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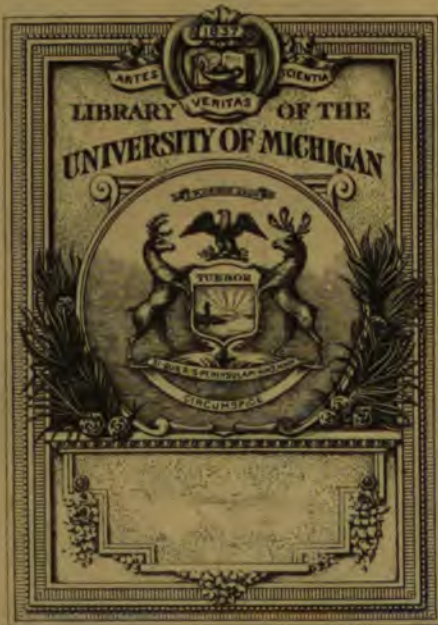
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Several OCCASIONS:

A N D

Two Critical ESSAYS, *viz.*

The FIRST,

On the HARMONY, VARIETY, and POWER of
NUMBERS, whether in PROSE or VERSE.

The SECOND,

On the NUMBERS of PARADISE LOST.

By Mr. SAMUEL SAY.



L O N D O N:

Printed by JOHN HUGHS, near *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields.*

MDCCXLV.

1745

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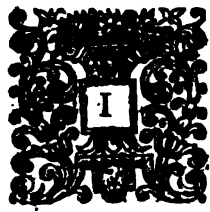
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T H E
P R E F A C E.



It may be proper to acquaint the Reader, that most of the following Poëms were written in the Author's younger Years, chiefly as an Amusement from graver Studies, and never intended for the Press; But, after his Death, a Friend being desired to look over his Papers, and examine if there was any thing of the Poëtical kind, that might be acceptable to the Public, it was thought, on such Review, that this little Collection would be well received,

If the Reader will turn to what the Author has said in his *Second Essay*, p. 154, concerning the Idëa he supposes HORACE to have pursued in his *Satires* and *Epistles* with regard to the *Numbers*, he will know what to expect in the following Translations of some of the *Epistles*, viz. the pure and genuine Sense, without much Gloss or Ornament, yet the *Accents* still resting naturally on Those Words which are design'd to be Emphatical. But where HORACE is Harmonious, the Transla-

tor happily imitates him, being not unmindful of the Rule prescrib'd by one of his Poetical Masters ;

Your Author always will the Best advise ;
Fall when he falls, and when he rises rise.

Earl of ROSCOMMON.

It is presumed no-body will be displeas'd with the Occasional Verses of a Gayer Turn : they were the Fruits of a Youthful Fancy, and contain nothing but what is Chaste and Innocent. Mr. SAY did not make Virtue to consist in a *Stoical* Apathy, but had a Heart susceptible of Every tender, social, and humane Passion.

Some of the Poëms on *Moral* and *Divine* Subjects are lively Paintings of the Author's humble, unambitious Mind ; and others the Spontaneous Offering of a grateful Heart for the Grace and Goodness of GOD to Mankind in the *Creätion* and *Redemption* of the World.

The *Two Essays* were drawn up about Seven Years ago, at the Request of Mr. RICHARDSON the Painter, who was pleas'd with Mr. SAY's uncommon Way of Thinking on those Subjects.

The Author was the more careful to point out some of
the

P R E F A C E. ▼

the Beauties in PARADISE REGAIN'D, in hopes of exciting a Curiosity to peruse That Poëm, which, tho' supposed far inferior to PARADISE LOST in the General Plan, has, nevertheless, many shining Passages : And Some prefer the Fourth Book of PARADISE REGAIN'D to the latter Books of PARADISE LOST.

Mr. SAY, as well as Mr. ADDISON, was a profest Admirer of CHEVY-CHACE. Whoever has the same Taste will be pleas'd to find the only Absurdity in that memorable Ballad, corrected * here from the Old Edition of it printed by OTTERBURN in the Reign of HARRY the Sixth.

The Printer having desired some small Piece to compleat the last Sheet, it was thought that the Author's rational Account of the Scripture Sense of the Word PREACHING might be acceptable to the Reader.

It is not, perhaps, proper to attempt, in this Place, Mr. SAY's Character as a Minister of the Gospel : And, besides, That has been already given by Dr. HUGHES in the Sermon preach'd on occasion of his Funeral: From which, however, I beg leave to quote a single Passage : The Words are these, " He never confin'd himself to the Sentiments of Any Party.

* Essay the Second, p. 168.

“ in the things of Religion ; but followed wheresoever his
 “ Reason, his Conscience, and the Scriptures led him.”

But it will not be thought foreign to the Office of an Editor of a Poetical Work, just to touch the Out-lines of his Character as a GENTLEMAN and a SCHOLAR.

He had great Candor and Good-breeding, without Stiffness or Formality, an Open Countenance, and a Temper always Communicative.

He was a tender Husband, an indulgent Father, and of a most benevolent Disposition; ever ready to do Good, and to relieve the Wants of the Distrest to the utmost Extent of his Fortune.

He was well versed in *Astronomy* and *Natural Philosophy*, had a Taste for *Music* and *Poëtry*, was a good *Critic*, and a Master of the *Classics*. Yet with all these Accomplishments (so great was his Modesty!) his Name was scarce known but to a few select Friends. Among these, however, he thought himself happy that he could number the late Mr. JOHN HUGHES, Dr. WILLIAM HARRIS, Dr. ISAAC WATTS, &c.

He had such a Diffidence of his own Performances, that he never published above Two or Three Sermons; and
 Those

Those were in a manner extorted from him by the Impor-
tunity of the Congregation. The Reader will not there-
fore be displeas'd to find here a Specimen of his Turn and
Address in Preaching. The following Passages from his
Manuscript Sermons will be sufficient to give some Idéa of it.

*The different Effects of an Arbitrary and a Free Govern-
ment : In a Sermon preach'd soon after the Author's Re-
turn from a Journey to Paris.*

“ We may observe therefore, here, the Difference be-
“ tween a Free People and a Nation of Slaves.

“ In Countries that are Free, you may discern a Face
“ of Riches and an Air of Felicity amongst the meanest
“ of the People ; and wherever you go, you observe the
“ sensible Effects of Trade and Commerce encouraged
“ and secured. Every Spot of Ground is improved : The
“ Valleys are rais'd ; the Hills are levell'd ; the crooked
“ Places are made strait, and the rough are planed ;
“ Bounds are even set to the raging Ocean ; and a Lake or
“ Marsh becomes a rich and various Paradise of Pleasure.
“ The Land is thick set with Cities every Hour of the
“ Journey ; and the Cities crowded with Inhabitants,
“ while the Traveller, equally pleas'd and astonish'd, won-
“ ders.

“ ders by what secret Mines of Treasure, or by what Force
 “ and Magic of Policy, such vast Numbers are supported
 “ and maintained in so narrow a Compass ; nor only
 “ maintained, but capable of dispensing and communi-
 “ cating from their own exuberant Wealth to all the
 “ Country round about 'em, that at once feeds, and is
 “ fed by them. On the other hand, in Kingdoms un-
 “ der the Power of Arbitrary Government, you see al-
 “ most nothing but a general Appearance of Poverty and
 “ Misery ; nothing but Rags and Nakedness, Beggary and
 “ Desolation from one End to the other ; 'till you come
 “ to One proud City, the Court and Seat of the Ty-
 “ rant, which devours all the Wealth of the Land, and
 “ builds it's own Greatness and Magnificence on the Cala-
 “ mity of many Provinces and whole Kingdoms, whose
 “ Treasures are drain'd to raise and support it. And, there-
 “ fore, as *Europe* is the Seat of Liberty, we see also that
 “ it is the Seat of Power and Riches Superior to all the
 “ rest of the World, and that, by this single Advantage,
 “ the smallest, the most bleak, barren, and ragged Por-
 “ tion of the Earth is rendered preferable to all the Na-
 “ tive Riches of the wider and more fertile *East*.

“ And thus it will ever be, where every Man is secure
 “ that he toils for himself, that the Stranger shall not de-
 vour

“ your his Labours, and that the same Laws which guard
 “ the Prerogative of the Prince or the Power of the Magi-
 “ strate, are the Guardians also of the Liberties and Proper-
 “ ties of the People. For the rest, even the Wisdom of a
 “ SOLOMON could not join together the Luxury of a Court
 “ and the Felicity of the People. He made Silver and Gold,
 “ indeed, like the Stones in the Streets of *Jerusalem*; and
 “ yet, in the midst of all these Riches, Want and Poverty
 “ were the wretched Portion of his Subjects in the remoter
 “ Parts of his Kingdom.”

*From a Funeral Sermon, occasion'd by the Death of a
 promising Youth. The Text 1 PETER i. 24. and 25.*

*All Flesh is as Grass, and all the Glory of Man as the
 Flower of Grass. The Grass withereth, and the Flower
 thereof falleth away :*

But the Word of the Lord endureth for ever.

“ If then all the richest Endowments of the MIND, and
 “ all the most promising Advantages of the BODY are thus
 “ frail and uncertain, it follows of Necessity, that

3dly, “ Such also must be all those Graces, those name-
 “ less and inexpressible Graces, which are the Result of

“ a happy Mixture and Combination of both ; and which
 “ accompany every Motion and Action ; the Look and the
 “ silent Deportment of a lovely Body, which is informed
 “ and acted by a beautiful Mind. And even the Virtues of
 “ the Mind itself receive an additional Grace and Power to
 “ charm us, when they shew themselves in a beautiful Body.
 “ But then, ’tis a just Remark which some have made, that
 “ the true Complexion is wont to discover itself more in the
 “ *Air* than in the *Features* of the Body. We receive the
 “ general Shape and Lineaments of the Body, such as the
 “ Author of our Being hath been pleased to mould it ; but
 “ the Soul itself describes and gives us, in the Air of every Fea-
 “ ture, it’s own inward Sentiments, Dispositions, and Habi-
 “ tudes : And, as it were, touches over all the Lines anew,
 “ brightens or mellows every Colour, works off every Ble-
 “ mish and Deformity, and improves the Whole with
 “ new Charms and Graces.

“ And I believe there are very few who have not made
 “ the Observation, that there is, in the very Countenances
 “ of some Persons, such an honest Openness, such a beauti-
 “ ful Simplicity, such an ingenuous Modesty, and such a
 “ visible Sweetness of Temper and Manners, as steals, at first
 “ Sight, into the Heart of the Beholder, and prepares us
 “ to give ’em a ready and a pleasing Reception. And that
 “ these

“ these Endowments have a more irresistible Power to pre-
 “ possess and bias the Judgment, in favour of younger Per-
 “ sons, who are not wont to disguise their inward Sentiments
 “ and Dispositions, and to put on the Colours and Imita-
 “ tions of Virtues, which they have not in Reality.

“ These Advantages then, wherever they are found in
 “ any lovely Youth, add indeed to the BEAUTY of the
 “ Flower, but not therefore to the PERMANENCY of it.”

*The Vanity of endeavouring to perpetuate our Memory
 in this World.*

“ In vain the laborious Master painted, (as he said) for
 “ ETERNITY : In vain the skilful Statuary inscrib'd his
 “ Name, or inwrought with admirable Contrivance his
 “ own Image into That of some Divinity which he carved
 “ in Stone, to transmit his Memory to latest Posterity :
 “ The Colours are long since faded ; the Stone is moul-
 “ der'd ; or some rude Hand has defac'd and dash'd it to a
 “ thousand Pieces, without Remorse or Sense of th' inimi-
 “ table Beauty.

“ In vain the proud *Egyptian* Tyrants endeavour'd to
 “ raise a Monument of their Power and Greatness, which
 “ might

“ might last as long as the Earth itself : The Pile, indeed,
 “ stands ; but the Name of the mighty Builder has been,
 “ many Ages since, forgotten : And as for all the rest of
 “ the boasted Wonders of the World, the very Ruins of
 “ them are lost and buried, and no Trace remains to shew
 “ us where Once they stood !”

Some of the *Moral* Parts have been here only quoted from the *Sermons*, as seeming most suitable to the present Occasion.

Mr. SAY died, after a Week's Illness, of a Mortification in the Bowels, on the twelfth Day of *April*, 1743, and in the 68th Year of his Age. His whole Life was a fair Transcript of the Doctrine he taught, and he left this World with a full Conviction of those important Truths, which he had so long and so pathetically impress on the Minds of Others, and with an entire Resignation to the Divine Will, supported by the Hopes of future Glory.

I shall take Leave of this amiable Man in the Words of BROUKHUSIUS, address'd to the Memory of his learned Friend GRÆVIUS. Among the Modern *Latin* Poets, BROUKHUSIUS was Mr. SAY's Favourite ; and the follow-
 ing

ing Lines express the Editor's Own Sentiments in the most lively manner :

*Cum tamen hoc esses, te Nemo modestius umquam
Est usus magni dotibus ingenii.*

*Mitis eras, ac pacis amans, animique quietem
Mens tua ventosis laudibus antetulit.*

*Non tua fuscabant infames otia rixæ :
Integer, et niveo pectore purus eras.*

*Civibus o gaude jam nunc adscripte beatis :
Gaude fidereum civis adeptæ larem.*

*O quem purpureo nova lumine gloria vestit,
O cui cœlestes fas habitare domos :*

*Cantus ubi felix, & sine carentia semper
Gaudia, & ad dulces nabilia nata modos !*

*Salve sancte Pater, nitidi novus incola Olympi,
Et nostro semper mæctus amore, Vale.*

---Such was thy Life ; thy Learning such confess ;
An humble Heart, with native Genius blest !
Lover of Peace, Peace did thy Footsteps guide
With more Content, than the tumultuous Tide

Of loud Applause ean give----No Angry Strife
Ruffled the Tenor of thy Even Life.

Thy fair Example shone with mildest Light,
Pure as the falling Snow's Unfullied White!---
In purple Radiance clad, to Thee are giv'n
Mansions of Blifs; a Denison of Heav'n!
Where Joys on Joys in endless Circles move;
Where Saints, alternate, warble sacred Love,
And, join'd with Angels in One tuneful Choir,
Touch to their MAKER's Praise, the Golden Lyre!---

Hail holy Father, New Adopted Guest
Of starry Realms!----still in My grateful Breast
The Dear Remembrance of thy Name shall rest.

April 6, 1745.

W^M. DUNCOMBE.

P O S T - S C R I P T.

Mrs. SAY, the Author's worthy Relict, soon follow'd
him to the other World. She *fell asleep* (for so it may
be justly stiled, since she died of a *Lethargy*, without
any

P R E F A C E.

xv

any sensible Pain,) on the 9th of *February* 1744-5, and in the 71st Year of her Age.

They were lovely and pleasant in their Lives, nor in their Death were they long divided.

The Subscribers are oblig'd to Mr. RICHARDSON for the fine Head of MILTON, prefix'd to the *Essay* on the Numbers of PARADISE LOST, who lent the Plate etch'd by himself, to be used on this Occasion.



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Joseph Tiley.

William Taylor.

Jacob Tonſon.

Richard Tonſon.

William Tatnall.

Thirle, *two Books.*

William Taylor.

Thomas, *two Books.*

U.

Mr. Henry Unwin.

Mr.

Mr. Thomas Unwin.
Edward Utting.

V.

Mrs. Venterous, of Ipswich.

W.

*His Excellency the Baron deWafner,
Minister from the Queen of Hun-
gary, four Books.*

Sir Benjamin Wrench, M. D.

— Wright, M. D.

Col. John Wimple, of Harwich.

Antony Walbury, Esq;

Rev. Dr. Isaac Watts, two Books.

Rev. Mr. Withinfon.

Wilkinson, of Kibwort.

Wood, of Woodbridge.

John Wesley, M. A. Fel-

*low of Lincoln-College,
Oxford.*

Rev. Mr. Wood, of Swefland.

Mr. Thomas Wright, two Books.

Neal Ward, two Books.

James Ward, of Yarmouth;
two Books.

Israël Wilkes.

Cornway Whithorn.

Francis Warren.

Matthew Wealy.

John Woodcock.

John Wilkinson.

Abraham Wells.

Mrs. Elizabeth Wright.

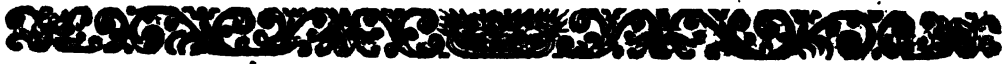
Wilson.

Sarah Wilder, of Ipswich.

Wells.

Rebecca Willshaw.





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E R R A T A.

Page 23, Line 8, read *bought*. Page 112, Line 16, in the Note, read *unquestionably*.

EPISTLES



EPISTLES
OF
H O R A C E.
IN
BLANK VERSE.

-----*Sermoni propiora.*





The ARGUMENT of the FIRST EPISTLE
of the First Book.

MÆCENAS having often kindly upbraided HORACE with his Indolence in not sending him Lyric Verses, the Poet writes This Epistle by way of Apology: In which he tells him, that Those Amusements, which were the Diversion of his Youth, have Now, in his Maturer Age, lost all their Charms, and given place to more important Enquiries; and that he has no Relish for any thing but Moral Philosophy, which Alone can regulate our Manners, and guide us to Happiness.

He shows the great Advantages This Philosophy procures, by teaching us how destructive Avarice and Ambition prove to the Peace and Quiet of our Own Breasts: And afterwards taxes That Fickleness of Temper, which hinders us from knowing our own Good, and strenuously adhering to it; And gives a lively Description of the absurd Conduct of men, in reproving their Friends for an Awkward Dress, while they overlook their Follies and Vices.

At the Conclusion he draws the Character of a Wise Man, according to the Principles of the Stoics, with a Touch of humorous Ridicule on the Extravagant Pretensions of That Set.



H O R A C E,
Book the First, *EPISTLE* the First.

To *MÆCENAS*.

BELOV'D *MÆCENAS*, whom my Earliest Muse
Address, my Last shall sing ; you call in vain
Me to my youthful Studies. With my Years
Declines that sprightlier Vigour. Long enough,
Like some fam'd Champion on the Theatre,
Have I been seen. It is but fitting Now
To grant me a Discharge: The brave *VEJANIUS*
(His Arms in great *ALCIDES*' Temple hung)
Himself lies buried in a Country Life ;
Wisely, lest wonted Strength decay'd disgrace
His ancient Honours ; on the farthest *Cirque*
Imploring Pity with uplifted Hands.
A secret Voice whispers, Release in time

SWP

The batter'd Horse, left, worn with Age, he tire
In the mid Race, or broken-winded pant
Along the Downs, the Laughter of the Crowd.
Verse therefore now and Trifles I discard :
But what is True and Fitting, This I seek ;
On This revolve.—My sole Employment This,
To hoard up Moral Rules to guide my Life.
But if you ask, what School I'm of ; what Sect
I follow ? Sworn to No Man's Sentiments,
Where-e'er the Tempest hurries me, I drive.
An active Statesman now, I plunge into
The Sea of Business, rigidly Severe,
Of strictest Virtue : Now steal back again
To ARISTIPPUS' Tent, and make the World
Subject to Me, not Me a Slave to That.
Long is the Day to Laborers ; the Year
Long to impatient Wards ; and Long to Me
The Time that checks my great Design, the Work
Which thro' all States, thro' Every Age of Life,
Alike concerns us, Young ; concerns us, Old ;
The common Interest of Rich and Poor.

Mean

Mean while, with these rude Elements, as I can,
 I form My-self, and solace my Defects,
 Till Leisure give me Better---Who forbears
 To clear his dimmer Sight, because he hopes not
 For LYNCEUS' piercing Eyes? or, in despair
 Of GLYCON'S Strength, neglects t'expell the Gout
 From Feet or Hands? What if we may not reach
 The Pitch of ancient Worthies? A Degree,
 Tho' short of theirs, will yet deserve our Pains.
 The second Victor at the Goal bears off
 The second Prize: And, if we can no farther,
 'Tis yet some Honour to have gone so far.

Does Jealousy of Want, or real Need,
 Or Thirst of Wealth Infatiable, torment
 Your sickly Thoughts? Soft Words may be apply'd,
 Lenient of Grief, with Power to cure, or ease
 The Fever of your Soul. Does Lust of Praise
 Immoderate, or impotent Desire
 Of Empire, boil in your tumultuous Breast?
 Some grave Discourse, with well-purg'd Eyes thrice read,
 Will calm the Tempest, and compose your Mind.

Envious, or Slothful, Passionate, a Sot,
 Or Lover? There is None so wild a Beast,
 But may be tam'd by Discipline, if once
 He lend to wholesome Words a willing Ear.
 'Tis Virtue to shun Vice; and to renounce
 Folly, the First Step to Wisdom. Behold!
 With what huge Toils of Body and of Mind
 You anxiously endeavour to avoid
Disgrace and Poverty: in Your Esteem
 The Worst of Evils. For a little Gain
 Eager, thro' Sands, Rocks, Storms and Calentures,
 And all the Dangers of the Sea you run,
 Fearless, to th' utmost *Indies*—To remove
 Your false Opinions, and to cure your Soul
 Of its fond Wishes, will you not so much
 As listen to Instruction, and attend
 At *Wisdom's Door*?—Who, that may win the Prize
 With Honour at th' *Olympics*, and receive
 The Crown from all-applauding *Greece*, wou'd chuse
 To wrestle in a Country-Ring, and boast
 His brawny Strength before admiring Clowns?

EPISTLES of HORACE.

7

To Silver Bras, Silver to Gold, and Gold
 To VIRTUE yields, in *Reason's* Balance weigh'd.
 Oh! Citizens, First *Money's* to be fought;
 After That, *Virtue*. In the *Forum*, This
 Is the perpetual Cant. This, Old and Young
 Repeat, their Writing-Tables and their Bags
 Under their Arms. If to the Sum requir'd by Law
 Of *Sesterces*, but six or seven be wanting;
 What! tho' You're Brave and Eloquent, of Life
 Unblameable, You're a *Plebeian* still,
 Rankt with the Vulgar Throng.---The Children yet
 Chaunt in the Streets at Play, *Do Right, and You*
Shall be a King.---Be This thy Wall of Bras,
 To know No Crime, to wear No Guilty Face!
 Whether d'ye think is best, That *Rofcian* Law
 Of *Rome* Degenërate, or This trite Song,
 (Lov'd and admir'd by our great Ancestors)
 Which crowns the *Virtuous* with a Diadem?
 Is His the better Counfel, who persuades,
My Son, get Money; Money, if you can,
Justly; if not, get Money till you stand

Above

Above the Crowd, a Knight or Senator :

Or His, who bids you own a generous Soul,

And with a lofty Brow and free Disdain

Answer the Pride of Fortune and her Spite ?

But if the *Roman* People ask me---Why

I live not in the Same Opinions---As

In the Same Walls ; nor with like Passion seek

What they pursue, nor what they shun, avoid ;

The Answer that the crafty Fox return'd

To the sick Lion, I apply to Them ;

Because I see the Print of Feet all to ye,

None from ye : You're a Beast of many Heads,

All looking different Ways ; which then, I pray,

Or whither should I follow ? These engross

The Public Works *a-great* ; while Others farm

The Customs ; rent the Common Sewers. Some court

With trifling Presents greedy Widows ; Some

For Childless Misers angle, who are caught,

Like Fish, with baited Hook. By Ufury,

A griping Kind, thrive Others. Thus are All

Engag'd a Several Way ; and yet scarce One

Among

Among 'em All, that for a single Hour
Affects the same, true to his first Desires.

*No Haven in the World, No Place excels
The pleasant Baiæ, says a Wealthy Lord.
Cover'd with Workmen, strait the Lucrine Lake
His Building Fury feels. Some sudden Thought
Alters the Scheme : To-morrow, Carpenters,
Pack up your Tools, for I intend my Seat
At fair Theanum. Is the Genial Bed
Rear'd in his Chamber? Ob! the Happiness
Of Batchelors! How blest th' Unmarried State,
Free from all Cares! If he be single still,
He swears, the Wedded is the Only Life,
And there's No Comfort like a Bosom Friend.
Where shall we find Bands strong enough to hold
This changeful PROTEUS? Is the Poor Man then
More steady? No: He shifts his Lodgings, Beds,
Tables, Taylors and Baths: They All displease him.
On Holy-days, when he on Tyber fails
In a Hir'd Skiff, he is as Humoursom
As the Rich Lord in his Own Gilded Yacht.*

Me if you meet with Hair uncouthly cut,
You scarce refrain from Laughing. A coarse Vest
Threadbare is seen beneath my finer Coat,
Ill-forted: From my Shoulders hangs my Cloak
Unequal to the Ground. You smile——But now
If my Opinions disagree, and jar
Among Themselves; If my still-thwarting Passions
And opposite Desires, now crave for This,
Now hate it: What but just before they wish'd,
Fastidious strait reject: What they refus'd
But the last Hour, now long for, while my Mind
Wars with itself incessantly: Here builds,
And There pulls down again: That Square must now
Be chang'd into a Round; That narrow Room
Enlarg'd; That low-pitch'd Cieling higher rais'd.
This is a sober Madness; common This,
You deem, to All. You neither smile, nor send
Me to a Guardian, or the Doctor's Care.

Thus You, who quarrel with his ill-par'd Nails,
Neglect the real Vices, and o'erlook
The Follies of your Friend, who yet depends

To

EPISTLES of HORACE.

11

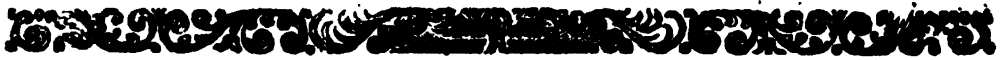
To be advis'd by *You*, by *You* controul'd.

To sum up All : The Wise Man is above
The World ; Second to none but Jovꝛ ; Rich, Free,
Great, Honourable, Fair----In short, a King
Of Kings ! Always in vigorous Health, but when
Too thoughtful Hours betray him to the SPLEEN.

15 Octob.

1698.





HORACE, Book I. Epist. 2.

To LOLLIUS.

The ARGUMENT.

HORACE *having read over in the Country the Iliad and Odyſſey of Homer, while Young Lollius was buſily employed in pleading at Rome, he takes occaſion from thence to lay before him in This Epistle the Moral Inſtruction to be drawn from That Noble Author; and ſhows the pernicious Effects of Civil Diſcord, Envy, Avarice, Luſt, Debauchery and Paſſion.*

He concludes with pointing out in few Words; of how great Importance it is to the Whole Courſe of Life to have the Principles of Virtue carefully inſtill'd in Youth, and while the Mind is tender and plyant.

WHILE You, my learned Friend, declaim at Rome,
I, in *Præneste's* cool Retirement, read
The Writer of the *Trojan* War, who ſeems,
All that is Fair or Good, or Right or Wrong,
More fully and exactly to define,
Than CRANTOR OF CHRYSIPPUS. Why I thus
Believe, (if you are now at leiſure) Hear.

The

The Fable of the *Iliad*, in which
 The Ten Years tedious War of *Greece* with *Troy*
 T'avenge a lewd inhospitable Crime
 Is told, contains the Quarrels and the Heats
 Of foolish People and their foolish Kings.
 ANTENOR counfels to remove the Cause,
 And end the War. To this th'Adultērer
 Denies to be compell'd. Sage NESTOR strives
 To sooth ACHILLES' Rage, and reconcile
 The fatal Strife 'twixt Him and AGAMEMNON.
 One, *Love* ; *Anger* alike enflames 'em Both.
 Th' Effects of their Disputes the *Grecians* feel,
 And rue the Follies of their doating Chiefs.
 Revenge, Sedition, Treachery, Anger, Lust,
 Reign uncontroul'd both in the Camp and City.
 But then what Virtue and good Sense can do,
 And long Experience, taught by hard Affays,
 Is in th'Example of ULYSSES shown,
 Who, Conqueror of *Troy*, with deep Regard
 Considerate, saw and weigh'd the different Manners
 And different Governments of Men. And while

Careful,

Careful, he meditates his own Return
 And his Companions, many a threat'ning Storm
 He bore ; tho' plung'd in Fortune's adverse Waves,
 With greater Lustre rising : nor the Charms
 Of CIRCE, nor the SIRENS sweeter Voice
 Could change his Resolution : Had he drunk
 Intemperate, with his sottish Company,
 The Magic Cup, a Slave he must have Serv'd
 To an Imperious Whore ; Senseless and Brute
 Had liv'd a Dog Impure, or Filthy Swine.

We only stand as Cyphers on th' Account
 Of Humankind, to fill the Number ; born
 Merely to Eat and Drink, and Eat again
 In a continual Round. *We* are the Knaves,
 PENELOPE'S Suitors, and ALCINOUS' Court ;
 Th' Unmanly Youth, on Luxury of Dress
 Laboriously intent ; *our* Only Joy
 To sleep till Noon, and with the warbling Harp
 And flowing Bowl sooth every anxious Care.

To cut your Throat, Thieves will at Midnight rise :
 And will you not Awake to save your Life ?

If,

If, while in Health, you cherish Sloth, you'll soon
Contract Inveterate Ills, which will require
More strenuous Efforts to subdue: And then
Too late regret the Moments you have lost.
Unless, ere Day-break, you demand a Lamp,
And some grave Author to engage your Thoughts
In the Pursuit of what is Just and Good,
You'll Wakeful pine with Envy or with Love.
If aught affect your Eye, you will not rest
Till you remove the Cause: But when your Mind
Is dimm with Vice, will you postpone the Cure
For Length of Years? Dare to be Wise. Begin.
The Work is Half perform'd, that's well Begun.
He that delays this great Concern of Life
Is like the Clown, who at a River-side
Expecting stands till Dry-shod he may pass
The flowing Stream, which will for ever flow.

We seek for Money, and a portion'd Wife,
One fit to fill the House with lovely Boys.
Large Woods are fell'd; th' Uncultivated Soil
Tam'd with the Plough, t' encrease our growing Stock.

Why

Why should *he* wish for More, who has e'en Now
Enough to answer frugal Nature's Wants?
Nor House, nor Land, nor glittering Heaps of Gold,
Can chase a Fever from the Owner's Veins,
Nor Sorrow from his Soul. He first must gain
A healthy Body and a healthy Mind,
Ere he can taste with Joy his hoarded Wealth.
A House, or an Estate can no more please
The Man that Fears or Covets, than *sweet Sounds*
The deafen'd Ear, *Pictures* the bleary Eye,
Or *Fomentations* ease the gouty Foot.
Unless the Cask itself be pure, 'twill taint
Whatever you infuse. Pleasures despise;
For Pleasure costs too dear when bought with Pain.
The Miser still is Poor: Therefore confine
Your craving Wishes to some certain Bound.
Pale ENVY sickens at her Neighbour's Health;
ENVY, the sharpest Torture, worse than All
Sicilian Tyrants ever could devise.
Who gives a Loose to Rage, too soon will rue
Its fatal Course; with Horror wish Undone
What Passion prompted, while his hood-wink'd Hate,

Infatiate, hasten'd to Revenge. "† Revenge,
 " That Sweet at first, but Bitter in the end,
 " Back on itself recoils, retorted."—Anger
 Is a short Madness. Moderate thy Mind ;
 For Passion will be Each man's LORD or SLAVE.
This thou must tame ; *This* curb with Iron Bitt.
 He that expects to breed a generous *Horse*,
 To Discipline must bend his yielding Neck
 While he's a *Colt*. The *Whelp*, that in the Hall
 At a Stuff'd Deer-Skin Early learnt to bark,
 Now hunts the Woods a *Hound*—While You are Young,
 Disdain not to be taught ; while yet your Brain
 Is pliant to receive each obvious Form.
 This is the Time : Attend to Wise Instruction.
 Tread in the Paths the Ancient Sages trace,
 While Now thy Soul from Stain of Vice is pure—
 With whate'er Scent the Cask is tinctur'd first,
 The Same 'twill long retain.—But if Behind
 You loiter far, or strenuous run Before,
 I jogg on, my own pace ; nor wait the Slow,
 Nor strive to reach Those that beyond me go.



HORACE, Book I. EPISTLE 6.

To L. NUMICIUS PLANCUS.

The ARGUMENT.

The Design of This Epistle is to show, that we are widely mistaken if we place our Happiness in Riches, Honours, or Pleasure; that Every thing which excites in our Hearts Fear or Desire must be fatal to our Peace; that Surprize and Admiration are the Sole Source of this Fear or Desire; and, consequently, that in order to get rid of the Latter, we must discard the Former, and keep our Minds so firmly poised as not to be disconcerted by the ardent Hope of Gaining, or anxious Dread of Losing any of Those things which the Bulk of Mankind commonly doat on. But This Evenness of Temper is only to be acquired by the Study of Moral Philosophy, and the Practice of Virtue.

He enlivens the latter part of This Epistle with a pleasant Story, to show the Vanity of Gargilius, a noted Epicure and Glutton.

Nothing to admire seems the most likely thing,
To make us happy and preserve us so.

The Sun and Moon, with all the Starry Train,
And the Successive Seasons of the Year,

There

There are who view, Untouch'd with Fear or Wonder.

What think you then of the rich Veins, that lie

Within Earth's Bowels ; or the precious Pearls

Arabia's Gulph, or *Indian* Seas infold ?

What of the Shouts, the Spectacles and Honours

Of favoring *Rome* ? Say, with What Eye, What Looks,

Should All these things be Courted, Seen, or Heard ?

The Man who Fears the Opposites to These,

Almost as much Admires, as he can do,

Who Covets them : Fear tortures each alike.

An Unforeseen Event confounds 'em Both.

Whether he *joy* or *grieve*, *desire* or *fear*,

'Tis still the same, if, at the sight of What

Rises Above, or sinks Beneath his Hopes,

He stands aghast, unknowing how to act.

The Wise man should be deem'd a Fool, the Just

Unjust, if he pursues Virtue itself

Beyond what's fitting---Now, with doating Heart,

Go gaze on Marble Statues, Silver Urns,

And Brazen Tripods, wrought by *Grecian* Artists :

Or Purple Robes admire, adorn'd with Gemms.

Rejoice a Thousand Eyes behold Thee pleading,
 A Thousand Thirsty Ears drink in Thy Words.
 Hasten Early to the *Ferum*, Late return
 Active, lest MUTIUS, with the ample Dower
 He with his Wife receiv'd, should larger Stores
 Engross than You. What an Unseemly thing,
 That *He*, an Upstart, and so Meanly born,
 Should be *Thy* Envy, and not *Thou* be *His*!

All that lies hid in Earth, revolving Time
 Will bring to Light; and cover deep in Shades
 The Stately Wealth that now so gaily shines.

Grac'd as thou art with Honours well-deserv'd,
 And often seen, along the *Appian* Way
 Passing in Pomp; Another Way remains,
 Where NUMA and where ANCUS, past before!

When Colicks wring your Bowels, shooting Pains
 Torture your Loins, without Delay you seek
 A Cure for the Disease—Would you live happy?
 Who would not? But if This be VIRTUE'S Gift,
Her Gift Alone; Be Nobly daring then
 To scorn Delights, and follow VIRTUE'S Loss.

But if you think VIRTUE an empty Name,
 Nought but a Word, as holy Groves are Wood,
 Let then no Ship prevent you, and forestall
 The Market. Look to your Affairs. Advance
 The Value of your Wines, the Price of Silks ;
 Heap up a Thousand Talents : Add to Them
 A Thousand more : Another Thousand yet
 To These : And then a Fourth to square the Sum.
 For why ? a portion'd Wife, Fame, Credit, Friends,
 Nobility, All-mighty MONEY gives ;
 Endows with Beauty, Sense and Eloquence.
 VENUS her-felf, and Soft PERSUASION wait,
 Rejoicing to adorn the Wealthy Man.

The *Cappadocian* King is rich in Slaves,
 In Money poor. More Noble follow Thou
 Th' Example of LUCULLUS ; Who, they say,
 When ask'd if he could lend a hundred Robes
 To deck the Scenes : Whence should I have, says he,
 So many ? Yet I'll try, and what I have,
 Will send you strait ; a little after writes,
 He had at home Five Thousand ; They might have

All,

All, or a Part—" Ill-furnish'd is That House,
 " Where are No Superfluities, that 'scape
 " The Master's Eye, and give his Servants Room
 " To steal secure"—If MONEY, then, Alone
 Can make you happy, and preserve you so,
 Be That your First, be That your Last Design:

But if your Happiness depends upon
 The People's Favour, *Pomp* and *Pageantry* ;
 Then hire a Slave to whisper in your Ear
 The Names of rich and powerful Citizens,
 Twitch the left Sleeve, and bid you lend your Hand
 O'er Lumber in the Street: " This is a Person
 ' Of great Authority in the *Fabian* Tribe ;
 ' This in the *Veline* : This an Active Man ;
 ' To whom he will, he gives, or can deny
 ' The Consul's *Fasces* and the Ivory Chair."
 Then frankly call him, *Father*, *Son*, or *Brother* ;
 As is his Age, so Every One salute.

But if you think *good Cbeer* and *sumptuous Suppers*,
 The Bliss of Life ; Then studious seek All Means
 To whet, and to regale your Appetite----

Light dawns; and GLUTTONY cries out; ‘ Away!
 ‘ Go rouze the Boar, or bait the tempting Hook.”
 Thus wont GARGILIUS. In the Morning, He,
 Along the crowded *Forum*, led his Hounds,
 Tended by Slaves, with Coursers, Toils and Spears:
 At Night, returning with his Dogs and Train,
 On a large Mule sweating beneath the Load,
 Brought home some monstrous Boar, which he had bought,
 The gazing People’s Wonder---Let us bathe
 Crude from a Feast, bloted with Food, nor heed
 The CENSOR’S Mark; careless of Decency
 And Shame; ULYSSES’ Vicious Crew, to whom
 Their Native Country was not half so dear,
 As lawless Pleasures and forbidden Joy.

If, to conclude, you with MIMNERMUS think,
 The Only Joy in life is *Love* and *Mirth*,
 Be *Love* and *Mirth* the Business of your Life.

Farewell; rest happy---If than This you know
 Aught more Expedient, candidly impart:
 Else be content to use These Rules with Me.



T O

Mr. *THOMAS GODFREY*,
Of HODEFORD in KENT.

In Allusion to

HORACE, BOOK I. EPISTLE the Fourth.

DEAR FRIEND, whom favoring Providence allows
A fruitful Soil, that round a pleasant Seat
Lies Various ; Pasture, Arable or Wood ;
A Plain with rising Hills enclos'd : What now
Shall the divining Muse suppose to' engage
Thy thoughtful Hours? Or in some Grove retir'd
Thou walk'st Unseen ; in Contemplation high
Rais'd up above the World, and see'st beneath,
Compassionate, the Cares and fond Designs
Of restless Mortals, always in pursuit
Of what they always have ; still heaping up
Stores to be us'd, yet never use their Stores.
O blind of Heart ! the Bliss ye seek, Behold

Already

Already in your Hands†—Or else, with Eyes
 Fix'd on some grave Discourse, you Now perhaps
 Consult with Antient Sages how to guide
 Your Life by Wisdom's Rules, inquiring still
 What most befits the Good to enquire.—Blest Man!
 To whom thy wealthy Sire has left Enough,
 Tho' with a Partial Hand; and God reveal'd
 The Secret known to Few, to very Few,
That Half a Great Estate (as the wrong'd † Bard
To a greedy Brother sung,) is more than All.
 Happy! who well hast learnt the precious Art
 To value right his Gifts, and freely use
 What God has freely sent; nor wilt be bought
 With rich Temptations to enslave thy Hours,
 And quit the Ease Heaven's Kindness has indulg'd.
 What can the Careful Mother more request
 For her lov'd Son, than to be Wise and Good;
 Able to speak his Sense? that vigorous Health
 And public Fame and Favor may attend
 A well-spent Life, and a neat Table, spread

† HESIOD.

E

With

With wholesome Food convenient ? Tho' not Rich,
Yet never Poor. All beyond This is mere
Incumbrance, and the Wish of Fools, who toil
As if they were to raise a Stock To-day,
From which to spend for Ages ! Wisely You
Enjoy the present Blessings, and depend
On Heaven for What shall be. This Hour, You think,
May prove your Last ; And hence To-morrow's Sun
As Unexpected will more Grateful rise.

17 *Novemb.*
1698.



LOVE-

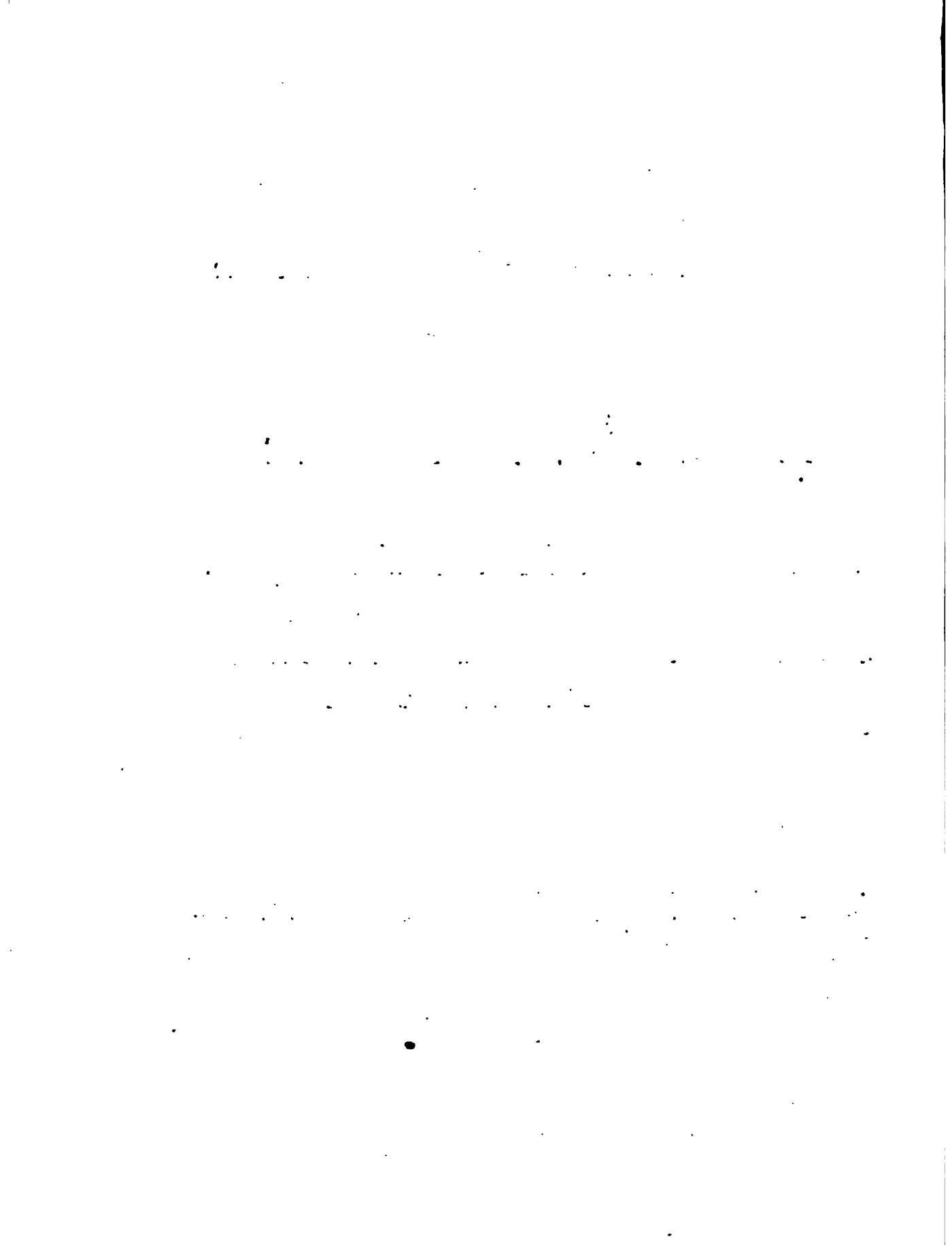
XX

LOVE-VERSES:

Chiefly written in the Year 1701.

Semel insanivimus Omnes.

XX





E L E G Y.

In Imitation of

OVID, AMORUM I. ELEGY the Second,

WHY am I thus, of late, uneasy grown?
Why thus Aside my best-lov'd MILTON thrown?
Why only WALLER, soft TIBULLUS please?
Why can their Verse alone afford me Ease?
Whate'er I do, and wherefoe'er I go,
What Ghost is This, that haunts my Fancy so?
Why do my eager Thoughts still fixt retain
CECILIA's pleasing Image in my Brain?
Why does her Picture, in the silent Night,
Wander in aëry Shapes before my Sight?
While her Dear Form visits my wakeful Head,
Restless I lie tho' on a Downy Bed.
Why do deep Sighs, attending on *her* Name,
Some inward Grief to prying Friends proclaim?
Why do I thus, while lonely here I rove,
Wear out long Evenings in this secret Grove?

This

This secret Grove, whose Venerable Shade
 Seems for the Haunt of sacred Wood-nymphs made,
 Beneath whose Covert, They, in Arbörous Bow'rs
 And sweet Retirement, pass their happy Hours.

Here, in its deep Recesses, pensive I
 Wander Alone, decline All Company ;
 Still Melancholy ; still in Tears am found ;
 Yet know no Reason of the hidden Wound----

LOVE I despise. Well-guarded is This Breast ;
 Too strongly arm'd, by LOVE to be oppress'd ;
 A Passion Weak, which *Men* with Ease controul,
 Nor dares to dwell but in a *Woman's* Soul.
 A Thousand times I all its Arts have try'd,
 A Thousand times have all its Force defy'd.
 A Boy at best the foolish God they feign ;
 And a *Boy's* Arms attempt a *Man* in vain.
 Or grant him Strength, yet surely I shou'd know
 When first th' Assault was made, and see my Foe.
 Or steals he in with Undiscern'd Art,
 And works Unseen, till he has gain'd the Heart ?
 'Tis so : With LOVE I find my Soul possess'd ;
 I find the fatal Cause, why I no more can rest.

Shall we then strive, my Soul, or tamely yield,
 As Cowards basely leave th' Unfoughten Field ?
 I yield ; nor vainly urge the Pow'rs Above :
 Light is the Burden of a willing Love.
 The Rebel Lover pays for his Disdain,
 Forc'd to submit to LOVE, tho' he refuse thy Reign :
 But Those a Milder Government obey,
 Who readily confess Thy Sovereign Sway.
 See ! I confess—Thy willing Subject, LOVE ;
 I own thy Empire, and thy Power approve.
 Go ; thy soft Curls in Myrtle Wreaths infold :
 And bind thy flowing Locks, restrain'd in Rings of Gold.
 Go ; Yoke thy *Mother's* Birds ; her Turtles joya ;
 And *MARS's* shining Car, thy *Father's* Seat, be Thine !
 High in his Throne thy Deity shall stand,
 And thence, with wondrous Art, the willing Doves command.
 Here Captive Youths, There Captive Maids be led ;
 And All, with pleasing Awe, the GOD of LOVE shall dread.
 My-self, thy latest Conquest, will be There ;
 Fresh in my panting Breast the bleeding Wounds appear.
 Just opposite to Me, a lovely Maid
 Shall dart an Amorous Glance, with Amorous Glance repaid.

On her fair Form I feast my greedy Eyes,
 While Joys Ecstatic in my Soul arise :
 And as the glittering Pomp shall move along,
 Thy Praise shall sound thro' all th' applauding Throng.
 Here *Hope*, here *tender Thoughts*, and *soft Desire*,
 And *gentle Sighs* that fan the Lover's Fire,
 Thy faithful Guard, thy dear Companions wait,
 And the Procession grace in Regal State.
 There *Jealousy*, *Unkindness* and *Disdain*,
 And *Modesty*, tho' loth, shall wear thy Chain ;
 There REASON, struggling and reluctant, stalks,
 A Captive proud, and much against Thee talks ;
 Asserts Himself Supreme ; without Controul ;
 And claims the rightful Empire of the Soul ;
 With Indignation scorns wild Passion's Sway,
 And boasts that All *his* Sceptre shall obey.
 But as a Slave, to follow Thee compell'd,
 In vain he boasts while in Thy Fetters held.

See ! VENUS from Above, like the first blushing Morn,
 Opens the smiling Skies, thy Triumphs to adorn :
 Her Eyes encrease the Glories of the Day ;
 And Show'rs of heavenly Roses strow th' Imperial Way.

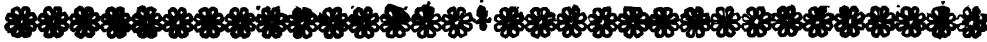
Thus thro' the World, acknowledg'd Sovereign ride;
 Thy Chariot All of Gold, on Golden Wheels shall slide.
 From thy rais'd Hand shall fly the conquering Darts,
 And Thousand Wounds inflict in Thousand bleeding Hearts.
 Great BACCHUS thus Victoriously purfu'd
 An impious Race, and thus his Foes subdu'd;
 He by fierce *Tigers* drawn, Glorious to see!
 Yet e'en thy *Doves* more Dreadful render Thee:
 Each God can boast, he made large Empires bow;
 The farthest *India* He, the *Whole Creation* Thou!



~~TO A LADY WORKING A FLOWER'D PETTICOAT FOR~~TO a LADY working a Flower'd Petticoat for
C E C I L I A.

BLEST Garment, that shall those soft Limbs enfold,
Proud of thy flowing Train and mingled Gold :
And blest the Hands, whose artful Fingers form
The Mystic Stories which that Robe adorn
Oh ! had but Nature more my Make refin'd,
And with the Man the Female Softness join'd ;
Then undistinguish'd might my Shape remain,
Like THETIS' Son amid the Virgin Train :
Then for her Wear my Needle should have wrought
Embroider'd Figures by my Passion taught.
LOVE wou'd direct my artless Hands, and guide
The slender Thread thro' the fine Woof to slide.
Here I, my Sex conceal'd, the gentle Fire,
Would into her Unwary Breast inspire,
While near me the bright Dame (affected Pride
And modest Virgin-Blushes laid aside)

In native Innocence Secure shou'd stand,
 Commend my Labors, and approve my Hand.
 What not my Pen, nor fault'ring Tongue cou'd dare,
 The bolder Needle, Fearless, shou'd declare ;
 And the dumb Shadow's silent Voice proclaim
 My humble Love, and court the haughty Dame.

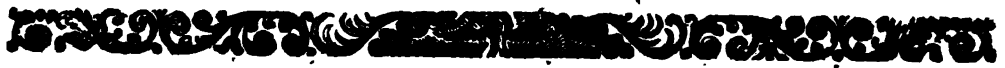


EPIGRAM : From CATULLUS.

ODI & Amo : quâne id faciam ratione requiris?
 Nescio----Sed fieri sentio, & excrucior.

I Love thee, and I Hate thee----How I do,
 I know not---but, with Torment, feel 'tis true.





The COMPLAINT: From CATULLUS.

*Si qua recordanti benefacta priora voluptas
Est homini, quum se cogitat esse pium, &c.*

I.

IF there be Pleasure to a Virtuous Man,
When he reflects upon his Actions past;
His Piety, his Truth, and All that can
Approve to Heaven; Just, Holy, Sober, Chaste;

II.

Then many Joys are yet laid up in Store
For Thee, my Soul, tho' wretched now in Love:
And She, perhaps, her Falseness shall deplore,
And feel from Others what for Her I prove.

III.

All that a Friend or faithful Lover may,
That Thou hast done to Serve her, or to Please;
All which forgetful Winds bear swift away;
And thy Barque founders in the flatt'ring Seas.

IV.

Why then shou'd'st thou torment thy-felf, my Mind,

And not with Equal Obftinacy ftrove

Some ftubborn Cure for hopelefs Love to find?

Heaven will affift, and kindly bids thee live.

V.

'Tis hard indeed long Paflion foon to quell ;

A Task fevere ; but think it muft be done :

Behold the mighty Mifchief to expell ;

The Work is half-perform'd that's well begun.

VI.

Ye Pow'rs! (for wretched Man is ftill *Your* Care,

And human Miferies *Your* Pity move)

Oh! eafe the bitter Anguifh of Defpair,

And free my Soul from this diftracting Love.

VII.

I afk not fhould Love for Love return,

Or her Inconstant Thoughts to One confine ;

But quench the raging Fire in which I burn,

And fince *her* Flames are dead, extinguifh *mine*.

*Hæc Illa una—lacrymula OMNIA diluebat ; et Ego cecini
banc Palinodiam :*

The RETRACTATION.

~~THE RETRACTATION.~~

The RETRACTATION.

I.

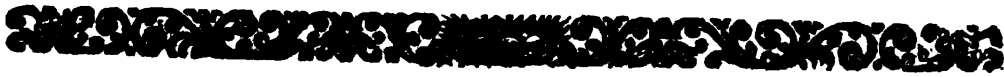
THUS good CATULLUS wou'd, of old, relieve
Th' uneasy Tumults of his troubled Breast ;
And strove with Verse his Sorrows to deceive,
And charm the Cares, that charm'd yet know no Rest.

II.

Too false *his* LESBIA, and his Love too strong,
That still pursu'd in vain the treacherous Maid,
To whom nor Love nor Goodness did belong,
But with Inconstancy his Truth repaid.

III.

Forgive my Folly, if th' afflicted Muse,
Not led by Hate, but tortur'd with Despair,
Too rashly did *thy* purer Faith accuse,
And thought *my* LESBIA cou'd like *his* forswear.



The DREAM: Addressed to MORPHEUS.

I.

O Thou! that with thy drowsy Wand
 Canst wakeful Eyes to Rest command,
 Suspend the Lover's anxious Care,
 And make a Truce with black Despair;

II.

While thy Mimic Pow'r, of Shapes
 Numberless, that in the Cell
 Of the busy Fancy dwell,
 Pleasing Dreams and Visions makes:

III.

Tell me from what glorious Store
 Thou hast brought the richest Form
 That did ever Night adorn,
 Or visit Sleeping Minds before.

IV.

40 POEMS on Several OCCASIONS.

IV.

So like † BELPHEBBE, so Divine
Did the beauteous Image shine,
Wretched † TIMIAS thought him blest;
---Of the heavenly Dame possest.

V.

Sweet it look'd, and so it smil'd
As when first th' indulgent Maid
My unwary Heart beguil'd,
And to fatal Love betray'd.

VI.

SLEEP! why shou'd'st Thou thus deceive
One too easy to believe?
Why with His vain Hopes conspire
To flatter Thus his fond Desire?

VII.

Rather let him see Disdain
In her angry Looks appear;
In her Eyes the Tokens clear
Of sad Resolves t' encrease his Pain.

VIII. Let

† See SPENSER'S Fairy Queen, Book III. Canto V; and Book IV.
Canto VII and VIII.

VIII.

Let some hated Ghost, whose Pride
 Thousand hapless Souls have sigh'd;
 That knows to frown; put on the Face,
 And BELPHEOR's borrow'd Grace.

IX.

Bid the haughty Shadow come,
 (In her Voice and in her Mien
 An Unusual Fierceness seen)
 Sternly to pronounce his Doom.

X.

Then, perhaps, from hopeless Love
 Thou his wretched Mind may'st move;
 Or thy Brother DEATH release,
 Whom in vain *You* strive to ease.

XI.

But if the Hand, that shou'd save,
 Never will the Cure apply,
 Let him then sleep in his Grave;
 Let a Wretch despair and die!

G

XII. But

XII.

But if *You* with pow'ful Art
Can soften Minds, and change the Thought ;
That BELPHOEBE may be brought
To sigh, and love, and feel my Smart ;

XIII.

Then may oft such Dreams return,
When in Mutual Fires we burn ;
Till our Hands and Hearts shall join,
And I shall Ever call Her Mine !



To *CECILIA*: From HITCHIN.

I.

IN thousand Thoughts of Love and Thee,
Restless I wake the tedious Night ;
And wish the Day ; as if the Day
Cou'd Comfort bring as well as Light.

II. Then

II.

Then walk the Fields : the cheerful Birds
 With early Song salute the Morn ;
 Each with his Mate : while I Alone
 Wander, despairing and forlorn.

III.

Cease, cease your Notes, ye Birds of Joy ;
 And let the Mournful Nightingale,
 That loves to weep, prevent the Spring,
 And tell her Grief in Every Vale !

IV.

I'll weep with Her, and tell My Woes :
 We Both together will complain ;
 Of TERRE'S She ; and I of HIM
 That tempts—But may He tempt in vain !

V.

This while I write, the gentle Winds
 Disperse the Letters on the Ground ;
 Ah ! may my Fears All vanish so,
 As what I writ is no where found.



The NAMES cut in the Bark of a Tree
in ELHAM Park in KENT.

TO THE TREE.

FAIR BEACH, that bear'st our interwoven Names
 Here grav'd, the Token of our mingled Flames,
 Preserve the Mark; and as thy Head shall rise,
 Our Loves shall heighten till they reach the Skies:
 The Wounds in *Us*, as *Theſe* in *Thee* shall spread,
 Larger by Time, and Fairer to be read.
 Stand, Sacred Tree, Here ſtill Inviolatè ſtand,
 By no rude Axe profan'd, by no unhallow'd Hand.
 Be Thou the Tree of LOVES, and Here declare,
 That once a Nymph was found as True as ſhe was Fair.



To

To a LADY with the Tragedy of AURENG-ZEBE.
 II April, 1698.

UNHAPPY AURENG-ZEBE! whom griev'd we find
 By Sons Unnatural and a Sire Unkind.

Thy Zeal for *Him*, *He* little did regard,

And long refus'd thy Duty its Reward :

They, little Now, thy Piety approve,

Nor take Example by thy Filial Love.

Loyal, *Thou* fought'st a Father to defend ;

But *They* thy Throne, *Rebellious*, wou'd ascend.

With more than † Eighty toilsom Years oppress'd,

Thy Age is still deny'd its needful Rest.

For INDAMORA was thy Youthful Fear ;

Now thy next Kingdom does engage thy Care.

UNHAPPY AURENG-ZEBE ! whom Heaven's Decree

Ordains from Troubles never to be free.

Yet let thy Sorrows now and constant Grief,

For some few Hours at least, admit Relief :

A Second

† AURENG-ZEBE died in the Year 1708, Aged 91.

46. POEMS on Several OCCASIONS.

A Second INDAMORA hears thy Fate,
Concern'd She hears, and mourns thy wretched State ;
Weeps at the Thought of thy imagin'd Death,
And curses the base Hand that stopt thy Breath.
HAPPY ! for whom those precious Tears are shed,
Those Balmy Drops, that might e'en raise the Dead !
As Dew on drooping Lillies, they revive
The fainting Breast, and bid the Dying live.
Heaven to accuse, Great Prince ! at length forbear ;
All, All is paid by MELESINDA'S Tear.



C A S I M I R : Lib. II. Ode 3.

A D S U A M T E S T U D I N E M .

I.

S Onora buxi Filia futilis,
Pendebis altâ, Barbite, populo
Dum ridet aër, & supinas
Sollicitat levis aura frondeis.

Te

. II.

Te sibilantis lenior halitus
 Perflabit Euri. Me juvet interim
 Collum reclinâsse, & virenti
 Sic temerè jacuisse ripâ.

. III.

Eheu! serenum quæ nebulae tegunt
 Repentè cælum! quis sonus imbrum!
 Surgamus. Heu semper fugaci
 Gaudia præteritura passu!



TO HIS HARP:

In Imitation of the foregoing Ode of CASIMIRE.

I.

SONOROUS DAUGHTER of the BOX!
 On this high Poplar hang, my LYRE,
 While Heaven thus smiles, and Vernal Airs
 Play, wanton, with the Leaves.

II. Thy

.II.

Thy trembling Strings a whispering Breeze
 Soft shall attune ; while I, beneath,
 On this green Bank supinely lie,
 Thus carelessly diffus'd !

.III.

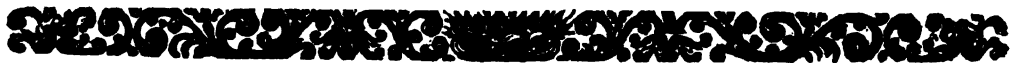
The rilling Brook, that murmurs by,
 Shall lull my Thoughts, till gentle Sleep
 Seize Me ; with pleasing Golden Dreams
 Of my CECILIA blest !

.IV.

But ah !—What sudden Clouds Above
 Fly Shadowing ! How dark the Air !
 What Sound of clattering Hail I hear !
 Rise, luckless DAMON, Rise.

How soon, alas ! thy Joys decay !
 How swift all Pleasures haste away !





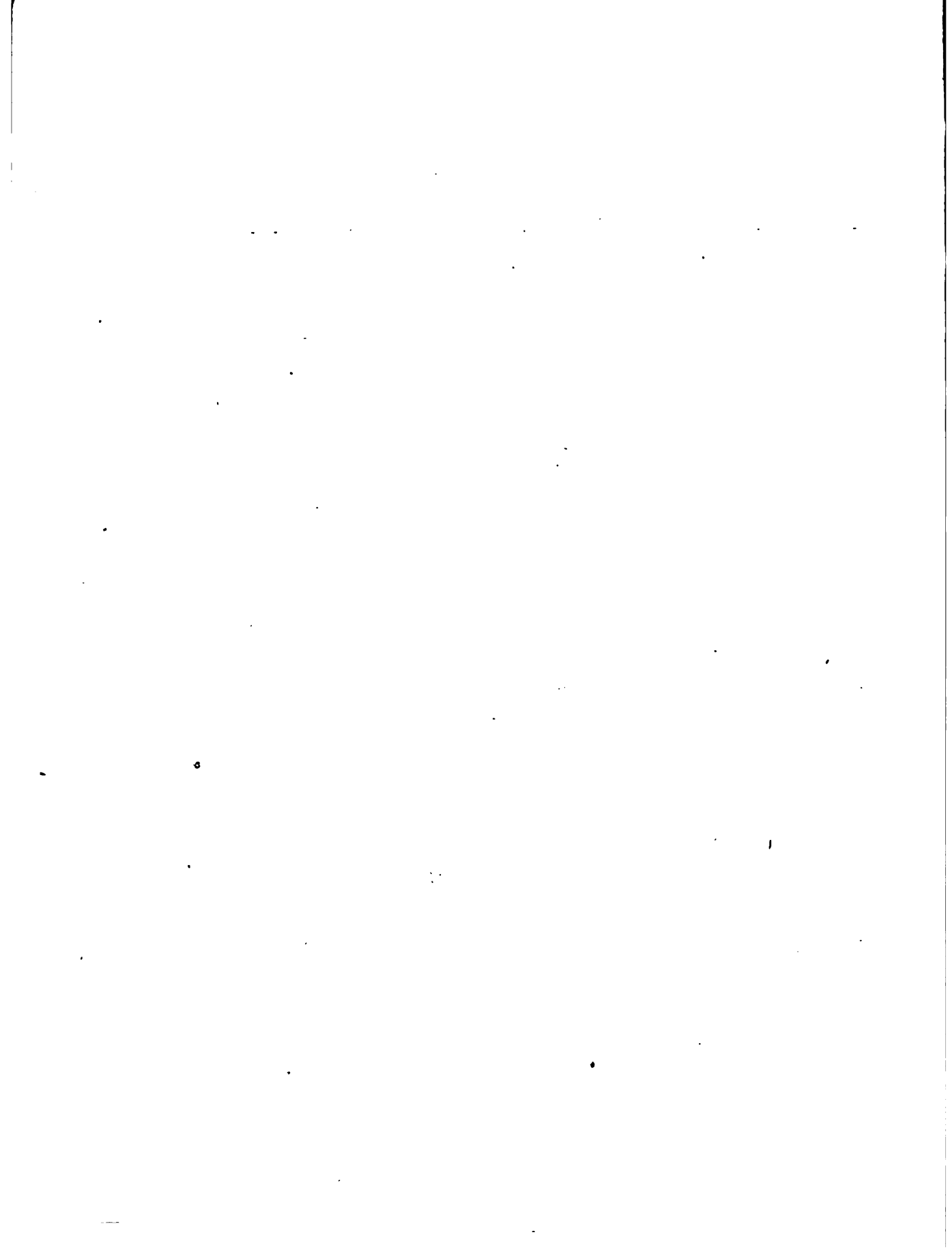
P O E M S

ON

MORAL and DIVINE SUBJECTS.

Quid Verum atque Decens, curo et rogo, et Omnis in hoc sum.
HOR.







PSALM THE FIRST.

BLEST Man! whose steady Soul, to Vice
 No Power can draw, no Charms entice ;
 Who shuns the Paths, where, on each Hand,
 Deluding Pleasures tempting stand ;
 And hates bold Sinners, who blaspheme
 The great JEHOVAH's awful Name.
 GOD's righteous Law and Holy Word
 To Him the sweetest Joys afford :
 These still his sacred Thirst allay,
 And feed his ravish'd Soul by *Day* ;
 Revolving These with new Delight,
 He charms the silent Hours of *Night*.
 As Trees, that in rich Meadows grow,
 O'er neighboring Streams their Branches throw
 For ever green, and all the Year
 Loaden with smiling Fruit appear :

So This Man flourishes, nor casts
 His Fruits, nor fears untimely Blasts :
 While Sinners and their vain Designs
 Are tost like Chaff, the Sport of Winds.
 When GOD, as righteous Judge, shall come
 To pass on Man the final Doom,
They shall not stand before his Face,
 Nor find among the *Just* a Place :
 The *Just*, Immortal Joys attend,
 In which the Ways of *Virtue* end,
 While the smooth Paths that *Sinners* tread
 To certain Death and Ruin lead.



A HYMN.

A H Y M N .

I.

WHAT Holy, what Sincere Delights,
RELIGION does afford !
How Sweet to a refined Taste,
Thy rich Provision, LORD !

II.

Honours let Others chace, and feed
Their starving Souls with Air ;
Or guilty and polluted Joys
With short Delusion share.

III.

Let Mine be more substantial Blis !
Be Mine more solid Food !
My Heart to Nobler Heights aspires,
And seeks th' ETERNAL GOOD.

IV. Let

IV.

Let Sons of Earth, the Duft of Earth,
 Its glittering Duft admire :
 Poor fordid Minds purfue the Gains,
 That fuit a low Defire.

V.

For Me—My GOD let Me poffefs ;
 This Treafure fhall fuffice ;
 My Glory This, my Joy, my All!——
 All elfe I can defpife.

VI.

When on her high Original
 My Heaven-born Soul reflects ;
 With a becoming Pride, the World
 Difdainful ſhe rejects :

VII.

Nor ſtoops to court theſe humble Goods,
 So much beneath her State.
 Such Condefcenſion is too Low,
 And She her-ſelf too Great.

VIII. When

VIII.

When blind with Sin, 'tis true, You once
 All-lovely did appear ;
 But now to my Enlighten'd Eyes
 You are no longer Dear.

IX.

Hence then this World and All its Joys ;
Wealth, Honours, Pleasures, Hence——
 My Happiness is All Above,
 My Hopes are All from Thence !



Occasion'd by the Tenth Ode of the Second Book
 of CASIMIRE.

BLEST in My-self, the World I give
 The *Ch---ds* and *D----bs* to possess ;
 Contented with my Mite, permit
 The miserable Rich
 To enjoy their large, their countless Sums.

Let

Let them unlock the Iron Chest,

Nor fear to touch the hoarded Gold ;

Hoarded for Heirs that ne'er shall rise,

Or rise, with lavish Hand,

T' unearth the buried Store ;

The Labour of a Life, defeated in an Hour !

Whom *Glory* raises to the Stars,

I nor enquire, nor know ; but live

Retir'd within My-self, and bar

My Door upon the World ; yet dare,

Fearless of prying Eyes,

Permit Myself to Open View,

Bold, and securely Confident

In conscious Virtue !----Me the Muse

Shall upwards bear, from whence Sublime

I'll scorn this Earth : Among the Gods,

Almost a God Myself,

(Refin'd, and rais'd by Influence Divine)

Familiar I converse !

And what the Pow'rs command Above,

Will here, Below, in lofty Sounds rehearse----

No Man, nor Me of Mortal Race
 Deem Now, nor at old *Hampton* born,
 Native of Heaven, tho' here a while I dwell ;
 Commission'd from on high ; design'd
 The Scourge and Terror of Mankind ;
 In Vengeful Verse to lash
 The flagrant Vices of the Age !
 Me, with impatient Virtue fir'd,
 Of Temper too Severe and Fierce,
 The Fates, that made NO PURPLE KING
 In ROYAL LAZINESS to reign ;
 A LAURELL'D BARD, to punish Guilt, ordain !
 1698.



DIE NATALI, 23° *Mar.* 1702.

WHether th' Immortal Mind came down to Earth
 From highest Heaven to meet the timely Birth ;
 Or, from the Womb of Nothing, in that Hour,
 Created first by Thy Almighty Power ;

. I

Thee,

Thee, FATHER, Thee it seeks; to Thee returns,
 Thy Pardon craves, and former Errors mourns.
 Too long fond Passions o'er this slavish Soul,
 Degenërate, have rul'd without Controul;
 Degraded Now, with mortal Love possess'd,
 With Love, that restless Tyrant of my Breast;
 While basely on this Earth my mean Desires
 Grovëling are held in Chace of devious Fires,
 That soon my erring Steps deceitful lead
 Thro' slippëry Paths, which None securely tread.
Here, void of Reason's Conduct, void of Thought,
 Senseless of Danger, to some Steep I'm brought.
 The Mount it seem'd where Paradise did stand,
 Or whence my Eyes a *Canaan* might command:
 I slowly labour up its äery Height
 To reach my Blis: The neighböring Skies excite
 My Diligence: But, lo! at top of All,
 Scarcely sustain'd, I totter to a Fall.
 Th' amazing Precipice affrights my Eyes,
 While, high Above, th' expected Heavens arise:
There, distant far, *Elysum's* fancy'd Plain,
 Where Joy and Peace, Pleasure and Plenty reign,

The better *Tempe*, my transported Sight,
 (A beauteous Prospect,) feeds with New Delight :
 See there a cool Imaginary Grove,
 To Silence Sacred, and Devote to Love :
 In smiling Meads, There, with mild Sun-shine blest,
 Near Silver Streams th' enchanted Lovers rest.
 Here *Happiness* herself must surely dwell,
 And the pure Air each anxious Thought repell.
 But soon, alas ! I find my Hopes all crost,
 While in some trackless Wilderness I'm lost ;
 Or, into Bogs unpassable betray'd,
 Plung'd in deep Mire my wand'ring Feet are laid.----
 Instruct me, Heavenly Spirit ; be Thou my Guide,
 No more I'll stray, but still by Thee abide,
 Follow Thy Conduct, where Thou lead'st the Way,
 Thro' this dark World to the bright Realms of Day.
 See ! ready now, (my Loins girt up,) I stand ;
 Prepar'd t' obey, I wait thy first Command.
 In this my *Natal* Morn I now engage
 To Thee, My-self, my Verse, and Hallow'd Rage.
 To Thee I dedicate my purer Fire :
 Purge Thou the Flames. Do Thou my Breast inspire

With Nobler Thoughts, with Images Sublime,
 Above the World, beyond th'Extent of Time:
 By Thee I'll fly, and with unwearied Wing
 Mount up, and as I mount still louder sing---
 Louder, already founds my tuneful Voice,
 Swells bolder Notes, and with more spritely Noise:
 High in the Air, disdainful of the Ground,
 I soar aloft, midst towering Eagles found,
 There strike my Harp, and shake the trembling Strings;
 Music, divinely sweet, Harmonious rings
 Thro' all the Vault of Heaven, and thence rebounds,
 Repeated from the Hills in glad redoubled Sounds.
 O may I never, never hence descend!
 But, like the Early Bird of Morn, still bend
 Upwards my aëry Flight from Earth, and raise
 In worthy Song my great CREATOR'S Praise;
 His Praise, the only Subject of my Muse
 Henceforth, that now shall Generously refuse
 All lower Themes. No more in artful Strains
 CECILIA'S Name shall charm the list'ning Swains:

Ev'n

Ev'n She, whom Impious once I did adore,
 Of Heaven itself Neglectful, Now no more
 Shall fill my Numbers, which in juster Verse
 The Great ETERNAL BEAUTY shall rehearse.



CASIMIR: Lib. IV. Ode 23.

AD CICADAM.

QUÆ populeâ summa sedens comâ,
 Cœli roriferis ebria lachrymis,

Et te voce, CICADA,

Et mutum recreas nemus:

Post longas hiemes, dum nimum brevis

Æstas se levibus præcipitat rotis,

Festinos, age, lento

Soles excipe jurgio.

Ut se quæque Dies attulit optima,

Sic se quæque rapit! Nulla fuit satis

Umquam longa Voluptas;

Longus sæpius est Dolor.



An EMBLEM of the SHORTNESS of
HUMAN PLEASURE.

TO THE GRASSHOPPER.

LITTLE Insect! that on high,
On a Spire of springing Grass,
Tipsy with the Morning-Dew,
Free from Care thy Life dost pass :

So may'ft Thou, Companion sole,
Please the lonely Mower's Ear ;
And no treacherous winding Snake
Glide beneath, to work Thee Fear,

As in Chirping Plaintive Notes
Thou the hafty Sun dost chide,
And with murmuring Music charm,
Summer long with Us t' abide.

If a pleasant Day arrive,
Soon the pleasant Day is gone :
While we reach to seize our Joys,
Swift the Winged Bliss is flown.

PAINS and SORROWS *dwell* with Us ;
PLEASURE scarce a *Moment* reigns :
Thou thy-self find'st *Summer* short ;
But the *Winter* long remains.



A H Y M N.

I.

SING Glory to th' ETERNAL GOD !
Sing, Heaven' and Earth, in sweetest Lays ;
Angels, begin the Noble Song,
Begin ; We' ll echo to his Praise.

II. Glory

II.

Glory to GOD on High! by whom
 The whole Creation first was form'd;
 Who fixt the solid Earth, and spread
 The Skies, with Thousand Stars adorn'd.

III.

Us of a finer Mould he fram'd,
 With Comely Shape, Erect and Fair,
 Of Mind Capacious, and in Worth
 Above All Earthly Creatures far.

IV.

For This thro' all th' Angelic Host,
 Loud Gratulating Anthems sound:
 The Great CREATOR'S Praise they sing;
 No Voice in Heaven is silent found.

V.

Above, with Notes Melodious, Thus
 Those blessed Spirits tune their Joys;
 High is their Strain, too High for Us,
 Too Strong for Mortals Weaker Voice.

VI. Yet

VI.

Yet shall our Hymn be thither heard,
 Our Subject more, far more Sublime :
 His Glories in the † FILIAL GOD
 Beheld, shall grace the lofty Rhime.

VII.

Earth was too Low, too Little Heav'n,
 Alone Such Glories to contain ;
 “ In Both, says GOD, my Glories shine ;
 “ In Both, for ever honour'd reign.

VIII.

“ United GOD and MAN be seen ;
 “ The GOD, on Earth a Servant found ;
 “ In Heaven Anointed King, the MAN
 “ At my Right Hand shall sit Enthron'd.

IX.

“ My Only Son, of Woman born,
 “ That Man may *live*, Accurst shall *die* ;
 “ Thus *Justice* bids, Severely Kind,
 “ That *Grace* may lift its Triumphs high.

† See *Paradise Lost*, Book VI. ver. 722. Book VII. v. 175. & 585.
 K. X. If

X.

If e'er our Tongues, Ingrate, forget
 REDEEMING LOVE with Joy to raise,
 May they for ever Silent prove,
 Nor speak till they have learnt to praise!



JONAH'S PRAYER to GOD
 out of the *Fish's Belly*; or, in his own Language,
 out of the *Belly of Hell*, or the *Grave*.

CHAPTER the Second.

I.

LORD! when Thy Wrath did justly rise,
 And Storms my Flight from Thee pursue:
 When Guiltless Men the Self-condemn'd
 Into the Sea, Unwilling, threw:

II.

Loft in a Vast Sea-Monster's Womb,
 To what Distress my Soul was driv'n!
 There *Conscience* wak'd, and wak'd *Despair*;
 And Groans from *Hell* were heard in *Heav'n*.

III. The

III.

The Floods encompass'd me about,
 Into the Depths of Ocean cast;
 And all Thy Billows and Thy Waves
 With rôlling 'Terror o'er me pass'd.

IV.

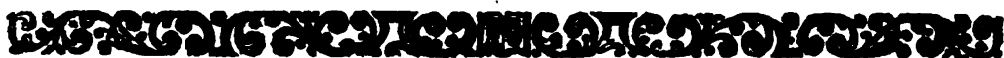
Yet hast Thou brought me up to Life,
 And from Destruction's Jaws didst save,
 Who trembling view'd the Realms of Death,
 And Regions far below the Grave!

V.

Fools, their best Refuge, G O D forsake,
 And to Vain Helpers fondly cry:
 But when to Heaven I wing'd my Prayers,
 The Hope of *Israel* soon was nigh.

VI.

Now with glad Hand and thankful Heart
 I'll Offerings on Thy Altar lay;
 And, Safe upon the Shore, to Thee
 The Vows I made in Danger pay.



ISAIAH XII. Paraphrased.

I.

LORD! I will praise Thy Wondrous Grace :
Tho' justly angry once, yet Now
Thou shew'ft a Father's Face appeas'd,
And smil'ft with reconcil'd Brow.

II.

The *Terrors* of a GOD provok'd
Once my affrighted Soul did scare :
Thy *Comforts* Now revive my Thoughts ;
And Peace assur'd forbids my Fear.

III.

My Saviour is th' ETERNAL GOD ;
'Tis Here my Hopes Secure depend :
My Saviour and my Strength is He ;
To Him my grateful Songs ascend.

IV. Ye

IV.

Ye then who thirst for Living Streams,
Streams that delight, and never cloy ;
Come Satisfy Your Thirst, and draw
From the rich Wells of Life with Joy.

V.

Refresh'd, the bounteous Giver's Grace
Let every *Tongue* and *Voice* resound ;
And the kind Author's Praise be heard
Wherever *Voice* or *Tongue* is found !

VI.

Tell the whole World, what He has done :
Bid Senseless Men exalt his Name ;
And let remotest Nations hear,
Till Your glad Songs Their Songs enflame.

VII.

O SION, happy SION ! shout,
For Great is He, the Holy One,
That in the midst of Thee has plac'd
His Blest Abode, and fix'd his Throne.



The CONVERSION of St. *PAUL*:

A HYMN on *Acts* ix. 6.

I.

WHEN *SAUL* of old, with Impious Zeal,
Purfu'd the Christians and their God :

From Land to Land enrag'd he goes ;

But *JESUS* meets him on the Road.

II.

Heaven opens, and *Celestial* Light

Pours a bright Deluge all around :

Breaks on his Head the Flood, and strikes

The trembling Sinner to the Ground.

III.

When strait a Wondrous Voice is heard !

SAUL ! SAUL ! why persecut'ft thou Me ?

Who art Thou, *LORD* ? the Wretch replies,

And *JESUS* answers, I am He----

IV. That

IV.

That JESUS I---whose wounded Breast
 In every Martyr'd Saint does mourn :
 Forbear---nor madly lift thy Foot
 Against the pointed Goad, to spurn.

V.

Confounded and Difarm'd He lies ;
 And to the Heavenly Voice resign'd :
 For---with the Voice, a Power Divine
 Had reach'd his Heart, and chang'd his Mind.

VI.

What would'st Thou, O much-injur'd LORD !
 Command ; I'm ready to obey ;
 To Do, or SUFFER---Here I am :
 Thy Pleasure, AWFUL VISION---Say---

VII.

LORD ! with like Power, This Day, arrest
 Each Sinner in th' Assembly Here :
 Descend, and let the Force once more
 Of HEAVENLY LIGHT and GRACE appear !

VIII. We

VIII.

We tremble when we view our Crimes;
 How Great the Guilt! how Vast the Sum!
 Oh! change our Hearts; forgive our Sins:
 Come, JESUS, MIGHTY SAVIOUR, Come!

January 25, 1718.

~~TO MRS. S. A. Y. ON HER BEING UNEASY AT THE~~

To Mrs *SAY*, on her being Uneasy at the
 Author's going a Journey Alone on
 important Affairs.

I.

Belov'd!—of Pious Parents born!
 Thee too may EVERY GRACE adorn!
 Not *Modesty* Alone;
 Nor Only *Meekness, Candor, Truth*;
 Virtues which have from Earliest Youth
 With Thee together grown:

II. Besides

II.

Besides those Thousand Decencies,
Those Nameless Beauties, that arise
From every tender Air,
Which from Thy Lips does sweetly move,
Breathing Compliance, Faith and Love
Eternal and Sincere!

III.

Still More from Thee, Thy Lord does claim,
A Purer, a Diviner Flame ;
* THY LORD—the LORD from *Heaven*,
To whom her meaner Earthly Spouse,
Herself and All with strongest Vows,
The CHRISTIAN WIFE has given!

IV.

Cease then, with vain foreboding Fears,
With Parting Kisses, Flowing Tears,
And Every Female Charm,
The Firmness of the MAN to try,
And ev'n of all his Constancy
The CHRISTIAN to disarm.

L

V. Not

V.

Not thus to Endless Bliss we haste,
 Not thus despise a Vulgar Taste,
 And Unknown Joys explore :
 Not thus we tread the Heavenly Road,
 And seek a Long, a Blest Abode,
 To meet, and part no more !

February, 1719.



Written in a S T O R M.

HARK! the loud THUNDER rattles thro' the Sky :
 The OCEAN foams, and lifts its Billows high :
 The Solid EARTH from her Foundation shakes,
 And Every Human Heart with Terror quakes.
 SINNERS feel *only* Fear: Their FATHER'S Voice
 The RIGHTBOUS own; and *tremble* and *rejoice*.



HORACE,



HORACE, Book III. Ode xvi. Imitated.

*Mibi paupere cultu
Posse frui detis, superi, mihi paupere tecto
Tranquillos agitare dies, securaque fastus
Otia, nec luxu mentem cruciare protervo.*

DANAE, enclos'd in Tow'rs of Brass,
Strong Iron Doors, and Opening Dogs,
Wakeful, had well secur'd by Day,
Had well secur'd by Night;

If Jove and Venus had not mock'd
The Jealous Sire—So Fables tell—
Vain Iron! Vain Brass! transform'd to Gold,
He won the Greedy Maid.

When Gold appears, the Guards retire,
The Floods divide, the Rocks are rent;
Not Thunder flings the fiery Bolt
With such Resistless Power.

Subjects their *Kings*, and *Priests* their *Gods*
 Exchange for *Gold*. The *Gownman* Right
 And Wrong confounds : for *Gold* he pleads,
 For *Gold* betrays the Cause.

Touch'd by Thy Stronger Force, tow'rd's Thee
 The *Compass* veers, *Almighty Gold* !
 Before Thee *Wisdom*, *Valour*, *Sense*
 And *Virtue* are no more !

Care follows close, where *Gold* precedes :
 Sweet Innocence, Contentment, Peace,
 No more shall bless the Day ; no more
 Soft Slumbers bless the Night !

This HORACE saw ; Wise Bard ! and durst
 Refuse the glittering Bribe ; to share
 With *Cæsar* all the World---to share
 The World, and share the Toil.

Tempt me no more, MÆCENAS! tempt
 No more Thy FLACCUS to aspire
 To Wealth and Power: he fears the Helm,
 Because he fears the Storm.

What we deny ourselves, Just Heaven
 Restores with Intērest. Naked, see—
 Naked, thy Humble Friend deserts
 The Party of the Great:

Glad Fugitive—he longs to reach
 The Camp of the Contented Few,
 Whose Little is Enough—*Enough*—
 That Sweeter Word for *All!*

O Decent Pride! O truly Lord
 Of His Possessions, who still bears
 A Soul above 'em! Richer far
 Than all *Apulia's* Stores,

Heap'd

Heap'd in the crouded Barn, could make
 The Mind that covets without End,
 And, drinking, thirsts for more—O Wretch,
 In utmost Plenty, Poor !

A Silver Stream, a Silent Grove,
 A Summer's Eve, a Small Estate
 Still faithful to its Lord : A Life,
 Retir'd from Noise or Care,

Steals thro' the World, with Joys Unknown
 To the Profaner Mind ; with Joys
 Unknown to Crowded Courts ; to Peers,
 And Sceptred Kings Unknown !

Tho' no Proud Palace loads the Ground,
 Or tours into the Sky : No Carr
 With gilded Trappings Gay ; behind
 Besuck with Pamper'd Slaves ;

Moves Slow in State; nor Costly Wines,
Tokay, Champagne, or Burgundy,
 Nor high *Ragouts* deceive the Taste,
 And propagate Disease.

Yet fair *Content* My Cottage cheers;
 Lettice and Pulse my Garden yields:
 Plain Food, Soft Ale, or Home-brew'd Wines,
 Still crown my Healthful Board.

Thro' fragrant Fields, or spreading Lawns,
 Where the Sheep graze and Oxen low,
 Or stalks the Stag with Head Erect,
 I sometimes Musing rove:

Pleas'd with his Load, sometimes my Pad
 Smooth ambles to the Neighbouring Gate,
 That opens friendly to receive
 The not Unwelcome Guest.

Happy!

Happy ! who knows himself, and knows
 To judge of Happiness ; to whom
 Wise Heaven, with Kind but Frugal Hand,
 Has every Want supply'd.

LOESTOFF:

May, 1720.



A HYMN on I CHRON. xvii. 16.

*And David the King came, and sat before the LORD, and
 said, Who am I, O LORD GOD, and what is mine
 House, that thou hast brought me hitherto?*

I.

LORD! in This Last Concluding Eve,
 Thy Name I will adore ;
 Who, to my many Years of Life,
 One Year hast added more.

II. Nor

II.

Nor Life alone, but Health and Strength
Thro' all th' indulgent Year:
And Liberty, than Life itself
To Me more Justly dear.

III.

Thy Bounty has with richest Store
My Table daily Spread:
Richly am I, or kindlier, LORD!
With Food Convenient fed.

IV.

And when the timely Hours of Sleep
To needful Rest invite;
Thou dost my peaceful Slumbers watch,
And guard me Every Night.

V.

When distant Friends Secure I reach'd,
Thy Providence I own;
Whilst in infected Towns I lodg'd,
And travel'd Roads unknown.

VI.

In Deaths and Dangers, Every Place
 Did Health and Peace afford :
 Safe I went out, and Safe return'd,
 For Thou wert with me, LORD !

VII.

Oh! may Thy Prefence guard me still,
 And guide in all my Ways ;
 For in the midst of Snares I walk,
 And tread a dangerous Maze.

VIII.

And whilst our Errors, LORD, and all
 Thy Mercies I review :
 I wonder---and adore the Grace
 That brought me HITHERTO !

31 December,
 1723.

CHRISTIAN'S

To



To the Learned Mr. *HENRY FAGEL*,
 on his Historical Dissertation † *De Origine &
 Usu Juris Romani in Hollandia.*

*Written on Occasion of a Copy of Greek Verses addressed
 to Mr. FAGEL by Peter Frederick Hufson, Professor of
 Philosophy and Eloquence at Utrecht.*

TIME on all other things does prey :

WISDOM Alone knows No Decay.

Egypt, and *Greece*, and mighty *Rome*,

Subjected to One common Doom,

Are only Names of Antient Pow'rs :

All but their **WISDOM** *Time* devours.

To These, politer Arts we owe :

Hence equal Laws and Justice flow.

The *German*, *Gaul*, and haughty *Spain*,

And all the rich *Batavian* Plain,

Resisted once the **ROMAN** Arms :

But All, the **ROMAN** **JUSTICE** charms.

† *Trajecti ad Rbenum*, 4to, 1727.

Thee, *Belgium*, most,——But When and Whence
 To *Belgium*, *Rome* did Right dispense ;
 Tho' *Belgic* Diligence excell,
 No learned *Belgic* Writers tell.

FAGEL! to Thee——the *Muses* Child——
 On whose great Birth *MINERVA* smil'd ;
 To Thee, this Labour she ordains :——
 A Work that well deserves thy Pains.
 And well the Work perform'd we see ;
 Worthy *MINERVA*, worthy Thee.
 Fair *THEMIS*, fast by Thee pursu'd,
 In all her various Course is view'd ;
 Till in *Batavia's* peaceful Soil,
 She ends her weary wand'ring Toil.

But Thou——Proceed——the *FAGEL's* Name
 From Thee demands Increase of Fame :
 Heroes Deceas'd from Heaven look down,
 And Thee their true Successor own :
 While Living Heroes joy to find
 Their Image Fairer on Thy Mind.

For

For ever to thy Country dear,
 Proceed, ILLUSTRIOUS YOUTH! to clear
 From Mists and Artifice Her Laws:
 Merit---and take Her just Applause.

And while She waits Thy growing Praise,
 And meditates Diviner Lays,
 Accept this Prelude, *F A G E L!* nor refuse
 Th' auspicious Omens of a *British* Muse.

13 Sept. 1727.



P S A L M XCVII, in Paraphrastic Verse.

I.

JEHOVAH reigns: Thou, Earth, rejoice;
 Ye distant Isles return the Voice;
 Ev'n farthest *Britain* take the Sound;
 Let the glad Concert from thy Hills rebound,
 And from thy Cliffs the Sacred Noise!

II. Ye

II.

Ye Rivers, Hear! Thou, Ocean! stand
 Attentive to receive the Song;
 Silence to thy loud Waves command,
 And calm thy troubled foamy Sand,
 While thro' the hollow Rocks the Mufick rowls along.

III.

What fudden Glory This, that fills the Air?
 Whence Those dark Clouds, involv'd, that form yon' dreadful
 Dreadful, for 'tis th'ALMIGHTY's Throne. [Sphere?
 There *Justice*, see! and *Judgment* There;
 How terrible they Both appear,
 When *Wrath*, with *Mercy* Unallay'd, comes down
 To scourge a wicked World, Rebellious to his Crown.

IV.

Before him rapid Fires consume:
 Amaz'd, the Sinner views his Doom:
 Deep Terrors feize his impious Soul.
 Such rattling Thunders rend the Skies,
 With Such quick Glare the Lightning flies,
 Thro' the vext Elements Such Tempests rise,
 As the fixt Pillars of the Globe controul.

V.

Earth's Bowels from her Centre quake :
 Such strong Convulsions her Foundations shake,
 As if with Horror she would fain have fled.
 Like melted Wax her Mountains flow ;
 Her flinty Rocks dissolve like Snow,
 Which Once to Heaven Sublimely rear'd their Head,
 As if, with daring Pride, they would ev'n Heaven invade,

VI.

Whence all this Terror ? What Strange Sight
 Does thus the trembling World affright ?
 THE PRESENCE OF THE LORD is here ;
 THE PRESENCE OF THE LORD,
 Whose Righteousness the Heavens declare ;
 Whose Glory all the Nations fear,
 And dread the Awful Sound of his Eternal Word.

VII.

Before his glorious *Presence*, All
 The Heathen Gods Confounded fall :
 Their fond Adorers, in their *Dagon's* Fate,
 Their monstrous Folly learn too late,

Too

Too late their Own prodigious Madnefs fee,
 And curfe their dull Stupidity,
 When humbly prostrate on the Ground,
 The fhatter'd Deity is found ;
 Where, with low Homage and Obeifance prone,
 The Vanquifh'd Idol feems to own
 The GOD of *Israel*, GOD Alone.

VIII.

While Pale Confufion fhall furprize,
 And Shame poffefs thine Enemies,
 Who to a Senfelefs Idol bend,
 And worfhip Gods, Unable to defend
 Themfelves ; Thy Church thy Judgment hears
 With Joy ; and triumphs in the Sinners Fears,
 When the Great GOD, the Lord of Hofts,
 Defeats their proud and impious Boafts,
 His Godhead terribly maintains,
 And his Eternal Rule o'er Heaven and Earth proclaims.

IX.

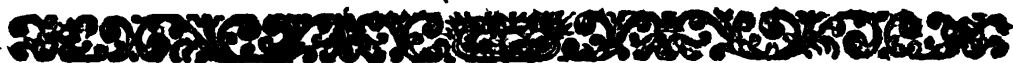
Againft the *Atbeift* Race thy Bolts are aim'd ;
 Againft the Godlefs Crew thy Vengeance is enflam'd ;
 While,

While, thro' the deep Obscurity,
 For Thine the Seeds of Light are sown,
 While They, Secure, thy Smiles can see,
 And thro' the hovering Shades their great Protector own.

X.

Thus, while Substantial Darknes shrouds
 The *Chamian* Heaven in Solid Clouds,
 And with black Wings o'er frighted *Mizraim* broods ;
 In *Gosben's* favour'd Land
 Thy Chosen *Israel* stand,
 Enjoy the Sun's enliv'ning Ray,
 And wonder what Strange Night Usurps th' *Ægyptian* Day!





Extract of a LETTER from the Author to
Mr. *HUGHES*, on the Publication of his
Poem, entitled *THE COURT OF NEPTUNE*,
Congratulating King *WILLIAM* on his Return
from *Holland* in the Year 1699.

DEAR SIR,

I AM pleased to find, that you always make choice of
worthy Subjects for your Muse, and take it as an Omen
of Something Greater to follow. *VIRGIL*, in his *BUCOLICS*,
preluded to his *ÆNEID*, and first sung the Praises of
AUGUSTUS in *Eclogues* or *Copies of Verses*, before he at-
tempted an *Heroic Poem*.

I am satisfied by This Specimen, that You will never
descend into the Rank of Those *LITTLE SOULS*, who make
it their Business Only to please, and have no other Way to
do That, but by flattering Men in their Vices and Immo-
ralities. I am sure *VIRTUE* is most for the Interest of
Mankind; and Those Poets have ever obtained the most
Honour in the World, who have made That the End and
Design of their Works.

A wanton *SAPPHO*, or *ANACREON*, among the An-
cients, never had the Same Applause as a *PINDAR* or
ALCÆUS; nor, in the Judgment of *HORACE*, did they
deserve

deserve it. In the Opinion of All Posterity, a lewd and debauch'd OVID did justly submit to the Worth of a VIRGIL: And, in future Ages, a DRYDEN will never be compar'd to a MILTON.

In All Times, and in All Places of the World, the MORAL POETS have been ever the Greatest, and as much Superior to Others in WIT as in VIRTUE. Nor does This seem difficult to be accounted for, since the Dignity of their Subjects naturally rais'd their Ideas, and gave a Grandeur to their Sentiments.

~~CONFIDENTIAL~~

To Mr. DUNCOMBE.

DEAR SIR,

Octob. 10, 1740.

ACCORDING to your Desire, I herewith send you my *Latin* Version of the Introduction to PARADISE LOST. It was compos'd (as I think I told you) while I lay on my Bed in the Night, and scarce knew whether I was Asleep or Awake, Writing or Hearing Verses; and the Heavenly Muse gave me, in the Words of MILTON,

Her Nightly Visitation Unimplor'd,
And whisper'd to me Slumb'ring, and inspir'd-
Easie my Unpremeditated Verse:

Or, in plain Prose, suggested it to One who does not remember to have made Ten *Latin Hexameters* together

in his whole Life at any other Time, nor designs ever to make Ten more. For you will easily believe, *he* can lay very little Strefs on the *Inspiration*, who has since attempted to make so many Improvements by a mere *Human* Judgment or Industry.

The reading over a *Latin Manuscript*-Version of the *First* Book of PARADISE LOST, which had been put into my Hands a little before, gave my Thoughts, as I imagine, this Turn; for I was endeavouring to convince the Author, that MILTON would be but Half-translated, if his Numbers were not transfused, as well as his General Sense given; And if there was not the same Studied, or Happy Neglect, or Choice of Sounds, either Harsh or Indifferent, or Sweet and Soothing to the Ear, in the *Copy* as in the *Original*.

HUmani generis lapsum, mitissima rupta
 Fœdera, lethiferæ fructum Arboris, unde malorum
 Dira cohors, cum morte simul, mortalibus ægris
 Incubuit, PARADISO AMISSO; major ADAMUS
 Dum † moriens mortem vincat, sedemque beatam

† Eodem scilicet sensu, quo VIRGILIUS de NISO:

—et moriens animam abstulit hosti. *Æneid.* ix. v.443.

Et Apost. ad Hebræos, II. 9——14.

Et imperium moriens morti abstulit.

Dying he slew.

DRYDEN.

Restituat,

Restituat, cane MUSA : SINÆ quæ vertice summo,
 ORE BIVE olim, secreto Numine mentem
 ILLIUS afflâsti PASTORIS, semen ABRAMI
 Qui sanctum docuit, quo motu Terra Fretumque,
 Quo, primùm è cœco Lux ipsa & Sydera cœli
 Emersêre CHA O—Vel si juga sacra SIONIS,
 Seu SILOÆ mage flumen ames, orac'la JEHOVÆ
 Quæ placidè prætervehitur, Veneranda, vocata,
 Exaudi, URANIE, atque ingentibus annue cœptis :
 Dum nifu insolito furgens super Æthera pennis,
 Supra Anni Solisque vias, sublimis OLYMPUM
 Despiciam ; dicamque, audax, miracula rerum
 Non audita aliàs, neque Vatum dicta priorum
 Carminibus, Numeris unquam neque lege solutis.

Tuque adeo, tibi dilectas qui deligis Ædes
 Cor purum, scelerisque vacans, tu, SPIRITUS, adfis !
 Omnia nota tibi---Nascentis femina Mundi
 Fovisti, præsens, vastum per Inane coacta,
 Et passis magnum, OMNIPARENS, genialibus alis

Maturâsti

94 POEMS on Several OCCASIONS.

Maturâsti Ovum. Tenebras de pectore, DIVA,
Discutias; humilemque leves, & talibus ausis
Esse parem jubeas, dum Justum atque Omnibus Æquum,
Æternum ostendam Patrem, rerumque potentem.



A N

A N
E S S A Y

O N

The Harmony, Variety, and Power

O F

N U M B E R S,

Whether in PROSE or VERSE :

Preparatory to a SECOND ESSAY on the

NUMBERS of PARADISE LOST.

Musko contingens cuncta lepore.

LUCRETIUS.



To Mr. *RICHARDSON*.

S I R,

IN reading over to You a Former Paper on the *Variety* and *Power of Numbers* in *Paradise Lost*, which was written at Your Request, I perceived, that in order to give You a clearer Apprehension of the Justness of the Remarks I had made on the Verification of This Great Author, it was necessary to trace the *Idéa of Numbers* to their First Principles.

This has produced the following *Essay* on *Numbers* in General : in which if there be any thing New to You, I own also it was so to Myself till I came to consider this Subject with more Attention than I had hitherto * done.

And if it has the Happiness to give You the same Entertainment in the Reading, which You have given the Author, in laying him under the agreeable Necessity of Writing it ; You will have all the Pleasure which Enquiries of this Nature deserve to give us.

S. S.

* See §. II. and III.



ESSAY the FIRST.

On the Harmony, Variety, and Power of NUMBERS in General, whether in Prose or Verse: Preparatory to a Second Essay on the NUMBERS of PARADISE LOST in Particular.

§. I.

NUMBERS * in General, to the Purpose I mean of the Present Enquiry, is but another Word for ORDER and PROPORTION; the Source of HARMONY and GRACE, whether in SOUNDS or MOVEMENTS, or whatever Work of Geniüs or of art.

But, in the Language of Poëts and Rhetoricians, it is Such a Number of Sounds, in Such an Order and Proportion to one another, as is either proper to PLEASE the EAR, or IMPRESS the MIND in a peculiar Manner.

For the Beauty of NUMBERS consists in the GRACE or the PROPRIETY of 'em.

The PROPRIETY of 'em consists in *Sounds* adapted to the *Sense*: And the Result or Effect of such Sounds is the POWER of NUMBERS; of which the Ancients relate such Wonders: A Beauty which Every Great Genius does, *in his Diction*, principally aim at, and naturally succeeds in: But which is the peculiar Felicity of those only who CONCEIVE CLEARLY, and EXPRESS STRONGLY whatever they CONCEIVE. Now the Force of Expression consists partly in the Words themselves, and partly in the Numbers and Disposition. And they who have the † *Happy Curiosity* [of HORACE] to choose Proper Words, and to give Every Word its Proper Situation and Emphasis of Sound, will be able to transfuse all the Ideas of their Own Minds into the

* The Reason why the *Accents* are mark'd on Some of the *Syllables* will appear in the Sequel of this *Essay*.
 † *Curiosa Felicitas*.

And this belongs to the POWER of *Numbers*.

To what Laws of *Harmony*, for Instance, or even of *Grammar*, will you reduce the Broken and Imperfect Accents, in which VIRGIL gives us so strong an Image of all the Disorder and Emotion of Mind which NISUS feels, when, to divert the fatal Stroke from his Beloved EURYALUS, He cries out thro' the Shades to VOLSCENS,

*Me—Me—adsum qui feci—in Me convertite ferrum,
O Rutuli—* ÆNEID. ix. 427.

Which MILTON puts into the Mouth of our first Mother under the like Distress.

Mee—Mee only—Just object of his Ire!

And still Greater is the Disorder both in the *Grammar* and in the *Numbers*, with Equal Success and Power of Sounds, in TRERENCE's Eunuch. Act. I. Sc. 1.

*Egōne illām? quæ illūm? quæ mē? quæ nōn? sinē mōdō:
Mori me malim:*

But wherever * the POWER and the HARMONY of *Numbers* are united together, There the Style will be Sure to please us; and may be said, in the Words of PLINY, to be *omnibus suis Numeris absolutus*: or, in Those of MILTON,

* The learned Reader will, perhaps, be pleased with the following Instances, to this purpose, from *Virgil* and *Horace*;

*Resistit Æneas—clardque in luce refulsit,
Os humerosque Deo Similis—namque Ipsa
decoram*

*Cæsariem Nato genitrix, lumenque juventæ
Purpureum, et latos oculis afflârat honores.*
ÆNEID. i. 592.

*Devenère locos lætos, & amœna vireta
Fortunatorum nemorum, sedesque beatas:*

*Largior hęc campos æther, & lumine vestit
Purpureo—* ÆNEID. vi. 638.

*Qualis ubi Oceani perfusus Lucifer unda,
Quem Venus ante alios astrorum diligit ignes,
Extulit os cælo Sacrum, tenebrasque resolvit.*
ÆNEID. viii. 589.

*Et te sonantem pleniùs aureo
Alcæe, pleetro, dura navis,
Dura fugæ mala, dura belli
Utrumque sacro digna silentio
Mirantur umbra dicere.*

HOR. Lib. ii. Ode 13.

Smooth

Smooth on the Tongue, and Pleasing to the Ear.

Paradise Regain'd, B. 1.

Such are the following Lines, and a Thousand others, in *Paradise Lost* :

Thēse lūll'd bŷ Níghtīngalēs, embracing slēpt ;
 And ón thēir Nāked Límbs thē flouŷrie Roóŷ
 Shour'd Rōŷēs, whích thē Mórnrēpāir'd: Sleēp ón—
 Blēst Pāir! Book iv. See the same Book from Ver. 252 to 268.

Especially where the Sounds, the Numbers and the Idéas are perpetually varied, and set in opposition to one another. As in Book vi.

All Níght thē dŷeādŷlēs Angēl, unpursu'd
 Thrōugh Heáv'n's wīde Chāmpāin hēld hīs wāy, 'till Mórnr,
 Wākt bŷ thē círcŷlīng Houŷrs, with rōŷiē hand
 Unbárr'd thē Gātes óf Líght.

Such are every where found in this Author.

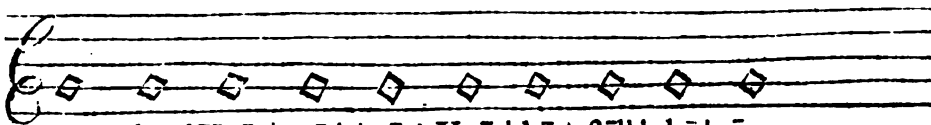
See the same Book, Ver. 92 : 748--752 : 844--875. B. iv. 300.

——— ——— ———pouring forth———mōre Sweet———
 Wīld, ābóve Rūle ór ārt, ēnórmōus Blīŷ.

§. II.

The Ear cannot long be pleas'd with One and the Same Sound continued, nor Different Impressions be made upon the Soul, by the same Motions and Percussions of the Air : Therefore Nature, or the Reason of things, has instructed the Voice in Every Language not to move by Single and Uniform Sounds, or strike forever the Same Notes, unvaried either in Tone or in Time.

Let us pronounce, for Instance, the Ten following Syllables with one perpetual Tenor of the Voice, unchang'd alike in Time or in Accent:



Bē | whāt | You | wīl | sō | You | bē | stīll | thē | sāme,

and

and they will appear like *Surd* and *Unmeaning Sounds*; *Painful* to the *Voice*, and *Ungrateful* to the *Ear*. Such, 'tis observ'd, is the *Pronunciation* of *Those* who are born *Deaf*, and have been taught to *Speak* without hearing the *Sound* of their own *Voices*. But unite every *Two* of *These* *Sounds* into *ONE MOVEMENT*, and let the *Voice* *Rise* on the *One*, and *Fall* or *Rest* itself on the *Other*, and this with a proper *Mixture* of *Uniformity* and *Variety*; and then immediately

Pleās'd thōu | shālt hear | ānd leārn | thē Sē|crēt Pōw'r
 Of Hār|monŷ; | in Tōnes: | ānd Nūm|bērs hīt
 Bŷ Vōice | or Hānd—— *Paradise Regain'd*, B. iv. Ver. 254.

In the *First* of *These* *Movements* the *Voice* dwells with *pleasure* on the *First Syllable*, and runs off hastily from the *Second*: For all the *Pronouns* are either *ENCLITIC* only, or *EMPHATICAL*: And therefore tho' the *second Syllable* ends in a *Diphthong*, yet as *NO EMPHASIS* is *Here* to be laid upon it, the *Sound* is *Short*, and hardly either of the *Vowels* is heard *Distinctly*.

The *Four Syllables* which begin the *Next Line* are *All* naturally *Short*; but the *Voice* rises on the *Second*, and distinguishes it by a *Sharper Accent*. The *Third* and *Fourth* are both equally *Short* and *Unaccented*; but the *Last* receives *Half a Time* by the *Comma*, a *Pause* of the *Voice* after it, and therefore is mark'd with a *Prick* of *Perfection* as they call it. And by *This Variety* the *Movements* in this *Second Line* are *Sufficiently* distinguish'd from the *Same* *Movements* in the *First* and in the *Third Line*, tho' the *Cæsura* be exactly the *Same* in every *Line*. The *First* of which begins with a *Trochee* followed by an *Iambick*; the *Last* with *Two Iambics*; and the *Middle*, if we regard the *Time* only, with *Two Pyrrichius's*, but the *Former* distinguish'd by a *strong Accent*, which gives it, to an *English* *Ear*, the *Force* of an *Iambick*.

Such is the *Variety* in *Such* an *Uniformity*! A *Grace* peculiar, perhaps, to the *English* *Language*.

So many *Sounds* as may be united together in *One* *Movement* are call'd by the *Name* of *Feet*, because they seem to be the regular
 PACES

PACES by which the Voice moves on, or proceeds, in an equable or agreeable Manner; and therefore they are distinguish'd by different Names, according to the different Quantity or Disposition of the TIME in which we pronounce 'em, or the Strefs of the Voice that is laid upon 'em.

And These are the true Parents or Source of Numbers: All the Variety of which is form'd by the Variety of the Feet or Primary Movements, or the Various Combinations of em: And so the Numbers are said to be *Iambic*, *Trochaic*, *Dactylic*, or the like; or assume to themselves New Names according to their different Combinations, or as several Movements are united together by one common Elevation and Depreffion of the Voice, as in the following Lines:

*Cursed be their Anger! for it was Fierce,
And their Wrath! for it was Cruel.
I will divide 'em in Jacob; and scatter 'em in Israël.*

GENESIS xlix. 7.

And such a Number of Movements, thus agreeably united, are call'd in *Greek* by the Name of RHYTHMI; a Word which is also used to express the Simple Movements, when not the ORDER, but the QUANTITY of Time is only consider'd. Thus the *Dactyle* and the *Anapœst* [—∪∪.: ∪∪—] are the Same RHYTHMUS, tho' not the Same FOOT or MOVEMENT.

The Measure of Time in Ordinary Speech, and in our own Language, is the Space in which we pronounce any one of the Liquids, or any other Consonant, in the Sounding of which the Vowel precedes*.

No Simple Movement can be beautifully extended beyond the Quantity of Four such Times, nor beyond the Number of Three

* The Sweeter S or Z alone excepted, absurdly call'd by many Ez-hard, which is the soft and agreeable Sound of S when it comes between two Vowels in the middle of a Word, and with which, in the Southern Parts of the Island, we close all our Nouns Plural, and the Third Person Singular of All our Verbs, which are

perpetually Hissing in the Mouths of the *North Britons*: With the same Difference as at *Florence* or at *Rome*; whence the Proverb,

Lingua Toscana en Bocca Romana:

The Tuscan Language in a Roman Mouth.

Equal Sounds; because † a Distinction of Sounds and a Sensible Impression of the Voice at proper Distances is essential to *Numbers*; and Multiplicity without Variety would breed Confusion.

And Numbers also are equally oppos'd to ONE and to * INFINITE; in Both which there is neither Beginning, Middle, or End, nor therefore Order or Proportion.

§. III.

And by This Account it will plainly appear that the First Simple Feet, or Primary Movements of the Voice, are exceeding Few: And yet in the Use of those Few, properly Mixt and Exchang'd with each other, all the Various Passions of the Human Soul, and all the Endless Variety of Ideas that pass thro' it, may be sufficiently and strongly express'd, and the Ear receive all the Pleasure which Variety of Numbers can possibly give it.

The Movements, therefore, with which the Voice proceeds with Pleasure, or is heard with Delight, are only Six; as will appear to the Eye itself in the following Distribution of the Time, whether in the more Slow and Solemn, or the Sharper and more Aëry Movements; in which the Strait Lines mark the Longer, and the Semicircles the Shorter Times.

The Spondee	— — :: ◊ ◊	The Tribrachus	∪ ∪ ∪ :: 9 9 9
The Dactyle	— ∪ ∪ :: ◊ 9 9	The Trochee	— ∪ :: ◊ 9
The Anapoeft	∪ ∪ — :: 9 9 ◊	The Iambic	∪ — :: 9 ◊

Nor can you possibly dispose of These in any other manner without increasing the Time, or repeating the Same Movements: as in the Amphimacer, for Instance, or the Creticus; the Former of which is mark'd in This manner ∪ — ∪, the Latter in This — ∪ —. The First

† Numerus est Distinctio, & Aequalium, & saepe Variorum Intervallorum, percussio. And again, Numerus est id in omnibus Vocibus atque Sonis, quod habet quasdam Impressiones, & quod metiri possis intervallis aequalibus. Cic. de Oratore; or, as he ought to have added, in agree-

ment with what he saith above, *ferè aequalibus.*

* Το δὲ ἀριθμὸν ἀπέραντον ἀνδρῶν γὰρ καὶ ἀγνώστον το ἀπείρων περιείραται δὲ ἀριθμῶ πάντων. Arif. Rhet. L. iii. C. viii.

of These, indeed, exceeds not the Number of Four times, but yet cannot be pronounced without Such a Distinction of Sound, as would plainly discover it to consist of One Entire Movement, and Part of Another; and the Latter would as plainly exceed the Time, and would strike the Ear with a double Percussion.

But, as in the Seven Distinctions of Sound in the Scale of Music, Nature has provided a Mixture of Half Sounds, for the greater Variety and Pleasure to the Ear; so, Here, in the Scale of Movements, to these Six, a Seventh may be added, which from the Inventor, as 'tis said, is nam'd the *Pyrrichius*: A kind of Half or Imperfect Measure, consisting of two Short Sounds mark'd thus $\cup \cup ::$ or $99 ::$ not because it deserves to be consider'd as an Entire and Distinct Movement of itself, but because it may seem to be of necessary Use, wherever the Remaining Sounds are All *Spondaic*, and consequently Heavy and Uniform, to reduce 'em to the Time or Quantity of *Iambics* or *Trochaics*. And because these kind of Movements were said to be peculiar to the *Ionians*, they were call'd the *Ionic* from the *Less*, or from the *Greater*, according as the Shorter Sounds preceded or follow'd, and were mark'd in This manner:

Ionicus a Minori $\cup \cup \text{—} \text{—} :: 99 \diamond \diamond$
Ionicus a Majori $\text{—} \text{—} \cup \cup :: \diamond \diamond 99$

You will excuse, Sir, this Appearance of Pedantry, when I have observ'd to You, that it is by a Like Artifice to This, that the General Quantity of Time is preserv'd in the *English Iambics* and *Trochaics*; which otherwise would be often and greatly exceeded in such a Language as ours. 'Tis an Advantage which our Poëts perpetually take; and the Easy Flow and Sweetness of the Verse is sometimes entirely owing to it; and, at other times, the Force and Emphasis with which the principal *Idea* is impressed upon the Mind: And, for One or Other of these Reasons, 'tis admitted almost into Every Part of the Verse, and often follow'd or preceded by those Long and *Spondaic* Sounds, which form the One or the Other of those Ancient *Ionic* Movements.

We may see an * Instance in *PARADISE LOST*, B. III. when the Devil first enters the New Creation in Quest of our World.

* See also *Par. Rogain'd*, B. iv. V | gels on Full Sail—to Ver. 587.—On a
 581.—And strait a fiery Globe—Of An— | Green Bank.
 P Round

Round he Surveys—and well might, where he stood
 So high above the circling Canopy
 Of Night's extended Shade; from Eastern Point
 Of Librà to the fleecy Star that bears
 Andromeda far off Atlantic Seas
 Beyond th' Horizon: Then from Pole to Pole
 He views in breadth; and without Longer Pause
 Downright into the World's First Region throws
 His Flight præcipitant—and windes with Ease,
 Thro' the Pure Marble Air, his oblique Way
 Amongst innúmerable Stars—that shon
 Stars, distant—but nigh hand seem'd other Worlds.
 Or other Worlds they seem'd, or Happy Isles;
 Fortunate Fields and Groves and Floury Vales;
 Thrice Happy Isles, but who dwelt Happy There
 He stay'd not to enquire—

Here we see the *Pyrrichius*, as to Real Quantity of Time at least, every where introduc'd, and with Advantage. Every one feels it when he reads

and without Longer Pause
 Downright into the World's First Region throws
 His Flight præcipitant—and windes with Ease,
 Thro' the Pure Marble Air, his oblique Way.

And where, in the very run of the Verse,

He stay'd not to enquire—

In most of These Instances the Defect of Time is, in some measure, supply'd by a Stronger or Weaker Accent: Where it is not, the Pleasure of the Ear must yield to the Greater Pleasure of the Mind, and the Smoothness of the Verse to the Propriety and Power of Numbers.

But

But how Agreeable soever these Imperfect Measures may be to the *English*, or were to the *Romans*; they seem'd so Unnatural or Unmusical to the *Latins*, that HORACE (the *Numerosus Horatius* as OVID calls him) has been observ'd, in all the Variety of his Odes, to have left us but one Single Instance of these kind of Numbers, and This only of the Former Sort.

Miserarum est | neque amoris | dare ludum.

HOR. Lib. 3. Ode .12.

Tho' to an *English* Ear, that distinguishes not the Time in the First or Third Syllables, but governs itself by the Accent alone, they would be All *Trochaic* and Agreeable Sounds, especially if we were to distribute Each *Ionic* into a several Line, or *Rhythmus*, as in the following Verse,

Tibi quatum

Cytheree

Puer des. HOR.

For what Modern Ear finds any thing less Harmonious in Those, than in These which follow, and are Regular *Trochaics*?

Parce nunc Horatiano

Alligare Verba nodo :

Parce : Melliora blandi

Quare plectra Claudiani.

But Such a Liberty of introducing Imperfect Measures is still Greater, and even Necessary in Prose to distinguish it from Verse. For Here, in the Judgment of ARISTOTLE, the Movements ought to be neither as One to One in the Graver Measures, nor as Two to One in the Sharper or Lighter Airs, * but in the [*Sesquialteral*] Proportion of Two to Three: for of such Movements, *scith be*, no Verse can ever be form'd.

* Aristotle's Rhet. L. iii. Cap. 8.

And these Movements are call'd the *Pæan Prior* and *Posterior*, and are compounded, the First of the *Trochee* and *Pyrrichius*, — ◡ | ◡◡ | proper especially for the beginning of a Sentence; the Latter of the *Pyrrichius* and *Iambic*, ◡◡ | ◡— | preferr'd for the Fuller and more Perfect Close.

And how naturally we fall into Such Movements unawares to ourselves, and without Design, the Reader may see an Instance in the Beginning and Close of the very First Sentence in this Essay; or he may read the following remarkable Period that concludes Mr. MILTON's Letter to Mr. HARTLIBB on Education.

“ Only I believe that this is not a Bow, for every one to shoot
 “ in that counts himself a Teacher; but will require Sinews almost
 “ equal to Those which HOMER gave ULYSSES: Yet I am withal per-
 “ swaded that it may prove much more easy in the Assay, than it
 “ now seems at distance, and much more illustrious: howbeit not
 “ more difficult than I imagine; and That Imagination pre-
 “ sents me with Nothing, but very Happy and very Possible, if
 “ GOD have so decreed; and This Age have Spirit and Capacity
 “ enough to apprehend.”

Yet in These kind of Closes in our own Language the Author is very often at the Mercy of the Reader, who, by making the insensible Pauses at places he is not aware of, may run into the very Fault

These Numbers were intended to avoid.

Dwell (*e. g.*) on the Sound of the word *were*, and these Ten Syllables will form an *English Iambic*, tho' they close with the *Pæan Posterior*.

NOR had MILTON, probably, any intention of such a Close: At least He was not always thus Scrupulous or Nice: For how different is the Conclusion of Another and very Beautiful Sentence in the Same Letter, which I shall transcribe as an equal Instance both of the *Sweetness* and *Propriety* of Sounds.

“ I shall detain you no longer, (*saitb He*) in the Demonstration
 “ of what we should Not do, but strait conduct ye to a Hill Side,
 “ where

“ where I will point ye out the Right Path of a Noble and Vir-
 “ tuous Education ; Laborious, indeed, at the First Ascent, but else
 “ Sō Smoōth, Sō Greēn, Sō Fūll ōf Goōdly Prōspēct and mēlōdiōūs
 “ Sōunds ōn ēvēry Sīde, thāt thē Hārp ōf ORPHEUS wās nōt mōre
 “ chārmīng.”

A very agreeable Cloſe, if the Ear itſelf māy bē thē Jūdge.

Nor did the Ancient Orators confine themſelves to ſuch rigid
 Laws, or imagine that no other Numbers were to be uſ'd in Proſe
 but what were impoſſible to enter into any Species of Verſe ; and
 if ſuch Numbers were always a Fault, 'tis a Fault, in the Opinion
 of QUINTILIAN, impoſſible to be avoided, L. ix. C. 4. And CICERO
 gives it as an Obſervation of THEOPHRASTUS, that in Every Oration
 form'd with Art, and in Every well-turn'd and Numerous Period,
 You will find the manifeſt Traces of the *Ditbyrambic* Poēms, to ſome
 or other of whoſe various kinds of Verſe, the Members of it may
 be eaſily rēduc'd. And

This I imagine is what we generally aim at in our FUNERAL
 EPITAPHS and PUBLIC INSCRIPTIONS ; where the Meaſures, how
 unequal ſoever, are yet all intended to anſwer, and, as I may ſay,
rhyme to one another in certain Numbers, which are a kind of
 Middle between Verſe and Proſe ; and in which there is to be No-
 thing Abrupt and Sudden, Nothing Harſh or Unharmonious.

§. IV.

A PERIOD, indeed, with the *Grammarians*, is ſuch a Number of
 Words as contains an entire Senſe ; and which therefore in *Engliſh*
 we call a SENTENCE.

But with the *Rbetoricians* it means, a JUST, a VARIOUS, and an
 HARMONIOUS [ROUND or] COMPASS OF WORDS.

A JUST PERIOD is That which *Pleaſes* at once and *Fills* the Ear.

The Ear is *Pleās'd* with thē Sweētnēſs and Flōw ōf thē Num-
 bers : and is *Fill'd* with Sounds that impreſs it with an Air of Dig-
 nity and Greatneſs : or, that riſe, ſupport and follow one another in
 Such.

Such an Orderly and Easy Succession, as shall exercise at once and engage its Attention, without Confounding or Exhausting of it.

The Several Parts of a *Just Period* are distinguish'd by the Name of COLONS and COMMAS.

The COLONS are the Larger Members: These contain, indeed, an Entire Sense by Themselves: After which yet the Ear expects Something more to follow, which may gracefully close and compleat the Sentence.

The COMMAS are the Lesser Breaks and Pauses, consisting of Such a Number of Words, of Such a Quantity of Time, as may be pronounc'd with the easiest Breath, and the most agreeable Rise and Fall of the Voice: And the more Easy the Cadence, the more Just the Members, and the more Full and Perfect is the Close, the Rounder is the Period; and the more Sweet and Flowing, or Numerous, is the Style.

But the utmost *Sweetness* cannot long please without *Variety*.

Variety arises from the different Length and Form of the Periods; the different Structure and Composition of the Parts; the different Quantity of Time in which they move; the Force of Consonants or Sweetness of Vowels, chosen with Art, or suggested with Felicity, the ready Attendant on Art and Exercise: And a proper Mixture, Exchange, Agreement, or Opposition of Such a Variety of Parts, Sounds and Numbers; and sometimes a Sudden and Seasonable Start from all Rules to awaken Attention, or imitate the Passion, seems to be that HIDDEN SOUL OF HARMONY, as MILTON calls it, which secretly informs the whole Composure, and animates Every Word, and even Every Syllable in the Writings of the Ancients. They painted for Eternity; and their Works remain, and will remain, and be admir'd forever.

Add or diminish but a single Sound, and you destroy the whole Effect of a Sentence on the Ear, and even on the Mind itself of the Hearer, or lose at least some Part of the GRACE or ENERGY of it.

LONGINUS * has given us a remarkable Instance of this in a † Sentence of DEMOSTHENES, and the more remarkable by the Notes which

* *De Sublimitate*, Sect. 39, p. 214, Lond. 1743.

† These are the Words here refer'd to ;

Τίττο * τὸ ψήφισμα τῶ τότε τῆ πόλεως

* These Words *ὡς ἂν ἀνακινῶ υιογοναρελθεῖν ἐποίησεν, ὡς περ νεφός.* are quoted from an *Oration of Demosthenes*, Πηλ. c. 1. Whoever shall think it worth the while to enter into all the Mystery of these

Magic Sounds, will discern, perhaps, by what Artifice and Power of Numbers this Great Orator could transport his Hearers into the very same Sentiments and Passions with Himself, and make them See, as it were, with their very Eyes the DANGER, the CLOUD rather, that hung over their City, *vanishing at once*, the Moment they came to a wise and vigorous Resolution.

To make the *English* Reader Sensible in some Measure of This, He is to observe with *Quintilian*, that whatever we allow to Poetical License or Custom in Verse, yet in reality the Length of the Vowels determines the Length of every Syllable: and, as I may elsewhere have occasion to take Notice, that the Voice, having once pronounc'd any Letter, repeats the Same with the greater Readiness and Facility. Instead of remarking therefore, with *Longinus*, that the Movements are All *Dactylic*, that is, as *Dacier* justly explains it, are All *Dactyls* or *Anapæsts*, with some *Hypermeter* Syllables always allow'd in Prose ; if the Reader nicely examines This Sentence, He will find, that out of between seventy and eighty Letters there are only *Four* that are Long in their own Nature, tho' Some of the others are lengthened in *Four* Places by their Union into Diphthongs, which makes in All seven or eight Long Syllables out of Twenty-two, which is no more than are absolutely necessary to give Force and Distinction to the Sounds ; and that, excepting Vowels and half Vowels, there are only Two (other) Letters

employ'd in the Whole Sentence, with the One or the Other of which, or Some Congenial Sound, Every Word, or almost Every Syllable begins, or might be made to begin by the Address of the Orator: And once more, that, excepting the Principal Words, Those I mean, upon which the Thought turns, and which are therefore deservedly set alone and distinguish'd from the Rest, all the Sounds that agree are constantly kept together, and the Sentence begins with the one, and concludes with the other: All which must needs give Such an Acceleration to the Voice, and Rapidity to the Pronunciation, as may give us Some Idéa of the Methods by which those *Demagogues* were able to lead the People whither they would by the mere Power of Sounds, either with or without Reason, to or against their true Interest.

And yet, were it not for the Authority of so Great a Critic as *Longinus*, and so Proper a Judge of the Beauty of Style in his own Language, I should be ready to persuade myself that it is not the general Rapidity only of the Whole Sentence, but the *Evanescence*, if I may so call it, of the Sounds that close it with so peculiar a Propriety, to which the Effect they have upon the Hearer is principally to be ascrib'd.

For, however to an *English* Ear, and in our Present manner of Pronunciation, this Sentence may seem to end with the Double *Trochee*,

ὡς περ νεφός,

it did not so to the Ears, or on the Tongue of the *Ancients* ; but the Three Last Sounds were all equally Short, and pronounc'd in the Same Time ; and the Accent gave Distinction indeed to the Sound, but added Nothing to the Length. And the more the Voice rests or dwells on the very Long and Accented Sound which is the *Fourth* from the End, the more *Evanescent* will the Three that follow appear, and

which he has made upon it: the wonderful Effect of which is yet not owing, as I imagine, merely or principally to the *Beauty* or *Majesty*

and the more Suddenly would the Cloud disperse and vanish together with the Breath that so abruptly concludes the Sentence. So that this Period appears to Me an Instance, not so much of the *Beauty*, as the *Power of Numbers*, for which, and for which only, *Demosthenes* was remarkable. For the Movement which concludes, and which is no other

than the *Pœan prior*, is the very Reverse of That, which the Ear and the *Rhetoricians* demand at the Close.

That the *English Reader* Here may judge for Himself, I shall give him both the Letters and the Time, in This celebrated Sentence, in Characters known and familiar to him.

◇ 9 9 ◇ 9 9 ◇ 9 9 ◇ 9 9 9 9 9
 Tou-To To Psee-phif-ma Ton, To-Te Tee Po-lei Pe-ris-tan-ta,
 ◇ 9 9 9 9 ◇ 9 9 ◇ 9 ◇ 9 9 9
 Kin-du-non, Pa-rel-thein E-poi-ee-sen Hof-per Ne-phos.

Where also we may observe, that as the Syllables generally begin with the Same *Mutes*, so they end with the Same *Liquid*, where they end not with a *Vowel*. *Ton perisstanta kindunon parelthein epoiēsen.*

But to explain the Thought of *Longinus*,

I shall give also a View of the *Dactylic Numbers*, as they are represented by *Dacier*, and as they will appear the more unquestionably Such in the *Reading* of Another Ancient Critic, who also has quoted them.

Tōūtō tō | Psee-phifmă | Tōn tōtē | Teē pōleī | ēpiōn[ta] Kīn-
 dūnōn | pārelthein | ēpoiēē[sen] hōspēr Nēphōs.

And thus much may Suffice to have said concerning a Passage so much admir'd by the *Ancients*, and written in the most Copious, the most Flowing, and the most Manageable Language with which the Learned World is acquainted: But to shew what our own Language is capable of in the hands of Those who understand the Power of Sounds to convey *Idéas*, I shall give my Reader the Pleasure of comparing

with This Sentence of *Demosthenes* the Lines which He will find in the *Fairy Queen of Spenser*, B. iv. C. 7. §. 21. In which the Chaste, but Coquette and Courtly *Amoret* is describ'd as in utmost danger of her Virtue by venturing too far, and is hurried by the Satyr into his Den, till awaken'd by the Horror of the Place and the Villain, she starts up in haste to have made her Escape.

Bút äfter hër füll lightlŷ hē ūprōfe ;

And Her Pursu'd as fast as she did Fly :

Full fast She Flies, and Far a-fore him goes ;

Ne Feels the Thorns and Thickets prick her ten-der Toes.

And

Majesty of the Numbers, which, as he says, are All *Dactylic*, or *Heroic*, but to the *Propriety* rather, or *Rapidity* of them.

And as to the GRACE or HARMONY of Composition, we may judge how Nice the Ears of the Ancients were, by an Observation which QUINTILIAN has made on the agreeable Addition of an *Expletive* only in One or Two Passages in CICERO. "He might have said *Nos ipsos*: but it is Sweeter, methinks, as He has put "it, *Nosmet ipsos*." For this, if I remember right, is a Reflection He Somewhere makes. However, L. ix. C. 4. He cites these Words, *Hunc per Hosce dies Sermonem Vulgi fuisse*; and adds, why *Hosce* rather than *Hos*? *neque enim erat asperum*. "*Rationem fortasse non reddam, sentiam esse melius*." I may not be able to give a Reason for it, but I plainly *feel* it to be better.

And He observes, upon the Same Occasion, that there are *Expletive* Sentences as well as *Particles*: Such as are Necessary to the Ear, where they are not Necessary to the Sense; or rather, that are not Necessary to the Sense, and yet may be Necessary to the Hearer, that He may

And by Such Sounds, whether he will or no, the Imagination of the Reader is hurried along together with the Virgin and her Pursuer.	find ourselves transported with the Body of our SAVIOUR, in a Moment of Time, from the Wilderness of <i>Judæa</i> into <i>Assyria</i> , while the Devil, in the Boast of such Power, cries out
---	--

And by the Same Artifice it is, that we

9 9 9 ◊ 9 9 9 9 9 ◊
Well ha' we speed-ed, and ore Hill and Dale,

99 9 9 9 ◊ 9 99 ◊
Forest and Field and Flood, Temples and Tow'rs,

9 99 9 9 ◊
Cut shorter many a League—

Where the Time is perpetually accelerated by the Shortest <i>Vowels</i> , the Sweetest <i>Liquids</i> , the Repetition of the Same <i>Mutes</i> , and these kept together where they agree, and by avoiding at the Same time All <i>Spondaic</i> Sounds, and introducing every where, in their Stead, the <i>Pyrrichius</i> , the	<i>Tribrachus</i> and the <i>Trochee</i> . For thus it will appear to every Ear that does not confound <i>Time</i> and <i>Accent</i> . I know not whether it were with Design, or by Accident only, that the Same <i>Mutes</i> are employ'd by Both these Poëts to the Same Purpose with the Passage cited from the <i>Orator</i> .
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2

receive

receive with Delight, and retain forever the Truths so artfully and strongly impress'd upon his Mind.

This, at least, appears to be the perpetual Practice of Heavenly Wisdom in the *Psalms* and in the *Prophets*.

Thus the 49th and the 78th *Psalms* begin:

1. *Give Ear, O my People, to my Law:*
Incline your Ears to the Words of my Mouth,
2. *I will open my mouth in a Parable:*
I will utter dark Sayings of old.

And thus the Prophecy of ISAIAH opens:

Hear, O Heavens, and give Ear, O Earth;
The Ox knoweth his Owner,
And the Ass his Master's Crib; :
But ISRAEL does not know,
My PEOPLE does not consider, &c.

And by This you will be able to judge of the Censure which is pass'd by some Modern *Critics* on those Little, and, as they are ready to imagine, Insignificant Parts of Speech, which yet are Reäl Beauties, and had Reäl Effects in the Compositions of the Ancients.

Nor is the Genius of One Language to be measur'd by Another. And yet, even in our Own Language, one of the smoothest and most unaffected of our Writers has thought it wrong to reject altogether the Practice of our Fathers in This respect; and sweetens the Sound, or adds to the Grace and Force of many of our Verbs by the very same Artifice.

To this purpose you may observe, that wherever, in any Sentence, several others, and less principal, lead you on to ONE SINGLE VERB, in which all the Rest do centre and terminate; This Verb is distinguished from all that precede it, if I may use Such an Expression, by an Emphatical *Expletive*, and This without the Intervention of any other Word, as is generally us'd. Thus in his Last Sermon,

Sermon, " If any thing, *saiſt He*, that is Bad, begin to be in fashion,
 " and to have the Countenance of Great Examples; if Thoſe, whom
 " we fear, and upon whom we depend, do diſcover any Inclination
 " That way, &c.

And, at other times, 'tis us'd by him to avoid the Concurrence
 of Sounds, that ought never to come together. For

It would have offended the Ear of a TILLOTSON to have ſaid
We wilfully: He ſeparates therefore the Diſagreeable Sounds, and chooſes
 to ſay, in his Diſcourſe on the Sacrament, And We do wilfully
 neglect, &c. with the Same Judgment, and for the Same Reason, as
 the Translators of the New Teſtament render the Words in the
 Tenth of LUKE, Ver. 11. *Even the very Duſt of your City, We do*
wipe off againſt You, not *we wipe*, in Sounds ſo ready to run into
 one another, and that muſt be kept aſunder by a kind of Painful
 Diſtinction and Pauſe of the Voice.

In like manner, in the Same Diſcourſe, tho' we generally ſay in
 common Converſation, *make 'em fly*, &c. He chooſes to ſay *to fly*,
to meet, and the like. And This is his uſual Practice, to introduce
 as many Sweet and Eaſy Sounds, as the Genius of our Tongue will
 allow, into a Language, which, by the Negligence of many Writers,
 ſeems to abound too much in Thoſe which are Harſh and Heavy.
 Thus, how agreeable to the Ear are the following Lines of Mr. DRYDEN,
 and how ſwiftly do they ſlide off the Tongue, tho' the Firſt of 'em
 conſiſts entirely of Monosyllables, and much of the Second.

The Firſt to lead the Way, to tempt the Flood,
 To paſs the Bridge [unknown,] nor fear the trembling Wood.

§. V.

AS FEET and NUMBERS, or RHYTHMUS, are Sometimes diſtin-
 guiſhed, and Sometimes mean the Same thing, becauſe the General
 Quantity of Time may be the Same; where the ORDER is chang'd
 and even revers'd, ſo it is with RHYME and NUMBERS. For what
 the *Latins* call NUMBERS, the *Greeks* generally expreſs by RHYTH-
 MUS. So far, at leaſt, as concerns the *Grace* and *Smoothneſs* of
 Composition; but, unleſs I am miſtaken, ſo far only. For, on ſome
 Occaſions,

Occasions, a noble Neglect of the NUMBERS, that is, of the RHYTHMUS, shews so much the more plainly the irresistible *Force* or *Power* of NUMBERS. For when it was observ'd that * DEMOSTHENES could never have been said to have THUNDER'D and LIGHTEN'D in his ORATIONS, if he had not *wreatb'd* and *darted* the Bolt in NUMBERS; if you mean in RHYME, says QUINTILIAN, I utterly dissent.

And This very Passage MILTON seems to have in his Eye, when he introduces SATAN recommending to our SAVIOUR the Study and Reading of the ATHENIAN ORATORS,

“ Those Ancient—whose resistless Eloquence
 “ Wièlded at will that Fierce *Democratie*,
 “ Shoök th' Arsenal, and fùlmìn'd övër *Greece*
 “ Tö *Macedon* and *Artaxerxes'* Thröne.

PARADISE REGAIN'D, B. iv. Ver. 268.

The hasty Changes of whose Passions and Counsels he has here described in the very Movements of his Verse; at the same time expressing the *Vim* DEMOSTHENIS, the *Force* or *Vebemence* of DEMOSTHENES, in the mere *Situation* of the Words *Fierce* and *Resistless*, with an equal Burst of Thunder Shaking the Arsenal, and Lightning at once over *Greece* to *Macedon* and the distant Throne of ARTAXERXES; that is, in the Apprehension of those Ages, from one End of the Earth to another, with a Like *Vebemence*, *Propriety*, and *Rapidity* of Numbers. And to such Purposes NUMBERS and RHYTHMUS are to be carefully distinguish'd, which are frequently us'd as equivalent Expressions. And in no other Sense can I conceive the SMOOTHER OVID to give to HORACE the Praise of a NUMEROUS Writer,

Sæpe tenet nostras NUMEROSUS HORATIUS aures.

* *Næque enim DEMOSTHENES fulmina tantopere vibrasse diceretur, nisi Numeris contorta ferrentur, in quo, si hoc sentimus Rhythmis contorta, dissentio.* Compare this with what he says a little after, where he tells us that the Ears LENIBUS mulcentur, CONTORTIS excitantur. The Ears are

sooth'd or lull'd with the Sweetness, but are rais'd and awaken'd with the Roughness and Abruptness of the Sounds. Nor was DEMOSTHENES famous for the Smoothness, but for the Propriety and Power of Numbers.	
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In any other Sense of the Word, I imagine others of his Translators may have the Vanity of LA MOTTE, to fancy that if they come short of their Author in other respects, they excell him, at least, in the *Regularity* and *Smoothness* of the *Numbers*; especially They who attempt his *Satires* and *Sermones*, to which yet, perhaps, there is Nothing Equal, Nothing Superior at least, in Any Language, if you regard the *Variety* and *Power* of the *Numbers*.

§. VI.

But tho' NUMBERS and RHYTHMUS are frequently us'd promiscuously by the Ancients, there is another very different thing from either, which is known among the Moderns by the Name of RIME; so call'd, in the opinion of Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE, not from the *Greek* RHYTHMUS, but as a Corruption of the Word RUNE. And RIMERS with Him are no other than RUNERS, the Name which he gives to the Poëts of the *Gothic* or *Northern* Nations. But because the Verses in the *Gothic* Compositions, which were chiefly distinguish'd by the Like Endings, consisted, or seem, at least, intended to consist, of a Certain Quantity of Time, or Number of Equal Syllables, I rather think the Closes of the RHYTHMI, which answer'd each other, came to be first called by the Name of RHYMES. However This be, MILTON also, as if he thought it had no more relation to the RHYTHMUS of the Ancients in Etymology than it has in real Beauty, wherever he speaks of it, constantly spells it RIME, without the *H*, in all the Editions of his Works which were corrected by himself, when he means by it the *Jingling Sound of Like Endings*; and so he spells it *five* times in the short Account of the Verse, prefix to the *later* Copies of the FIRST EDITION of PARADISE LOST, added at the request of the Bookseller, and again in the SECOND: But his own Immortal Poëm is written properly in RHYME, as it stands fairly printed in all the Three First Editions of PARADISE LOST, B. i. Ver. 16.

But a late insolent Editor, equally remarkable for his Dogmatical Temerity, and his Tasteless Notes on This Poëm, having first corrupted the Text of his Author, [and confounded *Rhyme* and *Rime*, which the Author had so industriously distinguished] tells us, 'tis odd that MILTON should put *Rime* here as equivalent to *Verse*, when he had just before declar'd against *Rhyme* as no true Ornament to *Verse*;
A Decla-

A Declaration impossible for MILTON to have made. His Poem therefore is written in RHYME, in the Same Sense, and Manner, in which the Same Word is us'd in his LYCIDAS, a Pastoral Ode so remarkable for the Variety and Power of Numbers, as well as for every other Beauty.

Who wou'd not sing for LYCIDAS? He knew
Himself to sing, and build the Lofty RHYME.

To write in RHYME then is to write in *Number* and in *Measure*; or, in the words of his Friend MARVEL,

IN NUMBER, WEIGHT and MEASURE——

Alluding to a Text, if I mistake not, in the *Apocrypha* *, and perhaps to a Passage in CICERO, who observes that if you examine Two Sentences or Movements by the mere Number of the Syllables, or measure 'em by the usual Rules of Quantity [especially among the Poëts] they will not be the same either in *Number* or in *Measure*, and yet may have the Same Effect upon the Ear, the Nicest and Surest Judge, according to this Great Author. Thus *Præsidii aut*, (this is the Instance he gives) are Five Syllables in *Number* in the usual Computation, and yet they are but Three Syllables in *Weight*, that is, in real Quantity of Time or Measure to the Ear: For thus a certain Orator, he tells us, began his Speech with the CRETICUS, that is, with a Long, a Short, and a Long Syllable, four times repeated,

Quid pētām | præsidii aut | exequār | quōvè nūnc |

Where it is evident that *Præsidii aut* was pronounc'd *Præsid- aut*, or rather, *Præsid-yaüt*. So different was the Ancient from the Modern Pronunciation. And, therefore, (whether it were by Chance or with Design,) when QUINTILIAN had made the like Observation, He gives the very same Word for an Example. Every One knows that *Præsidium est* is with the Poëts a Regular Cloë of a *Pentameter* Verse, which ends with an *Anapæst*; And consequently the Four last Syllables are to the Ear only Three; *Nam Synalæphe facit*, (saith he) *ut ultima Syllabæ pro Una sonent*. Lib. ix. C. 4. P. 453.

* Book of *Wisdom*, xl. 20.

It appears by comparing these Two Passages in CICERO and QUINTILIAN, that in pronouncing of *Præsidium aut*, it was doubtful whether *three* or *four* Syllables were heard; For *Præsidii aut* are but *three* Syllables with CICERO. But *Præsidium est* are *four* with QUINTILIAN, and could not be less when it closed a *Pentameter*; perhaps, by a Poëtical Licence.

RHYME then may be allow'd to be Common to *Prose* and *Verse*, and yet *Prose* and *Rhyme* may be distinguish'd. And thus HORACE seems to distinguish 'em,

— — — — — pede CERTO
Differt Sermoni Sermo MERUS—

HOR. Lib. i. Sat. 4. Vers. 47.

In VERSE 'tis Emphatically RHYME, and This determin'd to a Peculiar kind of Harmony.

This in PROSE would be Absurd and Unnatural, if frequently us'd, or plainly affected: And therefore is sometimes artfully chosen, and sometimes as carefully avoided, lest the Art or Affectation should appear.

“ Then was the War shiver'd, saith MILTON, into small Frays
“ and Bickerings,

“ At Wood or Waters,

“ As Chance or Valör,

“ Advice or Rashness

léd 'em on;

“ Cömmänded, or without Cömmänd.

Every one of the closing Commas in this Sentence is a **JUST** and **MEASUR'D** NUMBER of Agreeable Sounds, which may be pronounc'd at one easy Breath, and the whole Sentence at one Respiration: And the Time in which each corresponding RHYTHMUS may be pronounc'd is nearly the SAME, and gives therefore a kind of Musical Delight to the Ear; and yet the Varying of the RHYTHMI, and the FREER SOUNDS that introduce 'em; do sufficiently distinguish 'em from Verse.

And

And This is the Reason, that how Numerous soever the *Rhetoricians* require the Style should be even in PROSE itself, yet PROSE and NUMBERS may be justly distinguish'd, and even oppos'd to one another. And thus they are plainly distinguish'd from each other by CICERO, when he saith, *Adjunxit primus Numeros verbis solutis Isocrates.*

However, as soon as This Musical Delight was felt in Prose, or Common Conversation, the Reason was enquir'd, and the Pleasure began to be imitated in Numbers which should give it CERTAINLY and CONSTANTLY: For all Numbers, if I may so speak, are not Numerous, that is, are not [equally] Harmonious.

Therefore Fit Quantity of Syllables, or Sounds whose Measure of Time should be Equal or nearly Equal to one another, either in the Same or a Different Number of Syllables, were more industriously to be sought by Those who intended to write in Verse; and with the greater Exactness, Felicity, and Variety they were chosen, the Greater was the Harmony.

What other Accounts soever the Learned have been pleas'd to give us, This seems the True Original of Verse; nor did the most Ancient Poëtry, perhaps, proceed any further. See *Genesis* iv. 23, 24. And the xlix throughout, particularly Ver. 6, 7.

See also, to the Same purpose, the PARABLES, as they are call'd, of BALAAM, the SONG of DEBORAH, the Book of JOB, the PSALMS and the PROPHEETS, wherever the Translators have been able to give us any Idëa of the Music and Spirit, as well as of the Sense of those Ancient and Beautiful Compositions; to which Nothing, I persuade myself, would appear to be equal among the Noblest of all the *Greek* and *Latin Lyrics*, were they to be subject to the Same *Verbal* Translations.

I will transcribe only one Passage to This Purpose, HAB. iii. 3.

GOD came from Teman;
The Holy One from Mount Paran;
His Glory cover'd the Heavens;
And the Earth was full of his Praise:

Before

*Before him went the PESTILENCE ;
Behind him the BURNING FEVER :
He stood, and measur'd the Earth ;
He beheld, and drove äfunder the Nations.*

Who would wish for other Numbers, or hope to equal 'em in *Rime* and *Metre* ?

And thus far may be allow'd in *Pöetry* : But Such Numbers are not to be frequently admitted into *Prose*.

But to shew that it is not incapable of it, even in our own Language, and to render what I have said more sensible to a Common Reader, I shall transcribe the following RHYTHMI, in which a celebrated Writer, cotemporary with MILTON, not otherwise famous for the Beauty of his Style, closes his Account of the Mental Prayer of the Mystical Divines, or, as they are now call'd, the QUIETISTS,

- “ A kind of Purgatory it is in Devotion ;
- “ Something out of THIS World, and not in ANOTHER :
- “ Above the Earth, and beneath Heaven ;
- “ Where we will leave it in Clouds and Darkness.

If you examine the Two First of These RHYTHMI, you will find the TIME indeed to be differently dispos'd, by which it is sufficiently distinguish'd from Verse : and yet the QUANTITY, upon the whole, to be exactly the Same in Both, and to have therefore the Same Effect upon the Ear ; that there is a Great Regularity, and yet a Pleasing Variety in the RHYTHMUS that follows ; and that the Last Line *rhymes*, that is, *corresponds* and *answers* to the Two First, in Times that are Proportional and nearly Equal, tho' the Movements are otherwise entirely different ; and consists of Two *Dactyles*, clos'd in the most Graceful and Agreeable manner with the *Disbraus* or Double *Trochee*.

§. VII.

GORGIAS is the First, among the *Greeks*, who is mention'd to have introduc'd the Harmony of Numbers into *Prose*, and to have practis'd This Art with the Greatest Admiration of the Greatest and Po-

littest Assembly in the World: And his Scholar ISOCRATES, the First who publickly initiated Disciples into This Mystery, (for This is all that CICERO can be supposed to intend in the Words we have lately mentioned,) the Same who is reported to have labour'd, for ten or fifteen Years together, a very short *Parænesis*, or *Persuasive* to the various and divided States of *Greece*, to have Peace at home, and War abroad, that by the perpetual Charms and Graces of such a Discourse, they might be allur'd to read often and with Pleasure, what it was of utmost Importance to 'em to read and consider forever.

But whatever Applause This Author might receive among his Scholars, or the *Grammarians*, it must be own'd, that Periods form'd with such manifest Art, if frequently repeated, are justly condemn'd. They are improper either to Convince or Persuade. You appear to be only acting a Part and displaying your Talents: and the Reader, as ARISTOTLE has observed, stands ready to beat Time to your Measure; and, at the Beginning of each Labour'd RHYTHMUS, is beforehand with you, and preparing for the Close.

And when this Humour of Eternal Harmony had infected the Later *Romans*, PERSIUS makes himself merry with the Impertinence of an ORATOR, who was much more solicitous to adjust, or, in his own Language, to *pare*, and to *poize* his Periods, than to do Justice to his Client.

Fur es, ait PEDIO: PEDIUS quid? Crimina RASIS.
LIBRAT in ANTITHETIS—

Sat. i. Ver. 85.

And we may observe the Difference between an Affected, and a Native Eloquence in the Speeches of the Orator TERTULLUS and the Apostle of the *Gentiles*, which St. LUKE has taken Care to preserve in the 24th and 26th Chapters of his *Acts of the Apostles*. For thus the Formal Orator begins his Harangue.

“ *Seeing that by Thee we enjoy Great Quietness, and that very Wor-*
“ *thy Deeds are done to this Nation by thy Providence,*

“ *We accept it ALWAYS,*

“ *And in ALL Places,*

“ *Mosè*

“ *Most noble* FELIX,
 “ *With ALL Thankfulness.*

Πάνη τε ἢ Παν'αχῶ ἀποδεχόμεθα,
 Κρατίστῃ Φήλιξ, μετὰ Πάσης εὐχαριστίας.

How different does the Address of the Apostle appear, when yet the Like Sounds are, in Like Manner, repeated by him, with equal Effect on the Mind, and Pleasure to the Ear!

For when (after the noble Apology he had made for himself, his wonderful Account of his own Conversion, of the Faith of the Resurrection of the Dead in general, according to the Scriptures, and the Credibility of the Resurrection of JESUS in particular,) he turns himself at last directly to AGRIPPA, and saith,

King AGRIPPA! believest thou the Prophets?

And, entering into his very Heart and inmost Thoughts, ventures to make this Answer for him,

I know that Thou believest:

And when the King, hereupon, replies to him,

ALMOST thou persuadest me to be a Christian:

With how much of the Orator, as well as of the Gentleman and the Christian, does he return his own Word upon him!

“ *I wou'd to God, that not only THOU, but also ALL that bear me This Day, were both ALMOST, and ALTOGETHER such as I am, except THESE BONDS.*”

ACTS xxvi. 29.

Where we may observe either the Judgment, or the Felicity of the Translation, in taking the Advantage of our own Language to preserve the Grace at once and Force of the Original; the Harmony and the Propriety of it. The Propriety, in the Long and Spondaic Sounds, which close the Sentence, and fix the Attention of the Audience on the BONDS themselves, which gave him the Handsome Occasion of breath-

ing the Sincere and Ardent Desires of his Soul to God, that not the King alone, but also *All*, who had heard him That Day, might be not only ALMOST, but ALTOGETHER such as he was,

Παρεκτός τῶν δεσμῶν Τὸ Ὑπὸν.

And as for the *Harmony*, it arose out of the very Word which he returns upon the King: And therefore, how beautiful soever the Repetition of it appears, it was not only *Natural* and *Unaffected*, but almost *Unavoidable*.

And these Two Instances of the like Kind may be sufficient to convince us, that it is an equal Vice of the Mind forever to affect little Beauties, and forever to avoid 'em: Or rather, that there may be Occasions when they are *Great* and *Real* Beauties; for Such they always are, when they have *Great* and *Real* Effects.

§. VIII.

In Modern Compositions 'tis thought sufficient, in Prose, if the Ear be not offended.

But among the Ancients, and even while Art was only call'd in to assist and regulate Nature, no less a Person than CICERO himself, believed the HARMONY as well as the PROPRIETY of Sounds to be of such Importance to an Orator, as, in the height of all his Reputation for Eloquence, to place himself under the Instructions of a famous *Rhodian*, to acquire a still greater Mastery in This Powerful Art.

Now, according to the *Rules* of These Masters, the *Rules*, rather, of *Reason* and *Nature* itself, the Voice was not ordinarily to OPEN, to PROCEED, or to CLOSE in the Same Numbers.

The Intermediate Parts, indeed, or Body of the Sentence, as less remarkable, might be more neglected: On the other hand, the CLOSING Sounds, viz. Those, which were chiefly design'd to *impress* and *remain* with the Hearer, were justly attended to with the greatest Care: But They chose to BEGIN with the *Graver* Measures and *Longer* Times, unless in the Case to which MILTON alludes in his PARADISE LOST, B. ix. Ver. 675, when the ORATOR,

“ In.

“ In shew of Zeal, or, as to Passion mov'd,

“ Sometimes in Height began—

That is, in Sounds the most proper to strike, or to seize the Ear. Thus CICERO thunders at once in strongest *Iambics* and *Anapæsts*, and flashes in the Face of Guilty CATILINE then in FULL SENATE Present before him.

*Quousque tandem abutere, CATILINA, patientia nostrâ? Nihilne Te nocturnum Præsidium Palatii? Nihil Urbis Vigiliæ? Nihil Timor populi! Nihil consensus Bonorum omnium? Nihil Hic munitissimus habendi Senatûs locus? Nihil ora * HORUM Vultusque moverunt?*

For it is evident that in the Use of this Movement you are able to give a stronger Accent to the Voice than in any other. It has at once a Sharp and a Südden Sound: The Same which Men use when they pour out a Törrënt of Wörds in their Anger.

'Twas such a Resentment as never had a Parallel in the World, before or since, (if we may judge by the terrible Effects of it,) which first inspir'd the Invention of This Kind of Measure in Verse, and rais'd it at once to such a Perfection, as no Writer that follow'd was able to attain: So far does Nature carry us beyond the Power of Art and Imitation.

Archilockum PROPRIO *Rabies* arnavit IAMBO.

HOR. de Arte Poëticâ, Ver. 79.

No wonder therefore that MILTON, who so well understood the Power of Numbers, as we may see almost in every Line of PARADISE LOST or REGAIN'D, makes us in the very Sound of the Words, to hear the Faln Archangel rousing his Fellow-Devils from the Lake where they lay astonish'd; when SATAN calls, and the Poët gives the Relation of it almost all in Purest and Strongest *Iambics*:

“ Awäke! Arise! or be Foréver Faln!

“ Hë cäll'd sö loud thät äll thë höllö' Deëp

“ Of Héll rëföünded—

* For in This Order I read the Words, with the Ancient Copies, to give the greater Pause and Emphasis to Every Closing Word, but especially to That, [HORUM,] in pronouncing of which he turn'd the Eyes of the Traitor to view and tremble at the Presence and Countenances of the most August Assembly in the World.

And.

And so many Genuine *Iambics*, such, I mean, as would have appear'd so to the Ears of an Ancient *Greek* or *Roman*, you will not easily find in such a continued Succession, either in This, or any other *English* Poët, except in Mr. DRYDEN: Or, if you do, 'tis in Affectation of *Smoothness*, rather than *Propriety*.

§. IX.

Upon all other Occasions the Numbers, in Every Just Composition, will be as Various as the Passions and Ideas.

Which brings to my Mind the Remarks that were made some Years ago upon the Invocation or Argument to PARADISE LOST, where, for forty Lines together, the same Numbers, in every Respect, are hardly once repeated; as if the Author had intended to shew us, in the very Entrance of his Poëm, what an endless Variety we were to expect. But the Moment his Thoughts were fir'd with the Grandeur and Importance of his Subject; and he was to inspire his Readers with a Sacred Indignation at the Pride and Ambition of SATAN; and at the Same time, to give us a dreadful View of his Fall and Punishment, the Numbers immediately change, or fix rather in one Impetuous Movement; and are all, tho' not Pure, yet properly and prevalently *Iambic* for Twelve or Twenty Lines that follow, with hardly any Variation: Which shews the Care and Judgment, or rather the prodigious Genius and Felicity of MILTON, who could never think or write in any Measures, where the NUMBERS and the IDEAS should shock and destroy each other.

For the Same Reason, where not STRENGTH, but SWEETNESS of SOUND is requir'd, and Numbers that lull and enchant the Mind; the Same Strong or Pure *Iambics* are industriously avoided, and exchange'd for such other Movements, as steal along more Soft and Silent, as far as the Law of *Iambic* Measures will admit, and which may seem to resemble the Music of the Spheres, the Music rather of Heav'n itself, where

— — — — — Hármonŷ
Sō Smoōthes hēr Chårming Tōnes, thāt Gōd's ōwn Eār
Lístēns dēlighted—

Or

Or the Ear of Man here on Earth,

— — — — when Silence yields
Tō the night-wārbling Bīrd, thāt, Nōw āwake,
Tūnes sweētēst his Lōve-lāboūr'd Song—

In the Same manner, when his Lonely Forsaken Virgin sings, in
the Mask,

Sweēt Eccho, Sweētēst Nymph—

COMUS cries out, in the Same SOLEMN TONES,

Hōw Sweētly dīd they floāt ūpōn thē Wīngs
Of Silence !
At évěry Fāll Smōōthing the Rāvēn Dōwn
Of Dārknēfs till it smīl'd—
Sūch Sōunds ās Thēse wīll tāke th' Enchānted Sōul,
And lāp it in Elýsīum—

But then, as in SINGING, so in RECITING, every Syllable must have not only its Proper Accent, but its Just Length and Solemnity of Sound, such as different Vowels or Diphthongs, and different Emotions of the Soul, do naturally give it : And That, in whatever Place of the Verse we meet it. And This is the Great Advantage of the Admission of Different and quite Contrary Movements into This kind of Verse, to adapt it to all the Endless Variety of Passions and Ideas which we propose to excite in the Mind of the Reader. In the Active or Angry Parts of the Poem, we expect the Force and Rapidity of the strongest *Iambics* : But look over all the Hymns of ADAM and EVE, or That of the Poet Himself to Wedded Love, or His Addresses to Light, or to URANIA, and you will find the Same Strong *Iambics* as industriously avoided ; and all is SLOW and SOLEMN ; in AIRS that BREATHE or INSPIRE DEVOTION : And the Grave and Sacred SPONDEES are the Sounds that justly prevail.

But to give you the Clearer Notion of what I intend, I will refer you only to one Passage, which I have particular Reason to mention.

Thámmüz

Tammuz came next, behind,
 Whose annual Wound in *Lébänön* allur'd
 The *Syriän* Damsels to lament his Fate
 In amorous Ditties all a Summer's Day ;
 While Smooth *Adonis* from his native Rock
 Ran Purple to the Sea—

PARADISE LOST, B. i. Ver. 446.

How different are These from Those Sounds we lately mention'd, address'd to the Faln Angels by the Prince of Darkness, or Those other in which a more Awful Power is introduc'd, when it had commanded.

The Gúlfh of *Tártarus* to open wide
 His fiery Cháos to receive their Fáll.
 Sö spáke the Sövrän Voïce, and Clóuds bégán
 Tö-darkén All-thé Hill ; and Smoák tö-rowle
 In dúskie wreáthes, relúctánt Flámes, thé-Sïgn
 Of Wráuth áwákt—

In Like Numbers, in the Relation of RAPHAEL, but with yet stronger and more remarkable Percussions on the Ear,

Sö—únder fiery Cöpe—together rúsh'd
 Bóth Báltels máine, with rüinous áffáult
 And inéxtínguïsháble Ráge—all Heáv'n
 Récóundéd—

Which has made me wonder, Sir, to see (since my reading to you the sudden Thoughts on the Variety of the Numbers in PARADISE LOST, which you have desir'd me to transcribe,) the Lines, which I have mention'd above, produc'd by a * Learned and Ingenious Author, as an Instance of the SWEETNESS of *Iambic* Measures. The following Verses are much more *Iambic*, but are they therefore SWEETER? I believe no body will say so. But they are, what they should be, a Hideous Peal of Hoarse and Barking Sounds, in Verses otherwise sufficiently Smooth.

* Dr. PEMBERTON'S Observations on Poetry, p. 133.

— — — about her Middle round
 A Cry of Héll-hounds never céasing bark'd
 With wide *Cerberian* Móuths fall loud—and rúng
 A hídeous Peal—far léfs abhórr'd than Thése
 Vext SCYLLA, báthing in the Seá that parts
CalábRIA fRóm the hoARse *TRinácRian* ShóRe.

PARADISE LOST, B. ii. Ver. 653.

See the Like Instance of jarring Sounds, chiefly occasion'd by the frequent Repetition of the Letter R, in B. vi. 206—211. And in VIRG. *Æn.* viii. 690, and in HOR. *Epod.* x. *per totam.*

And, indeed, the *Iambic* Measures are rather *Smooth* than *Sweet*, and are chosen for the *Rapid*, or the *Stately Movement*, according as they are more or less Pure, that is, as they are more or less mixt with the *Dactyle*, the *Tribrachus* or *Trochee*; or with the *Weighty* and *Majestic Spondee*. See PARADISE LOST, B. i. 41—60.

Such a happy and well-chosen Variety we may observe in the following Lines.

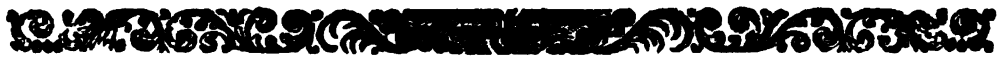
Büt feē—the ángry Víctör hás recáll'd
 HĪs MĪnĭstĕrs óf Vĕngeánce ánd Pŭrsuĭt
 Báck tő thĕ Gátes óf Heáv'n—the Sŭlphŭróus Háil
 Shót áftĕr ũs ĩn Stórm, o'erblówn, hás láid
 Thĕ fĭĕry Sŭrge, thát fróm thĕ Prĕcĭpĭce
 Óf Heáv'n rĕcĕiv'd ũs fállĭng; ánd thĕ Thŭndĕr,
 Wĭng'd wĭth rĕd Lĭghtnĭng ánd ĩmpĕtúous Ráge,
 Pĕrháps hás spĕnt hĭs Sháfts, ánd ceásĕs Nŏw
 Tő béllŏw thrŏ' thĕ Vást ánd Bŏundlĕss Deĕp.

PARADISE LOST, B. i. 169.

What Majesty! what Rapidity! and, above all, what Propriety may we observe in These Lines! Some of which, the First and the Last particularly, are almost PURE IAMBICS; and yet I am much mistaken, if there be, [as I am sure there ought not to be,] any remarkable SWEETNESS in ANY of 'em.

What is it then, you will say, that gives us so sensible a Pleasure when we read the Lines that relate to THAMMUZ or ADONIS? 'Tis because the Melting Story is told all in LIQUIDS, that is, in Letters that melt in the Mouth: in well-vowel'd Syllables: in Numbers that SOOTH the Ear, and are as SOFT and GENTLE as the Tender Subject: in Smoothest *Spondees*, I mean, tempered with the *Pyrrichius*, or enliven'd with the *Tribrachus*, the *Dactyle* or the *Anapæst*: in which PUSHING NUMBER the Wound seems to be given, as the Damsels lament it in almost the only True or Genuine *Iâmbic*.

But whither have I suffer'd myself to be transported? For in all This I am sensible I am only anticipating Those Remarks on the Numbers of MILTON, which were written some Years ago, and are now transcrib'd at your Repeated and Earnest Request.



P O S T - S C R I P T.

I Am aware, by a Passage, I have met with, since the writing of This, in a Profest Admirer of MILTON, that the Greatest Part of Modern Readers, accusom'd to a Smooth and Unvaried Uniformity of Numbers, to reject every Syllable which they imagine to be Supernumerary, to lay a strong Accent on every Even Syllable in the *English Heroic Verse*, and taught thus, in the *Bentleian* manner,

— — — — — to scan,

With MIDAS' Ears, committing Short and Long:

Will be ready to wonder what I mean by all These Citations from our Author? or to ask where is the Beauty of 'em? And where, indeed, when you come to reduce 'em all to one and the same Movement, and to read

— — *Thâmmúz* | came néxt | behínd |
Whose ân|n'al Wóund | in *Lé|banón* | allur'd |

The

The *Syr* |^{an} Dám | fels tó | lamént | his Fáte |
 In ám |^{rous} Dít | ties ál | a Súm |^{mer's} Dáy |

But what Monsters of Sound would *Ann'al* or *An-wal*, *Syr'an* or *Am'-rous* be? or does any one really pronounce any otherwise than *ánnüäl*, *Sýr'än*, *ámörouš*, in three short, but distinct Syllables? why then does he suffer his *Eyes* to judge for his *Ears*? or suffer Words so agreeable in Sound to be written or printed in a manner he never pronounces? or who would dwell on a Sound naturally short? or lay the Strefs of the Voice on an inconsiderable TO or THE, on pretence that the Laws of Verification require it? or, by a more amazing Inattention, drop the very Sounds, to which the whole Beauty of the Numbers is owing, and the happy Imitation of Nature itself?

Take for example the following Verse,

And the shrill Sounds rán ecchöing round the Woods.

and I imagine you will presently be sensible that they will neither be *shrill* nor *eccho* any longer, should you read, or pronounce 'em,

And THE shrill Sounds rán ecch'ing—

But 'tis the Happiness of Authors that there are some Words Secure, by the very Difficulty of contracting 'em, from the Stupidity and Ignorance of Editors.



An APPENDIX to the preceding SECTION.

TO explain myself more fully on a Point, which I apprehend to be of so much Importance to the Beauty, Variety, and Power of Numbers in *English* Verse, who can be insensible of the Agreeableness of the Sounds in the Two following Verses; in the First of which, there is not One Syllable, the last excepted, which is Long in its own Nature: But what is wanting in *Weight* is abundantly made up in

ESSAY the FIRST.

Number : For there are no less than Fourteen Syllables in it; but not One which the Ear can spare; or which does not add to the Pleasure of the Sound,

And mánĚ ān āmōroūs, mánĚ ā hūmōroūs Lāy,
Which mánĚ ā Bārd hād chāntēd mánĚ ā Dāy.

The First of which is imitated from CHAUCER, who at the Head of a M. S. Copy of his Works, which I have seen, begs Pardon of God for many Offences against Piety and Decency,

“ And mánĚ ā Rīme, ānd mánĚ ā Léchēroūs Lāy ;

The Other from SPENSER, who saith of the Satyr that had seiz'd fair AMORET,

Nē cāre hē hād, ne pītĚ ōn thē Prēy,
Which mánĚ ā Knīght hād sōught, sō mánĚ ā Dāy.

Such Numbers, and, as in This Last Instance, so contrasted to one another, what Pleasure do they give the Ear !

But should so great an Infelicity befall the Authors of such harmonious Lines as to have some Future Critic arise, and teach us to read, with a *dull* and *heavy* Uniformity,

And man' | an Am' | rous, man' | a hum' | rous Lay,
Which man' | a Bard | had chant | ed man' | a Day,

How would such Writers lose half the Praise of their Verse, the Harmony of their Numbers ?

But how much worse would it be, if they must lose also the Beauty and Force of their very Ideas, and the Power of conveying 'em to the Mind of the Reader in the strongest Manner; and if, to such a Purpose, every Line and every Movement be corrupted and confounded ?

Thus when, by the Address of a seasonable *Pyrrichius*, we see the Bought Smile of the Harlot, the Serenading Lover starv'd indeed, and
Night

Night with double Darkness projecting her Conic Shadow, the Editor, with a great deal of Compassion, indeed, for the Lover and the Harlot, but with No Compassion to the Author, or Regard to the Pleasure of the Reader, saith, rather let it be th' *Half-starv'd Lover*, and his Case will be bad enough.

But the Poët was of a differing Opinion; and therefore, *has starv'd* him quite to every one that reads with a Natural Voïce, and gives to every Sound it's proper Accent and Quantity of Time: Nor can he well exceed in the Quantity, nor restore too fully the Time which had been Artfully or Happily abated in the Weak and Evanescent Sounds that preceded. And why should not the Mind and Judgment' of the Reader have some Pleasure in the *Power and Variety of the Numbers*, where the Ear is pleas'd to an Excess, and sooth'd with the Sweetness of all the Sounds that introduce and follow These, in a Dozen such Lines as can scarce be met with in any other Poët? I will give the Reader these Verses in the Author's Own Numbers. He will find 'em in the Admirable Hymn to WEDDED LOVE, B. iv. Ver. 763—

Hère Löve his gölden Shäfts employs—Hère lights
 His cónstánt Lämp—and wäves his purplë Wings:
 Reïgns Hère, änd révëls—not in thë Böught Smïle
 Of Hårlöts—lövelëfs, joylëfs, únindëär'd,
 Casüäl Frúition—nör in Couërt Amouërs,
 Mïxt Dånce, ör wántön Måsk, ör Mïdnïght Båll,
 Or Sérënäte, whïch thë stårv'd Lóvër sïngs
 Tö his Pröud Fåïr, bëst quïttëd wïth Dïsdåïn.
 Thëse, lüll'd by Nïghtïngåles, ëmbråcïng slëpt,
 And ön thïr Nåkëd Lïmbs thë Flouërië Roöf
 Shöwr'd Rófës, whïch thë Mörn rëpår'd—Slëep ön,
 Blëst Pår! änd öh! yët Håppïëst, ïf yë scëk
 Nö Håppïër Ståte, änd knöw tö knöw nö möre.

And then it follows,

Nöw håd Nïght meásur'd, &c.

'Tis

'Tis in exchange of such Numbers and Ideas that we are taught to read, Ver. 765.

— — Not i' th' (or THE) bo't Smile.

And, in the Margin, like the very HISS of the Serpent,

— — Not in th' hired Smiles,

And Ver. 769,

— which th' estāv'd Lover, or, — th' half-starv'd —

And in Ver. 776.

Now hād Night—

But the worst of all is, that as the Editor very often does not so much as understand his Author, nor is sensible, in the least, of Beauties which the Numbers unavoidably offer to a Proper Reader, He attempts, by his rash Corrections, to render it forever impossible to be perceiv'd by others. See a Glaring Instance of This, B. iv. 472— Where, after the most agreeable Turn of Thoughts and Words, so Natural to the Occasion, and in the OVIDIAN Manner; he shews us yet that he knew when there was enough of the Pretty, especially as an [ANGELIC, or] Heavenly Voice was to be introduced: And then he continues, indeed, the Turn of Thought still for many Lines together, but gives the Reader the Pleasure to supply the Turn of Words, and make the Application.

For thus EVE relates her Story to ADAM, when she first saw her own Image or Shadow in the Water, B. iv. 460.

As I bent down to look, just opposite,

A Shape within the watry Gleam appear'd

BENDING TO LOOK ON me: I started back—

IT STARTED BACK—but Pleās'd I soon return'd:

PLEAS'D IT RETURN'D AS SOON—with answering Looks
Of Sympathy and Love. There I had fixt

Mine Eyes 'till Now, and pin'd with vain Desire,

Had not a Voice thus warn'd me, What thou see'st,

What There thou see'st, Fair Creature, is Thy Self:

With

With Thee it *came* and *goes* : but follow Mee
 And I will bring thee where NO SHADOW STAYS
 Thy *Coming* and thy soft *Embraces* ; HEE
 Whose IMAGE THOU art : HIM thou shalt enjoy
 INSEPARABLY Thine : to HIM shalt bear
 MULTITUDES LIKE thy SELF, &c.

What ! saith the GRAMMARIAN, All her Progeny to be FE-
 MALES ! No doubt he gave it, MULTITUDES like YOURSELVES.

Are MULTITUDES ALL then ? Or were ALL Mankind to be such
 Pretty Images of EVE as This, which she saw in the Water, that
 separated Her and the other EVE, which *came* and *went* with Her ?

But the Editor was so far from apprehending the Thought of the
 Poët Here, that He has not so much as a Suspicion of it ; and therefore
 proposes to read

— — — — He whose
 Image thou ART——

No, the Heavenly Guide saith, with an Emphasis on the Pronoun
 Personal,

Whose Image THOU art—

That is, as This Shadow in the Water is THINE.

The like Mistake of the Accent seems to have led a much better
 * Judge into a strange Fancy that MILTON, in the HARRY of his Thoughts,
 had confounded, not only the Son of GOD, but even GOD himself with
 his Creatures. For thus, probably, He read the Words, laying the
 Accent on the Even Syllable,

— — GOD and his SON except,
 Created THING nought valued he, nor shun'd.

But the Poët, laying the whole Strefs. of his Voice on the Word

CREATED, and touching in the slightest manner on the Word, THING, (so inconsiderable a one, that in the Language of the Poëts he most read, it would, perhaps, have utterly disappear'd, Τὸ κ'τιζόν δε) no other Idéas probably entred into his Mind, but These: *Excepting the Fear of GOD and his SON, he was incapable of Fear: but as for any CREATED thing ----- he neither dreaded nor shun'd it, nor consequently This Goblin.*

If This be not the Sense of the Grammar, coldly reduced to its proper Parts of Speech, 'tis the Sense, the only Sense, that the Numbers, and a fir'd Imagination ever convey'd to My Thoughts in the reading This Passage:

Th' undaunted Fiend, what This might be, admir'd:
Admir'd—NOT FEAR'D—GOD and his SON except—
 CREATED thing nought valu'd he, nor shun'd.

The END of the FIRST ESSAY.







J. Richardson sculp.

*Forsitan & Nostros ducat de Marmore Vultus,
Nectens aut Paphia Myrti, aut Parnaside Lauri
Fronde Comas, at ego Secura Pace quiescam.*

Milton in Manso.

the other; and many a Sheet of Paper had I written and rejected; interlin'd and blotted; tack'd together and separated, till I had quite bewilder'd myself, and got nothing by all my Labours but to exemplify once more the Description which CHAOS gives of his own Empire in our Author, that is, to see

CONFUSION *worse confounded* —

And, perhaps, could I have satisfied myself, I had yet disappointed my Friend; who expected those very Papers from me, and those Original Ideas, which voluntarily offered themselves to my Mind; and which You were so obliging to say, had let You into the Reason of the Pleasure Your Ear had always found in the NUMBERS of MILTON, tho' You were not able to account for it to Yourself, or explain it to Others.

The Like, in some measure, or the Reverse rather, had happened to myself, but a little before, in the reading of a * Poem, which came out with Great Expectation, and was receiv'd, for a while, with a General Applause; in which the Verses were apparently Smoother than Those of

† LEONIDAS.

MILTON, and yet were so far from giving me equal Pleasure, that it was impossible to read any Number of 'em together without feeling the utmost Satiety and Weariness.

I was soon able, indeed, to account for This: but That which puzzled me most was, that I was ready to imagine the *Smother* the *Verfes* were, the more *Flowing* would the *Numbers* be, and run off the Tongue and the Ear the Faster: And yet I seem'd to feel the quite contrary to be True, in reading This Author; nor once reflected that the *Smother* Waters are the most *torpid* and *heavy* in their Motion.

To enter into This Mystery, therefore, I own I went Mechanically to work: I took the two, or three First Pages of That Poëm, and reduced every Verse to its proper Quantity and Proportion of Sounds; and thereby soon discover'd that, excepting the Admission of a *Trochee* here and there at the beginning of 'em, (for which his Ingenious and Learned † Friend soon after rather *excus'd* than *applauded* him,) the Verses consisted entirely of *English Iambics*: Iambics, I mean, in Accent, which yet in full Quantity of Time

† Dr. PEMBERTON.

are many of 'em nearer to *Spondees*, the most Sluggish and Uniform of All Movements: And This, continu'd, as generally it is, from the Beginning to the End of the Poëm, must needs give a disgusting Stiffness and Heaviness to it.

After This I turn'd, in like manner, to the First Lines in *PARADISE LOST*, and found, to my equal Surprise and Pleasure, in the Reading of thirty or forty Verses, that the same Numbers or Movements, in every respect, were hardly once repeated: And that all the Movements which the mixt *Iambic* of the Ancients admitted, were every where introduc'd with utmost Advantage and Pleasure to the Ear: and even such, as never were, nor ought to have been admitted into this Kind of Measure by the Ancients, are the very Sounds that give Life and Motion to the *English Iambic*, and add a Peculiar Grace and Felicity to it in such a Language as Our's.

This it was that gave occasion to the Lines that follow.





*Remarks on the NUMBERS in the Argument to
PARADISE LOST.*

Written in the Year 1737.

MILTON has shewn us, in the very Entrance of his POEM, tho' probably without Design, what an endless Variety of Numbers we are afterwards to expect, in a kind of Verse, consisting only of Five Feet and Ten Syllables, for the most part.

Of the Twenty-six Verses in the Argument, or Invocation, there are hardly Two that are like one another in every Respect; much less any Two that stand near each other.

The ENGLISH HEROIC consists of such Feet as bear the nearest Resemblance to the *Iambic*, especially the *Mixt*, or, as they call it, the *Impure Iambic* of the Ancients.

But then it must be remember'd, that Our Movements are not to be measur'd with the same Nicety as Their's; and that the *Tone* very often supplies the Place of the *Time*. They would therefore, perhaps, have appear'd Harsh and Dissonant to the Ear of the Ancients, as * Their's also certainly do, for a quite contrary Reason, to Our's.

And This, it may be, is common to Us with all other Lan-

* Thus in an *Iambic*, and even a *Pure Iambic* of HORACE, Epod. xvi.

Stis & ipsa Romæ viribus ruit:

Or that other,

Minacis aut Etrusca Persiæ manus;

Because, in the modern Manner of Pronunciation, the *Tone* and the *Time* do not agree with one another, the Music of the Verse is lost to our Ears, which would

have been better pleas'd with a *Spondee*, than with the regular Movement in the fifth Place. And how much more agreeable is the Sound of That other Verse, in the same Ode,

Eques sonante verberabit ungula,

Tho' the First *Iambic* in This Line is, to an *English Ear*, no other than a *Trochee*, and a Departure therefore from the Law of Verse, which the Poët had prescrib'd to himself.

guages, which have arisen out of the Confusion of the *Gothic* and the *Roman*. But the *English* seems to have an Advantage above all the rest of those Languages, which makes it more Numerous in Verse, and capable of a greater Variety. The *French*, particularly, is acknowledged to have a perpetual and unwearied *Monotony*; and has nothing therefore to distinguish the Movements in one Verse from another but the *Rime* alone. For which Reason LA MOTTE says, 'tis impossible to write a Poem of any considerable Length in the *French* Language, which shall not weary the Reader with the perpetual Uniformity of the Sounds. He tells us, that the most entertaining Poem which they have is the *LUTRIN* of Mr. BALEZAT. But if, instead of Six, he had drawn it out to the Length of Twelve Books; or if, instead of three Hundred, every Book had consisted of as many more Verses, no Man could have the Patience any longer to read it.

But had MILTON given us, not only Ten or Twelve, but Twenty or Forty Books, such as we find the First Six, or Eight, of *PARADISE LOST*, with the same Variety of Subject, Style, and Numbers, we had forever read him, and with a Pleasure forever New.

For the *English* Language has the utmost Variety both of *Time* and *Accent*. Every Vowel with Us is sometimes Long, and sometimes Short; and we lay the Accent, indifferently, on the Last, the Last but one, or the Third Syllable from the End, and sometimes seem to draw it still more backward; or to give a kind of double Accent to some *Poly-syllables*, one Stronger and one Fainter. For the same Reason the Verses run with the greater Fluency and Sweetness of Sound into one another; and the Ear is prepar'd either to rest at the Close of the Verse, or to be led on into That which follows: And the † Pauses are indifferently made, in any Part of the Verse, and on the Even or Uneven Syllables.

Thus

* *L'Art de Parler*, L. iii. C. 2. §. 1. | proper to confirm and illustrate what is
 2. *Rapin, Reflexions sur la Poétique*, 37. | here advanced by some Examples.
 p. 111. | The First I shall offer is taken from Mr.
 † On a Review of this Essay, it seems | DRYDEN.

Thou next, | propitious *Pales*, | I rehearse;
 And sing thy Pastures, | in no Vulgar Verse;

Amphry

Thus the bold *British* Bard, in Bloom of Youth,
Smit with the Love of HARMONY and TRUTH,

Listen'd

Ambryfian Shepherd : | the *Lyceean* Woods, |
Arcadiä's flōwery Plains, | and pleasing Floods—
All other Themes, | that carelefs Minds invite,
Are worn with Ufe : | Unworthy Me to write.
Bufiris' Altars, | and the dire Decrees
Of hard *Euryfttheus*, | Evēry Reader fees :
Hylas the Boy, | *Latona's* erring Isle, |
And *Pelops'* Ivōry-Shoulder, | and his Toil
For Fair *Hippodamē*— | with all the rest
Of *Grecian* Tales, | by Poets are exprest.

VIRGIL, *Georg.* iii. at the beginning.

This is to shew the Felicity of the *Eng-
lish* Language, even in Rime itself. In Blank Verse the Task is easier. In the following Lines the Pause is made in Every different Part of the Verse.

— — — — Yet not the more
Cease I to wander | where the Muses haunt, |
Clear Spring ; | or shady Grove, or sunny Hill ;
Smit with the love of sacred Song ; | but chief
Thee, *Sion*, | and the floury Brooks beneath,
That wash thy hallow'd Feet, | and warbling flow,
Nightly I visit. |
Then feed on Thoughts, | that voluntary move
Harmonious Numbers ; | as the wakeful Bird

U

Sings

Listen'd to Heav'nly Notes, which None may hear,
Of Earthly Mould, with gross unpurg'd Ear,

And

Sings dark'ning; | and, in shadiest Covert hid,
Tunes her Nocturnal Note. | Thus with the Year
Seasons return, | but not to Meet returns
Day, | or the sweet Approach of Ev'n or Morn.

PARADISE LOST, B. iii.

Descend from Heav'n, *Urāntā*, — by that Name
If rightly thou art call'd.

B. vii.

No sooner had th' Almighty ceas'd, | but all
The Multitude of Angels, | with a Shout
Loud | as from Numbers without Number; | sweet
As from Blest Voices, uttering Joy.

B. iii. Ver. 344.

The least Agreeable Páuses are those at the First, or before the Last Syllable. These therefore are seldom found in our Author, but when they have some peculiar Beauty, and when either the Words or the

Idéas deserve or demand an Emphasis to be laid on 'em.

To the Examples of This Kind already produced, the following may be added.

Cœlestial Voices to the midnight Air,
Sole, | or Responsive each to other's Note,
Singing their great Creator.

PARADISE LOST, B. iv.

— — — — — then with Voice
Mild | as when *Zépbyrüs* on *Flora* breathes.

B. v.

Or

And in his Native Language learnt to hit
Inimitable Sounds—

MILTON'S *Juvenile Poëms*. Entertainment at *Harefeld*.
Some

Or if the Star of Ev'ning, and the Moon
Haste to thy Audience, Night with Her will bring
Silence, | and Sleep list'ning to Thee will watch ;
Or we can bid his Absence, till thy Song
End | and dismiss Thee ere the Morning shine.

B. vii. Ver. 104.

— — — — the humble Shrub,
And Bush with frizled Hair implicit. | Last
Rose, as in Dance, the stately Trees—

Ib. Ver. 322.

— — — — the grey
Dawn | and the *Pleiades* before him danc'd,
Shedding sweet Influence—

Ib. Ver. 373.

— — — — Triumphant Death his Dart
Shook | but delay'd to strike—

B. xi. Ver. 491.

In all which Instances, you see, the Verse begins with a *Trochee* ; and This with greater Sweetness and better Effect than if he had used the *Spondee* ; and much more than if he had made it a Law to confine himself to perpetual *Iambics*, which had unavoidably destroy'd the Emphasis of the Sound.

All other Pauses are agreeable to the Ear, tho' least at the End of the Second Syllable, or First Movement ; unless in the Use of the *Trochee*, or of the *Tribrachus* or *Dactyle*, which-ever we chuse to call it.

And a strong Accent is so far from being necessary on the *Even* Syllable at All times, that in the Case of *Poly syllables* the Pause sufficiently supplies it's Place, and a *Pyrrichius* is introduced with Beauty. For *Poly syllables*, whether esteem'd of *Three*, or *Four*, or *Five* Syllables, always either *please*, or *fill* the Ear ; and the more so, when the Time is broken into lesser Divisions.

How happy the Author has been in the Use of These may appear in part by the following Examples :

The one seem'd Woman to the Waist, and Fair,
But ended Foul in many a Scaly Fould,
Voluminous and Vast—

B. iii. Ver. 650.

Some Pauses, 'tis true, and Some Movements are more Sweet, and more Flowing, or more Majestic and Sonorous than others :

Büt

— — — — and over-head up-grew
Infüpěráblě Height of loftiest Shade.

B. iv. Ver. 138.

Others whose Fruit, burnisht with Golden Rinde,
Hung ámiäblě—

— — — — and gently creeps

Lüxüriänt—

B. iv. Ver. 249, and 259.

— — — — his dewy Locks distill'd

Ambrósiä—

B. v. Ver. 56.

— — — — and Shields
Väriöus, with boastful Argument portray'd.

B. vi.

— lead forth to Battel These my Sons
Invinciblě—

Ib.

— — — — who wont to meet
So oft in Festivals of Joy and Love
Unánimöus—

B. vi.

— — — — and on thir Heads
Main Promontories flung, which in the Air
Cäme Shädöwīng—

B. vi. Ver. 653.

With burnisht Neck of verdant Gold, erect
Amidst his circling Spires, that on the Gräfs
Floted redündänt—

B. ix. Ver. 501.

—How

Büt in thē Mixturē öf āll Thēse äppeārs
Vāriētý—whičh āll thē Rēst ěndeārs.

Iambics, Trochees and *Spondees* are the Feet generally, and, perhaps, too generally us'd. For the Admission of the *Tribrachus, Anapest,* or *Dactyle,* adds to the Grace, or Fulness of the Sound. And many of our *Spondees* themselves are sometimes a kind of Spurious or Half *Iambics* ♪ · ♪; and, at other times, little more than the *Pyrrichius,* ♪ ♪, a sort of Imperfect Measure, but necessary very often in the *English Iambic,* to temper the heavy and immoderate Length of some of our *Spondees*; and even in Verses where those *Spondees* are a Real Beauty,

♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪
 When AJAX strives some Rock's vast Weight to throw,
 ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ · ♪ ·
 The Line too labours, and the Words move slow.

With this Allowance reduce the First Thirteen Verses in PARADISE LOST to their proper Numbers, and view 'em in all their Distinctions from one another, and you will find, I imagine, no less than *Twenty Varieties* in the *Feet, or Movements,* and half as many in the *Pauses,* besides Those which arise from the Comparison of one or more Verses with the Rest, or from the different Connection of the Feet with each other, or even their Independency one on another; a Variety of which the *Heroic* of the Ancients was not equally capable, if we may judge

— — — How gladly would I meet
Mortality my Sentence, | and be Earth
Insensible!—

B. x. Ver. 775.

Thus we have seen that 'tis possible to pause at Every Syllable, and in Every Part of the Verse both with Advantage and Pleasure; and to diversify the very same Pauses, and give an Agreeable Variety to 'em.

Such is the Genius of our Language! So manageable to All the Purposes of the

Sweetest or Noblest Numbers, and That with an Endless Variety.

Whether any other Modern Language will furnish us with the like Examples I know not; but sure I am they are neither the Sons of APOLLO, nor the Favourites of the *Muses,* who have no Ear or Relish for such Sweetness, Majesty, and Variety of Sound.

at

at least by the Practice of the later *Romans*; or not with equal Beauty and Pleasure to the Ear. On Account of all which, 'tis possible, perhaps, that in *Ten Lines* there may be little less than a *Hundred Varieties* in the *English* Heroics, which makes me wonder at the Barrenness and Poverty of many of our Modern Versifiers in the Midst of such Endless Riches,

And if such be the Variety, where the Author, it is probable, had no other Intention than simply to propose the Subject of his Poëm, what may we not expect in those Parts of it, where the Numbers are varied with Design, and labour'd on purpose?

Not but that every where throughout all his Compositions, *Art* as well as *Nature* directed him, forever to vary his Subject and his Style; the Air, the Sentiments, and the Numbers. Accordingly the *Three First Verses*, as they have no particular Beauty in any other respect, so neither in the Numbers: But this seems to be One Reason why the *Two* or *Three* that follow, give us all the Pleasure that the Ear is capable of in *English* Verse, especially those Words, of Smoothest Numbers and Sweetest Sound,

— — — — till òne Greätèr Mān
Rēstōre ūs, ānd rēgāin thē blīsfūll Scāt,
Sing, Heávēnlý Mūse—

This is an Artifice often and plainly us'd by MILTON. You may observe it more than once, before the Close of This very *Invocation*; and if you doubt it Here, turn to Two Passages, one in this Poëm, and the other in PARADISE REGAIN'D, where the Occasion is exactly the same, and the same Neglected and Beautiful Numbers are oppos'd in the very same Manner.

Blind THAMYRIS and Blind MÆONIDES, (and)
TIRESIAS and PHINEUS, Prophets old.
Then feed on Thoughts that voluntary move
Harmonious Numbers — &c.

PARADISE LOST, B. iii. 35—40.

— — — — — met

By Knights of *Logres*, or of *Lyones*,
 LANCELOT, or PELLEAS, or PELLENORE :
 And all the while harmonious Airs were heard
 Of Chiming Strings or Charming Pipes ; and Winds
 Of gentlest Gale *Arabian* Odours fann'd
 From thir soft Wings, and FLORA'S Earliest Smells.

PARADISE REGAIN'D, B. ii. Ver. 359—364.

See also PARADISE LOST, B. iv. Ver. 232—268 ; And especially B. vii. in the Introduction to the Work of each Day, in the History of the Création.

And thus, with regard even to the IMAGES THEMSELVES, their Variety and Opposition, we converse first with all the Horrors and Darknes of Hell ; and thence are raised at once to the Regions of Eternal Light and Glory, to the Joys and Acclamations of the Blessed Spirits, and to

— — — — — the Sound

Symphóniöus of Ten Thousand Harps, that breathe
 Angelic Harmony—

And thence we alight on the Globe, not of This Earth, as BENTLEY seems to imagine, but of This Universe, till we come to a Passage just at the Foot of the Stairs of Heaven, thro' the Uttermost Convex, which divides between CHAOS and all the Inferior Orbs of the New Création, which whole Universe of Worlds enclosed from CHAOS in one Vast Convex or Orb, appear'd to SATAN, by means of a Light reflected from the Walls of Heaven, as if it had hung in a Golden Chain, dependant from Heaven itself ; in the same Manner as a Star of the smallest Magnitude would appear to Us, if seen in it's Appulse to the Moon, and almost lost in it's Stronger Light. PARADISE LOST, Book the Second, Ver. 1029—1055.

The like Contraste to each other, I imagine, must be added to the many Accounts that have been given of the Pleasure which every Reader is sensible of in that celebrated * Distich in *Cooper's Hill*, which

* The late Mr. HUGHES, in a Sketch | deavours to account for the Beauty of this
 for an ESSAY on the HARMONY of | Distich in the following Manner :
 VERSE, (which was never finished,) ea- | ' As the Harmony of these Lines has
 ' all

which Mr. DRYDEN has render'd so remarkable by proposing the True Reason of it as a Problem to torture the *Grammarians*. For nothing can be more different than the *Sounds*, and the *Numbers* or *Movements* in the *Two Verses*, as will appear to the Ear itself, and by measuring the *Time* in the Feet of either, that are oppos'd to the other,

◇ ◇ 9 ◇ ◇ ◇ 9 9 ◇ ◇
 Tho' deep, yet clear ; tho' gentle, yet not dull :

Where the Verse moves as Slow, and Silent, or as Gentle as the River : All in *Iambics*, if we call 'em so, that are nearer to *Spondees*, excepting in one place, where it had been a manifest Improprity.

<p>all the Perfection that can arise from the Unforc'd Quantity of the Syllables, fo is That Harmony varied by the Stops, the Diversifying the <i>Grammatical</i> Structure of each Sentence, and the different placing of the Accent on the Words. It may seem very Minute to explain this particularly ; but because Mr. DRYDEN has somewhere mentioned the Musick of These Lines as a Riddle which Few cou'd explain, and has kept that Secret to himself, it may not be amiss to offer at a Solution of it.</p>	<p>I shall say nothing of the Natural and Unforc'd Quantities in these two Lines, (which are immediately obvious to Every Reader,) but only that by this means the Verse is Smooth, and there is no need to distort any Word in the pronouncing to make it stand in the Verse. The Four Pauses are also Musical, each containing an entire Sentence ; but this Musick wou'd not be so perfect if the <i>Grammatical</i> Structure of each Sentence was the same : As if, for Example, it run thus ;</p>
---	---

Tho' deep, yet clear ; tho' gentle, yet lively ;
 Tho' strong, yet calm ; tho' full, yet restrain'd.

<p>This, tho' the Quantities of the Syllables were kept as exactly as at present, would not make so Musical a Verse. But (as it is in DENHAM,) the <i>Second</i> Sentence is varied from the <i>First</i>, by the Negative ; the <i>Third</i> from <i>Both</i> the pre-</p>	<p>ceding ; and the <i>Last</i> Sentence from the <i>Third</i> by the <i>Participle</i>, and the transposing the Order of the Words ; and the closing the Couplet with the Emphatical Word <i>Full</i>, compleats the Harmony :</p>
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Tho' deep, yet clear ; tho' gentle, yet not dull ;
 Strong without Rage ; without o'erflowing Full.

<p>If there be any other Mystery in These Lines, I own it is beyond my</p>	<p>Skill to discover it.</p>
--	------------------------------

But

But stronger Ideas requir'd Numbers Stronger and Fuller : and such is the following Verse,

◊ 9 ◊ ◊ 9 ◊ ◊ ◊ 9 ◊ " "
 Strong without Rage ; without o'erflowing, Full. "

It begins with a *Trochee*, which gives Motion to the River ; but check'd by a *Spondee* of Two very Long Times, oppos'd to the Shorter Times of That which stands in the Same Place, in the preceding Verse ; as the *Trochee* Here is oppos'd to a *Spondee* of Longer Sound in the Former. The Like we may observe in the True or Genuine *Iambic* in the Third Foot, which is oppos'd to the Gentler *Spondee* above it : And as the Weakest Sounds fall, as the Ideas require they should, on the Fourth and Fifth Feet in the First ; so the Sounds, that fill and arrest the Ear, stand in the Fourth Movement Here, and yet are clos'd in the most agreeable Manner, as the Law of the Distich generally demands, with a real *Iambic*, or Sounds that approach the nearest to it. And the Last Half of the Former Verse has no Beauty, in My Opinion, but what is owing to this Opposition, and it's Agreement with the Image it represents.

And this leads me to another, and, in the Opinion of some Great Writers, (if we may judge at least by their Practice,) the Principal Advantage of Variety of Numbers ; an Advantage which the Ancients endeavour'd after in their Prose itself ; the suiting I mean the Sounds to the Ideas, and the Movements in the Discourse to Those in the Mind : Or resting the Ear, and fixing the Strefs of the Voice on Those Words, on which the Thought itself turns.

This is all that HORACE seems to attend to in his *Satires* and *Epistles*, which he design'd to be *Sermoni propiora*—And our own DONNE in all his Compositions, [That All-governing but Unruly Genius,

— — — whose Haste had Wit,
 And Matter from whose Pen flow'd rashly fit ;

As his Friend Mr. MAYNE says of him ;] which however he has certainly carried to an Excess, tho', for the Humour of it, we may excuse it in the following Instance ;

X

“ Now

“ Now, if This Verse be too harsh for Rime, yet, as
 “ The Painter’s Bad God made a Good Devil,
 “ ’Twill be Good Prose, altho’ the Verse be Evil,
 “ If thou forget the Rime as thou dost pass.

But why then, you will say, was the Rime added?

Yet, perhaps, the Numbers in HORACE have little more of Music in ’em, where he says,

*Quod, si me populus Romanus forte roget—cur
 Non, ut porticibus, sic judiciis, fruar iisdem.*

But, if the Roman People ask me—Why
 I live not in the same Opinions—As
 In the same Walls :—

• Which you may read without discerning they are Verse.

Whoever desires to be more fully sensible of This, may turn to the Third Satire of his First Book : And, if in the reading of it, he will give each Word it’s proper Accent, as he would do in Prose, he will immediately observe, how far the Sense is assisted by the Sound, and easily distinguish between the *Music* and the *Power* of Numbers.

All therefore that HORACE proposed was, not either to offend or to please the Ear, but to take only the Advantage of proper Numbers to pour in upon the Mind of the Reader all the Ideas of his own Mind with the same Evidence and Force with which they appear’d to Himself ; and attended with the very same Emotions of Soul ; which it is hardly possible to do in Prose ; where the Reader is not under the like Necessity of giving Every Word and Every Syllable it’s proper *Accent* or *Emphasis* of Sound.

And he who has the Address, or Felicity, to join These Two, the *Music* I mean, and the *Power* of Numbers together, his Works will be admir’d, wherever found. For This has been the Practice of all those Poëts, whose Writings have been the perpetual Admiration

E S S A Y the S E C O N D. 155

ration and Delight of their Readers, and of none, perhaps, more than of our Author ; if allowance, at least, be made for the Language.

Sublime or Low, Unbended or Intense,
The Sound is still a Comment to the Sense.

As ROSCOMMON truly says of VIRGIL ; and Both of 'em had learnt this Art from their Common Master HOMER.

Add This to the * Just Remark of a late Writer concerning Simplicity of Style, and you will perceive the Reason, why you hear the Sound of Waters, rushing down the Mountains, so much farther and louder in the Verse than you do in the Prose, (with what Simplicity and Propriety soever translated,) in those Perpetual and Disjointed *Dactyles*, ILIAD. Δ. 455.

Τῶν δὲ τε, | τηλόσσι, | δῆπον, ἔνι | ἕρισσιν, | ἔκλυε | ποιοῖν

And why the Moon shines so much brighter, and Every Star is seen so distinctly, and the Heart of the Shepherd, that is, of HEC- TOR himself [the *Pastor Populorum*,] rejoices, when he views the Thousand Fires kindled in the Camp of the Trojans, around the brighter Fire of his own Royal Pavilion ; by the Light of which, all the Tops of the Mountains, the Promontory of *Sigæum*, and the Vales below appear, in the Calm of a Serene and Cloudless Night, that succeeded the Storm and Fury of a Day so full of Action :

Ὀς δ' ὄτ' ἔνι | ἕρανῶ | ἀγρᾶ, ^{ποιοῖν} | ἀμφὶ σελίνῳ,

Φαίνει ἀριπρεπεία, &c.

Πάντα δέ | τ' εἶδ' ἔλαι | ἀγρᾶ — γέγηθε δέ | τε φρένα | ποιοῖν.

ILIAD. Θ. 555—559.

* A Pomp and Clatter of sounding Words, where care is not taken to preserve a clear Meaning in them, however they may amuse a negligent Reader, serve only to darken the Picture intended to be drawn, instead of brightening it. Figurative Phrases answer very often in Poetry, as well as in Prose, no better Purpose than to cloak over Obscurity in our Ideas.

Observations on Poetry, p. 83.

In the descriptive Part of Epic Poetry, all Attempts towards Pomp of Style ought to be moderated, that the Image be never rendered in any Degree indistinct.

In every kind of Poetry, studied Expression is an Art so very obvious, that great Care should be taken to avoid Excess, which will ever have the Appearance of Affectation.

Ibid. p. 100, and 101.

As in calm Seasons, round the silver Moon,
 Glitter Unnumber'd Stars; the distant Tops
 Of all the Hills, the Foreland's steepy Head,
 And the deep Vales appear, while Heav'n above,
 Opening, diffuses an immense Serene.

The SHEPHERD SWAIN, who tends his Flocks by Night,
 Views Every Star: His Heart with Joy o'erflows.

Or, in Rime, it may run thus:

As in Still Air, when round the Queen of Night
 The Stars appear, in Cloudless Glory bright,
 The Rocks Remote, the Hills and Vales are seen;
 And Heav'n diffuses an immense Serene!
 Thus while Each Star with Rival Lustre glows,
 The * SHEPHERD's Heart with secret Joy o'erflows.

This is the General Sense of the Words; but in the *Original* Every Principal *Idea* is so strongly mark'd and distinguish'd by the *Numbers*, the *Pause*, and the *Situation* of it in the *Verse*, that you not only see all that the Poët describes, but so much more than is express'd, that *One Line* in HOMER is thought sufficient to furnish *more Verses* in the *Landskip*, or *Night-piece*, given us by his Translator, than are to be found in the *Whole Simile* in the *Original*, which consists of no more than *Five Verses*; and, in a close Translation, might be compris'd in the same Number of Lines in *English*.

* The *Shepherd* (as I have already observed,) is HECTOR; the *Stars* are the *Thousand Fires* kindled by the *Trojans*, while they watch'd their Tents.

Thus in MILTON,

— The careful Plowman, that stands doubting,
 Left on the Threshing Floor the hopeful Sheaves
 Prove Chaff—

is the Angel GABRIEL, who is solicitous for the Safety of ADAM and EVE. PA- | RADISE LOST, Book iv. Ver. 982.

'Tis the same in the Next Instance:

Ρήξας, | ἀσπίτῳ | ὄμβρῳ, — ἀναδίδει | ἔχματα | πύργῳ.
 ILIAD. N. 139.

And in all the rest which are mentioned in the † same Place; to which I shall add only one more, because MILTON had it apparently in his Eye in his Translation of the 14th Verse of the 83d Psalm.

As when an aged Wood takes fire
 which on a sudden strāies:
 The greēdiē Flāme rūns hīghēr ānd hīghēr
 till all the Mōūntāins blāze.

For that you see the Flame running, and the Mountains all in a Blaze in one Moment, is owing to the Rapidity of the Numbers. The same you will observe in HOMER, but assisted by the Situation of every Word in each Line, which gives you a Prospect of the Conflagration afar off, as well as of the Light of the Grecian Armour reflected to the Heavens.

Ἦυτε | αἴθρῳ αἰθέρον—ἐπιφλέγει | ἀσπίον | ὕλην
 Οὐρεῖ | ἐν κορυφῆς—ἔκαθεν | δέ τε | φάνεαι | αὐγῆ
 Ὡς ἴ | ἐρχομένων, ἀπὸ | χαλκῆ | θεοπεσίῳ
 Αἴγλη | παμφανώσα δὲ | αἰθέρῳ | ἕρανόν | ἴκε.
 ILIAD. B. 455—458.

At * the same time please to examine, and observe the Propriety and Force of the Sounds in almost Every Line which introduces and follows. Those I have cited, as well as every where else in the ILIAD, and you will

† Observations on Poetry, p. 77—79.
 * To this purpose SPENSER, and after his Example MILTON, and DRYDEN also, vary the Alexandrine itself, one of the most uniform Measures, as it is generally used, and break it into several Pauses; which it is impossible perhaps for the French to do, tho' it is their only Heroic Measure. Thus we see the same Artifice in both the following Verses, the Heroic and the Alexandrine, in which BELPHEBRE expresses her Resentment when she surprizes TIMIAS and AMORET in a mistaken, but suspicious Behaviour:

will no longer wonder at the Effect the Numbers of HOMER have on the Reader, or why MILTON has chosen Him above all other Writers, as the Pattern he would every where copy after.

It is the same with VIRGIL in the following Passages :

*Qualis populeæ marens Philomela sub umbra
Missos queritur fetus, quos durus arator
Observans nido implumes detraxit, at illa
Flet noctem, ramoque sedens miserabile carmen
Integrat, & mastis late loca questibus implet.*

GEORG. L. iv. Ver. 511.

*Hic, ubi disjectas moles, avulsaque saxis
Saxa vides, mixtoque undantem pulvere fumum;
Neptunus muros, magnoque emota tridenti
Fundamenta quatit, totamque à sedibus urbem
Eruit. Hic Juno Scæas sævissima portas
Prima tenet, sociumque furens à navibus agmen
Ferro accincta vocat.
Jam summas arces Tritonia, respice, Pallas
Insedit, nimbo effulgens & Gorgone sæva.*

Is this the Faith—the said—and said | no more ;
But turn'd | her Face—and fled away— | for evermore.

FAIRY QUEEN, B. iv. Canto 7. Stanza 36.

Upon his Foe | a Dragon | horrible and stern.

B. i. Canto 1. Stanza 31.

Thus MILTON of the like Image :

Swinges | the Scaly Horror | of his folded Tail. |

And DRYDEN in his THEODORE and HONORIA :

They grip'd her Flanks, | and oft essay'd | their Jaws in Blood :
She rent the Air, | with loud Laments | imploring Aid.

Ipse

ESSAY the SECOND 159

Ipse Pater Danais animos viresque secundas

Sufficit : Ipse Deos in Dardana fuscitat arma.

ÆNEID. L. ii. Ver. 608.

The Beauty of These Lines does not arise merely from the *Justness* and *Simplicity* of the Thoughts *abstractedly* consider'd, but as *United* with the *Harmony* and *Power* of Numbers: And, indeed, it seems impossible to do any tolerable Justice in *Prose* to the Ideas convey'd in the *Verse*.

This is the Remark ROSCOMMON made long ago on the *Prose Translations* of Ancient Poëts by the *French*, particularly that of HORACE, compar'd to some of our own *Translations* of a different Kind; in which, as he says,

Serene and clear, Harmonious HORACE flows,

With Sweetness not to be express'd in Prose.

Degrading Prose explains his Meaning ill;

And shows the Stuff, but not the Writer's Skill.

I, who have serv'd him more than Twenty Years,

Scarce know my Master as he There appears.

Mr. POPE has shewn in his ESSAY ON CRITICISM, how Sensible he was of This Beauty; and also by a Note on a very Significant Break in a certain Verse in his Translation of the ILIAD, in which he has rival'd, and even equal'd VIRGIL on the like Occasion: And indeed had he said All that he found in VIRGIL, he had said less:

Mortalis mucro—glacies seu futilis—istæ

Diffluit :—subvâ resplendent fragmina arenâ.

ÆNEID. xii. 740.

Like brittle Ice, broke short the Mortal Brand :

The Fragments glitter on the Yellow Sand.

For the Run of the Verse, with such a Rapidity of Numbers as in This Last Line, which are almost all of them Pure or Genuine

Iambics,

Iambics, and one of them rather a *Pyrrichius*, with the impertinent Observation of the Colour of the Sand in a wrong Place, had at once confounded the Ideas, and hurried them off the Imagination, the Moment they were presented to the Mind. But now, (as the Line stands in Mr. POPE,) Every Principal Idéa is detach'd from the rest by the Situation of it, in the Verse; and the Ear and the Mind are at full Leisure to attend to Each:

— — — — — *ictu*
Dissiluit—fulvâ resplendent fragmina arenâ.

The brittle Steel, Unfaithful to his Hand,
 Broke short—the Frâgments glittér'd òn thè Sând.

ILIAD iii. Ver. 447.

And you hear it *break*, and see the Fragments *glitter*; while the *Evanescent* Sound of the *Pyrrichius*, in a proper Place, fixes the Imagination on the *Fragments*, the *Glittering*, and the *Sand*; and subserves the main Intention of the Poët.

But This is the Law which governs Every Line, and the Situation of almost Every Word, in MILTON. Nay and many Idéas, which necessarily arise in the Mind of the Reader, are convey'd by the very Run and Sound of the Verse, without the Use or Need of Words. When SATAN enquires whom they should send in search of This New World, that is,

— who should tempt with wandring Feet
 The dark, unbottom'd, infinite Abyss,
 And thro' the palpable Obscure find out
 His uncouth way——

He does not tell you how long his Associates remain'd silent, nor had any Occasion. The well-plac'd *Spondees* in each Line sufficiently express it,

— — — — — *all sât mûte—*
 Pond'ring the Danger with Deëp Thoughts——

And, a little after, you hear, without being told, the Slow and Solemn Voice of the Heralds, explaining at leisure the Sounds which had demanded Attention. Nor is This the only Beauty of That Passage, or of the Verses that follow, which I may now trust the Ear of the Reader to suggest to him.

Then, of thir Sessïon ended, they bid cry,
 With Trumpet's Regal Sound, the great Result.
 Tow'rds the Fôur Wînds, Fôur Speedy Chérübîm
 Pût tō thîr Mōūthes thē fōūndîng Alchÿmÿ,
 By Hērālds Vōîce ēxplāî'n'd : thē Hóllōw Abÿs
 Hēārd fār ānd wîde ; ānd āll thē Hōst ōf Hēll
 With deāfñîng Shōūt rētūrn'd 'ēm lōūd ācclāîm.

PARADISE LOST, B. ii. Ver. 514.

I will add but one more Instance : When he would exprefs to us, to use the Words of DONNE,

With what a burdensome Unwieldiness,
 Sin heaves along her cumbrous Corpulence,

Her huge Paunch, I mean, or *Kennel* rather, as the Poët calls it, of hateful Monsters, towards the Gates of Hell, which yet she is plainly in haste to open ; in agreement with the Image he had conceiv'd in his own Mind, he checks the Movements all at once in the midst of their Career, and, by a sudden Reverse of Numbers, fixes the Attention of the Reader on the Difficulty, the Pain, and the Unwieldiness of the Motion,

* And tōw'rds thē Gāte—rōwllîng hēr Bēstîāl Trāîn.

Had he smooth'd the Verse, and run on, as he began, in continual and uninterrupted *Iambics*,

* The Harmony of this Line had been | POETRY, p. 132, where the following objected to, in the OBSERVATIONS ON | Correction is proposed,

And | roll | ing tow'rd | the Gate | her Bes | tial Train ;

Placing an *Iambic*, instead of a *Trochee*, | Verse run smoother.
 in the Third Movement, to make the |

And rōlling tōw'rds thē Gāte hēr Bēstīāl Trāin,

He had unwarily convey'd a quite contrary Idéa, an Idéa of Ease and Celerity, painted in the Swiftnefs and Rapidity of the Numbers.

By this Method, the Poët says a Thousand Things, if you will allow the Expressiōn, of which he says Nothing; or says 'em in a Stronger and more Emphatical manner: And does not Write, but Paint, or Stamp his Idéas on the Imagination; and, as Mr. ADDISON justly expresses it,

“ Whate'er His Pen describes, I more than see.

This is one Reason why MILTON abhor'd, and avoided Rime.

There is undoubtedly a Pleasure which Rime gives to the Ear, but a Pleasure which soon grows Stale upon us, and breeds Satiety, as Every larger Work will presently discover.

If any one doubts it, let him read the PHARSALIA of Mr. ROWE, or any other long Poëm in Rime, and written with the Same Notions of Smoothnefs and Uniformity of Numbers.

För, as CICERO has observ'd, Those Things, which are only Pretty, please us for a while; but Those which are truly Beautiful please us FOREVER. Such are Numbers, that is, Order, and Proportion with Variety. But there is one Fault almost unavoidable in Rime; that the Attention of the Reader is necessarily divided between the Meaner Pleasure of the Ear, and the Solid and Nobler Pleasure which the Mind receives in the Full and Undistracted View of some Great and Beautiful Object, which possesses it wholly, and from which nothing should call it off.

Of what Importance to the conveying our Idéas, or impressing and detaining of 'em on the Mind of the Reader, the Situation of a Word or Sentence is, I shall attempt to shew by MILTON'S Description of That Beautiful *Phænomenon*, commonly call'd the *Aurora Borealis*, or *Northern Twilight*, which has Two Poles, (if I may so call 'em,) one to the North and by West below the Horizon,

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(so frequently seen in the *Northern* Parts of the World,) and the other almost Vertical towards the South and by East.

This our Author had undoubtedly seen, by the lively Manner in which he describes it, B. vi. 79—

— — — — at last
 Far in th' Horizon to the North appear'd
 From Skirt to Skirt a fiery Region, stretch'd
 In battailous Aspect, and nearer View
 Bristl'd with upright Beams innumerable
 Of rigid Spears—

And as the same *Phænomenon*, when it first forms itself in a Still Evening, is like a *Twilight*, whose highest Part is always a Point to the West of the Pole-Star; and appears in a luminous Arch, something resembling That which the Sailors call an *Oven*; beneath, and over which, the Sky begins first to lowr, or turn fiery Red, with the Appearances of Clouds, Smoak, or Flame, we may see the Use he makes of it a little before, Ver. 56—

So spake the Sov'ran Voice, and Clouds began
 To darken all the Hill, and Smoak to rowl,
 In dusky Wreathes, reluctant Flames, the Sign
 Of Wrauth awak'd—

But That which I first propos'd to lay before you now, is the Description he gives of it, Ver. 533, under the Notion and Name by which *Astrologers* are wont to represent it, viz. The *Acies Cælestis*.

9 9 ◊ ◊ 9 9 ◊ 9 ◊
 As when to warn proud Cities—War appears
 ◊ 9 9 ◊ 9 ◊ 9 ◊ 9 ◊
 Wag'd in the troubled Skie—and Armies rush
 9 9 9 ◊ 9 ◊ ◊ ◊
 To Battle in the Clouds—before Each Van

Prick forth the Aëry Knights—and couch thir Spears

'Till thickest Legions close—with feats of Arms

From either End of Heaven the Wélkin burns.

PARADISE LOST, B. ii. Ver. 533.

To be the better understood Here I have mark'd distinctly all those little Pauses, which we are wont to make at Every Comma, as well as at the End of Every Verse, to shew by what Art, or Felicity rather, every Image, so strongly and so beautifully painted in This Description, is plac'd alone, and set in Full View before the Reader.

The *Trochees* that begin the Two First Verses, and from which the Voice runs off swiftly, necessarily throw the Strefs of the Sound on the Word *Warn*, on the *Proud Cities*, and the *Troubl'd Sky*, which are the *Ideas* he intends to impress upon the Mind. The *War* appears with Advantage, at the End of the First Verse; and the *Armies rush*, with a stronger Percussion upon the Ear, at the Close of the Next. The Weak Sound of the Particle *in*, upon which None but a *B—y* or a *B—n* would lay any Strefs, tho' it falls in the Place of the Even Syllables, fixes the Attention of the Reader on Those Sounds which express the *Battle* and the *Clouds*, the Scene of This Imaginary War: *Before Each Van, Prick forth the Aëry Knights*, by the like Artifice, in the Clause that follows; and so of the rest.

Yet it was merely by Accident I pitch'd on This Instance, allur'd by the Beauty of the Description.

The Address of the Poët would, perhaps, be more clearly seen, had I begun at Ver. 870, and transcrib'd, in the same manner, every Verse thenceforward to the End of That Book. By the mere Hearing of which Lines from the Mouth of a judicious or animated Reader, an unprejudic'd Mind, as I have sometimes thought, would be able to form such a Notion of the Propriety and Power of Sounds, as he would hardly derive from all the Authors that have ever writ on the Subject of Numbers.

But,

But, instead of These, I will only transcribe another Passage out of PARADISE REGAIN'D;

— — and either *Tropic* now—
 9 ◊ 9 9 ◊ ◊ 9 99 9 ◊.
 'Gan thunder—and Both Ends of Heaven the Clouds—
 9 999 ◊ 9 ◊ 9◊9 ◊
 From many a horrid Rift—abortive, pour'd
 ◊ ◊ 9 ◊ 9 ◊ ◊9 9 ◊.
 Fierce Rain with Lightning mixt—Water with Fire
 9 ◊9 99 ◊. 9 9 9 ◊
 In Ruin reconcil'd—nor slept the Winds
 99 9 ◊9 ◊ 9 ◊ 9 ◊
 Within thir stony Caves—but rush'd abroad
 9 9 9 ◊ 99 9 ◊ 9 ◊
 From the Four Hinges of the World—and fell—
 9 9 ◊ ◊99 ◊ ◊9 ◊
 On the vext Wilderness—whose tallest Pines—
 ◊ ◊9 ◊ 9 ◊ 9 ◊99 ◊.
 Tho' rooted Deep as High—and sturdiest Oakes
 ◊. 9 ◊ ◊ ◊99 ◊ 9 ◊
 Bow'd thir stiff Necks—loaden with stormy Blasts—
 9 ◊ 9 ◊.
 Or torne up sheer—

PARADISE REGAIN'D, B. iv. Ver. 409.

If any one thinks that what he sees or hears in These Lines is owing alone to the Happy Choice of proper Words, and not to the *Numbers* or the *Disposition*, let him read the Words in another Order; and suppose the very Same Sentiment had been suggested to a Modern Verfiyer: It would then probably have run in the following, or some such manner;

To

To thunder, either *Tropic* now began ;
 And [bursting] Clouds, from many horrid Rifts,
 Abortive pour'd fierce Rain, with Lightning mixt,
 Water with Fire, in ruin reconcil'd :
 Nor slept the Winds within thir stony Caves ;
 But from the World's four Hinges rush'd abroad,
 And fell at once on the vext Wilderness :
 Whose tallest Pines, tho' rooted Deep as High,
 And sturdiest Oakes bow'd down thir stubborn Necks
 Loaden with stormy Blasts, or torne up sheer.

Here are almost All the very Words of MILTON preserv'd ; and yet the Same Idéas do not rise in the Mind ; or are not painted on the Imagination, in the same Strong and Lively Manner, as when you read 'em in the Author himself ; and are forc'd, as it were, by the Run of the Verse, and Situation of each Word in Places where the Voice naturally rests or pauses, to dwell on Each Image presented to the Mind, and survey it at Full Leisure.

For when you have thus reduc'd All the Numbers to one Movement, (excepting the Admission of an Emphatic *Trochee* Here and There, which I knew not how to avoid ;) have thrown out the *Spondee*, the *Pyrrichius*, the *Tribrachus*, or *Anapœst* ; have chang'd the Situation of the Words, and the Running of the Verses into one another, you hear it *thunder* no more ; you see it no longer *lighten* over all the Heavens, nor the Clouds pouring down the sudden, or as he calls them, *Abortive Showers* : The *Winds* sleep in their Caves ; or fall not with the same Weight and Fury on the Desert, tho' you are more expressly told they do so : The Pines are no longer the *Tallest* in the Forest ; nor, above all the rest, do the

— — — — sturdie Oākes
 Bōw * thīr stīff Nēcks——

* Thus MILTON, in his own Edition of his Works, always spells this Pronoun, probably to shew the Pronunciation to be short, as well as to distinguish it from the Adverb *there*.

Nor are equally

— — Loādēn with stōrmý Blasts,
Or torne up sheer—

The Same Words then, in a different Situation, will not have the Same Effect. The Movements must be suited to the Idéas and the Passions, design'd to be excited or laid.

By thē louđ Trūmpēt, thāt our Courage aids,
We learn that Sōund as well as Sēnse persuades.

For as HUDIBRAS faith humourously, but yet, as every one feels, truly,

— if a Trumpet sound or Drum beat,
Who has not a Month's mind to combat ?

But I believe it will be impossible for any Man, whose Courage is at least merely Mechanical, to feel the same eager Disposition to engage, if the Drum were to beat the *Dactyle* and the *Trochee*, instead of the Angry *Iambic*, or the Pushing *Anapoeft*. For 'tis only,

<i>Iambics.</i>	The dōublē, dōublē Beāt
<i>Anapoefts.</i>	Of thē thūndērīng Drūm
<i>Iambic and Anapoeft.</i>	Criēs Heārk ! thē Foēs cōme :
Two strong Percussions clos'd with <i>Anapoefts.</i>	Chārgē ! Chārgē ! 'tis toō lāte tō rētreāt.

'Twas an Injury therefore to the First Author, in Him who publish'd the Present Copy of *Cheviot Chace*, to throw out the supernumerary Sounds, (as he thought 'em) in the *Original Ballad*, tho' to do This he was oblig'd, at the same time, to burlesque the Sense.

I own indeed that the Later Copy was fitted with great Judgment to be sung by a Party of *English*, headed by a DOUGLAS in the

the Year 1524, which is the true Reason why, at the same time, that it gives the Advantage to the *English* Soldier above the *Scotch*, it gives yet so Lovely, and so manifestly Superior a Character to the *Scotch* above the *English* Commander; a Secret unknown to the Author of the SPECTATOR; to which yet the principal Effect of the Ballad on the *English* is owing, who are taught to believe that they have nothing to fear in *Scotland* but a DOUGLAS; and a DOUGLAS is now their Leader. For Brute Violence and Strength were the only Distinctions of PIERCY; but true Magnanimity, Piety, Humanity, and Every Virtue adorn'd the DOUGLAS. And This and many other Beauties are owing to the Reviewer; but then he is to answer also for the only Absurdity in it; which the SPECTATOR had reason to censure:

For WITHERINGTON needs must I wail,
as one in doleful Dumps;
For when his Legs were Smitten off,
he fought upon his Stumps.

But the Old Ballad of OTTERBURN, in the Reign of HARRY the Sixth, has it;

For WITHERINGTON my Heart was woe
that e'v' hē slāin should bē:
För whēn Bōth hīs Lēgs wēre hēwn in twō,
yēt hē kneēl'd, ānd fōught ōn hīs Kneē.

The following Remark by an * Author of Vast Reading, but in haste to judge of every thing he read, seems to Me a very weak one: The Critics have generally admir'd that Passionate Exclamation of TURNUS, in Circumstances which All rise up to the View of the Reader at the same Time that he hears him cry out,

Usque adeone mori miserum est? —

ÆNEID xii. Ver. 646.

* To convince us effectually that there is nothing extraordinary in This Sentiment, we need, faith he, only place the Words in their Natural Order ;

Mori non est usque adeo miserum ;

That is, there is no Difference between a Dry and Cold Reflection, and the utmost Distress of Mind, painted in the very Disorder of the Words, or express'd in a Tone of the Voice, that speaks the Agony of the Soul itself.

To conclude ; The Various Emotions of the Mind are expressed by a like Variety in the Movements of the Voice. We express our Pleasure and our Joy by the *Trochee*, the *Tribrachus* and the *Dactyle* ; our Resentment by the *Anapoeft* and *Iambic* ; while the Slow and Solemn *Spondees* calms the Passions, and composes the Soul.

* This Instance was cited by Memory only, from a Book, which I had not read since it first came into my Hands, almost forty Years ago ; and if it does not appear in any other, as I own it does not in the Place where I expected to find it, the Reader will yet see, that this

Writer has given me express Leave to chuse any other Instance than That which he himself is pleas'd to give us. † *Pour se convaincre de la Verité de ce que je dis, il ne faut que mettre en l'ordre de Construction les plus beaux endroits de Poëtes, & l'on ne trouvera rien qui plaise.*

† PARRHASIANA, Vol. I. p. 27—29.





P O S T - S C R I P T.

IN these kind of Expressions, *Blank Verse* has certainly the Advantage over *Rime*; but, as SPENSER, WALLER, * DRYDEN, and many others have shewn, they are not Peculiar to *Blank Verse*.

To fill up therefore the Leaf that remains, I will give an Instance first of the *Sweetness* and *Power*, and then of the *Power* and *Variety* of *Numbers* even in *Rime* itself; the Former from Mr. ADDISON, the Latter from Mr. PRIOR.

Sō, whēn ān Angēl—bŷ Dīvīne Cōmmānd—
 Wīth rīsīng Tōmpēsts shākes ā gūiltŷ Land;
 Sūch ās, ōf lāte, ō'er pālē *Britānnīa* pāst,
 Cālm ānd Sērēne hē drīves thē fūrīous Blāst;
 And, pleās'd th' Almīghtŷ's Ordērs tō pērfōrm,
 Rīdes īn thē Whīrlwīnd, ānd dīrēcts thē Stōrm.

In These Lines there is all the Music, and, at the same time, all the Propriety of Numbers we could wish. The *Trochee*, the *Pyrrichius*, the *Spondee* and *Iambic*, are each introduc'd in their proper Places, and all answer the Intention of the Poēt with the Greatest Success.

And Mr. PRIOR, in his Ode on the Battle of *Ramellies*, (which appears to Me to be the Noblest of all his Poēms,) having pro-

* See particularly DRYDEN's Tale of | and his THEODORE and HONORIA from
 the COCK and the FOX from CHAUCER; | BOCCACE.

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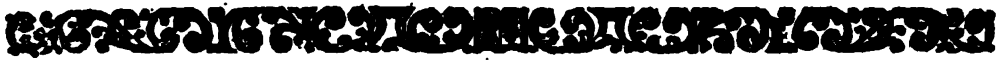
pos'd the Style and the Numbers of SPENSER for his Imitation, has admirably varied the Movements in Every Verse, and adapted 'em to the Idéas with the Greatest Propriety. Let the Reader compare the following Lines with one another, and with the Idéas represented in 'em.

Whén Greāt *Aūgústū* | gōvērn'd ānciēnt *Rōme*,
 And sēt hīs Cōnq'rīng Bānds | tō fóreign Wārs :
 Abrōad whén Dredéd | ānd Bēlov'd āt Hōme,
 Hē sāw hīs Fāme | incrēasing wīth hīs Yeārs ;
Hórāce—Greāt Bārd | sō Fāte ōrdaīn'd, ārōse :
 And Bōld | ās wēre hīs Cōuntrēmēn īn Fīght,
 Snātch'd theīr fāir Actiōns frōm dēgrādīng Prōse,
 And sēt theīr Bātlēs īn Étérnāl Līght.

In the marking of which Lines I have not regarded the Accent so much as the Time and real Quantity of Sound in Each Movement.

The END of the ESSAYS.





Remarks on the Scripture Sense of the Word
P R E A C H I N G.

THE Word PREACHING is originally *Latin*, and signifies no more, in general, than the *Publishing* of any thing. And the Sense of the *Greek* is almost the same; *viz. to report or deliver the Message with which we are charg'd.* So we read of our LORD, that *he went through every City and Village, PREACHING and SHEWING the glad Tidings of the Kingdom of GOD.* LUKE viii. 1. And what we translate to PROCLAIM Liberty to the Captives, and the acceptable Year of the LORD, in ISAIAH, lxi. 1, 2. is to PREACH them in the Style of LUKE, iv. 18, 19.

It is to perform the Office of that * publick Messenger, or Herald of a Prince, who writes down, reads, and by reading proclaims, or causes to be posted up, at all public Places, the Message with which he is sent. And by whatever Methods he does effectually *publish* the Will of the Prince, he is said to *preach* it, *i. e.* to perform his Office as a PRÆCO.

Thus ISAIAH, and other Prophets of old, were anointed to PREACH, Ch. lxi. 1. But we find 'em sometimes directed to *write down* the Message they had received *in a Table*, and to *note it in a Book*, ISAIAH xxx. 8. That is, as the learned GATAKER observes on the Place, that it might be hung up, or fastened to a Wall, Post, or Pillar, in some public Place, where All might take Notice of it. To which Custom Allusion seems to be made in HABAKKUK, xi. 2. *Write the Vision, and make it plain upon Tables, that he may run that readeth it.* Where the PROPHET seems to be commanded to hang up his Prophecy in some public Place, and to write it in such fair

* Κήρυξ, Præco.

