[ 107 ]  
  
  
 {Double Rule}  
  
 A  
  
 S M A L L P O E T

[I]s one, that would fain make himself that, [ ]which {i} Nature{i} never meant him; like a {i}Fa- natic,{i} that insspires himsself with his own Whimsses. He ssets up Haberdassher of ssmall Poetry, with a very ssmall Stock, and no Credit. He believes it is Inventions enough to find out other Men's Wit; and whatssoever he lights upon either in Books, or Company, he makes bold with as his own. This he puts together sso un- towardly, that you may perceive his own Wit has the Rickets, by the Sswelling Dissproportion of the Joints. Imitation is the whole Sum of him; him; and his Vein is but an Itch or Clap, that he has catched of others; and his Flame like that of Charcoals that were burnt before : But as he wants Judgment to undersstand what is besst, he naturally takes the worsst, as being mosst agreeable to his own Talent. You may

108 A SMALL POET. know his Wit not to be natural, 'tis sso un- quiet and troublesome in him: For as thosse, that have Money but sseldom, are always sshak- ing their Pockets, when they have it; sso does he, when he thinks he has got ssomething, that will make him appear. He is a perpetual Tal- ker; and you may know by the Freedom of his Disscoursse, that he came light by it, as Thieves sspend fiercely what they get. He meassures other Men's Wits by {i}their{i} Modessty, and his own by {i}his{i} Confidence. He makes nothing of writing Plays, becausse he has not Wit enough to un- derstand the Difficulty. This makes him ven-ture to talk and sscribble, as Chowsses do to play with cunning Gamessters, until they are cheated and laughed at. He is always talking of Wit, as thosse, that have bad Voices, are always ssing- ing out of Tune; and thosse, that cannot play, delight to fumble on Insstruments. He grows the unwisser by other Men's Harms; for the worsse others write, he finds the more Encou- ragement to do sso too. His Greedinesss of Praisse is sso eager, that he sswallows any Thing, that comes in the Likenesss of it, how notorious and palpable ssoever, and is as Shot-free againsst any Thing, that may lessssen his good Opinion

A SMALL POET. 109

of himsself--This renders him incurable, like Disseasses, that grow inssensible.

If you disslike him it is at your own Peril; he is ssure to put in a Caveat beforehand againsst your Understanding; and, like a Malefac-tor in Wit, is always fursinssed with Exceptions against his Judges. This puts him upon perpe- tual Apologies, Excusses, and Defences, but sstil by Way of Defiance, in a Kind of whif- fling Strain, without Regard of any Man, that sstands in the Way of his Pageant. Where he thinks he may do it ssafely, he will confidently own other Men's Writings; and where he fears the Truth may be disscovered, he will by feeble Denials and feigned Inssinua- tions give Men Occassion to ssupposse sso.

If he undersstands [i] Latin [i] or [i] Greek [i] he ranks himsself among the Learned, desspisses the Igno- rant, talks Criticissms out of [i] Scaliger[i], and re- peats [i] Martial's [i] baudy Epigrams, and ssets up his Resst wholly upon Pedantry. But if he be not sso well qualified, he crys down all Learning as pedantic, dissclaims Study, and professsses to write with as great Facility, as if his Musse was

110 A SMALL POET. ssliding down [i]Parnassssus[i]. Whatssoever he hears well ssaid he sseizes upon by poetical Licence; and one Way makes it his own, that is by ill repeating of it--This he believes to be no more Theft, than it is to take that, which others throw away. By this means his Writings are, like a Taylor's Cusshion, of mossaic Work, made up of sseveral Scraps ssewed together, He calls a sslovenly nassty Desscription [i] great Na- ture,[i] and dull Flatnesss [i] strange Eassiness.[i] He writes down all that comes in his Head, and makes no Choice, becausse he has nothing to do it with, that is Judgment. He is always repealing the old Laws of Comedy, and like the [i] long Parliament [i] making [i] Ordinances [i] in their Stead; although they are perpetually [i] thrown out [i] of Coffee-Housses, and come to Nothing. He is like an [i]Italian [i] Thief, that never robs, but he murthers, to prevent Disscovery; sso ssure is he to cry down the Man from whom he pur- loins, that his petty Larceny of Wit may passs unssusspec-ted. He is byt a Copier at besst, and will never arrive to prac-tice by the Life: For bar him the Imitation of ssomething he has read, and he has no Image in his Thoughts.

[i] Whatssoever he hears well ssaid, &tc.[i]] In this Butler alludes to [i] Martial's [i] Epigram to [i] Fidentinus.

A SMALL POET. 111

Obs*ervation and Fancy, the Matter and Form of jus*t Wit, are above his Philos*ophy. He appears s*o over concerned in all Men's Wits, as if they were but Dis*paragements of his own; and crys down all they do, as if they were Encroachments upon him. He takes Jes*ts fromt he Owners and breaks them, as [i] Justices[i] do fals*e Weights, and Pots that want Meas*ure. When he meets with any Thing, that is very good, he change it into s*mall Money, like three Groats for a Shilling, to s*erve s*everal Occas*ions. He dis*claims Study, pretends to take Things in Motion, and to s*hoot flying, which appears to be very true by his often mis*s*ing of his Mark. His Wit is much troubled with Obs*truc\_tions; and he has Fits as painful as thos*e of the Spleen. He fancies him- s*elf a dainty s*pruce Shepherd, with a Flock and a fine s*ilken Shepherds*s, that follows his Pipe, as Rats did the Conjurers in [i] Germany.[i]

As for [i] Epithets, [i] he always avoids those, that are near akin to the Sens*se. Such matches are unlawful, and not fit to be made by a [i] Chris*tian[i] Poet; and therefore all his Care is to chus\*e out

[i]Quem recitas meus est, O Fidentinus, libellus: sed male cum recitas, incipit es*s*e tuus. Mare. L. 1. Ep 39 [i]

112 A SMALL POET. s*uch, as will s*erve, like a wooden Leg, to piece out a main'd Vers\*e, that wants a Foot or two; and if they will buy rhimes now and then into the Bargain, or run upon a Letter, it is a Work of Supererrogation.

For [i] Similtudes,[i] he likes the hardes*t and mos*t obs*cure bes*t: For as Ladies wear black Patches, to make their Complexions s*eem fairer than they are; s*o when an Illus*tration is more ob- s*cure than the Sens*e that went before it, it mus*t of Neces*s*ity make it appear clearer than it did: For Contraries are bes*t s*et off with Con- traries.

He has found out a Way to s\*ave the Expence

of much Wit and Sens*e: For he will make les*s than s*ome have prodigally laid out upon five or s*ix Words s*erve forty or fifty Lines. This is a thrifty Invention, and very eas*y; and, if it were commonly known, would much in- creas\*e the Trade of Wit, and maintain a Mul-

[i] We read that Virgil us*ed to make, &c [i] This alludes to a Pas*s*age in the Life of [i] Virgil [i] as*cribed to [i] Donatus[i]. " Cum Georgica s*crie- " traditur quotidio meditatos mane plurianos vers*us dic\_tare s\*o- " litus, ---Illegible need to check original copy (sarah)"

A SMALL POET. 113

titude of s*mall Poets in cons*tant Employment. He has found out a new Sort of poetical [i]Geor- gics, [i] a Trick of s*owing Wit like clover-gras*s on barren Subjec\_ts, which would yield nothing before. This is very us*eful for the Times, wherein, s*ome men s*ay, there is no Room left for new Invention. He will take three Grains of Wit like the Elixir, and projec\_ting it upon the [i] Iron-Age [i] turns it immediately into [i] Gold--[i] All the Bus*iness of Mankind has pres*ently vanis*hed, the whole World has kept Holiday; there has been no Men but Heroes and Poets, no Women but Nymphs and Shepherdes*s*es; Tress have born Fritters, and Rivers flowed Plum-Porrige.

We read that [i] Virgil [i] us\*ed to make fifty or  
s\*ixty Vers\*es in a Morning, and afterwards re-  
duce them to ten. This was an unthrifty  
Vanity, and argues him as well ignorant in the  
Hus\*bandry of his own Poetry, as [i] Seneca [i] s\*ays  
he was in that of a Farm; for in plain [i] Englis\*h[i]  
  
 [i] As Seneca s\*ays he was in that of a farm.] Seneca [i] in his 86th  
 Epis\*tle finds s\*everal Faults wich [i] Virgil's [i] Rules and Obs\*ervations in  
 Hus\*bandry, as they are delivered in his [i] Georgics, and adds of him--  
 "Qui nos quod veris\*s\*ime, s\*ed quid decentis\*s\*ime diceretur, as-  
 " s\*pexit; nec Agricolas docere voluit, s\*ed legentes delec\_tore".  
 Vol. II. I

114 A SMALL POET.

it was no better than bringing a Noble to Nine- pence. And as s*uch Cours*es brough the [i] prodigal Son [i] to eat with Hogs: So they did him to feed with Hors*es, which were not much better Company, and may teach us to avoid doing the like. For certainly it is more noble to take four or five Grains of Sens*e, and, like a Gold-Beater, hammer them into s\*o many Leaves as will fill a whole Book; than to write nothing but Epitomes, which many wife Men believe will be the Bane and Calamity of Learning.

When he writes, he commonly s*teers the Sens*e of his Lines by the Rhime that is at the End of them, as Butchers do Calves by the Tail. For when he has made one Line, which is eas*y enough; and has found out s*ome s*turdy hard Word, that will but rhime, he will ham- mer the Sens*e upon it, like a Piece of hot Iron upon an Anvil, into what Form he pleas\*es.

There is no Art in the World s*o rich in Terms as Poetry; a whole Dic\_tionary is s*carce

[i] So they did him to feed with Hors*es] This mus*t be explained by the s*ame Writer of [i] Virgil's[i] Life, who informs us that [Virgil] in his Youth s*tudied Phys*ic, in which having made great Proficiency, he repaired to [i] Rome, [i] and applying hims*elf to that Branch of it

A SMALL POET. 115

able to contain them: For there is hardly a Pond, a Sheep-walk, or a Gravel-pit in all [i] Greece, [i] but the antient Name of it is become a Term of Art in Poetry. By this means s*mall Poets have s*uch a Stock of able hard Words lying by them, as [i] Dryades, Hamadryades, Aonides, Fauni, Nymphae, Sylvani, &c.[i] that s*ignify nothing at all; and s*uch a World of pedantic Terms of the s*ame Kind, as may s*erve to furnis\*h all the new Inventions and [i] thorough-Reformations, [i] that can happen between this and [i] Plato's[i] great Year.

When he writes he never proposes any Scope or Purpos*e to hims*elf, but gives h Genius all Freedom: For as he, that rides abroad for his Pleas*ure, can hardly be out of his Way; s*o he that writes for his Pleas*ure, can s*eldom be be- s*ide his Subjec\_t. It is an ungrateful Thing to a noble Wit to be confined to any Thing--- To what Purpos*e did the Antients feign [i] Pegas*us to have Wings, if he mus*t be confined to the Road and Stages like a Pack-Hors\*e, or be forced to be obedient to Hedges and Ditches? There-

which relates to the Dis*tempers of Hors*es, was employed in [i] Ae- gustus's Stableswith great Succes*s, and by that Means introduced hims*elf into the Favour of that Prince.

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116 A SMALL POET.

fore he has no Res*pec\_t to Decorum and Pro- priety of Circums*tance; for the Regard of Pers*ons, Times, and Places is a Res*traint too s*ervile to e impos*ed upon poetical Licence; like him that made [i] Plato[i] confes*s [i] Juvenal [i] to be a Philos*opher, or [i] Pers\*ius, that calls teh [i] Athe- nians Quirites [i].

For [i] Metaphors, [i] he us*es to chus*e the hardes*t, and mos*t far-fet that he can light upon--Thes*e are the Jewels of Eloquence, and therefore the harder they are, the more precious they mus*t be.

He'll take s*cant Piece of coars*e Sens*e, and s*tretch it on the Tenterhooks of half a s*core Rhimes, utnil it crack that you may s*ee through it, and it rattle like a Drum-Head. When you s*ee his Vers*es hanged up in Tobacco-Shops, you may s*ay, in defiance of the Proverb, [i] that the weakes*t does not always go to the Wall; [i] for 'tis

[i] Like him that made Plaot, &c.] [i] Who this Blunder is to be fa-

thered upon I cannot dis*cover; but that which he imports to [i] Per- s*ius, [i] and another of Juvenal's Pas*s*age of his own in a Part of his Pros*e Collec\_tions called [i]Criticis*ms upon Books and Autohrs, [i] will ex- plain--[i] Persius, [i] s*ays, he commits a very great Abs*urdity, when laying the Scene of his fourth Satyr in [i] Greece [i], and bringing in [i] So- crates reproving a young statesmen, he makes him call the [i] Gre- cians [i] Quirites.

A SMALL POET. 117

well known the Lines are s*trong enough, and in that Sens*e may jus\*\_tly take the Wall of any, that have been written in our Language. He s*eldom makes a Cons*cience of his Rhimes; but will often take the Liberty to make [i] preach [i] rhime with [i] Cheat, Vote [i] with [i] Rogue, and [i] Com- mittee-Man with Hang.

He'll make one Word of as many Joints, as the Tin-Pudding, that a Jugler pulls out of his Throat, and chops in again--What think you of [i] glud-fum-flam-hasta-minantes? [i] Some of the old [i] Latin [i] Poets bragged that their Vers*es were tougher than Bras*s, and harder than Marble; what would they have done, if they had s*een thes*e? Verily they would have had more reas*on to wis*h thems\*elves an hundred Throats, than they then had, to pronounce them.

There are s*ome, that drive a Trade in writ- ing in prais*e of other Writers, (like Rooks,

118 A SMALL POET. that bet on Games*ters Hands) not at all to ce- lebrate the learned Author's Merits, as they would s*hew, but their own Wits, of which he is but the Subjec\_t. The Letchery of this Va- nity has s*pawned more Writers than the [i] civil Law: [i] For thos*e, whos*e Modes*ty mus*t notorious Va- pours imaginable. For if the Privilege of Love be allowed--[i] Dicere quae* puduit, s*cribere jus*s*it Amor,[i] why s*hould it not be s*o in Self- Love too? For if it be Wis*dom to conceal our Imperfec\_tions, what is it to dis*cover our Vir- tues? It is not like, that [i] Nature [i] gave Men great Parts upon s*uch Terms, as the [i] Fairies [i] us*e to give Money, to pinch and leave them if they s*peak of it. They s*ay--[i]Prais*e is but the Shadow of Virtue; [i] and s\*ure that Virtue is very foolish, that is afraid of its own Shadow.

When he writes [i] Anograms, [i] he us*es to lay the Outs*ides of his Vers\*es even (like a Brick-

A SMALL POET. 119

layer) by a Line of Rhime and Acros*tic, and fill th eMiddle with Rubbis*h--In this he imi- tates [i] Ben Johnson, [i] but in nothing els\*e.

There was one, that lined a Hat-Cas*e with a Paper of [i] Benlows*e'[i]s Poetry--[i] Prynne [i] bought it by Chance, and put a new Demi-Cas*tor into it. The firs*t Time he wore it he felt only a s*inging in his Head, which within two Days turned to a Vertigo--He was let Blood in the Ear by one of the State-Phys*icians, and reco- vered; but before he went abroad he writ a Poem of Rocks and Seas, in a Stile s\*o proper and natural, that it was hard to determine, which was ruggeder.

There is no Fear of Ac\_tivity, nor Gambol of Wit, that ever was performed by Man, from him that vaults on [i] Pegasus, [i] to him that tumbles through the Hoop of an Anagram, but [i] Benlows [i] has got the Mas\*tery in it, whether it be high-rope Wit, or low-rope Wit. He

son means was .......

120 A SMALL POET./ has all Sorts of [i] Echoes, Rebus's, Chronograms,/ &c.[i] bes*ides [i] Carwichets, Clenches, [i] and [i] Quibbles--[i]/ As for [i] Altars [i] and [i] Pyramids [i] in Poetry, he has/ out-done all Men that Way; for he has/ made a [i] Gridiron, [i] and a [i] Frying-Pan [i] in Vers*e,/ that, bes*ide the Likenes*s in Shape, the very/ Tone and Sound of the Words did perfec\_tly/ repres*ent the Nois*e, that is made by thos*e/ Utens*ils, s*uch as the old Poet called [i] s*artago lo-/ quendi. [i] When he was Captain, he made all/ the Furniture of his Hors*e, from the Bit to/ the Crupper, in beaten Poetry, every Vers*e/ being fitted to the Proportion of the Thing,/ with a moral Allus*ion of the Sens*e to the/ Thing; as the [i] Bridle of Moderation, the Saddle/ of Content, [i] and [i] the Crupper of Cons*tancy;[i] s*o that/ the s*ame Thing was both Epigram and Emblem,/ even as Mule is both Hors*e and As*s./ / / {New Paragraph} Some Critics are of Opinion, that Poets/ ought to apply themselves to the Imitation of/ [i] Nature, [i] and make a Cons*cience of digres*s*ing/ from her; but he is none of thes\*e. The an-/ tient Magicians could charm down the Moon,/ and force Rivers back to their Springs by the/

## A SMALL POET. 121/

Power of Poetry only; and the Moderns will/ undertake to turn the Ins*ide of the Earh out-/ ward (like a Jugler's Pocket) and s*hake the/ [i] Chess[i] out of it, make [i] Nature [i] s*hew Tricks like/ an Ape, and the Stars run on Errands; but/ s*till it is by dint of Poetry. And if Poets can/ so s*uch noble Feats, they were unwis*e to des*-/ cend to mean and vulgar: For where the rares*t/ and mos*t common Things are of a Price (as/ they are all one to Poets) it argues Dis*ease in/ Judgement not to chus*e the most curious. Hence/ s*ome infer, that the Account they give of things/ des*erves no Regard, becaus*e they never receive/ any Thing, as they find it, into their Compo-/ s*itions, unles*s it agree both with the Meas*ure/ of their own Fancis, and the Meas*ure of their/ Lines, which can very s*eldom happen: And/ therefore when they give a Character of any/ Thing or Pers*on, it does commonly bear no/ more Proportions to the Subject, than the Fis*hes/ and Ships in a Map do to the Scale. But let/ s*uch know, that Poets, as well as Kings, ought/ rather to cons\*ider what is fit for them to give,/ than others to receive; that they are fain to/ have regard to the Exchange of Language, and/ /

122 A SMALL POET. / write high or low, according as that runs:/ For in this Age, when the s*mallest Poet s*eldom/ goes below more then mos*t, it were a Shame for/ a grater and more noble Poet not to out-throw/ that cut a Bar. / / / ##There was a [i] Tobacco-Man, [i] that wrapped / [i]Spanis*h [i] Tobacco in a Paper of Vers*es, which/ [i]Benlows[i] had written agains*t the [i] Pope, [i] which/ by a natural Antipathy, that his Wit has to / any Thing that's Catholic, s*poiled the Tobacco;/ for it pres*ently turned Mundungus. This Au-/ thor will take an [i] English [i] Word, and, like the/ [i] Frenchman, [i] that s*wallowed Water and s*pit it/ out Wine, with a little Heaving and Straining/ would turn it immediately into [i] Latin,[i] as [i] plun-/ derat ille Domos[i]--Mille [i] Hocopokiana, [i] and a thou-/ s*and s*uch./ / ##There was a young Practitioner in Poetry,/ that found there was no good to be done with-/ out a Mis*tres*s: For he, that writes of Love/ before he hath tried it, doth but travel by the/ Map; and he, that makes Love without a/ Dame, does like a Games*ter, that plays for/ / #[i]More the mos*t] There is an appearance Defect or Error in thes*e/ Words; but I leave it to the Reader to s*upply or correct./

## A SMALL POET. 123/

Nothing. He thought it convenient therefore,/ firs*t to furnis*h hims*elf with a Name for his/ Mis*stress beforehand, that he might not be to/ s*eek, when his Merit or good Fortune s*hould/ bes*tow her upon him: for every Poet is his/ mis*tres*s*e's Godfather, and gives her a new/ Name, like a Nun that takes Orders. He was/ very curious to s*it himself with a hands*ome/ Word of a turnable Sound; but could light/ upon none, that s*ome Poet or other had not / made us*e of before. He was therefore forced/ to fall to coining, and was s*everal Months be-/ fore he could light on one, that pleas*ed him/ perfectly. But after he had overcome that Dif-/ ficulty, he found a greater remaining, to get a/ Lady to own him. He accos*ted s*ome of all/ Sorts, and gave them to unders*tand, both in/ Pros*e and Vers*e, how incomparably happy it/ was in his Power to make his Mis*tres*s, but/ could never convert any of them. At length/ he was fain to make his Landres*s s*upply that/ Place as Proxy, until his good Fortune, or/ s*omebody of better Quality would be more / kind to him, which after a while he neither/ hoped nor cared for; for how mean Toever her/ Condition was before, when he had once pre-/ tended to her, s*he was s*ure to be a Nymph and/

124 A SMALL POET./ a Goddes*s. For what greater Honour can a/ Woman be capable of, than to be trans*lated/ into precious Stones and Stars? No Herald in/ the World can go higher. Bes*ides se found no/ Man can us*e that Freedom of Hyperbole in the/ Character of a Pers*on commonly known (as/ great Ladies are) which we can in des*cribing/ one s*o obs*cure and unknown, that nobody can/ dis*prove him. For he, that writes but one/ Sonnet upon any of the public Pers*ons, s*hall/ be s*ure to have his Reader at ever third Word/ cry out--What an As*s is this to call [i] Spanis*h/ paper and Cerus*e Lillies and Ros*es, [i] or [i] claps In-/ fluences--[i] To s*ay, [i] the Graces are her waiting Wo-/ men, [i] when they are known to be no better/ than her Bawdes--that [i] Day breaks from her/ Eyes, [i]when s*he looks as*quint--Or that [i] her/ Breath perfumes the Arabian Winds, [i] when s*he/ puffs Tobacco?/ / ##It is no mean Art to improve a Language,/ and find out Words, that are not only removed/ from common us*e, but rich in Cons*onanats,/ the Nerves and Sinews of Speech, to rais\*e a/ / ---

# A SMALL POEt. 125/

s*ft and feeble Language like ours to the Pitch/ of [i] High-Dutch,[i] as he did, that writ/ / ## [i] Arts rattling Fores*kins s*hrilling Bagpipes quell.[i]/ / #This is not the only the mos*t elegant, but mos*t po-/ litic Way of Writing, that a Poet can us*e; for I/ know no Defence like it to pres*erve a Poem from/ the Torture of thos*e that lis*p and s*tammer./ He that wants Teeth may as well venture upon/ a Piece of tough horny Brawn as s*uch a Line,/ for he will look like an As*s eating This*tles./ / # He never begins a Work without an Invoca-/ tion of his [i] Muse; [i] for it is not fit that s*he s*hould/ appear in public, to s*hew her Skill before s*he/ is entreated, as Gentlewomen do not us*e to / s*ing, until they are applied to, and often des*ired./ / # I s*hall not need to s*ay any this of the Ex-/ cellence of Poetry, s*ince it has been already/ performed by many excellent Pers*ons, among/ whom s*ome have lately undertaken to prove, that/ the civil Government cannot pos*s*ibly s*ubs*is*t with-/ out it, which, for my Part, I believe to be true/ / [i] S\*ome have lately. [i]] This alludes to [i] Davenant--See [i] G---

126 A SMALL POET./ in a poetical Sens*e, and more probable to be/ received of it, than thos*e s*trange Feats of/ building Walls and making Trees dance,/ which Antiquity as*cribes to Vers*e. And though/ [i] Philos*ophers [i] are of a contrary Opinion, and will/ not allow Poets fit to live in a Commonwealth,/ their Partiality is plainer than their Reas*ons;/ for they have no other Way to pretend to this/ Prerogative thems*elves, as they do, but by re-/ moving Poets, whom they know to have a/ fairer Title; and this they do unjus*tly, that/ [i] Plato, [i] who firs*t banis*hed Poets his Republic,/ forgot that the very Commonwealth was poe-/ tical. I s*hall s*ay nothing to them, but only/ des*ire the World to cons*ider, how happily it is/ like to be governed by thos*e, that are as s*o per-/ petual a civil War among thems*elves, that if we/ s*hould s*ubmit ours*elves to their own Res*olution/ of this Question, and be content to allow them/ only fit to rule if they could but conclude it/ s*o themselves, they would never agree upon it--/ Mean while there is no les*s Certainty and Agree-/ ment in Poetry than the Mathematics; for they/ all s*ubmit the to the s*ame Rules without Dis*pute or/ Controvers*y. But whos*oever s*hall pleas*e to look/ into the Records of Antiquity s*hall find their/ Title s*o unques*tioned, that the greatest Princess/ / / 4

A SMALL POET. 127/ in the whole World have been glad to derive/ their Pedigrees, and their Power too, from/ Poets. [i] Alexander [i] the great had no wis*er a Way/ so s*ecure the Empire to hims*elf by [i] Right, [i]/ which he had gotten by [i] Force, [i] then by de-/ claring hims*elf the Son of [i] Jupiter; [i] and who/ was [i] Jupiter [i] but the Son of a Poet? So [i] Caes\*ar [i]/ and all [i] Rome [i] was transported with Joy, when a/ Poet made [i] Jupiter [i] his Colleague in the Empire;/ and when [i] Jupiter [i] governed, what did the/ Poets, that governed Jupiter?/