forget his *Debts* — and *Wife*.

(32) In Days of Old when *Englishmen* were *Men*,
 Their Musick like themselves, was grave, and plain;
 The manly Trumpet, and the simple Reed,
 Alike with *Citizen*, and *Swain* agreed,
 Whose Songs in lofty Sense, but humble Verse,
 Their Loves, and Wars alternately rehearse;
 Sung by themselves their homely Cheer to crown,
 In Tunes from Sire to Son deliver'd down.

(33) But now, since *Brittains* are become polite,
 Since some have learnt to *read*, and some to *write*;

Since

Justitiam, legesque, & apertis otia Portis;
 Ille tegat commissa, Deosque precetur & oret
 Ut redeat miseris, abeat fortuna superbis.

(32) Tibia non, ut nunc, Orichalco vineta, Tubæque
 Æmula, sed tenuis simplex foramine paucis,
 A spirare & adesse Choris erat utilis, atque

Since Trav'ling has so much improv'd our *Beaux*,
 That each brings home a foreign *Tongue*, or *Nose*;
 And Ladies paint with that amazing Grace,
 That their best *Vizard* is their natural *Face*;
 Since *South-Sea Schemes* have so enrich'd the Land,
 That *Footmen* 'gainst their *Lords* for *Boroughs* stand;
 Since *Masquerades* and *Opera's* made their Entry,
 And *Heydegger* and *Handell* rul'd our Gentry;
 A hundred different Instruments combine,
 And foreign *Songsters* in the Concert join:
 The *Gallick Horn*, whose winding Tube, in vain
 Pretends to emulate the *Trumpet's* Strain;

The

Nondum spissa nimis complere sedilia flatu,
 Quo sane Populus numerabilis, utpote parvus,
 Et frugi, castusque vere-cundusque coibat.
 Postquam cœpit agros extendere victor, & urbem
 Latior amplecti murus, Vinoque diurno
 Placari Genius festis impunc diebus,
 Accessit numerisque modisque libentia major;

The *shrill-ton'd Fiddle*, and the *warbling Flute*,
 The *grave Bassoon*, *deep Base*, and *tinkling Lute*,
 The *jingling Spinnet*, and the *full-mouth'd Drum*,
 A *Roman Weather* and *Venetian Strum*,
 All league, melodious Nonsense to dispense,
 And give us *Sound*, and *Show*, instead of *Sense*;
 In unknown Tongues mysterious Dullness chant,
 Make Love in *Tune*, or thro' the *Gamut rant*.

(33) Long labour'd *Rich*, by *Tragick Verse* to gain
 The *Town's Applause* — but labour'd long in vain;
 At length he wisely to his Aid call'd in,
 The *active Mime* and *checker'd Harlequin*.

No

Sic etiam fidibus voces crevere severis,
 Et tulit Eloquium insolitum facundia præceps :
 Utilianque sagax rerum & divina futuris
 Sortilegis non discrepuit sententia Delphis.
 (33) Carmine qui Tragico vilem certavit ob Hircum,
 Mox etiam agrestes Satyros nudavit, & asper.

Nor rul'd by Reason, nor by Law restrain'd,
 In all his Shows, Smut and Profanefs reign'd ;
 Lords, Squires, and Commons, all alike they roast,
 From *Knight of Garter*, down to *Knight of Post* ;
 Paid no regard to any Rank or Station,
 Yea, mock'd the solemn Rites of *Coronation*.
 Lords, Knights, and Ladies who but late were seen
 With Regal Pomp, and Eminence of Mien ;
 Plumes on their Heads that seem'd to reach the Skie,
 Ribbands and Stars that dazzl'd every Eye ;
Trains

Incolumi gravitate jocum tentavit, eo quod
 Illecebris erat & grata novitate morandus
 Spectator, functusque sacris, & potus, & exlex.
 Verum ita riores ita commendare dicaces,
 Conveniet Satyros, ita vertere Seria Ludo,
 Ne quicumque Deus, quicumque adhebitur heros
 Regali conspectus in auro nuper & Ostro

Soon after the *Coronation* of their present Majesties, there was a
 pompous Representation of the Solemnity, and Procession, exhibited at the
 Theatre in Drury-lane, which Mr. Rich took occasion to Burlesque in the
 manner above describ'd.

Trains that with Gold; and Purple swept the

Ground,

And *Musick* like the Sphere's celestial Sound;

Here stripp'd of all, in homely guise appear,

Knights Hempen-strings, and *Ladies Pattens* wear;

The good *Lord Mayor*; as erst, devouring *Custard*,

And *Musick*, as when *City-Bands* are muster'd.

Thou then, O Bard! who would'st attempt

please,

Give us such fine, fantastick Things as these;

Make our grave *Matrons* as unseemly Dance,

And talk as Lewd as *Mademoiselles de France*.

(34) Who's

Migret in obscuras, humili sermone, Tabernas.

Effutire leves indigna Tragœdia Versus,
Ut festis matrona moveri iussa diebus,
Interet Satyris paulum pudibunda protervis.

(34) Who'ere would *Comedy* or *Satire* write,

Must never spare *Obscenity*, and *Spite* :

A *Quantum sufficit* of Smut, will raise

Crowds of Applauders to the dullest Plays ;

Whilst Scandal, Rallery, and pure ill Nature,

Are found the best *Ingredients* for a Satire.

But he that would in *Buskins* tread the Stage,

With *Rant*, and *Fustian*, must divert the Age,

And *Boschi* like, be always in a Rage.

In *Blood* and *Wounds* the *Galleries* most delight,

Who think all Vertue is to storm, and fight ;

Whilst *Plumes*, gilt *Truncheons*, bloody *Ghosts* and

Thunder,

Engage the *Boxes* to behold and — wonder.

F

Confound

(34) Non ego inornata & dominantia nomina solum
Verbaque Pisones, Satyrorum Scriptor amabo ;
Nec sic enitar Tragico differre colori

Confound each Character, no difference make

If *Talbot*, or a *Gonj~~son~~n* be to speak;

So puzzle well known Things, that all may own,

Such Wonders could be done by you alone:

So much surprizing Novelty prevails,

And adds such Honours to the meanest Tales.

(35) Let Country *Louts* then, just come up to
Town,

Well-bred, Polite, and Elegant, be shewn;

Talk Blasphemy and Bawdry, with a *Port*,

As if they had been born, and bred at Court:

T

Ut nihil intersit Davusne loquatur, an audax
Pythias, emuncto lucrata Simone Talentum:
An custos famulusque Dei Silenus alumni.
Ex noto fictum carmen sequar ut sibi quis
Speret idem. Sudet multum, frustra que laboret
Ausus idem. Tantum Series juncturaque pollet,
Tantum de medio sumptis accedit honoris.

(35) *Silvis deducti caveant me iudice Fauni,
Ne velut innati triviis & pene forenses.*

To see all Nature with such Art inverted,
Tom and my *Lord* will be alike diverted ;
 Let Criticks snarl they never can redress,
 For worthy Leave is given you to transgress.

(36) But hold, wise Sir, for that *your Leave* we
 crave,

What shan't we shew the little Wit we have ?

Shall *we* (*you cry*) learn writing ill by *Rule*,

And have *we* need to *Study* to be *Dull* ?

Yes — when the greatest Merit's want of Sense,

The least faint glimpse of Reason gives offence :

F 2

Besides,

Aut immunda crepent ignominiosaque dicta :
 Offenduntur enim quibus est Equus & Pater & Res.
 Et data Romanis Venia est indigna Poetis.

(36) Idcircone vager scribamque licenter ? an omnes
 Visuros peccata putem mea ; vitavi denique culpram,
 Non laudem merui —————

Besides, who'd read the *Antients* Night and Day,
 And toil to follow where they lead the Way?
 Who'd write, and cancel with alternate Pain,
 First sweat to build, then to pull down again?
 To turn the weigh'd Materials o'er and o'er,
 And every Part, in ev'ry Light explore,
 From Sense, and Nature never to depart,
 And labour *artfully*, to cover *Art* :
 Who'd seek to run such *rugged* Roads as these?
 When *smooth Stupidity's* the Way to please ;
 When gentle *H——*'s Singsongs more delight,
 Than all a *Dryden* or a *Pope* can write.

(37) O

——— — vos Exemplaria Græca
 Nocturna versate manu, versata Diurna
 At nostri proavi Plautinos & numeros &
 Laudavere sales.

(37) Our antient Tragedy was void of Art,
 Shewn by some merry *Britton* in a Cart,
 Whose naked Tribe of *Saxons*, *Scots*, and *Picts*,
 Sung Songs like $L\frac{everid}{h}ge$, and like $R\frac{243}{h}b$ play'd
 Tricks.

(38) Then *Shakespear* rose in a politer Age,
 And plac'd his well-dress'd Actors on a Stage,
 Taught them to move with Grace, and speak with
 Art,

To charm the Passions, and engage the Heart;

(39) Next laughing Comedy with awkward Grace,
 Began to shew its rediculing Face,

But

(37) Ignotum Tragicæ Genus invenisse Camænæ
 Dicitur, & Plaustris vexisse poemata Theſpis,
 Quæ canerent agerentque peruncti sæcibus ora;

(38) Post hunc Personæ pallæquæ repertor honestæ
 Æschylus & modicis instravit Pulpita tignis,
 Et docuit magnumque loqui, nitique Cothurno.

(39) Successit Vetus his Comædia non sine multa
 Laude, sed in vitium libertas excidit, & Vim

But taking too much Freedom with the *Great*,
 In *Polly's Opera* receiv'd its Fate.

(40) Our *English* Bards have left untry'd no Ways,
 No Stone unturn'd in the pursuit of Praise;
 But bravely launching from the *Antient's* Road,
 In Paths peculiar to themselves have trod;
 Till *Brittain* now like famous is become,
 For *Arms Abroad*, and *Poetry at Home*.

Some Fools indeed amongst us yet remain,
 Who think to mend their Works by Time, and Pain;
 Much Care, and Reading their Productions cost,
Much Care and Reading now, is *so much* lost:

Take

Dignam lege regi, lex est accepta: Chorusque
 Turpiter obtulit sublato Jure nocendi.

(40) Nil intentatum nostri liquere Poetæ,
 Nec minimum meruere decus, vestigia Græca
 Ausi deseruere, & celebrare domestica facta:
 Nec vertute foret clarisve potentius armis,
 Quam lingua, Latium, si non offenderet unum
 Quemque Poetarum Limæ Labor & mora — Vos o
 Pompilius Sanguis Carmen reprehendite quod non,

Take then no Time to Think, but work in haste,
The brightest Talent's that of writing fast.

(41) Most Readers like romantick Flights alone,
And scorn a Poem where Design is shewn;
Not think that any Man can be a Poet,
Unless his frantick Looks, and Actions shew it.
If therefore you would gain the sacred Name,
And with the *Mob* immortalize your Fame;
Be sure that like *mere* Men you ne're be seen,
Good natur'd, cheerful, mannerly, or clean;
But slovenly, and thoughtful walk the Street,
Talk to your self, and know no Friend you meet.

As

Multa dies & multa litura coercuit, atque
Perfectum decies non castigavit unguem.

(31) Ingenium misera quia fortunatius arte
Credit, & excludit sanos Helicon Poetas
Democritus, Bona pars non unguis ponere curat,
Non Barbam, secreta petit loca, Balnea vitat;
Nanciscetur enim pretium nomenque Poetæ
Si tribus Anticyris caput insanabile nunquam
Tonfiori Licino commiserit. —————

As for my self, I'm' far from being nice,
 And practice often what I here advise ;
 At Shop, or Stall of Stationer appear,
 With tatter'd Habit, and abstracted Air ;
 Now fiercely gazing, now in Thought profound,
 My Eyes or at the Stars, or on the Ground.
 Not that I dare to Poetry pretend,
 But boast at most to be the Poet's Friend,
 To *whet* them on to write, and like the *Hone*,
 Give others Edge, tho' I my self have none ;
 To point them out the most successful Ways,
 To purchase *Pudding*, and to purchase *Praise*.

Hear

——— O ego lævus
 Qui purgo Bilem sub verni Temporis horam :
 ——— ergo fungar vice cotis
 Reddere quæ ferrum valet exors ipsa secandi ;
 Mutus & officium, nil scribens ipse, docebo
 Unde parentur opes, quid format aletque Poetam.

Hear then, ye Bards, with close Attention hear,

(You that are blest'd with a remaining *Ear* ;)

Learn hence what Paths to quit, or to pursue,

To gain the False, and to avoid the True ;

Learn hence new Ways, and Wonders to explore,

And write as Poets never wrote before.

(42) A thorough Knowledge of the Court, and
Town,

Is the grand *Nostrum* to acquire Renown ;

Let *Novels*, *Memoirs*, and *Lampoons* be read,

And with the *Attalantis* fill your Head.

A Bard well skill'd in the Affairs of State,

And all th' Intrigues, and Knaveries of the Great ;

G

That

(42) Scribendi recte Sapere est & principium & fons ;
Rem tibi Socraticæ possunt ostendere Chartæ,

That knows the solemn Promises they make,
 They do — for no one Purpose but to break ;
 Their talk of publick Good, and future Fame,
 Means present Profit all, and private Aim ;
 That all the filial Piety they have,
 They long to bury in their *Father's* Grave,
 And all the Brotherly Regards they bear,
 Consist in Hopes of soon commencing *Heir*.
 Who knows what *Members* for their Votes are paid,
And sell their Country with their Voice for Bread.
 What *Judge*, who while he hangs the needy Knave
 For a *plum* Hundred will the rich One save ;

A

Qui didicit Patri quid debeat, & quid amicis,
 Quo sit amore Parens, quo frater amandus, & Hospes,
 Quod sit conscripti, quod Judicis officium, quæ

And what fierce *Captain* when commanded out,

Refigns his Post, or *counterfeits the Gout* :

A Bard, I say, with such Acquirements stor'd,

Can draw a *Jilt*, a *Sharper*, or a *Lord* ;

And private Scandals better entertain,

Than all the Sweat, and Labour of the Brain.

(43) The *Greeks*, dull Souls! so greedy were of

Fame,

They starv'd their *Body*, to preserve their *Name* :

G 2

They

Partes in bellum missi ducis, ille profecto
 Reddere Perlonæ scit convenientia cuique.
 Respicere Exemplar vitæ morumque jubebo
 Doctum imitatore, & veras hinc ducere voces ;
 Interdum Speciosa locis morataque recte,
 Valdius delectat populum meliusque moratur,
 Quam versus inopes rerum nugæque canoræ.

(43) Graiis Ingenium, Graiis dedit ore rotundo
 Musa loqui preter Laudem nullius avaris.

They scorn'd forsooth to suit the vulgar Taste,
 Their Labours to Posterity must last,
 And, for the present, they must — what? why fast.
 Thank Heav'n we're bless'd with more *substantial*

Sense,

And take most Pleasure, when we count the *Pence*;
 Let wicked *Heathens* be so proud, and vain,
 A Christian Poet's Godliness is *gain*.

Take then due Care to lengthen out the Piece,
 By which you'll *profit* more, as well as *please*,
 Of Bulk alone your Printer is a Judge,
 Nor a large Price, for many Sheets can grudge ;

You

Romani pueri longis rationibus affem
 Discunt in partes centum diducere —
 Aut prodesse volunt aut delectare Poetæ,
 Aut simul & Jucunda & idonea dicere Vitæ.
 Quicquid præcipies, esto brevis, ut cito dicta
 Percipiant animi dociles teneantque fideles ;

Your Readers too you better can impose on,
 Whilst the long, tedious, puz'ling *Tome* they doze on.

(44) When'ere for sake of sweet Variety,
 You'd draw some Wonder, or diverting Lie,
 Fly far from *heavy* Probability;
 And shew *Tom Thumb*, the more Surprize to give,
 From the *Cows Belly* taken out alive.

(45) To please alone employ your Thoughts and
 Care,

Nor Age, nor Youth, will admonition bear ;
 Your preaching moral Dunces we always flight,
 And read not for Instruction, but Delight.

(46) 'Tis

Omne supervacuum pleno de pectore manat.

(44) Ficta voluptatis causa sint proxima veris:
 Neu pransæ Lamiaë vivum Puerum extrahat alvo.

(45) Centuriæ Seniorum agitant expertia frugis ;
 Celsi prætereunt austeram poemata Rhamnes.

(46) 'Tis then, and then alone the Point you
gain,

If no one Precept in your Works remain,

But *Ribaldry*, and *Scandal* lawless Reign.

Thus shall you gain the Profit you pursue,

And *Curl* get Money by the Copy too ;

Thus shall all *Drury* in your Praise combine,

And distant *Goodman's Fields* their Pæans join ;

So far *Barbadoes* shall re-found your Fame,

And ev'n *transported Felons* know your Name.

(47) Yet if by *chance*, you here and there in
part,

Some Sparks of Wit, or Glimmerings of Art ;

(46) Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci,
Lectorem delectando, pariterque monendo ;
Hic meret æra liber Sociis : hic & mare transit,

(47) Sunt delicta tamen, quibus ignovisse velimus ;

If by *mistake* you *blunder* upon Sense,
 Good Nature will forgive the first Offence;
 No *String* will always give the Sound requir'd,
 Nor *Shaft* fly faithfully to the Point desir'd:
 If that your Works are generally fraught,
 With *pompous* Show, and *shallowness* of Thought;
 If hum'rous Point, smooth Verse, and forc'd Con-
 ceit,
 With *soothing* Sound, and *solid* Nonsense meet:
 We shall not be offended with one Fault,
 Thro' *Want* of Negligence, or *Pain* of Thought:

But

Nam neque chorda Sonum reddat quem vult manus & mens,
 Nec semper feriet quodcumque minabitur arcus:
 Verum ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis
 Offendari maculis, quos aut incuria fudit,
 Aut humana parum cavit natura: quid ergo?

But think not that an Audience will excuse
 The *Fool* that *purposely dull Sense* pursues,
 That *Young* or *Thomson* like, will never write,
 Unless at once to profit, and delight.
 The best may err 'tis true, and seem to creep,
 Long Labours sink the brightest Souls in sleep;
 I'm griev'd to find even *Cheshire Johnson* nod,
 And sometimes shew the absence of the God.

(48) Painting and Poetry should still agree,
 Some Pictures best far off, some near, we see;

Ut scriptor si peccat idem librarius usque
 Quamvis est monitus, venia caret : ut citharedus
 Ridetur, chorda qui semper oberrat eadem :
 Sic mihi qui multum cessat, fit Chærilus ille,
 Quem bis terque bonum cum risu miror, & idem
 Indignor quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus ;
 Verum opere in longo fas est obrepere somnum.
 (48) Ut Pictura Poësis erit, quæ si proprius stes

So when the Tricks of *Faustus* are presented,
 If plac'd too nigh my Pleasure is prevented ;
 I see the *Strings* by which the Feats are done,
 And quickly find no *Conjurer* in *Lun*.
 If *Ghosts* appear make *dark* the solemn Scene,
 But in full *Light* let *Goddeses* be seen ;
 Poor *Bays's* Opera scarce would bear *one* View,
 But *Gay's* repeated *Sixty-times*, was new.

(49) O! *Dennis*, eldest of the scribling Throng,
 Tho' skill'd thy self in ev'ry Art of Song,
 Tho' also of thy *Mother-Goddes* full,
 By Inspiration *furioufly* Dull ;

H

Yet

Te capiet magis; & quædam, si longius abstes;
 Hæc amat obscurum, volet hæc sub luce videri;
 Hæc placuit semel, hæc decies repetita placebit.

(49) O major Juvenum quamvis & voce paterna
 Fingeris ad rectum, & per te sapias, hoc tibi dictum

Yet this one Maxim from my Pen receive,
 To *midling* Bards the World no Quarter give.
 T^{neobal}—d a *Petty-fogger* might have made,
 And been perhaps a *Dapster* at his Trade.
 Th' indifferent *Lawyer* is the most in vogue,
 And still the greater, as the greater Rogue.
 But *midling* Poets are by all accurst,
 We only listen to the Best or — *Worst*.

(50) All Arts by Time, and Industry are gain'd,
 And without Pains no Knowledge is obtain'd.
Ladies must study hard to play *Quadrill*,
 And *Doctors* take *Degrees* before they kill.

Young

Tolle memor, certis medium & tolerabile rebus
 Recte concedi. Consultus Juris & actor,
 Causarum mediocris abest vertute disertis
 Messalæ, nec sit quantum Cascellius Aulus,
 Sed tamen in pretio est — Mediocribus esse Poëtis
 Non Homines, non Dii, non concessere columnæ.
 Sic, animis natum inventumque Poema juvandis,
 Si paulum a summo discessit, vergit ad imum.
 (59) Ludere qui nescit, campestribus abstinet armis:
 Indoctusve Pilæ, Discive, Trochivæ, quiescit,

Young *Levites* be compleatly read in *Greek*,
 Before they school their Parish once a Week:
Courtiers with Patience for Preferment wait,
 And *Lawyers* study *Equity* to cheat:
 But yet you say that without Pains, or Time,
 All dare to dabble in the Arts of Rhime:
 Why not? since Fancy, Poverty, and Spite,
 Demand eternal Privilege to write.
 Without restraint indulge your *sharp* Desire,
 Want — not *Minerva*, kindles up the Fire:
 Trust then alone to arbitrary Chance,
 And let no *Critick* o'er your Labours glance,

H 2

But

Qui nescit, versus tamen audet fingere. Quidni?
 Liber & Ingenuus —————
 Tu nihil invita dices faciesve Minerva.
 ————— Si quid tamen olim,
 Scripseris in metui descendat Judicis aures
 Et patris & nostras; nonumque prematur in annum

But if thro' haste, some Parts remain too *bright*,
The next *Edition* you may *cloud* them quite.

(51) *Orpheus*, I've read, by his harmonious Skill,
Made *Birds* and *Beasts* obedient to his Will,
Amphion greater yet, made Stones advance,
And sturdy Oaks to mingle in the Dance;
But how much greater in our Age are those!
Whose powerful Strains could charm the *Belles* and
Beaux!

'Tis likewise said, that in our Father's Days,
By Sense, and Vertue Poets aim'd at Praise,
And in their Country's Service tun'd their Lays.

Taught

Membranis intus positis, delere licebit
Quod non edideris : Nescit vox missa reverti.
(51) Sylvestres Homines Sacer Interpresque Deorum
Cæditur & victo fædu deterruit Orpheus,
Dicitur ob hoc lenire Tigres rapidosque Leones.
Dicitur & Amphion Thebanæ conditor Arcis,
Saxa movere Sono testudinis, & prece blanda
Ducere quo vellet. Fuit hæc sapientia quondam

Taught Men from Fraud, and Rapine to abstain,
 And Publick Good prefer, to private Gain:
 Shew'd 'em what Reverence to the *Gods* was due,
 And what rich Fruits from *Social Vertues* grew:
 By nuptial Ties loose Libertines restrain'd,
 Taught mutual Commerce, and wise Laws ordain'd;
 Whilst others sung in animating Strains,
 The martial Hosts embattl'd on the Plains;
 Or useful Secrets labour'd to explore,
 Which lay conceal'd in Nature's Womb before.
 For such dull Stuff they justly are despis'd,
 We knowing *Moderns* scorn to be advis'd.

How

Publica privatis secernere, Sacra profanis;
 Concubitu prohibere vago, dare jura maritis;
 Oppida moliri, leges incidere ligno.

——— Post hos insignis Homerus,
 Tyrteusque, mares animos in martia Bella,
 Versibus exacuit: dictæ per carmina Sortes
 Et Vitæ monstrata via est, & gratia regum

How much more entertaining is the *Bard*,
 That of all Vertue shews a disregard,
 Who by no Laws Divine, or Human aw'd,
 Rails at his *Prince*, and redicules his *God*;
 To Vice and Folly splendid Temples rears,
 And for our Entertainment, *risks his Ears*.

(52) Some question whither this diverting Vein,
 Be Nature's Gift, or is acquir'd by Pain.
 In my Opinion neither is requir'd,
 Nor taught by *Study*, nor by *Genius* fir'd,
 By *Whim* alone, or *Penury* inspir'd.

H

Pieriis tentata modis : Ludusque repertus
 Et longorum operum finis, ne forte pudori
 Sit tibi Musa lyræ solers & cantor Apollo.
 Sic honor & nomen divinis Vatibus atque
 Carminibus venit. —————

(52) Natura fieret laudabile carmen, an arte,
 Quæsitum est. Ego nec studium sine divite Vena,
 Nec rude quod profit video ingenium.

He then that would the wish'd-for Prize obtain,
 Need never dim his Eyes, or rack his Brain,
 Nor toil by Day, nor meditate by Night,
 But take for *Power*, the *Willingness* to write,
 And ever thoughtless, indolent, and gay,
 With *Wine*, and *Women* revel Life away.
 Let *Pipers* learn their Fingers to command,
 And *Fidlers* drudge seven Years to make a Hand,
 You care for nothing but a warm *Third-Night* ;
 Why then, *Pox take the Hindmost* ! cry, and write.

(53) 'Tis likewise requisite you some should hire,
 On the first Night, your Labours to admire ;

Some

Qui studet optatam cursu contingere metam,
 Multa tulit fecitque puer. Sudavit & alfit,
 Abstinit venere & Vino. Qui Pythia cantat
 Tibicen, didicit prius, extimuitque magistrum,
 Nunc satis est dixisse, ego mira Poemata pango :
 Occupet extremum scabies —————

(53) Ut præco ad merces Turbam qui coget emendas,
 Assentatores Jubet ad lucrum ire Poeta.

Some that will stamp, and rave at ev'ry Line,
 And swear 'tis charming! exquisite! divine!
 Applaud when *Chair*, or *Couch*, is well brought in;
 And clap the very *drawing* of the *Scene*;
 And next old *Dennis* with a Supper treat,
 He'll like your *Poem* as he likes your *Meat*;
 For give that growling *Cerberus* but a *Sop*,
 He'll close his *Jaws*, and sleep like any *Top*.

(54) But well beware you never trust to those,
 Who under Friendship's Mask, are real Foes,

A

Tu seu donaris, seu quid donare voles cui,
 Nolito ad versus tibi factos ducere plenum
 Lætitiæ. Clamabit enim, pulchre, bene, recte.
 Pallefcet super his : etiam stillabit amicis
 Ex oculis rorem : saliet, tundet pede Terram.
 Reges dicuntur multis urgere cucullis,
 Et torquere mero quem pèrſpeciffe laborent,
 An fit amicitia dignus ———

(54) Nunquam te fallant animi sub Vulpe latentes,
 Quintilio siquid recitares, corrige, fodes

and sway'd by Envy, Ignorance, or Spite,

find Fault with every thing that you recite ;

Who ne're will pardon an *unmeaning* Line,

but *Rhime* to *Reason*, slavishly confine :

Enliven this (*they cry*) and Polish that,

The *Diſtion's* here too rugged, there too flat,

That *Thought's* too mean, and here you're too

“ obscure,

This *Line's* ill-turn'd, and — strike out thoſe :

“ be ſure,

Thus, while they *cancel* what they *call* amiſs,

There ſcarce *remains* a *Line* of all the *Piece*.

I

55 (As)

Hoc, aiebat, & hoc. Melius te poſſe negares.

Bis terque expertum fruſtra ? delere Jubebat.

Et male tornatos incendi reddere Verſus.

Culpabit duros : incomptis allinet atrum

Transverſo calamo Signum —————

————— cur ego amicum,

Offendam in nugis ? Hæ nugæ ſeria ducent

In mala —————

(55) As, then, you would avoid a clam'rous

Dun,

Scour from a *Catchpole*, or the *Pill'ry* shun,

So fly such *Criticks*, trust your self alone,

Nor to *their* Humour, sacrifice your *own* :

No — rather seek some *Sycophant* at court,

Some rich, young, lack-wit *Lord* for your sup-

port :

Submit your Works to his *right-honour'd* Note,

He'll *Judge*, with the *same Spirit* that you

wrote :

(56) And

(55) Ut mala quem scabies aut morbus regius urget,
Vefanum titigisse timent, fugiuntque Poetam,
Qui sapiunt —————

(56) And if a *Dupe*, that *freely bleeds*, you nick,
 Be sure you fasten, and be sure you stick;
 Arrime, *Be-prose* him, *Dedicate*, and *Lie*,
 And never leave him, till you've suck'd him dry.

(56) Quem vero arripuit, tenet, occiditque legendo;
 Non missura cutem, nisi plena cruoris, Hirudo.



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