



## **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**

Epilogue to the Satires.

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**Nutzungsbedingungen**

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EPILOGUE  
TO THE  
SATIRES.

In Two DIALOGUES.

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Written in MDCCXXXVIII.

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EPILOGUE

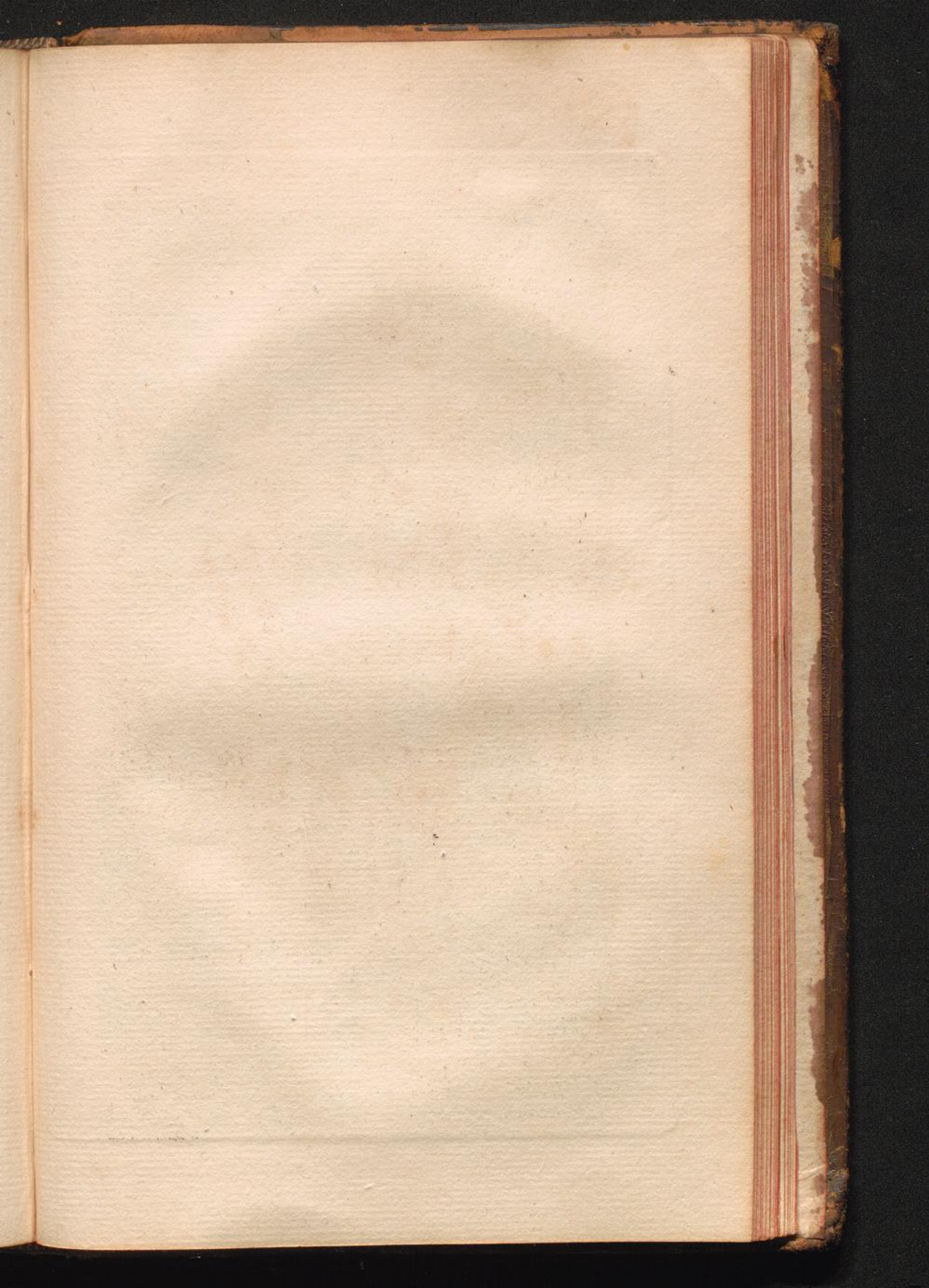
TO THE

SATIRISTS

IN TWO DISCOURSES

Written in MDCCLXXIII









J. Hayman inv. et del.

C. Grignion Sculp.

O Sacred Weapon, left for Truth's Defence,  
Sole Dread of Folly, Vice and Insolence!  
To all but Heaven-directed Hands denied,  
The Muse may give thee, but the Gods must guide.

Ep. 2. to J. Satirus.



EPILOGUE  
TO THE  
SATIRES.

Written in MDCCXXXVIII.

DIALOGUE I.

FR. **N**OT twice a twelve-month you appear  
in Print,  
And when it comes, the Court see nothing in't.

VARIATIONS.

After  $\psi$  2. in the MS.

You don't, I hope, pretend to quit the trade,  
Because you think your reputation made :  
Like good \*\* of whom so much was said,  
That when his name was up, he lay a-bed.  
Come, come, refresh us with a livelier song,  
Or like \*\* you'll lie a-bed too long.

NOTES.

VER. 1. *Not twice a twelvemonth etc.*] These two lines are from Horace ; and the only lines that are so in the whole Poem ; being meant to give a handle to that which follows in the character of an impertinent Censurer,

*'Tis all from Horace ; etc.* P.

VER. 2. *the Court see nothing in't.*] He chose this expression for the sake of its elegant and satiric ambiguity. His writings abound in them.



You grow correct, that once with Rapture writ,  
And are, besides, too *moral* for a Wit.

Decay of Parts, alas! we all must feel --- 5

Why now, this moment, don't I see you steal?

'Tis all from Horace; Horace long before ye  
Said, "Tories call'd him Whig, and Whigs a Tory;"

And taught his Romans, in much better metre,  
"To laugh at Fools who put their trust in Peter."

But Horace, Sir, was delicate, was nice; 11

Bubo observes, he lash'd no sort of *Vice* :

Horace would say, Sir Billy *serv'd the Crown*,

Blunt could *do Bus'ness*, H-ggins *knew the Town*;

VARIATIONS.

P. Sir, what I write, should be correctly writ.

F. Correct! 'tis what no genius can admit.

Besides, you grow too moral for a Wit.

NOTES.

VER. 9. *And taught his Romans, in much better metre, "To laugh at Fools who put their trust in Peter."*] The general turn of the thought is from Boileau,

*Avant lui, Juvénal avoit dit en Latin,*

*Qu'on est assis à l'aise aux sermons de Cotin.*

But the irony in the first line, and the satirical equivoque in the second, mark them for his own. His making the objector say, that Horace excelled him in writing verse, is pleasant. And the ambiguity of *putting their trust in Peter*, insinuates that Horace and he had frequently laughed at that specific folly, arising from indolence, which still disposes men to intrust their spiritual and temporal concerns to the absolute disposal of any sanctified or unsanctified cheat, bearing the name of PETER.

VER. 12. *Bubo observes,*] Some guilty person very fond of making such an observation. P.



In Sappho touch the *Failings of the Sex*, 15  
 In rev'rend Bishops note some *small Neglects*,  
 And own, the Spaniard did a *waggish thing*,  
 Who cropt our Ears, and sent them to the King.  
 His sly, polite, insinuating style  
 Could please at Court, and make AUGUSTUS smile:  
 An artful Manager, that crept between 21  
 His Friend and Shame, and was a kind of *Screen*.  
 But 'faith your very Friends will soon be fore ;  
*Patriots* there are, who wish you'd jest no more ---  
 And where's the Glory? 'twill be only thought 25  
 The Great man never offer'd you a groat.  
 Go see Sir ROBERT ---

NOTES.

VER. 14. *H—ggins*] Formerly Jaylor of the Fleet prison, enriched himself by many exactions, for which he was tried and expelled. P.

VER. 18. *Who cropt our Ears,*] Said to be executed by the Captain of a Spanish ship on one Jenkins a Captain of an English one. He cut off his ears, and bid him carry them to the King his master. P.

VER. 22. *Screen.*]

*Omne vaser vitium ridenti Flaccus amico  
 Tangit, et admissus circum præcordia ludit.* Perf. P.

*Ibid. Screen.*] A metaphor peculiarly appropriated to a certain person in power. P.

VER. 24. *Patriots there are, &c.*] This appellation was generally given to those in opposition to the Court. Though some of them (which our author hints at) had views too mean and interested to deserve that name. P.

VER. 26. *The Great man*] A phrase, by common use, appropriated to the first minister. P.



P. See Sir ROBERT ! --- hum ---  
 And never laugh --- for all my life to come ?  
 Seen him I have, but in his happier hour  
 Of Social Pleasure, ill-exchang'd for Pow'r ; 30  
 Seen him, uncumber'd with the Venal tribe,  
 Smile without Art, and win without a Bribe.

## NOTES.

VER. 29. *Seen him I have, &c.*] This and other strokes of commendation in the following poem, as well as his forbearing him on all occasions, were in acknowledgement of a certain service the Minister had done a Priest at Mr. Pope's solicitation. Our Poet, when he was about seventeen, had a very ill fever in the country, which, it was feared, would end fatally. In this condition, he wrote to Southcot, a Priest of his acquaintance, then in town, to take his last leave of him. Southcot with great affection and sollicitude applied to Dr. Radcliffe for his advice. And not content with that, he rode down post, to Mr. Pope, who was then an hundred miles from London, with the Doctor's directions ; which had the desired effect. A long time after this, Southcot, who had an interest in the Court of France, writing to a common acquaintance in England, informed him that there was a good abbey near Avignon, which he had credit enough to get, were it not from an apprehension that his promotion would give umbrage to the English Court, to which he (Southcot) by his intrigues in the Pretender's service, was become very obnoxious. The person to whom this was written happening to acquaint Mr. Pope with the case, he immediately wrote to Sir Robert Walpole about it ; begged that this embargo might be taken off ; and acquainted him with the grounds of his solicitation : He told him he was indebted to Southcot for his life, and that more than his life was engaged for the discharge of his obligation, for he was certainly to satisfy it in purgatory, if he could not do it here. The Minister received it favourably, and with much good-nature wrote to his brother, then in France, to remove this obstruction. In consequence of which Southcot got the abbey. Mr. Pope ever after retained a grateful sense of this favour.

VER. 31. *Seen him, uncumber'd*] These two verses were



Would he oblige me? let me only find,  
 He does not think me what he thinks mankind.  
 Come, come, at all I laugh he laughs, no doubt;  
 The only diff'rence is, I dare laugh out. 36

F. Why yes: with *Scripture* still you may be free;  
 A Horse-laugh, if you please, at *Honesty*;  
 A Joke on JEKYL, or some odd *Old Whig*  
 Who never chang'd his Principle, or Wig: 40

## NOTES.

originally in the poem, though omitted in all the first editions. P.

VER. 34. *what he thinks mankind.*] This request seems somewhat absurd: but not more so than the principle it refers to. That great Minister, it seems, thought all mankind Rogues; and that every one had his price. It was usually given as a proof of his penetration, and extensive knowledge of the world. Others perhaps would think it an instance of a narrow contracted understanding, that, from a few of Rochefaucault's *maxims*, and the corrupt practice of those he commonly conversed with, would thus boldly pronounce upon the Character of his species. It is certain, that a Keeper of Newgate, who should make the same conclusion, would be heartily laughed at.

VER. 37. *Why yes: with Scripture &c.*] A scribler, whose only chance for reputation is the falling in with the fashion, is apt to employ this infamous expedient for the preservation of his momentary existence. But a true Genius could not do a foolisher thing to defeat his own aim. The great Boileau used to say on this occasion, "Une ouvrage severe peut bien plaire aux libertins; mais un ouvrage trop libre ne plaira jamais aux personnes severes."

Ibid. *Why yes: with Scripture still you may be free;*] Thus the Man commonly called *Mother Osborn*, who was in the Minister's pay, and wrote Journals; for one Paper in behalf of Sir Robert, had frequently two against J. C.

VER. 39. *A Joke on Jekyl,*] Sir Joseph Jekyl, Master of the Rolls, a true Whig in his principles, and a man of the utmost



A Patriot is a Fool in ev'ry age,  
Whom all Lord Chamberlains allow the Stage :  
These nothing hurts; they keep their Fashion still,  
And wear their strange old Virtue, as they will.

If any ask you, " Who's the Man, so near 45  
" His Prince, that writes in Verse, and has his ear?"  
Why, answer, LYTTELTON, and I'll engage  
The worthy Youth shall ne'er be in a rage :  
But were his Verses vile, his Whisper base,  
You'd quickly find him in Lord *Fanny's* case. 50  
Sejanus, Wolfey, hurt not honest FLEURY,  
But well may put some Statesmen in a fury.

Laugh then at any, but at Fools or Foes ;  
These you but anger, and you mend not those.

## NOTES.

probity. He sometimes voted against the Court, which drew upon him the laugh here described of ONE who bestowed it equally upon Religion and Honesty. He died a few months after the publication of this poem. P.

VER. 43. *These nothing hurts;*] i. e. offends.

VER. 47. *Why, answer, Lyttelton,*] George Lyttelton, Secretary to the Prince of Wales, distinguished both for his writings and speeches in the spirit of Liberty. P.

VER. 51. *Sejanus, Wolfey,*] The one the wicked minister of Tiberius; the other, of Henry VIII. The writers against the Court usually bestowed these and other odious names on the Minister, without distinction, and in the most injurious manner. See Dial. II. § 137. P.

*Ibid. Fleury,*] Cardinal: and Minister to Louis XV. It was a Patriot-fashion, at that time, to cry up his wisdom and honesty. P.



Dial. I. TO THE SATIRES. 305

Laugh at your friends, and, if your Friends are fore,  
So much the better, you may laugh the more.

To Vice and Folly to confine the jest,  
Sets half the world, God knows, against the rest;  
Did not the Sneer of more impartial men  
At Sense and Virtue, balance all agen. 60

Judicious Wits spread wide the Ridicule,  
And charitably comfort Knave and Fool.

P. Dear Sir, forgive the Prejudice of Youth:  
Adieu Distinction, Satire, Warmth, and Truth!  
Come, harmless Characters that no one hit; 65  
Come, Henley's Oratory, Osborn's Wit!  
The Honey dropping from Favonio's tongue,  
The Flow'rs of Bubo, and the Flow of Y--ng!  
The gracious Dew of Pulpit Eloquence,  
And all the well-whipt Cream of Courtly Sense, 70  
That First was H--vy's, F---'s next, and then  
The S---te's, and then H---vy's once agen.

NOTES.

VER. 56. *So much the better, you may laugh the more.*] Their *foreness* being a clear indication of their wanting the frequent repetition of this discipline.

VER. 66. *Henley — Osborn,*] See them in their places in the *Dunciad*. P.

VER. 69. *The gracious Dew*] Alludes to some court sermons, and florid panegyric speeches; particularly one very full of puerilities and flatteries; which afterwards got into an address in



O come, that easy Ciceronian style,  
 So Latin, yet so English all the while,  
 As, tho' the Pride of Middleton and Bland, 75  
 All Boys may read, and Girls may understand!  
 Then might I sing, without the least offence,  
 And all I sung should be the *Nation's Sense* ;  
 Or teach the melancholy Muse to mourn,  
 Hang the sad Verse on CAROLINA'S Urn, 80

## NOTES.

the same pretty style ; and was lastly served up in an Epitaph, between Latin and English, published by its author. P.

VER. 73. *that easy Ciceronian style,*] A joke upon absurd Imitators ; who in light and familiar compositions, which require *ease*, affect a *Ciceronian style*, which is highly laboured, solemn, and pompous.

VER. 75. *As, tho' the Pride of Middleton and Bland,*] I am led by justice, as well as inclination, to explain the obscurity of this line, as far as it relates to the respectable person first named in it. The Poet had heard, amongst the numberless false reports, which the heat of party contests, at that time, produced, that Dr. Middleton highly approved of the Latinity and composition of the piece in question, and had expressed himself in those common terms of approbation, that he should have been *proud* to be the Author of it. It was of little importance to enquire into the truth or falshood of the report, since what the Poet intended to say, on this occasion, was not to reflect on Dr. Middleton, whom he esteemed and had a personal regard for ; but, on the contrary, to own the excellence of his judgment, in general, in words that only amount to this, *though so able a judge as Dr. Middleton himself should approve the Latinity, I say it is bad and barbarous.* In which he uses no greater freedom with this learned Man than he sometimes did with those he most valued, as Dr. Swift and others.

VER. 76. *All Boys may read, and Girls may understand !*] i. e. full of school-book *phrases* and *Anglicisms.*

VER. 78. *Nation's Sense ;*] The cant of Politics at that time.

VER. 80. *Carolina*] Queen consort to King George II. She



And hail her passage to the Realms of Rest,  
 All Parts perform'd, and *all* her Children blest!  
 So --- Satire is no more --- I feel it die ---  
 No *Gazetteer* more innocent than I ---  
 And let, a God's-name, ev'ry Fool and Knave 85  
 Be grac'd thro' Life, and flatter'd in his Grave.  
 F. Why so? if Satire knows its Time and Place,  
 You still may lash the greatest --- in Disgrace:

## NOTES.

died in 1737. Her death gave occasion, as is observed above, to many indiscreet and mean performances unworthy of her memory, whose last moments manifested the utmost courage and resolution. P.

How highly our Poet thought of that truly great personage may be seen by one of his letters to Mr. *Allen*, written at that time; in which, amongst others, equally respectful, are the following words: "The Queen shewed, by the confession of  
 " all about her, the utmost firmness and temper to her last mo-  
 " ments, and through the course of great torments. What  
 " character historians will allow her, I do not know; but all  
 " her domestic servants, and those nearest her, give her the  
 " best testimony, that of sincere tears."

VER. 84. *No Gazetteer more innocent than I.*] The *Gazetteer* is one of the low appendices to the Secretary of State's office, to write the government's news-paper, published by Authority. Sir Richard Steele had once this post. And he describes the condition of it very well, in *the Apology for himself and his writings*: "My next appearance as a writer was in the quali-  
 " ty of the lowest minister of state, to wit, in the Office of  
 " *Gazetteer*; where I worked faithfully, according to order,  
 " without ever erring against the rule observed by all ministers, to  
 " keep that paper very innocent and very insipid. It was to the  
 " reproaches I heard every Gazette day against the writer of it,  
 " that I owe the fortitude of being remarkably negligent of  
 " what people say which I do not deserve."



For Merit will by turns forsake them all ;  
 Would you know when ? exactly when they fall.  
 But let all Satire in all Changes spare 91  
 Immortal S---k, and grave De-----re.  
 Silent and soft, as Saints remove to Heav'n,  
 All Tyes dissolv'd, and ev'ry Sin forgiv'n,  
 These may some gentle ministerial Wing 95  
 Receive, and place for ever near a King !  
 There, where no Passion, Pride, or Shame transport,  
 Lull'd with the sweet Nepenthe of a Court ;

## NOTES.

VER. 92. *Immortal S---k, and grave De---re !*] A title given that Lord by King James II. He was of the Bedchamber to King William ; he was so to King George I. he was so to King George II. This Lord was very skilful in all the forms of the House, in which he discharged himself with great gravity. P.

VER. 93. *Silent and soft, as Saints remove to Heav'n,*] The simile is here employed only to let his reader into his thought : which is a beautiful parody of the poetical descriptions of dying saints, wafted to paradise, on the wings of angels.

VER. 97. *There, where no Passion, etc.*] The excellent writer *De l'Esprit des Loix* gives the following character of the Spirit of Courts, and the Principle of Monarchies : “ Qu'on  
 “ life ce que les Historiens de tous les tems ont dit sur la  
 “ Cour des Monarques ; qu'on se rapelle les conversations des  
 “ hommes de tous les Pais sur le miserable caractère des  
 “ COURTISANS ; ce ne sont point des choses de speculation,  
 “ mais d'une triste expérience. L'ambition dans l'oisiveté, la  
 “ bassesse dans l'orgueil, le desir de s'enrichir sans travail,  
 “ l'averfion pour la vérité ; la flaterie, la trahison, la perfidie,  
 “ l'abandon de tous ses engagemens, le mepris des devoirs  
 “ du Citoyen, la crainte de la vertu du Prince, l'esperance  
 “ de ses foibleffes, et plus, que tout cela, LE RIDICULE  
 “ PERPETUEL JETTE SUR LA VERTU, font, je crois,



There, where no Father's, Brother's, Friend's disgrace  
 Once break their rest, or stir them from their Place:  
 But past the Sense of human Miseries, 101  
 All Tears are wip'd for ever from all eyes;  
 No cheek is known to blush, no heart to throb,  
 Save when they lose a Question, or a Job.

P. Good Heav'n forbid, that I should blast their  
 glory, 105

Who know how like Whig Ministers to Tory,  
 And when three Sov' reigns dy'd, could scarce be vex't,  
 Confid'ring what a *gracious Prince* was next.  
 Have I, in silent wonder, seen such things  
 As Pride in Slaves, and Avarice in Kings; 110

NOTES.

“ le Caractère de la plupart des Courtisans marqué dans tous  
 “ les lieux et dans tous les tems. Or il est très mal-aisé que les  
 “ Principaux d'un Etat soient malhonnêtes-gens, et que les in-  
 “ ferieurs soient gens-de-bien, que ceux-là soyent trompeurs,  
 “ & que ceux-ci consentent à n'être que dupes. Que si dans  
 “ le Peuple il se trouve quelque malheureux honnête-homme,  
 “ le Cardinal de Richelieu dans son *Testament politique* insinue,  
 “ qu'un Monarque doit se garder de s'en servir. Tant-il est  
 “ vrai que la Vertu n'est pas le ressort de ce Gouvernement.”

VER. 106. *Who know how like Whig Ministers to Tory,*] He  
 must have thought them alike, while he represents them as  
 equally ready to receive any body who will do their jobs.

VER. 108. *gracious Prince*] The style of Addressés on an  
 accession.

VER. 109. *Have I, in silent wonder, seen such things As  
 Pride in Slaves, and Avarice in Kings;*] He makes a wonder  
 of what surely was none. *Pride* comes from the ignorance of  
 ourselves; and who can know themselves less than such as are



And at a Peer, or Peerefs, fhall I fret,  
 Who ftarves a Sifter, or forfwears a Debt?  
*Virtue*, I grant you, is an empty boaft;  
 But fhall the Dignity of *Vice* be loft? 114  
 Ye Gods! fhall Cibber's Son, without rebuke,  
 Swear like a Lord, or Rich out-whore a Duke?  
 A Fav'rite's Porter with his Mafter vie,  
 Be brib'd as often, and as often lie?  
 Shall Ward draw Contracts with a Statesman's fhill?  
 Or Japhet pocket, like his Grace, a Will? 120  
 Is it for Bond, or Peter, (paltry things)  
 To pay their Debts, or keep their Faith, like Kings?

## VARIATIONS.

Ver. 112. in fome editions,  
 Who ftarves a Mother,

## NOTES.

the property of others? Love riles in proportion to the value of its object: and who fhould love money fo well as thofe who beft know what it is able to do? SCRIBL.

VER. 113. *Virtue, I grant you, is an empty boaft;*] A fatirical ambiguity — either that thofe *ftarve who have it*, or that thofe who *boaft of it, have it not*: and both together (he infinuates) make up the prefent ftate of *modern virtue*.

VER. 115. *Cibber's Son, — Rich*] Two Players: look for them in the *Dunciad*. P.

VER. 116. *Swear like a Lord — or out-whore a Duke?*] Elegance demands that thefe fhould be two proverbial expreffions. *To fwear like a Lord*, is fo. But to *out-whore a Duke* certainly is not. However this fhews that the continence and conjugal virtues of the higher nobility muft needs be very exemplary. SCRIBL.



If Blount dispatch'd himself, he play'd the man,  
 And so may'st thou, illustrious Passeran!  
 But shall a Printer, weary of his life, 125  
 Learn, from their Books, to hang himself and Wife?  
 This, this, my friend, I cannot, must not bear;  
 Vice thus abus'd, demands a Nation's care:

## NOTES.

VER. 123. *If Blount*] Author of an impious and foolish book called *the Oracles of Reason*, who being in love with a near kinswoman of his, and rejected, gave himself a stab in the arm, as pretending to kill himself, of the consequence of which he really died. P.

VER. 124. *Passeran!*] Author of another book of the same stamp, called *A philosophical discourse on death*, being a defence of suicide. He was a nobleman of Piedmont, banished from his country for his impieties, and lived in the utmost misery, yet feared to practise his own precepts; of which there went a pleasant story about that time. Amongst his pupils, it seems, to whom he read in moral philosophy, was a noted *Gamester*, who lodged under the same roof with him. This useful citizen, after a run of ill luck, came one morning early into his master's bed-chamber, with two loaded pistols. And, as Englishmen do not understand raillery in a case of this nature, told the philosopher, on presenting him with one of his pistols, that now was come the time to put his doctrine in practice: that as to himself having lost his last stake he was become an *useless* member in society, and so was resolved to quit his *station*; and that, as to him, his *guide*, *philosopher*, and *friend*, surrounded with miseries, the outcast of government, and the sport even of that *Chance* which he adored, he doubtless would rejoice for such an opportunity to bear him company. All this was said and done with so much resolution and solemnity, that the Italian found himself under a necessity to cry out murder, which brought in Company to his relief.— This unhappy man at last died a penitent.

VER. 125. *But shall a Printer, etc.*] A Fact that happened in London a few years past. The unhappy man left behind him



This calls the Church to deprecate our Sin,  
 And hurls the Thunder of the Laws on *Gin*. 130  
 Let modest FOSTER, if he will, excell  
 Ten Metropolitans in preaching well;  
 A simple Quaker, or a Quaker's Wife,  
 Out-do Landaffe in Doctrine,— yea in Life;  
 Let humble ALLEN, with an aukward Shame,  
 Do good by stealth, and blush to find it Fame.

## NOTES.

a paper justifying his action by the reasonings of some of these authors. P.

VER. 129. *This calls the Church to deprecate our Sin,*] Alluding to the *forms of prayer*, composed in the times of public calamity; where the fault is generally laid upon the *People*.

VER. 130. *Gin.*] A spirituous liquor, the exorbitant use of which had almost destroyed the lowest rank of the *People* till it was restrained by an act of Parliament in 1736. P.

VER. 131. *Let modest FOSTER,*] This confirms an observation which Mr. Hobbes made long ago, That *there be very few Bishops that act a sermon so well, as divers Presbyterians and fanatic Preachers can do*. Hist. of Civ. Wars, p. 62. SCRIBL.

VER. 134. *Landaffe*] A poor Bishoprick in Wales, as poorly supplied. P.

VER. 135. *Let humble ALLEN with an aukward Shame, Do good by stealth, and blush to find it Fame.*] The true Character of our Author's moral pieces, considered as a *supplement to human laws* (the force of which they have deservedly obtained) is, that his praise is always *delicate*, and his reproof *never misplaced*: and therefore the *first* not reaching the *head*, and the *latter* too sensibly touching the *heart* of his vulgar readers, have made him censured as a cold Panegyrist, and a caustic Satirist; whereas, indeed, he was the warmest friend, and the most placable enemy.

The lines above have been commonly given as an instance of this ungenerous backwardness in doing justice to merit. And,



*Virtue* may chuse the high or low Degree,  
'Tis just alike to *Virtue*, and to me;

## NOTES.

indeed, if fairly given, would bear hard upon the Author, who believed the person here celebrated to be one of the greatest characters in private life that ever was; and known by him to be, *in fact*, all, and much more than he had feigned in the imaginary virtues of *the man of Ross*. One, who, whether he be considered in his civil, social, domestic, or religious character, is, in all these views, an ornament to human nature.

And, indeed, we shall see, that what is here said of him agrees only with such a Character. But as both the thought and the expression have been censured, we shall consider them in their order.

Let humble ALLEN, with an aukward Shame,  
Do good by stealth —

This encomium has been called *obscure* (as well as *penurious*.) It may be so; not from any defect in the conception, but from the deepness of the sense; and, what may seem more strange, (as we shall see afterwards) from the elegance of phrase, and exactness of expression. We are so absolutely governed by custom, that to act contrary to it, creates even in virtuous men, who are ever modest, a kind of diffidence, which is the parent of *Shame*. But when, to this, there is joined a consciousness that, in forsaking custom, you follow truth and reason, the indignation arising from such a conscious virtue, mixing with *shame*, produces that amiable *aukwardness*, in going out of the fashion, which the Poet, here, celebrates.

*and blush to find it Fame.*

*i. e.* He blushed at the degeneracy of his times, which, at best, gave his goodness its due commendation (the thing he never aimed at) instead of following and imitating his example, which was the reason why some acts of it were not done by *stealth*, but more openly.

So far as to the *thought*: but it will be said,

*tantamne rem tam negligenter?*

And this will lead us to say something concerning the expression, which will clear up what remains of the difficulty. In



Dwell in a Monk, or light upon a King,  
 She's still the same, belov'd, contented thing. 140  
*Vice* is undone, if she forgets her Birth,  
 And stoops from Angels to the Dregs of Earth:  
 But 'tis the *Fall* degrades her to a Whore;  
 Let *Greatness* own her, and she's mean no more,

## NOTES.

these lines, and in those which precede and follow them, are contained an ironical *neglect* of Virtue, and an ironical concern and *care* for Vice. So that the Poet's elegant correctness of composition required, that his language, in the first case, should present something of negligence and censure; which is admirably implied in the *expression* of the thought.

VER. 138. 'Tis just alike to Virtue, and to me;] He gives the reason for it, in the line that presently follows,

*She's still the same, belov'd, contented thing.*

So that the sense of the text is this, "It is all one to *Virtue* on whom her influence falls, whether on high or low, because it still produces the same effect, *their content*; and it is all one to *me*, because it still produces the same effect, *my love*."

VER. 144. Let *Greatness* own her, and she's mean no more,] The Poet, in this whole passage, would be understood to allude to a very extraordinary story told by *Procopius* in his *Secret history*: the sum of which is as follows.

The Empress THEODORA was the daughter of one Acaces, who had the care of the wild beasts, which the *Green faction* kept for the entertainment of the people. For the Empire was, at that time, divided between the two Factions of the *Green* and *Blue*. But Acaces dying in the infancy of Theodora, and her two Sisters, his place of *Master of the Bears* was disposed of to a stranger; and his widow had no other way of supporting herself than by prostituting her three Daughters, who were all very pretty, on the public Theatre. Thither she brought them in their turns as they came to years of puberty. Theodora first attended her Sisters in the habit and quality of a



Her Birth, her Beauty, Crowds and Courts confests,  
Chaste Matrons praise her, and grave Bishops bless;

## NOTES.

slave. And when it came to her turn to mount the stage, as she could neither dance, nor play on the flute, she was put into the lowest class of Buffoons to make diversion for the Rabble; which she did in so arch a manner, and complained of the indignities she suffered in so ridiculous a tone, that she became the absolute favourite of the people. After a complete course of infamy and prostitution, the next place we hear of her is at Alexandria, in great poverty and distress: from whence (as it was no wonder) she was willing to remove. And to Constantinople she came, but after a large circuit thro' the East, where she worked her way, by a free course of prostitution. JUSTINIAN was at this time consort in the Empire with his Uncle *Justin*, and the management of affairs entirely in his hands. He no sooner saw Theodora than he fell desperately in love with her, and would have married her immediately, but that the Empress *Euphemia*, a barbarian, and unpolite, but not illiberal in her nature, was then alive. And she, altho' she refused him nothing else, yet obstinately refused giving him this instance of her complaisance. But she did not live long: and then, nothing but the ancient Laws, which forbid a senator to marry with a common prostitute, hindered Justinian from executing this extraordinary project. These, he obliged Justin to revoke; and then, in the face of the sun, married his dear Theodora. A terrible example (says the Historian) and an encouragement to the most shameless licence. And now no sooner was THEODORA (in the Poet's phrase) *owned by Greatness*, than she, whom not long before it was thought *unlucky* to meet, and a *pollution* to touch, became the idol of the Court. There was not a single Magistrate (says Procopius) that expressed the least indignation at the shame and dishonour brought upon the state; not a single Prelate that shewed the least desolation for the public scandal. They all drove to court so precipitately, as if they were striving to prevent one another in her good graces. Nay, the *very soldiers* were emulous of the honour of becoming the Champions of her Virtue. As for the common people, who had so long been the spectators of her servility, her Buffoonry,



In golden Chains the willing World she draws,  
 And hers the Gospel is, and hers the Laws,  
 Mounts the Tribunal, lifts her scarlet head,  
 And sees pale Virtue carted in her stead. 150  
 Lo! at the wheels of her Triumphal Car,  
 Old England's Genius, rough with many a Scar,  
 Dragg'd in the dust! his arms hang idly round,  
 His Flag inverted trails along the ground!  
 Our Youth, all livery'd o'er with foreign Gold,  
 Before her dance: behind her, crawl the Old!  
 See thronging Millions to the Pagod run,  
 And offer Country, Parent, Wife, or Son!  
 Hear her black Trumpet thro' the Land proclaim,  
 That NOT TO BE CORRUPTED IS THE SHAME.

## NOTES.

and her Prostitution, they all in a body threw themselves at her feet, as slaves at the footstool of their Mistress. In a word, there was no man, of what condition soever, that shewed the least dislike of so monstrous an elevation. In the mean time, Theodora's first care was to fill her Coffers, which she soon did, with immense wealth. To this end, Justinian and she pretended to differ in their principles. The one protected the *blue*, and the other, the *green* faction; till in a long course of intrigue, by sometimes giving up the one to plunder and confiscation, and sometimes the other, they left nothing to either party. See *Procop. Anec. c. ix.—x.*

VER. 148. *And her's the Gospel is, and hers the Laws*] i. e. She disposed of the honours of both.

VER. 149. *scarlet head*] Alluding to the *scarlet Whore* of the *Apocalypse*.



In Soldier, Churchman, Patriot, Man in Pow'r,  
 'Tis Av'rice all, Ambition is no more!  
 See, all our Nobles begging to be Slaves!  
 See, all our Fools aspiring to be Knaves!  
 The Wit of Cheats, the Courage of a Whore, 165  
 Are what ten thousand envy and adore:  
 All, all look up, with reverential Awe,  
 At Crimes that 'scape, or triumph o'er the Law:  
 While Truth, Worth, Wisdom, daily they decry—  
 "Nothing is Sacred now but Villainy." 170  
 Yet may this Verse (if such a Verse remain)  
 Show, there was one who held it in disdain.

## NOTES.

VER. 164. *See all our fools aspiring to be Knaves!*] This will always be the case when *knavery* is in fashion, because fools always dread the being *unfashionable*; and with good reason, because nothing but the fashion could make them supportable.

VER. 165. *The Wit of Cheats, the Courage of a Whore, Are what ten thousand envy and adore:*] And no wonder, for the *wit of Cheats* being the evasion of Justice, and the *Courage of a Whore* the contempt for reputation; these emancipate men from the two tyrannical restraints upon *free spirits*, fear of punishment, and dread of shame. SCRIBL.



## E P I L O G U E

T O T H E

## S A T I R E S.

Written in M D C C X X X V I I I .

## D I A L O G U E I I .

FR.

'T I S all a Libel—Paxton (Sir) will say.

P. Not yet, my Friend! to morrow 'faith  
it may;

And for that very cause I print to day.

How should I fret to mangle ev'ry line,

In rev'rence to the Sins of *Thirty nine!* 5

Vice with such Giant strides comes on amain,

Invention strives to be before in vain;

Feign what I will, and paint it e'er so strong,

Some rising Genius sins up to my Song.

## N O T E S .

VER. 1. *Paxton*] Late solicitor to the Treasury.VER. 8. *Feign what I will, etc.*] The Poet has here introduced an oblique apology for himself with great art. You attack personal characters, say his enemies. No, replies he, so far from that, I paint from my invention; and to prevent a likeness, I exaggerate every feature. But alas! the growth of vice



F. Yet none but you by Name the guilty lash;  
 Ev'n Guthry saves half Newgate by a Dash. 11  
 Spare then the Person, and expose the Vice.

P. How, Sir! not damn the Sharper, but the Dice?  
 Come on then, Satire! gen'ral, unconfin'd,  
 Spread thy broad wing, and sowze on all the kind.  
 Ye Statesmen, Priests, of one Religion all!  
 Ye Tradesmen, vile, in Army, Court, or Hall!  
 Ye Rev'rend Atheists. F. Scandal! name them, Who?

P. Why that's the thing you bid me not to do.  
 Who starv'd a Sister, who forswore a Debt, 20  
 I never nam'd; the Town's enquiring yet.  
 The pois'ning Dame -- F. You mean -- P. I don't.

F. You do,

P. See, now I keep the Secret, and not you!

NOTES.

is so monstrous quick, that it rises up to a resemblance before I can get from the press.

VER. 11. *Ev'n Guthry*] The Ordinary of Newgate, who publishes the memoirs of the Malefactors, and is often prevailed upon to be so tender of their reputation, as to set down no more than the initials of their name. P.

VER. 13. *How, Sir! not damn the Sharper, but the Dice?*] The liveliness of the reply may excuse the bad reasoning; otherwise *the dice*, tho' they rhyme to *vice*, can never stand for it, which his argument requires they should do. For *the dice* are only the *instruments* of fraud; but the question is not, whether the *instrument*, but whether the *act* committed by it, should be exposed, instead of the person.



The bribing Statesman—F. Hold, too high you go.

P. The brib'd Elector—F. There you stoop too low.

P. I fain would please you, if I knew with what;  
Tell me, which Knave is lawful Game, which not?  
Must great Offenders, once escap'd the Crown,  
Like Royal Harts, be never more run down?  
Admit your Law to spare the Knight requires, 30  
As Beasts of Nature may we hunt the Squires?

## NOTES.

VER. 26. *I fain would please you, if I knew with what; Tell me, which Knave is lawful Game, which not?*] I have observed, that our author has invented, and introduced into his writings, a new species of the *sublime*, by heightening it with *wit*. There is a species of *elegance* in his works (of which these lines are an instance) almost as peculiar to him, which he has produced by employing the *simplest* and *tritest* phrases to prevent stiffness, and yet, by a supreme effort of his art, giving them the *dignity* of the choicest. Quintilian was so sensible of the lustre which this throws upon true eloquence under a masterly direction, and of the prejudices against it from the difficulty of succeeding in it; that he says, *Utinam—et verba in usu quotidiano posita minus timeremus.*

VER. 28. *Must great Offenders, etc.*] The case is archly put. Those who escape public justice being the particular property of the Satirist.

VER. 29. *like Royal Harts, etc.*] Alluding to the old Laws of the game, when our Kings spent all the time they could spare from human slaughter, in Woods and Forests.

VER. 31. *As Beasts of Nature may we hunt the Squires?*] The expression is rough, like the subject, but no reflection: For if *beasts of Nature*, then not beasts of their own making; a fault too frequently objected to country Squires. However, the Latin is nobler, *Ferae naturae*, *Things uncivilized*, and free. *Ferae*,



Suppose I censure—you know what I mean —  
To save a Bishop, may I name a Dean?

F. A Dean, Sir? no: his Fortune is not made,  
You hurt a man that's rising in the Trade. 35

P. If not the Tradesman who set up to day,  
Much less the 'Prentice who to morrow may.  
Down, down, proud Satire! tho' a Realm be spoil'd,  
Arraign no mightier Thief than wretched *Wild*;  
Or, if a Court or Country's made a job, 40  
Go drench a Pick-pocket, and join the Mob.

But, Sir, I beg you (for the Love of Vice!)  
The matter's weighty, pray consider twice;  
Have you less pity for the needy Cheat,  
The poor and friendless Villain, than the Great? 45  
Alas! the small Discredit of a Bribe  
Scarce hurts the Lawyer, but undoes the Scribe.

NOTES.

as the Critics say, being from the Hebrew, *Pere*, *Asinus silvestris*. SCRIBL.

VER. 32. *You know what I mean,*] Considering the subject, it is not easy to know what he means.

VER. 35. *You hurt a man that's rising in the Trade.*] For, as the reasonable *De la Bruyere* observes, “ Qui ne fait être un ERASME, doit penser à être *Evêque*.” SCRIBL.

VER. 39. *wretched Wild,*] Jonathan Wild, a famous Thief, and Thief-Impeacher, who was at last caught in his own train and hanged. P.

VER. 42. *for the love of Vice*] We must consider the Poet



Then better sure it Charity becomes  
 To tax Directors, who (thank God) have Plums;  
 Still better, Ministers; or, if the thing 50  
 May pinch ev'n there—why lay it on a King.

F. Stop! stop!

P. Must Satire, then, nor rise nor fall?  
 Speak out, and bid me blame no Rogues at all.

F. Yes, strike that *Wild*, I'll justify the blow.

P. Strike? why the man was hang'd ten years ago:  
 Who now that obsolete Example fears? 56  
 Ev'n Peter trembles only for his Ears.

F. What always Peter? Peter thinks you mad,  
 You make men desp'rate if they once are bad:

NOTES.

as here directing his discourse to a follower of the new system of Politics, That *private vices are public benefits*. SCRIBL.

VER. 51. *why lay it on a King.*] He is serious in the foregoing subjects of satire; but ironical here, and only alludes to the common practice of Ministers, in laying their own miscarriages on their masters.

VER. 55. *Strike? why the man was hang'd ten years ago:*] The line is exquisitely beautiful. The high humour of it, in the unexpected turn, is but it's second praise. It finely carries on the argument, which exposes the false rules and measures of satire, his *Court Friend* would inculcate for his practice, Ver. 28. insinuates, that he is to avoid the proper object of satire, *great offenders*, who have escaped public justice; and this, that he is to seize, in their stead, the little rogues, who have submitted to it.

VER. 57. *Ev'n Peter trembles only for his ears,*] Peter had, the year before this, narrowly escaped the Pillory for forgery: and got off with a severe rebuke only from the bench. P.



Else might he take to Virtue some years hence —

P. As S—k, if he lives, will love the PRINCE.

F. Strange spleen to S—k!

P. Do I wrong the Man?

God knows, I praise a Courtier where I can.

When I confess, there is who feels for Fame, 64

And melts to Goodness, need I SCARB'ROW name?

Pleas'd let me own, in *Esber's* peaceful Grove

(Where *Kent* and Nature vye for PELHAM'S LOVE)

The Scene, the Master, opening to my view,

I sit and dream I see my CRAGGS anew!

Ev'n in a Bishop I can spy Desert; 70

*Secker* is decent, *Rundel* has a Heart,

NOTES.

VER. 64. *feels for Fame, And melts to Goodness*] This is a fine compliment; the expression shewing, that *fame* was but his *second* passion.

VER. 65. *Scarb'row*] Earl of; and Knight of the Garter, whose personal attachments to the king appeared from his steady adherence to the royal interest, after his resignation of his great employment of Master of the Horse; and whose known honour and virtue made him esteemed by all parties. P.

VER. 66. *Esber's peaceful grove,*] The house and gardens of Esber in Surry, belonging to the Honourable Mr. Pelham, Brother of the Duke of Newcastle. The author could not have given a more amiable idea of his Character than in comparing him to Mr. Craggs. P.

VER. 67. *Kent and Nature*] Means no more than *art and nature*. And in this consists the compliment to the Artist.

VER. 71. *Secker is decent*] These words (like those  $\S$  135. of the first *Dialogue*) are another instance of the malignity of



Manners with Candour are to *Benson* giv'n,  
To *Berkley*, ev'ry Virtue under Heav'n.

But does the Court a worthy Man remove?  
That instant, I declare, he has my Love : 75  
I shun his Zenith, court his mild Decline ;  
Thus *SOMMERS* once, and *HALIFAX*, were mine.

## NOTES.

the public judgment. The Poet thought, and not without reason, that they conveyed a very high idea of the worthy person to whom they are applied ; to be *DECENT* (or to become every station of life in which a man is placed) being the noblest encomium on his wisdom and virtue. It is the very topic he employs in speaking of a favourite friend, one he most esteemed and loved,

*Noble and young, who strikes the heart,  
With ev'ry sprightly, ev'ry DECENT part.*

The word in both places implying *every endowment of the heart*. As in that celebrated verse of Horace, from whence the expression was taken, and which no one has a better right to apply to himself than this excellent prelate :

*Quid verum atque DECENS curo et rogo, et omnis in hoc sum.*

So that to be *decent* is to excell in the moral character.

VER. 76. *But does the court a worthy Man remove?*] The poet means, *remove him for his worth* : not that he esteemed the being *in* or *out* a proof either of corruption, or virtue. " I had a glympse of a letter of yours lately (says he to Dr. Swift) by which I find you are, *like the vulgar*, apter to think well of people *out* of power, than of people *in* power. Perhaps 'tis a mistake ; but, however, there is something in it generous." *Lett. xvii. Sept. 3, 1726.*

VER. 77. *Sommers*] John Lord Sommers died in 1716. He had been Lord Keeper in the reign of William III. who took from him the seals in 1700. The author had the honour of knowing him in 1706. A faithful, able, and incorrupt minister ; who, to the qualities of a consummate statesman, added those of a man of Learning and Politeness. P.



Oft, in the clear, still Mirrour of Retreat,  
 I study'd SHREWSBURY, the wise and great:  
 CARLETON's calm Sense, and STANHOPE's noble  
     Flame, 80  
 Compar'd, and knew their gen'rous End the same:  
 How pleasing ATTERBURY's softer hour!  
 How shin'd the Soul, unconquer'd in the Tow'r!  
 How can I PULT'NEY, CHESTERFIELD forget,  
 While Roman Spirit charms, and Attic Wit: 85  
 ARGYLL, the State's whole Thunder born to wield,  
 And shake alike the Senate and the Field:  
 Or WYNDHAM, just to Freedom and the Throne,  
 The Master of our Passions, and his own. 89

## NOTES.

VER. 77. *Halifax*] A peer, no less distinguished by his love of letters than his abilities in Parliament. He was disgraced in 1710, on the Change of Q. Anne's ministry. P.

VER. 79. *Shrewsbury*,] Charles Talbot, Duke of Shrewsbury, had been Secretary of state, Embassador in France, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Lord Chamberlain, and Lord Treasurer. He several times quitted his employments, and was often recalled. He died in 1718. P.

VER. 80. *Carleton*] Hen. Boyle, Lord Carleton (nephew of the famous Robert Boyle) who was Secretary of state under William III. and President of the Council under Q. Anne. P.

Ibid. *Stanhope*] James Earl Stanhope. A Nobleman of equal courage, spirit, and learning. General in Spain, and Secretary of state. P.

VER. 84. *Chesterfield*] Philip Earl of Chesterfield, commonly given by Writers of all Parties for an EXAMPLE to the Age he lives in, of *superior talents*, and *public Virtue*.

VER. 88. *Wyndham*] Sir William Wyndham, Chancellor of



Names, which I long have lov'd, nor lov'd in vain,  
Rank'd with their Friends, not number'd with their  
Train ;

And if yet higher the proud List should end,  
Still let me say ! No Follower, but a Friend.

Yet think not, Friendship only prompts my lays ;  
I follow *Virtue* ; where she shines, I praise : 95  
Point she to Priest or Elder, Whig or Tory,  
Or round a Quaker's Beaver cast a Glory.

I never (to my sorrow I declare)

Din'd with the MAN of ROSS, or my LORD MAY'R.

Some, in their choice of Friends (nay look not grave)

Have still a secret Byass to a Knave : 101

To find an honest man I beat about,

And love him, court him, praise him, in or out.

NOTES.

The Exchequer under Queen Anne, made early a considerable figure ; but since a much greater both by his ability and eloquence, joined with the utmost judgment and temper. P.

VER. 92. *And if yet higher, etc.*] He was at this time honoured with the esteem and favour of his Royal Highness the Prince.

VER. 93. *Still let me say ! No Follower, but a Friend.*] i. e. Unrelated to their *parties*, and attached only to their *persons*.

VER. 99. *my Lord May'r.*] Sir John Barnard, Lord Mayor in the year of the Poem, 1738. A Citizen eminent for his virtue, public Spirit, and great talents in Parliament. An excellent Man, Magistrate, and Senator. In the year 1747, the City of London, in memory of his many and signal services to his Country, erected a Statue to him. But his image had been placed long before in the heart of every good Man.



F. Then why so few commended?

P. Not so fierce;  
 Find you the Virtue, and I'll find the Verse. 105  
 But random Praise—the task can ne'er be done;  
 Each Mother asks it for her booby Son,  
 Each Widow asks it for *the Best of Men*,  
 For him she weeps, and him she weds agen.  
 Praise cannot stoop, like Satire, to the ground; 110  
 The Number may be hang'd, but not be crown'd.  
 Enough for half the Greatest of these days,  
 To 'scape my Censure, not expect my Praise.  
 Are they not rich? what more can they pretend?  
 Dare they to hope a Poet for their Friend? 115  
 What RICHLIEU wanted, LOUIS scarce could gain,  
 And what young AMMON wish'd, but wish'd in vain.

## NOTES.

VER. 102. *To find an honest man, etc.*] In this search, in which he was very sincere, it would have been well if he had not sometimes trusted to the reports of others, who had *less penetration, but more passions* to gratify.

VER. 116. *What Richlieu wanted, etc.*] The thing here insinuated is, that the greatest character for *Politics, Munificence, or Conquests*, when separate from virtue, would never gain the praises of the *true Poet*. But *munificence* approaching nearer to Virtue than the other two qualities, he says, *Louis scarce could gain*; while *Richlieu* and *young Ammon* went without.

Ibid. *Louis scarce could gain,*] By this expression finely insinuating, that the great *Boileau* always falls below himself in those passages where he flatters his Master. Of which flattery he gives



No Pow'r the Muse's Friendship can command;  
 No Pow'r, when Virtue claims it, can withstand:  
 To *Cato*, *Virgil* pay'd one honest line; 120  
 O let my Country's Friends illumin mine!  
 —What are you thinking? F. Faith the thought's  
 no sin,  
 I think your Friends are out, and would be in.

P. If merely to come in, Sir, they go out,  
 The way they take is strangely round about. 125

F. They too may be corrupted, you'll allow?

P. I only call those Knaves who are so now.

Is that too little? Come then, I'll comply—  
 Spirit of *Arnall!* aid me while I lye.

## NOTES.

an instance in  $\psi$  231. where the topic of adulation is exceeding childish and extravagant.

VER. 120. *To Cato, Virgil pay'd one honest line.*] It is in the *ÆN.*

*His dantem jura Catonem.*

Ibid. *Virgil paid one honest line,*] i. e. If Virgil, who was a Courtier, paid *one* honest line, how many are due from me, who am none?

VER. 121. *O let my Country's friends illumin mine!*] A pretty expression, alluding to the old practice of illuminating MSS. with gold and vermilion.

VER. 127. *I only call those Knaves who are so now.*] He left it to Time to tell them,

*Cato is as great a Rogue as you.*

not the *Cato* of Virgil, but the *Cato* of Mr. Pope. See the *Ep. on Riches.*

VER. 129. *Spirit of Arnall!*] Look for him in his place. Dunc. B. ii.  $\psi$  315.



COBHAM'S a Coward, POLWARTH is a Slave,  
 And LYTTLETON a dark, designing Knave,  
 ST. JOHN has ever been a wealthy Fool—  
 But let me add, Sir ROBERT'S mighty dull,  
 Has never made a Friend in private life,  
 And was, besides, a Tyrant to his Wife. 135

But pray, when others praise him, do I blame?  
 Call Verres, Wolfey, any odious name?  
 Why rail they then, if but a Wreath of mine,  
 Oh All-accomplish'd ST. JOHN! deck thy shrine?

What? shall each spurgall'd Hackney of the day,  
 When Paxton gives him double Pots and Pay, 141  
 Or each new-pension'd Sycophant, pretend  
 To break my Windows if I treat a Friend?  
 Then wisely plead, to me they meant no hurt,  
 But 'twas my Guest at whom they threw the dirt?

NOTES.

VER. 130. *Polwarth.*] The Hon. Hugh Hume, Son of Alexander Earl of Marchmont, Grandson of Patric Earl of Marchmont, and distinguished, like them, in the cause of Liberty. P.

VER. 136. *do I blame? Call Verres, Wolfey, any odious name?*] The Leaders of Parties, be they as florid as they will, generally do their business by compendium: A single rule of Rhetoric, which they may have learnt of Quintilian, or perhaps of a much older Sophist, does their business, *Si nihil, quod nos adjuvet, erit, quæramus quid Adversarium lædat.* SCRIB.

VER. 141. *When Paxton gives him double pots and pay,*] If this band of Pensioners were so offensive while embodied and under discipline, what must we think of their disorders since they were disbanded and become free-booters? No virtue nor merit hath escaped them. They have made a great City in the South,  
 VOL. IV.



Sure, if I spare the Minister, no rules  
Of Honour bind me, not to maul his Tools ;  
Sure, if they cannot cut, it may be said  
His Saws are toothless, and his Hatchet's Lead.

It anger'd TURENNE, once upon a day, 150  
To see a Footman kick'd that took his pay :  
But when he heard th' Affront the Fellow gave,  
Knew one a Man of honour, one a Knave ;  
The prudent Gen'ral turn'd it to a jest, 154  
And begg'd, he'd take the pains to kick the rest :  
Which not at present having time to do—  
F. Hold Sir ! for God's-fake where's th' Affront  
to you ?

Against your worship when had S—k writ ?  
Or P—ge pour'd forth the Torrent of his Wit ?  
Or grant the Bard whose distich all commend 160  
[*In Pow'r a Servant, out of Pow'r a friend*]  
To W—le guilty of some venial sin ;  
What's that to you who ne'er was out nor in ?

The Priest whose Flattery be-dropt the Crown,  
How hurt he you ? he only stain'd the Gown.

## NOTES.

too much resemble another in the North, where the products of night and darkness are discharged from *Garrets* on every honest man that comes within their reach.

VER. 160. *the Bard*] A verse taken out of a poem to Sir R. W. P.



And how did, pray, the florid Youth offend, 166

Whose Speech you took, and gave it to a Friend?

P. Faith, it imports not much from whom it came;

Whoever borrow'd, could not be to blame,

Since the whole House did afterwards the same. }

Let Courtly Wits to Wits afford supply, 171

As Hog to Hog in huts of Westphaly;

If one, thro' Nature's Bounty or his Lord's,

Has what the frugal, dirty soil affords,

From him the next receives it, thick or thin, 175

As pure a mess almost as it came in;

The blessed benefit, not there confin'd,

Drops to the third, who nuzzles close behind;

From tail to mouth, they feed and they carouse;

The last full fairly gives it to the House. 180

F. This filthy simile, this beastly line  
Quite turns my stomach ---

P. So does Flatt'ry mine;

And all your courtly Civet-cats can vent,

Perfume to you, to me is Excrement.

NOTES.

VER. 164. *The Priest, etc.*] Spoken not of any particular priest, but of many priests. P.

VER. 166. *And how did, etc.*] This seems to allude to a complaint made *ŷ* 71. of the preceding Dialogue. P.



But hear me further --- Japhet, 'tis agreed, 185  
 Writ not, and Chartres scarce could write or read,  
 In all the Courts of Pindus guiltless quite;  
 But Pens can forge, my Friend, that cannot write;  
 And must no Egg in Japhet's face be thrown,  
 Because the Deed he forg'd was not my own?  
 Must never Patriot then declaim at Gin, 191  
 Unless, good man! he has been fairly in?  
 No zealous Pastor blame a failing Spouse,  
 Without a staring Reason on his brows?  
 And each Blasphemer quite escape the rod, 195  
 Because the insult's not on Man, but God?  
 Ask you what Provocation I have had?  
 The strong Antipathy of Good to Bad.  
 When Truth or Virtue an Affront endures,  
 Th'Affront is mine, my friend, and should be yours.  
 Mine, as a Foe profess'd to false Pretence, 201  
 Who think a Coxcomb's Honour like his Sense;

## VARIATIONS.

VER. 185. in the MS.

I grant it, Sir; and further, 'tis agreed,  
 Japhet writ not, and Chartres scarce could read,

## NOTES.

VER. 185. *Japhet* — *Chartres*] See the Epistle to Lord Bathurst. P.



Mine, as a Friend to ev'ry worthy mind ;  
 And mine as Man, who feel for all mankind.

F. You're strangely proud.

P. So proud, I am no Slave : }  
 So impudent, I own myself no Knave : 206 }  
 So odd, my Country's Ruin makes me grave.  
 Yes, I am proud ; I must be proud to see  
 Men not afraid of God, afraid of me :  
 Safe from the Bar, the Pulpit, and the Throne,  
 Yet touch'd and sham'd by Ridicule alone. 211

O sacred weapon ! left for Truth's defence,  
 Sole Dread of Folly, Vice, and Insolence !  
 To all but Heav'n-directed hands deny'd,  
 The Muse may give thee, but the Gods must guide :

NOTES.

VER. 204. *And mine as Man, who feel for all mankind.*] From Terence : " Homo sum : humani nihil a me alienum puto." P.

VER. 208. *Yes, I am proud ; etc.*] In this ironical exultation the Poet insinuates a subject of the deepest humiliation.

VER. 211. *Yet touch'd and sham'd by Ridicule alone.*] The Passions are given us to awake and support Virtue. But they frequently betray their trust, and go over to the interests of Vice. Ridicule, when employed in the cause of Virtue, shames and brings them back to their duty. Hence the use and importance of *Satire*.

VER. 214. *To all but Heav'n-directed hands*] " The Citizen " (says *Plato*, in his fifth book of *Laws*) who does no injury to " any one, without question, merits our esteem. He, who, " not content with being barely just himself, opposes the " course of injustice, by prosecuting it before the Magistrate, " merits our esteem vastly more. The *first* discharges the du-



Rev'rent I touch thee ! but with honest zeal ;  
 To rouse the Watchmen of the public Weal,  
 To Virtue's work provoke the tardy Hall,  
 And goad the Prelate slumb'ring in his Stall.  
 Ye tinsel Insects ! whom a Court maintains, 220  
 That counts your Beauties only by your Stains,

## NOTES.

“ ty of a single Citizen ; but the *other* does the office of a  
 “ Body. But he whose zeal stops not here, but proceeds to  
 “ ASSIST THE MAGISTRATE IN PUNISHING is the most  
 “ precious blessing of Society. This is the PERFECT CITI-  
 “ ZEN, to whom we should adjudge the *prize of Virtue.*”

VER. 219. *And goad the Prelate slumb'ring in his Stall.*] The good *Eusebius*, in his *Evangelical Preparation*, draws a long parallel between the *Ox* and the *Christian Priesthood*. Hence the dignified Clergy, out of mere humility, have ever since called their *thrones* by the name of *stalls*. To which a great Prelate of Winchester, one *W. Edinton*, modestly alluding, (who otherwise had been long since forgotten) has rendered his name immortal by this ecclesiastical aphorism, *Canterbury is the higher rack, but Winchester is the better manger*. By which, however, it appears that he was not one of those here condemned, who *slumber in their stalls*. SCRIBL.

VER. 220. *Ye tinsel Insects ! whom a Court maintains, That counts your Beauties only by your Stains, Spin all your Cobwebs]* And again, to the same purpose, in the *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot*,

*Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?*

*Yet let me flap this bug with gilded wings,*

*This painted child of Dirt, that stinks and stings.*

These, it is objected, are Insects not of Nature's creating, but the Poet's, and therefore such compound images are to be condemned. One would think, by this, that *mixed qualities* troubled the sense, as much as *mixed metaphors* do the style. But whoever thinks so, is mistaken. The fault of *mixed meta-*



Spin all your Cobwebs o'er the Eye of Day!  
 The Muse's wing shall brush you all away:  
 All his Grace preaches, all his Lordship sings,  
 All that makes Saints of Queens, and Gods of Kings.

## NOTES.

*phors* is, that they call the *imagination* from image to image, when it is the writer's purpose to fix it upon one. On the contrary, *mixed qualities* do their office rightly, and inform the *understanding* of what the author would insinuate, that the *moral insect* is a more worthless creature than the *physical*, as he collects together, in one individual, many bad or trifling qualities, which nature had dispersed in several. And when, in fact, we see them so collected; as venom, sophistry, and insidiousness, in a *Court-Butterfly*, the giving it the *bite* of the bug, and the *web* of the spider, makes it a *monster* indeed, but a monster of nature's producing, and not the poet's,

*cujus velut ægri somnia vanæ*

*Fingentur species.*

VER. 223. *Ye Insects* — *The Muse's wing shall brush you all away:*] This it did very effectually; and the memory of them had been now forgotten, had not the Poet's charity, for a while, protracted their miserable Being. There is now in his library a complete collection of all the horrid Libels written and published against him;

*The tale reviv'd, the lye so oft o'ertrown,  
 Th'imputed trash, and dulness not his own;  
 The morals blacken'd, when the writings 'scape,  
 The libell'd Person, and the pictur'd shape.*

These he had bound up in several volumes, according to their various sizes, from folios down to duodecimos; and to each of them hath affixed this motto out of the book of Job:

*Behold, my desire is, that mine adversary should write a book.  
 Surely I should take it upon my shoulder, and bind it as a crown  
 to me. Ch. xxxi. v 35, 36.*

VER. 224. *Cobwebs*] Weak and slight sophistry against virtue and honour. Thin colours over vice, as unable to hide the light of Truth, as cobwebs to shade the sun. P.



All, all but Truth, drops dead-born from the Press,  
Like the last Gazette, or the last Address. 227

When black Ambition stains a public Cause,  
A Monarch's sword when mad Vain-glory draws,  
Not Waller's Wreath can hide the Nation's Scar,  
Nor Boileau turn the Feather to a Star. 231

Not so, when diadem'd with rays divine,  
Touch'd with the Flame that breaks from *Virtue's*  
Shrine,  
Her Priestess's Muse forbids the Good to die,  
And opes the Temple of *Eternity*. 235

## VARIATIONS.

After  $\forall$  227. in the MS.

Where's now the Star that lighted Charles to rise?  
—With that which follow'd Julius to the skies.  
Angels, that watch'd the Royal Oak so well,  
How chanc'd ye nod, when luckless Sorel fell?  
Hence, lying miracles! reduc'd so low  
As to the regal-touch, and papal-toe;  
Hence haughty Edgar's title to the Main,  
Britain's to France, and thine to India, Spain!

## NOTES.

VER. 228. *When black Ambition etc.*] The case of Cromwell in the civil war of England; and ( $\forall$  229.) of Louis XIV. in his conquest of the Low Countries. P.

VER. 231. *Nor Boileau turn the Feather to a Star.*] See his Ode on Namur; where (to use his own words) “il a fait un  
“Astre de la Plume blanche que le Roy porte ordinairement  
“à son Chapeau, et qui est en effet une espece de Comete,  
“fatale à nos ennemis.” P.



There, other Trophies deck the truly brave,  
 Than such as Anstis casts into the Grave;  
 Far other Stars than \* and \*\* wear,  
 And may descend to Mordington from STAIR:  
 (Such as on HOUGH's unfully'd Mitre shine, 240  
 Or beam, good DIGBY, from a heart like thine)  
 Let *Envy* howl, while Heav'n's whole Chorus sings,  
 And bark at Honour not confer'd by Kings;  
 Let *Flatt'ry* sickening see the Incense rise,  
 Sweet to the World, and grateful to the Skies:  
 Truth guards the Poet, sanctifies the line, 246  
 And makes immortal, Verse as mean as mine.

Yes, the last Pen for Freedom let me draw,  
 When Truth stands trembling on the edge of Law;

## NOTES.

VER. 237. *Anstis*] The chief Herald at Arms. It is the custom, at the funeral of great peers, to cast into the grave the broken staves and ensigns of honour. P.

VER. 239. *Stair*;] John Dalrymple Earl of Stair, Knight of the Thistle; served in all the wars under the Duke of Marlborough; and afterwards as Embassador in France. P.

VER. 240, 241. *Hough and Digby*] Dr. John Hough Bishop of Worcester, and the Lord Digby. The one an assertor of the Church of England in opposition to the false measures of King James II. The other as firmly attached to the cause of that King. Both acting out of principle, and equally men of honour and virtue. P.

VER. 249. *on the edge of Law*:] From the summit of law is a dreadful precipice, which may well make Truth herself tremble. And from thence came the common proverb, *Summum jus, summa injuria*. SCRIBL.



Here, Last of Britons! let your Names be read;  
 Are none, none living? let me praise the Dead,  
 And for that Cause which made your Fathers shine,  
 Fall by the Votes of their degen'rate Line.

Fr. Alas! alas! pray end what you began,  
 And write next winter more *Essays on Man*. 255

## VARIATIONS.

Ver. 255, in the MS.

Quit, quit these themes, and write *Essays on Man*.

## NOTES.

VER. *ult.*] This was the last poem of the kind printed by our author, with a resolution to publish no more; but to enter thus, in the most plain and solemn manner he could, a sort of PROTEST against that insuperable corruption and depravity of manners, which he had been so unhappy as to live to see. Could he have hoped to have amended any, he had continued those attacks; but bad men were grown so shameless and so powerful, that Ridicule was become as unsafe as it was ineffectual. The Poem raised him, as he knew it would, some enemies; but he had reason to be satisfied with the approbation of good men, and the testimony of his own conscience. P.