



## **The Works Of Alexander Pope Esq.**

In Nine Volumes Complete. With His Last Corrections, Additions, And Improvements; As they were delivered to the Editor a little before his Death

Containing His Satires &c.

**Pope, Alexander**

**London, 1751**

Prologue to the Satires, in an Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot

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**Nutzungsbedingungen**

[urn:nbn:de:hbz:466:1-56609](https://nbn-resolving.org/urn:nbn:de:hbz:466:1-56609)

TO DR. ARBUTHNOT. 9

And now the Poem, which holds so much of the DRAMA, and opens with all the disorder and vexation that every kind of impertinence and slander could occasion, concludes with the utmost calmness and serenity, in the retired enjoyment of all the tender offices of FRIENDSHIP and PIETY [v 388. to the end.]

EPISTLE to Dr. ARBUTHNOT,  
BEING THE  
PROLOGUE  
TO THE  
SATIRES.

P. SHUT, shut the door, good John! fatigu'd  
I said,

Tye up the knocker, say I'm sick, I'm dead.

The Dog-star rages! nay 'tis past a doubt,

All Bedlam, or Parnassus, is let out:

Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand, 5

They rave, recite, and madden round the land.

NOTES.

VER. I. *Shut, shut the door, good John!*] John Searl, his old and faithful servant: whom he has remembered, under that character, in his Will.

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\* B 5

What walls can guard me, or what shades can hide?  
 They pierce my thickets, thro' my Grot they glide,  
 By land, by water, they renew the charge,  
 They stop the chariot, and they board the barge. 10  
 No place is sacred, not the Church is free,  
 Ev'n Sunday shines no Sabbath-day to me:  
 Then from the Mint walks forth the Man of rhyme,  
 Happy! to catch me, just at Dinner-time.

Is there a Parson, much be-mus'd in beer, 15  
 A maudlin Poetess, a rhyming Peer,  
 A Clerk, foredoom'd his father's soul to cross,  
 Who pens a Stanza, when he should *engross*?  
 Is there, who, lock'd from ink and paper, scrawls  
 With desp'rate charcoal round his darken'd walls?  
 All fly to TWIT'NAM, and in humble strain 21  
 Apply to me, to keep them mad or vain.

## VARIATIONS.

After *γ* 20. in the MS.

Is there a Bard in durance? turn them free,  
 With all their brandish'd reams they run to me:  
 Is there a Prentice, having seen two plays,  
 Who would do something in his Sempstress' praise—

## NOTES.

VER. 12. *Ev'n Sunday shines no Sabbath-day to me.*] The beauty of this line arises from the figurative terms of the *predicate* alluding to the *subject*. A secret, in elegant expression, which our Author often practis'd.

VER. 13. *Mint.*] A place to which insolvent debtors retired, to enjoy an illegal protection, which they were there suffer'd to afford one another, from the persecution of their creditors.

Arthur, whose giddy son neglects the Laws,  
 Imputes to me and my damn'd works the cause:  
 Poor Cornus sees his frantic wife elope, 25  
 And curses Wit, and Poetry, and Pope.

Friend to my Life! (which did not you prolong,  
 The world had wanted many an idle song)  
 What *Drop* or *Nostrum* can this plague remove?  
 Or which must end me, a Fool's wrath or love? 30  
 A dire dilemma! either way I'm sped,  
 If foes, they write, if friends, they read me dead.  
 Seiz'd and ty'd down to judge, how wretched I!  
 Who can't be silent, and who will not lye:  
 To laugh, were want of goodness and of grace, 35  
 And to be grave, exceeds all Pow'r of face.  
 I sit with sad civility, I read  
 With honest anguish, and an aching head;

VARIATIONS.

VER. 29. in the 1st Ed.

Dear Doctor, tell me, is not this a curse?  
 Say, is their anger, or their friendship worse?

NOTES.

VER. 23. *Arthur,*] Arthur Moore, Esq.

VER. 33. *Seiz'd and ty'd down to judge,*] Alluding to the scene in the *Plain-Dealer*, where *Oldfox* gags, and ties down the Widow, to hear his *well-pen'd stanzas*.

VER. 38. *honest anguish,*] i. e. undissembled.

*Ibid. an aching head;*] Alluding to the disorder he was then so constantly afflicted with.

And drop at last, but in unwilling ears, 39

This saving counsel, "Keep your piece nine years."

Nine years! cries he, who high in Drury-lane,  
Lull'd by soft Zephyrs thro' the broken pane,  
Rhymes ere he wakes, and prints before *Term* ends,  
Oblig'd by hunger, and request of friends:

"The piece, you think, is incorrect? why take it, 45

"I'm all submission, what you'd have it, make it."

Three things another's modest wishes bound,  
My Friendship, and a Prologue, and ten pound.

Pitholeon sends to me: "You know his Grace,  
"I want a Patron; ask him for a Place." 50

Pitholeon libell'd me — "but here's a letter

"Informs you, Sir, 'twas when he knew no better,

"Dare you refuse him? Curl invites to dine,

"He'll write a *Journal*, or he'll turn Divine."

VARIATIONS.

VER. 53. in the MS.

If you refuse, he goes, as fates incline,  
To plague Sir Robert, or to turn Divine.

NOTES.

VER. 43. *Rhymes ere he wakes,*] A pleasant allusion to those words of Milton,

*Dictates to me slumb'ring, or inspires  
Easy my unpremeditated Verse.*

VER. 49. *Pitholeon*] The name taken from a foolish Poet of Rhodes, who pretended much to *Greek*. Schol. in Horat. l. i. Dr. Bentley pretends, that this Pitholeon libelled Cæsar also. See notes on Hor. Sat. 10. l. i. P.

Bless me! a packet.—“ ’Tis a stranger sues, 55  
 “ A Virgin Tragedy, an Orphan Muse.”  
 If I dislike it, “ Furies, death and rage!”  
 If I approve, “ Commend it to the Stage.”  
 There (thank my stars) my whole commission ends,  
 The Play’rs and I are, luckily, no friends. 60  
 Fir’d that the house reject him, “ ’Sdeath I’ll print it,  
 “ And shame the fools — Your int’rest, Sir, with  
 Lintot.”  
 Lintot, dull rogue! will think your price too much:  
 “ Not, Sir, if you revise it, and retouch.”  
 All my demurs but double his attacks; 65  
 At last he whispers, “ Do; and we go snacks.”  
 Glad of a quarrel, strait I clap the door,  
 Sir, let me see your works and you no more.  
 ’Tis sung, when Midas’ Ears began to spring,  
 (Midas, a sacred person and a King) 70

VARIATIONS.

VER. 60. in the former Edd.

Cibber and I are luckily no friends.

NOTES.

VER. 69. *’Tis sung, when Midas’ &c.*] The Poet means sung by *Perfius*; and the words alluded to are,

*Vidi, vidi ipse, Libelle!*

*Auriculas Asini Mida Rex habet.*

The transition is fine, but obscure: for he has here imitated the manner of that mysterious writer, as well as taken up his image. Our Author had been hitherto complaining of the folly

His very Minister who spy'd them first,  
 (Some say his Queen) was forc'd to speak, or burst.  
 And is not mine, my friend, a forer case,  
 When ev'ry coxcomb perks them in my face?

A. Good friend forbear! you deal in dang'rous things.  
 I'd never name Queens, Ministers, or Kings; 76  
 Keep close to Ears, and those let asses prick,  
 'Tis nothing—P. Nothing? if they bite and kick?  
 Out with it, DUNCIAD! let the secret pass,  
 That secret to each fool, that he's an Ass: 80  
 The truth once told (and wherefore should we lie?)  
 The Queen of Midas slept, and so may I.

You think this cruel? take it for a rule,  
 No creature smarts so little as a fool.  
 Let peals of laughter, Codrus! round thee break, 85  
 Thou unconcern'd canst hear the mighty crack:  
 Pit, box, and gall'ry in convulsions hurl'd,  
 Thou stand'st unshook amidst a bursting world.

## NOTES.

and importunity of *indigent* Scriblers; he now insinuates he suffered as much of both, from Poetafters of *Quality*.

VER. 72. *Queen*] The story is told, by some, of his Barber, but by *Chaucer* of his Queen. See *Wife of Bath's Tale* in *Dryden's Fables*. P.

VER. 80. *That secret to each fool, that he's an Ass:]* i. e. that his ears (his marks of folly) are visible.

VER. 88. Alluding to Horace,  
*Si fractus illabatur orbis,  
 Impavidum ferient ruinae.*

Who shames a Scribler? break one cobweb thro',  
 He spins the slight, self-pleasing thread anew: 90  
 Destroy his fib or sophistry, in vain,  
 The creature's at his dirty work again,  
 Thron'd in the centre of his thin designs,  
 Proud of a vast extent of flimzy lines!  
 Whom have I hurt? has Poet yet, or Peer, 95  
 Lost the arch'd eye-brow, or Parnassian sneer?  
 And has not Colly still his lord, and whore?  
 His butchers Henley, his free-masons Moor?  
 Does not one table Bavius still admit?  
 Still to one Bishop Philips seem a wit? 100  
 Still Sappho—A. Hold! for God-fake—you'll offend,  
 No Names—be calm—learn prudence of a friend:  
 I too could write, and I am twice as tall;  
 But foes like these—P. One Flatt'rer's worse than all.

NOTES.

VER. 92. *The creature's at his dirty work again,*] This *metamorphosing*, as it were, the *Scribler* into a *Spider* is much more poetical than a *comparison* would have been. But Poets should be cautious how they employ this figure; for where the likeness is not very striking, instead of giving force, they become obscure. Here, every thing concurs to make them run into one another. They both *spin*; not from the *head* [reason] but from the *guts* [passions and prejudices] and such a *thread* that can entangle none but creatures weaker than themselves.

VER. 96. *arch'd eye-brow,*] The eye-brow is raised in the expression of insolent contempt.

VER. 98. *free-masons Moor?*] He was of this society, and frequently headed their processions.



Of all mad creatures, if the learn'd are right, 105

It is the flaver kills, and not the bite.

A fool quite angry is quite innocent :

Alas ! 'tis ten times worfe when they *repent*.

One dedicates in high heroic prose,

And ridicules beyond a hundred foes : 110

One from all Grubstreet will my fame defend,

And more abusive, calls himself my friend.

This prints my *Letters*, that expects a bribe,

And others roar aloud, "Subscribe, subscribe."

There are, who to my person pay their court: 115

I cough like *Horace*, and, tho' lean, am short,

*Ammon's* great son one shoulder had too high,

Such *Ovid's* nose, and "Sir! you have an Eye—

Go on, obliging creatures, make me see

All that disgrac'd my Betters, met in me. 120

VARIATIONS.

VER. III. in the MS.

For song, for silence some expect a bribe ;

And other roar aloud, "Subscribe, subscribe."

Time, praise, or money, is the least they crave ;

Yet each declares the other fool or knave.

NOTES.

VER. 118. *Sir, you have an Eye*] It is remarkable that amongst these compliments on his infirmities and deformities, he mentions his *eye*, which was fine, sharp, and piercing. It was done to intimate, that flattery was as odious to him when there was some ground for commendation, as when there was none.

Say for my comfort, languishing in bed,  
 "Just so immortal *Maro* held his head:"  
 And when I die, be sure you let me know  
 Great *Homer* dy'd three thousand years ago.

Why did I write? what sin to me unknown 125  
 Dipt me in ink, my parents', or my own?  
 As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,  
 I lisp'd in numbers, for the numbers came.

VARIATIONS.

After *v* 124. in the MS.

But, Friend, this shape, which You and Curl<sup>a</sup> admire,  
 Came not from Ammon's son, but from my Sire<sup>b</sup>:

And for my head, if you'll the truth excuse,  
 I had it from my Mother<sup>c</sup>, not the Muse.

Happy, if he, in whom these frailties join'd,  
 Had heir'd as well the virtues of the mind.

<sup>a</sup> Curl set up his head for a sign.      <sup>b</sup> His Father was crooked.

<sup>c</sup> His Mother was much afflicted with head-achs.

NOTES.

VER. 127. *As yet a child, &c.*] He used to say, that he began to write verses further back than he could remember. When he was eight years old, Ogilby's *Homer* fell in his way, and delighted him extremely; it was followed by Sandys' *Ovid*; and the raptures these then gave him were so strong, that he spoke of them with pleasure ever after. About ten, being at school at Hide-park-corner, where he was much neglected, and suffered to go to the Comedy with the greater boys, he turned the transactions of the *Iliad* into a play, made up of a number of speeches from Ogilby's translation, tacked together with verses of his own. He had the address to persuade the upper boys to act it; he even prevailed on the Master's Gardener to represent Ajax; and contrived to have all the actors dressed after the pictures in his favourite Ogilby. At twelve he went with

I left no calling for this idle trade,  
 No duty broke, no father disobey'd. 130  
 The Muse but serv'd to ease some friend, not Wife,  
 To help me thro' this long disease, my Life,  
 To second, ARBUTHNOT! thy Art and Care,  
 And teach, the Being you preserv'd, to bear.

But why then publish? *Granville* the polite, 135  
 And knowing *Walsh*, would tell me I could write;  
 Well-natur'd *Garth* inflam'd with early praise,  
 And *Congreve* lov'd, and *Swift* endur'd my lays;  
 The courtly *Talbot*, *Somers*, *Sheffield* read,  
 Ev'n mitred *Rochester* would nod the head, 140

## NOTES.

his Father into the Forest: and then got first acquainted with the writings of Waller, Spencer, and Dryden; in the order I have named them. On the first sight of Dryden, he found he had what he wanted. His Poems were never out of his hands; they became his model; and from them alone he learnt the whole magic of his versification. This year he began an epic Poem, the same which Bp. Atterbury, long afterwards, persuaded him to burn. Besides this, he wrote, in those early days, a Comedy and Tragedy, the latter taken from a story in the Legend of *St. Genevieve*. They both deservedly underwent the same fate. As he began his Pastorals soon after, he used to say pleasantly, that he had literally followed the example of Virgil, who tells us, *Cum canerem reges & praelia, &c.*

VER. 130. *no father disobey'd.*] When Mr. Pope was yet a Child, his Father, though no Poet, would set him to make English verses. He was pretty difficult to please, and would often send the boy back to new turn them. When they were to his mind, he took great pleasure in them, and would say, *These are good rhymes.*

VER. 139. *Talbot, &c.*] All these were Patrons or Admirers of Mr. Dryden; though a scandalous libel against him, entitled,

And *St. John's* self (great *Dryden's* friends before)  
 With open arms receiv'd one Poet more.  
 Happy my studies, when by these approv'd!  
 Happier their author, when by these belov'd!  
 From these the world will judge of men and books,  
 Not from the *Burnets*, *Oldmixons*, and *Cooks*. 146  
 Soft were my numbers; who could take offence  
 While pure Description held the place of Sense?

NOTES.

*Dryden's Satyr to his Muse*, has been printed in the name of the Lord *Somers*, of which he was wholly ignorant.

These are the persons to whose account the Author charges the publication of his first pieces: persons, with whom he was conversant (and he adds beloved) at 16 or 17 years of age; an early period for such acquaintance. The catalogue might be made yet more illustrious, had he not confined it to that time when he writ the *Pastorals* and *Windsor Forest*, on which he passes a sort of Censure in the lines following,

*While pure Description held the place of Sense? &c.* P.

VER. 146. *Burnets, &c.*] Authors of secret and scandalous History. P.

*Ibid. Burnets, Oldmixons, and Cooks.*] By no means Authors of the same class, though the violence of party might hurry them into the same mistakes. But if the first offended this way, it was only through an honest warmth of temper, that allowed too little to an excellent understanding. The other two, with very bad heads, had hearts still worse.

VER. 148. *While pure Description held the place of Sense?*] He uses *pure* equivocally, to signify either *chaste* or *empty*; and has given in this line what he esteemed the true Character of *descriptive poetry*, as it is called. A composition, in his opinion, as absurd as a feast made up of sauces. The use of a picturesque imagination is to brighten and adorn good sense; so that to employ it only in *description*, is like childrens delighting in a prism for the sake of its gaudy colours; which when frugally

Like gentle *Fanny's* was my flow'ry theme,  
 A painted mistress, or a purling stream. 150  
 Yet then did *Gildon* draw his venal quill ;  
 I wish'd the man a dinner, and fate still.  
 Yet then did *Dennis* rave in furious fret ;  
 I never answer'd, I was not in debt.  
 If want provok'd, or madness made them print, 155  
 I wag'd no war with *Bedlam* or the *Mint*.

Did some more sober Critic come abroad ;  
 If wrong, I smil'd ; if right, I kiss'd the rod.  
 Pains, reading, study, are their just pretence,  
 And all they want is spirit, taste, and sense. 160  
 Comma's and points they set exactly right,  
 And 'twere a sin to rob them of their mite.  
 Yet ne'er one sprig of laurel grac'd these ribalds,  
 From flashing *Bentley* down to pidling *Tibalds* :

## NOTES.

managed, and artfully disposed, might be made to represent and illustrate the noblest objects in nature.

VER. 150. *A painted meadow, or a purling stream.* is a verse of Mr. Addison. P.

VER. 163. *these ribalds,*] How deservedly this title is given to the genius of PHILOLOGY, may be seen by a short account of the manners of the modern *Scholiasts*.

When in these latter ages, human learning raised its head in the West, and its tail, *verbal criticism*, was, of course, to rise with it ; the madness of Critics soon became so offensive, that the sober stupidity of the monks might appear the more tolerable evil. *J. Argyropylus*, a mercenary Greek, who came to teach school in Italy, after the sacking of Constantinople by the Turks,

Each wight, who reads not, and but scans and spells,  
 Each Word-catcher, that lives on syllables, 166

NOTES.

used to maintain that *Cicero* understood neither Philosophy nor Greek: while another of his Countrymen, *J. Lascaris* by name, threatened to demonstrate that *Virgil* was no Poet. Countenanced by such great examples, a French Critic afterwards undertook to prove that *Aristotle* did not understand Greek, nor *Titus Livius*, Latin. It was the same discernment of spirit, which has since discovered that *Josephus* was ignorant of Hebrew; and *Erasmus* so pitiful a Linguist, that, *Burman* assures us, were he now alive, he would not deserve to be put at the head of a country school. For though time has strip'd the present race of Pedants of all the real accomplishments of their predecessors, it has conveyed down this spirit to them, unimpaired; it being found much easier to ape their manners, than to imitate their science. However, those earlier Ribalds raised an appetite for the Greek language in the West: infomuch, that *Hermolaus Barbarus*, a passionate admirer of it, and a noted Critic, used to boast, that he had invoked and raised the Devil, and puzzled him into the bargain, about the meaning of the Aristotelian ENTEAEXEIA. Another, whom *Balzac* speaks of, was as eminent for his Revelations: and was wont to say, that the meaning of such or such a verse, in *Persius*, no one knew but GOD and himself. While the celebrated *Pomponius Lætus*, in excess of Veneration for Antiquity, became a real Pagan, raised altars to Romulus, and sacrificed to the Gods of Latium: in which he was followed by our countryman, *Baxter*, in every thing, but in the expence of his sacrifices.

But if the Greeks cried down *Cicero*, the Italian Critics knew how to support his credit. Every one has heard of the childish excesses into which the ambition of being thought CICERONIANS carried the most celebrated Italians of this time. They abstained from reading the Scriptures for fear of spoiling their style: Cardinal *Bembo* used to call the Epistles of St. Paul by the contemptuous name of *Epistolaccias*, great overgrown Epistles. But ERASMUS cured their frenzy in that masterpiece of good sense, his *Ciceronianus*. For which (in the way Lunatics treat their Physicians) the elder *Scaliger* insulted him with all the brutal fury peculiar to his family and profession.

Ev'n such small Critics some regard may claim,  
Preserv'd in *Milton's* or in *Shakespear's* name.

## NOTES.

His son *Joseph*, and *Salmasius* had indeed such endowments of nature and art, as might have raised modern learning to a rivalry with the ancient? Yet how did they and their adversaries tear and worry one another. The choicest of *Joseph's* flowers of speech were, *Stercus Diaboli*, and *Lutum stercore maceratum*. It is true, these were lavished upon his enemies: for his friends he had other things in store. In a letter to *Thuanus*, speaking of two of them, *Clavius* and *Lipsius*, he calls the first, a monster of ignorance; and the other, a slave to the Jesuits, and an Idiot. But so great was his love of sacred amity at the same time, that he says, *I still keep up my correspondence with him, notwithstanding his Idiocy, for it is my principle to be constant in my friendships* — *Je ne cesse de luy escrire, nonobstant son Idioterie, d'autant que je suis constant en amitié*. The character he gives of his *Chronology*, in the same letter, is no less extraordinary: *Vous vous pouvez assurer que nostre Eusebe sera un trésor des merveilles de la doctrine Chronologique*. But this modest account of his own work, is nothing in comparison of the idea the Father gives his Bookseller of his own Person. Who, when he was preparing something of *Julius Scaliger's* for the Press, desired the Author would give him directions concerning his Picture, which was to be set before the book. Whose answer (as it stands in his collection of Letters) is, that if the engraver could collect together the several graces of *Maffinissa*, *Xenophon*, and *Plato*, he might then be enabled to give the public some faint and imperfect resemblance of his Person. Nor was *Salmasius's* judgment of his own parts less favourable to himself; as *M. Colomies* tells the story. This Critic, on a time, meeting two of his brethren, *Mess. Gaulmin* and *Maussac*, in the Royal Library at Paris, *Gaulmin*, in a virtuous conscioufness of their importance, told the other two, that he believed, they three could make head against all the learned in Europe: To which the great *Salmasius* fiercely replied, “Do you and *M. Maussac* join yourselves to all that are learned in the world, and you shall find that I alone am a match for you all.”

*Vossius* tells us, that when *Laur. Valla* had snarl'd at every name of the first order in antiquity, such as *Aristotle*, *Cicero*, and one

Pretty! in amber to observe the forms 169  
 Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms!

NOTES.

whom I should have thought, this Critic the likeliest to spare, the redoubtable PRISCIAN, he impiously boasted that he had arms even against *Christ* himself. But *Codrus Urcaeus* went further, and actually used those arms the other only threatened with. This man while he was preparing some trifling piece of Criticism for the press, had the misfortune to hear his papers were destroyed by fire: On which he is reported to have broke out—"Quodnam ego tantum scelus concepi, O Christe! quem ego tuorum unquam læsi, ut ita inexpiabili in me odio debacceris; audi ea quæ tibi mentis compos, et ex animo dicam. Si forte, cum ad ultimum vitæ finem pervenero, supplex accedam ad te oratum, neve audias, neve inter tuos accipias oro; cum Infernis Diis in æternum vitam agere decrevi." Whereupon, says my author, he quitted the converse of men, threw himself into the thickest of a forest, and wore out the wretched remainder of his life in all the agonies of despair.

VER. 164. *flashing Bentley*] This great man, tho' with all his faults, deserved to be put into better company. The following words of Cicero describe him not amiss. "Habuit à natura genus quoddam acuminis, quod etiam arte limaverat, quod erat in reprehendendis verbis versutum et follers: sed sæpe stomachosum, nonnunquam frigidum, interdum etiam facetum."

VER. 169. *Pretty! in amber to observe the forms, &c.*] Our Poet had the full pleasure of this amusement soon after the publication of his *Shakespear*. Nor has his Friend been less entertained since the appearance of his edition of the same poet. The liquid *Amber* of whose Wit has lately licked up, and enrolled such a quantity of these *Insects*, and of tribes so grotesque and various, as would have puzzled *Reaumur* to give names to. Two or three of them it may not be amiss to preserve and keep alive. Such as the Rev. Mr. *J. Upton*, *Thomas Edwards*, Esq. and, to make up the Triumvirate, their learned Coadjutor, that very respectable personage, Mr. THEOPHILUS CIBBER.—As to the poetic imagery of this passage, it has been much and justly admired; for the most detestable things



The things, we know, are neither rich nor rare, 171  
But wonder how the devil they got there.

Were others angry : I excus'd them too ;  
Well might they rage, I gave them but their due.  
A man's true merit 'tis not hard to find; 175  
But each man's secret standard in his mind,  
That Casting-weight pride adds to emptiness,  
This, who can gratify ? for who can *guess* ?  
The Bard whom pilfer'd Pastorals renown,  
Who turns a Persian tale for half a Crown, 180  
Just writes to make his barrenness appear,  
And strains from hard-bound brains, eight lines a  
year ;

He, who still wanting, tho' he lives on theft,  
Steals much, spends little, yet has nothing left : 184  
And He, who now to sense, now nonsense leaning,  
Means not, but blunders round about a meaning :

## NOTES.

in nature, as a *toad*, or a *beetle*, become pleasing when well represented in a work of Art. But it is no less eminent for the beauty of the thought. For though a scribler *exists* by being thus incorporated, yet he *exists intombed*, a lasting monument of the wrath of the Muses.

VER. 173. *Were others angry :*] The Poets.

VER. 180. — *a Persian tale.*] Amb. Philips translated a Book called the *Persian tales*. P.

VER. 184. *Steals much, spends little, and has nothing left :*] A fine improvement of this line of Boileau,

*Qui toujours emprunt, et jamais ne gagne rien.*

And He, whose fustian's so sublimely bad,  
 It is not Poetry, but prose run mad :  
 All these, my modest Satire bad *translate*,  
 And own'd that nine such Poets made a *Tate*. 190  
 How did they fume, and stamp, and roar, and chafe!  
 And swear, not ADDISON himself was safe.

Peace to all such! but were there One whose fires  
 True Genius kindles, and fair Fame inspires ;

NOTES.

VER. 186. *Means not, but blunders round about a meaning:]* A case common both to *Poets* and *Critics* of a certain order ; only with this difference, that the *Poet* writes himself out of his own meaning ; and the *Critic* never gets into another man's. Yet both keep going on, and *blundering round about* their subject, as benighted people are wont to do, who seek for an entrance which they cannot find.

VER. 189. *All these my modest Satire bad translate,]* See their works, in the Translations of classical books by *several hands*.

VER. 192. *And swear, not ADDISON himself is safe.]* This is an artful preparative for the following transition ; and finely obviates what might be thought of the *severity* of the satire, by those who were strangers to the provocation.

VER. 193. *But were there One whose fires &c.]* Our Poet's friendship with Mr. Addison began in the year 1713. It was cultivated, on both sides, with all the marks of mutual esteem and affection, and constant intercourse of good offices. Mr. Addison was always commending moderation, warned his friend against a blind attachment to party, and blamed Steele for his indiscreet zeal. The translation of the Iliad being now on foot, he recommended it to the public, and joined with the Tories in pushing the subscription ; but at the same time advised Mr. Pope not to be content with the applause of one half of the nation. On the other hand, Mr. Pope made his friend's interest his own (see note on  $\gamma$  215, 1 Ep. B. ii. of Hor.) and, when

Blest with each talent and each art to please, 195  
 And born to write, converse, and live with ease :  
 Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,  
 Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,

## NOTES.

*Dennis* so brutally attacked the Tragedy of *Cato*, he wrote that humourous piece called *A narrative of his madness*.

Thus things continued till Mr. Pope's growing reputation, and superior genius in Poetry gave umbrage to his friend's false delicacy: and then it was he encouraged Philips and others (see his Letters) in their clamours against him as a Tory and Jacobite, who had assisted in writing the *Examiners*; and, under an affected care for the Government, would have hid, even from himself, the true grounds of his disgust. But his jealousy soon broke out, and discovered itself, first to Mr. Pope, and, not long after, to all the world. *The Rape of the Lock* had been written in a very hasty manner, and printed in a collection of Miscellanies. The success it met with encouraged the Author to revise and enlarge it, and give it a more important air, which was done by advancing it into a mock-epic Poem. In order to this it was to have its Machinery; which, by the happiest invention, he took from the *Rosycrusian* System. Full of this noble conception, he communicated it to Mr. Addison, who he imagined would have been equally delighted with the improvement. On the contrary, he had the mortification to have his friend receive it coldly; and more, to advise him against any alteration; for that the poem in its original state was a delicious little thing, and, as he expressed it, *merum sal*. Mr. Pope was shocked for his friend; and then first began to open his eyes to his Character.

Soon after this, a translation of the first book of the *Iliad* appeared under the name of Mr. Tickell; which coming out at a critical juncture, when Mr. Pope was in the midst of his engagements on the same subject, and by a creature of Mr. Addison's, made him suspect this to be another shaft from the same quiver: And after a diligent enquiry, and laying many odd circumstances together, he was fully convinced that it was not only published with Mr. Addison's participation, but was

View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,  
 And hate for arts that caus'd himself to rise; 200  
 Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,  
 And without sneering, teach the rest to sneer;

NOTES.

indeed his own performance. Mr. Pope, in his first resentment of this usage, was resolved to expose this new Version in a severe critic upon it. I have now by me the Copy he had marked for this purpose; in which he has classed the several faults in translation, language, and numbers, under their proper heads. But the growing splendor of his own work so eclipsed the faint efforts of this opposition, that he trusted to its own weakness and malignity for the justice due to it. About this time, Mr. Addison's son in law, the E. of Warwick, told Mr. Pope, that it was in vain to think of being well with his Father who was naturally a jealous man; that Mr. Pope's superior talents in poetry had hurt him, and to such a degree, that he had underhand encouraged *Gildon* to write a thing about Wycherley, in which he had scurrilously abused Mr. Pope and his family; and for this service he had given *Gildon* ten guineas, after the pamphlet was printed. The very next day Mr. Pope, in a great heat, wrote Mr. Addison a Letter, wherein he told him, he was no stranger to his behaviour; which, however, he should not imitate: But that what he thought faulty in him, he would tell him fairly to his face; and what deserved praise he would not deny him to the world: and, as a proof of this disposition towards him, he had sent him the inclosed, which was the *Character*, first published separately, and afterwards inserted in this place of the Epist. to Dr. Arbuthnot. This plain dealing had no ill effect. Mr. Addison treated Mr. Pope with civility, and, as Mr. Pope believed, with justice, from this time to his death, which happened about three years after.

Ibid. *But were there one whose fires, &c.*] The strokes in this *Character* are highly finished. Atterbury so well understood the force of them, that in one of his letters to Mr. Pope he says, "Since you now know where your strength lies, I hope you will not suffer that talent to lie unemployed." He did not; and, by that means, brought satiric Poetry to its perfection.

Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,  
 Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike ;  
 Alike reserv'd to blame, or to commend, 205  
 A tim'rous foe, and a suspicious friend ;  
 Dreading ev'n fools, by Flatterers besieg'd,  
 And so obliging, that he ne'er oblig'd ;  
 Like *Cato*, give his little Senate laws,  
 And sit attentive to his own applause ; 210  
 While Wits and Templars ev'ry sentence raise,  
 And wonder with a foolish face of praise —  
 Who but must laugh, if such a man there be ?  
 Who would not weep, if *ATTICUS* were he !

## VARIATIONS.

After v 208. in the MS.

Who, if two Wits on rival themes contest,  
 Approves of each, but likes the worst the best.

Alluding to Mr. P.'s and Tickell's Translation of the first Book of the Iliad.

## NOTES.

VER. 208. *And so obliging, that he ne'er oblig'd ;*] He was one of those obliging persons who are the *humble Servants* of all Mankind. Mr. Pope therefore did wisely, he soon returned his share in him to the common stock.

VER. 212. *And wonder with a foolish face of praise—*] When men, out of flattery, extol what they are conscious they do not understand, as is sometimes the case of men of education, the fear of praising in the wrong place is likely enough to give a *foolish* turn to the air of an embarrassed countenance.

VER. 213. *Who but must laugh, if such a man there be ?*] While a Character is *unapplied*, all the various parts of it will be considered together ; and if the assemblage of them be as in-

What tho' my Name stood rubric on the walls,  
 Or plaister'd posts, with claps, in capitals? 216  
 Or smoaking forth, a hundred hawkers load,  
 On wings of winds came flying all abroad?  
 I fought no homage from the Race that write;  
 I kept, like *Asian* Monarchs, from their fight:  
 Poems I heeded (now be-rym'd so long) 221  
 No more than thou, great GEORGE! a birth-day song.  
 I ne'er with wits or witlings pass'd my days,  
 To spread about the itch of verse and praise;

NOTES.

coherent as in this before us, it cannot fail of being the object of a malignant pleasantry.

VER. 214. *Who would not weep, if ATTICUS were he!*] But when we come to know it belongs to *Atticus*, i. e. to one whose more obvious qualities had before gained our love or esteem; then friendship, in spite of ridicule, will make a separation: our old impressions get the better of our new, or, at least, suffer themselves to be no further impaired than by the admission of a mixture of pity and concern.

Ibid. ATTICUS] It was a great falsehood, which some of the Libels reported, that this Character was written after the Gentleman's death; which see refuted in the Testimonies prefixed to the *Dunciad*. But the occasion of writing it was such as he would not make public out of regard to his memory: and all that could further be done was to omit the name, in the Edition of his Works. P.

VER. 216. *claps, in capitals?*] The bills of Quack-Doctors and Quack Bookfellers being usually pasted together on the same posts.

VER. 218. *On wings of winds came flying all abroad?*] Hopkins, in the civ<sup>th</sup> Psalm. P.

Nor like a puppy, daggled thro' the town,  
 To fetch and carry sing-song up and down ; 225  
 Nor at Rehearsals sweat, and mouth'd, and cry'd,  
 With handkerchief and orange at my side ;  
 But sick of fops, and poetry, and prate,  
 To *Bufo* left the whole *Castalian* state. 230

Proud as *Apollo* on his forked hill,  
 Sate full-blown *Bufo*, puff'd by ev'ry quill ;  
 Fed with soft Dedication all day long,  
*Horace* and he went hand in hand in song.  
 His Library (where busts of Poets dead 235  
 And a true *Pindar* stood without a head)  
 Receiv'd of wits an undistinguish'd race,  
 Who first his judgment ask'd, and then a place :  
 Much they extoll'd his pictures, much his feat,  
 And flatter'd ev'ry day, and some days eat : 240  
 Till grown more frugal in his riper days,  
 He paid some bards with port, and some with praise,

## VARIATIONS.

After  $\text{v}$  234. in the MS.

To Bards reciting he vouchsafed a nod,  
 And snuff'd their incense like a gracious god.

## NOTES.

VER. 236. — *a true Pindar stood without a head*] Ridicules the affectation of Antiquaries, who frequently exhibit the headless *Trunks* and *Terms* of Statues, for Plato, Homer, Pindar, &c. Vide *Fulv. Ursin. &c.* P.

To some a dry rehearsal was assign'd,  
 And others (harder still) he paid in kind,  
*Dryden* alone (what wonder?) came not nigh, 245  
*Dryden* alone escap'd this judging eye:  
 But still the *Great* have kindness in reserve,  
 He help'd to bury whom he help'd to starve.  
 May some choice patron bless each gray goose quill!  
 May ev'ry *Bavius* have his *Bufo* still! 250  
 So when a Statesman wants a day's defence,  
 Or Envy holds a whole week's war with Sense,  
 Or simple pride for flatt'ry makes demands,  
 May dunce by dunce be whistled off my hands!  
 Blest be the *Great*! for those they take away, 255  
 And those they left me; for they left me GAY;  
 Left me to see neglected Genius bloom,  
 Neglected die, and tell it on his tomb:

NOTES.

VER. 248. — *help'd to bury*] Mr. *Dryden*, after having liv'd in exigencies, had a magnificent Funeral bestow'd upon him by the contribution of several persons of Quality. P.

VER. 251. *So when a Statesman &c.*] Notwithstanding this ridicule on the public necessities of the Great, our Poet was candid enough to confess that they are not always to be imputed to them, like their *private*, which are generally of their own creating. For (when uninfected by the *neighbourhood of Party*) he speaks of those distresses much more dispassionately.

Our Ministers like Gladiators live,  
 'Tis half their bus'ness blows to ward, or give;  
 The good their Virtue would effect, or Sense,  
 Dies between Exigents and Self-defence.

MS.



Of all thy blameless life the sole return 259

My Verse, and QUEENSB'RY weeping o'er thy urn!

Oh let me live my own, and die so too!

(To live and die is all I have to do:)

Maintain a Poet's dignity and ease,

And see what friends, and read what books I please:

Above a Patron, tho' I condescend 265

Sometimes to call a Minister my friend.

I was not born for Courts or great affairs;

I pay my debts, believe, and say my pray'rs;

Can sleep without a Poem in my head,

Nor know, if *Dennis* be alive or dead. 270

Why am I ask'd what next shall see the light?

Heav'ns! was I born for nothing but to write?

VARIATIONS.

After v 270. in the MS.

Friendships from youth I sought, and seek them still:

Fame, like the wind, may breathe where'er it will.

The World I knew, but made it not my School<sup>a</sup>,

And in a course of flatt'ry liv'd no fool.

<sup>a</sup> By *not making the World his School* he means, he did not form his system of morality, on the principles or practise of men in business.

NOTES.

VER. 265. — *tho' I condescend &c.*] He thought it, and he justly thought it, a condescension in an *honest* Man to accept the friendship of any one, how high soever, whose conduct in life was governed only on *principles of policy*: for of what *ministers* he speaks, may be seen by the character he gives, in the next line, of the *Courts* they belong to.

Has Life no joys for me? or (to be grave)  
 Have I no friend to serve, no soul to save? 274  
 " I found him close with *Swift*—Indeed? no doubt  
 " (Cries prating *Balbus*) something will come out.  
 'Tis all in vain, deny it as I will.  
 " No, such a Genius never can lie still;  
 And then for mine obligingly mistakes  
 The first Lampoon Sir *Will.* or *Bubo* makes. 280  
 Poor guiltless I! and can I chuse but smile,  
 When ev'ry Coxcomb knows me by my *Style*?

VARIATIONS.

After v 282. in the MS.  
 P. What if I sing Augustus, great and good?  
 A. You did so lately, was it understood?  
 P. Be nice no more, but, with a mouth profound,  
 As rumbling D—s or a Norfolk hound;  
 With GEORGE and FRED'RIC roughen ev'ry verse,  
 Then smooth up all, and CAROLINE rehearse.  
 A. No — the high task to lift up Kings to Gods  
 Leave to Court-fermons, and to birth-day Odes.  
 On themes like these, superior far to thine,  
 Let laurell'd Cibber, and great Arnal shine.  
 P. Why write at all?—A. Yes, silence if you keep,  
 The Town, the Court, the Wits, the Dunces weep.

NOTES.

VER. 271. *Why am I ask'd &c.*] This is intended as a re-  
 proof of those impertinent complaints, which were perpetually  
 made to him by those who called themselves his friends, for not  
 entertaining the Town as often as it wanted amusement.—A  
 French writer says well on this occasion—*Dès qu'on est auteur,*

Curst be the verse, how well foe'er it flow,  
That tends to make one worthy man my foe,

## NOTES.

il semble qu'on soit aux gages d'un tas de fainéans, pour leur fournir de quoi amuser leur oisiveté.

VER. 273. — *or, to be grave, &c.*] This important truth, concerning the *Soul*, was always so present with him, that, in his more serious hours, he used to say, *That he was certain of its immortality, that he seemed to feel it, as it were, within him by intuition.*

VER. 282. *When ev'ry Coxcomb knows me by my Style?*] The discovery of a concealed author by his Style, not only requires a perfect intimacy with his writings, but great skill in the nature of composition. But, in the practice of these Critics, knowing an author by his style, is like judging of a man's whole person from the view of one of his moles.

When Mr. Pope wrote the *Advertisement* to the first Edition of the *new Dunciad*, intimating, that "it was by a different hand from the other, and found in detached pieces, incorrect, and unfinished," I objected to him the affectation of using so unpromising an attempt to mislead his Reader. He replied, that I thought too highly of the public taste; that, most commonly, it was formed on that of half a dozen people in fashion, who took the lead, and who sometimes have obtruded on the Town the dullest performances, for works of Wit: while, at the same time, some true effort of genius, without name or recommendation, hath passed by the public eye unobserved or neglected: That he once before made the trial I now objected to, with success, in the *Essay on Man*: which was at first given (as he told me) to Dr. Younge, to Dr. Desaguliers, to Lord Bolingbroke, to Lord Pagett, and, in short, to every body but to him who was capable of writing it. However, to make him amends, this same Public, when let into the secret, would, for some time after, suffer no poem, with a moral title, to pass for any one's but his. So the *Essay on human Life*, the *Essay on Reason*, and many others of a worse tendency, were very liberally bestowed upon him.

This, and a great deal more he added on the same occasion, and assured me, that his *new Dunciad* would be full as well un-

TO DR. ARBUTHNOT. 35

Give Virtue scandal, Innocence a fear, 285  
Or from the soft-ey'd Virgin steal a tear!  
But he who hurts a harmless neighbour's peace,  
Insults fall'n worth, or Beauty in distress,  
Who loves a Lye, lame slander helps about,  
Who writes a Libel, or who copies out: 290  
That Fop, whose pride affects a patron's name,  
Yet absent, wounds an author's honest fame:  
Who can *your* merit *selfishly* approve,  
And show the *sense* of it without the *love*;

NOTES.

derstood. He was not mistaken. This *fourth book*, the most studied and highly finished of all his Poems, was esteemed *obscure* (a name, which, in excess of modesty, the Reader gives to what he does not understand) and but a faint imitation, by some common hand, of the other three. He had, himself, the malicious pleasure to hear this judgment passed on his favourite Work by several of his Acquaintance; a pleasure more to his taste than the flatteries they used to entertain him with, and were then intentionally paying him. Of which he gave me another instance, that afforded him much diversion. While these acquaintance read the *Essay on Man* as the work of an unknown author, they fairly owned they did not understand it: but when the reputation of the poem became secured by the knowledge of the Writer, it soon grew so clear and intelligible, that, on the appearance of the *Comment* on it, they told him, they wondered the Editor should think a large and minute interpretation necessary.

VER. 293. — *selfishly approve,*] Because to deny, or pretend not to see, a well established merit, would impeach his own heart or understanding.

VER. 294. *And show the sense of it without the love;*] i. e. will never suffer the *admiration* of an excellence to produce any *esteem* for him, to whom it belongs.

Who has the vanity to call you friend, 295  
 Yet wants the honour, injur'd, to defend ;  
 Who tells whate'er you think, whate'er you say,  
 And, if he lye not, must at least betray :  
 Who to the *Dean*, and *silver bell* can swear,  
 And sees at *Cannons* what was never there ; 300  
 Who reads, but with a lust to misapply,  
 Make Satire a Lampoon, and Fiction Lye.  
 A lash like mine no honest man shall dread,  
 But all such babbling blockheads in his stead.

Let *Sporus* tremble—A. What? that thing of filk,  
*Sporus*, that mere white curd of Ass's milk? 306  
 Satire or sence, alas! can *Sporus* feel?  
 Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?

## NOTES.

VER. 295. *Who has the vanity to call you friend, Yet wants the honour injur'd to defend ;*] When a great Genius, whose writings have afforded the world much pleasure and instruction, happens to be enviously attacked, or falsely accused, it is natural to think, that a sence of gratitude for so agreeable an obligation, or a sence of that honour resulting to our Country from such a Writer, should raise amongst those who *call* themselves his *friends*, a pretty general indignation. But every day's experience shews us the very contrary. Some take a malignant satisfaction in the attack ; others a foolish pleasure in a literary conflict ; and the far greater part look on with a selfish indifference.

VER. 299. *Who to the Dean, and silver bell, &c.*] Meaning the man who would have persuaded the Duke of Chandos that Mr. P. meant him in those circumstances ridiculed in the Epistle on *Taste*. See Mr. Pope's Letter to the Earl of Burlington concerning this matter.

P. Yet let me flap this bug with gilded wings,  
 This painted child of dirt, that stinks and stings;  
 Whose buzz the witty and the fair annoys, 311  
 Yet wit ne'er tastes, and beauty ne'er enjoys:  
 So well-bred spaniels civilly delight  
 In mumbling of the game they dare not bite.  
 Eternal smiles his emptiness betray, 315  
 As shallow streams run dimpling all the way.  
 Whether in florid impotence he speaks,  
 And, as the prompter breathes, the puppet squeaks;  
 Or at the ear of *Eve*, familiar Toad,  
 Half froth, half venom, spits himself abroad, 320  
 In puns, or politics, or tales, or lies,  
 Or spite, or smut, or rhymes, or blasphemies.  
 His wit all see-saw, between *that* and *this*,  
 Now high, now low, now master up, now miss, }  
 And he himself one vile Antithesis. }  
 Amphibious thing! that acting either part, 326  
 The trifling head, or the corrupted heart,

NOTES.

VER. 319. See Milton, Book iv. P.

VER. 320. *Half froth*,] Alluding to those frothy excretions, called by the people, *Toad-spits*, seen in summer-time hanging upon plants, and emitted by young insects which lie hid in the midst of them, for their preservation, while in their helpless state.

Fop at the toilet, flatt'rer at the board,  
 Now trips a Lady, and now struts a Lord.  
*Eve's* tempter thus the Rabbins have exprest,  
 A Cherub's face, a reptile all the rest, 331  
 Beauty that shocks you, parts that none will trust,  
 Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the dust.  
 Not Fortune's worshipper, nor Fashion's fool,  
 Not Lucre's madman, nor Ambition's tool, 335  
 Not proud, nor servile; Be one Poet's praise,  
 That, if he pleas'd, he pleas'd by manly ways:  
 That Flatt'ry, ev'n to Kings, he held a shame,  
 And thought a Lye in verse or prose the same.  
 That not in Fancy's maze he wander'd long, 340  
 But stoop'd to Truth, and moraliz'd his song:

## NOTES.

VER. 340. *That not in Fancy's maze he wander'd long,*] His merit in this will appear very great, if we consider, that in this walk he had all the advantages which the most poetic Imagination could give to a great Genius. M. Voltaire in a MS. letter now before me, writes thus from England to a friend in Paris. "I intend to send you two or three poems of Mr. Pope, the best poet of England, and at present of all the world. I hope you are acquainted enough with the English tongue, to be sensible of all the charms of his works. For my part, I look upon his poem called the *Essay on Criticism* as superior to the Art of poetry of Horace; and his *Rape of the Lock* is, in my opinion, above the *Lutrin* of Despreaux. I never saw so amiable an imagination, so gentle graces, so great variety, so much wit, and so refined knowledge of the world, as in this little performance." MS. Let. Oct. 15, 1726.

VER. 341. *But stoop'd to Truth, and moraliz'd his song:*] This

That not for Fame, but Virtue's better end,  
 He stood the furious foe, the timid friend,  
 The damning critic, half approving wit,  
 The coxcomb hit, or fearing to be hit; 345  
 Laugh'd at the loss of friends he never had,  
 The dull, the proud, the wicked, and the mad;  
 The distant threats of vengeance on his head,  
 The blow unfelt, the tear he never shed;  
 The tale reviv'd, the lye so oft o'erthrown, 350  
 Th' imputed trash, and dulness not his own;

NOTES.

may be said no less in commendation of his *literary*, than of his *moral* character. And his superior excellence in poetry is owing to it. He soon discovered in what his force lay; and he made the best of that advantage, by a sedulous cultivation of his proper talent. For having read Quintilian early, this precept did not escape him, *Sunt hæc duo vitanda prorsus: unum ne tentes quod effici non possit; alterum, ne ab eo, quod quis optime facit, in aliud, cui minus est idoneus, transferas.* It was in this knowledge and cultivation of his genius that he had principally the advantage of his great master, *Dryden*; who, by his *MacFlecno*, his *Abfolom* and *Achitophel*, but chiefly by his *Prologues* and *Epilogues*, appears to have had great talents for this species of moral poetry; but, unluckily, he seem'd neither to understand nor attend to it.

*Ibid.* *But stoop'd to Truth*] The term is from falconry; and the allusion to one of those untamed birds of spirit, which sometimes wantons at large in airy circles before it regards, or *stoops to*, its prey.

VER. 350. *the lye so oft o'erthrown*] As, that he received subscriptions for *Shakespear*, that he set his name to *Mr. Broome's* verses, &c. which, tho' publicly disproved were nevertheless shamelessly repeated in the *Labels*, and even in that called *the Nobleman's Epistle*. P.



The morals blacken'd when the writings scape,  
 The libel'd person, and the pictur'd shape;  
 Abuse, on all he lov'd, or lov'd him, spread,  
 A friend in exile, or a father, dead; 355  
 The whisper, that to greatness still too near,  
 Perhaps, yet vibrates on his SOV'REIGN's ear —  
 Welcome for thee, fair *Virtue!* all the past:  
 For thee, fair *Virtue!* welcome ev'n the *last!*  
 A. But why insult the poor, affront the great? 360  
 P. A knave's a knave, to me, in ev'ry state:

## NOTES.

VER. 351. *Th' imputed trash*] Such as profane *Psalms*, *Court-Poems*, and other scandalous things, printed in his Name by Curl and others. P.

VER. 354. *Abuse, on all he lov'd, or lov'd him, spread.*] Namely on the Duke of Buckingham, the Earl of Burlington, Lord Bathurst, Lord Bolingbroke, Bishop Atterbury, Dr. Swift, Dr. Arbuthnot, Mr. Gay, his Friends, his Parents, and his very Nurse, aspersed in printed papers, by James Moore, G. Duckett, L. Wested, Tho. Bentley, and other obscure persons. P.

VER. 356. *The whisper, that to greatness still too near.*] By the *whisper* is meant calumniating honest Characters. Shakespear has finely expressed this office of the sycophant of *greatness* in the following line:

Rain *sacrificial whisperings* in his ear.

By which is meant the immolating mens reputations to the vice or vanity of his Patron.

VER. 357. *Perhaps, yet vibrates*] What force and elegance of expression! which, in one word, conveys to us the *physical* effects of sound, and the *moral* effects of an often repeated scandal.

VER. 359. *For thee, fair Virtue! welcome ev'n the last!*] This line is remarkable for presenting us with the most amiable image of steady *Virtue*, mixed with a modest concern for his

Alike my scorn, if he succeed or fail,  
*Sporus* at court, or *Japhet* in a jail,  
 A hireling scribler, or a hireling peer,  
 Knight of the post corrupt, or of the shire; 365  
 If on a Pillory, or near a Throne,  
 He gain his Prince's ear, or lose his own.

Yet soft by nature, more a dupe than wit,  
*Sappho* can tell you how this man was bit:  
 This dreaded Sat'rist *Dennis* will confess 370  
 Foe to his pride, but friend to his distress:  
 So humble, he has knock'd at *Tibbald's* door,  
 Has drunk with *Cibber*, nay has rhym'd for *Moor*.  
 Full ten years slander'd, did he once reply?  
 Three thousand suns went down on *Welsted's* lye.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 368. in the MS.

Once, and but once, his heedless youth was bit,  
 And lik'd that dang'rous thing, a female wit:  
 Safe as he thought, tho' all the prudent chid;  
 He writ no Libels, but my Lady did:  
 Great odds in am'rous or poetic game,  
 Where Woman's is the sin, and Man's the shame.

NOTES.

being forced to undergo the severest proofs of his love for it, which was the being thought hardly of by his SOVEREIGN.

VER. 374. *ten years*] It was so long after many libels before the Author of the *Dunciad* published that poem, till when, he never writ a word in answer to the many scurrilities and falsehoods concerning him. P.

To please a Mistress one aspers'd his life ; 376  
 He lash'd him not, but let her be his wife :  
 Let *Budgel* charge low *Grubstreet* on his quill,  
 And write whate'er he pleas'd, except his Will ;  
 Let the two *Curls* of Town and Court, abuse 380  
 His father, mother, body, soul, and muse.

## N O T E S.

VER. 375. *Welsted's Lye.*] This man had the impudence to tell in print, that Mr. P. had occasioned a *Lady's death*, and to name a person he never heard of. He also publish'd that he libell'd the Duke of Chandos ; with whom (it was added) that he had lived in familiarity, and received from him a present of *five hundred pounds* : the falsehood of both which is known to his Grace. Mr. P. never received any present, farther than the subscription for Homer, from him, or from *Any great Man* whatsoever. P.

VER. 378. *Let Budgel*] *Budgel*, in a weekly pamphlet called the *Bee*, bestowed much abuse on him, in the imagination that he writ some things about the *Last Will* of Dr. *Tindal*, in the *Grubstreet Journal* ; a Paper wherein he never had the least hand, direction, or supervisal, nor the least knowledge of its Author. P.

VER. 379. *except his Will*] Alluding to Tyndall's Will : by which, and other indirect practices, *Budgel*, to the exclusion of the next heir, a nephew, got to himself almost the whole fortune of a man entirely unrelated to him.

VER. 381. *His father, mother, &c.*] In some of *Curl's* and other pamphlets, Mr. Pope's father was said to be a Mechanic, a Hatter, a Farmer, nay a Bankrupt. But, what is stranger, a *Nobleman* (if such a Reflection could be thought to come from a Nobleman) had dropt an allusion to that pitiful untruth, in a paper called an *Epistle to a Doctor of Divinity* : And the following line,

*Hard as thy Heart, and as thy Birth obscure,*  
 had fallen from a like *Courty* pen, in certain *Verses to the Imitator of Horace*. Mr. Pope's Father was of a Gentleman's Family in Oxfordshire, the head of which was the Earl of Downe, whose sole Heirefs married the Earl of Lindsey—His mother

Yet why? that Father held it for a rule,  
 It was a sin to call our neighbour fool:  
 That harmless Mother thought no wife a whore:  
 Hear this, and spare his family, *James Moore!*  
 Unspotted names, and memorable long! 386  
 If there be force in Virtue, or in Song.

Of gentle blood (part shed in Honour's cause,  
 While yet in *Britain* Honour had applause)  
 Each parent sprung—A. What fortune, pray?—  
 P. Their own,  
 And better got, than *Bestia's* from the throne. 391

NOTES.

was the daughter of William Turnor, Esq. of York: She had three brothers, one of whom was killed, another died in the service of King Charles; the eldest following his fortunes, and becoming a general officer in Spain, left her what estate remained after the sequestrations and forfeitures of her family—Mr. Pope died in 1717, aged 75; She in 1733, aged 93, a very few weeks after this poem was finished. The following inscription was placed by their son on their Monument in the parish of Twickenham, in Middlesex.

D. O. M.

ALEXANDRO. POPE. VIRO. INNOCVO. PROBO. PIO.

QVI. VIXIT. ANNOS. LXXV. OB. MDCCXVII.

ET. EDITHAE. CONIVGI. INCVL PABILI.

PIENTISSIMAE. QVAE. VIXIT. ANNOS.

XCIII. OB. MDCCXXXIII.

PARENTIBVS. BENEMERENTIBVS. FILIVS. FECIT.

ET. SIBI.

P.

VER. 390. *A. What fortune, pray?*] His friend, who here personates, assuming the impertinent curiosity of *the Town*, adds great spirit to his satire.—Julian has a parallel stroke, in his sarcastic discourse to the people of Antioch, where

Born to no Pride, inheriting no Strife,  
 Nor marrying Discord in a noble wife,  
 Stranger to civil and religious rage,  
 The good man walk'd innoxious thro' his age. 395  
 No Courts he saw, no suits would ever try,  
 Nor dar'd an Oath, nor hazarded a Lye.  
 Un-learn'd, he knew no schoolman's subtile art,  
 No language, but the language of the heart.  
 By Nature honest, by Experience wise, 400  
 Healthy by temp'rance, and by exercise;  
 His life, tho' long, to sickness past unknown,  
 His death was instant, and without a groan.  
 O grant me, thus to live, and thus to die! 404  
 Who sprung from Kings shall know less joy than I.

## V A R I A T I O N S.

After  $\psi$  405. in the MS.

And of myself, too, something must I say?  
 Take then this verse, the trifle of a day.  
 And if it live, it lives but to commend  
 The man whose heart has ne'er forgot a Friend,  
 Or head, an Author: Critic, yet polite  
 And friend to Learning, yet too wise to write.

## N O T E S.

he tells them a story out of Plutarch, concerning Cato; who, when he came near their City, found their youth under arms, and the magistrates in their robes of office. On which alighting, in an ill humour with his friends, who he imagined had informed them of his approach, the master of the ceremonies came

O Friend! may each domestic bliss be thine!  
 Be no unpleasing Melancholy mine:  
 Me, let the tender office long engage,  
 To rock the cradle of reposing Age,  
 With lenient arts extend a Mother's breath, 410  
 Make Langour smile, and smooth the bed of Death,  
 Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,  
 And keep a while one parent from the sky!  
 On cares like these if length of days attend,  
 May Heav'n, to bless those days, preserve my friend,  
 Preserve him social, chearful, and serene, 416  
 And just as rich as when he serv'd a QUEEN.  
 A. Whether that blessing be deny'd or giv'n,  
 Thus far was right, the rest belongs to Heav'n.

NOTES.

up, and, advancing before the company, accosted him in this manner; "Stranger, how far off is Demetrius?" Now this Demetrius (says Julian) was one of Pompey's freedmen, and immensely rich. You will ask me what he was worth; for I know nothing so likely to excite your curiosity. Why, truly, for this, you must consult Demophilus the Bythinian, whose anecdotes turn chiefly upon subjects of this high importance.

VER. 417. *And just as rich as when he serv'd a Queen.*] An honest compliment to his Friend's real and unaffected disinterestedness, when he was the favourite Physician of Queen Anne.

VER. 418. A. *Whether this blessing, &c.*] He makes his friend close the Dialogue with a sentiment very expressive of that religious resignation, which was the Character both of his temper, and his piety.



