

A S H O R T  
D I S S E R T A T I O N  
U P O N  
H O R A C E,  
W I T H  
The Fifth O D E.

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L O N D O N :

Printed for *R. Burrough* and *J. Baker*, at the *Sun* and *Moon* in *Cornhill*, and Sold by *E. Sanger*, at the *Post-House* near *Temple-Bar*. 1708.

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A SHORT  
DISSERTATION  
UPON  
HORACE, &c.

I Hope Gentlemen, it will be readily granted upon Demand, that the Version of *Horace*, is still under Debate, the scatter'd Pieces of him, are generally esteemed the best; but an intire Translation never succeeded in any Hands.

Some tells you the Odes are inimitably soft, and for that Reason despair of doing him right in our Language, which I think are the People that talk nearest to the Point, tho' I shall never consent to resign the Pliancy of our Style, no more than I would the Power of our Arms to Foreigners.

His Epodes, which in an Ancient Manuscript, make the Fifth Book of his Odes, and are of a mixt kind, and chiefly relating to Satyr. And indeed the lowest of that kind have shar'd an equal Fate with the  
for-

former, tho' the loofeness of the Dress might promise a better Explanation.

His Satyrs (whose keenness will be easily felt by comparing them with the bluntest edge of our Modern Conversation) are so disjointed in many places, and the Transitions so unnatural, that the Sense is scarce irrecoverable; without heading the Paragraph with something New of our own; not to mention that air of Lewdness and Scurrility peculiar to those times; all which consider'd, has lodg'd a Difficulty over us as to that part of his Works, and made  
it

it rather the Translators *Horace* than *Horace* himself, and consequently abated the true relish of the Author amongst some Judges.

His Epistles (which I think are generally dreaded upon the suppos'd Impossibility of equaling him in that natural easiness) seem the most capable of being rightly understood; for I will venture to say, some of 'em are so trifling, that as good might be writ, while the Bell Rings on a Post Night, being generally abrupt, and leaving you dissatisfied with a flat Allusion.

That

That Epistle of his to *Cæsar*, which begins so Pompous, and Persons have been thought to fail in, on the Account of its Grandeur, flags from Praises, to a Disquisition of Modern and Ancient Verse, treating the great Master of the World so like a Grammarian, in bidding him give the last File to several Poems which crosses in my Opinion upon his own Rule, of *Servetur ad imum*, &c. and in a great measure anticipates his Art of Poetry, not to mention the vulgar Farewel so far short of the Blaze in the Beginning.

His

His Art of Poetry, not the best conducted in our Tongue, by reason of its being too implicit, is no doubt a lasting Standard by which we must weigh a Poem, though I am almost confident he has Transgress'd his own Decretals, unless you'll say they have respect only to the Dramatic.

Now, Gentlemen, you may think it strange, I should enter the Lists against so many Champions, and even *Horace* himself upon occasion, but I fancy we have puzzl'd his Sense too much, by refining upon it, and left him more in the Dark with

a numerous Train of Com-  
ments; than if we had only a  
poor insipid Bond to assist us.

But to the point in hand, for  
a Specimen of further Tran-  
slations, I present you with  
one, which out of its due or-  
der I have pitch'd upon as the  
first Essay, because the great  
Scaliger ranks it amongst the  
darling Lyrics of this Author,  
and the beloved *Cowley* has not  
disdained to bind it up amongst  
his Flowers, tho' I cannot flat-  
ter him with striking of the Au-  
thors true Sense in this Ode,  
or rather humouring him in his  
B dis-

disdainful softness ; for it is obvious that it is his chief endeavour to make it a Musical Piece of Raillery to the Reader, and the most reproachful to the Person expos'd.

I shall pass over the Ashes of Mr. C——ck. as Sacred for his unimitable turn of *Lucretius*, not to mention his unlucky Stars or Advisers in putting him upon so precarious a Work, for amidst the numerous Learning he was Master of, he seldom took the Feather of this Author.

Now

Now a word or two in relation to this Ode, I think *Horace's* Epithet of *Multa*, in the beginning of it, too flat and cool for so brisk an Encounter, tho' I know of Two Authorities in *Peto* against me; and I think we have an Advantage of expressing that in our Language, as fully.

His *Mutato* *Deos* has been so perplext by your Midnight Dreams upon him, that they have call'd in *Castor* and *Pollux*, *Jupiter* and *Juno*, the Graces, Faith, Hope, and Charity, with

a Hundred more Foreign Foolerys, to assist this easie Sense ; for I am satisfied *Horace* never went round the Piazza, when he could cross the Market. It's pity methinks, his Allegory taken from the Wind and Sea, should have been cut off where it is, tho' if ever a Dock was Justifiable, it is for the sake of that Beauty of *Miseri quibus*, &c. which I think scarce treatable in our Language ; there's too visible a Gap between this Expression and the last part of the Ode, which I could wish might have been better jointed.

Now

Now I expect to have both my Translation and Reflexion damn'd at sight, if you do, I'll revenge my self on the *Book-seller* ; and to keep my Hand in use, Write Volumes of regular Nonsense.

The design in view, if you like the Version, is to go through with an Ode and Satyr of *Horace*, Weekly ; and to shew the Errors of both Profits and Poets hitherto unattack'd in most Sciences, not only with regard to their Personal Failings, but likewise their Felonys upon Foreigners in the  
Text

Text as well as the Annotation ; so that in a Years time, most of them may have their Pictures drawn without the trouble of setting for them, still with a due neglect of Inferiours. So much for the *Scrutiny.*

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## The Fifth O D E

O F

H O R A C E, Translated.

**P**Yrrha, what slender well-shap'd Beau,  
 Perfum'd with Essence haunts thee now?  
 And lures thee to some kind Recess,  
 To sport on Rose-Beds sunk in Ease.  
 Prithee what Youth would'st thou insnare,  
 Artless and Clean with flowing Hair?  
 How oft will he have cause to mourn  
 Thy broken Vows and Cupid's Scorn?  
 Unskill'd as yet he'd wondring spy,  
 Fresh Tempests raging in that Eye,  
 From whence he hop'd a calmer Sky.  
 Who now poor Gull enjoys the Bliss,  
 Thinks you divine and solely his:

Born.

Born down the Tide with easy Sail,  
 Little suspects an Adverse Gale.  
 Thrice wretched they who feel thy Darts,  
 Whilst Strangers to thy Coquet Arts.  
 My Garments in the Fane display'd,  
 As Trophys that my Vows are paid,  
 Own the Great Ruler of the Sea,  
 Author of my Delivery.

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F I N I S.

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