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CENSURE OF THE PROTA - OXFORD 1675.

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R.93

3.

THE  
CENSURE  
OF THE  
ROTA.



On Mr DRIDEN'S Conquest of  
GRANADA.



OXFORD,  
Printed by H.H. for Fran. Oxlad junior.  
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JUNTA DE ANDALUCIA

CONSEJERIA DE CULTURA



THE CENSURE  
OF THE  
ROTA.

UPON Mr DRYDEN'S CONQUEST  
of GRANADA,



Monst severall other late Exercises of the Athenian Vertuosi in the Coffe-Academy instituted by Apollo for the advancement of Gazette Philosophy Mercury's, Diurnalls, &c: this day was wholly taken up in the Examination of the Conquest of Granada; a Gentleman on the reading of the First Part, & therein the Discription of the Bull-baiting, said, that Almanzor's playing at the Bull was according to the Standard of the Greek Heroes, who, as Mr Dryden had learnedly observ'd (*Essay of Dramatique poetry. p. 25.*) were great Beef-Eaters. And why might not Almanzor as well as Ajax, or Don Quixot worry Mutton, or take a Bull by the Throat, since the Author had elsewhere explain'd himselfe by telling us the Heroes were more noble Beasts of Prey, in his *Epistle*



to his *Conquest of Granada*, distinguishing them into *wild* and *tame*, and in his Play we have *Almanzor shaking his Chaine*; and *frighting his Keeper*. p. 28. broke loose. p. 64. and *tearing those that would reclaim his rage*. p. 135. To this he added that his Bulls excell'd others *Heroes*, as far as his own *Heroes* surpass'd his Gods: That the *Champion Bull* was divested of flesh and blood, and made immortal by the poet, & bellow'd after death; that the fantastique Bull seem'd fiercer than the true, and the dead bellowings in Verse, were louder than the living; concluding with a wish that M<sup>r</sup> *Dryden* had the good luck to have vary'd that old Verse quoted in his *Dramatique Essay*.

to *Atque Usum, & Pugiles media inter Carmina poscunt Tauros, & Pugiles prima inter Carmina posco.* and præfixt it to the front of his Play, instead of

*Major rerum mihi nascitur Ordo,  
Majus opus moveo.*

Another *Virtuoso* said he could not but take notice how ignorantly some charg'd *Almanzor* with transgressing the Rules of the *Drama*, vainly supposing that *Heroes* might be confin'd to the narrow walks of other common Mortals, not considering that those Dramatick Planets were Images of *Excentric Vertue*, which was most beautiful, when least regular: that *Almanzor* was no lesse maliciously tax'd with changing sides, than which charge what could be more unjust, if they look't on him as *Achilles* and *Rinaldos's* countryman, and born with them in, that *Poetical Free-State*, (for Poets of late have form'd *Utopia's*) where all were Monarchs (without Subjects.

Subjects) and all swore Alleagiance to themselves, (and therefore could be Traytors to none else) where every man might invade anothers Right, without trespassing on his owne, and make, and execute what Lawes himself would consent to, each man having the power of Life and Death so absolutely, that if he kill'd himself, he was accountable to no body for the murder; that *Almanzor* was neither *Mr Drydens* Subject, nor *Boabdilins*, but equally exempt from the Poets Rules, and the Princes Laws, and in short, if his revolting from the *Abencerrages* to the *Zegrys*, and from the *Zegrys* to the *Abencerrages* again; had not equally satisfi'd both parties, it might admit of the same defence, *Mr Drydens* Out-cries, and his Tumults did, that the Poet represented Men in a *Hobbin* State of War. A third went on and told them that Fighting-Scenes, and Representations of Battells were as necessary to a Tragedy, as *Cudgells*, and broken Pates to a Country Wake; that an Heroick Poem never sounded so nobly, as when it was heightned with Shouts, and Clashing of Swords; and that Drums and Trumpets gain'd an absolute Dominion over the minds of the Audience: (the Ladies, and Female Spirits) Here an Acquaintance of the Authors interpos'd, and assur'd the Company, he was very confident, that *Mr Dryden* would never have had the Courage to have ventur'd on a Conquest had he not writ with the sound of Drum and Trumpet; and that if there was any thing unintelligible in his raunts, 'twas the effect of that horroir those Instruments of War with their astonishing noise had precipitated him into; which had so transported him, that he



writ beyond himselfe. But he was interrupted by a grave Gentleman that us'd to sup in Apollo and could tell many Storys of Ben. Johnson, who told them, that in his opinion Mr. Dryden had given little proof of his Courage, since he for the most part combated the dead; and the dead — send no Challenges; nor indeed need they, since through their sides he had wounded himselfe; for he ever play'd the Critick so unluckely, as to discover only his own faults in other men, with the advantage of this aggravation, that the *Grammaticall Errors* of older Poets, were but the Errors of their Age, but being made his, were not the Errors of this Age: since he granted this Age was refin'd above those *Solecismes* of the last: thus the *Synchæsis*, or ill placing of Words, a fault of *B. Johnsons* time, was an usuall Elegancy in Mr. Drydens writings, as in the Prologue to his *Indian Emperour*.

Such easie Judges, that our Poet may

Himselfe admire the fortune of his Play.

Himselfe in the second verse, which should have been plac'd before may in the first.

In the *Indian Emperour*, *Guyomar* say's,

I for my Country fought, and would again,

Had I yet left a Country to maintain.

left should not have preceded Country, but follow'd it.

In *Granada*, second part.

I le sooner trust th' Hyena: then your smile;

Or then your Tears the weeping Crocodile.

And again.

Let then to change, 'tis nobler to despair.

Thus

Thus the using *be* for *are* the vice of those *dall* times, when *Conversation* was so low, that our Fathers were not taught to write and read good English, was frequent with Mr *Dryden* in this politer Age ;

In *Granada*, second part.

*Almanzor* :

*Madam, your new commands I come to know,  
If yet you can have any where I goe,  
If to the Regions of the dead they be.*

In the *Indian Emperour*.

*Things good, or ill, by circumstances be.*

In *Maximin*.

*The Empress knows your worth, but, Sir, there be  
Those who can value it as high as she.*

And again;

*And so obscene their Ceremonies be,  
As good men loath, and Cato blusht to see.*

In all these places he observ'd the Rhyme hid the false English. The placing of the Preposition at the end of a Verse or Sentence, Mr *Dryden* had confest was common to him with *Johnson*, but not discovering where, the Gentleman oblig'd the Company, by pointing at that in *Maximin*.

*your Brother made it to secure his Throne,  
Which this man made a step to mount it on.*

and more conspicuously in his *Elegy on Oliver*. (One who was as great a contemner of Kings as *Almanzor*, and

as great a defyer of the Gods as *Maximian*)  
*Fortune* ( that easy Mistressse of the young  
 But to her ancient Servants coy and hard )  
 Him at that Age her Favourites rank't among.  
 When she her best lov'd Pompey did discard.

To all which, he added that *ire* an obsolete word of *B. Johnson* was antiquated now, but *inthrall* and *oph* in *Mr Dryden* were words antiquated in *Ben. Johnsons* time, that *Johnson* only wrote English in good Latine, but *Mr Dryden* was so accomplish'd as to write English fluently in all Languages, Greek, Latine, Italian, Spanish, and what not; in him he met with *Escapade*, *Mirador*, *Bizarre*, *torrents winding in volumes*, *Trumpets Clangors*, *Venus's Cestos*, besides *unthinking Crowd*, *bladder d'Air*, and such like *Poeticall Jargon*; and to demonstrate that this Age ( or *Mr Dryden*, which is the same ) made some improvement in false English as well as the last ( if at least we have not received a newer *English Grammar* than *Ben. Johnsons* ) he desired them to weigh these verses in his *Granada*.

*Obey'd as Sovereign by thy subjects he*  
 But know that I alone am King of me.  
 me, for my self.  
 again, I for her sake thy Scepter will maintain,  
 And thou by me, in spite of thee shall raign.  
 Thee, for thy self.

As for *Mr Drydens* cavill at the lines in *Catiline*.  
 Go on upon the Gods, kiss lightning, wrest  
 The Engine from the Cyclops, and give fire  
 At face of a full Cloud --

His mistaken Image of shooting ( since the *Cyclops* Engine was a Thunderbolt ) recoyl'd upon himself in his *Maximin*, where he suppos'd *Sulphur to rain down in fiery showers on Charinus*, a clearer image perhaps of shooting, unknown as much in *Maximin's* days, as *Catalin's*. A Critick continuing on the discourse, said, he was sorry that Mr *Dryden* when he charg'd every page of *Shakefpeer*, and *Fletcher* with some *Solecism* of speech, or notorious *flaw* in sence, did not read their writings and his own with the same spectacles, for had he, he would never have left so incorrect a line as this in that *Epilogue*, where he taxes the Antients so superciliously;

*Then Comedy was faultless, but 'twas course.*

'tis a favour to call this but a *flaw*; nay, in the threshold of his *Granada*.

*Thus in the Triumphs of soft peace I reign,*

*And from my walls defie the powers of Spain.* Alhambra y Generalife

which two verses agree as ill, as if one were a *Moor*, and the other a *Spaniard*.

again in the *First Part*,

*As some fair Tulip by a storm oppress,*

*Shrinks up, and folds its silken arms to rest;*

*And bending to the blast, all pale and dead,*

*Hears from within the wind sing round its head.*

This *Tulip* that could hear the wind sing its *Epicedium*, after it was *dead*; you may be sure grew no where but in a Poets Garden.

in the *Second Part*,

So two kind *Turtles*, when a *Storm* is nigh,  
 Look up, and see it gath'ring in the *Skie*,  
 Each calls his mate to shelter in the *Groves*,  
 Leaving in murmurs their unfinish't *Loves*;  
 Pearch't on some dropping branch, they sit alone,  
 And cooe, and hearken to each others moan.

Where because a *Turtle* was a solitary *Bird*, he made two of them sit alone.

Again, speaking of *Almanzor*:

— a gloomy smile arose  
 From his bent brows, and still the more he heard,  
 A more severe, and sullen joy appeared:

Here is a *Smile* describ'd with so much *Art*, that the description may serve indifferently either for a *Smile*, or a *Frown*, any other *Smile*, but a gloomy one, rising from bent brows, would have look't too effeminately pleasant in *Almanzor*'s grim face; a clear proof this of the *Epistle*, that dimples may not misbecome the stern beauty of a *Heroe*:

These he found in *Annus Mirabilis*.

So sick'n waning *Moons* too near the *Sun*,  
 And blunt their *Crescents* on the edge of *day*.

Compared with these in *Maximin*.

My flaming *sword* above them to display,  
 All keen and ground upon the edge of *Day*.

From

From which he inferr'd, that the *Edge of Day* was capacitated indifferently either to *blunt*, or *sharpen*, according to the Poets pleasure., as from that verse in his *Astræa Redux*:

*A horrid Stilleſſe firſt invades the Ear,*

he observ'd that to *invade the Ear* (in Mr Drydens Dictionary) signified any violence offer'd to the Ear, either from Noise, or Silence.

In another place in *Maximin*, he seems fully to have answer'd his Prologue, in not *servilely stooping so low as Sense*;

*To bind Porphyrius firmly to the State,*

*I will this day my Cæſar him create,*

*And, Daughter, I will give him you for wife.*

here, in making *Porphyrius* a Bride, he has reacht an excellence, and justify'd his representation of *big-belly'd Men in the Wild Gallant*, a greater impossibility, than any *Shakeſpear* can be censur'd for (for impossibility's in Mr Drydens charge are sense, but in anothers nonsense) though he wants not these smaller *indecorum's* neither; such as his introducing *Donna Aurelia* in the *Mock-Astrologer*, retrenching her words, which how consistent 'tis with the *Spanish Gravity*, the great *Dons of Wit* can best resolve him, and such is that indecency, committed in his *Mayden Queen*, where the *Queen* and *Courtiers* stand still, to hear *Celadon* and *Florimell* with a great deal of cold mirth absurdly usurp the *Queens Prerogative* in making new *Marriage-Laws*.

That Mr Drydens wit was as much advanc'd beyond

that of the Ancients, as his sense & Language; was Evident from these Clenches (to omit that of Pulpit-Quibbling finding the benefit of its Clergy since he was so mannerly, as to ask leave to clench there) in his forecited *Elegy* on our English *Maximin*.

*Though in his Praise, no Arts can liberall be.*

In his *Rival Ladyes*, a Serving man threatents to beat the Poet with a Staff of his own Rhymes.

In his *Mayden Queen*, little *Sabina* tells *Florimell*, well my drolling Lady; I may be even with you: to which *Florimell* wittily, not this ten years by thy growth yet: and after, tells her taller sister *Olinda*, she cannot affront her because she is so tall.

and to parallell *B. Johnson's*,

*Forty things more, dear Grand, which you know true;*

*For which, or pay me quickly, or I'll pay you.*

*Celadon* (in the same Play) tells *Florimell*; I shall grow desperately constant, and all the tempest of my love will fall upon your head: I shall so pay you: to which *Florimell* makes this reply; Who you, pay me? you are a bankrupt, cast beyond all possibility of recovery. This when repeated by *Lovehy* in that incomparable clenching Comedy, the *Wild Gallant*, Mr *Dryden*, and the *Taylor's Wife* call'd a Jest, but is farr from Wit in all Languages. To be short, that his wit depended often on a ridiculous chiming of words, was evident from such instances as these,

*Under*

*Under Almanzor prosperously they fought,  
Almanzor therefore must with pray's be sought.*

*Know that as Selin was not won by thee,  
Neither will I by Selins daughter be.*

*Forbear dear Father, for your Ozmyn's sake,  
Do not such words to Ozmys father speak,*

*But what's the cause that keeps you here with me?  
That I may know what keeps me here with you.*

*Would you your hand in Selins bloud embrue,  
Kill him unarm'd, who arm'd shoud kill you?*

much after the rate of that old Tick-tack

*A Pye; a Pudding,*

*A Pudding, a Pye,*

*A Pudding-Pye.*

*A Pye for me,*

*A Pudding for thee,*

*A Pudding for me,*

*A Pye for thee,*

*A Pudding-Pye for me and thee!*

A modern Poet slept up next, and said, he observ'd  
Mr. *Dryden* pass'd no better a Complement on the Poets  
of this Age in his *Prologue* to his *Granada*, then on  
those





those of the former in his *Postscript* and *Epilogue*; for these he tax't as liberally with writing *dull sence*, as those with writing *incorrect*; and prefer'd his own *gay nonsense* equally to both. That his Play was the best comment on his *Prologue*, and his *Tulip* with *silken armes*, and two verses.

*But silk-worm like, so long within have wrought,*

*That I am lost in my own webb of thought.*

sufficiently displai'd his *gayety of nonsense*; and 'twas for this reason he suppos'd that he upbraided *Beaumont* and *Fletcher* with meanness of expression in their *Scenes of Love*, because those *dull unthinking men* never had their thoughts so *well dress'd*, as to transform their *Lovers* into such *gay things*, as *Silk-wormes* and *Tulips*; but this was the unhappinefs of their Education, they were not so well bred, nor kept so good Company as *Mr. Dryden*; nay had *Johnson* ( who was *more conversant in Courts* ) convert ( as our Poet ) only with Persons of Honour, he had never disgrac'd the Stage with *Tib* in her Rags, but attir'd her more like a modern Comœdian in a *broad-brim'd Hatt*, and *wast Belt*: but 'twas plain, his Humor discover'd more of the *Mechanique & the Clown*, then the *Gentleman*; thus *Otters Horse*, and his *Bear*, and his *Bull*, might be entertaining to a *Groom*, or a *Bear-ward*, but nothing in nature and all that ( to english *Tom. Otters in rerum natura* ) was more odious to a *Man of Garniture and Feathers*: in those days they regal'd their Audience with the *Acorns of Poetry*, and no marvell then if *Cobs Tankard* quench't their thirst no lesse then pure *Helicon*: in fine,

*Johnson's*

*Johnson's* wit had too much *Alchymy*, and their best too much alloy to pass for that of the *Golden Age*, an honour only due to the Poets of these times, that bring *old Iron on the Stage*. The honour of the *Golden Age* (reply'd another) belongs justly to *Mr Dryden*, who ever return'd home richly fraught from *Spain and America*; to his Catholique Conquests Poetry ow's its *Indies*, and its *Plate-Fleets*: and after such Voiages and Discoveries, he could not but wonder a little at his modest excusing his ignorance in Sea Terms in his *Annus Mirabilis*; since he was very confident that his Muse that had so often crost the Seas, and endur'd so many Storms and Shipwracks could not but be *Tarpawlin* sufficient enough to make an Heroick Poem on *Star-board*, and *Lar-board*. His blustering Metaphors would more then acquit him of *Horace's* his Censure,

*Serpit humi tutus, nimium timidusq; procellæ.*

The boldest of the old Poets never rais'd such Tempests as he, though they labour'd to swell their Poetical Sails with all the four winds blowing at once ( as *Mr Cowly* ingeniously, on, *Unâ Euræque; Notusque ruunt, creberque procellis Africus, &c.* ) He was the man Nature seem'd to make choice of to enlarge the Poets Empire, & to compleat those Discovery's others had begun to shadow: that *Shakespeare* and *Fletcher* (as some think) erected the *Pillars* of Poetry is a grosse error; this Zany of *Columbus* has discover'd a Poeticall World of greater extent then the Naturall, peopled with *Atlantick Colony's* of motionall creatures; *Astrall Spirits,*  
*Ghosts.*

*Ghosts, & Idols*, more various then ever the *Indians* wor-  
 shipt, and *Heroes*, more lawless than their *Savages*. The  
 already discover'd habitable world (joyn'd with *Sr Thomas Moor's*, and the *Lord Bacon's*) was too narrow a  
 Compasse for his Geography of Thoughts, which would  
 admit of no *unpeopled Solitudes*, nor *Terra Incognita*;  
 this Poeticall *Coryat* would travell beyond the Poles of  
 Nature and Opinion; sometimes we have him moun-  
 ting his *Pegasus*, and taking a flight to the *Mountains*  
*of the Moon*, and the *Bed of Nyle*, then (having baited  
 first at *Heaven*) making his Journey through the lo-  
 wer *Fields of Ayr*, to *Spencers Bower of Bliss*, and *Tas-*  
*so's Enchanted wood* (both lately discover'd in *Fairy-*  
*Land*) there visiting such wandring "Souls as *flapping*  
*flutter'd down from the middle Sky*, and dispossessing the  
*Swallows* of their Winter Quarters, lay leiger for *Mor-*  
*tall frames* in Trunks of hollow Trees. Thus ha's he  
 out travell'd the Sun, and made his flights on the  
 wings of his own fancy without the assistance of *Gan-*  
*z'ds*, or *Bottles of May-Dev*. In short, did *Mr Cowley*, or  
 any others dislike this *Fairy* part of Poetry, (though  
*Mr Cowley* had answer'd himself by making use of Angels  
 & visions in his  *Davideis*, where the Argument required  
 it) the Poet had prettily excus'd his fantastique Scenes,  
 & Visionary Pageants, in that Apologetick Verse,

*Ast opere in tanto fas est obrepere Somnum.*

With him joyn'd a *phlegmatick heavy Gownman*, who ho-  
 ped that that Verse was a frank confession of the Poet,  
 that he compos'd severall of his Raptures in a Dream,  
 of which nature was this in his *Maximin*.

*Tho.*

*Thou treadst th' Abyss of Light,*

*Abyss* is a word so inconsistent with *Light*, that 'tis scarce Bright enough for its Shadow.

In *Granada*,

*Heavens Out-cast, and the Drofs of every Star .*

Compare this with another in *Maximin*,

—*None, will be so bright ,*

*So pure, or with so small allays of light,*

and you'l say ti's all *pure refin'd* nonsense, without the least *allay* of dull Sence.

In another place in *Maximin*,

*I reel, and stagger , and am drunk with light.*

this Verse the Poet made, when he was shut up in a *dark room* and not suffer'd to see the light.

Again.

*So mayst thou live thy thousand years in peace,*

*And see thy Aery Progeny increase.*

Here it may be a *Quare*, whether *Spirits* ( since amongst them ther's no distinction of Sexes ) get all *Sons*, or all *daughters*. And following those,

*So mayst thou still continue fresh and fair ,*

*Fed by the blast of pure Ætheriall Ayr.*

How the *Æther*, that yeelds a nourishment so thin ( scarce distinguishable from none at all ) that it would starve a *Cameleon*, should fatten a *Spirit*, seems a *Paradoxe*: now after all this, the World may judge whether the notions of Poets ( the Fathers of his Church )

C

concerning

concerning spirits and Specters, were more satisfactory, then those of Philosophers and Divines; and whether Mr *Dryden* was not stark Inspiration mad, and in one of his Enthusiastique fits, when he objected it as lazinesse, or dulnesse to the Clergy, that they did not preach in Verse; That Reformation this Age must not be so happy as to expect, since the Objector had alter'd his resolution of exchanging the Sock and Buskin for the Canonick Girdle Here a great Patron of Rhyme interpos'd, and said, he could heartily wish that not only Divines would preach, Lawyers plead, Philosophers dispute, and Councillers debate, but even our Ladys and Gallants would converse in Rhyme, for besides that this would take off the Argument of the unnaturallness of Rhyme,

It would be a means of exalting our thoughts, and raising Conversation above the vulgar level, for what can be suppos'd more indecent then for Ladys and Persons of Quality to walk on foot in Prose with the Rabble? Without the sweetnesse and cadency of Rhyme our quick Repartees in discourse lose much of their Beauty, when as if he that spoke last be nick'd by another, both in wit and sound, nothing is left desireable. Nay, Mr *Dryden* that writ ill in Rhyme, would have writ worse without it, for such Redundancy's as this in *Granada, First Part,*

*This is my will, and this I will have done.*

which is a handsome way of saying *this is my will* twice such mean Couplets as this in *Maximin.*

*O my dear Brother, whom Heav'n let us see,*

*And would not longer suffer him to be!*

and

and such precipitations from such heights, as,

*Say but he's dead, that God shall mortall be:*

*See nothing, Eyes, henceforth, but Death and wo,*

*You've have done me the worst Office you can do.*

would never have been passable, were not many co-  
zn'd with their sound; in a word, many things were  
charg'd upon the Poet, of which the Rhymer was no  
ways guilty, but there needed no greater Argument for  
the efficacy of Rhime above Blank Verse, then that of  
blowing a Candle out, and blowing in again, in two Ver-  
ses.

*Granada. Like Tapers new blown out the fumes remain,*

*To catch the light, and bring it back again.*

where the snuff expires so sweetly, it cannot be offen-  
sive to the most critical Nose. To this a Favourer of  
Blank verse with some heat reply'd, that these verses  
in *Granada, Second Part,*

*You see Sir, with what hardship I have kept*

*This precious gage which in my hands you left.*

These in the *Indian Emperour,*

*But I'me so far from meriting esteem,*

*That if I judge, I must my self condemn.*

And these in *Maximin,*

*Porphyrius. Too long, as if Eternity were so.*

*Berenice. Rise good Porphyrius (since it must be so.)*

proclaim'd the Rhymer no less faulty then the Poet,



and evidently prov'd that Mr *Dryden* enslav'd his sense as little to Rhyme, as elsewhere to Syllables; and both to sense. Who after this will deny that the way of writing in verse; is the most free and unconstrain'd? in which the Poet is not ty'd up to Language, sense, Syllables, or Rhyme, but even, sweet, and flowing numbers, and smart Repartees ( in plain English, playing with words) atone for the want of all. With what impudence can the Adversaries of Rhyme object its difficulty? when those that are formed neither by Art nor Nature, may write whole plays, such as Mr *Dryden's* in it, without easing themselves on *pace and trot*. It is but framing the character of a Huff of the Town, one that from breaking Glass-windows, and combating the watch, starts up an *Heroe*: him you must make very saucy to his superiours, to shew he is of the same stamp with *Achilles* and *Rinaldo*; then tame the savage with the charming fight of the *Kings Daughter* ( or wife ) whom this *St George* is to deliver from the *Dragon*, or greater dangers: to heighten his character the more, bring in a sheepish King with a Guard of poultrons to be kick't by him, as often as he thinks fit his *Miss*. should be a witness of his Gallantry: if this be not enough, let him play prizes with Armies, still Tumults with one look, and raise Rebellions with another. The Language is no less easie then the characters, 'tis but stuffing five Acts with *Fate*, *Destiny*, *Charms*, *Charming fair*, *Killing fair*, *heavenly fair*, *the Fair and Brave*, *the Lover and the Brave*, &c. an allusion to *two kind Turtles*, foisted in, an impertinent Simile from a Storm, or a Shipwrack, and a senseless Song of *Phillis*, and the businesse is done: the descriptions may be

be borrowed from *Statius*, and *Montaigns Effays*, the Reason and Politicall Ornaments from Mr *Hobs*, and the Astrological ( and if need be , the Language too ) from *Ibrahim*, or the *Illustrious Bassa*. To conclude all, he said, a barren Invention must ever be provided with such necessary helps, as the following Forms, to which he might have recourse on all occasions.

Some Forms and Figurative Expressions of so large an extent, that they are adjusted to all Characters in all Plays, Tragedys, Comedys, and Tragi-Comedys, whether written in Rhyme, Blank Verse, or Prose; suitable to all Prologues, Epilogues, and Dramatique Effays that are, or shall be written.

For magnifique Sound

*As when some dreadfull Thunderclap is nigh,  
The winged Fire shoots swiftly through the Sky,  
Strikes, and consumes, e're scarce it does appear.*

*Indian Em-  
peror.*

Or varied thus :

*—As when Winds and Rain together crowd,  
They swell till they have burst the bladder'd cloud:  
And first, the Lightning flashing deadly clear,  
Flies, Falls, Consumes, e're scarce it does appear.*

*Granada,  
2. part.*

For gentle verses, that do not <sup>Shook</sup> shake us in the reading.  
*—Heav'n, which moulding Beauty takes such care,  
Makes gentle fates on purpose for the fair;*

*Maiden  
Queen.*



*And Destiny that sees them so divine,  
Spins all their fortunes in a silken twine.*

Translate the *Fair* to the *Brave*, it may be thus,

*Granada.* *If fate weaves common Thrid, he'll change the doom,*  
1. part. *And with new Purple spread a nobler loom.*

for a Rant

*Indian* *I'll grasp my Scepter with my dying hand.*

*Emperour.* Or thus, higher :

*Rivall* *I'll grasp it*  
*Ladys.* *Even after death.*

Higher yet

*I'll hold it fast*

*Granada* *As Life, and when life's gone, I'll hold it last.*  
2. part.

For generous Love :

*Maximin.* *Though to my former vows I must be true,*  
*I'll ever keep one love entire for you,*

*That love which Brothers with chaste Sisters make.*

Or with a more poynant brevity :

*Granada.* *Take friendship, or if that too small appear,*  
1. part. *Take Love, which Sisters may to Brothers bear.*

For sharpness of conceit.

*Epilogue to* *He es'd his half-tir'd Muse on pace and trot.*  
*Mock Astro-*

*loger.* That is,

*Essay of Dra.* *Sometimes upon Rhyme, sometimes upon Blank Verse,*  
*matique Poe-* *Like an Horse, who eases himself upon Trot and Amble.*  
*try.*

For

For pleafant folly,

— in the prime

Of Eaſter Term, in Tart and Cheef- cake time.

Eaſily reſolved thus into proſe:

In Eaſter Term, when the Country Gentlewomen come up to  
the deſtruction of Tarts and Cheef-cakes.

*Epilogue to  
Maximins*

*Sr Martin  
Marialth*



  
 JUNTA DE ANDALUCÍA

la Alhambra y Generalife  
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