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Between Verbal and Practical Virtue, by Anonymous et al.**

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*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK THE SCRIBLERIAD, AND THE
DIFFERENCE BETWEEN VERBAL AND PRACTICAL VIRTUE ***

THE AUGUSTAN REPRINT SOCIETY

THE SCRIBLERIAD

(Anonymous)
(1742)

LORD HERVEY

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN VERBAL AND PRACTICAL VIRTUE

(1742)

Introduction by A. J. SAMBROOK

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INTRODUCTION

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Though they are never particularly edifying, literary quarrels may at times be educative. Always savage, attacks on Pope reached their lowest depths of scurrility in 1742, when, in addition to the usual prose and doggerel verse pamphlets, engravings were being circulated portraying Pope in a brothel—this on the basis of the story told in the notorious *Letter from Mr. Cibber to Mr. Pope*, dated 7 July 1742.[1] The Augustan Reprint Society has already reissued three of the anonymous Grub Street attacks made upon Pope in this busy year,[2] but the present volume is intended to complete the picture of the battle-lines by reprinting a verse attack launched from the court—by Hervey presenting himself as Cibber’s ally—and a verse defence that comes, in point of artistry, clearly from or near Grub Street itself.

Lord Hervey’s verses, *The Difference between Verbal and Practical Virtue*, were published between 21 and 24 August 1742, less than a week after the same author’s prose pamphlet (*A Letter to Mr. C—b—r, On his Letter to Mr. P—r*.) which had compared the art of Pope and Cibber to Cibber’s advantage, and had roundly concluded that Pope was “a second-rate Poet, a bad Companion, a dangerous Acquaintance, an inveterate, implacable Enemy, nobody’s Friend, a noxious Member of Society, and a thorough bad Man.” In the course of the prose pamphlet Hervey had suggested that there was a certain incongruity between Pope’s true character and his assumed *persona* of the “virtuous man,” and this incongruity forms the main subject of his verse attack. Here Hervey finds examples of “the difference between verbal and practical virtue” in the lives of Horace, Seneca, and Sallust, before turning to lampoon Pope crossly and ineptly. The attack on Horace is well conceived for Hervey’s purpose and calculated to damage Pope who was in so many eyes, including his own, the modern heir of that ancient poet, but the straight abuse directed against Pope’s person is sad stuff. Such lines as those on the “yelping Mungril” (p. 6) serve only to show how squarely the “well-bred Spaniels” taunt in the *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot* had hit its target. Hervey’s poem carried a prefatory letter headed “Mr. C—b—er to Mr. P.,” making out that Cibber had a hand in writing the poem itself. Coming so soon after Hervey’s *Letter to Cibber*, which had carried the markedly intimate subscription “With the greatest Gratitude and Truth, most affectionately yours,” this prefatory letter to the poem further emphasized Hervey’s firm and deliberate alliance with Cibber.

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Evidently it was the strangeness of this alliance between the two opponents of Pope that struck the fancy of that unidentified “Scriblerus” whose “Epistle to the Dunces,” *The Scribleriad*, was published between 30 September and 2 October 1742. When Hervey was “affectionately yours” to Cibber, the two stood shoulder to shoulder so temptingly open to a single volley that the author of *The Scribleriad* could fairly claim, as Pope had claimed in the appendix to *The Dunciad Variorum* of 1729, that “the *Poem was not made for these Authors, but these Authors for the Poem*.” Hervey appears as “Narcissus,” the nickname Pope had used for him in *The New Dunciad*. A “late Vice-Chamberlain” (because he had been dismissed from that post in July 1742) still gorged with the fulsome dedication of Conyers Middleton’s *Life of Cicero* (1741), he is shown (pp. 11-13) rousing Cibber. Cibber’s situation, reclining on the lap of Dulness where he is found by Hervey, is taken from *The New Dunciad*, while his general Satanic role parallels Theobald’s in *The Dunciad Variorum*. This may reflect common knowledge that Pope was at work on revisions that would raise Cibber to the Dunces’ throne, but the belief that Cibber was King of the Dunces had been widespread from the date of his appointment as Poet Laureate.[3] *The Scribleriad* follows the general run of satires against Cibber—attacking his senile infatuation for Peg Woffington, his violently demagogic and chauvinistic *Nonjuror* (first acted in 1717 but still drawing an

audience in 1741), his laureate odes and his frank commercialization of art.

Although the writer of *The Scribleriad* was obviously prompted by the example of *The Dunciad* and borrows many details from Pope, his poem has very little of that mock-epic quality its title might lead a reader to expect. There are slight traces of parody of Virgil when, on page 16, Cibber appears as Aeneas (the character he was soon to assume in *The Dunciad in Four Books*) and the epicene Hervey is portrayed as a rejuvenated Sybil guiding the hero through a hell of duncery. There are hints of *Paradise Lost* too, when Cibber, Satan-like, undertakes his mission (p. 17) and the dunces, Belial-like, agree “they’re better in a cursed State, Than to be totally annihilate” (p. 5). But “Scriblerus” use of Virgil and Milton, unlike Pope’s, does not import some graver meaning into his poem; it provides him with neither a framework of moral symbols nor a continuous narrative thread.

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The action is slight and its setting vague. Sometimes we are in a brothel, crowded with bullies, punks, lords, draymen and linkboys, and managed by Cibber (pp. 11-12) or by Dulness (p. 10). This setting, together with the claim that Cibber’s own muse is a prostitute (p. 8), serves as a retort to the Tom-Tit in the brothel story in Cibber’s *Letter to Pope* and to emphasize the element of literary prostitution in the activities of Cibber and his like. At other times the setting is a regular dunces’ club (pp. 9, 16) of the type chronicled in the pages of *The Grub Street Journal*. Towards the end of the poem it is an Assembly Room (p. 19) presided over by the Goddess of Puffs (a happy development of that more commonplace mythical figure “Fame,” Dulness’ handmaiden in *The New Dunciad*) who sets a test for the dunces and judges their performance. Only in this concluding episode can this rather shapeless poem (which certainly is neither the mock epic nor the epistle that its title-page promises) be assigned to any regular literary “kind.” This “kind” is that favorite of the seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries, the “Sessions Poem.”[4]

“Scriblerus” account of the sessions of the dunces is more allusive and particularized than the rest of the poem and consequently calls for somewhat more detailed comment. The chief cases at the sessions embrace the pamphlet battle of summer 1742 and theatrical rivalry in the 1741-42 London season. Cibber’s contribution to the paper-war, the *Letter to Pope* (written according to Cibber “At the Desire of several Persons of Quality”), is introduced at page 17 and consigned on page 19 to William Lewis its printer. Hervey stalks in “under VIRTUE’s Name” in a “borrow’d Shape” (p. 24), an allusion to the suggestion in the prefatory epistle to *The Difference between Verbal and Practical Virtue* that the poem was Cibber’s work. (The “horse him” on 25 of *The Scribleriad* refers to Cibber’s adaptation of Shakespeare’s *Richard III*.) Other pamphlets issued in August 1742 are mentioned on page 24—*Sawney and Colley*,[5] which “Scriblerus” calls “CLODDY’s Dialogue,” and *A Blast upon Bays*. [6]

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Turning to the theatre, “Scriblerus” attacks all three major companies of the 1741-42 London season. He first introduces the two patented theatres, Drury Lane and Covent Garden, as rivals only in that debased dramatic form the pantomime. “The angry Quack” (p. 25) is John Weaver, dancing master at Drury Lane and author of *Anatomical and Mechanical Lectures upon Dancing* (1721), who claimed for himself [7] the credit of having originated pantomime upon the English stage. Weaver’s *Orpheus and Eurydice* at Drury Lane (1718) was hardly noticed, whereas John Rich had more recently bestowed “an ORPHEUS on the Town” (p. 25) to very different effect. Rich’s *Orpheus and Eurydice: With the Metamorphoses of Harlequin* had opened on 12 February 1740 at Covent Garden, where he was manager. With Rich himself as Harlequin, it was a wild success that season—remaining a regular and highly popular afterpiece through the 1741-42 season and later.

What *The Scribleriad* tells us of “Ambivius Turpio, the Stage ‘Squire” (p. 26) suggests that he is to be identified with Charles Fleetwood, Esq., [8] the wealthy, inexperienced amateur who managed Drury Lane (this even though the original Ambivius Turpio was an actor, while Fleetwood, apparently, was not). All managers were frequently involved in disputes over actors’ pay, but Fleetwood’s were the most notorious. It was the Drury Lane company that included “the contending POLLYS” (p. 27)—Mrs. Cibber and Mrs. Clive who had bitterly quarrelled in 1736 over who should play that role in *The Beggar’s Opera*. Fleetwood, like Rich, gave a play for the benefit of Shakespeare’s monument in Westminster Abbey. [9] What little that Fleetwood knew of management he might well have learned from his one-time under-manager Theophilus Cibber, the “young PTOLOMY” (p. 27) who, of course, had derived his knowledge from his “great Sire alone.”

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The third theatre attacked in *The Scribleriad* is Goodman’s Fields. Its manager, Henry Giffard, had no patent, but contrived to evade the Licensing Act by the subterfuge of charging admission to a concert in two parts and then offering, “gratis” in the interval, a regular full-length play and afterpiece. The “City Wrath” (p. 26) arose from the fact that the theatre was inside the City boundaries and was thought to encourage vice; indeed, Sir John Barnard and his fellow aldermen managed to prevent it opening for the 1742-43 season and thereafter. Allusions in the poem are to the theatre’s highly successful 1741-42 season when Garrick sprang to fame as Cibber’s Richard III and also played Tate’s King Lear. On page 26 “Scriblerus” sneers at Garrick’s small stature, [10] and refers to the impropriety of including the figure of Cato in the décor at Goodman’s Fields.

Targets outside the three theatrical companies are chosen from among the obvious ones already attacked by Pope. Mrs. Haywood, who in 1742 had turned publisher under the sign

5. See note 2 above.

6. An anti-Cibber work in prose. It is doubtful that "Scriblerus," who thought this work did more harm than good to Pope's cause, would have endorsed the British Museum catalogue's attribution of it to Pope himself.

7. In *The History of the Mimes and Pantomimes* (1728).

8. Some account of Fleetwood may be found in R. W. Buss, *Charles Fleetwood, Holder of the Drury Lane Theatre Patent* (privately printed, 1915). There are hostile contemporary accounts of Fleetwood in Henry Carey's epistle *Of Stage Tyrants* [(1735) reprinted in *The Poems of Henry Carey*, ed. F. T. Wood (1930)], in Charlotte Charke's *The Art of Management* (1735), and in *A Narrative of the Life of Mrs. Charlotte Charke, Youngest Daughter of Colley Cibber, Written by Herself* (1735).

9. *Julius Caesar*, on 28 April 1738. Rich offered *Hamlet* on 10 April 1739.

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10. A lady once asked Foote, "Pray, Sir, are your puppets to be as large as life?" "Oh dear, Madam, no: not much above the size of Garrick." See William Cooke, *Memoirs of Samuel Foote* (1805), II, 58.

11. Theobald never published his long promised translation of Aeschylus; but, by bracketing it with Cooke's musical farce from Terence, *The Eunuch*, which was performed (Drury Lane, 17 May 1737), "Scriblerus" seems to imply that he did complete it.

12. The immediate target of this shaft was the waxwork show kept by Mrs. Salmon near St. Dunstan's Church in Fleet Street, but the original "Merlin's Cave" built for Queen Caroline in 1735 remained a standing jest into the 1740's.

13. "Consedere duces et vulgi stante corona surgit ad hos clipei dominus septemplex" (*Met.*, XIII, 1-2). Dryden translates:

The Chiefs were set; the Soldiers crown'd the Field:
To these the Master of the seven-fold Shield
Upstart'd fierce.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

The text of this edition of *The Scribleriad* is reproduced from a copy in the Library of St. David's College, Lampeter, and that of *The Difference between Verbal and Practical Virtue* from a copy in the British Museum.

THE SCRIBLERIAD.

BEING AN
EPISTLE
TO THE
DUNCES,

On RENEWING their
ATTACK upon Mr. POPE,
UNDER THEIR
LEADER the LAUREAT.

By SCRIBLERUS.

*No Author ever spares a Brother;
Wits are Game Cocks to one another.* GAY.

[Pg 1]

THE

[Pg 3]

SCRIBLERIAD.

AN

EPISTLE

The Wits are jarring, and the Witlings strive,
To keep the *dying* Quarrel still *alive*;
So shallow Gamesters, tho' they nothing get,
All blind the *Dupe*, and aid the *sly Deceit*.

Attend, ye SCRIBLERS! to your Leader's Call,
Good Sense condemn, and pointed Satire maul;
Ye DUNCES too! for ye not differ more
Than *Bluff* and *Wittol*, or than *Bawd* and *Whore*:
High on the Pedestal of Rank and State,
Mounts rich *Sir Duncce*, and seems to ape the Great;
Whilst low beneath the wretched Scribler lies,
And his Inscription unrewarded eyes;
Equal are they, whom *blund'ring Measures* raise,
And Bards who sasly censure, as they praise;
The *Statesman*, well examin'd, will appear
But Counterpart of his dear *Gazetteer*:
Tho' One in his gilt Chariot proudly rolls,
Or heads in *D—g-Room* his Brother Tools—
And Th' other labours hard whate'er he says,
Shining in Coffee-house with doubtful Phrase;
Still restless in all Stations, pleas'd with none;
For ever climbing, yet for ever down:
Oft have we seen, that *Noblemen* have wrote,
And *Authors* sometimes, strutting in *lac'd Coat*;
But widely then from Nature's Ends they err,
And play the Farce quite out of Character.

[Pg 4]

As well may pious Jobbers of the Alley
Pretend the *flying Troops* of *France* to rally.
To proper Spheres, my Friends! yourselves confine!
When COLLEY writes, a *Duncce* may praise each Line;
Whether *my Lord at Length*, he views the Plan,
Or sculks beneath a *certain Gentleman*;
But if that Lord the *Pen* or *Press* invade,
Rouse, rouse, ye Tribe! he'll undermine your Trade,
Tho' not one brilliant Thought should hurt the whole,
And ev'ry Verse be bad, or lame, or stole,
Still, like a *mad Dog*, hunt th' Usurper dead,
Tho' he *for Fame*, ye scribble to *be fed*;
He stands condemn'd, who robs ye of your *Bread*.

[Pg 5]

But if a Genius rise, whose pointed Wit
Corrects your Morals, and all Tastes shall fit,
Claim then the Privilege to be his Foes,
Ye cannot shine, but when ye Worth oppose.
When ye *deny* him *Fame*, ye *fix* your *own*,
And to be satirized, is to be known.
Some hold, they're better in a cursed State,
Than to be totally annihilate;
Thrice happy then, ye deathless, duncely Train!
The Subjects of the higher DUNCIAD'S Strain.
How many, who have Reams of Paper spoil'd,
Have often sleepless Nights obscurely toil'd,
And buried in their Eggs, like Silkworms, lay
'Till his warm Satire shew'd them Life and Day?
Here then, my Sons, is all your living Hope,
To be immortal Scriblers, rail at POPE.

[Pg 6]

Snatch'd from Oblivion, there the *Dunces* soar,
 TIBBALD their Monarch dubb'd, can ask no more,
 Nor less shall ye—now COLLEY gives the Word,
 Rouse up! and crowd into the next Record,
 Or, lost to Memory, no other Page
 Can possibly retrieve ye half an Age;
 And now the glad Occasion aptly calls,
 To *break* more *Printers*, and to *spread* more *Stalls*;
 To save your *Names* from *Lethe*, tho' your Books
 Are doom'd the Prize of *Fruiterers* and *Cooks*.
 The Streams of *Helicon* once clearly flow'd,
 And Heav'n in their resplendent Bosom shew'd,
 Whilst verdant Groves the sacred Mountain spread;
 Then *Pegasus* on Balms and Myrtles fed:
 Now blighted *Thistles* only crown the Top,
 Which Herds of young *poetic Asses* crop;
 And, choak'd with common Sew'rs, like *Fleet-ditch* Flood,
 Its sable Waters writhe along the Mud;
 Nor murm'ring wake, nor seem they quite asleep,
 Whilst *Wits*, like *Water-rats*, around them creep.
 If any shou'd attempt to cleanse your Streams,
 Or wake ye from your kind lethargic Dreams,
 Assert your Right, and render vain their Toil;
 Yours is the Filth, then join and guard your Soil!
 And lest ye're diffident to aid the Cause,
 Not wholly yet broke loose from Reason's Laws,
 View the strange Wonders of the present Times,
 Let Empires sleep, but hear the Fate of Rhimes.
 Let POPE lull all his *Dunces* with a Yawn,
 Wrapt in their Robes of *P—ple* or of *L—wn*,
 Whilst he shall leave one tatter'd *Muse* awake;
 That *Muse* his own and others Rest shall break.

[Pg 7]

A Prostitute, her Charms their Vigour lose,
 Now COLLEY keeps her, and she sups on Prose;
 But free and common, hack'd about the Town,
 Each of ye claim her! for she's all your own.
 With him, unmov'd by Salary or Sack,
 She d—ns his Impotence of *Brain* and *Back*;
 That thus in Age he strains at Wit's Embrace,
 And follows W—FF—N from Place to Place;
 But tho' *cold Prose* to him she'll only give,
 Ye, my pert Sons! who with more Ardour strive,
 May raise the bastard Issue of a Verse,
 To wear the wither'd *Bays*, or deck his *Hearse*.

[Pg 8]

Now for six Months had O—D shook the State
 With *grand Removals*, and a *grand Debate*:
Dunce elbow'd *Dunce*, each foremost wou'd advance,
 But backward fell, as in old *Bayes's* Dance:
 When *Dulness* spread her pow'rful YAWN around,
 "And Sense and Shame, and Right and Wrong were drown'd,
Enquiry ceas'd, and, touch'd by magic Wand,
 Ev'n *Opposition's* self was at a Stand;
 On well-oil'd Hinges creaks the Prison Gate,
 And *Pains* and *Penalties* will come too late.
 'Twas Night's high Noon at *P—is* and the *H—ge*,
 And *Politics* had died, but for poor *P—gue*;
 For why, "The Goddess bade BRITANNIA sleep,
 "And pour'd her Spirit o'er the Land and Deep."
 And now the *Scriblers*, motionless and mute,
 Sit down to count their Gains by the Dispute,
 To see on which Side Victory hath run;
 Like *Mackbeth's* *Witches*, when the *Mischief's* done,
 They tell ye, that the Battle's *lost* and *won*:
 Contriving whom to *greet*, or whom *disgrace*,
 As *Gazettes* speak them *in* or *out* of *Place*;
 For *Panegyrics* drein their tilted Wit
 On Peers *new-made*, against the House shall sit,
 Or saucily appear before their *Betters*
 In *sage Advice*, or on an *old Member's* *Letters*:
 Thus fate, they waiting the approaching Yawn,
 Wishing for Sleep till the next *Sessions' Dawn*,
 When the kind Goddess did her Jaws uncloze,
 She snor'd aloud, and strait a Vapour rose,
 Unwholsome as the Damps a Collier meets
 Too often in his subterraneous Pits;

[Pg 9]

[Pg 10]

For *Dulness* taints all round her where she breathes,
 As witness, COLLEY, thy dry blighted Wreaths:
 Nor cou'd the upward Gasp disperse the Steam,
 But from below disturb'd her *Consort's* Dream;
 Yet from her downy Lap he started not,
 But mutter'd something thus—as loose of Thought;
 "He hurts not me—my CÆSAR—Satire—dull,
 "Why all the World knows I've been long—a F—l;
 "But now—I'll do't—Yae—ough"—so said, he drops,
 Salutes his Queen's Effulgence, and thus stops.

The Throne where *Dulness* sate, maintaining Right,
 Resembled much some Monarch's of the Night,
 Where gloomy Myrmidons and Punks resort,
 And snore on Benches round his ample Court.
 Both there and here, as in the busy World,
 Lords, Draymen, Linkboys, in Confusion hurl'd;
 Beneath the Monarch, fond to be employ'd,
 NARCISSUS lay with *too much* TULLY cloy'd;
 As Gluttons gorg'd at City Feasts too soon,
 Oft get their Naps before the rest lye down;
 Their heaving Stomachs turn'd at something tart,
 When others doze, oft make them wildly start:
 So he—"Why, what a Pax! who'd be a L—d,
 "If Worth and Merit only Praise afford?
 "I can't be prais'd as *Poet, Wit, or P—r*;
 "But that dem'd *Twick'nam* Bard my Parts will jeer;
 "If I can't write myself, here's COLLEY shall;
 "I've often heard him swear—he'll stand *'em all*:
 "If he refuse me, I have still another,
 "I'll *hammer* him conjointly with my B—r;
 "But sure the *Laureat Harp* must tune a Strain,
 "New mended by a late *V—e C—mb—n*;
 "For he, to give his Due unto the *Devil*,
 "Was always to us Folks of Fashion civil."

[Pg 11]

Resolv'd at once, he tweaks the Monarch's Nose,
 The Monarch snor'd—new Streams from *Dulness* rose.
 Close to his Ear he lays his dimpled Cheek,
 And in soft Accents speaks, or seem'd to speak,
 "Dear *Laureate*, rouse, the Enemy's at Hand,
 "Another DUNCIAD travels round the Land,
 "Whence all the sole Proprietors of Trash,
 "Thy Friends and mine, most justly fear the Lash.

[Pg 12]

Vain are his Efforts—yet again he tries,
 "Thy *Odes!*—oh save thy *Odes!*—dear *Laureat* rise;
 "If not for *Odes*—yet for *Love's Riddle* wake—
 "Nor that?—thy *Careless Husband's* then at Stake.
 All wou'd not do—his soft Distress preferr'd,
 Nor the great Mother, nor the *Laureat* heard;
 For on her Lap so *daintily* he lay,
 His Senses, breath'd into her, stole away;
 All Aims at a Recovery were vain,
 Till she vouchsaf'd to breathe them back again.
 "One gentle Imprecation more and then,
 "He cries, Farewel the *Laureat* and his *Pen*:
 "Thy Country calls, if thou resign'st thy Sense,
 "Yet rouse to be a Man of Consequence.

[Pg 13]

"Who calls thee *Dunce*, abuses too thy K—g,
 "Whose Praises, by thy Place, thou'rt bound to sing;
 "O! grant me Aid, assume the pleasing Task,
 "In thy *Nonjuror's* fav'rite Name I ask.

Thrice groan'd the *Omph*, and in Thunder spoke,
 The Blast his Sense return'd, and Slumber broke;
Nonjure! That Word alone unbinds the Charms,
 For *Party-Dulness* always sounds to *Arms*;
 Upstarts the Sire—"Mistake me not, he cries,
 "Whoever says I was asleep——he lies;
 "You know, my L—d, how I my Wits exert,
 "How always pleasing, and how always pert;
 "I know your Grief, before the Cause is told;
 "Then here my Pen in Readiness I hold.
 "Since by Desire I enter thus the Lists,
 "I vow Revenge—know, COLLEY ne'er desists:
 "Then I'll pursue him with my latest Breath,
 "Nor drop *this Pen* 'till quite *benum'd* with *Death*.

High on the Muses *Pegasus* DAN P—PE

Mounts *full of Spirit*, nor vouchsafes to stoop,
 But hears the Murmurs of the Dull upborn,
 Low empty Curses, or vain stingless Scorn;
 One Dash strikes all the mean Revilers down,
 As sure as Jove should swear by ACHERON:
 Whether his *Person* be their standing Jest,
 Or his *Religion* suits their Libels best;
 Whether the *Author* forms his crude Designs,
 As the *deserted Bookseller* repines,
 Who, after all his *Boasts*, is tumbled by,
 And looks at D—LEY with an evil Eye;
 Or if their standing Topics, *Spleen* and *Spite*,
 A *Jesuit*,—an *Atheist*,—*Jacobite*.
 In all their hard-strain'd Labours, squeez'd by Bits,
 Mark well the Triumph of these wou'd-be Wits;
 Like *Village Curs*, kick'd backward by the *Steed*,
 Their *Noise* and *Yelping* their *Destruction* breed;
 Or if the Rider *smacks* them with his *Whip*,
 'Tis more *t' unbend the Lash*, than make them *skip*:
 Yet still they rise and at it—Goddess hail!
 Who o'er thy Suns spread'st such a thick'ning Veil,
 That Sense of Pain, as well as Shame, is lost,
 And you *reward* those best, who *blunder* most;
 For where are Honours, Places, Gifts bestow'd,
 But where thy Influence is most avow'd?
 Rest, while more modern Miracles I sing,
 Of *Minor Dunces* that from thee first spring;
 But all who Recreants thy Pow'r disclaim,
 And, Laureat-like, to *Pertness* change thy Name;
 And ye, her Sons, who've nothing else to do,
 Wait, if you please, the—Vision thro':
 You, who in Manuscript your Works retale,
 And tag with Rhimes the latter Ends of Ale,
 But vow th' ungrateful Age shall never see,
 In Print, how wond'rous wise and smart ye be;
 Or you, whose Muse has run you out of Breath,
 Or rode you like a Night-mare hagg'd to Death;
 Attend and learn from *Dulness'* sleeping Shade,
 Another Goddess rises to your Aid.

[Pg 14]

[Pg 15]

Pleas'd with the Vow, the glad submissive P—r,
 Thence leads the Monarch to a nobler Chair;
 For why shou'd he at *Dulness'* Footstool wait,
 Who knows so well to entertain with Prate;
 Some *g—rt—r'd Dupes* no nobler Titles boast,
 Than to have been the Objects of his *Roast*;
 For which they fill his Groupe, his Praises have,
 And shine like SALMON's *Dolls* in MERLIN's *Cave*.
 The young NARCISSUS, whom (wou'd you believe,
 The *Cornhill* Priest, who never cou'd deceive)
 Had robb'd the *Sibil* of whate'er was sage,
 Or *Good*, or *Wise*, except her *Gums* and *Age*,
 Was the old Woman, tho' in Youth renew'd,
 Who led ÆNEAS when he *H—ll* review'd;
 Wrapt in the Steam that spread from *Dulness'* Jaws,
 From her Posterior's, perch'd, pert C—R draws,
 Conveys him to the Club—the Club despair,
 Till they the Snuff-box smell, and see the Chair.
 Then all the *Dunciad* d—n, and, grown elate,
 Prick up their Ears, and bray, "*To the Debate!*"
 "The Chiefs were sate, the Scriblers waited round
 "The Board with Bottles, and with Glasses crown'd,
 "When he, the Master of the Seven-fold Face,
 "Rose" gleaming thro' his own *Corinthian* Brass,
 And thus—my L—s, we once again are met,
 Nor Sense hath robb'd us of a Vot'ry yet;
 Pleas'd, I the present Danger undertake,
 And gladly suffer, for my Country's Sake;
 For I a prompt Alacrity agnize
 To be esteem'd or witty, smart or wise.

[Pg 16]

[Pg 17]

This present War then with the POPE be mine;
 But one Thing beg, I, bending to your Shrine,
 Due Preference of Honour, Time and Place,
 And *your Desires* my Title Page to grace,
 He said and bow'd—a Whisper trill'd the Air
 Much as when C—MP—N wou'd have been L—d M—r.

However, each assents, then forth he drew
An Oglio Letter ready cook'd for *View*;
Taste it had none; for, having long lain by,
'Twas lost like Camphire that doth quickly fly;
But, as it never was in Print before,
'Twas new, they all believe, for COLLEY SWORE.
When one, as Deputy for all the rest,
Thus, in due Form, their Advocate address.

[Pg 18]

Great Laureat, thou whose yearly tuneful Notes
Deafen the Court from Chappel-royal Throats,
Oft has this Enemy to our Repose
Wak'd us from Slumbers where we quiet doze,
Reeking with Malice, and of Satire full,
He neither lets us sin in quiet, or be dull:
You too, with us, have his Attacks withstood,
Have answer'd not, or wou'd not, if you cou'd;
And to receive his Insults, in your *Life*,
You offer'd him Release from all your Strife:
So once did CU—L, but he accepted not,
As if ye both contemptible he thought;
But sure this last Affront must give you Pain;
Can you your usual Temper now retain?
If this not rouse you, all our Hopes we'll quit,
And sue out Bankruptcy against your Wit:
Therefore, as *Monarch* of the *scribbling Crew*,
This is a Debt to both our Int'rests due,
For us he *d—ns* at once, in *lashing* you.
Let L—is then the happy Offspring rear,
Tis safe, if once committed to his Care.

[Pg 19]

He yields to their Intreaties, and then smil'd,
The Goddess spread her Vapour round more mild,
And strait a Form appear'd, like *ancient Fame*,
Her Wings, her Trumpet, and her Robe the same,
Each rous'd at once, and thought he grasp'd the Dame;
But found 'twas all a Cloud or empty Space;
No Substance, tho' the Out-line they cou'd trace.
And, thus disturb'd, a strange unsav'ry Fume
Diffus'd itself around th' Assembly Room:
The Scent each mad'ning Brain did instant strike,
All star'd, and thought it FAME, it look'd so like;
COLLEY at once disclaim'd her—"For, says he,
"I even *Bread and Cheese* prefer to *thee*;
"The Smiles of Monarchs may no Comfort bring;
"But then the *Sack's* a wholesome pleasing Thing:
"Had I won thee, I might have scap'd a Sneer,
"And lost the *twice One Hundred Pounds a Year*.
"Then pray, dear Madam, if you please, be gone;
"Come you a Spy to make our Counsels known?"
When thus the Fantom—"Ye're my Children all;
"Thee, COLLEY, I my eldest Darling call;
"Mistake not, I usurp no borrow'd Name,
"And hate, as much as you, the Sound of FAME;
"Tho' I a Shadow on her Steps attend,
"When she appears, my Empire's at an End:
"Your stern Antagonist draws *Dulness* right,
"Daughter of CHAOS, and *eternal Night*;
"Wits boast their PALLAS sprung from Brain of JOVE;
"We too had our Original above,
"And claim the Heraldry of God-like Race,
"Part of the Cloud IXION did embrace;
"Whence form'd in Aid of *Dulness* and her Train,
"I oft her sinking Works in Air sustain;
"And when they otherwise wou'd fall downright,
"I waft them upwards to a second Flight:
"So when the new-made Honours were confer'd
"On all your earthly Recantation Herd,
"The Deities of Air, in Mirth and Sport,
"Made me a Goddess, and allow'd a Court;
"Long ye have known me—I o'er PUFFS preside,
"But ne'er, till now, appear'd in so much Pride.

[Pg 20]

The whole Assembly to her Presence press,
All own her, but, their Ignorance, confess,
Was wholly owing to th' inverted Dress:
But both her Hands *Eliza* first uprear'd,
Insisting only she the Pow'r rever'd:

[Pg 21]

Oh make my Shop, she cries, thy fav'rite Shrine;
You must, you shall, I have you on my Sign:
All scold, and Indignation bent each Brow,
None wou'd the other's Privilege allow;
When lo, a Youth of most distinguish'd Grace
(Well known for pressing first in ev'ry Place,
Whether he heads the *Orders* in the *Pit*,
Or doth at *B—n's* Judge of Boxing sit)
Conspicuous mounts, and thus, in formal Speech,
Begins—"Statesmen and Morals I impeach,
"Write Satires, and deny them for my own
"In Advertisements, that I may be known;
"Grant me thy Aid, great Goddess, but once more;
"Not for myself alone I thee implore,
"But for this *Saint*, who breathing now her last,
"Wou'd fain retrieve Disreputation past.
"If Gold you ask, long-hoarded Bags shall fly"—

[Pg 22]

The Goddess smil'd, and puff'd it to the Sky.
"Children, says she, Distinction should be made
"To *Scriblers*, who are thus above the Trade;
"For ye, who equal in all Prospects are,
"To gain our Favour, we a *Test* prepare.
"He that has oft'nest most disguis'd the Truth,
"And render'd Sense and Reason quite uncouth;
"Who Learning hath, by Artifice abus'd,
"And by false Glasses vulgar Eyes amus'd;
"Who seldom in his real Shape was seen,
"For ever different to what h' hath been;
"Him for our royal Consort we select:
"Begin—and Pertness all your Aims direct;
"And still to urge ye on to further Hope,
"These Trophies wait the Man who lashes POPE.
"The Wings from one of MERCURY'S new Suits;
"These grac'd his *Cap*, and these adorn'd his *Boots*;
"But who shall mention *Merit*, or presume
"To talk of *Wit*, him we forbid the Room."

[Pg 23]

Then first a Sage, of rev'rend hoary Years,
The Chief of the translating Bards appears;
And thus, in their Behalf—O pow'rful Maid!
"Daily and nightly we invoke thy Aid;
"In Pamphlets, numberless, have fully shown,
"Nor Language *dead* or *live* to SAWNEY'S known;
"Yet, spite of all the Methods we can try,
"The silly *World* will yet his HOMER buy:
"But next we think"—the Goddess stopt them short!
"All ye have done, but makes the *Learned* Sport;
"To rail and call his HOMER wretched Stuff;
"To censure and condemn, is well enough;
"But here's the Curse on't, ye're such silly Elves
"To shew the *Diff'rence* ye *translate* yourselves,
"Or T—LD else had, not five Years and more,
"Hawk'd ÆSCHYLUS about from Door to Door.
"TERENCE'S Eunuch the same Fate partook,
"Murder'd by merciless and mangling C—K.
"But cease we this, the recent Matter try,
"All who the present pidling Quarrel ply,
"Stand forth"—In Party-colour'd Vest
CLODDY appear'd, his *Dialogue* adrest,
And swore he'd study'd SWIFT with so much Pains,
He thought, at last, he'd gain'd his very Strains:
The Piece perus'd, this Answer she return'd,
"Obscenity, when dull, is always scorn'd;
"And who *puffs* this, will, to his Sorrow, find
"'Tis but a *F—t* will *stink* to all *Mankind*."

[Pg 24]

BLAST claim'd the Prize, and said, he did deride
The POET, by appearing on his Side;
The Goddess sent her Maid to kick him down,
But e'er she rais'd her Foot, the Wretch was gone.

Next, in a borrow'd Shape, by CLYTUS worn,
In fierce theatric Battles hackt and torn,
A Wight stalkt in, and, under VIRTUE'S Name,
On HORACE, SALUST, SENECA and POPE cry'd Shame;
False English! baul'd he loud—the Goddess heard,
And to the School-boys his Address preferr'd.
He disappear'd, nor know we if he's found,

[Pg 25]

But *horse him, horse him*, dy'd in distant Sound.

And now of ev'ry Sort came rushing in,
Scriblers and *Puffers*, with a horrid Din;
All who in various Occupations strive
To keep their sev'ral Mist'ries alive,
From *Statesmen*, who, for Coronets resign'd,
To the *Dutch Kettle*, and the Window-Blind;
But far above the rest, each Rival Stage
The Favour of the Goddess wou'd engage;
The angry *Quack* his Nostrums all forsakes,
And, in Revenge, his Gallipots he breaks,
'Cause *R—ch* bestows an ORPHEUS on the Town,
When *he* had, long before, run mad with one:
Then Paper Wars, and long-ear'd Quarrels rise,
And each the Goddess sues for fresh Supplies.
In spite of City Wrath and Aldermen,
A *Concert* takes the Dregs of *Drury-Lane*:
In pompous Stanzas they their Genius raise,
And sound, in ev'ry Paper, their own Praise,
From *Rome* and Death old surly CATO tear,
To see the modern *Liliputian* lear,
Greece is outdone, and learned *Athens* yields
To the politer Stage of *G——n's-F—ds*.
Ambivivus Turpia, the Stage 'Squire appear'd,
The Nurse, who ev'ry modern TERENCE rear'd;
A meagre Shade, quite uninform'd and wild,
Yet still he flatter'd, smooth'd, and still he smil'd:
Ne'er, but when frighten'd, cou'd he be sincere,
And ne'er ap'd *Honesty*, but 'twas thro' *Fear*;
Revil'd, exploded on a rival Stage,
To dull the Sting the Libellers engage;
If double Pay is given them on his own,
He smil'd Consent, and turns them on the Town.
Then thus—Great Pow'r! thy darling Child behold,
I've courted thee with *Orders* and with *Gold*,

[Pg 26]

This Scheme let the contending POLLYS tell,
This ev'ry *Inns o' Court* Man knows full well.
But mark, dear Goddess, this my Master-piece,
Thus I revive the Arts of *Rome* and *Greece*;
For SHAKESPEAR'S Monument I gave a Play,
And stopp'd the starving Actors hard-got Pay,
Yet bore I all the *Praise* and *Puff* away.
Beasts graze the *Plain*, the *Fishes* skim the *Sea*,
Cars are for *Peers*, *Streets* for *Mechanics* free;
Thy Empire, Goddess, still hath been my Care,
My *Life's* a *Puff*, my *Deeds*, like *Words*, are *Air*.
He spake, to grasp the Prize his Fingers stretch,
As feeble Reeds spent Swimmers strive to catch;
But finds himself pusht instantly away,
And by young PTOLOMY is kept at Bay.

[Pg 27]

Give him the Prize, O Goddess, if thou durst,
A *Wretch* beneath his lowest Puppets curst.
The Claim he makes is owing to my Parts;
I taught him *Management*, and all its Arts,
From my great Sire alone deriv'd, to me
He gave it yet a living Legacy:

[Pg 28]

In what theatric Region are unknown
Our *Puffs* in ev'ry Bill, in ev'ry Paper shown?
And where his short ones fail'd, I, better skill'd,
The groaning Page with long Epistles fill'd:
If Falsehood claims it, end the vain Dispute;
'Tis mine, avaunt, ye *Puffers*, and be mute;
All *Grubstreet* tells—At this CONUNDRUM rose,
And thus—Fond Youth, no more thy Gifts expose;
Tho' the Foundation of this Art is Lies,
Yet TRUTH is sometimes proper for Disguise:
He who is always false, is ne'er believ'd,
Who's always *honest*, is sometimes *deceiv'd*;
The Prize we'll yield, prove it upon Record,
That *he* or *you* e'er spoke but one *true Word*.
Dismist—The Fantoms hover round the Place,
And shew their Crimes in Mirrors to their Face?
Each on the other gazing, ghastly stood,
And wou'd have *blush'd*, or hid them, *if they cou'd*.
Then thus the Goddess—"Cease all further Strife,

[Pg 29]

"COLLEY, thy Hand! I'm thine alone for Life;
"Thine be the Prize, an Emblem of thy *Wit*,
"Which tho' not so, yet some will take for it:
"But 'tis not long, ev'n me thou must forsake;
"My last, my best, Advice then friendly take,
"Dear Scriblers, all Adventurers in *Wit*,
"Who scorn the Field of fell Debate to quit,
"Howe'er he lash ye, still the War pursue,
"Your *Ignorance* brings all his *Wit* to View;
"The Insects hov'ring in the breezy Air
"Shew th' approaching vernal Season near;
"The *Maggot* that in Sun-beams basking lies,
"Tho' the *Heat* scorch him, by that *Heat* he flies."
She spake, and then, unseen, unheard retir'd,
Born in a Breath, she with a Sigh expir'd.

FINIS.

(Just Publish'd, Price 6d.)

The Political Padlock, and the English Key. A Fable.
Translated from the *Italian* of Father M——r S——ini,
who is now under Confinement for the same in *Naples*,
by Order of Don *Carlos*. With Explanatory Notes.

*I grant all Courses are in vain,
Unless we can get in again:
The only Way that's left us now,
But all the Difficulty's How?*

THE
DIFFERENCE
BETWEEN
VERBAL and PRACTICAL
VIRTUE.

*Dicendi Virtus, nisi ei, qui dicit, ea, de
quibus dicit, percepta sint, extare non
potest.* Cic.

WITH
A Prefatory Epistle from Mr. C—b—r to Mr. P.

*Sic ulciscar genera singula,
quemadmodum à quibus sum
provocatus.*

Cic. post Redit. ad Quir.

LONDON:
Printed for J. ROBERTS, near the *Oxford-Arms* in *Warwick-Lane*.
MDCCLXII.

Have at you again, Sir. I gave you fair Warning that I would have the last Word; and by — (I will not swear in Print) you shall find me no Lyar. I own, I am greatly elate on the Laurels the Town has bestow'd upon me for my Victory over you in my Prose Combat; and, encouraged by that Triumph, I now resolve to fight you on your own Dunghil of Poetry, and with your own jingling Weapons of Rhyme and Metre. I confess I have had some Help; but what then? since the greatest Princes are rather proud than asham'd of Allies and Auxiliaries when they make War in the Field, why should I decline such Assistance when I make War in the Press? And since you thought most unrighteously and unjustly to fall upon me and crush me, only because you imagin'd your Self strong and Me weak, as *France* fell upon the Queen of *Hungary*; if I like her (*si parva licet componere magnis*) by first striking a bold and desperate Stroke myself with a little Success, have encouraged such a Friend to me, as *England* has been to her, to espouse my Cause, and turn all the Weight of the War upon you, till you wish you had never begun it; with what reasonable and equitable Pleasure may I not pursue my Blow till I make you repent, by laying you on your Back, the ungrateful Returns you have made me for saving you from Destruction when you laid yourself on your Belly. I am, Sir, not your humble, but your devoted Servant; for I will follow you as long as I live; and as *Terence* says in the *Eunuch*, *Ego pol te pro istis dictis & factis, scelus, ulciscar, ut ne impune in nos illus eris.*

THE

[Pg 1]

DIFFERENCE

BETWEEN

Verbal and Practical VIRTUE

EXEMPLIFY'D,

In some Eminent Instances both Ancient and Modern.

What awkward Judgments must they make of Men,
Who think their Hearts are pictur'd by their Pen;
That *this* observes the Rules which *that* approves,
And what one praises, that the other loves.
Few Authors tread the Paths they recommend,
Or when they shew the Road, pursue the End:
Few give Examples, whilst they give Advice,
Or tho' they scourge the vicious, shun the Vice;
But lash the Times as Swimmers do the Tide,
And kick and cuff the Stream on which they ride.

His tuneful Lyre when polish'd *Horace* strung,
[a]And all the Sweets of calm Retirement sung,
In Practice still his courtly Conduct show'd
His Joy was Luxury, and Power his God;
[b]With great *Mæcenas* meanly proud to dine,
[c]And fond to load *Augustus* flatter'd Shrine;
[d]And whilst he rail'd at *Menas* ill-got Sway,
[e]His numerous Train that choak'd the *Appian* Way,
His Talents still to Perfidy apply'd,
Three Times a Friend and Foe to either Side.
Horace forgot, or hop'd his Readers would,
[f]His Safety on the same Foundation stood.
That he who once had own'd his Country's Cause,
Now kiss'd the Feet that trampled on her Laws:
That till the Havock of *Philippi's* Field,
Where Right to Force, by Fate was taught to yield,
He follow'd *Brutus*, and then hail'd the Sword,
Which gave Mankind, whom *Brutus* freed, a Lord:
Nor to the Guilt of a Deserter's Name,
Like *Menas* great (tho' with dishonest Fame)
Added the Glory, tho' he shar'd the Shame.
For whilst with Fleets and Armies *Menas* warr'd,
Courage his Leader, Policy his Guard,
Poor *Horace* only follow'd with a Verse

[Pg 2]

[Pg 3]

That Fate the Freedman balanc'd, to rehearse;
Singing the Victor for whom *Menas* fought,
And following Triumph which the other brought.

[g]Thus graver *Seneca*, in canting Strains,
Talk'd of fair Virtue's Charms and Vice's Stains,
And said the happy were the chaste and poor;
Whilst plunder'd Provinces supply'd his Store,
And *Rome's* Imperial Mistress was his Whore.
But tho' he rail'd at Flattery's dangerous Smile,
A *Claudius*, and a *Nero*, all the while,
With every Vice that reigns in Youth or Age,
The Gilding of his venal Pen engage,
And fill the slavish Fable of each Page.

See *Sallust* too, whose Energy divine
Lashes a vicious Age in ev'ry Line:
With Horror painting the flagitious Times,
The profligate, profuse, rapacious Crimes,
That reign'd in the degenerate Sons of *Rome*,
And made them first deserve, then caus'd their Doom;
With all the Merit of his virtuous Pen,
Leagu'd with the worst of these corrupted Men;
The Day in Riot and Excess to waste,
The Night in Taverns and in Brothels past:
[h]And when the *Censors*, by their high Controll,
Struck him, indignant, from the *Senate's* Roll,
From Justice he appeal'd to *Cæsar's* Sword,
[i]And by Law exil'd, was by Force restor'd.
[k]What follow'd let *Numidia's* Sons declare,
Harrass'd in Peace with Ills surpassing War;
Each Purse by Peculate and Rapine drain'd,
Each House by Murder and Adult'ries stain'd:
Till *Africk* Slaves, gall'd by the Chains of *Rome*,
Wish'd their own Tyrants as a milder Doom.

[Pg 4]

If then we turn our Eyes from Words to Fact,
Comparing how Men write, with how they act,
How many Authors of this Contrast kind
In ev'ry Age, and ev'ry Clime we find.
Thus scribbling *P*— who *Peter* never spares,
Feeds on extortious Interest from young Heirs:
And whilst he made Old *S—lkerk's* Bows his Sport,
Dawb'd minor Courtiers, of a minor Court.
If *Sallust*, *Horace*, *Seneca*, and *He*
Thus in their Morals then so well agree;
By what Ingredient is the Difference known?
The Difference only in their Wit is shown,
For all their Cant and Falshood is his own.
He rails at Lies, and yet for half a Crown,
Coins and disperses Lies thro' all the Town:
Of his own Crimes the Innocent accuses,
And those who clubb'd to make him eat, abuses.
But whilst such Features in his Works we trace,
And Gifts like these his happy Genius grace;
Let none his haggard Face, or Mountain Back,
The Object of mistaken Satire make;
Faults which the best of Men, by Nature curs'd,
May chance to share in common with the worst.
In Vengeance for his Insults on Mankind,
Let those who blame, some truer Blemish find,
And lash that worse Deformity, his Mind.
Like prudent Foes attack some weaker Part,
And make the War upon his Head or Heart.
Prove his late Works dishonest as they're dull;
That try'd by Moral or Poetic Rule,
The Verdict must be either Knave or Fool.
[l]Whilst his false *English*, and false Facts combin'd,
Betray the double Darkness of his Mind;
[m]That Mind so suited to its vile Abode,
The Temple so adapted to the God,
It seems the Counterpart by Heav'n design'd
A Symbol and a Warning to Mankind:
As at some Door we find hung out a Sign,
Type of the Monster to be found within.

[Pg 5]

[Pg 6]

From his own Words this Scoundrel let 'em prove
 Unjust in Hate, incapable of Love;
 For all the Taste he ever has of Joy,
 Is like some yelping Mungril to annoy
 And tease that Passenger he can't destroy.
 To cast a Shadow o'er the spotless Fame,
 Or dye the Cheek of Innocence with Shame;
 To swell the Breast of Modesty with Care,
 Or force from Beauty's Eye a secret Tear;
 And, not by Decency or Honour sway'd,
 Libel the Living, and asperse the Dead:
 Prone where he ne'er receiv'd to give Offence,
 But most averse to Merit and to Sense;
 Base to his Foe, but baser to his Friend,
 Lying to blame, and sneering to commend:
 Defaming those whom all but he must love,
 And praising those whom none but he approve.
 Then let him boast that honourable Crime,
 Of making those who fear not God, fear him;
 When the great Honour of that Boast is such
 That Hornets and Mad Dogs may boast as much.
 Such is th' Injustice of his daily Theme,
 And such the Lust that breaks his nightly Dream;
 That vestal Fire of undecaying Hate,
 Which Time's cold Tide itself can ne'er abate,
 But like *Domitian*, with a murd'rous Will,
 Rather than nothing, Flies he likes to kill.
 And in his Closet stabs some obscure Name,
 [n]Brought by this Hangman first to Light and Shame.
 Such now his Works to all the World are known,
 Who undeceiv'd, their former Error own;
 Whilst not one Man who likes his rhyming Art,
 Allows him Genius, or defends his Heart:
 But thus from Triumph snatch'd, and giv'n to Shame
 Lash'd *into* Penitence, and *out* of Fame.
 Since all Mankind these certain Truths allow,
 And speak so freely what so well they know;
 No wonder doom'd such Treatment to receive,
 That he *can* feel, and that he *can't* forgive.
 Were I dispos'd to curse the Man I hate,
 Such would I wish his miserable Fate.
 Thus striving to inflict, to meet Disgrace,
 And wasted to the Ghost of what he was;
 And like all Ghosts which Men of Sense despise,
 Only the Dread of Folly's coward Eyes.
 Thus would I have him despicably live,
 Himself, his Friends, and Credit to survive,
 Into Contempt from Reputation hurl'd,
 His own Detractor thro' a scoffing World.

[Pg 7]

FINIS.

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Footnotes:

[a] Beatus ille qui procul negotiis, &c. Epod. 2. Cum magnis vixisse invita fatebirur usque invidia. *Sat. 1. Lib. 2.*

[b] Nunc quia Mæcenas tibi sum convictor. *Sat. 6. Lib. 1.*

—Tu pulses omne quod obstat
Ad Mæcenatem memori si mente recurras.
Hoc juvat, & melli est; ne mentiar. *Sat. 6. Lib. 2.*

[c] All his Works are full of Examples of Flattery to *Augustus*.

[d] Epod. 4. *Mænas* was a Freedman of *Pompey* the younger; and he deserted from him to *Augustus*, then back from *Augustus* to *Pompey*, and then from *Pompey* to *Augustus* again. This is in all the Histories. *Appian. Dion.*

[e] Et Appiam mannis terit. *Epod. 4.*

[f]

O sæpe mecum tempus in ultimum
Deducte, Bruto militiæ Duce.—
Tecum Philippos & celerem fugam
Sensi, relictâ non bene parmulâ
Cum fracta virtus, & minaces
Turpe solum tetigere mento. HOR. *Ode. 7. B. 2.*

[g] In his Seneca reus factus est multorum scelerum, sed præsertim quod cum Agrippinâ rem haberet, nec enim in hâc re solum, sed in plerisque aliis contra facere visus est quam Philosophabatur. Quum enim Tyrannidem improbaret, Tyranni præceptor erat: quumque insultaret iis qui cum principibus versarentur, ipse à Palatio non discedebat. Assentatores detestabatur, quum ipse Reginas coleret & libertos, ac Laudationes quorundam componeret. Reprehendebat divites is, cujus facultates erant ter millies sestertium: quique luxum aliorum damnabat quingentes tripodas habuit de ligno cedrino, pedibus eburneis, similes & pares inter se, in quibus cœnabat. Ex quibus omnibus ea quæ sunt his consentanea, quæque ipse libidinose fecit, facile intelligi possunt. Nuptias enim cum nobilissimâ atque illustrissimâ fœminâ contraxit. Delectabatur exoletis, idque Neronem facere docuerat etsi antea tanta fuerat in morum severitate ut ab eo peteret, ne se oscularetur, neve una secum cœnandi causa discumberet.

Vid. *Dion. Excerpta per Xiphilinum, Lib. 61.*

[h] Collegæ tamen, multos Nobilium, atque inter eos Crispum etiam Sallustium, eum, qui historiam conscripsit, Senatu ejicienti non repugnavit. *DION. Lib. 40.*

[i] Ab his Sallustius (qui ut Senatoriam dignitatem recuperaret tum Prætor factus erat) propemodum occisus. *DION. Lib. 42.*

[k] Numidas quoque in suam potestarem Cæsar accepit, iisque Sallustium præfecit. Sallustius & pecuniæ captæ & compilatæ provinciæ accusatus, summam infamiam reportavit, quod quum ejusmodi libros composuisset, in quibus multis acerbisque verbis eos, qui ex provinciis quæstum facerent, notasset, nequaquam suis scriptis in agendo sterisset. Itaque etsi à Cæsare absolutus fuit, tamen suis ipsius verbis proprium crimen abunde quasi in tabulâ propositum divulgavit. *DION. L. 43.*

[l] See at least a hundred and fifty Places in his late Works.

[m] In quo deformitas corporis cum turpitudine cerrabat ingenii; adco ut animus eius dignissimo domicilio inclusus videretur. *VEL. PAT. L. 2. B. 69.*

[n] See the Dunciad.

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