

of such Assistance; and as a further satisfaction in this Point, the Collection of uncommon Curiosities, which *Pope* seems to hint at, were taken from the *Daily Journal*, April the 5th, 1728.

Index to the Dunciad, page 121.

“ By *Edward Ward*. Of his [meaning “ *Pope*] being brib’d by a Dutchess to Satyrize ” a certain Gentleman in the Pillory.

Answer.

Edward Ward, in his Poem against *Alexander Pope*, never tax’d him with being brib’d by a Dutchess, upon the account of any Libel or Satyr whatsoever; therefore, how that high Title, instead of a great Lady, came into *Pope’s* Head, except it was owing to a guilty Conscience, is somewhat difficult to imagine; however, *Pope* has not as yet deny’d himself to be the Author of that barbarous piece of Scandal, with which he is charg’d; and as to the Bribery, perhaps *Ward* might be mistaken, for, in all probability, *Pope* might perform his Work e’er he receiv’d his Wages, and so, what would have been a Bribe beforehand, only became a Reward after: a piece of *Pope’s* Sophistry to evade the Truth of what he was asham’d to own.

Index, page 124. under the Letter W.

“*Ward Edward, a Poet and Ale-house-keeper in Moorfields.*”

Answer.

This Misnomer of Ale-house-keeper in *Moorfields*, *Pope Alexander* of *Twickenham*, seems wonderfully fond of; but, it is surprising to me, that the little angry Gentleman, with all his boasted Wit, Learning, and other superior Qualifications, can project no better a Method to lessen or traduce an Adversary, than by false Representations, grounded upon the idle Reports of such deceitful Flatterers and Spies, as he treats daily at his own House for Intelligence. He might as well have said in his Index. *Ward Edward* a Tavern-keeper in *Moorfields*, but then he had told Truth, and lost the satisfaction of imposing a Falsity upon his Readers; for Lying is a serviceable Talent in a Paper War, which the World begins to find our diminutive Satyrist a compleat Master of.

Suppose, *Ward* should say, in an Index under the Letter *P*, that *Pope Alexander* keeps a House of Intrigue at *Twickenham*, in order to curry favour with Quality, and that's the Reason why so many Gentlemen and Ladies are his constant Subscribers. All this is as true, as that *Ward* keeps an Ale-house in

Moorfields, tho' he lives there. But that which makes the insincerity of *Pope* the more provoking, is, his reporting things contrary to his own Knowledge and Conscience, for *Pope* has drank Wine at *Ward's* House, and knows it to be a Tavern; yet, to show his profound Judgment in the Art of Mendaciloquence, he could not forbear translating it into an Ale-house; insinuating thereby, that *Ward* is possess'd of no other Qualifications than what are directly suitable to so humble a Station; and thus does our little celebrated Satyrist, too plainly discover, in his abusive Writings, the slender regard he has to Truth, and that his principal Talent, or rather Vanity, lies in making himself appear great by rendering other Persons little: either coining for his own use, or taking upon trust, the foulest untruths imaginable to serve his mercenary Purposes, which unfair Practice happens to recal into my Mind, an old Distich of *Tom Brown's*, in this case not unapplicable, *viz.*

This cursed Trade of Versifying,

Will bring us all to Hell, for Lying.

Considering what a croud of Subscribers *Pope* has had to his Works, and the many ingenious Advocates he thinks he has justly deserv'd, he may well complain, as he does in the Preface to the first Edition of his *Dunciad*, that

“ of all this Number, not a Man hath stood up
 “ to say one Word in his defence.” Adding
 further,

“ The only exception is the Author of the
 “ following Poem, [*i. e.* *The Dunciad*] who
 “ doubtless, had either a better insight into
 “ the grounds of this Clamour, or a better O-
 “ pinion of Mr. *Pope*'s Integrity, join'd with
 “ a greater personal Love for him, than any
 “ other of his numerous Friends and Admi-
 “ rers.

Pray, what can any Reader otherwise infer from the foregoing Words, but that *Pope* is a greater lover and admirer of himself, than any of his Friends are of him ; or, that he is not the real Author of the *Dunciad* ; which if he would but publicly acknowledge, and put the Saddle upon the right Horse, I believe the Gentlemen affronted in that unmannerly Satyr, would be very ready to stifle their Resentments, and be willing to ask Mr. *Pope*'s Pardon ; but if he be fond of fathering an ill-shap'd Bastard, not of his own begetting, only because it is like him, I think he has abus'd himself in pretending to be the Parent of such a scandalous Brat as the true Father is ashamed of.

But why should *Pope* wonder, that so few Men of Letters, upon the present Occasion, should

should appear in his behalf, since he cannot but know, that he has lost more Friends by his *Dunciad*, than ever he got by his *Homer*; and now, at last, to make the Town amend for the many Abuses he has put upon the Publick, he has push'd into the World a fresh Edition of the same scurrilous Poem, in 4to, to which he has added all the venomous Advantages that his poyson'd Malice could exhibit, to encrease the Bulk and advance the Price of his Laystall; as if he meant to levy it as an expensive Tax upon those Gentlemen, who often buy what they seldom read, and as often praise or condemn what they are no Judges of. Abundance of these are *Pope's* best Advocates, who always speak in favour of what ever he writes, and think it petty Treason to read any thing against him: Tho' I cannot but acknowledge, some of his Friends, especially those that he most proudly boasts of, to be great Judges, because they are Great Persons; yet I have often observ'd, among Men of Letters, as well as Booksellers, who make it their business, in their Walks, to examine old Books upon Stalls, in hopes to meet with something worth their purchasing, that whenever they glance upon a Title-page, and find at the bottom thereof, *Written by a Person of Quality*, they gently turn down the Cover of the Book, without asking the Price,

Price, or looking farther into it : which sufficiently shows, that *Pope's* boasted Quality, tho' he may find 'em bountiful Patrons, or generous Subscribers, are seldom esteem'd as good Authors, whatever they may be for Judges.

But that which surprizes the Town, as well as it does Mr. *Pope*, is, to find that among a Hundred Thousand of his Friends and Admirers, (according to his own Computation) scarce one *English* Penman, thro' the whole Quarrel, has appear'd in his defence, except under the *Rose*, which unhappy omission has given some of his Adversaries good reason to suspect, that most of his Subscribers have thought themselves impos'd upon, in buying Gold too dear ; and therefore by slackening the encouragement they formerly us'd to give him, have put the little Gentleman out of Humour with his own Fraternity ; as if they were the Persons that had eclips'd his Glory and undermin'd his Interest ; when, in short, himself has only forfeited the esteem of the Publick by his abusive Poems and other mercenary Productions, making common Sale therein of several Mens Reputation, who never troubl'd their Heads about him, till he had openly affronted them, by building a tott'ring Pyramid of his own Self-praise upon their Dunghils :
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insomuch that in the present Quarrel he has foolishly drawn upon himself, by the advice of somebody that meant him no good, but flatter'd him into an Error, (as *Dryden* did *Creech*) he has not as yet found any Supporters to his sinking Reputation, but what he was forc'd to borrow, first from *Ireland*, and secondly from *North-Britain*, whose fulsome Flatteries, with a tedious Collection of further Testimonies of *Pope's* great Abilities, inserted by himself, or Order, accompany'd with an unmerciful heap of abusive Remarks, Imitations, Lists, Parallels, Appendixes, Advertisements, stolen Prefaces, and Indexes; besides a long surfeiting *Prolegomena*, and a dull trifling *Periocha*, either to let the World know that he understands *Greek*, or to puzzle his Admirers and send most of 'em to a *Lexicon*; so that turning over the Poem, I fancy'd the Author (not forgetting his Civility to *Mr. Curl*) had loaded his Satyr with a fresh Dose of Poyson, because it was so suddenly swell'd from a little thin-gutted *Duodecimo*, to a huge pot-belly'd *Quarto*; and, as I thought, so I found it: therefore conceiv'd it not improper to prepare the present Antidote, that Persons prejudic'd against any Author, by sucking Venom from the *Dunciad*, might be easily restor'd to their impartial Senses, at a much smaller Expence than

than they contracted the Infection, if they have any Faith in the Doctor ; for *Truth* is the only Orvietan in the World to expel the poyson of *Falshood* : He therefore scorns to administer any thing to the Publick, but what is justifiable in Practice ; tho' should he strain a Point in relation to that poetical Pesticence *Pope* has spread among us, he could not report less Truth of him than he has said of others.

When Lyes shall pass for Satyr, with the Town,

And gross Ill-manners be accounted civil,

Then Poet P — shall wear a Laurel-Crown,

For none can claim precedence but the D — —.

And he, great Prince of Darkness and of Air,

That lends assistance to each lying Satyr,

Perhaps, thro' Pride, no greater love may bear

To Laurel, than he does to Holy-water :

If so, then P — who is so fond of Praise,

And famous for malicious versifying,

May plead the next best Title to the Baies,

I mean such Baies as may be won by Lying.

It is very pithily observ'd by *Pope's* Northern Advocate, that *Men are not Bunglers because they are Poor, but Poor because they are Bunglers.* Nor indeed are some Poets Flatter'd because they are Proud and Insolent, but Proud and Insolent because they are Flatter'd. Nor will one Man's Riches procure other People Brains, but other Peoples Brains may procure one Man Riches. Both which Maxims, I believe, Mr. *Pope* may allow, are founded upon Truth, by his own Experience. But, as a fuller Answer to that equivocal Scrap of Sophistry before recited, I shall further add, that *Homer, tho' a Beggar was the Prince of Poets:* And the very remembrance of that alone, had his Translator had the least Modesty, would have been sufficient, in the Opinion of the Wise, to have stop'd the Mouths and Pens both of himself and his Flatterers from reflecting upon Poverty; since they cannot but know, that Wit and Wealth are seldom concomitant; and that *Necessity*, in all Ages, hath prov'd the Mother of *Invention*, or so many sluggish Asses would never have prick'd up their golden Ears, if they had not first been beholding to brighter Heads than their own, for what, without Merit in themselves, they are too often proud of: Therefore nothing is more scandalous in a Man of Prosperity, than to triumph over Me-

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rit in Adversity; since the greatest Wits and most useful Projectors, in all Nations, have been ever noted for the narrowness of their Fortunes, except Mr. *Pope* and his Assistants, who, I suppose, are all too rich to make an addition to the number.

In short, let Fortune have plac'd the knowing or observing part of Mankind in what Station of Life soever, yet, if any of the number happens to have a Talent or Genius in Poetry, or other Science, I see no right the proudest Contemporary has to debar him the use of it. If such a dominion over the Muses should be lodg'd in any Man, it ought to be in the Poet-Lawier: Therefore it is little less than poetical Rebellion in a Pretender, to usurp that Authority, which more properly belongs to *Apollo's* Vicegerent, and not to such an imperious Characterizer as never yet has been thought worthy of the Baies, except by a Northern Gentleman, who has wrote as extravagantly in his Praise, as if the Reward he aim'd at was to share in the Poet's Reputation. When, I am certain, *Pope* cannot forbear laughing in his Sleeve at the Zeal of his Friend, who, to show himself a Man of Courage, should jump so readily into a foolish Quarrel where nothing is to be got but Blows.

Suppose Mr. *Pope* was invested with the Power of laying such an Embargo upon the Pens of his Brethren, as that none of their Writings should pass the Press without his License or Approbation, (if a Man may crave leave to guess at his Temper) I am apt to think, that the very Persons who have distinguish'd themselves in his favour, would be equally liable to his wholesome Severities, with those that have wrote against him; for he that takes delight in exposing other Mens *Foibles*, is seldom burthen'd with over-much Gratitude. Besides, Mr. *Pope* is a Gentleman of so much prudence as to consider, that he can more easily penetrate into the Failings of a Friend than the Debilities of an Enemy; especially when it is to magnify himself, or embellish any of his own satyrical Performances.

As to that celebrated Poem the *Dunciad*, with all its present Illustrations, by the hands of divers Authors, I can compare it to nothing better than the Patch-work Furniture of my Lady's best Chamber, wherein, perhaps, twenty Mantua-makers have contributed all the richest and gaudiest Shreds they could cabbage, to add Beauty and Variety to the flickering Curiosity. So was *Pope* forc'd to be beholding to many Heads and Hands
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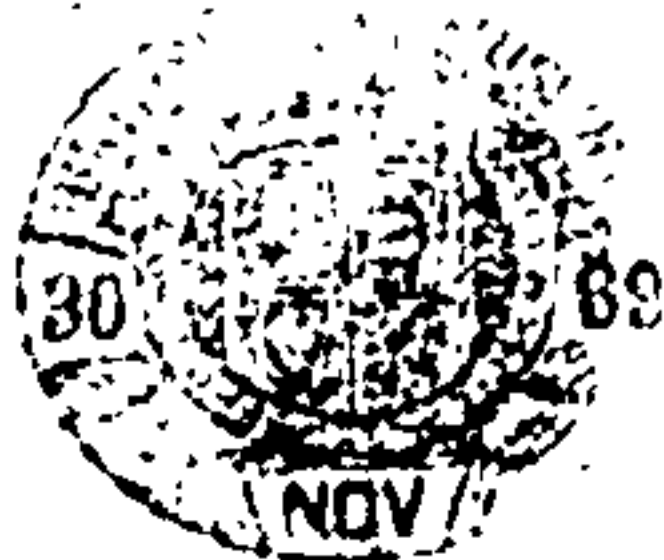
to help finish his Work, or the Satyr aforementioned, by his own Confession, had been strangl'd in its Infancy. Therefore, the ingenious part of the Town wonder very much, that Mr. *Pope* should so lamely venture into a Paper-War, at the expence of other Peoples Brains, and still continue halting in the field of Battle upon borrow'd Crutches, in hopes of Victory; which will not amount to more, when he wins it, than a Sprig of Baies; and if that be the only Trophy his Ambition aims at, he shall freely enjoy it, with consent of his humble Servant, who only craves a little farther leave to conclude his *Postscript* with the following

EPIGRAM.

*In one prolifick Age, two Popes appear'd,
Both British Bards, and in their turns rever'd:
The first was famous for his Wish, the last,
For cooking Homer to our English tast.
Rome, tho' for Popes and Poets justly fam'd,
Ne'er rais'd a Third that both those Titles
(claim'd.*

*One dy'd possess'd of universal Praise,
 But the rude Dunciad blasted t'other's Baies:
 No wonder! that his Muse should tread awry,
 When guided by such proud Deformity,
 Or that his Wit, so learnedly refin'd,
 Should with such spleen and arrogance be join'd
 Since a distemper'd Body oft corrupts the Mind.*

F I N I S.



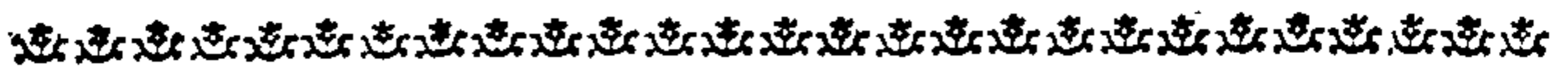
Apollo's Maggot in his Cup

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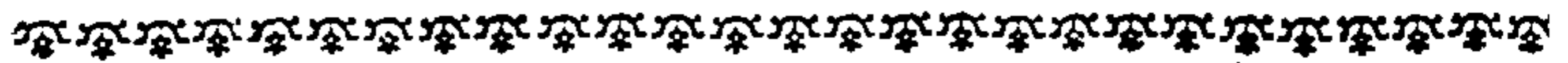
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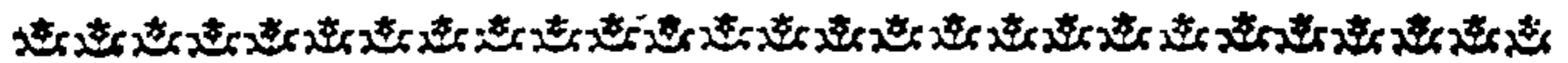
Little Satyrical P O E T.



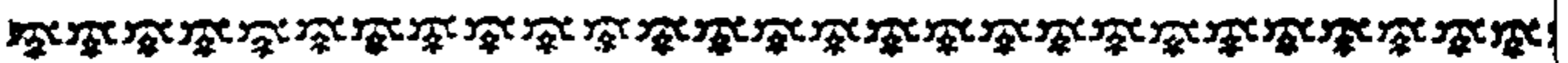
A Lyrick O D E.



Laudatur ab his, culpatur ab illis. Hor.



*Whilst Poets scribble for the Baies,
Some will condemn, what others praise :
Reader, do which will please thee best,
The Author only writes in jest,
And leaves the serious part o'th' Quarrel,
To Wits that scuffle for the Laurel.*



Merrily Dedicated to DICKY DICKISO
the Witty, but deform'd Governour
Scarborough-Spare.



L O N D O N

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