

How can I speak of thy great pains, but err?  
 Since they can only judge, that can confer.  
 Behold! the reverend shade of Bartas stands  
 Before my thought, and, in thy right, commands  
 That to the world I publish for him, this;  
 Bartas doth wish thy English now were his.  
 So well in that are his inventions wrought,  
 As his will now be the translation thought,  
 Thine the original; and France shall boast,  
 No more those maiden glories she hath lost.

CXXXIII.

ON THE FAMOUS VOYAGE.<sup>2</sup>

**N**O more let Greece her bolder fables tell  
 Of Hercules, or Theseus going to hell,  
 Orpheus, Ulysses; or the Latin muse,  
 With tales of Troy's just knight, our faiths abuse.

p. 356. But the HE refers to Jonson not to Silvester, whose knowledge of French was never questioned.

The translation is now little known: an unlucky quotation of Dryden,

Nor, with Du Bartas, "bridle up the floods"  
 And "periwig with wool the baldpate woods,"

serves as an apology for consigning it to ridicule and neglect; Silvester wanted taste rather than poetry, and he has many shining passages. Goffe, who had a marvellous love for uncouth and extravagant phraseology, has imitated the line above, with noble emulation, in his *Courageous Turke*:

"Who set the world on flame? How now, ye heavens,  
 Grow you so proud as to put on curl'd lockes,  
 And clothe yourselves in periwigs of fire!"

<sup>2</sup> Of this "Voyage," undertaken, as I have already observed, in a mad frolic, and celebrated in no very sane one, I shall only say that more humour and poetry are wasted on it than it deserves. As a picture of a populous part of London, it is not without some interest, and might admit of a few remarks; but I dislike the sub-

We have a Shelton, and a Heyden got,<sup>3</sup>  
 Had power to act, what they to feign had not.  
 All that they boast of Styx, of Acheron,  
 Cocytus, Phlegethon, ours have proved in one;  
 The filth, stench, noise: save only what was there  
 Subtly distinguish'd, was confused here.  
 Their wherry had no sail too; ours had ne'er one:  
 And in it, two more horrid knaves than Charon.  
 Arses were heard to croak instead of frogs;  
 And for one Cerberus, the whole coast was dogs.  
 Furies there wanted not; each scold was ten,  
 And for the cries of ghosts, women and men,  
 Laden with plague-sores, and their sins, were heard,  
 Lash'd by their consciences, to die affeard.  
 Then let the former age with this content her,  
 She brought the poets forth, but ours th' adventurer.

## THE VOYAGE ITSELF.

**S**ING the brave adventure of two wights,  
 And pity 'tis, I cannot call them knights:  
 One was; and he for brawn and brain right  
 able

To have been styled of king Arthur's table.  
 The other was a squire, of fair degree;  
 But, in the action, greater man than he,  
 Who gave, to take at his return from hell,  
 His three for one. Now, lordlings, listen well.

ject, and shall therefore leave the reader, who will not follow my example, and pass lightly over it, to the annotations of Whalley.

<sup>3</sup> *We have a Shelton and a Heyden got.*] The names of the persons who embarked in this enterprize. The first, I suppose, is sir *Ralph Shelton*, to whom the 119th epigram is addressed. The latter is probably sir Christopher Heyden, to whom Davis, in his *Scourge of Folly*, p. 191, addresses an epigram. WHAL.

Yet Jonson says, in the opening of the *Voyage*, that the "latter" was a *squire*.

It was the day, what time the powerful moon<sup>4</sup>  
 Makes the poor Bankside creature wet it's shoon,  
 In its own hall; when these, (in worthy scorn  
 Of those, that put out monies, on return  
 From Venice, Paris, or some inland passage  
 Of six times to and fro, without embassy,  
 Or him that backward went to Berwick, or which  
 Did dance the famous morris unto Norwich)  
 At Bread-street's Mermaid having dined, and merry,  
 Proposed to go to Holborn in a wherry:  
 A harder task, than either his to Bristo',  
 Or his to Antwerp. Therefore, once more, list ho'.

A dock there is, that called is Avernus,  
 Of some Bridewell, and may, in time concern us  
 All, that are readers: but, methinks, 'tis odd,  
 That all this while I have forgot some god,  
 Or goddess to invoke, to stuff my verse;  
 And with both bombast style and phrase, rehearse  
 The many perils of this port, and how  
 Sans help of Sibyl, or a golden bough,  
 Or magic sacrifice, they past along!—  
 Alcides, be thou succouring to my song.  
 Thou hast seen hell, some say, and know'st all nooks  
 there,  
 Canst tell me best, how ever Fury looks there,  
 And art a god, if fame thee not abuses,  
 Always at hand, to aid the merry muses.  
 Great club-fist, though thy back and bones be sore  
 Still, with thy former labours; yet, once more,  
 Act a brave work, call it thy last adventry:  
 But hold my torch, while I describe the entry  
 To this dire passage. Say, thou stop thy nose;  
 'Tis but light pains: indeed, this dock's no rose.

<sup>4</sup> *It was the day, what time the powerful moon,*] i. e. a spring tide, when the river frequently overflows its banks. WHAL.

The persons alluded to in the next lines are William Kempe, Taylor the water-poet, and Coryat.

In the first jaws appear'd that ugly monster,  
 Ycleped mud, which, when their oars did once stir,  
 Belch'd forth an air as hot, as at the muster  
 Of all your night-tubs, when the carts do cluster,  
 Who shall discharge first his merd-urinous load:  
 Thorough her womb they make their famous road,  
 Between two walls; where, on one side, to scare men,  
 Were seen your ugly centaurs, ye call carmen,  
 Gorgonian scolds, and Harpies: on the other  
 Hung stench, diseases, and old filth, their mother,  
 With famine, wants, and sorrows many a dozen,  
 The least of which was to the plague a cousin.  
 But they unfrighted pass, though many a privy  
 Spake to them louder, than the ox in Livy,<sup>5</sup>  
 And many a sink pour'd out her rage anenst 'em,  
 But still their valour and their virtue fenc'd 'em,  
 And on they went, like Castor brave and Pollux,  
 Ploughing the main. When, see (the worst of all  
 lucks)

They met the second prodigy, would fear a  
 Man, that had never heard of a Chimæra.  
 One said, 'twas bold Briareus, or the beadle,  
 Who hath the hundred hands when he doth meddle,  
 The other thought it Hydra, or the rock  
 Made of the trull that cut her father's lock:<sup>6</sup>  
 But coming near, they found it but a li'ter,  
 So huge, it seem'd they could by no means quite her.

<sup>5</sup> *Than the ox in Livy.*] *Jam alia vulgata miracula erant, hastam Martis Præneste suâ sponte promotam: bovem in Siciliâ locutum, Liv. l. xxiv. cap. 10.* Though I believe the poet here refers to the following passage of the same author; *Inter cætera prodigia, quæ plurima fuisse traduntur, bovem Cn. Domitii consulis locutum, Roma, cave tibi, refertur.* Epit. lib. xxxv. WHAL.

<sup>6</sup> *Or the rock*

*Made of the trull that cut her father's lock.*] He means *Scylla*, who cut off the hair of her father Nisus: but Ovid tells us she was changed into a bird called Ciris. The old poets seem to have confounded two different stories together. WHAL.

Back, cried their brace of Charons : they cried, No,  
No going back; on still, you rogues, and row.  
How hight the place? A voice was heard, Cocytus.

Row close then, slaves. Alas! they will beshite us.  
No matter, stinkards, row. What croaking sound  
Is this we hear? of frogs? No, guts wind-bound,  
Over your heads : well, row. At this a loud  
Crack did report itself, as if a cloud  
Had burst with storm, and down fell, *ab excelsis*,  
Poor Mercury, crying out on Paracelsus,  
And all his followers, that had so abused him ;  
And in so shitten sort, so long had used him :  
For (where he was the god of eloquence,  
And subtilty of metals) they dispense  
His spirits now in pills, and eke in potions,  
Suppositories, cataplasms, and lotions.—  
But many moons there shall not wane, quoth he,  
In the mean time, let them imprison me,  
But I will speak, and know I shall be heard,  
Touching this cause, where they will be affeard  
To answer me : and sure, it was the intent  
Of the grave fart, late let in parliament,<sup>7</sup>  
Had it been seconded, and not in fume  
Vanish'd away : as you must all presume  
Their Mercury did now. By this, the stem  
Of the hulk touch'd, and, as by Polypheme  
The sly Ulysses stole in a sheep-skin,  
The well-greased wherry now had got between,  
And bade her farewell sough unto the lurdan :  
Never did bottom more betray her burden;  
The meat-boat of bear's-college, Paris-garden,  
Stunk not so ill ; nor, when she kiss'd, Kate Arden.

<sup>7</sup> ————— *And sure it was th' intent*

*Of the grave fart, late let in parliament.*] An accident of this kind happened about this time, which, it seems, was the occasion of much mirth among the wits. See the *Alchemist*. WHAL.

Yet one day in the year, for sweet 'tis voist,  
And that is when it is the Lord Mayor's foist.

By this time had they reach'd the Stygian pool,  
By which the masters swear, when on the stool  
Of worship, they their nodding chins do hit  
Against their breasts. Here, several ghosts did flit  
About the shore, of farts but late departed,  
White, black, blue, green, and in more forms out-  
started,  
Than all those *atomi* ridiculous  
Whereof old Democrite, and Hill Nicholas,<sup>8</sup>  
One said, the other swore, the world consists.  
These be the cause of those thick frequent mists  
Arising in that place, through which, who goes,  
Must try the unused valour of a nose :  
And that ours did. For, yet, no nare was tainted,  
Nor thumb, nor finger to the stop acquainted,  
But open, and unarm'd, encounter'd all :  
Whether it languishing stuck upon the wall,  
Or were precipitated down the jakes,  
And after, swam abroad in ample flakes,  
Or that it lay heap'd like an usurer's mass,  
All was to them the same, they were to pass,  
And so they did, from Styx to Acheron,  
The ever-boiling flood ; whose banks upon  
Your Fleet-lane Furies, and hot cooks do dwell,  
That with still-scalding steams, make the place hell.  
The sinks ran grease, and hair of meazled hogs,  
The heads, houghs, entrails, and the hides of dogs :  
For, to say truth, what scullion is so nasty,  
To put the skins and offal in a pasty ?

<sup>8</sup> *Whereof old Democrite, and Hill Nicholas.*] "*Nicholas Hill* was a fellow of St. John's college in Oxford : he adopted the notions of Democritus about atoms, and was a great patron of the Corpuscular philosophy. The book he published on this subject is entituled *Philosophia Epicurea, Democritana, Theophrastica, proposita simpliciter, non edocta*. Par. 1601." A. WOOD.

Cats there lay divers had been flea'd and roasted,  
 And after mouldy grown, again were toasted,  
 Then selling not, a dish was ta'en to mince 'em,  
 But still, it seem'd, the rankness did convince 'em,  
 For, here they were thrown in with th' melted pewter,  
 Yet drown'd they not : they had five lives in future.

But 'mongst these Tiberts,<sup>9</sup> who do you think there  
 was ?

Old Banks the jugler, our Pythagoras,  
 Grave tutor to the learned horse ; both which,  
 Being, beyond sea, burned for one witch,  
 Their spirits transmigrated to a cat :  
 And now, above the pool, a face right fat,  
 With great gray eyes, it lifted up, and mew'd ;  
 Thrice did it spit ; thrice dived : at last it view'd  
 Our brave heroës with a milder glare,  
 And in a piteous tune, began. How dare  
 Your dainty nostrils, in so hot a season,  
 When every clerk eats artichokes and peason,  
 Laxative lettuce, and such windy meat,  
 Tempt such a passage ? When each privy's seat  
 Is fill'd with buttock, and the walls do sweat  
 Urine and plaisters, when the noise doth beat  
 Upon your ears, of discords so unsweet,  
 And outcries of the damned in the Fleet ?  
 Cannot the Plague-bill keep you back, nor bells  
 Of loud Sepulchre's, with their hourly knells,  
 But you will visit grisly Pluto's hall ?  
 Behold where Cerberus, rear'd on the wall  
 Of Holborn-height (three serjeants' heads) looks o'er,  
 And stays but till you come unto the door !  
 Tempt not his fury, Pluto is away :  
 And madam Cæsar, great Proserpina,

<sup>9</sup> *But 'mongst these Tiberts,*] i. e. *cats*. The name given to them in the old story book of *Reynard the Fox*. *Banks*, who follows in the next line, was a fellow who shewed a horse about that time, famous for his tricks. WHAL.

Is now from home ; you lose your labours quite,  
 Were you Jove's sons, or had Alcides' might.  
 They cry'd out, Puss. He told them he was Banks,  
 That had so often shew'd them merry pranks.  
 They laugh'd, at his laugh-worthy fate ; and past  
 The triple-head without a sop. At last,  
 Calling for Rhadamanthus, that dwelt by,  
 A soap-boiler ; and Æacus him nigh,  
 Who kept an ale-house ; with my little Minos,  
 An ancient purblind fletcher, with a high nose ;  
 They took them all to witness of their action :  
 And so went bravely back without protraction.

In memory of which most liquid deed,  
 The city since hath raised a pyramid ;  
 And I could wish for their eternized sakes,  
 My Muse had plough'd with his, that sung A-JAX.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *My Muse had plough'd with his, that sung A-jax.*] Sir John Harington, author of the treatise called, *Misacmos*. or the *Metamorphosis of A-jax*. WHAL.

THE END OF THE EPIGRAMS.