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THE
DUNCIA D.
AN
Heroic Poem.
IN
THREE BOOKS.

THE PUBLISHER TO THE READER.

I will be found a true observation, tho' somewhat surprizing, that when any scandal is vented against a man of the highest distinction and character either in the State or in Literature, the publick in general afford it a most quiet reception, and the larger part accept it as favourably as if it were some kindness done to themselves: Whereas if a known scoundrel or blockhead chance to be but touch'd upon, a whole legion is up in Arms, and it becomes the common Cause of all Scriblers, Booksellers, and Printers whatsoever.

Not to search too deeply into the reason hereof, I will only observe as a Fact, that every week for these two Months past, the town has been perfe-
suted with Pamphlets, Advertisements, Letters, and weekly Essays, not only against the Wit and Writings, but against the Character and Person, of Mr. Pope. And that of all those men who have received pleasure from his Writings (which by modest computation may be about a hundred thousand in these Kingdoms of England and Ireland, not to mention Jersey, Guernsey, the Orcades, those in the New world, and Foreigners who have translated him into their languages) of all this number, not a man hath stood up to say one word in his defence.

The only exception is the Author of the following Poem, who doubtless had either a better insight into the grounds of this clamour, or a better opinion of Mr. Pope's integrity, join'd with a greater personal love for him, than any other of his numerous friends and admirers.

Further, that he was in his peculiar intimacy, appears from the knowledge he manifests of the most private Authors of all the anonymous pieces against him, and from his having in this Poem attacked no man living, who had not before printed and published against this particular Gentleman.

How I became possess'd of it, is of no concern to

the
to the Reader.

the Reader; but it would have been a wrong to him, had I detain’d this publication: since those Names which are its chief ornaments, die off daily so fast, as must render it too soon unintelligible. If it provoke the Author to give us a more perfect edition, I have my end.

Who be is, I cannot say, and (which is great pity) there is certainly nothing in his style and manner of writing, which can distinguish, or discover him. For if it bears any resemblance to that of Mr. P. ’tis not improbable but it might be done on purpose, with a view to have it pass for his. But by the frequency of his allusions to Virgil, and a labour’d, (not to say affected, shortness, in imitation of him, I should think him more an admirer of the Roman Poet than of the Grecian, and in that, not of the same taste with his Friend.

I have been well inform’d, that this work was the labour of full six years of his life, and that he retir’d himself entirely from all the avocations and pleasures of the world, to attend diligently to its correction and perfection; and six years more be intended to bestow upon it, as it should seem by this verse of Statius, which was cited at the head of his manuscript.
Oh mihi biffenos multum vigilata per annos,
Duncia! ————

Hence also we learn the true Title of the Poem; which with the same certainty as we call that of Homer the Iliad, of Virgil the Æneid, of Camoens the Lusiad, of Voltaire the Henriad, we may pronounce could have been, and can be no other, than

The Dunciad.

It is styled Heroic, as being doubly so; not only with respect to its nature, which according to the best Rules of the Ancients and strictest ideas of the Moderns, is critically such; but also with regard to the Heroical disposition and high courage of the Writer, who dar’d to sir up such a formidable, irritable, and implacable race of mortals.

The time and date of the Action is evident-ly in the last reign, when the office of City Poet expir’d upon the death of Elkanah Set-tle, and he has fix’d it to the Mayoralty of Sir Geo. Tho———ld. But there may arise some
some obscurity in Chronology from the Names in the Poem, by the insensible removal of some Authors, and insertion of others, in their Niches. For whoever will consider the unity of the whole design, will be sensible, that the Poem was not made for these Authors, but these Authors for the Poem. And I should judge they were clapp’d in as they rose, fresh and fresh; and chang’d from day to day, in like manner as when the old boughs wither, we thrust new ones into a chimney.

I would not have the reader too much troubled or anxious, if he cannot decipher them; since when he shall have found them out, he will probably know as more of the Persons than before.

Yet we judg’d it better to preserve them as they are, than to change them for fictitious names, by which the Satyr would only be multiplied; and applied to many instead of one. Had the Hero, for instance, been called Co- drus, how many would have affirm’d him to be Mr. W——Mr. D——Sir R——B——, &c. but now, all that unjust scandal is sav’d, by calling him Theobald, which by good luck happens to be the name of a real person.

I am
I am indeed aware, that this name may to some appear too mean, for the Hero of an Epic Poem? But it is hoped, they will alter that opinion, when they find, that an Author no less eminent than la Bruyère, has thought him worthy a place in his Characters.

THE
DUNCIAD
IN
THREE BOOKS.
BOOK the FIRST.

Ook and the man I sing, the first who brings
The Smithfield thistles to the ears of kings,
Say great Patricians! since yourselves inspire
These wondrous works; so Jove and fate require!

Say from what cause, in vain decor'd and curst,
Still Dunces the second, reigns like Dunces the first.

In eldest time, e'er mortals writ or read,
E'er Pallas issued from the Thund'rer's head,

† Dryd. B Dulness
The Dunciad.

Dulness o'er all posses'd her antient right,
Daughter of Chaos and eternal Night:
Fate in their dotage this fair idiot gave,
Gross as her sire, and as her mother grave,
Laborious, heavy, busy, bold, and blind,
She rul'd, in native anarchy, the mind.

15 Still her old empire to confirm, she tries,
For born a Goddess, Dulness never dies:

Where wave the tatter'd ensigns of Rag-Fair,
A yawning ruin hangs and nods in air:
Keen, hollow winds howl thro' the bleak recesses:
Emblem of music caus'd by emptiness:
Here in one bed two shivering sisters lie,
The cave of Poverty and Poetry.
This, the Great Mother dearer held than all
The clubs of Quinunc's, or her own Guild-ball:
Here stood her Opium, here she nurs'd her Owls,
And destin'd here th' imperial seat of fools.
Hence springs each weekly muse, the living boast
Of C—l's chaste press, and L—l's rubric post;
Hence
Book the First.

Hence hymning Tyburn's elegiac lay,
Hence the soft sing-song on Cecilia's day,
Sepulchral lies our holy walls to grace,
And New-year-Odes, and all the Grubstreet race.

'Twas here in clouded majesty she spoke;
Four guardian Virtues, round, support her throne;
Fierce champion Fortitude, that knows no fear
Of hisses, blows, or want, or loss of ears:
Calm Temperance, whose blessings those partake
Who hunger, and who thirst for scribbling sake:
Prudence, whose glass presents th' approaching jail;
Poetic Justice, with her lifted scale;
Where in nice balance, truth with gold she weighs,
And solid pudding against empty praise.

Here she beholds the Chaos dark and deep,
Where nameless somethings in their causes sleep,
Till genial Jacob, or a warm third-day
Calls forth each man's, a poem or a play.
How hints, like spawn, scarce quick in embryo lie;
How new-born nonsense first is taught to cry;

B 2

Maggots
Maggots half-form'd, in rhyme exactly meet;
And learn to crawl upon poetic feet.
Here one poor Word a hundred clenches makes,
And dulcile dulness new imandars takes;
There motley Images her fancy strike,
Figures ill-pair'd, and Similies unlike.

She sees a mob of Metaphors advance,
Pleased with the madness of the many danes:
How Tragedy and Comedy embraces,
How Farce and Epic get a jumbled race;
How Time himself stands still at her command,

Realms shift their place, and Ocean turns to hand.
Here gay Description Egypt glades with flowers,
Or gives to Zenda fruits, to Barad flowers:
Glitt'ring with ice those hoary hills the seba.
Past by, fair vallies of eternal green,

On cold December fragrant empllets blow,
And heavy harvests nod beneath the snow.

All these and more, the cloud-compelling Queen
Beholds thro' fogs, that magnify the scene.
Book the First

She, tinsel'd o'er in robes of varying hues,
With self-applause her wild creation views,
Sees momentary monsters rise and fall,
And with her own soft colours gilds them all.

'Twas on the day, when 'Thou--d, rich and grave,
Like † Cimon triumph'd both on land and wave,
75 Pomps without guilt, of bloodless arms and races,
Glad chains, warm furs, broad banners, and broad faces
Now right depending, the proud scene was o'er,
Yet stood, in crest's numbers, one day more.
Now May's and Striues: in pleasing numbers lay,
80 And sat in. dreams, the raptur'd of the day:
But pensive poets painful vigils keep;
Sleepless themselves, to give their readers sleep.
Much to hear made: the Solomon scent recalls,
What day—Swans once singing within the walls.
85 Much she revolved their arts, their ancient praise,
And sure succession down from * Magness's days.

† Sir Geo. Tho.  † Cimon the famous Athenian general, who
obtained a victory by sea, and another by land, on the same day, over
the Persians and Barbarians.
* John Higden, whose Interludes
were printed in Hen. VIth. time.
The Dunciad.

She saw with joy the line immortal run,
Each fire impress and glaring in his son;
So watchful Brain forms with plastic care
Each growing lump, and brings it to a Bear.
She saw in N—s all his father shine,
And E—n eke out B—s endless line;
She saw how P—s creep like T—te's poor page,
And furious D—n foam in W—b—s rage.

In each, she marks her image full express'd;
But chief, in Tibbald's monster-breeding breast,
Sees Gods with Demons in strange league engage,
And earth, and heav'n, and hell, her battles wage.

She ey'd the Bard where supperless he fate,
And pin'd, unconscious of his rising fate;
Studious he fate, with all his books around,
Sinking from thought to thought, a vast profound!
Plung'd for his sense, but found no bottom there;
Then writ, and flounder'd on, in mere despair.

† This, I presume, alludes to the extravagancies of the Facos
of this author. See book III. verf. 170, &c.

He
BOOK the FIRST.

105 He roll'd his eyes that witness'd huge dismay,
Where yet unpawn'd, much learned lumber lay,
Volumes, whose size the space exactly fill'd;
Or which fond authors were so good to gild;
Or where, by Sculpture made for ever known,

110 The page admires new beauties, not its own.
Here swells the shelf with Ogoby the great,
There, stamp'd with arms, Newcastle shines compleat,
Here all his suffer'ing brotherhood retire,
And 'scape the martyrdom of jakes and fire;

115 A Gothic Vatican! of Greece and Rome
Well-purg'd, and worthy W—q, W—s, and B—

But high above, more solid Learning shone,
The Classicks of an age that heard of none;
There Caxton slept, with Wynkin at his side,

120 One clasped in wood, and one in strong cow-hide:
There sav'd by spice, like mummies, many a year,
Old Bodies of Philosophy appear:
De Lyra there a dreadful front extends,
And there, the groaning Shelves Philemon bends.

Of
The Dunciad

125 Of these twelve volumes, twelve of ample size;
Redeem'd from taper and defrauded press,
Inspir'd he seizes: These are altar-Aulis:
An heratomb of pure, unfully'd love
That altar crowns: a solei Common-places

130 Founds the whole pyle, of all his works the base:
Quarto's, octavo's, shapes the lowering pyre;
And last, a + bise Aleu sips the spire.

'Then he, Great Turner of all human art!
First in my case, and nearest at my heart!

135 Dullness! whose good old cause I yet defend,
With whom my muse begun, with whom shall end?
Oh thou! of business the directing soul.
To human heads like hyssus to the bowl,
Which as more pond'yours makes their aim more true:

140 Obliquely wading to the mark in view.
O ever gracious to perplex'd mankind!
Who spread a healing mist before the mind.
And, left we err by wit's wild, dancing light.
Secure us kindly in our native night.

† In duodecimo, transcribed from Sophocles.
Ah! still o'er Britain stretch that peaceful wand,
Which lulls th' Helvetic and Batavian land,
Where 'gainst thy throne if rebel Science rise,
She does but show her coward face and dies:
There, thy good fablist with unwearied pains

Make Horace flat, and humble Maro's strains;
Here studious I, unlucky Moderns save,
Nor sleeps one error in its father's grave,
Old puns restore, lost blunders nicely seek,
And crucify poor Shakespeare once a week.

For thee I dim these eyes, and stuff this head,
With all such reading as was never read;
For thee supplying, in the worst of days,
Notes to dull books, and Prologues to dull plays;
For thee explain a thing 'till all men doubt it.

And write about it, Goddes, and about it;
So spins the silkworm small its slender store,
And labours, 'till it clouds itself all o'er.
Not that my pen to criticks was confin'd,
My verse gave ampler lessons to mankind;

So written precepts may successfully prove,
But sad examples never fail to move.
The Dunciad.

As forc'd from wind-guns, lead itself can fly,
And ponderous slugs cut swiftly thro' the sky;
As clocks to weight their nimble motion owe,
The wheels above urg'd by the load below;
Me, Emptiness and Dulness could inspire,
And were my Elasticity, and Fire.
Had heav'n decreed such works a longer date,
Heav'n had decreed to spare the Grubstreet-state.

But see * great Settle to the dust descend,
And all thy cause and empire at an end!
Cou'd Troy be sav'd by any single hand,
His gray-goose-weapon must have made her stand,
But what can I! my Flaccus cast aside,

Take up th' Attorney's (once my better) guide?
Or rob the Roman geese of all their glories,
And save the state by cackling to the Tories?
Yes, to my country I my pen confign,
Yes, from this moment, mighty Mist I am thine.

* This was the last year of Elkanah Settle's life. He was poet to the city of London, whose business was to compose yearly panegyricks on the Lord Mayor, and verses for the Pageants; but since the abolition of that part of the shows, the employment ceased, so that Settle had no successor to that place.
Book the First.

185 And rival, Curtius! of thy fame and zeal,
O'er head and ears plunge for the public weal,
Adieu my children! better thus expire
Unstall'd, unfold; thus glorious mount in fire
Fair without spot; than greas'd by grocer's hands,
Or shipp'd with W— to ape and monkey lands,
Or waiting ginger, round the streets to go;
And visit alehouse where ye first did grow.

With that, he lifted thrice the sparkling brand,
And thrice he dropt it from his quivering hand:
Then lights the structure, with averted eyes;
The rowling smokes involve the sacrifice.
The opening clouds disclose each work by turns,
Now flames old Mannon, now Rodrigo burns,
In one quick flash see Proserpine expire,
And last, his own cold Æscylus took fire.
Then gush'd the tears, as from the Trojan's eyes:
When the last blaze sent Iliou to the skies.

* Plays and Passes of T—d.
Rowz'd by the light; old Dunc'd heav'd the head,
Then snatch'd a sheet of stuff from her bed;
205 Sudden she flies, and whirls it o'er the pyre;
Down sink the flames, and with a hiss expire.

Her ample presence fills up all the place,
A veil of folds dilates her awful face;
Great in her charms! as when on Shrieve's and May's
210 She looks, and breathes herself into the air.
She bids him wait her to the sacred Donie.
Well-pleased he entered, and ceased in his breast;
So spirits, ending their terrestrial race,
Ascend, and recognize their immortal phase:
215 Raptur'd, he gazes round the starry skies; And in sweet numbers celebrates the scene:

Here to her Chosen all her works the soul;
Prof'd swell'd to verse, verseio!tering into prose:
How random thoughts now meaning chance to find,
220 Now leave all memory of fenit behind;
† He wrote a poem called the Case of Poverty, printed in 1715.
BOOK, the FIRST.

How Prologues into Prefaces decay,
And those to Notes are fritter'd quite away:
How Index learning turns no Student pale,
Yet holds the eel of science by the Tail:

225 How, with less reading than makes Felons scape,
Less human genius than God gives an ape,
Small thanks to France, and none to Rome or Greece,
A past, enigmatic, future, old, revived, new, piece.

'Twixt Plautus, Fletcher, Congreve, and Arneville,

230 Can make a Canon, Forrester, or Oppermill,

The Goddes then, o'er his anointed head,
With mystic words the sacred Ophian shed;
And lo! her Bird (a monster of a fowl)
Something betwixt a H— and Owl)

235 Perch'd on his crown. All hail! and hail again
My son! the promised land expects thy reign.
Know Sublue, cloy'd with custard and with praise,
Is gather'd to the Dull of antient days,
Safe, where no critics damn, no duns molest,

240 Where G—n, B—n, and high-born H— rest!
The Dunciad.

I see a King! who leads my chosen sons
To lands that flow with clenches and with puns:
Till each fam'd theatre my empire own,
Till Albion, as Hibernia, blest my throne.

245 I see! I see!—Then rapt, she spoke no more.

God save King Tibbald! Grubstreet alleys roar.

So when Jove's block descended from on high,
(As sings thy great fore-father, Ogilby,)
Hoard thunder to its bottom shook the log,

250 And the loud nation croak'd, God save King Log!

End of the first Book.
THE
DUNCIAE.
Book the Second.

THE sons of Dulaus meet: an endless band
Pours forth, and leaves unpeopled half the land,
A motley mixture! in long wigs, in bags,
In silks, in crapes, in garters, and in rags:
From drawing rooms, from colleges, from garrets,
On horse, on foot, in hacks, and gilded chariots,
All who true Dunces in her cause appear'd,
And all who knew those Dunces to reward.

Now
Now herald hawker's ruddy voice proclaims
10 Heroic prizes, and adventurous games;
In that wide space the Goddess took her stand
Where the tall May-pole once overlook'd the Strand;
But now (so Anne and Piety ordain)
A Church collects the saints of Derby-land.

25 With authors, stationers obey'd the call;
The field of glory is a field for all;
Glory, and gain, th' industrious tribe provoke,
And gentle Dulness ever loves a joke.
All Poets form the scene before their eyes.

20 And bids the nimblest racer seize the prize;
No longer must the breast, adult and thin,
In a dun night-gown of his own loose skin;
But such a bulk as no twelve birds could raise,
Twelve starving birds of these degenerate days.

25 All as a partridge plump, full-fed, and fair,
She form'd this image of well-bodied air,
With pert flat eyes the window'd well its head,
A brain of feathers, and a heart of lead,
And
And empty words she gave, and sounding strain;

But senseless, lifeless! Idol void and vain!

Never was dash'd out, at one lucky hit,
A fool, so just a copy of a wit;
So like, that critics said and courtiers swore,
A wit it was, and call'd the phantom, M—.

All gave with ardour: some, a Poet's name,
Others, a sword-knot and lac'd suit inscale:
But lofty L—t in the circle rose;
"This prize is mine; who tempt it, are my foes!
"With me began this genius, and shall end:

He spoke, and who with L—t shall contend?

Fear held them mute. Alone, untaught to fear,
Stood dauntless C—h. "Behold that rival here!
"The race by vigor, not by vaunts is won;
"So take the hindmost Hell.—He said, and run.

Swift as a bird the bailiff leaves behind,
He left huge L—t, and out-stript the wind.
As when a dab-chick waddles thro' the cope,
On legs and wings, and flies, and wades, and hops;

D

So
The Dunciad.

So lab'ring on, with shoulders, hands, and head,
Wide as a windmill all his figure spread,
With steps unequal L—t urg'd the race,
And seem'd to emulate great Jacob's pace.
Full in the middle way there stood a lake,
Which C—l's Corinna chanc'd that morn to make,

(Such was her wont, at early dawn to drop
Her evening cates before his neighbour's shop.)
Here for'tun'd C—l to slide: loud shout the band,
And L—t, L—t; rings thro' all the Strand.

Obscene with filth the varlet lies betray'd,

Fal'n in the plain his wickedness had lay'd:
Then first (it Poets ought of truth declare)
The caitiff Paticide conceiv'd a prayer.

Hear Jove! whose name my birds and I abuse
As much at least as any Gods, or more;

And him and his, if more devotion warms,
Down with the Bible, up with the Popes Arms.

The Bible C—l's sign, The Cross C—l's pillar.
† A place there is, betwixt earth, air and seas,
Where from Ambrosia, Jove retires for ease.
There in his seat two spacious Vents appear,
70 On this he sits, to that he leans his ear,
There hears the various vows of fond mankind,
Some beg an easter, some a western wind:
All vain petitions, sent by winds on high,
With reams abundant this abode supply:
75 Amus'd he reads, and then returns the bills
Sign'd with that Ichor which from Gods distils.

In office here fair Cleopatra stands,
And ministers to Jove with purest hands;
Forth from the heap she pick'd her vot'ry's pray'r;
80 And plac'd it next him, a distinction rare!
Oft, as he fish'd her nether realms for wit,
The Goddess fav'rd him, and favours yet.
Renew'd by osdure's sympathetic force,
As oil'd with magic juices for the course.
85 Vigorous he rises; from the effluvia strong
Imbibes new life, and scours and stinks along.

* See Lucian's Icaro-Menippus.
The Dunciad.
Re-passes L—t, vindicates the race,
Nor heedsthebrown dishonours of his face.

And now the victor stretch'd his eager hand,
Where the tall Nothing stood, or seem'd to stand;
A shapeless shade, it melted from his sight,
Like forms in clouds, or visions of the night!
Baffled, yet present even amidst despair,
To seize his papers, C—l, was next thy care;
His papers all, the sportive winds up-lift,
And whisk 'em back to G—, to Y—, to S—.
Th' embroider'd suit, at least, he deem'd his prey;
That suit, an unpay'd Taylor snatch'd away!
No rag, no scrap, of all the beau, or wit,
That once so flutter'd, and that once so writ.

Heav'n rings with laughter: Of the laughter vain,
Dulness, good Queen, repeats the jest again.
Three wicked imps of her own Grubstreet Choir
She deck'd like Congreve, Addison, and Prior;
Mears, Warner, Wilkins run: Delusive thought!
***, **, and **, the wretches caught.
C—f
Book the Second

C—l stretches after Gay, but Gay is gone.
He grasps an empty † Joseph for a John.
So Proteus, hunted in a nobler shape,
110 Became, when seiz'd, a Puppy or an Ape.

To him the Goddess. Son, thy grief lay down,
And turn this whole illusion on the town.
As the sage dame experienc'd in her trade,
By names of Toasts retails each batter'd jade,
115 (Whence hapless Monsieur much complains at Paris
Of wrongs from Duchess and Lady Mary)
Be thine, my stationer! this magic gift;
C— shall be Prior, and C—a, Swift;
So shall each hostile name become our own,
120 And we too boast our Garth and Addison.

With that the Goddess (piteous of his case,
Yet smiling at his ruful length of face)
Gives him a cov'ring, worthy to be spread
On Cadmus' old, or * *'s modern bed;
† Joseph Gay, a fictitious name put by C—l before several Pamphlets,
125 Instructive work! whose way-month'd partisanship
Display'd the fates her confessors endure.
Ear-less on high, stood pillory'd B—
And T— flagrant from the last, below:
There kick'd and cudgel'd R— might ye view,
The very worstead still look'd black and blue:

130 Himself among the storied chiefs he spies,
As from the blanket high in air he flies,
And oh! (he cry'd) what street, what lane but knows
Our purgings, pumpings, blanketings and blows?
In ev'ry loom our labors shall be seen;

135 And the fresh vomit run for ever green!

See in the circle next, Eliza plac'd;
Two babes of love close clinging to her waste;
Fair as before her works the stands confess'd,
In Bown's brocade by bounteons Kirkall'd dress'd,

140 Pearls on her neck, and roses in her hair,
And her sore-buttocks to the navel bare.
The Goddess then: "Who best can send on high
The salient spout, fair-streaming to the sky:
" His
BOO K theSECOND.

145 " His be yon 'tho of majestic size,
With cow-like udders, and with ox-like eyes.
This 'Chins-Jordan, let the chief overcome
Replenish, not ingloriously, at home.

Ceced and C. accept this glorious strife,
(Tho' o'er his Son dissipates, and one his Wife)

This on his manly confidence relies,
That off his vigor and superior size.

First C. lean'd against his letter'd post,
It rose, and labor'd to a curve at length.
So 'Jethro's bright bow displays its wat'ry round.

155 (Surely, that no spectator shall be drownd)
A second effort brought but new disgrace,
For firmin' more, it fell in his own face:
Thus the small jet which hasty hands unlock,
Spirits in the gard'ners eyes who turns the cock.

160 Not a foot from thence 'C. Impetuous spread
The stream, and smother'd, 'thirsting over his head,
So, raised like a sea of turbulence and horns,
Branding his humble fountain thorns,
The Dunciad.

Thro' half the heav'ns he pours th' exalted urns
165 His rapid waters in their passage burn.

Swift as it mounts, all follow with their eyes;
Still happy, Impudence obtains the prize.
Thou triumph'st, Victor of the high-wrought day,
And the pleas'd dame soft-smiling leads away.
170 Chur'd, through perfect modesty o'ercome,
Crown'd with the Jordan, walks contented home.

But now for Authors, nobler palms remain,
Room for my Lord! three Jockeys in his train;
Six huntsmen with a shout precede his chair.
175 He grins, and looks broad nonsense with a stare.
His honour'd meaning, Dullness thus express:
"He wins this Patron who can tickle best."

He chinks his purse, and takes his seat of state,
With ready quills the Dedicators wait.
180 Now at his head the dext'rous task commence,
And instant, fancy feels th' imputed sense.
BOOK THE SECOND.

Now gentle touches wanton o'er his face,
He struts Adonis, and affects grimace:
To the feather to his ear conveys,
185 Then his nice taste directs our Operas:
** his mouth with classic flattery open.
And the poe's healing balm
But O the poet's healing balm
Swells to extract from his soft, giving palm.

190 Unhappy O I thy lordly matter
The more thou ticklest, gripes his fist thrice faster.

While, thus each hand promotes the pleasing pain,
And quick sensations skip from vein to vein.
And what unknown to Phoebus, in despair,

195 But his dearest refuge, all in heav'n in pray'r
What force have pious vows? the Queen of Love
His Sister sends her yokes, from above,
As taught by Paris in Paris, learnt the art
To quick, dally, only tender part.

200 So much, that her the noble prize to carry.
He makes off, his Grace's Secretary,
Transmit a gentle kiss, now.
Now turn to different sports (the Goddess cries)
And learn, my sons, the wond'rous power of Noise.
To move, to raise, to ravish ev'ry heart,
With Shakespeare's nature; or with Johnson's art,
205 Let others aim: 'Tis yours to make the soul
With Thunder rumbling from the mustard-bowl,
With horns and trumpets now to madness swell,
Now sink in sorrows with a tolling Bell.
Such happy arts attention can command;

210 When fancy flags, and sense is at a stand:
Improve we these. Three Cat-calls be the bridle
Of him, whose chattering shames the Monkey tribe;
And his this Drum, whose hoarse heretic call
Drowns the Foul Clarion of the braying Ass;

215 Now thousand tongues are heard in one loud din,
The Monkey-mimics rush discordant in:
'Twas chattering, snicking, mouthing, jabbing all,
And Re- and Re- and Re- and Re- and Re-,
D- and Dissonance: And captious art,
220 And srip-snap short, and interruption smart.

Hold
Book the Second.

Hold (cry'd the Queen) ye all alike shall win,
Equal your merits, equal is your din;
But that this well-disputed game may end,
Sound forth my Prayers, and the welkin rend.

225 As when the long-ear'd, milky mothers wait
At some fickle miser's triple-bolted gate,
For their defrauded, absent foals they make
A moan so loud, that all the Guild awake:
So sighs Sir G—— t, starting at the Bray

230 From dreams of millions, and three groats to pay.
So swells each Windpipe; As intones to As,
Harmonic twang! of leather, horn, and brass:
Such as from lab'ring lungs th' Enthusiast blows,
High sounds, attempted to the vocal nose.

235 But far o'er all sonorous Bl——'s strain,
Walls, steeples, skies, Bray back to him again:
In Tot'nam fields, the brethren with amaze
Prick all their ears up, and forget to graze:
Long Chanc'ry-lane retentive rolls the sound,

240 And courts to courts return it round and round.
The *Dunciad.*

*Thames wafts it thence to Rufus' roaring hall,
And H——d re-echoes, bawl for bawl.*

*All hail him victor in both gifts of Song,
Who sings so loudly, and who sings so long.*

245 This labor past, by Bridewell all descend,

(As morning pray'r and flagellation end.)

To where Fleet ditch with disemboguing streams

Rolls the large tribute of dead dogs to Thames,

The King of Dykes! than whom, no sluice of mud

250 With deeper table blots the silver flood:

'Here strip my children! here at once leap in!

'Here prove who best can dash thro' thick and thin;

'And who the most in love of dirt excel,

'Or dark dexterity of groping well.'

255 'Who flings most mud, and wide pollutes around

'The stream, be his the * * * Journals, bound.

'A pig of lead to him who dives the best;

'A peck of coals a-piece shall glad the rest.'

In naked majesty great Q—— stands,

260 And, *Milo-like,* surveys his arms and hands:

Then
Then singing, thus, "And am I now threescore?
"Ah why, ye Gods! should two and two make four?"
He said, and climb’d a stranded Lighter’s height,
Shot to the black abyss, and plung’d down-right.
265 The senior’s judgment all the crowd admire,
Who but to sink the deeper, rose the higher:

Next E— div’d; how circles chanced o’er
The quaking mud, that clos’d and open’d no more:
All look, all sigh, and call on E— lost;
270 E— in vain resounds thro’ all the coast.

H— try’d the next, but hardly snatch’d from sight,
Instant buoys up, and rises into light;
Hé bears no token of the fabler streams,
And mounts afar off; among the swans of Themis.

275 Far worse unhappy D— proceeds;
Hé search’d for coral, but he gather’d woods.

True to the bottom; *** and *** creep,
Long-winded both, as natives of the deep.

This
The Dunciad.

This only merit pleading for the prize,
280 Nor everlasting Bl— this denies.

But nimbler W— d reaches at the ground,
Circles in mud, and darkness all around,
No crab more active, in the dirty dance,
Downward to climb, and backward to advance;
285 He brings up half the bottom on his head,
And boldly claims the Journals and the Lead.

Sudden, a burst of thunder shook the flood,
Lo E— rose, tremendous all in mud!
Shaking the horrors of his sable brows,
290 And each ferocious feature grim with ooze.
Greater he looks, and more than mortal flares;
Then thus the wonders of the deep declares,

First he relates, how sinking to the chin,
Smit with his mien, the Mudnymphs suck'd him in,
295 How young Lutetia softer than the down,
Nigrina black, and Mordamante brown.
Book the Second.

Y'd for his love in jetty bow'r's belows,
As Hylas fair was ravish'd long ago.
Then sung how, shown him by the nymthbrown maids

300 A branch of . . . here rises from the shades;
That tintur'd as it runs with Lethr's streams,
And wafting vapor from the _Land of Dreams_,
(As under seas _Althorn_ sacred fluid;

Deaf Pitho's offerings to his _Arcturus_);

305 Pour's into _Thomas_; each City-bowl is full.
Of the mixt wave, and all, who drink grow dull.

Hove to the banks, where bards departed doze;
They led him so, how all the bards apostle;
_Taylor_, sweet bird of _Thames_, majestic bow's.

310 And Sh— nod the poppy on his brow:
While _M__— there, deputed by the rest,
Gave him the cassock, surcingle, and vest;
And "Take (he said) these robes which once were"
"Dulness is sacred in a sound Divine."

315 He ceas'd, and show'd the robe; the crowd confess

The _reverend_ _Eneas_ in his lengthen'd dress.

Slow
Slow mov'd the Goddess from the silver bowl,
(Her Priest preceding) close the gates of Latona;
Her Ceruleus there the sanctions, and proclaims
A gentler exercise to close the games.

Hear you! in whose great heart, in equal scale,
I weigh what earth's comforts, pleasures, or
Which most conduct to seal the seal in numbers,
My Hi's periods, or my B's number?

Attend the trial we propose to make;
If there be men who ass their works convey
Sleep's all-subduing pow'r who dare defy:
And boast their power ere with vig'rous eye:
To him we grant our amplest powers to judge.

Judge of all present, past, and future wise,
To civil, criminal, equitable, right or wrong;
Full, and eternal privilege of tongue.

Three Cambridge Sops and three pert Templars came,
The tame their talents, and their tasks they shame;

Each
Book the Second

335. Each prompt to query, answer, and debate.
And smite with love of poesie and praise:
The pindian books two gentle Readers brings.
The deities fix: the vulgar form a ring.
The clamorous crowd is kindled with mugs of Min.

340. Till all are unequal, send a general burn.
Then mount the Clerks; and in one key tone,
Thro' the long, heavy, painful page, drawn on,
Soft creeping words and words the sense embrace,
At ev'ry line, they stretch, they yaw, they close.

345. As to feed Gates top-heavy, pines bow low.
Their heads, and let them as they cease to blow,
Thus as they yield, and oft the head decline,
As breathe, or pause, by flus, the airs divine.
And now to this side, now to that, they nod,

350. As verse, or prose, infuse the drowsy God.
Thrice said 'tis aim'd to speak, but always happiest
By potent Arthur, knock'd his chin and breast.
C—t and C—t, prompt at Mijells to tear,
Yet silent bow'd to Christ's unending prayer.

355. Who fade unmeasur'd, by the woes of many
Slept fast; the silent nodded to the hum.
Then
Then down are roll'd the books; stretch'd o'er 'em lies
Each gentle clerk, and muttering seals his eyes.
As what a Dutchman plumps into the lakes,
One circle first, and then a second makes,
What dulness dropt among her sons, imprest
Like motion, from one circle to the rest;
So from the midmost the nutation spreads.
Round, and more round, o'er all the sea of heads.
At last Care felt her voice to fail,
And himself unfinish'd left his Tale.
Tis, and T— the church and state gave o'er,
Nor talk'd, nor S— whisper'd more.
Ev'n N—, gifted with his mother's tongue,
Thou born at Wapping, and from Daniel sprung,
Cess'd his loud bawling breath, and dropt the head;
And all was hush'd, as Folly's self lay dead.

Thus the soft gifts of Sleep conclude the day,
And stretch'd on bulks, as usual, Poets lay.

Why should I sing what hails the Nightly Muse
Did slumbering wise, and convey to stews?
Book the Second.

Or prouder march'd, with magistrates in state,
To some fam'd round-house, ever open gate!
How E—— lay inspir'd beside a sirk,
And to mere mortals seem'd a Priest in drink?
All others timely, to the neighbouring Fleet
(Haunt of the Muses) made their safe retreat.

End of the Second Book.
The Dunciad. Book the Third.

UT in her Temple's last recess inclose'd,
On Dulness' lap th' Anointed head repos'd.
Him close she curtain'd round with vapors blue,
And soft besprinkled with Cimmerian dew.

5 Then Raptures high the feast of sense overflow,
Which only heads resolv'd from reason know:
Hence from the straw where Bedlam's Prophet nods,
He hears loud Oracles, and talks with Gods;
Hence the Fool's paradise, the Statesman's scheme,
10 The air-built Castle, and the golden Dream,
Book the Third

The Maid's romantic wish the Chymists fame,
And Poets vision of eternal fame.

And now, on Fancy's easy wing convey'd,
The King descend'd to th' Elysian shade.
15 There in a dusky vale where Lathe rolls,
Old Bavin fits, to dip poetic souls,
And blunt the sense, and fit it for a skull
Of solid proof, impenetrably dull.
Instant when dip't, away they wing their flight,
20 Where *Brown* and *Mears* unbar the gates of Light,
Demand new bodies, and in Calv's array
Rush to the world, impatient for the day.
Millions and millions on these banks he views,
Thick as the Stars of night, or morning, dews,
25 As thick as bees o'er vernal blossoms fly,
As thick as eggs at W—d in pillory.

* Wond'ring he gaz'd: When lo! a Sage appears,
By his broad shoulders known, and length of ears,

* Bookfellers.

Known
The Dunciad.

Known by the band and suit which Settle wore,
30 (His only suit) for twice three years before.
All as the Veft, appear'd the wearers frame,
Old in new state, another, yet the same.
Bland and familiar as in life, begun
Thus the great Father to the greater Son.

Oh! born to see what none can see awake!
Behold the wonders of th' Oblivious Lake.
Thou, yet unborn, hast touch'd this sacred shore,
The hand of Bavius drench'd thee o'er and o'er.
But blind to former, as to future, Fate.

What mortal knows his pre-existent state?
Who knows how long, thy transmigrating soul
Did from Bactrian to Bactrian roll?
How many Dutchmen she vouchsaf'd to thrid?
How many stages thro' old Monks she rid?

And all who since, in mild benighted days,
Mix'd the Owl's ivy with the Poet's bays?
As Man's meanders to the vital spring
Roll all their tydes, then back their circles bring;
Book the Third.

Or whirligigs, twirl'd round by skilful swain,
50 Suck the thread in, then yield it out again:
All nonsense thus, of old or modern date,
Shall in thee centre, from thee circulate.
For this, our Queen unfolds to vision true
Thy mental eye, for thou hast much to view;
55 Old scenes of glory, times long, cast, behind,
Shall first recall'd, rush forward to thy mind;
Then stretch thy sight o'er all her rising reign;
And let the past and future fire thy brain.

Ascend this hill, whose cloudy point commands
60 Her boundless Empire over seas and lands.
See round the Poles where keener spangles shine,
Where spices smoke beneath the burning light,
(Earth's wide extremities) her fable flag display'd;
And all the nations cover'd in her shade!

65 Far Eastward cast thy eye, from whence the Sun
And orient Science at a birth begun.
One man immortal all that pride confounds,
He, whose long Wall the wand'ring Tartar bounds.
  * Heav'n's!
The Dunciad.

* Ha! what a pyle! whole ages perish there:
And one bright blaze turns Learning into air.

70 Thence to the South as far extend thy eyes;
There rival flames with equal glory rise,
From shelves to shelves the greedy Pagan roll,
And pick up all their Physick of the Soul.

75 How little, see! that portion of the ball,
Where faint at best the beams of science fall!
Against her throne, from Hyperborean skies,
In darkness strong, in avenging Vandals rise;
Lo where Mars's sleep, and hardly flows.

80 The freezing Taurus thro' a waste of snows,
The North by myriads pours her mighty fount,
Great naph of Goths, of Huns, and of Huns.
See Attila's lone port, the martial frame
Of Generics, and Attila's dread name!

* Ho-am-tli, Emperor of China, the same who built the great wall between China and Tartary, destroyed all the books and learned men of that empire.
† The Caliph, Omar I, having conquered Egypt, caused his General to burn the Ptolemaic library, on the gazer of which was this inscription, "Medicina Animae."

See!
Book the Third.

See! the bold Ostrogots on Latium fall;
See! the fierce Visigoths on Spain and Gaul.
See! where the morning gilds the palmy shore,
(The soil that arts and infant letters bore)
His conqu'ring tribes th' Arabian prophet draws,
And saving Ignorance enthrones by Laws.
See Christians, Jews, one heavy sabbath keep;
And all the Western World believe and sleep.

Lo Rome herself, proud mistress now no more
Of arts, but thundering against Heathen lost
Her gray-hair'd Synods damning books unread,
And Bacon trembling for his brazen Head.
Lo statues, temples, theatres o'erturn'd,
Oh glorious ruin! and **** burn'd.

See'st thou an Ile, by Pilgrims trod,
Men bearded, bald, cowl'd, uncowl'd, shod, unshod,
Peel'd, patch'd, and piebal'd, linsey-woolsey brothers
Grave mummers, sleeveless some, and shirtless others.
That once was Britain—Happy! had she been
No sanguine sons, had Easter never been.

In peace, great Goddess! ever be ador'd;
How keen the war, if dulness draw the sword?
Thus visit not thy own! on this blest age
Oh spread thy Influence, but restrain thy Rage!

And see my son, the hour is on its way
That lifts our Goddess to imperial sway:
This fav'rite Isle, long sever'd from her reign,
Dove-like, she gathers to her wings again.
Now look thro' Fate! behold the scene she draws!
What aids, what armies, to assert her cause!

See all her progeny, illustrious sight!
Behold, and count them as they rise to light.
As Berenice, while her offspring vye
In homage, to the mother of the sky,
Surveys around her in the blest abode

A hundred sons, and ev'ry son a God:

* Wars in England anciently, about the right time of celebrating Easter.

Not
Book the Third

Not with less glory mighty Dulness crown'd,
Shall take thro' Grubstreet her triumphant round,
And all Parnassus glancing o'er at once,
Behold a hundred sons, and each a dunce.

125 Mark first the youth who takes the foremost place
And thrusts his person full into your face.
With all thy Father's virtues blest, be born!
And a new C———r shall the stage adorn.

See yet a younger, by his blushes known,
130 And modest as the maid who sips alone.
From the strong fate of drams if thou get free,
Another Dursey, *** shall sing in thee.
For thee each Ale-house, and each Gill-house mourn,
And answer's Gin-shops sorrow sights return.

135 Behold yon pair, in strict embraces join'd;
How like their manners, and how like their mind!
Fam'd for good nature, B——— and for truth,
P——— for pious passion to the youth.

Equal
The Dunciad.

Equal in wit, and equally polite,
140 Shall this a Pasquin, that a Grumbler write;
Like are their merits, like rewards they share,
That shines a Consul, this Commissioner.

Ah D——, G—— ah! what ill-star'd rage
Divides a friendship long confirm'd by age?
145 Blockheads with reason wicked wits abhor,
But fool with fool is barbarous, civil war.
Embrace, embrace my Sons! be foes no more!
Nor glad vile Poets with true Criticks gore.

See next two Hip-Hod Muses tripe along,
150 In lofty madness meditating long,
With tresses staring from poetic dreams,
And never wash'd, but in Casstalia's streams.
H—— and T——, glories of their race!
Lo H—— ck's fierce, and M——'s rueful face!

W——n, the scourge of Scripture, mark with awe!
And mighty J—— b Blunderbus of Law!
Lo thousand thousand, ev'ry nameless name,
All crowd, who foremost shall be damn'd to fame;

How
How proud! how pale! how earnest all appear!
How rhymes eternal jingle in their ear!

Pass these to nobler sights: Lo H—— stands
Tuning his voice, and balancing his hands,
How honey'd nonsense trickles from his tongue!
How sweet the periods, neither said nor sung!

Still break the benches, H—— with thy strain,
While K——, Br——, W——— preach in vain
Round him, each Science by its modern type
Stands known; Divinity with box and pipe,
And proud Philosophy with breeches tore,

And English Musick with a dismal score:
While happier Hist'ry with her comrade Alex,
Soothes the sad series of her tedious tale.

Fast by, in darkness palpable inshrín'd
W——, B——, M——, all the poring kind,
A lumberhouse of Books in every head,
Are ever reading, and are never read.
But who is he, in closet close y-pent,
With visage from his shelves with dust bespren't?
Right well mine eyes rede that myster wight,
180 That wonnes in haukes and hermes, and he hight.
To future ages may thy dulness last,
As thou preservest the dulness of the past!

But oh! what scenes, what miracles behind?
Now stretch thy view, and open all thy mind.

185 He look'd, and saw a fable * seer arise,
Swift to whose hand a winged volume flies.
All sudden, gorgons hiss, and dragons glare,
And ten horn'd fiends, and giants, threaten war.
Hell rises, heav'n descends, to dance on earth;
190 Gods, monsters, furies, musick, rage and mirth;
A fire, a jig, a battel, and a ball,
*Till one wide conflagration swallows all.

Then a new world to nature's laws unknown,
Refulgent rises, with a heav'n its own:

Another
Book the Third

195 Another Cynthia her new journey runs,
And other planets circle other suns:
The forests dance, the rivers upward rise,
Whales sport in woods, and dolphins in the skies;
And last, to give the whole creation grace,

200 Lo! one vast Egg produces human race.

Silent the monarch gaz'd; yet ask'd in thought
What God or Daemon all these wonders wrought?
'To whom the Sire: In yonder cloud, behold,
Whose sarcenet skirts are edg'd with flamy gold.

205 A godlike youth: See Jove's own bolts he flings,
Rolls the loud thunder, and the light'ning wings!
Angel of Dulness, sent to scatter round
Her magic charms on all unclassic ground:
Yon stars, yon suns, he rears at pleasure higher,

210 Illumes their light, and sets their flames on fire.
Immortal Rh's! how calm he sits at ease,
Mid snows of paper, and fierce hail of pease!
And proud his mistress' orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm.

But
But lo! to dark encounter in mid air
New wizards rise: here B—th, and C—r there.
B—th in his cloudy tabernacle shrin'd,
On grinning dragons C—r mounts the wind:
Dire is the conflict, dismal is the din.

Here shouts all Drury, there all Lincoln's-Inn;
Contending Theatres our empire raise,
Alike their labours, and alike their praise.

And are these wonders, Son, to thee unknown?
Unknown to thee? These wonders are thy own.

These Fate reserv'd to grace thy reign divine,
Foreseen by me, but ah! with-held from mine.
In Lad's old walls tho' long I rul'd renown'd,
Far as loud Bow's stupendous bells resound;
Tho' my own Aldermen conferr'd my bays,

To me committing their eternal praise,
Their full-fed Heroes, their pacific May'rs,
Their annual trophies, and their monthly wars:

Thos
Book the Third.

Tho'† long my Party built on me their hopes,
For writing Pamphlets, and for roasting Popes

235 (Different our parties, but with equal grace
Our Goddess smiles on Whig and Tory race,
'Tis the same rope at several ends they twist,
To Dullness, Ridpath is as near as Mifs.)
Yet lo! in me what Authors have to brag on!

240 Reduced at last to his in my own dragon.
Avert it, heav'n! that thou ort ever
Should wag two serpent tails in Smithfield fair.
Like the vile straw that's blown about the streets,
The needy Poet sticks to all he meets,

245 Coach'd, carted, trod upon, now loose; now fast,
In the Dog's tail his progress ends at last.
Happier thy fortunes! like a rolling stone
Thy giddy dulness still shall lumber on,
Safe in its heaviness, can never stray,

250 And licks up every blockhead in the way.

† Settle was once famous for party papers, but very uncertain in his political principles. He was employ'd to hold the pen in the Character of a papist successor, but afterwards printed his Narrative on the contrary side.

He managed the ceremony and pageants at the burning of a famous Pope, and was at length employed in making the machinery at Bartholomew fair, where, in his old age he acted in a dragon of leathers of his own invention.
The Dunciad

Thy dragons ** and *** shall taste,
And from each show rise duller than the last:
Till rais'd from Booths to Theatre, to Court,
Her seat imperial Dulness shall transport.

255 (Already, Opera prepares the way,
The sure fore-runner of her gentle sway.)
To aid her cause, if heav'n thou canst not bend,
Hell thou shalt move; for Faustus is thy friend:
Pluto with Cato thou for her shalt join,
260 And link the Mourning-Bride to Proserpine.
Grubstreet! thy fall should men and Gods conspire,
Thy stage shall stand, ensure it but from Fire.
Another Æschylus appears! prepare
For new * Abortions, all ye pregnant fair!
265 In flames like Samules be brought to bed,
While opening Hell spouts wild-fire at your head.

Now Bacchus take the poppy from thy brow,
And place it here! here all ye Heroes bow!

---

* It is reported of Æschylus that when his Tragedy of the Eumenides was acted, the audience were so terrified that the children fell into fits, and the bigbelly'd women miscarry'd. He——d is translating this Author.
Book the Third

This, this is He, foretold by ancient rhymes,
270 Th' Augustus, born to bring Saturnian times!

Beneath his reign, shall E——n wear the bays,
C——r preside, Lord Chancellor of Plays,
B—— sole judge of Architecture fit,
And A—— be preferr'd for Wit!

I see th' unfinish'd Dormitory wall!
275 I see the Savoy totter to her fall!
The sons of Isis reel! the towns-mans sport;
And Alma Mater all dissolv'd in Port!

Then, when these signs declare the mighty Year,
280 When the dull Stars roll round, and re-appear;

Let there be darkness! (the dread pow'r shall say)
All shall be darkness, as it ne'er were Day;
To their first Chaos Wit's vain works shall fall,
And universal Dulness cover all!

No more the Monarch could such raptures bear;
285 He wak'd, and all the Vision mix'd with air.

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