



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

Dialogue II.

Nutzungsbedingungen

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EPILOGUE
TO THE
SATIRES.

Written in MDCCLXXXVIII.

DIALOGUE II.

FR.

'TIS 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'ence 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.

NOTES.

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 ψ 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. ψ 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 ho-
 nest 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 ν 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 (ν 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 Ambassador 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.