



Gillespie, S. (2022) William Popple's Horatian satires: Further texts from the Osborn manuscript. *Translation and Literature*, 31(2), pp. 179-229. (doi: [10.3366/tal.2022.0508](https://doi.org/10.3366/tal.2022.0508))

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Deposited on 29 March 2022

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William Popple's Horatian Satires:
Further Texts from the Osborn Manuscript
Stuart Gillespie

In 2007 there appeared in these pages six samples of William Popple's Horatian imitations of the 1750s. Their texts were taken from two largely unknown manuscript volumes.¹ These imitations, as I explained, were explicitly modelled on the Horatian imitations of Alexander Pope, but whereas Pope had cherry-picked just eleven Horatian works, Popple undertook the complete Horatian corpus of *Odes*, *Satires*, *Epistles*, and *Ars poetica*, including the poems Pope had himself imitated in the 1730s. Popple's Horace, however, like most of his other translations and imitations, was to remain almost entirely unprinted, and, as far as can be ascertained, uncirculated. Although, together with the rest of Popple's poems and translations, his Horatian imitations were prepared for printing by the professional scribes who compiled the manuscript volumes, only his *Ars poetica* and a single satire ever appeared from the press, in 1752-3.

When in 2018 an opportunity presented itself to include a few further examples of Popple's Horace in a compilation of unprinted historical translations and imitations by many

Thanks are due to David Hopkins for numerous valuable local suggestions on a draft of this material. Marianne Gilchrist skilfully transcribed the verse from Popple's manuscript; for her further contributions see note 4.

¹ Stuart Gillespie, 'An English Version of Horace's *Odes*, *Satires*, and *Epistles* by William Popple (1700-1764)', *T&L*, 16 (2007), 205-35. The manuscript volumes are in the James Marshall and Marie-Louise Osborn Collection at the Beinecke Rare Books and Manuscripts Library, New Haven, CT. Their shelfmarks are Osborn fc 104, 1-2

hands, I was able to add to the print record edited transcriptions of his versions of Satire 1.8, Satire 2.6, and Epistle 1.5.² This still leaves thirteen of Popple's eighteen Horatian satires – the *Satires* being, in my view, the Horatian genre in which he excelled – unknown and unavailable beyond the unique manuscript copy in which their texts appear.³ The best of these have now been prepared for their first print publication and appear below: Satires 1.4, 1.6, 1.9, 2.1, and 2.3. At the same time, fuller information now available on Popple, and on the social and professional circles to which these works make reference, allows some further account of the historical and biographical context of his Horatian imitations.

As can be seen in Figure 1 (pp. 000-00), Popple was a descendant on his father's side of Andrew Marvell's sister Mary.⁴ She married Edmund Popple, Sheriff of Hull and a pillar of its mercantile community, who was to do much to foster her brother's later career. Their son, also William Popple (1638-1708), was Marvell's favourite nephew, familiar to Marvell's

² *Newly Recovered English Classical Translations, 1600-1800*, compiled and edited by Stuart Gillespie (Oxford, 2018), pp. 191-201, 203-5.

³ As well as the two printed in 2007 and the further two of 2018, one was printed pseudonymously in a stand-alone pamphlet of 1752, an apparent attempt to test the water. See *Horace, Book II. Satire VII. Imitated: or, a Dialogue between a Man of Fashion and his Valet*, by Sir Nicholas Nemo, *Knt.* (London, 1752). A version appears in the Osborn manuscript, presented uniformly with the rest.

⁴ A fuller version of the tree appears as Fig. S1 in the supplementary online material appearing with the present article on the Edinburgh Journals Online site. Two further genealogical trees included as Figs S2 and S3 show other ancestral lines for Popple. All three were researched and drawn up by Dr Marianne Gilchrist, by whose kind permission they appear here.

readers as the recipient of his most memorable letters, as well as an occasional author and translator whose influential English version of Locke's *De Tolerantia* was published in 1689.⁵ William Popple the Horatian imitator, born 1700/1, was the grandson of this William Popple.

The life of William Popple, the Horatian imitator, was to take a course partly laid down in these earlier generations. His grandfather became a merchant, moving from Hull to take up residence in London by 1661. After seventeen years in Bordeaux (his trade was wine) he returned to London in 1688. His friendship with Locke, by this time perhaps the best-known philosopher in Europe, now led to the publication of the translation, *A Letter Concerning Toleration*, in the following year. This connection with Locke was to prove important across several generations of the Popple family. Not only did it bear on the spousal partner of the merchant's elder daughter, Catherine, who married the younger brother of Antony Ashley Cooper, third Earl of Shaftesbury, for whose education Locke had been responsible. Further, in his late sixties Locke played an important part in the establishment in London of the Board of Trade, and, as one of its eight commissioners, served as its most influential member from 1696 to 1700. Popple's grandfather, Locke's translator and friend, became the Board's secretary from its inception in 1696 until 1707, when he was allowed to retire in favour of his son, who had already been acting informally as his assistant.⁶ The Board of Trade, later known as the Board of Trade and Plantations, among its other responsibilities oversaw the governance of the colonies, including the nomination of governors.

⁵ See further Caroline Robbins, 'Absolute Liberty: The Life and Thought of William Popple, 1638–1708', *William and Mary Quarterly*, 24 (1967), 190–223.

⁶ Robbins, p. 212.

As Figure 1 shows, three generations of Popple's immediate family held appointments through the Board of Trade. Most closely preceding him was his elder brother Alured, who was a clerk at the Board during his early years, and in 1722 became its secretary, the post held by his grandfather and father before him. Alured's reputation for expertise in governance grew; he was appointed lieutenant-governor, then governor, of the Bermudas (as the archipelago was then known) in 1737-8. Popple (the Horatian imitator) himself, having started a career of state service as secretary to Horace Walpole during Walpole's time as a diplomat in Paris, 1722-30, continued to work for him when Walpole became Cofferer of the Royal Household in 1730. He moved to the Board of Trade and Plantations after Alured's elevation in 1737, as its solicitor and clerk of reports. Following Alured's sudden early death in post in November 1744, Popple was himself appointed governor of the Bermudas in March 1745. One of Popple's two Horatian imitations to receive the printer's attentions, his *Ars poetica* of 1753, was dedicated to George Montagu, Earl of Halifax, President of the Board of Trade 1748-61.⁷

Popple held the governorship until not long before his own death in 1764. More exactly, Popple was appointed governor for two terms, March 1745 to November 1751 and

⁷ For completeness it might be added that of Popple's two dozen other dedicatees for individual Horatian imitations (listed in my 2007 article), Andrew Stone was a commissioner of the Board 1749-61, Richard Edgecumbe, first Baron Edgecumbe, a commissioner in 1754, and Thomas Pelham Holles, Duke of Newcastle, commissioner 1717-30. Another dedicatee, Thomas Bladen, governor of Maryland in the 1740s, was nephew to Martin Bladen, a commissioner 1719-45.

November 1755 to November 1763, returning to London in the years between.⁸ It is certain that some of his Horatian works were composed there, and so a brief description of what he would have found may be in place. Bermuda was (and is) a self-governing parliamentary democracy. The House of Assembly dates from 1620, making it one of the world's oldest legislatures. The premier, the head of government, is formally appointed by the governor, who is the representative of the British monarch. African slaves had first been taken there in 1616, but in the absence of large plantations they never made up an essential part of the agricultural workforce, and the dominant system by the early eighteenth century was one in which skilled slaves were hired out by their owners within a maritime economy. Shipbuilding flourished, followed in importance by the salt trade, which became the world's largest, and remained the cornerstone of Bermuda's economy over the eighteenth century. Bermudians also vigorously pursued whaling, privateering, and the merchant trade.

I now turn from what are primarily family connections to the social and professional world of Popple's Horatian satires. We should bear in mind that they will not reflect Popple's milieu fully: the satires naturally tend to emphasize his connections with the British governing class, and in the political sphere. Linking a number of the figures concerned is the common background of an education at Westminster School. Popple's school was the school of Locke in his grandfather's time, and of Thomas Pelham, Duke of Newcastle, usually reckoned Britain's third prime minister and the dedicatee of Popple's Horatian Satire 1.6, in his own. Popple pays tribute to his father for his education in this biographically oriented satire. Although it was 'beyond his means', his father managed to find funds which 'Sent me to no mean *Day or Parish School*' but to one where his playmates were 'Dukes, Earls, and

⁸ Francis Jones, a Bermudian inhabitant, served as acting governor in the interim as well as before Popple first arrived in June 1747.

Lords' (132, 129, 133). Westminster School's importance in the intellectual life of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries can scarcely be exaggerated. Among English poets it was the school of Jonson and Herbert, Cowley and Dryden, later Churchill and Southey. Often in conjunction with scholarships awarded to its ablest pupils at Oxford or Cambridge, it produced bishops and deans, diplomats and scholars, philosophers and thinkers like Locke, and like Bentham, whose arrival at the school at the age of seven in 1755 coincided with the beginning of Popple's second term of office in Bermuda. Individuals linked to Popple through a Westminster background are the subject of more detailed notes where appropriate in the texts which follow.

Such individuals are explicitly named in the imitations. Sometimes in Popple's Horatian satires, however, names are not named. When a name's owner is a satirical target, Popple often supplies an initial only, in a manner familiar from the work of many other eighteenth-century satirists. Popple discusses this practice in his *Satire* 2.1, line 133: 'Initials, Friend, in Law, are dang'rous Things'. Sometimes the name is identifiable, sometimes not; much the same thing was true of Pope's satires before later scholarly efforts were applied to them. There are some signs that Popple's suppression of the complete name can be artificial. In the following couplet on the competence of royal physicians (*Sat.* 2.3.291-2), it is apparent that the first figure is not a target while the other two are. We can supply their names easily enough:

Did all that *Hulse* in such case would do
And more than *W—* or *T—* knew.

Sir Edward Hulse (1682-1759) was Physician in Ordinary to George II. 'W—' must be Richard Wiseman, Physician to Charles II, while for 'T—' we should read George Tesier,

personal physician to Queen Caroline. But Tesier (*d.* 1737) and even more so Wiseman (*d.* 1676) were both long gone by the 1750s, and Hulse's superior knowledge reflects medical advances since their time more than any professional inadequacy. Thus it is not clear how it could be cruel or dangerous to name them. Of course, given the context, Popple's contemporaries could complete the names in any case. Hence it appears that in Popple the practice of using initials is sometimes an artificial one, perhaps designed to create a more Popean texture, or even to give contemporaries the extra pleasure of filling in the blanks.

As this example suggests, imitations of this kind are rich in details of people and events taken from 'real life'. When these details are immediately contemporary, their composition can be dated inferentially, at least for *terminus a quo*. Popple's Satire 1.1 is dedicated to 'the late John Selwyn Esq'; Selwyn died on 5 November 1751 as the sitting Member of Parliament for Gloucester. The Irish Gunning sisters first took their place in London society, where they became known as 'the Beauties', in the same year, and are alluded to in *Sat.* 2.1.259. The criminal mystery of the supposedly kidnapped maidservant Eluzabeth Canning preoccupied the country in 1753-4, which must mean that Satire 1.6 was completed at or after this date (see line 202). In the political sphere, the fallout from the loss of Minorca (or 'Menorca') to the French in 1756, in Parliament and at the Admiralty, is directly referenced in *Sat.* 2.6.93-102.⁹ This detail alone makes it certain that Popple continued with his imitations of the *Satires* over a number of years, since his sole imitation to

⁹ For more details see my *Newly Recovered English Classical Translations* (n. 2), p. 198. The loss very closely concerned one of Popple's patrons, Newcastle, who was forced to stand down as Prime Minister.

be printed in his own time appeared in 1752.¹⁰ The date of Minorca's loss also makes it certain Popple was composing Horatian imitations during his second term of office in Bermuda, 1755-63.

Popple, his Preface explains, aimed to 'prosecute the Work in the Manner Mr *Pope* had done some parts, being fully persuaded that such a work, if executed tolerably, wou'd ... give mere English Readers a better Idea of *Horace* than any literal translation could'.¹¹ 'Mere English Readers' means 'those who can read no other language' – readers, that is, who can read only English.¹² From this we would expect that Popple's to be the type of English version that aims to provide a substitute, a replacement, for Horace, but, if so, why does an enface Latin text accompany the imitations? Again on Pope's model, in these handwritten volumes clearly intended for the printer, such a text is provided for every poem.¹³ For this reason we must infer that as well as giving 'a better idea of Horace' to those who can read no Latin, Popple has in mind another purpose altogether, in which he follows Pope's lead for those who can, creating complex interplay between Latin and English sides of each page opening. And this does indeed happen: Popple quite definitely uses his parallel texts to create intertextual effects; to generate meaning, like Pope, from the discrepancies and overlaps between verso and recto. In-depth discussion of such effects must await another occasion, but

¹⁰ See note 3, above.

¹¹ Quoted from Popple's Preface to his Horatian renderings as transcribed in my 'An English Version of Horace' (n. 1), p. 211.

¹² *OED*, adj.², 5a.

¹³ The Latin text appears to be that of André Dacier (first published 1681-9), standard in this period: for its influence see Howard D. Weinbrot, 'André Dacier in "Augustan" England: Towards the Reclamation of his "Horace"', *Romance Notes*, 7.2 (1966), 155-60.

readers may already do their own sampling, since their modern Horatian text will not differ greatly from Popple's.

Editorial conventions were established by the predecessor publications of 2007 and 2018 which are referenced in the first two footnotes above. Some are self-explanatory; a summary of others is provided here. These two publications are cited parenthetically below in the form '2018: 367', where the second figure is the page number.

Non-routine textual adjustments are signalled in brackets and/or notes. Routine ones, silently made, include normalizing of certain spellings not affecting pronunciation (e.g. 'cou'd' to 'could'). Presentation is generally intended to reflect what would have happened when an eighteenth-century printer set the text. For example, it was conventional for scribes to indicate words to be printed in italics by using slightly larger lettering. The printer would have reined in habitual idiosyncrasies in punctuation: for example, Popple's scribes over-use the dash where a comma would be standard.¹⁴ Here and in other presentational features, small inconsistencies in the scribes' work have been regularized: for example an apparently non-meaningful variation, in disguising names, between the use of dash ('L—n'), asterisk ('L * *n'), and both ('L * -n').

University of Glasgow

* * *

Satire 1.4

Popple's defence of satire must carefully manage a dual perspective: it has to be based on

¹⁴ E.g. 'A very Torrent - that would never stay | But ran and ran - and muddled all the way -'
(*Sat.* 1.4.39-40).

Horace, yet Popple's leanings mean it also very closely reflects Pope's practice and example as a Horatian satirist. Horace's complex attitude to Lucilius offers encouragement for Popple to qualify his admiration for Pope (lines 19-44), yet Popple's Horace is, all the same, mediated by Pope, one of the signs being the way so many real-life people are involved. Again as in Pope, we may assume as a norm both identifiability and deniability.

Philip Dormer Stanhope, fourth earl of Chesterfield (1694-1773), is not only the dedicatee of, but also the interlocutor in, this satire (the surname is used at line 184). Chesterfield's reputation was that of a distinguished statesman, parliamentary orator, man of the world, and, through his writings in the periodicals of the day, cynical wit. His relevance here is partly as a self-proposed *arbiter elegantiarum*, able to quiz a satirist on the *raison d'être* of his writings. Popple and Chesterfield were connected through many mutual acquaintances, such as Newcastle, an occasionally useful relative for Chesterfield, a patron and friend for Popple (see *Sat.* 1.4.95-106, below).

Horace Book 1st Satire 4th

Imitated.

Inscrib'd to The R: Hon^{ble} the Earl of Chesterfield

Poets of old, ere *Law* restrain'd the Stage,
 Lash'd ev'ry *Vice* and *Folly* of the Age,
 Spar'd neither *Quality*,^o nor *Rank*, nor *Name*, *title*
 But gave each bold Offender up to shame.
 The secret *Villain*, screen'd in vain by Night,
 Saw each dark *Scheme* projected,^o brought to light; *set forth*
 The public *Villain* who defy'd all Law,
 By public *Obloquy* was kept in awe.^o *fear*
 The *Wretch* who dar'd to stain the *Marriage* bed,
 Smarting with honest *Satire* hid his Head;

The bloody *Murth'rer*, spotted o'er with *Crimes*,
 Became the Subject of the *Poet's* Rhymes.
 With *Justice* arm'd each *Poet* dar'd to strike,
 The *pow'rful* and the *low* to him alike.

In modern Times, by their *Example* warm'd,
 Each Knave and Fool *Pope* lash'd, his *Genius* charm'd;° *subdued*
 Different in nothing but the Path each trod,
 Those held the *Comic*, he the *Satyr's* Rod.¹

“Yet *Pope* had Faults – alike his Smile or Frown,²

20 Mere Vanity to please a giddy Town!

No love of *Virtue* mov'd him when sincere:

Ill Nature often lies conceal'd in Sneer;

Contempt of Vice a Reader's Eyes may blind –

Who pries into the *Secrets* of the *Mind*?

To lash a great Man is an easy Thing,

Or compliment with artful Praise a *King*,

To call a Statesman *Rogue*, a Lord a *Fool*,

And swear each Man in *Office* is a Tool° – *cat's-paw*

For Men in Pow'r are ever in the wrong,

30 And to a *King* no Virtues can belong.

Rich in his Vein, his Numbers flow'd with Ease;

He knew that *Satire*, tho' unjust, would please.

'Twas nothing if the Man deserv'd no Blame:

To lash him was the ready Way to Fame.

Above Correction, he retouch'd no Line;

His Numbers were (or were at least thought) fine.

¹ *Those ... Rod*] ‘Those’: ‘Poets of old’ (line 1); ‘he’: Pope. Pope seems to refer to the confusion of ‘satire’ and ‘satyr’: satyrs were supposed to beat their victims with sticks.

Horace's lines compare the Old Comedy with contemporary satire.

² *Yet ... Frown*] Here we move from the generalities of lines 1-18 to the direct speech of the poet to Chesterfield (19-44), to which the latter responds in another passage of direct speech.

Verse follow'd Verse, a true Poetic Show'r,
 Two hundred almost in a single Hour,
 A very Torrent, that would never stay,
 40 But ran and ran, and muddled all the way.¹
 Averse to Toil, which when bestow'd exalts,
 His *Faults* were *Beauties*, and his *Beauties* *Faults*.
 Is writing fast the same as Writing well?
 All poets then might without pains excel.”
 “Come Sir (cries S—),² let us fairly try
 Who can compose the fastest, you or I.”
 You talk of *Writing*?³ Name the Place and Time,
 I'll show you what it is with me to rhyme.
 Thanks to my Stars, that gave me a meek mind,
 50 Much more to Silence than to Speech inclin'd.
 Challenge^o your *Son*,⁴ and *M—*: these are your Men, *summon*

¹ *A very ... way*] Line 40 is modelled on Pope's now famous treatment of Sporus, *Epistle to Arbuthnot*, 316: 'As shallow streams run dimpling all the way'. A version of this couplet of Popple's is also applied to Pope in Popple's *Sat.* 1.10.125-6 (2007: 222). Used of moving water, 'to muddle' relates to the stirring up of mud, but it is also, figuratively, 'to rummage among distasteful matters' (*OED* 1b). Horace's line 11, on Lucilius, is not remote: 'cum flueret lutulentus, erat quod tollere velles' ('in his muddy stream was much that you would like to remove').

² S—] Evidently 'Stanhope', i.e. Chesterfield (named in line 184).

³ *You talk ... Writing?*] From this point the poet's words, following ms, are not in inverted commas, whereas his interlocutor's are.

⁴ *your Son ... M—*] Chesterfield's only son was the illegitimate Philip. The allusion looks like flattery: in the 1750s when Popple was composing his imitations, Philip became a

True Masters of the *Science* of the Pen!
 Beat on your *Anvils*, make a fearful Rout,
 And blow your *Bellows* till your *Fire* is out!

Happy great *Duck*, who in the *Grotto* stands,¹
 Unsully'd by each *Reader's* dirty hands!
 Or who in *College Library* chain'd fast,
 A whole *Eternity* of Time shall last,
 Whilst I, by all unread, to all unknown,
 60 With fear and trembling venture on the Town –
 For 'tis the Fate of those who *Satires* write
 Oft to offend, but seldom to delight;
Satire, when passing by, may please the Ear,
 But all have *Faults*, and all have room to fear.
 Search the wide Town, and point out, he who can,
 Unsway'd by *Vice* or *Folly*, but one Man.
Boards, Armies, Navies, Court and *City*, try;
Satire, my Lord, can see with half an Eye.
 His Passion *Stucco, Bronzes, Fiddlers, Friends,*
 70 *F—* on *Virtù*² all his *Fortune* spends;
B— hates the *married Dame*, and dotes on *Boys*,
A— is fond of *Knicknacks*, *Stones* and *Toys*.^o *gewgaws*
Rubens or *Titian* haunt *Sir P—*;³ each Night,

Member of Parliament (1754), but was a failure in this and other roles, and was not, as line 51 implies, known for his writing. 'M' is unidentified.

¹ *Duck ... stands*] Stephen Duck (1705?-1756), the 'thresher poet'. Duck was paid to live in 'Merlin's Cave', a structure built for Queen Caroline in the gardens of her country retreat, Richmond Lodge, as its keeper and librarian.

² *Virtù*] 'Curiosities', 'antiquities' (depreciatively).

³ *Sir P—*] Sir Paul Methuen, a noted art collector, is the likely referent. He is alluded to elsewhere in Popple's Horatian satires: see note at *Sat.* 2.3.186, below.

O'er worn out *Coins*, *M*— trembles with delight.
 Close-handed *B*— his Heaps of *Counters*¹ tells,
 And *C*— all his *Patrimony* sells;
Commerce from East to West rich Merchants drive,
 Insuring *B*— wishes all may thrive.
 These hate the *Poet's Verse*, these damn his plan,
 80 Then shun him as the public *Pest* of *Man*.
 “Fly him, my *Friends* – his Horns are bound with Rope,
 More venomous, ten thousand Times, than *Pope*.
 He spares no *Friend* whose *Foible* he can hit,
 And fancies if he speaks home truths 'tis Wit.
 If he can laugh himself, or please some Fools,
 He cares not whom he impudently schools,^o *criticizes*
 And when he once has clapp'd^o his Nonsense down, *slapped*
 It rings like loud Saint Paul's, quite through the Town;²
 Link-boys^o and Beggars, ev'ry Wretch you meet, *torch-bearers*
 90 Halloo and scream, and roar it through the Street;
 Each Ballad-Singer bellows out his Lays,
 And tortures one poor *Name* a hundred Ways.”
 All this is true; hence *Pope*, too, gain'd great Fame;
 But not from hence deriv'd the *Poet's Name*.
 Small art, my Lord, to couple *Rhyme* with *Rhyme*,
 Or set the Words harmoniously in time;
 Words neatly tun'd, may trickle from the *Tongue*,
 Soft as the num'rous^o Prose of *S*—, or *Y*—!³ *harmonious*

¹ *Counters*] ‘Applied to debased coin, and contemptuously to money generally’ (*OED* 2b).

² *rings ... Town*] The satirical lines ring out around London like the bell of St Paul's Cathedral.

³ *S*—, or *Y*—!] The second name must, given the rhyme, be that of Edward Young, who was still producing much-admired prose works in the 1750s. ‘*S*—’ might be Christopher Smart,

Yet not to them, or me, the Name belongs,
 100 Tho' we scratch^o *Satires*, *attributes*¹ and *Songs*. scribble
 Mind *Genius*, and a certain *Pow'r* of *Words*
 That to the Thought true *Dignity* affords;
 Strong *Fancy* to inspirit ev'ry Line,
 And *Judgement* how to polish or refine,²
 These form³ the *Bard*, to him the *Prize* decree,
 He is the *Bard*, my Lord, and none but he.

Hence some have ask'd, if to the *Comic Muse*
Critics the Name of *Poem* should refuse;
 The *Comic Muse* ('tis said) wants Fire and Force,
 110 Her Jests are low, her language often coarse;
 Beyond mere common Talk she never rose,
 And when she writes in Verse, it reads like Prose.
 "But yet an angry Father scolds his Son⁴
 Who after common Prostitutes will run;
 And who (when he has labour'd to provide)
 Rejects, with scorn, a rich and virtuous Bride;
 Or when, at *Noon*, the drunken *Sot* he meets,
 With lighted *Flambeaus*, strolling through the Streets."
 'Tis true – but yet in private Life we find
 120 Each angry *Parent* thus express his Mind.

who Pople references approvingly elsewhere. Smart too was familiar not only as a poet but an essayist, as well as journalist.

¹ attributes] From the context this word should refer to a genre of satirical or related writing, but sources do not offer the necessary confirmation.

² polish or refine] A memory of Pope's *Essay on Criticism*, line 278: 'But Otway fail'd to polish or refine, | And fluent Shakespear scarce effac'd a line.'

³ *These form*] Ms 'Those from'.

⁴ *But yet ... Son*] These lines refer to figures in a play (as in Horace).

Mere *Conversation* this! The Verses break:
 Each common *Father* in this Style will speak.
 Words robb'd of proper *Order* we may trace,
 But still the *Sentiment* is commonplace.
 Break up *Pope's* keenest *Satires*, break up mine;
 Displace the *Words*, and *Order* of each line,
 Destroy the *Measure*, *Quantity* and *Time*,
 Unfetter it from *Harmony* and *Rhyme*,
 Then let each *Line* its proper *Merit* take:¹

130 You'll find no *Members*^o of *Poetic* make.^o *items ... character*

Not so great *Shakespeare* charms from Age to Age:
 Alike in Verse or Prose, his Heroes rage;
 Defac'd and mangled – *Cibber'd*,² if you will –
 What's left of *Shakespeare* is poetic still!³

Enough of this – the question is not, now,
 If we this *Name* to *Comedy* allow;
 Some other time this Question we'll debate,
 And ev'ry pro and con in order state.
Satire at present is the *Poet's* aim,

140 The question is, are *Satirists* to blame?

See *Journals*, *Pamphlets*, more and more in vogue:

¹ *Then ... take*] 'After this, accord each line its own merit.'

² *Cibber'd*] Colley Cibber (1672-1757) rewrote and otherwise adapted many plays for the London stage. His *Richard III*, for instance, was half his own, the rest borrowed from various Shakespeare plays.

³ *What's left ... still!*] Popple seems to have in mind Congreve's well-known Preface to *The Dramatick Works of John Dryden*, 1717 (of Dryden): 'Take his Verses, and divest them of their Rhimes, disjoint them in their Numbers ... yet shall there Eternally be Poetry' (I, sig. b2^v).

These call each *Minister of State* a *Rogue*!
 The People swallow ev'ry *Patriot Lie*,¹
 And with one common Voice for *Justice* cry.
 Tremble, ye wicked *Empsons*² of the Age,
 When scribbling *Patriots* stir the People's Rage!
 But you who can quit *Posts*, or in them stay,
 Laugh when such *Pamphleteers* their *Wit* display.
 Now draw the *Parallel*: who fears my *Rhymes*?
 150 The *Wretch* alone, who shudders for his Crimes!
 The little *great Man*, shoulder'd into *Pow'r*,
 The Stop-Gap, or the *Pageant*^o of an hour, *show, illusion*
 The dirty *Statesman*, whom vile Flatt'ers court,
 Who makes the honest Man he robs, his Sport!
 But were you worse than *S— O—d* made,
 I am, my Lord, no *Satirist* by Trade.
 Who sees my Works in *Dodsley's Parlour*³ shine?

¹ *Patriot Lie*] As a political slogan, patriotism became from the 1720s onwards a staple of opposition politics, expressing devotion to the *patria* and hostility to sectional interests. The term 'patriot' 'fell into particular discredit in the earlier half of the 18th cent.' (*OED*), being used 'ironically for a factious disturber of the government' (Johnson).

² *Empsons*] Sir Richard Empson (c. 1450–1510) was a notoriously corrupt Speaker of the House of Commons.

³ *Dodsley's Parlour*] The bookseller Robert Dodsley (1704–1764) kept his shop at the sign of Tully's Head in Pall Mall. In spite of this line, he issued Pople's version of Horace's *Ars poetica* in 1753. Possibly the line was written earlier; possibly Pople did not think of it as his own 'work'; certainly it is not a satire.

What Advertisement¹ says the *Verse* is mine?
Pope's Satires ran like *Wild-Fire* through the Town,
 160 For ev'ry Thing he wrote, went smoothly down.
 Some Friends I have who love me, and my Verse
 To them, indeed, in private I rehearse;
 These sometimes kindly will approve my Vein,
 And with their friendly *Praises* give no pain.
 I seek no Place where I may *Hearers* meet,
 Nor with loud *Emphasis* my Verse repeat.
 Let big-voic'd *Henley* in Clare Market bawl,²
 And vend his holy rubbish at his Stall;
 Let mimic *F*—³ once more ascend the Stage,
 170 And with his *Tea* and *News* the Town engage;
 Let him like *Thumb*⁴ assume the Hero's place,
 And rise to Notice through *Othello's* Face.

¹ *Advertisement*] With stress on the third syllable, recorded by *OED* as a possibility into the nineteenth century.

² *Henley ... bawl*] John Henley (1692-1756), was a clergyman targeted in Pope's *Dunciad*. Dissatisfied with his prospects within the Church of England, he established in 1729 his own dissenting chapel in Clare Market, in the parish of St Clement Danes. Here he was obliged to make his living by preaching, becoming known for a 'peculiar elocution' (*ODNB*), and by selling his publications.

³ *F*—] Samuel Foote (1721-1777), actor and playwright. His first success was as *Othello* in 1744 (line 172). Two seasons later he offered an entertainment at Covent Garden titled *Tea*.

⁴ *Thumb*] Tom Thumb is a character in English folklore who always plays the hero's part, but an allusion to Henry Fielding's stage play *The Tragedy of Tragedies; or, The Life and Death of Tom Thumb the Great*, 1730, may be suspected here, even though this play was never a vehicle for Foote.

Be this their *Choice*, whom *Vanities* Delight,
Who never ask, if what they do is right!

“But you, Sir, who such Censures freely pass,
Hold to yourself, for once, the *Poet's* Glass.^o
Fir'd with the Praises we to *Pope* once gave,
Confess yourself, like him, *Ill-Nature's* Slave.
Who in your Verse *Pope's* Talent can mistake?

mirror

180 His Talent, Sir, in ev'ry *Filth* to rake;
That Talent which in him and you we find
Ever to show the worst Side of Mankind!”

Come on, my Lord – this is indeed severe –
A *Stanhope's* Censure, even *Pope* might fear;
In *Wit* to *Chesterfield* all Men must yield,
Yet conscious *Innocence* may try the Field.
Favour'd by Fortune, or by Fortune cross'd,
Show me a great Friend whom I ever lost!
The *Patrons* who first rais'd, protect me still,
190 If I offend, why 'tis against my Will;
'Tis *Passion*, *Temper* – all some *Failings* show –
'Tis *Habit* – which we all to *Nature* owe!
Now view the Man whom ev'ry Man should hate,
The public Enemy of ev'ry State:
He who abuses ev'ry absent Friend,
Or when another blames will not defend;
Who seeks to gain each *Laughter* on his side,
And right or wrong, will ev'ry Man deride;
He who has *Wit* and some small Share of Sense,
200 And always shows it, at some *Friend's* Expense;
Who tells what he has never seen for true,
And gives the private *Trust* to public View –
This is the Man: avoid him all who can;
This is the only Enemy to Man.

Your Lordship oft invites your Friends to eat:

With *Laughers*,^o *Coxcombs*, *Butts* promiscuous¹ meet, *scoffers*
B— or *S*— to divert you try,
 Brisk Repartees about the Table fly;
 If some plain honest Man by chance is there
 210 They quarrel who shall have the greatest Share;
 They lash each other, and proceed all round,
 Till none for *Satire* but yourself is found.
Bacchus at last unlocks each *Convive*'s^o *Heart*, *table-companion*'s
 Your *Lordship* now comes in, and takes your Part.
 You laugh, and, far from thinking it Offence,
 Cry "They have Wit", tho' you deny them Sense.
 You make them your *Companions* – you, my Lord,
 Who to the *Bard* no Quarter will afford!²
 For if, tho' *Laughing*, I but strive to show
 220 "Sir *John* all Icicles and Flakes of Snow",³
 Or say, when he neglects to curl his Hair,
 "He looks a *Fribble* with a martial Air",⁴
 You swear 'tis bitter, it will never do:
 What are such harmless *Follies*, Sir, to you?
 *O—d*⁵ was once your Friend, but he is dead;

¹ *Butts promiscuous*] The absolute use of 'butt' (for 'a person who is habitually the object of derisive jokes', *OED*) is standard for this era. *Promiscuous*: 'indiscriminately'.

² *Who ... afford*] Chesterfield's writings show him to have little time or taste for Shakespeare; perhaps Pople has some particular strictures in view.

³ *Sir John ... Snow*] Adapted from Pople's own version of *Sat.* 1.2, line 60.

⁴ *He looks ... Air*] Quoted from Pople's own version of *Sat.* 1.2, line 62.

⁵ *O—d*] Perhaps 'Ormond'. Chesterfield was related through his second wife to James Butler, second duke of Ormond (1665–1745), the Jacobite conspirator, and visited him in exile in Avignon in 1741.

You know what *P*— of his Conduct said?
 You take his Part, for so you always will,
 But in a Way peculiar to you still:
 “He was my Friend”, you cry; “he meant all well,
 230 But the Event of Things no Man can tell!
 He did me many *Favours*, and I own,
 ’Twas Joy to see him quietly lay down!
 Yet through such Snares ’twas odd how he could break!
 Was *B*— his Friend, or would not *P*— squeak?”
 Is not this *Satire*? Down right cutting Wit,
 Sharper than any Thing that *Pope* e’er writ?
 If *Bards* may be believ’d (tho’ that’s not clear)
 I never was, nor will be, so severe.
 I laugh, ’tis true, and sometimes lash a Fool,
 240 A Habit I contracted when at School;
 For when my *Father*, a plain honest Man,
 Saw to what *Vice* I naturally ran,
Examples more than *Precepts* he would bring,
 And in some *Person*, still point out the Thing.
 “See”, cried the good old Man, “that wretched Lad:
 Already he has spent whate’er he had.”
 A nobler Lesson, which the Heart will reach
 Better than all that *Sh—ck*¹ now can preach!
 If *Whores* I follow’d, “See”, cried he, “my Son,
 250 Poor *Peter* by such common *Whores* undone!”
 If *married Women*, it was still the same,
 For ev’ry *Vice* he found some *Person*’s Name!
 “*Books* will inform you why some Things are good,

¹ Sh—ck] William Sherlock (1639/40–1707), clergyman, religious controversialist, and church leader whose writings became very popular. His sermons, in two volumes, went through several editions, but the ‘now’ refers to his belonging to a past generation.

Why others should with *Firmness* be withstood;
 'Tis mine by strong *Examples* now to show,
 What you, my Child, are yet too young to know.
 When years come on, and *Judgement* opens wide,
 Ye'll tread secure, and walk without a *Guide*."

Thus forming my young Mind, with early Care,
 260 He taught me to avoid each dang'rous Snare;
 So when to *Virtue* he would turn my Mind,
 Some strong *Example* he was sure to find.
 "See gen'rous *Ashley*,¹ with each Virtue fraught –
 How great the *Man* who never sinn'd in Thought;
 Pride sway'd him not, nor any Passion led;
 When did he violate the marriage Bed?
 When did his Breast with undue Passion swell?
 Was not his *Life* one *Lesson* to excel?
 Simple in Manners, cheerful but not light,
 270 *Vice* his *Aversion*, *Virtue* his *Delight*!
 Now turn your Eyes, and view his counter-part:
 View *Passions* raging in each human *Heart*!
 Can you then doubt which should your Pattern be,
 When happy him, and wretched those you see?
 Pictures like these instruct unlettered *Youth*,
 And turn their tender Minds from *Vice* to *Truth*;
 So the sick Man his Neighbour's burial views,
 And inly touch'd, the means of Health pursues.

'Tis thus from early *Youth* I've pass'd my Time,
 280 *Guiltless*, at least of any heinous *Crime*;

¹ 'Uncle to the present Earl of Shaftsbury and married to the Author's Aunt, who passed two Years of his Life with him when very young' (ms note). Popple's uncle and aunt were Maurice Ashley-Cooper, younger brother of the third earl, and his wife Catherine Popple. See Fig. 1.

Newcastle was the obvious choice to occupy the place of Horace's Maecenas. Popple's imitation also takes the opportunity Horace creates to acknowledge his father's care over his education, with close parallels being set out. Perhaps it is because (unlike Horace) Popple has no need to defend himself against detractors that he eschews the personal in the closing section from line 193 on. Here, Horace's idealized account of his own quiet days becomes impersonal, an account not of Popple himself but of 'the private *Walk of Life*'.

Horace Book 1st Satire 6th

Imitated.

To His Grace the Duke of Newcastle

*Holles!*¹ Tho' in your long illustrious race
 Each boast of true *Nobility* we trace;
 Tho' none, ev'n now, with greater splendour shine
 Than each *Precursor* of your noble *Line*;
 Tho' ev'ry Title which was theirs to raise
 In you still burns with undiminish'd blaze;
 Yet not for this the humble Man you scorn,
 Within the Pale of *Heraldry* just born:
 Let the proud great, the unknown Man despise,
 10 And birth above all Sense of Virtue prize:
 You never ask what Parent brought him forth,
 Nor from the vital Stream deduce the worth;

¹ Holles] Thomas Pelham Holles (1693–1768), Duke of Newcastle upon Tyne, first duke of Newcastle under Lyme. A Westminster School alumnus, when he came of age in 1714 he became a wealthy landowner and an increasingly committed Whig. He attained high political office as a protégé of Sir Robert Walpole (Lord Chamberlain 1717, Secretary of State 1724), eventually holding office as Prime Minister 1754-6, 1757-62.

High born or low, at best indiff'rent Things:
 With you, true *Merit* from true *Manners* springs.
 Long e're the *Norman Race* with us began,
 'Twas *Merit* first drew out, then stamp'd the Man;
 Descent was nothing in the Road to Fame,
 The Man of *Virtue* was the Man of *Name*;
 Whilst greatly honour'd through a length of Days,
 20 Each liv'd and died the Theme of public Praise.
 Others, again, with all that *Birth* can give,
 Contemn'd and slighted by the People live;
 Highborn *Lævinus* shall this Truth approve,
Lævinus who could never gain their *Love*:
 Yet 'tis their *Nature* to be led by Show,
 And on the gilded Outside Praise bestow.
 'Tis theirs in Pomp and Splendour to delight,
 Blind with the Glare that stupefies the Sight.
 But tho' in this they judge like you or me,
 30 Their Conduct and their *Judgement* disagree:
 For if *Lævinus* to his *Borough* goes,
 He'll carry it, tho' *Probus*¹ should oppose.
 From them the Man of *Birth* will always gain
 What he who has but Merit, seeks in vain.
Coxcomb or *Knave*, *Lævinus* is their choice:
 They see the Man, and yet will give the Voice,
 And justly too – for in his proper *Sphere*,
 'Tis right, perhaps, that ev'ry one appear;
 'Tis right to be without, what we're within,

¹ Probus] Despite retaining the Horatian name 'Lævinus' in this passage, Popple has changed Horace's Decius into Probus. Perhaps this is to make clear that Laevinius' opponent is worthier (has probity).

40 Nor, like the *Ass*, put on the *Lion's Skin*.¹
 Yet to excuse ourselves we all might say,
 "'Tis ours to tread, where *Glory* leads the Way:
 To her resplendent *Car*^o attach'd, *Mankind* *chariot*
 Follows the shining *Track* she leaves behind;
 Alike inspir'd, alike each seeks for *Fame*,
 The Man who has, and he who has no *Name*."
 But what avails to glitter in Men's Eyes?
 Who would the giddy *People's* Favour prize?
 See the *Mob's Idol*, *Patriot*² first, then *Peer*,
 50 How seldom ev'n his very *Name* we hear!
Glory surrounded him a private *Man*,
Envy pursu'd when he enlarg'd his *Plan*;
Honours no sooner beam'd around his Brow,
 But each Man cried, "Where is the *Patriot* now?
 What *Lord* is that? I scarcely know the Face;
 He cannot, surely, spring from —'s Race?"
 Sir *Fopling*³ thus, with his own Merit sir'd,
 And courting *Praise*, sets out to be admir'd;
Maids, *Widows*, *Wives*, the strutting *Fop* survey,
 60 Ev'n *Miss*, to see him throws her *Doll* away!
 "How is he shap'd?", each curious Female cries,
 "And has he really such charming Eyes?
 What is the measure of the *Creature's* back?
 Stubb'd,^o no doubt, his Beard, and very black!" *close-cut*
 Thus all require what captivates their Mind,
 And if they find not that, they nothing find.

¹ *Nor ... Skin*] The allusion to Aesop is also made by Horace.

² *Patriot*] See note on *Sat.* 1.4.143, above, for the pejorative implications of the term.

³ *Sir Fopling*] By the time Popple is writing, the name of Sir Fopling Flutter in Etherege's play *The Man of Mode* (1676) has long been proverbial.

So he who seeks to figure in the State,
 And dares, against the odds of Birth, be great,
 What's Slander's Tongue to cavil at his Birth,
 70 And plead it an *Abatement* of his worth?
 "What was his Sire? Whence did the Upstart spring?
 Was not his Mother some mean *City Thing*?"¹
 Go where he will, still rounded in his Ear
 The same ungrateful Language he will hear:
 "Is this the Man on whom *Preferments* wait,
 Whom *Posts* of *Honour* equal to the *Great*?
 This he, who tho' from *Birth* no claim he draws,
 Sits in the *Lords' House*, and his *Betters* awes?"
 Why, — sits there (you'll say), nor is he more
 80 Than what your *Father* was by birth before —
 What then, if one poor *Earthling*^o gains a Seat? *ploughman*
 Must you a *Premier*^o be in your *Conceit*? *Prime Minister*
 "But — had parts,^o and could say aye or no,
 As veering *State-Winds* bid his *Bellows* blow;
 Could talk on *Precedents* the livelong *Day*,
 Till each tir'd *Member*, yawning, stole away.
 His Voice was *Thunder* when in *Peals* it broke,
 And would be heard tho' fifty - -² spoke. *abilities*
 To³ rise by *Parts* may be the nobler choice;
 90 Yet still 'tis something to have such a Voice."

¹ City Thing] I.e. belonging to the mercantile classes, not to the landed gentry.

² fifty - -] When words or letters are omitted in this text, it is to conceal or make less obvious an individual's name. This cannot be the case here. The copyist is probably signalling an inability to read the original, in which case the omitted word could be something as banal as 'others'.

³ To] Ms 'Tis'.

Unquestion'd by the World, who just has birth,¹
 Lives a plain, honest, harmless Son of *Earth*;
 But give him *Honours*, ev'ry Man will gaze,
 And ask who could the unknown Creature raise?
 Such was my Fate when *Walpole* first, then you,²
 Drew me from private Life to public View;
 Now high enough for *Envy* to defame,
 Each Man enquires my Family and Name.
 Diff'rent, you'll say, to *Merit* or to rise,
 100 Yet *Envy* looks on both with equal Eyes.
 But tho' *Success* may *Jealousy* create,
 Yet why should *Envy* on your *Friendship* wait?
 With you, *Worth* is not *Multitude* of *Friends*,
 But honest *Principles* and honest *Ends*.
 To this, not Fortune, I your *Friendship* owe;
 'Twas mine to want, yours kindly to bestow!
 'Twas mine to feel the weighty *Arm* of *Pow'r*,
 'Twas yours to shield me in that fatal Hour!
Walpole, the best of Men, first told my *Tale*,
 110 Next *Selwyn*³ found it easy to prevail;

¹ *who ... birth*] 'He who has only the attributes with which he was born.'

² *Walpole ... you*] Popple's life of government service began in 1723 as secretary to Horace Walpole while on a diplomatic mission to Paris. The rising Newcastle ('you') was at this time a close associate and confidant of both Horace Walpole and his elder brother, Sir Robert.

³ *Selwyn*] Colonel John Selwyn (1688-1751), Marlborough's aide-de-camp, with whose son George Augustus it seems Popple was brought up, was first returned to the House of Commons in 1715. In 1720 when the Whig ascendancy under Walpole began, he was appointed as receiver general and comptroller of customs. He was a member of the royal household of George II, and remained a Member of Parliament continuously from 1727 to

Mov'd ere I came (mine was a pleasing Task),
 You granted, ere I had the Pow'r to ask.
 Let others by high birth or splendour shine:
 To rise by honesty of Heart be mine!
 Be this at least the *Poet's* humble boast:
 To please the Man whom *Virtue* pleases most.

All Men have *Faults* – and if I have some few,
 Striking, but not offensive, to the view
 (Like *Moles* which on the *Skin* may sometimes rise,
 120 Yet neither hurt the *Face*, nor ev'n disguise),
 If none can say I have a sordid^o *Mind*, *coarse, mean*
 Nor tax me with a *Taste* too much refin'd;
 If with my *Faults* some *Virtues* too I blend,
 And am not quite an *Eyesore* to a Friend;
 If this fair Course I never yet forsook,
 'Twas owing to the Care my *Father* took.
 For he, good Man, with *Nothing* in his *Pow'r*,
 The Sport of Fortune to his dying *Hour*,
 Sent me to no mean *Day* or *Parish* School,
 130 To learn *Arithmetic* – and be a Fool;
 But, wisely judging *Culture* forms the Man,
 Enlarg'd beyond his *Means* Instruction's Plan:
 Dukes, Earls, and Lords my School and Play-Mates were,
 Nor more than me, our common Master's care:
 Nor was that all – for, watchful o'er my *Youth*,
 He taught me first an early Love to *Truth*.
 The *Mind* instructed thus in what is right
 Sees *Virtue* always in its proper *Light*.
Pleasure may warp, its gay *Amusements* move,
 140 But virtuous *Minds* can never vicious prove.

1751, in place when Walpole fell in 1742. He had a reputation for probity. Popple's Horatian Satire 1.1 is dedicated to him.

Thus guarded, through *Life's* various Scenes I've ran,
 An honest, tho' perhaps a *Faulty Man*;
 And for this Care, thus lib'rally bestow'd,
 Let me now pay the *Debt* I long have ow'd,
 With *filial Gratitude* now praise him here,
 And whilst I live, his *Memory* revere;
 As blest, thus sprung from *Parents* wise and good,
 As any new made *Lord's* amphibious¹ *Brood*.
 Let others give their *Parents* up to scorn,
 150 Because they were not with a *Title* born;
 Plain born, excludes not *Nature's* common *Plan*:
 'Tis *Manners, Wisdom, Virtue*, make the *Man*.²
 Could time go back, and each chuse whence he'd spring,
 Who would not be *Descendant* of a King,
 Or from some *Duke* or *Lord*, at least, proceed,
 Or ev'n by Indirection^o mend his Breed?^o *deceit ... lineage*
 In this, my Lord, most Men are of a Mind,
 And yet, in this, I differ from Mankind;
 Be mine the Father still, from whence I came,
 160 Tho' all his *Titles* were his honest *Name*!
 The Man is mad, the World no doubt would cry;
 But you may see Things with a diff'rent Eye.
 For why should I (unus'd such Load to bear)
 The Trappings of the *Great* desire to wear?
 Were I a *Lord*, like him my Care would be
 To heap, that I might spend, as much as he;
 To this each worthy *Talent* dedicate,
 And be a noble *Dangler* on the *Great*;

¹ *amphibious*] 'Connected with or combining two classes [or] ranks' (*OED*).

² *Manners ... Man*] The motto 'Manners maketh man' is that of both Winchester College and New College, Oxford.

Obsequious bow to ev'ry Lord I see
 170 Who has more *Title* and *Estate* than me;
 Be curst with *Company* where e'er I go,
 And in the *Day* not one spare Moment know;
 Ride in the *Country* with a num'rous Train,
 And with the same Parade return again,
 With some led *Blockhead* ever by my Side,
 To feed my *Folly*, and support my *Pride*.
 Let the vain-glorious Man with Pleasure smile
 To see his *Equipage* take up a Mile;
 Give me, with honest *Heart* and *Mind* at ease,
 180 To mount my Horse, and gallop where I please,
 To strike into the dec'rous^o *Lawn*,^o or stray *beautiful glade*
 As charm or *Fancy* shall direct my Way.
 What tho' the *Beast* be not of *Arab* breed?
 He knows, and will observe, his Master's speed;
 And tho' no manag'd¹ Horse, my Voice regards,
 Nor is an Hour in prancing twenty yards.
 Far, far from me the meanness, and the State,
 That shows the sordid blended with the Great:
 Better my one *Horse* still, and proper *Place*,
 190 Than trav'ling with a Set my *Rank* disgrace;
 And while my *Horses* bait,^o and gratis eat, *feed*
 Dine in my *Coach* on *Remnants* of cold *Meat*.
 Happy the private *Walk* of *Life*, where Man
 Forms for himself, and lives up to, his *Plan*!
 Not all the *Pomp* which *Greatness* can bestow
 Equals the *Happiness* such feel and know;
 Whilst, free to ramble and to be alone
 (A *Happiness* to *Greatness* seldom known),
 'Tis theirs to pass their Days in studious Ease,

¹ *manag'd*] 'Trained in a riding school.'

200 This End, their Aim – to do just what they please,
 To ask, as *Trifles* steal into their *Head*,
 If *Canning's* guilty, or the *Gypsy's* dead?¹
 Or in the *Park*, when Ev'ning Shades begin,
 Sit on a *Bench*, and barter for the Sin;
 Or stroll to *Ranelagh*, where Pleasure reigns,
 And *Beauty* forges ev'ry Night new Chains.²
 A frugal Meal expects^o them early Home, *awaits*
 Their careful Servants watch the Hour they come,
 A plain *Dumb-Waiter*³ of a mod'rate size
 210 Contains what sober *Temp'rance* may suffice;
 No *Piles of Plate* engross their Servants' care,
 Their little Service is of *China Ware*.⁴
 Small time an easy *Supper* will digest;
 Refresh'd, not loaded, they retire to rest.
 No Cares disturb them when they close their Eyes,
 Nor are they anxious at what Hour to rise;
 They have no call to wake them ere 'tis Light,

¹ *If Canning's ... dead*] The sensational and very involved case of Elizabeth Canning, supposedly abducted to a house of ill repute and ill-treated by a 'gypsy', but later convicted of perjury, excited the country sufficiently in 1753-4 to become the most celebrated English criminal mystery of the century.

² *Ranelagh ... Chains*] Ranelagh Pleasure Gardens opened in Chelsea in 1742. Gibbon called the attraction 'the most convenient place for courtships of every kind - the best market we have in England'.

³ *Dumb-Waiter*] Not the lifting device, but the simple piece of wooden furniture allowing diners to serve themselves at table. *OED's* first records of the term date to 1749 and 1753.

⁴ *No Piles ... Ware*] The contrast is between gold- or silver-plated metal vessels and porcelain ones ('China Ware').

They sleep as long as it is fairly Night.
 If Justice holds the *Sword*, or *Balance* ev'n,
 220 May be your Care, my Lord, or that of *Heav'n*;
 So little of what passes there they know,
 A *Judge's Face* to them would be a Show.^o *spectacle*
 The Sun now high, the *Means* of *Health* they use,
 And mod'rate Exercise for *Pleasure* choose;
 Or, if their *Fancy* leads within to stay,
 They read, and write, and please themselves that Way,
 Then wash and dress, and lose themselves in thought,
 'Till Dinner, by their honest Servants brought,
 Warns them to ease their Stomachs, not to fill;
 230 For craving Stomachs must have Something still.
Domestic Idlers (if you will) become,
 Something, or Nothing, pleases when at Home.
 Nor is Time thus quite thrown away or spent:
 'Tis but to Indolence and Humour lent,
 To Whim or Fancy, or what has no Name,
 But which, tho' ever new, is still the same.
 Such is the Life which he who has no Views,
 The *unambitious* Man alone pursues;
 A Life, my Lord, which makes him happier far
 240 Than if a *Peer*, or honour'd with a *Star* –
 A Life which if I once could lead, would leave
 Nothing that you could grant, or I receive.

* * *

Satire 1.9

Previous English translations and imitations of this satire included a notable version by John Oldham of 1681, though there are no signs that Popple knew it. Comparative analysis of

Oldham's version with three of Oldham's predecessors¹ has brought out Oldham's superior idiomatic ease, a quality Popple's version matches. Popple also enjoyed the advantages over Oldham, a provincial schoolmaster, that his usual environment was the capital, and receiving the solicitations of near-strangers might not seem implausible.

Horace Book 1st: Satire 9th

Imitated.

Walking one Day, as Chance my Footsteps led,
 A thousand idle fancies in my Head,
 One of those Creatures, whose unmeaning^o Face *unintelligent*
 One sees, and shuns, in ev'ry public Place,
 Advanc'd, and, tho' my *Name* he scarce could tell,²
 "Was *greatly pleas'd* to see me *look so well*".
 Civility like this should thanks receive:
 I thank'd him, and prepared to take my leave;
 But he, unwilling to be shook off so,
 Pursu'd my Steps, and would not let me go.
 Unable longer my *Disgust* to hide:
 10 "Your farther *Pleasure, Sir*, with me?" I cried.
 "Good God" (said he), "Why all this shyness shown?
 To you I'm sure I cannot be unknown.
 I send a *World of Paper* to the *Press*,
 And ev'ryone my *Style* and manner guess;

¹ Paul Hammond, *John Oldham and the Renewal of Classical Culture* (Cambridge, 1983), pp. 111-32.

² *tho' ... tell*] This reverses Horace's sense, that 'I scarcely knew his name.' Perhaps Popple thought this would make line 12 repetitive, but it sits awkwardly with the bore's knowledge of the speaker's life, or at least of who he works for (line 81, below).

Like Stars, above the rest my Papers shine
 Not *Chesterfield's* are more admir'd than mine."
 "Sir, I am glad of it with all my Heart;
 I hope I have your leave now to depart.
 Some pressing Business presses me away:
 20 I wish I could, but faith I cannot stay."
 Impatient to be pester'd thus, I ran –
 Then stopp'd a while – then whisper'd to my Man –
 But all in vain, he still kept Pace for Pace,
 Till drops of Sweat fell trick'ling down my Face.
 Peace to thy Shade, dear I—,¹ when dead, for thou
 Dost no such *Liberty* to *Fools* allow;
 'Tis thine a noble *Freedom* to put on,
 And bluntly bid each prating *Fool* be gone.
 But he, as void of Decency as sense,
 30 Indiff'rent if he pleas'd, or gave Offence,
 Still walk'd, and talk'd, and from each Thing he saw,
 Fresh *Arguments* for new *Discourse* would draw.
 I held my *Tongue*, and would have done so still,
 But Fate reserv'd me yet for greater Ill.
 "I see (said he at last) you want to go,
 But be assur'd, I will not quit you so;
 Where are you going now? Be free and say."
 "Too far for you – and quite a diff'rent Way;
 Beyond Hyde Park, as far as Grosv'nor Square –
 40 A Friend of mine (you know not) lodges there."
 "I have no Bus'ness now", replied the Fool,
 "And I love walking when the Air is cool."
 I hung my Ears, and like the patient *Ass*,
 Resolv'd to let the driving *Tempest* pass.

¹ I—] Doubtless the name is that of Richard Ince, Popple's friend (*Sat.* 1.5.1) and dedicatee (*Epist.* 1.1). Horace names an unknown figure, Bolanus, at this point.

When he: “If once you knew me, take my Word,
 No Friend you have, would half the *Joy* afford,
 To paint myself at once – Show me the Man
 Composes more, or faster than I can;
 In dancing I could *Garrick* hundreds save;¹
 50 Music’s the least *Accomplishment* I have:
Handel would blush, were I to touch the *Strings*,
 And none would listen when *Mingotti*² sings.”
 ’Twas time to interrupt, and break the Thread –
 “Have you a *Mother, Sir* – or is She dead?
Friends or *Relations, Sister, Wife, or Son,*
 Or any living Creature?” – “None, Sir, None;
 I’ve bury’d all.” “Then bury me alive:
 I never can this fatal Hour survive;
 For thus my *Fortune*, when a *Boy*, was told:
 60 This *Youth* will never live till he grows old.
 Nor *Sword, nor Poison, Pleurisy, nor Cough,*
 Nor racking *Gout* shall ever take him off;
 But some curst *Chatt’rer* shall complete his *Doom*;
 First talk him dead,³ then lodge him in his Tomb.
 Then let him, when he comes to Man’s Estate,
 Avoid all Talkers – as he would his Fate.”
 ’Twas now past ten; the *Park* look’d gay and bright,
 When *Westminster’s* high *Turrets* struck his *Sight*.

¹ Garrick ... *save*] In David Garrick’s capacity as theatre manager at Drury Lane from the mid-1740s.

² Mingotti] Regina Mingotti, a Neapolitan diva born in 1722 whose London years as an opera performer began in 1754. She was renowned for her dramatic manner.

³ *talk ... dead*] Perhaps Popple recalls a line (17) from Samuel Johnson’s *London*: ‘here a female atheist talks you dead’.

- “Good God”, said he, “I had forgot my Cause:
 70 I must for Counsel, learnèd in the Laws;
 Friend, if you love me, cross the Park with me:
 I will but ask Advice and give a Fee.”
 “Excuse me, Sir, I am too tir’d to go,
 And as to Law, ’tis what I do not know.
 Besides, I have a Call another Way” –
 “What shall I do – shall I go on or stay?”
 “Go, by all means!” cried I, “Delay no more.”
 “Not I”, cried he, and straight^o stepp’d on before. *immediately*
 ’Tis hard with a *Superior* to contend:
- 80 I follow’d him as *Slaves* their *Lords* attend,
 When he – “How live you at his Grace’s Seat?”¹
 “His Grace”, replied I, “does not often treat;
 The Friends that go to *Claremont* are but few;
 He lives there as a private Man would do.”
 “What luck”, cried he, “that we today have met!
 A better *Second*^o you could never get. *supporter*
 Once introduce me there, and you will find
 How soon I’ll throw each *Favorite* behind.”
 “Sir, you’re mistaken; ’tis not so he lives;
- 90 No house a fairer Play for *Merit* gives:
 No *Factions*, *Parties* or *Cabals* reign there:
 Each in his *Grace’s Friendship* claims his Share.
Learning and *Wealth* to *Worth* may add a grace,
 But *Worth* without them still maintains its place.”
 “Is’t possible! I’ve heard as much, indeed;
 By this still more my *Eagerness* you feed.

¹ *His Grace’s Seat*] ‘His Grace’ is Henry Pelham, Duke of Newcastle, Popple’s service to whom is discussed in his *Sat.* 1.6, above. Newcastle’s ‘seat’ was Claremont House (line 83, below), his favourite residence, which he built in Surrey.

Get me but footing once, I know you can,
 And see how soon I'll steal into the Man;
 I know he is not easy of Access,
 100 But *Patience* makes each *Difficulty* less.
 I'll keep his chief *Domestic* in my pay,
 And call tomorrow if deny'd today;
 In public and in private still attend,
 And leave no Way untry'd to gain my End.”

At last he paus'd, when lo, a welcome Sight!
 I saw Sir *K*— from his *Chariot* light;
 He soon came up – I pinch'd him by the Hand,
 But he, dissembling, would not understand;
 He knew his *Character* as well as *I*,
 110 But was resolv'd he would my *Patience* try.
 I frown'd – he smil'd – and, eager to be gone,
 Cried “*Nothing* in the *City* can be done;
 This *Day* the *Jews* their *Tabernacle* show;¹
 The *Alley*² will be empty if we go.”
 “I have no *Scruples* of this foolish kind” –
 “But I have, Sir – we are not of a mind;
 In this the common *People* give me *Law*,
Religious Rites, whate'er they be, claim awe.”^o

respect

¹ *The Jews ... show]* The Jewish holiday of Sukkot or Tabernacles involves home-made shelters in memory of those constructed during the biblical wanderings in the wilderness.

This reference to a Jewish holiday preventing City trading is Popple's way of dealing with a notoriously obscure passage in which Horace's character speaks of offending the Jews on the Sabbath.

² *The Alley]* The coffeehouses of Change (originally Exchange) Alley in the City of London were an early venue for the trading of shares and commodities, and the earliest form of the London Stock Exchange.

He bow'd, and, smiling at my awkward pain,
 120 Consign'd me to the butcher's knife again.

But *Chance*, when least expecting to get free,
 Came to my Aid, and gave me *Liberty*:

His *Adversary* on the *Instant* came -

"Villain", cried he, and call'd him by his Name,

"I have you now, and will secure you too:

I'll forfeit not *Recognizance*^o for you." *surety*

The gath'ring *Mob* their hands upon him cast,

And left me to pursue my Way at last.

* * *

Satire 2.1

Other than *Sat.* 1.2, in which Popple's aims diverge from Pope's significantly, this imitation affords the first opportunity in Popple's Horatian satires for a direct comparison between versions by both writers. Popple has much to live up to, since Pope's is one of the most successful of his Horatian poems. Popple's opening pays homage to it, but one sign of his distinctiveness is that while his 142 lines include hardly less digression than Pope's 156 (the Horatian work has only 86 lines), the directions the digressions take are usually quite different. This is one means by which Popple can fulfil his stated aim of applying Pope's 'method' to the whole of Horace without being forced into closely repeating what Pope had himself done with the individual Horatian works he imitated.

A different and very special effect governs the climax in lines 103-23. Where the speaker in Horace aligns himself with Lucilius, and where in Pope's imitation Boileau and Dryden are named, Popple creates an extended window allusion to Pope, with a version of Pope's most prominent line at its centre (line 114). Here, too, Popple speaks out in his own voice, obliged by the logic of his use of Pope to appear *in propria persona*: 'Less rich than

Pope, beneath him far in Wit, | Some Great Men still my Company admit' (lines 119-20).

Horace Book 2^d Satire 1st

Imitated.

Dialogue between the Poet and a Friend.

Poet. There are to whom my *Satires* seem too bold;¹

There are who think them spiritless and cold.

Gall'd by my Verse, and fest'ring with their Wounds,

The first pronounce that I exceed all bounds;

Untouch'd by what I write, the latter say

They could compose a thousand such each Day.

Say then, my Friend (and give me good Advice),

How shall I manage in a Point so nice?

Friend. Write nothing – hold your Tongue – 'tis better far,

10 Than with Mankind to wage perpetual War.

Poet. Write nothing! Hold my Tongue! It may be right,

But I can't Sleep – I lie awake all Night;

The Follies of the World affect my Brain,

And I must write, tho' but to ease my Pain.

Friend. Try the cold Bath – at Night your Bottle take,

I'm much mistaken if you lie awake;

Or, if this *Silence* is so hard a Thing,

You cannot want a Subject: Praise the King.

True *Panegyric* will procure renown,

20 The King himself with praise your Works may crown.

Poet. You're right, but Themes like these great Talents ask,

¹ *There ... bold*] A small-scale *hommage* to Pope, whose version of this satire opens: 'There are (I scarce can think it, but am told) | There are to whom my Satire seems too bold'.

“A Muse of Fire!”¹ for such a glorious Task!
 Shakespeare could paint fifth *Harry* in the Field,
 When the insulting *Gaul* was forc’d to yield;
 Could draw *Alencon* falling from his Horse,
 And vanquish’d by the King’s superior Force!²
 But weak as I am, how would I display
 The painful Toils of *Dettingen’s* hot Day?³

Friend. Paint then the milder Glories of his Reign,

30 A Theme the best of *Bards* need not disdain!
 The *Patriot King*⁴ already stands confest:°
 Paint you the private *Virtues* of his *Breast*.

revealed, attested

Poet. I like your Counsel, but alas, my Friend,
 Tho’ glorious such a *Monarch* to commend,
 Can I expect my Verse should reach his Ear?
 A Muse so low as mine, what King will hear?
 Besides, too far remov’d his *Worth* to know,
 I should at best but partial *Praise* bestow.

Friend. Yet this is better than to lash the Town,

40 And live in dread of ev’ry *Coxcomb’s* frown,

¹ *A Muse of Fire*] Quoting the opening of the prologue to Shakespeare’s *Henry V*.

² *Alencon ... Force*] The Duc d’Alençon was killed at the Battle of Agincourt, though not by King Henry.

³ *Dettingen’s ... Day*] The Battle of Dettingen, 1743, which turned out to be the last occasion on which a British monarch (George II), led an army in the field, resulted in defeat for the French.

⁴ *Patriot King*] A political term of the mid-eighteenth century, used with deep irony here. According to Henry St John, Viscount Bolingbroke’s, treatise *The Idea of a Patriot King*, 1738, such a king would ‘espouse no party’, whereas the opposition deplored the exclusive confidence George II placed in the Whigs.

For let me tell you, this *Satiric* Vein
 Gives ev'ry Man just Reason to complain;
 And tho' you think the Hurt alone are vex't,
 Each Fool expects his Turn will be the next.
 Hated by those you lash, and those you slight,
 You live the public *Odium* whilst you write.

Poet. 'Tis granted, Sir, but how can I sit still,

When fourscore Pounds scarce pay a Tavern Bill,
 When Chairs and Sconces^o from the Windows fly, *candlesticks*
 50 And *Burgundy* or *Claret* channels dye,
 When, hot with Wine, Bucks sally thro' the Street,
 And knock down ev'ry sober Man they meet;
 When he who drives the *Beggar* from his *Gate*
 Will bet his thousands for a Piece of Plate;^o *plated ware*
 When *Peer* with *Peer*, for *Slack* or *Broughton*¹ vie,^o *bet*
 And *Wretches* for mere *Want* in Prisons die?
 In me, *Great Pope*,² revive! Oh may my page,
 Like thine, lash each *Corruption* of the Age!
 Better than you or I, he made his *Rhymes*
 60 Impartial *Chronicles* of vicious Times;
 In his clear *Glass*^o each might his Picture view: *mirror*
Handsome or *ugly*, still the *Face* was true.
 Him let me follow, in his noble Aim,
 No matter tho' less great than his my Name!
 What signifies, my Friend, from whence we spring?
 Born high or low, the Genius is the Thing:

¹ Slack or Broughton] Two famous boxers; much money would turn on the outcome of a contest between them.

² Pope] Horace references Lucilius, but less as a satirist than as a writer who opened his life to view in his works. In his imitation of *Sat.* 2.1 Pope himself had chosen exemplars of personal openness and not satirists here: Montaigne and the politician William Shippen.

- A *Cockney* if you will, or *Village-born*,
 Or just above the *Titled Coxcomb's* scorn.
 Yet think not, tho' his¹ Manner pleases best,
 70 I'd drive the Sword at any good Man's breast:
 No, in the peaceful Scabbard let it lie;
 'Tis time enough to draw when *Rogues* are nigh.
 Let it, great *Jove*, be eaten up with Rust,
 If ever I unsheath before I must –
 Attack'd indeed, such Men shall sorely feel
 For them I always wear the keenest Steel;
 In *Priest* or *Peer*, if any Vice I meet,
 The *Culprit* shall be sung, thro' ev'ry Street.
Nature and *Politics*, in this alike,
 80 Each with the Arms which best can wound, will strike.
 The vile *Informer* threatens all with *Law*,
 The *Minister* still keeps the Press in awe,
 The *Judge* may frown, for 'tis with him to save,
 And *haughty Beauty* make Mankind its Slave;
 Each knows the Pow'r he has: the *Wolf* will bite,
 The *Bull* with galling *Horns* maintain the *Fight*.
 And whence, my Friend, should they this Knowledge learn?
Wisdom and *Instinct* both alike discern.
 "A Mother lives too long, 'tis time she die."
 90 *Friend*. Hold, hold – No Son will sure the *Dagger* try.
Poet. The *Dagger*, no; that would indeed be known,
 And her sad Fate soon follow'd by his own;
 But fee the *Doctor* for a proper *Dose*,
 The good old Woman sinks into *Repose*.
 In short, my Friend, indiff'rent as to Fate,
 Whether my Hour is come, or I must wait,
Rich, *Poor*, at *Home*, or doom'd to foreign Air,

¹ *his*] Pope's.

I still must write, for Faith, I can't forbear.

Friend. Well, take your Way, but let me tell you, Friend,

100 You'll come at last to some untimely End;
At least some noble *Patron's* favour lose –
There is no *Medium*; 'tis with you to choose.

Poet. How Sir! Because I give my Genius scope,

And lash as many *Fools* and *Knaves* as *Pope*,
Shall I an harder Fate than his receive?
His worst of Foes ne'er gave him cause to grieve;
His line of Life Fate's Scissors only knew;
He died as any other Man might do.

Friends to the last, his Friends bedew'd his Bier,

110 And paid the last sad Tribute of a Tear;
They ne'er forsook him when he lash'd the Great,
And shew'd the dirty Peer thro' all his State.
Nor high nor low e're warp'd his gen'rous Ends,
To Virtue only just, and Virtue's Friends.¹
Nor was that all: the *Social Bard* was lov'd,
And follow'd when to *Twick'nham* he remov'd;²
There in learn'd *Ease*, he trifled time away,
Till *Great Men* wish'd they could for ever stay.
Less rich than *Pope*, beneath him far in Wit,

120 Some *Great Men* still my *Company* admit.
'Tis no vain boast – ev'n *Malice* must allow,
I once was theirs, and might be still so now.
As for my Rhymes, I think them harmless quite;

¹ To Virtue ... Friends] An allusion to Pope's own (capitalized) corresponding line 'TO VIRTUE ONLY AND HER FRIENDS, A FRIEND' (*Sat.* 2.1, line 121).

² when ... remov'd] Pope 'removed' to the rural but increasingly fashionable setting of Twickenham in 1719. He set about building himself a villa, which would in time be visited by some of the 'great'.

Let *Critics* mind their *Teeth* if they will bite.

No worthy Man my Verse shall e'er offend,

And *Fools* and *Knaves* I only seek to mend.

Here I will hold: what say you, Sir, to this?

Speak, if you think there's anything amiss!

Friend. Nothing at all, all this is mighty well;

But yet the Law another Tale will tell.

Satires, however innocent they read,

130 To *Libels* turn, when *King's Attorneys* plead.

You are no Lawyer, Sir; the Statute lies

Beyond the reach of purblind *Poets' Eyes*:

Initials, Friend, in Law, are dang'rous Things;

P— stands for *Peers*, as well as *K*— for *Kings*.

Poet. True, if the Line with pregnant^o Slander grows;

implied

But if I speak what ev'rybody knows,

If I would say, "There's much good Sense in *Pitt*",

Or archly call Lord *Chesterfield* a *Wit*,

Or say, "I think a Lord may be a Fool",

140 What Court would make an *Order* or a *Rule*?^o

ruling

The *Judge* would laugh, the *Lawyer* tear his *Brief*,

And the poor *Plaintiff* hang himself for *Grief*.

* * *

Satire 2.3

At 570 lines, this is by some distance the longest of Popple's Horatian satires, just as it is the longest of Horace's own. Its real-world anchoring has some complexities. At the start Popple seems to permit a rare glimpse of his situation, as his interlocutor addresses him: it is some while since he troubled the press; he 'left the Town' (for the West Indies?) to 'make [his] Time [his] own'; yet the word 'press' is the only major departure from Horace's lines.

Horace's interlocutor, Damasippus, was a bankrupt speculator and art connoisseur/dealer. Pople's figure is also an art connoisseur and dealer by inclination and reputation, but a medical doctor by profession. This is not because medicine has any relevance, rather because Dr L—n is taken from the real world, and recognizable to at least some of Pople's intended readers. Finally, the reported discourse of the sage who has 'converted' the doctor (lines 81-522), and which makes up the bulk of the satire, is put into the mouth of an easily identifiable contemporary, Thomas Hill (see note at line 80).

Horace Book 2^d Satire 3^d

Imitated.

Dialogue between D^r L—n & the Poet.

L—n. Why this long Respite from the Press, my Friend?

Why still employ'd your former Works to mend?°

correct

Have you forsook all *Commerce* with the Nine,

Or are you fond of *Company* and *Wine*,

Preferring Ease to an immortal Name,

An Hour of *Pleasure* to an *Age of Fame*?

Where will this End? You wish'd to be alone,

And left the Town to make your Time your own;

Employ it, then – you have a fertile Brain –

10 And write yourself in Favour once again.

In vain you curse yourself, Pen, Ink and all,

Ready to dash your *Head* against the *Wall*,

And yet you had a Look that seem'd to me

To threaten much, if you could once get free.

Books to you brought – for what, to line your Shelves?

Are they then *Company* but for themselves?

Or do you think fell *Envy* to appease

By sacrificing *Virtue* to your ease?

Alas, by this you but encrease her Spite,
 20 And give the *Monster* sharper Teeth to bite.
 Shake off this *Syren* Sloth, 'twill never do:
 The Town expects still greater Things from you.
Poet. Well push'd;° and in return for what I've heard, *urged*
 Heav'n send you a good *Barber* for your *Beard*!¹
 But tell me whence you know my *Thoughts* so well?
 Nay, no Excuses, faith Sir, you shall tell.
L—n. Why then, to speak the Truth, and nothing hide,
 Since cruel Fortune has my *Patience* tried
 (For *Doctors* without *Chariots*° get no Fees, *carriages*
 30 And Parts° procure us nothing but Degrees), *talents*
 I have no Business of my own to mind,
 But mix in Company with all *Mankind*.
 I read their *Genius, Humour, Manners, Plan,*
 And search the secret Thoughts of ev'ry Man.
 Time was – but then Things were not quite so bad –
 My own Affairs took all the time I had.
 I dealt in *Statues, Bronzes, Pictures, Prints,*
 And knew the sev'ral *Masters* by the *Tints*.
 Consulted still, each bid by my Advice;
 40 None offer'd Money, till I rais'd the Price.
 “Oh, what a Venus! had she but a Nose!”
 Double its Value straight the Statue rose.
 “A Cupid that? The *Muscling* is too strong.”
 The value sunk, I bought it for a Song.
 Indeed, sometimes I purchased Things too dear,
 And sometimes, too, my Judgement was not clear.
 Once with an *Earthen Vase* I chanc'd to meet,
 'Twas *Sisyphus*'s, and extremely neat.

¹ Beard] Horace's Damasippus wears a beard because he is a philosopher. If Popple's real-life Dr L—n has no beard then the humour is improved (he is talking like a philosopher).

It cost a thousand Crowns – I found, when bought,
 50 'Twas made in *Lambeth*, and not worth a Groat.
 But this was nothing; I still rose in Fame,
 And soon acquir'd an universal *Name*.
 I supp'd with *Dilettantes*,¹ *Wits*^o and *Bloods*,^o *dandies ... rakes*
 And held a *Thesis* once at Robin-Hood's.²
 In short, a *Gem* of the first Water grown,
 I made their *Fortune*, but I spent my own.
Poet. But what could cure you of this strange *Disease*?
 The Things that pleas'd are still most like to please.
L—n. Why, as old *Maladies* give way to new,
 60 This did but change, as most *Distempers* do;
Head-aches will sometimes on the *Stomach* fall,
 And ill-digested *Humours* turn to Gall.
 I know a Man whose *Malady* was *Sleep*;
 The lazy *Blood* scarce thro' his *Veins* could creep.
 The *Doctor's Drugs* a new *Distemper* bred:
 The Man turn'd mad, and broke his *Doctor's Head*.
Poet. Be mad, dear Sir, if such your Pleasure be,
 But do not play your madman's pranks with me.
L—n. Fear not, my Friend, like still is kind to like,
 70 No *Madman* will another *Madman* strike;
 And I'll maintain it in the *Public Schools*³
 That you, and all like you, are mad, or Fools.

¹ Dilettantes] The Society of Dilettanti was founded about 1734 as a gentleman's club by a group of men who had been on the Grand Tour. L—n is probably referring to actual members of the society, whose interests officially lay in supporting Italian opera and public taste.

Reviews were not unmixed: Popple's early mentor Horace Walpole called it in 1743 'a club, for which the nominal qualification is having been in Italy, and the real one, being drunk'.

² Robin-Hood's] A London inn known as a haunt of amateur philosophers.

³ Public Schools] The components of a university; the sphere of academic disputation.

It is a Lesson I was lately taught:
Experience makes none wise, till dearly bought.
 Vex'd at my Folly, and too proud to mend,
 I thought 'twas best my wretched Life to end.
 Full of the Thought, I ran to the Sea-Shore,
 Resolv'd to plunge headlong, and be no more;
 When *Chance*, or *Providence*, or what you will,
 80 Sent to my Aid the learn'd *Inspector H-ll*.¹
 "Hold," cry'd the Sage, "and hear what I've to say:²
 'Tis madness thus to throw your *Life* away;
 Your *Principles* are false, your *Judgement* bad –
 Blush to be mad, when all the World is mad!
 But what is Madness? Tell me if you can,
 And by some fix'd *Criterion* mark the Man,
 Or, if you think that you alone are so,
 Hang, drown, or burn, or to the *Devil* go.
 But ask *Chrysippus* and the *Stoic* Race,
 90 And in this *Apothegm* their *Wisdom* trace:
 The Slave to Vice, whom Appetite betrays,
 Whom false *Appearance* warps, or *Passion* sways,

¹ H-II] Thomas Hill (1682/3-1758) was an alumnus of Westminster School. After Cambridge University he enjoyed a public career of some distinction, becoming a member of the Royal Society in 1726. He succeeded Popple's brother Alured as Secretary to the Board of Trade and Plantations in 1737, and his long tenure (1737-58) makes it very likely he was in post when this imitation was composed. Hill was also known as a poet in both Latin and English. More of his personality emerges in Popple's imitation of *Epistle* 2.2, which is dedicated to Hill.

² "Hold ... say:] Hill's discourse continues from this point to line 522 (with interruption 201-6).

Who, blind to Truth, performs a thousand Things,
 Yet knows not the true Cause whence Action springs,
 Is mad – mad as the World, you say, think you,
 Because he can't distinguish false from true?
 From this just *Axiom*, then, what Man is free?
 Are Kings? Not if they act like you or me.
 Their Subjects? No: the cap fits both their Heads.
 100 Who then? He only who with Wisdom treads.
 Now learn from me why I thus charge Mankind,
 And with this *Parable* discharge your Mind.
 Behold, a *Wood* presents itself to sight,
 Foot-paths enough to tread, yet but one right.
 Some to the right, some to the left-hand go,
 But yet no end of their long *Journey* know.
 The difference lies but in the *Path* they take;
 The Error is the same, and that, all make.
 'Tis so with you: the World esteems you mad;
 110 The honest Truth is, they are just as bad.
 The pig-tail *Captain*, with his Ears quite bare,
 May with the *Judge's* large full bottom square.¹
 There are, for *Folly* hath a noble^o range, *very great*
 A thousand Fools who ring a constant change.
 There are, whom ev'ry Nothing fills with fear,
 Before whose Eyes fantastic Sights appear;
Fires, Rocks and *Floods* seem to spread o'er the Plains,
 Fear shapes the *Image*, and it turns their *Brains*.
 There are (but these are not one Whit more wise,
 120 Tho' from a different Source their *Follies* rise),
 There are of such a hot and fiery Soul,
 Nothing their boiling Ardour can control:

¹ *May ... square*] 'May correspond to, be no different from, the judge who wears a large full-bottomed wig.'

Rocks, Precipices, Floods, indiff'rent Things –
 Fresh *Courage* from encrease of Danger springs.
 In vain *Wife, Sister, Mother, Parents*, call,
 The hot-brain'd, daring Fool is deaf to all;
 Deaf as an *Actress* once, who could not keep
 Herself awake, when counterfeiting Sleep:
 In vain dead *Polydore* for burial cries,
 130 In vain the *Audience* in disorder rise,
 And with a thousand mingl'd Voices roar,
 'Oh! leave us not unbury'd on the Shore.'
 But now, to prove that you, and all Mankind,
 Are equally in Things of moment blind,
L—n is mad to purchase Statues, Busts,
 But madder still is he who *L—n* trusts.
 'I'll lend you', says *Sir Gripe-all*,¹ 'Fifty Pound,
 But you must first of all be firmly bound.'^o *legally tied*
 The World would call you Fool should you refuse,
 140 For what have you or I, my Friend, to lose?
Judgement confess'd, and *Execution* gone,
 You laugh, for Goods and Chattels you have none;
 A *Capias*^o issues - you abscond indeed, *arrest warrant*
 Till by an *Act of Grace*² you're fairly freed.
 If then (as 'tis by all Mankind confest)
 To manage well or ill, is Wisdom's test,
 The inference is plain, and obvious too,
Sir Gripe-all is a greater Fool than you;
 You get the Cash - you may, or may not, pay,

¹ Sir Gripe-all] Not, it seems, a play character, but a personification: a 'gripe-all' is later (1823) recorded by *OED* as 'a grasping, avaricious person'.

² Act of Grace] A legal indemnity, issued by the Crown, relating to an individual or a class of persons.

150 But he by lending throws it quite away.
 Come all, whose Bosom with *Ambition* burns,
 Whom love of Money into Wretches turns,
 Whom *Superstition* harrows up with Fear,
 And *Luxury* enervates¹ half the Year;
 Come all, whate'er your kinds of Folly be,
 And learn this universal Truth from me:
 Each Man is mad, who swerves from Reason's Rules,
 And all Mankind a motley Nest of Fools.
 First in the List, and high above the rest,
 160 The Misers' dirty *Cohort* stands confest;
Anticyra itself would be too small
 To furnish *Hellebore* to cure them all.²
 'Item, I will'³ (this *Proof Sir Muck-worm*⁴ gave):
 'The Sum I leave be wrote upon my Grave;
 And if my Heir do not perform my Will,
 I give it to the *Church* by *Codicil*.'
 'Strange Madness this, *Sir Muck*', the Lawyer cries;
 'It is my Will', the dying Fool replies.
 Each thought him mad – perhaps you think him so,
 170 But will you now *Sir Muck-worm*'s Reasons know?
 Of all the Wretches that compose our Race,
 With him a poor Man holds the lowest place.
 Nay, had he miss'd one Shilling he could gain,

¹ *enervates*] With stress on second syllable, usual at this date.

² *Anticyra ... all*] From Horace: hellebore was the ancient remedy for madness, Anticyra a town famous for producing it.

³ *Item, I will*] The formula is that of a testamentary document; the miser is dictating his will to a lawyer.

⁴ *Proof ... Muck-worm*] Proof of madness; 'muckworm' = 'miser'.

He would have thought himself a Rogue in grain.^o *ingrained*
 Sordid he was, 'tis true, but yet no Fool;
 He measur'd all Things by this constant Rule:
Fame, Virtue, Worth, Things human and divine,
 Obedient bow to *Wealth's* resplendent Shrine.
 From *Wealth's* creature,¹ *Pow'r*, all *Virtues* Spring:
 180 Who has it, is wise, valiant, just – is King.
 Nurs'd in such sordid Principles as these,
 What could *Sir Muck-worm's Genius* better please?
Riches to him was *Honour, Virtue, Fame*;
 'Late times', cried he, 'shall honour *Muck-worm's* Name.'
 This is no gen'ral Mark,^o you'll say – 'Tis true; *characteristic*
 But what did gay *Sir P—* at *Venice* do?²
Sir P— was gracious, courtly, scorn'd a lie,
 And lov'd a *Wench* as well as you or I.
 On the *Rialto* once, as fame reports,
 190 He met a *Punk*,^o the pride of many *Courts*; *courtesan*
 He sigh'd, he swore, he press'd her Snow-white hand,
 And begg'd she would himself and his Command;
 Pull'd out a *Watch* that cost a thousand pound,

¹ *creature*] To be pronounced with three syllables ('create'+ 'ure'), as was possible at least in regional English in the eighteenth century.

² *what ... do?*] No other account of the incident here described has been traced, but candidates for the titled 'Sir P—' are limited in number, and the figure sounds very like Sir Paul Methuen (c.1672–1757), Member of Parliament, diplomat, and art collector. For his character ('singular ... a little mad') see John Hervey, Baron Hervey, *Some Materials towards Memoirs of the Reign of George II*, edited by Romney Sedgwick, 3 vols (London, 1931), I, 102. He may also be alluded to in Pope's *Sober Advice from Horace* (Pope's version of *Sat.* 1.2), lines 87-8.

Case, Spring, and Hinge with glitt'ring *Diamonds* bound.

'Take it, sweet Soul, or in the Sea it goes' –

She paus'd – straight in the Sea the *Watch* he throws.

Which was the madder Man, *Sir Muck* or he?

'Tis in the kind, if any diff'rence be.

Both Men were mad: *Sir Muck* was mean and low,

200 *Sir P*— a Madman of a better show.”^o

appearance

All Arguments, I cried, are shallow, weak,

That do not to the point directly speak;

Compar'd together both indeed may seem

Mad as each other, in the World's esteem;

But taken sep'rately, your proof is bad,

The question is, if any one is mad.

“Well then, said he, to shew you, at one view,

That what I say in ev'ry *Part* is true,

Suppose, without an Ear or Taste for sound,

210 You hang your *Chambers* with *Cremonas*¹ round,

With *Harpichords, French Horns, Drums, Trumpets, Lutes,*
Bassoons, Theorbos, Dulcimers and Flutes;

Or if with *Cobblers' Tools* you line your *Walls,*

Large paring *Knives, Boot stretchers, Lasts and Awls;*

Or if (without Design to go to Sea,

Your Fancy so extravagant should be),

You purchase what might fit a *Man of War:*

Masts, Yards, Sails, Anchors, Cables, Pitch and Tar:

The World would think you mad as well as I,

220 Nor could you honestly the *Charge* deny.

Now let impartial *Reason* hold the Scales,

And see if *Truth* or *Sophistry* prevails.

You buy for what you have no Use or Taste,

¹ Cremonas] Cremona, the Italian town renowned for manufacturing the best violins, gave its name to all violins made there.

And all your *Fortune* in such *Bargains* waste;
 Is this a Mark of *Folly*, or of *Sense*?
 The Cause will not admit of a Defence.
 Now turn the Tables, and the Wretch behold
 Heaping unnecessary *Piles of Gold*:
 Does he employ it in its proper Use?
 230 Does he not all Things to himself refuse?
 All kinds of *Grain* within his *Barns* abound –
 His Food is Weeds that overrun his *Ground*;
 Delicious *Wines* within his *Cellars* rest –
 He sips the sour, but leaves untouch'd the best.
 Trembling with *Age*, just sinking in the *Grave*,
 He lies on dirty *Straw*, his *Beds* to save,
 While *Moths* and *Worms* his saving Scheme defeat,
 And all his *Quilts* and rich-wrought *Carpets* eat.
 The Man is mad, tho' few this Madness see,
 240 Because in this, most are as mad as he.
 But to what End is all this *Wretch's* care?
 Is it to save for a luxurious^o *Heir*? *extravagant*
 A Thought like this ne'er enter'd in his Head,
 No, Sir – he fears to want a bit of Bread!
 But would it sink too much, in such a Heap,
 Should you yourself a little cleaner keep?
 Would it too much diminish of your Store,
 Should you some *Butter* on your *Cabbage* pour?
 Tell me then, *Wretch*, whom *Gods* and *Men* disclaim,
 250 Whose face ne'er glow'd with any Sense of Shame,
 If thou canst live on – be it what it may –
 A Shilling, or (still less) a Groat a Day,
 Why dost thou ev'ry God with Frauds abuse,
 And damn thyself for what thou canst not use?
 Madness in *Genus* is the same with all,
 The *Species* by a different Name we call.

Sir *John* is mad when he infests^o the *Streets*, *haunts*
 And knocks down ev'ry sober Man he meets;
Mad is the *Wretch* who kills an honest *Wife*,
 260 Or robs an ancient *Mother* of her Life;
 How mad? said I – did he his Hands embrue,
 As mad *Orestes*, who his Mother slew?
 What then? And was *Orestes* but possest
 When his keen Sword reach'd *Clytemnestra's Breast*?
 'Tis not the Steel, nor executing *Hand*:
 The Man is mad who can't himself command;
 'Tis the disord'ring *Passion* makes Man mad,
 And not the *Action*, be it e'er so bad;
 For after he had giv'n the fatal Blow,
 270 What Act of *Madness* did *Orestes* show?
 Did he attempt his *Pylades* to kill,
 Or seek *Electra's* furious *Blood* to spill?
 This had confirm'd him mad to future Times,
 And fix'd the true *Criterion*^o in his Crimes; *standard*
 But when he saw the foul *Adult'ress* slain,
Reason took place, and he grew calm again.
 But let us now some modern Instance try.
 You know old Money-trap as well as I;
 Beneath *Contempt*, insensible of *Shame*,
 280 A *Monster*, for whom *Language* has no *Name*.
 On *Holidays* he drank the worst of Wine,
 On Working days without a Drop would dine;
 A stubborn *Lethargy* had seiz'd his Head,
 He was not properly alive nor dead;
 With Eyes intent upon the glitt'ring Prize,
 His *Heir* sat watching, when to close his Eyes.
 The Doctor, perfect in old *Chiron's* art,
 Perform'd with proper *Gravity* his part:
 He felt his *Pulse*, and found it scarcely beat,

290 He twing'd his Nose, clapp'd Blisters to his Feet,¹
 Did all that *Hulse* in such case would do
 And more than *W—* or *T—* knew.²
 'What's to be done? One Nostrum more I'll try,
 If that won't do, e'en let the Patient die.'
 Pleas'd with the Thought, he bid his Slaves come in,
 And pour the gold out with a double din.
 The well-known Sound expell'd approaching *Death*,
 He wak'd: 'What, rob me e'er I lose my *Breath*?'
 'Wake then and watch, that you may guard your Store.'

300 'I will; what can I do, dear *Doctor*, more?'
 'Take this small Dish of Rice, 'twill do you good;
 Your *Lethargy* proceeds from want of Food.'
 'What may it come to, *Doctor*? – "But a Groat.'
 'It is too much, I cannot bear the thought;
 If all must go, what is't to me if *Thieves*
 Plunder my *Wealth*, or *Sickness* nothing leaves?'
 This Man was mad, if any Man was so;
 But shall I now the real wise Man show?
 That Man is wise, who follows *Reason's Rules*;
 310 Who fails but once, rides in the Troop of Fools.
 A Miser may have Sense, Parts, Judgement, Wit,
 But warp'd by *Avarice*, the *Cap* will fit.
 Consult yourself, or take it from my Skill,
 A Man may have no *Fever*, yet be Ill.
P— never was forsworn, he loves not Gold,

¹ *clapp'd ... Feet*] The application of 'blisters' was designed to draw toxins from the body.

² *Hulse ... knew*] Sir Edward Hulse (1682-1759) was Physician in Ordinary to George II.

'*W—*' and '*T—*' will denote the earlier figures of, respectively, Richard Wiseman, author of *Surgical Treatises* (1676) and Physician to Charles II, and George Tesier, personal physician to Queen Caroline (*d.* 1737).

His *Vote* in *Parliament* he never sold,
 But *P*—’s ambitious, haughty, proud and vain,
 Is wise – and yet disorder’d in his *Brain*.
Stain’d with one single *Vice*, each Man is bad –
 320 And all *Mankind* as well as *Misers* mad.
 Sir *Geoffrey* dying, bid his *Sons* draw near:
 ‘Attend’, said he, ‘and my last *Counsel* hear.
 No partial Thoughts my fix’d resolve shall move;
Divide my *Fortune*, as you shar’d my *Love*.
 You, Tom, I have observ’d in *Youthful Days*
 A kind of Spend-thrift in your Boyish Plays;
 Your Toys to ev’ry Boy that ask’d you gave,
 You never knew, my Son, what ’twas to save;
 You, *Tristram*, cautious still your own to keep,
 330 First counted, then in Holes would hide your heap.
 Hence led your diff’rent Tempers to discern,
 I felt for both a Parent’s fond concern,
 Lest with diff’rent Errors you would run,
 And in the World’s Esteem be both undone.
 Now hear the last Advice I have to give,
 And as you follow it, both *Happy* live.
 Not to diminish yours, *Tom*, be your care,
 And *Tristram*, to encrease your Stock forbear;
 More than enough for *Nature’s Wants* you have,
 340 What *Folly* then to overspend or save!
 This above all, from both I now require,
 At *Posts* of *Honour* never to aspire;
 Curs’d be that Son – Oh may he never thrive! –
 That bows to any *Minister* alive!
 Who wastes his *Fortune* but to raise a Seat,
 And wants at last a bit of Bread to eat;
 Great is no doubt the *Prodigal’s* Renown –

To speak like *P*—,¹ and borrow half-a-Crown!

But now let's bring the Kings of Earth to view,
 350 And ask if they have not their *Follies* too.
 What was *Atrides*, when by his Command
 Great *Ajax* lay unburied on the Strand?
 Was it to please old *Priam*'s Royal Race,
 Or recompense their *Wrongs* by his *Disgrace*,
 That he who sav'd so many *Greeks* would lie
 A shameful *Spectacle* 'twixt Earth and Sky?
Ajax was mad, and in his furious *Rage*,
 Did with a *Flock* of harmless Sheep engage,
Ajax was mad – was *Agamemnon* sound,
 360 When *Superstition* gave the fatal Wound?
 Where was the *Father* when he held the Knife,
 And robb'd his *Iphigenia* of her Life?
Ajax was mad, but *Ajax* did no Ill;
 The madman meant the *Grecian* Chiefs to kill.
 Revenge for Wrongs they did him was his End,
 He neither slew *Wife*, *Parent*, *Child*, nor *Friend*:
 The *King* had *Motives* too – 'twas to appease
 The angry *Gods*, and smooth the ruffl'd Seas:
 Fine *Motives* these, to dip his *Hands* in *Blood*,
 370 And in a *Daughter's*, which no *Father* should.
 Mad first, with idle *Legends* to believe,
 And Fool, whom Priests so grossly could deceive!
 For he who can't distinguish good from ill,
 Whate'er the kind be, is a *Madman* still;
Religion, *Rage*, or *Folly*, 'tis the same:
 Who acts a *Madman's Part* deserves the *Name*.
Ajax was mad to kill a flock of Sheep;

¹ P—] Doubtless Pitt the Elder (1708-1778), most of whose power as a politician derived from his brilliant oratory.

Was *Agamemnon* wise such *Vows* to keep?
 Poor harmless *Ajax* play'd a foolish part,
 380 But *Pride* corrupted *Agamemnon's* Heart.
 Men have strange *Fancies*: mine is for a *Lamb*.
 I take the helpless *Creature* from its *Dam*,
 I give it *Servants, Equipage, and Dress*;
 A Father for a Child could do no less.
 I seek where some rich *Party* may be had,
 And act in all Things like a Man that's mad –
 The *Judge* esteems me so, and for my good,
Appoints me *Guardians*, as a wise *Judge* would.
 Now, where's the difference 'twixt his Case and mine?
 390 The *Daughter* like a *Victim* stains the shrine;
 I make a *Daughter* of a *Beast*, 'tis true,
 And fairly own that I'm a Madman too;
 But mine's a Folly of a harmless kind,
 His, of a vicious, and degen'rate Mind;
 And where the Folly leads to Acts of Ill
 The *Actor* is the worst of *Madmen* still.
 Now let us view the rich expensive Fool,
 And try his *Conduct* by the *Stoic's* Rule.
 Old *Fullbank* yields at length to cruel Fate,
 400 His Son succeeds to his immense Estate;
 Each *Minister* of *Pleasure* throngs his Door,
 A sight his happy Eyes ne'er saw before.
 Each begs he would their Services employ:
 'To serve his Honour is their only Joy'.
 His youthful Heart with grateful *Ardour* burns,
 He thanks them, and employs them in their turns.
 'You' (cries he) 'who hunt in Fields of Snow,
 To seize the sprightly *Game*, your worth I know;
 Yours too, who tempt the *Dangers* of the *Seas*,
 410 To search for Fish that may my *Palate* please:

Take this – for why would I so happy live,
 And nothing to my Benefactors give?
 Thanks, honest *Corno*, for your beauteous *Wife*;
 Take this – It is a Settlement for *Life*.¹

Another in a *Frolic* swallows down
 A Pearl that might adorn a Regal *Crown*.
Brothers in ev'ry foolish kind of Taste,
 See *F—*'s Sons their *Patrimony* waste!
 Nothing but *Nightingales* their Fancies hit,¹

420 A pound of *Gold* for such a luscious bit.^o *mouthful*

Are these Men wise, or shall we brand their Names
 With ev'ry Title which their Folly claims?
 Suppose (for Folly various Shapes will take)
 Some grave old Man of Cards would Houses make,
 Or to a Paste-board Coach, in merry vein,
 A Set of *Mice* instead of Horses rein,
 Or play at e'en and odd,² or get astride
 An *Hobby Horse*, and round his *Chamber* ride;
 You'd call him mad, without a Moment's pause,

430 Because he breaks thro' *Reason*'s equal^o Laws. *uniform*

But would I call the *whining Lover* so,
 You'd say the Sentence is unjust, I know.
 Now state the Matter in its proper light,
 And let plain Sense determine which is right.

The Foolish Boy that rolls upon the Sand,
 Snivels and cries, would you his Sports withstand;
 The *Lover*, when deny'd his fair one's Door,
Cries like a *Booby*, and is blest no more;
 Life is insipid; he has lost his Toy –

440 The Man is just as foolish as the Boy.

¹ Nothing... *hit*] I.e. for eating; in Horace the brothers breakfast on nightingales.

² *e'en and odd*] A game of chance.

A young *Athenian*¹ once, who pass'd his Days
 As modern *Bucks*, in *Taverns* and at *Plays*,
 Stumbled by chance into a public School;
 He was a *Debauchee*, but yet no Fool.
 The *Sage* unmov'd his strange *Disciple* view'd,
 And with a steady look his *Theme* pursued;
 He spoke of *Pleasures* of the mental kind,
 And show'd how *Drunkenness* deforms the Mind,
Harangu'd in praise of Wisdom, and explain'd
 450 Nature's large plan, and what each Part contain'd.
 Struck with the sacred Force of simple Truth,
 He quitted the *Misleaders* of his *Youth*,
 Reform'd his *Morals*, by his Master's Plan,
 And from a *Savage Brute*, became a Man.
 Like his, your *Madness* from false *Judgement* springs:
 Wine made him mad, you're mad with other Things.
 Would you like *Polemo*² grow instant wise?
 Remove, like him, the *Cause* which blinds your Eyes;
 Be wise, and if you would yourself restore,
 460 Let false *Appearances* mislead no more.
 The Lover and the *Child* are both alike:
 With equal force the *Toy* and *Mistress* strike;
 'See what a pretty *Plaything* I have brought.'
 The cross-grain'd^o *Urchin* sets the *Toy* at nought; *refractory*
 Remove it from his Sight – his fickle Heart,
 For all his Anger, cannot with it part.
 The *Lover* born to be a *Woman's Tool*,
 Just such another peevish, senseless Fool,

¹ Athenian] What follows is Horace's story of a young man's self-reformation after hearing a lecture by Xenocrates.

² Polemo] 'Polemon' in most Latin texts, but thus in André Dacier's.

Like the fantastic^o *Vainlove* in the Play,¹ *contrary*
 470 Cools when invited, dotes when driv'n away.
 Hear his Discourse – ‘The *Tyrant* bid me go;
 Shall I return, to feed her *Pride*? Oh no.’
 He cannot bear the thought – he’ll go no more,
 And yet remains a *Statue* at her Door.
 ‘Yet she repented too’, he recollects,
 ‘And with fond *Wishes* my Return expects.
 But should she come, and ev’ry cunning use
 That Women practice, I would yet refuse.’
 The Servant, wiser than his Lord, began:
 480 ‘Consider, Sir, a *Lover* is a *Man*.
 Some Things there are, which *Reason* cannot guide;
 Such Things by *Reason* are not to be try’d.
Lovers are not subjected to such *Laws*:
 They quarrel and make peace without a Cause;
 A Man of Wisdom would as soon turn Fool,
 As you, or any Lover, act by Rule.’
 With *Apple-kernels* doting *Bubo* tries
 To hit a *Mark*;² but do you think him wise?
 You rake old *Books* for *Words*, and when you speak,
 490 Your *Language* is a composite of *Greek*;
 You think it fine, but take it at my Word,

¹ *Play*] Congreve’s *The Old Bachelor* (1693).

² *With ... Mark*] The apple kernels are from Horace (line 272), in reference to the Roman custom by which a man could determine whether his love was reciprocated by trying to hit the ceiling with a flicked apple pip. ‘Bubo’ was the insulting name (the word used for a plague sore) under which, in Horatian and other satires of the 1730s, Pope had depicted George Bubb Dodington, a Member of Parliament known for various failings of probity and taste.

You pass, Sir, for a *Coxcomb* on record.
 But if to *Lovers' Follies* we should add
 The Blood they spill, we must pronounce them mad.
 When poor *Othello* kills his virtuous *Wife*,
 And ends the Scene with his own proper *Life*,
 We, who decide from plain and simple Laws,
 To *Love* and *Jealousy* impute the Cause;
 But you, more knowing and refin'd than we,
 500 A badness in the Heart affect to see.
 Such nice distinctions Men of Sense despise;
 Simple *Effects* from simple *Causes* rise.
 The Superstitious Fool, who daily prays
 That Bounteous Heav'n would grant him length of Days,
 Thinks the *Almighty* will no doubt be won
 To grant a Thing so easy to be done.
 But ask *Monroe*¹ what he esteems his Case,
 He'll tell you with a grave and solemn Face,
 The Man seems well – but none can be too sure,
 510 *Moorfields* or *Chelsea*² might complete the Cure.
 Sick of a Fever little Master lies:
 With uprais'd Hands the doting Mother cries:
 'Great God! Who canst remove, or give us, pains,
 Assuage the raging Fever in his Veins,
 And on that Day that he's restor'd to me,
 I'll strip and plunge him naked in the Sea.'
 The *Child* recovers by the *Doctor's* art,
 The Mother now prepares to act her part.

¹ Monroe] James Monro (1680–1752), a prominent specialist in insanity, was physician to Bethlem (or Bedlam) Hospital, England's oldest public hospital for the insane, 1728-52.

² Moorfields or Chelsea] Bethlem Hospital was by 1676 situated in Moorfields. The Royal Hospital at Chelsea was founded in 1682 as a retreat for veterans.

The Doctor raves – ‘What, will you kill him now?’
 520 ‘I’ve sworn’, she cries, ‘and shall I break my Vow?’
 To you this Act may otherwise appear:
 I call it *Folly*, and *Religious Fear*.”
 ’Twas thus, dear Friend, from *Reason*’s simple School,
H–ll prov’d each Man was either Mad or Fool
 (*H–ll!* mighty *Genius*, whose superior Name
 Shall live beyond the seven wise Masters’ Fame).¹
 Taught by the noble Lessons which he gave,
 The Malice of each Enemy I brave:
 And if some meddling Fool my Faults attack,
 530 I bid him view the *Wallet* at his *Back*.²
Poet. Great *Stoic!* For to you that Name belongs,
 Who can so calmly bear your many Wrongs,
 May double Fees on your *Prescriptions* pour,
 And with one lucky hit your State restore.
 But tell me, for you ease me now of pain,
 What’s the peculiar *Folly* of my *Brain*?
 You think I’m mad, I know, but for my Part,
 I know no *Weakness* in my *Head* or *Heart*.
L—n. No more than mad *Agave* did, who slew
 540 Her Son, and then expos’d his *Head* to view.
Poet. Ay, strike, great *Censor*, I confess the *Charge*;
 I’m mad – and ought not to be left at large.
 Nay, Fool, if you are not content with this –
 But prithee, tell me what my *Folly* is?

¹ *seven ... Fame*] An ancient collection of tales often referred to as *Sandabar’s Parables* was translated from the Arabic and known in the eighteenth century as *The History of the Seven Wise Masters of Rome*.

² *Wallet at his Back*] ‘Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back, | Wherein he puts alms for oblivion’ (Shakespeare, *Troilus and Cressida*, 3.3).

L—n. 'Tis difficult, when *Follies* rise so fast,
 To tell which should be mention'd first or last.
 Your Life, since first you wrote^o yourself a Man, *styled*
 Has been one inconsistent, foolish *Plan*.
 'Twixt right and wrong you no distinction make,
 550 *Philosopher* sometime, and sometimes *Rake*.
 A *Man of Business* when it must be so;
 When not, the idlest Fellow that I know.
Studious of Books, yet on the slightest Call,
 Away go Pen and Ink and *Books* and all.
 Good without End, without *Intention* bad,
 You must be foolish, or you must be mad.
 A *Poet* too, a scribbling, *Rhyming Fool*,
 That fashions *Words* as *Carpenters*, by *Rule*;
 And when he gets together half a Score,
 560 Cries "I'm a *Pope*, for *Pope* could do no more."
Poet. Peace, busy meddler, *Peace* –
L—n – I have not done:
 Stay till your length of *Rope* is fully run –
 Too lib'ral of the little which you have,
 Yet in your *Mind* convinc'd you ought to save.
Poet. Correct yourself, you'll find enough to do,
 Your *Follies* now so thick to public View.
L—n. Still running after ev'ry *Whore* you meet,
 Known like the common *Signs*^o in ev'ry *Street*? *shop signs*
Poet. Hold – and if not for mine, yet for your sake,
 570 Some *Pity* on a lesser *Madman* take.