

**SAD TONES
FOR SICK TIMES**

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Sad tones for sick times by Vox Et Praeterea Nihil

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VOX ET PRAETEREA NIHIL

**SAD TONES
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FOR
SICK TIMES

BY
V O X
ET PRÆTEREA
NIHIL

Poemata

"Men' mudois nefas, nec clam, nec cum firobe?"

PERUSSA.



LONDON
BASIL MONTAGU PICKERING
196 PICCADILLY
1870



280. j. 291.

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TO THE REVEREND JOHN PURCHAS, M. A.,

THE FOLLOWING VERSES,

(IF VERSES THEY MAY BE CALLED)

IN ADMIRATION OF THE

NOBLE STAND HE IS MAKING

AGAINST

PERSECUTION THE MOST BITTER,

HYPOCRISY THE MOST UNBLUSHING,

AND

TYRANNY THE MOST CONTEMPTIBLE,

BUT NOT, ALAS! WITHOUT PARALLEL!

ARE INSCRIBED BY AN ENGLISHMAN

WHO KNOWS NO MORE OF

FORMS AND CEREMONIES

THAN HE DOES OF

THE KING OF OUDE,

BUT WOULD HONOUR

TRUTH IN ALL MEN.

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PREFACE.

SICKNESS is no joke, though there may be some joking in sickness. In point of fact invalids are often very jocular. There is a joy in sadness, yet sadness is not enjoyment. At the same time a spark of sad indignation gives birth to outbreaks that have a cast of humour, and even fun in them; gaunt, it may be, but fun nevertheless;

as if the feelings could find a vent that way, when they fought it in vain through tears. Juvenal, whose sadness none can question, is at times a prince of grotesques. Horace never, for he is never sad; and needs, therefore, and has—no contrast.

Dante inspired by Virgil is, at least in the *Inferno*, unconsciously the Juvenal of later Italy; and in Piazza's Latin at times reads passably like him.

The secular in the middle age was certainly affected thus. He gargoyled his Franciscan interloper; and he, in turn,—for regulars were just as ready as seculars for a joke in stone,

spouted his Dominican rival—spouted him in his very act of spouting, which was his business in special; for, doubtless, many a grim face, acting as a water-shoot off the roof of a quaint old church or grey-coated minster, repeats in rough semblance the puffed cheek of the preaching brother; as he sounded the loud praises of S. Dominic and his trumpet-tongued Order, to the heart-pricking and heart-searching and, perhaps, soul-faddening of his spirit-wounded and bare-footed rival.

And to some such feeling as this, some such mixture of grave with gay, and more than lively with severe, must we attribute the juxtaposition