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I hereby recommend that the thesis prepared under my supervision by Daniel Z. Gibson, Jr. *entitled* A Critical Edition of the Poems of Bernard Mandeville

be accepted as fulfilling this part of the requirements for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy

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A Critical Edition

of

THE POEMS OF BERNARD MANDEVILLE

A dissertation submitted to the

Graduate School
of the University of Cincinnati

in partial fulfillment of the
requirements for the degree of

DOCTOR OF PHILOSOPHY

1939

by

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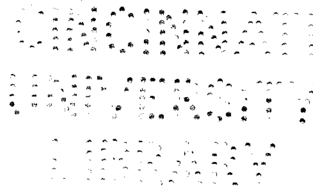

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PREFACE

The following study is intended to contribute to our knowledge of Bernard Mandeville by presenting as complete an edition of his poems as it has been possible to determine, and by attempting to clarify the development of his literary taste and of his thought between 1698 and 1714. Conditions attending literary publication in the early eighteenth century, principally the large proportion of anonymous works issued, render the settling of what was and what was not Mandeville's a task which is hardly to be accomplished yet for many years. Students of even as well-known figures as Defoe and Swift realize the enormous difficulty of sifting the authentic from the spurious. Professor F. B. Kaye did yeoman service in fixing the Mandeville canon, and his efforts have recently been supplemented by Paul Bunyan Anderson's research into the periodical literature of the time. To their work I acknowledge my indebtedness. I have been able to add nothing to their findings save _The Pamphleteers_. With Professor Anderson's conclusions, on the other hand, I have not always been in complete agreement, and some of the poems which he has claimed for Mandeville have in this edition been relegated to an appendix as being of doubtful authenticity.

Professor Kaye's admirable edition of _The Fable of the Bees_ has placed all students of Mandeville under obligation. The present study, it is hoped, may provide a supplement to his investigation, in that I have dealt almost entirely with Mandeville's writings anterior to 1714, when the prose commentary on _The Grumbling Hive_ first appeared, and have considered

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his poetry as an important developmental stage in his career. I have also concerned myself less with Mandeville's philosophical background than with his literary development, and have viewed his poetry, including *The Grumbling Hive*, as a product of his English as well as his foreign experience.

Since Mandeville's major poetic efforts were in the fields of classical travesty and of the fable, it may be well here to explain my usage in the following pages of the frequently ill-defined terms *burlesque*, *travesty*, and *fable*. All three, of course, were used with extreme looseness in the seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries in both England and France, and may be said really to have had no precise meanings at that time.

In employing the word *burlesque* I have accepted the definition formulated by Dr. Richmond P. Bond in his *English Burlesque Poetry 1700-1750*: "Burlesque consists...in the use or imitation of a serious matter or manner, made amusing by the creation of an incongruity between style and subject. This inconsistency between form and content, this opposition between what is said and the way it is said, is the necessary qualification."[1] *Burlesque*, therefore, is the generic term in which are included the *travesty*, the *parody*, and the *mock-poem*. It is to be distinguished from the all-embracing *comic* by the fact that burlesque deliberately strives for incongruity rather than verisimilitude, whereas the comic, though including the burlesque, may also include that which is carefully realistic.[2] Furthermore, as Dr. Bond specifies, and as English critics of the early eighteenth century recognized, *burlesque* may be divided into two kinds: the "diminishing" burlesque,

1. P. 3.

2. An interesting discussion of the fantastic element in burlesque is given in E. A. Richard's *Hudibras in the Burlesque Tradition*, Chap. VII.

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in which a serious subject is ridiculed by a trivial style or handling; and the "magnifying," in which a trivial subject is ridiculed by a dignified and lofty treatment. A travesty applies the method of diminishing burlesque to a particular work, e.g., to the Aeneid as in Scarron's Virgile travesty.

The fable is even more difficult to define than the burlesque. The Oxford English Dictionary, for instance, lists ten substantive meanings of the word current in the latter seventeenth century, eight of which are still in use today. Even after narrowing the field considerably we are confronted with a good deal of difficulty, as Dr. Johnson indicates in his remarks on the Aesopean fable in his life of Gay: "Of this kind of Fables, the authors do not appear to have formed any distinct or settled notion. Phaedrus evidently confounds them with Tales, and Gay with Tales and Allegorical Prosopopoeias. A Fable or Apologue, such as is now under consideration, seems to be, in its genuine state, a narrative in which beings irrational, and sometimes inanimate...are, for the purposes of moral instruction, feigned to act and speak with human interests and passions."[1] Johnson, however, appears to have been the first lexicographer to restrict the signification of the Aesopean type of fable to a story dealing only with beast or inanimate characters. The works of La Fontaine, L'Estrange, Mandeville, and other writers of the time include under that classification

1. The confusion of meanings to which Johnson refers arose, of course, from the Latin term fabula, which could signify the plot of a play or of a story, a discourse, narrative, or dramatic composition. To his definition one may add that the true beast-apologue is relatively short.

In the Tatler and Spectator Addison and Steele constantly use fable as synonymous with allegory. Properly speaking, the fable is not an allegory; in a true allegory both the characters and the incidents have a double meaning which should be apparent to the reader at all points in the story. The merit of the fable, however, is in concealing its moral point, its enclosed truth, until the moment of the conclusion.

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many pieces which are outside his definition. Their fables might be historical anecdotes, classical stories, or merely narratives with human characters; the only general requisite was that they be relatively short and that they illustrate some point of practical wisdom, some "moral." In the following study it has been impossible for me to avoid using the term as loosely as these earlier writers used it; to have loaded the pages with narrow distinctions would simply have multiplied the reader's confusion. I have, however, avoided the use of *fable* in the popular early sense of *plot* or *argument*.

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I. LIFE OF BERNARD MANDEVILLE

Bernard Mandeville, best known as the author of The Fable of the Bees, was born either in Dort or Rotterdam, Holland, and baptized in the latter city on 20 November, 1670.[1] He attended the Erasmian School there, and matriculated at the University of Leyden in October, 1685, with the announced intention of studying medicine. The next year, however, found him registered as a student in philosophy, and in 1689 he presented a dissertation, Disputatio Philosophica de Brutorum Operationibus, in which he defended the Cartesian hypothesis that animals are soulless automata. In 1690 he was still in residence, and in March, 1691, he took his degree as Doctor of Medicine, and set up as a specialist in nerve and stomach disorders.[2]

Soon after, Mandeville left Holland, perhaps travelled a while in Europe, and then came to England. All previous accounts of his life have been hazy about the date of his English journey and also have assumed tacitly that his residence in London was continuous from his arrival. This belief has been founded on his statement in 1711, that, having "come to London to learn the Language," in which he took great delight, he "in the mean time found the Country and the Manners of it agreeable to his Humour," and "has now been many Years, and is like to end his days in England."[3]

1. Excepting a few details, some of which are new, the information in this biographical sketch is from the Dictionary of National Biography and from F. B. Kaye's account in his edition of The Fable of the Bees. All further references to the Fable in this study will be to Kaye's edition.

2. Or, as Mandeville called them, the "hypochondriack and hysterick diseases," or "passions." His father had practiced this same branch of medicine.

3. Treatise of the Hypochondriack and Hysterick Diseases, ed. 1730, p. xiii.

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His first visit, however, was not permanent, for on 17 September, 1694, a pass was granted at Whitehall to "Bernard Mandeville, a subject of the States General," for travel to Gravesend and Holland.[1] At some time between then and 1698 he returned and made England his home. In the latter year his name appeared as author of a commendatory poem in Latin prefixed to a medical treatise, De Tuto Cantharidum in Medicina Usu Interno by John Groenevelt, a fellow-countryman who had lived in London for about fifteen years and was a member of the College of Physicians.[2] "Supported by powerful patronage, he passed as an authority on gout and stone, but was regarded by most of his brethren as a quack."[3] In 1693 Groenevelt had been charged with malpractice in the internal use of cantharides; in April, 1697, he was tried for the same offence, fined and committed to Newgate, but

1. Historical Mss. Commission, Domestic, 1694-1695, p. 309.

2. This poem was recently brought to light by H. G. Ward ("An Unnoted Poem by Mandeville," RES, VII, 73-76), who prints the full Latin text, together with an English rendering, from a translation of Groenevelt's treatise executed in 1706 by John Marten. There was a second edition of the Latin version in 1703.

Rather curiously, none of the three examples of the first edition of the treatise which I have found in the United States contains Mandeville's poem, though passages from the latter which Groenevelt quoted approvingly in the text of his discourse are retained. The only copy which I have personally examined, owned by the Boston Medical Library, appears to be defective: signature A has two leaves instead of eight. A second copy, owned by the American Antiquarian Society, Worcester, Mass., shows the same defect in the initial signature, according to Mr. Robert W. G. Vail, librarian of the society, who was kind enough to send a description. Mr. Vail states that theirs is an autographed presentation copy from Groenevelt, dated 23 March, 1699, and is in the original binding. A third copy of the edition of 1698, in the U. S. Army Medical Library, Washington, D. C., also lacks the Mandeville poem, according to Colonel Harold W. Jones, librarian.

The absence of the poem from three examples of the first edition may be of no significance, but it is unusual. Had the poem been removed because of its strictures on the College of Physicians, the second and third editions of the treatise would hardly have contained it.

3. My information about Groenevelt is from the article by Gordon Goodwin in the DNB.

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soon released. In December of that year a patient brought action against him, but though nearly twenty members of the College appeared for the plaintiff, Groenevelt was acquitted. He retaliated by suing the College for wrongful imprisonment, but lost the judgement in December, 1700.

Mandeville's apparent friendship for Groenevelt, his praise of the latter's outlawed method of treatment, and his blunt description of the College of Physicians as "Progenie spuria, dedicorique Patri," perhaps indicate the early existence in him of a somewhat wrong-headed irreverence, and also, it may be, of vanity, a characteristic which he admits he never overcame.[1] The poem may likewise have black-listed him in the opinion of the most powerful English medical organization, for he seems never to have belonged to the College.

On 1 February, 1699, Mandeville was married to Ruth Elizabeth Laurence at St. Giles-in-the-Fields. Our next record of him comes from rather different circumstances, for the next February he figured, apparently as an interpreter, in the famous divorce suit of the Duke of Norfolk.[2]

1. Cf. Fable, I, 408.

2. This information, which has not previously been noted in connection with Mandeville, is to be gathered from the records of the House of Lords (Historical Mss. Commission, New Series, IV, 1699-1702, p. 103), where Mandeville is mentioned as having been sworn for some purpose relating to the trial. He does not appear in T. B. Howell's account of the proceedings (Complete Collection of State Trials, XIII, 1286 ff.), but the latter states that when the chief witness for the Duke, Mrs. Elianor Vaness, a former maid to the Duchess, was sworn on 21 February, "she appeared to be a Dutch woman, and could not well understand English; and an interpreter being offered by the duke's counsel, counsel withdrew, and the House agreed that the duchess's counsel should have an interpreter also." The depositions began the next day. Apparently Mandeville served as an interpreter, the other, as it appears from the notes of the House of Lords, being one Cornelius Vandike.

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By 1703, as Professor Kaye says, "he had achieved his wish of learning the language," and the first of his English poems, The Pamphleteers and Some Fables After the Easie and Familiar Method of Monsieur de la Fontaine, were anonymously printed in the late winter or early spring of that year.[1]

In 1704 the fables of the preceding year were re-issued, under his name, with the title of Aesop Dress'd, and augmented by ten more translations from La Fontaine. This collection was reprinted later, without date.[2] Typhon, a paraphrase of part of Paul Scarron's work of the same name, appeared also in 1704. In the following year Mandeville printed The Grumbling Hive, from which eventually grew The Fable of the Bees.

Mandeville's known history from this time until his death is little more than a record of his publications, and, in his later years, of attacks on his opinions. From a recent study of The Female Tatler of 1709-1710, however, Paul Bunyan Anderson has demonstrated rather conclusively that Mandeville had some share in writing a portion of that periodical. Three of his fables which had originally been printed in 1703-1704---"The Carp," "The Wolves and the Sheep," and "The Hands, Feet,

1. According to Halkett and Laing (Dictionary of Anonymous and Pseudonymous English Literature, VI, 414), The Pamphleteers is referred to in the Flying Post of 17 June, 1703, as being "by the author of Some Fables after the familiar method of Mr. De la Fontaine." The Pamphleteers was printed before the fables, however, for an advertisement on its title-page announces that "Next Week will be Publish'd Francion's Comical Romance"; and the title-page of Some Fables states that Francion is "newly Published."

2. Cf. below, p. lxvi, n.

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and Belly"---appeared among its issues.[1] In 1709 he also published The Virgin Unmask'd, a series of prose dialogues dealing with the subject of female chastity and of marriage.

Wishes to a Godson, with Other Miscellany Poems, the last volume of verse which Mandeville issued, came out in 1712 and contained, among other pieces, four fragments which had been intended as a continuation of Typhon. Henceforth he seems to have devoted his literary efforts entirely to prose works. His Treatise of the Hypochondriack and Hysterick Diseases had been published in 1711, and in 1714 he reprinted The Grumbling Hive with a prose commentary under the title of The Fable of the Bees: or, Private Vices, Publick Benefits. This was followed in 1720 by Free Thoughts on Religion, the Church, and National Happiness.

In 1723 Mandeville re-issued The Fable of the Bees with additions to the prose commentary and with new essays---"An Essay on Charity and Charity-Schools" and "A Search into the Nature of Society." For two decades he had been seeking public recognition, and now, perhaps because of his attack on the charity schools, his desire was fulfilled.[2] The Fable was presented as a public nuisance by the Grand Jury of Middlesex, and it became the object of numerous attacks. Partly as a result of this notoriety, it went to five more editions during the next decade.

1. See Paul Bunyan Anderson, "Splendor out of Scandal: The Lucinda-Artesia Papers in The Female Tatler," PQ, XV, 286-300. "The Carp" appeared in No. 97, "The Wolves and the Sheep" in No. 98-2, and "The Hands, Feet, and Belly" in No. 100. In another article, "Innocence and Artifice: Or Mrs. Centlivre and The Female Tatler"(PQ, XVI, 358 ff.), Anderson attempts to establish that Mandeville and Mrs. Centlivre were responsible for writing the final sixty-five issues of this journal. Most of the article is about Mrs. Centlivre.

2. Cf. Fable, I, 409.

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Mandeville's next book was A Modest Defence of Publick Stews, which was published in 1724; and a year later he issued An Enquiry into the Causes of the Frequent Executions at Tyburn, which appeared first as a series of letters to The British Journal and then was reprinted in book form.[1]

Four years afterwards, in 1729, Mandeville printed a second part of The Fable of the Bees; and his literary activity ceased in 1732 with An Enquiry into the Origin of Honour and A Letter to Dion. His death took place on 21 January, 1733.

1. These letters were signed "Philanthropos," and Paul Bunyan Anderson recently has attempted to prove that thirteen other contributions from "Philanthropos" to The British Journal were by Mandeville ("Cato's Obscure Counterpart in The British Journal 1722-1725," SP, XXXIV, 412-428). Anderson's original thesis appears sound enough, but the worth of his article is considerably vitiated and his point obscured by his extended effort to prove that Mandeville was also responsible for fifty-four issues of The British Journal signed by "Criton" and by "Diogenes." Although his article opens boldly by asserting the identity of "Philanthropos," "Criton," and "Diogenes," the necessary proof is not forthcoming, and he is forced to end rather lamely: "For the issues by Criton ...the evidence is suggestive [of Mandeville's authorship]. It is least satisfactory and most ambiguous for the dangerous contributions of Diogenes as a popularizer of Locke" (pp. 427-428). It may be stated here that Anderson's interpretation of Mandeville's thought and personality differs considerably from that held by the present writer. As I shall indicate during the course of this study, I am far from convinced of the validity of what Anderson calls Mandeville's "profoundly intellectual and boldly human interests," though, at the same time, I respect the latter's keenness and his acute, but sporadic, powers of psychological analysis. Cf. below, pp. 205-207.

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II. THE FABLE IN FRANCE AND ENGLAND:

Mandeville's *Fables After Monsieur de la Fontaine*

1.

In 1703 Bernard Mandeville printed a small book of verse entitled *Some FABLES After the Easie and Familiar Method of Monsieur de la Fontaine*, containing twenty-seven translations and two original pieces. Although La Fontaine's first fables had been issued in Paris thirty-five years before, this collection, so far as it has been possible to determine, marked the initial appearance of his name on an English title-page. At first glance the fact is somewhat strange, since in both countries the fable had enjoyed a considerable popularity in the latter decades of the seventeenth century, and since La Fontaine during that period was recognized by his countrymen as one of their great poets. Over twenty editions of his fables had been issued in France and Holland between 1668 and 1695, the year of his death.

To students of French and English literature of this time, however, the apparent English disregard of La Fontaine is not surprising, for despite superficial resemblance between the culture of the two countries their tastes were fundamentally disparate. The English playwrights borrowed freely from Molière and his contemporaries, and Dryden helped himself plentifully from the works of reigning French critics; but it is a revelation to examine the enormous changes undergone by the material in its passage through their hands. Dryden's critical opinions, for instance, probably would not exhibit such a maze of seeming inconsistencies if the foreign canons which he accepted with the approval of his brain could be winnowed from the native opinions dictated by his heart. To the English dramatists,

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Molière, as Fuseli remarked of Blake, was "damned good to steal from"; but the spirit of his work was alien to that of his borrowers, and "it may be admitted at once that the Restoration would have produced a comedy not much different from the actual product, even had Molière never lived." The Englishmen took only what they wanted and could use--details of plot and types of character--and even these were "in the process battered and twisted and distorted often almost beyond recognition."[1] The keen incisiveness, moral force, and artistic symmetry of his drama were beyond them, and were "never once faithfully translated into a play of English workmanship."[2]

These differences in taste between the two countries were strongly nationalistic and even fundamental. France was entering the last stages of its greatest creative period, the golden age of its literature, the era which had produced Corneille and was now ruled by Molière, Racine, Boileau, and La Fontaine. The work of that time is characterized above all else by decorum; not only decorum in its narrow pseudo-classical sense, but decorum in spirit and in morality. It was a literature dominated by a conscious art whose very extravagances, such as préciosité and cold formalism, were a result of excessive artistic nicety. Influencing the lesser and therefore the representative men were the rigid standards of the Academy, the powerful sway of a great court, and---perhaps most important of all---the feminine salons of Paris. In this atmosphere La Fontaine lived and wrote his fables.

There is little in contemporary English life and literature really

1. D. H. Miles, The Influence of Molière on Restoration Comedy, pp. 220-221.
2. Allardyce Nicoll, Restoration Drama, 1660-1700, p. 179.

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comparable to conditions existing in the literary circles of Paris. London's fashionable emulation of French manners and culture was merely skin-deep, and its taste was in truth not far advanced from the unbalance and the blood-and-thunder of late Elizabethanism. The court at Whitehall, about which the polite world moved, encouraged no honest artistic endeavor; its debauched habits rather abetted the streak of vigorous coarseness which seems to be one attribute of the untutored Anglo-Saxon nature. The ruling force in society and letters, unlike that in France, was predominantly masculine, even though women appear to have assumed a far greater importance than before simply because sex occupies so large a place in the literature and in court activities. The thoroughly characteristic works of this life were _Hudibras_, _Absalom and Achitophel_, and _The Country Wife_; those of the French literary world were _Les Femmes Savantes_, _Phédre_, _L'Art Poétique_, and La Fontaine's _Fables_.

It is evident, therefore, that poems which have been called the most distinctively French of all French literature, the fables of La Fontaine, would find difficulty in gaining an English audience, even though that species of writing was increasingly popular in England in the latter part of the century. Both of these traditions---the English and the French---formed the background out of which Mandeville produced his versions of La Fontaine, and an understanding of them will reveal much about his own literary taste and aims.

As we have noted earlier in the definition of _fable_, one of its prevalent conventions is a moral or aphoristic implication. More precisely, this element is a reflection on mankind in a state of society---that is, it

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tends to the inculcation not so much of idealistic morality as of practical wisdom, the lore by which men live successfully with their fellows. Beginning even before the time of Richelieu in France, there was an intellectual atmosphere which encouraged social morality. The great literature of the classical period is generally representative of what Matthew Arnold called "high seriousness," but specifically is concerned with man as a social animal. One perceives this tendency in the plays of Corneille in his love and honor themes, in Racine and particularly in Molière, in the writings of Pascal, the satires of Boileau, and the works of Malebranche and La Rochefoucauld. The lesser literature, too, the pastoral and heroic romances of d'Urfé, de Scudéry, and La Calprènede, in its preoccupation with the niceties of platonic love is interested in refining the relations between the sexes, and therefore in a courtly way is concerned with social morality. This moralistic tendency is one of the distinctive characteristics of the French spirit in the seventeenth century, and was perhaps the most important element of the soil in which the fable grew and flourished during that era.[1] It is well to indicate clearly, however, that the movement was not toward a narrow, puritanic morality, but emphasized those graces which were an attribute of the *honnête homme*, the kind of morality represented, say, by Molière's Cléante. It was a combination of seriousness touched with worldliness, never ponderous, and in many circles inclining to the *risqué* rather than to the prudish. It is the morality, that is, of La Fontaine's fables.

1. Alfred Rébelliau remarks that "La tendence moraliste est très évidémment l'un des caractères distinctifs, pour ne pas dire le plus spécialement distinctif, de l'esprit français au xviie siècle" (*Histoire de la Langue et de la Littérature française*, ed. Petit de Julleville, V, 394).

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In addition to this characteristic of La Fontaine's environment, allegory, also traditionally associated with the fable, enjoyed great popularity in France throughout the century. It was a prominent literary device of the pastoral and heroic romance; to place one's friends in these works, veiled thinly behind pastoral or heroic names, became the height of fashion.[1] Furthermore, everyone read romances, and every courtier borrowed their method in penning madrigals and *vers de société* addressed to his friends or to his mistress under the guise of pastoral symbolism. In this atmosphere, that of the salons, La Fontaine lived throughout his literary career, and was at various times connected either by habitual visits or by actual dependency with those of Fouquet, the Duchess de Bouillon, Mme. de la Fayette, Mme. de la Sablière, and Ninon de Lenclos: here he formed his literary tastes, and to these circles he naturally addressed the kind of verse then in vogue, the verse of pastoral symbolism.[2] One of his constant loves was the *Astrée* of d'Urfé and its numerous progeny:

> Étant petit garcon je lisais son roman
> Et je lis encore ayant la barbe grise.[3]

1. For the distinction between allegory and fable, see *supra*, p. iii, n. There is a considerable difference also between literary symbolism and true allegory, since the latter involves not only the use of symbolistic names and characters, but of a plot which itself has a double meaning. But in actual practice these distinctions were constantly confused, and still are.

2. One of the most historically interesting of La Fontaine's poems employing the fashionable device of symbolism is "Les Amours de Psyché et Cupidon," written about 1665, in which are introduced Racine, Boileau, La Fontaine himself, and perhaps Molière, concealed respectively under the names of Acante, Ariste, Polyphile, and Gélaste (*Oeuvres de la Fontaine*, ed. Regnier, I, xcii).

3. Regnier, IX, 23.

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Grace and charm, the elegant periphrasis, the sous-entendu rather than the direct statement---these were the delicacies of intercourse exacted by the fashionable salon. The transition, therefore, to the fable---not necessarily to the traditional fable, but to the kind which La Fontaine wrote---was a step of the utmost ease.

There is some evidence, by no means conclusive, of a revival of the fable in France during the decade immediately preceding the publication of La Fontaine's first essays in that kind of verse. In 1660 appeared a reprint of Nevelet's Mythologica Aesopica, a work to which he was greatly indebted as a source; there were re-editions in 1638, 1649, 1659, and 1665 of the Fables d'Esope moralisées, a heavily didactic collection in prose by Boissat (under the nom de plume of Jean Baudoin). Boissat was a member of the Academy and living in 1659: therefore his literary efforts would not pass unnoticed by men of letters. Finally Audin's Fables héroïques imitées de celles d'Esope, also in prose and representing a curious amalgamation of the heroic romance and the moral allegory, was issued in 1648 and reprinted in 1660 and 1664. These re-issues are especially emphasized by René Bray in his recent sketch of La Fontaine's background: as he puts it, a first printing of a work may reveal to us only the taste of the author, but "une réédition est un indice des goûts du public."[1]

Whether or not La Fontaine's immediate inspiration to write fables came from these recent publications is an unanswered question. Of one thing we can be sure: his fables are vastly different. He was not a moralist in the ordinary sense of the word, and he sought almost continually and by vari-

1. René Bray, Les Fables de la Fontaine, p. 41. La Fontaine's Fables Choisies mises en vers, ed. Ferdinand Gohin, I, liii.

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ous means to hit the taste of his contemporaries, rather than to teach them. "Mon principal but est toujours de plaire," he observed, like Dryden.[1] Elsewhere he writes of himself:

> Deux démons à leur gré partagent notre vie...
> J'appelle l'un Amour, et l'autre Ambition.[2]

His ambition he satisfied perhaps by publication; but, as it was usual in France at that time, most of his poems had been written and had received the approval of his friends even years before he consigned them to the press. His official literary careèr began in 1654 with the publication of _L'Eunuque_, a comedy imitated from Terence, and ten years elapsed before his next appearance in print with _Nouvelles en vers tirées de Boccace et de l'Arioste_. They were immediately successful, and he issued a second and larger collection a year later, _Contes et Nouvelles en vers_, followed a month after, in January, 1666, by a _Deuxième Partie_, and in March, 1668, by still a third part. In the latter month also was issued the privilege for his first six books of fables. Such a rapid succession of publications would suggest that most of their contents had been completed long before their actual printing.

The _contes_ of La Fontaine reveal, if not all his best qualities, at least those which have given him immortality. Their literary antecedents in subject-matter are Boccaccio, Ariosto, and Margaret of Navarre, and their flavour is that of Rabelais and the old French writers of _fabliaux_. Rabelais ,

1. Regnier, VII, 20. In the preface to his first book of _contes_ he likewise says: "Je m'accomoderai, s'il m'est possible, au goût de mon siècle, instruit que je suis par ma prôpre expérience, qu'il n'y a rien de plus nécessaire" (Regnier, IV, 8).

2. Regnier, III, 46-47.

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in particular, and the old *conteurs*, he avowedly loved, differing thereby considerably from most of his literary friends.[1] In his tales he has caught their raciness, something of their disillusion, their decidedly non-platonic handling of love, and their sense of fact, the latter two tempered somewhat in his case by the politer environment in which he moved. For their crudeness of terminology and frankness of expression he substituted an art of implication. And he is always an excellent story-teller; that is one of the secrets of his contemporary popularity.

> Contons, mais contons bien: c'est le point principal;
> C'est tout,

wrote La Fontaine shortly before publishing his first fables.[2]

Why did La Fontaine turn from his *contes* to the fable? The immediate cause may have been the disapproval in some groups, especially among the clergy, of his impious handling of them in his stories. Another reason, which seems plausible, is that he hoped for a state pension, and that he therefore collected this group of poems for the Dauphin in order to ingratiate himself.[3] In truth, however---it is important to realize---La Fontaine probably did not feel that by turning from the one species to the other he was diverging widely from his former path; and certain it is that he was not entering upon a kind of composition which was entirely new for him. "L'indulgence que l'on a eue pour quelques-unes de mes fables," he announces in the preface to the 1668 volume, "me donne lieu d'espérer

1. René Doumic, *Histoire de la Langue et de la Littérature française*, ed. Petit de Julleville, V, 221.

2. Regnier, V, 12.

3. *Cf.* preface to his *Deuxième Partie des Contes et Nouvelles*. Also Gohin, *op. cit.*, I, xvi.

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la même grâce pour ce recueil."[1] Evidently the fables, like his other verse, had been in existence for some time before their publication. Furthermore we discover, upon examining these first books, that he apparently made no clear distinction between the fable and the <u>conte</u>. One finds "Le Meunier, son fils et l'Asne," "L'Ivrogne et sa Femme," "Le Jardinier et son Seigneur," and "Le Jeune Veuve," all of them really <u>contes</u>, included in the 1668 collection; and similar examples could be adduced from his later publications. There is indeed reason to believe that many of these were composed contemporaneously with the <u>contes</u>; perhaps, as Gohin suggests, they were written as parts of letters to friends merely for their enjoyment.[2] According to a note in an edition of Boileau by Brossette, a friend of the satirist, La Fontaine's story of the old man, his son, and the ass was composed in 1647 at a time when Maucroix, to whom it is dedicated, had been jilted by a young lady and was undecided whether or not to take holy orders.[3] The poem was La Fontaine's answer to his friend's indecision. Another apologue, "Le Renard et l'Ecureuil," which was not published until after La Fontaine's death, was sent as an epistle to Fouquet; and "Le Lion Amoureux," dedicated to Mlle. de Sévigné, and "Daphnis et Alcimadure," dedicated to Mme. de la Mésangère," perhaps had their origin as epistles.[4]

The real importance of these facts--the relationship between

1. Regnier, I, 8.
2. Gohin, *op. cit.*, I, lii.
3. Regnier, I, xxviii-ix; 197, n.
4. Gohin, *op. cit.*, I, liii.

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the fables and <u>contes</u>, and the relevancy of the former to La Fontaine's correspondence---is that they help to explain the general character of his versions of Aesop. La Fontaine realized, as he states in the preface to the 1668 volume, that he was offending against the accepted notion of the species by couching his fables in verse, the accepted notion being that "leur principal ornement est de n'en avoir aucun." The brevity of Phaedrus he could not achieve; but "j'ai cru qu'il falloit en récompense égayer l'ouvrage plus qu'il n'a fait." Thus happily he excuses his freedom of execution. Furthermore, "c'est ce qu'on demands aujourd'hui: on veut de la nouveaté et de la gaieté. Je n'appelle pas gaieté ce qui excite le rire; mais un certain charme, un air agréable qu'on peut donner à toutes sortes de sujets, même les plus sérieux."[1] The result of following these precepts is that in La Fontaine's fables the moral element---and certainly the moral tag---is pushed into the background. He himself mentions in "Le Patre et le Lion" that

> Une morale nue apporte de l'ennui:
> Le conte fait passer le précepte avec lui.[2]

In its stead there emerges the tale itself, marvelously recreated and living. It may be the sharp, caustic little "La Cigale et la Fourmi," or the idyllic "L'Hirondelle et les petits Oiseaux"; a sort of bourgeois comedy such as "L'Homme entre deux Ages et deux Maitresses"; or a philosophical bit like "L'Astrologue qui se laisse tomber dans un Puits"---but always

1. Regnier, I, 8, 14-15.

2. Regnier, II, 1.

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Contons, mais contons bien: c'est le point principal;
C'est tout.[1]

For centuries before La Fontaine fables had been considered as literature for the nursery, and I have mentioned that his first publication of them was dedicated to the Dauphin, then six years old. At least in his dedication and preface he did not forget to discuss at some length the fitness of his work for the prince's consumption; but it is evident from my preceding remarks that the poems do not exactly harmonize with their stated mission.[2] They rather were designed for persons like Mlle. de Sévigné, to whom "elles sont divines." In 1678 La Fontaine himself indicated more accurately the amplitude of his purpose:

Le monde est vieux, dit-on: je le crois; cependant
Il le faut amuser encor un enfant;

and in 1694, the year before his death, he concluded his last book of fables:

Cette leçon sera la fin de ces ouvrages:
Puisse-t-elle être utile aux siècles à venir!
Je la presente aux rois, je la propose aux sages:
Par où saurois-je mieux finir?[3]

1. Georges Lafenestre (La Fontaine, p. 143) remarks that the earlier fabulists had given to La Fontaine merely the traditional characters and a very scant scenario; "mais qui laisse tout liberté pour choisir son décor, habiller ses personages, leur donner des comparses, les faire agir et parler, au besoin, à la cantonade, ses propres réflexions." And Saint-Marc Girardin says that the secret of La Fontaine's mastery is that "les autres fabulistes ne font leur recit que pour amener leur leçon. La Fontaine s'intéresse d'abord à son recit" (Regnier, II, 2, n.).

2. In his preface La Fontaine alludes to Plato, who banished Homer from his republic but gave Aesop an honorable place. "Il souhaite que les enfants sucent ces fables avec le lait; il recommande aux nourrices de les leur apprendre; car on ne sauroit s'accoutumer de trop bonne heure à la sagesse et à la vertu. Plutôt que d'être réduits à corriger nos habitudes, il faut travailler à les rendre bonnes pendant qu'elles sont encore indifférentes au bien ou au mal. Or quelle methode y peut contribuer plus utilement que ces fables?" To this argument, the conventional one, which was later repeated by L'Estrange, La Fontaine adds that children also can learn from fables many of the facts of natural history (Regnier, I, 16, 17-18).

3. Regnier, II, 234; III, 345.

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Just how freely La Fontaine defined the word fable is indicated by the subjects which he chose to include in his volumes as well as by his handling of the material. He differed hardly at all from his contemporaries, however, in considering the species loosely as a short tale with an aphoristic point, not necessarily involving beasts or inanimate beings as characters, but dealing sometimes with classical history or mythology, or even with anecdotes of more recent history. Often his tale has, not a moral point, but a merely witty conclusion or implication. In general his first collection was in stricter accordance with the beast-apologue, but thereafter he took greater liberties with his sources. The fable became an idyll on occasion, a goblin story, a satire on astrology, a domestic farce, a conte, a madrigal. His third and final publication differs somewhat from the former two in that no less than eight of the twenty-five fables included are prefaced by dedications to various persons, and the general tone is lighter than hitherto. He mixes madrigals, compliments, occasional pieces: he writes "Daphnis et Alcimadure," an imitation of Theocritus, in order to persuade Mme. de la Mésangère to renounce her cruel widowhood; "Les Compagnons d'Ulysse," which is full of contemporary allusion and not a true fable at all; "Le Renard Anglais," a compliment to Madame Harvey; and "L'Amour et Folie," which is really a madrigal.

Nevertheless La Fontaine had considerable precedent for his liberty in subject-matter if not in handling. In Phaedrus one finds a number of stories about Aesop which are merely intended to reveal the latter's cleverness, and also two adventures of Simonides which are simple anecdotes. Going back to Aesop himself, one may point to "The Boy Hunting Locusts," "The Old Woman and the Physician," "The Shepherd and the Sea," and "Mercury

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and the Sculptor," which can be called fables only by extending the meaning of the term to include any brief story with an amusing turn. It is not remarkable, then, that La Fontaine and his immediate predecessors---Audin, for instance---and also his followers embraced in their collections a confusing array of narrative and lyric types.[1]

One more characteristic of La Fontaine's work deserves mention, particularly because it differs sharply from later English usage. In its way the fable is a satiric form, a slight one perhaps, but nevertheless with potential force. Tradition extending beyond Phaedrus has ranked it with the literature of protest; as the latter observes, "slavery, subject to the will of another, because it did not dare to say what it wished, couched its sentiments in Fables, and by pleasing fictions eluded censure." In his hands the fable became so clearly outspoken that as a result he is

1. It is interesting to note that La Fontaine includes in his second issue of fables, the privilege for which was dated 29 July, 1677, "Un animal dans la Lune" (Liv. VII, fable 18), which is apparently indebted to Samuel Butler's satire on the Royal Society, "The Elephant in the Moon." The resemblance between the two poems is too close for La Fontaine to have had any other source. Butler's poem was not printed until 1759 in Thayer's edition of the satirist's posthumous remains, and Regnier (II, 197) suggests that La Fontaine probably had access to a manuscript copy which was sent him by Saint-Évremond or by Barillon, the French ambassador to England.

La Fontaine's fable of the astrologer who stumbles into a well (Liv. II, Fable 13) also contains ideas very congenial to some of those held by Butler. The Englishman strongly distrusted astrology and even the extra-terrestrial speculations of the scientists: "while they gaze upon things far off and uncertaine, they oversee that which ly's nearer and more concerns them" (Characters, p. 403). The same belief is at the heart of the last-mentioned fable, the central figure of which

C'est l'image de ceux qui baîllent aux chimères,
Cependant qu'ils sont en danger,
Soit pour eux, soit pour leurs affaires.
(Regnier, I, 170).

La Fontaine's story, however, goes back to Aesop and Diogenes Laertius.

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supposed to have been exiled for several years under Tiberius and to have incurred numerous enmities.[1] In La Fontaine's time political satirists in France could expect a no less summary fate. His published works therefore could hardly be expected to contain much satire. He was not a Swift; moreover his equanimity and the purely literary motives which impelled his composition would insure the temperance of his criticism. At heart, however, he was no humble servitor of the Court or of the Court circle; it is even a little unusual under the absolute political reign of Louis XIV, the absolute literary reign of Boileau, and the absolute philosophic reign of Descartes, that La Fontaine preserved complete freedom of judgement. His work abounds in irony, so cleverly insinuated that it is unmistakable at the same time that it is irreproachable. The royal lion in his fables may be represented sometimes as wise and prudent, great and heroic ---but in "Les Animaux malades de la Peste," "La Cour du Lion," and "Les Obseques de la Lionne" he is pictured in another fashion.

> Amusez les rois par des songes,
> Flattez-les, payez-les d'agreable mensonges:
> Quelque indignation dont leur coeur sont rempli,
> Ils goberont l'appât; vous serez leur ami---

or,

> Selon que vous serez puissant ou misérable,
> Les jugements de cour vous rendront blanc ou noir.[2]

The clergy, too, is rallied, always delightfully, but stingingly, as in "Le Curé et la Mort," where the holy father accompanies the dead man to the grave, gazing on him as if to say,

1. *Cf*. Prologue to Book III, Bohn ed., p. 392.

2. Regnier, II, 284, 100. See also "Le Lion," "Le Loup et le Renard," "Les deux Perroquets, le Roi et son Fils."

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Monsieur le Mort, j'aurai de vous
Tant en argent, et tant en cire,
Et tant en autres menus coûts.
Il fondoit là-dessus l'achat d'une feuillette
Du meilleur vin des environs;
Certaine nièce assez propette
Et sa chambriere Pâquette
Devoient avoir des cotillons.[1]

And one of La Fontaine's most felicitous bits is his original "Le Rat qui s'est retiré du Monde"----retired, that is, to a comfortable life in a Holland cheese, where he becomes large and fat. "God provides his goods," reflects the pious rat, "to those who vow their lives to Him." And then, being approached for an alms, he excuses himself:

"En quoi peut un pauvre reclus
Vous assister? que peut-il faire
Que de prier le Ciel qu'il vous aide en ceci?
J'espère qu'il aura de vous quelque souci."
Ayant parlé de cette sorte,
Le nouveau saint ferma sa porte.

Qui designai-je, à votre avis,
Par ce Rat si peu secourable?
Un moine? Non, mais un dervis:
Je suppose qu'un moine est toujours charitable.[2]

As Lafenestre observes, La Fontaine's <u>finesse</u> is so exquisite that he allows no one a pretext for being angered.[3] It would be easy to over-emphasize the

1. Regnier, II, 158.

2. Regnier, II, 108-109.

3. Lafenestre continues: "La flèche est si aiguë qu'elle pénètre partout, si delicate qu'on n'en souffre point, si barbelée qu'elle ne sort plus" (<u>op. cit.</u>, p. 181). The place of La Fontaine as a satirist has been greatly exaggerated by some writers who have professed to see in him a distant precursor of the Revolutionary spirits. It is in reply to them no doubt that Saint-Marc Girardin goes perhaps too far in disclaiming their opinion: "La Fontaine, dans ses censures, n'épargne aucune classe, aucun rang, ni la royauté, ni la noblesse, ni le clergé; il ne fait pas grâce à la civilisation, quand elle est corrompue, et sur ce point il a raison. Mais il n'épargne pas plus les hommes en particulier que la société en general..." (Regnier, II, 107).

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satiric importance of his work, and it must be remembered that the above fables are but a few from the many which contain no satire at all, or which deliver only the very general Aesopic kind of moral generalization. Like most men, he accepted things as they were because he could not do otherwise; but he accepted them not without deliberation and protest.[1] There is thus a good deal of kinship between him and Montaigne, whom he loved, and who enjoyed the spectacle of life in somewhat the same detached and amused manner.

It remains to speak of La Fontaine's influence in France. Following the publication of his first collection of fables on 31 March, 1668, a second edition was issued in the same year and three more in 1669. By that time his reputation was well established, by 1685 he was considered one of the immortals, and in 1696 Perrault wrote that his work pleased "tout le monde, aux sérieux, aux enjoués, aux cavaliers, aux dames, et aux viellards de meme qu'aux enfants."[2] In all, as I have said before, over twenty editions of the fables alone were published in France and Holland during his lifetime.

Imitators of his work were many, and it is significant of the popular interest which he aroused that the fable began, after 1668, to occupy a respectable place in the anthologies of the day. None are to be found in these collections before that year, but there were six in the _Nouveau Recueil de Pièces curieuses_ of 1671; they began to appear in the _Mercure Galant_; and they form part of the anthologies of Bouhours (1693) and of

1. Lefenestre, _op. cit._, p. 183.

2. Bray, _op. cit._, p. 133.

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Moetjens.[1] Most of these fables were anonymous. Boileau himself wrote two in 1668 and 1669; lesser authors were Pavillon, Pellisson, Vergier, Fieubet, du Trousset, Régnier, Desmarets, Triboulet, and Coulanges. Nicholas Barbin, La Fontaine's publisher, exploited his success by issuing three other collections of fables in 1670-1671: _Oeuvres de Monsieur X****, contenant plusieurs fables d'Esope mises en vers_, written by Pierre de Saint-Glas, Abbé of Ossans; _Fables ou Histoires allégoriques_, by Mme. de Villedieu; and _Fables morales et nouvelles_, by Furetière. There also appeared in 1677 a collection of fables by Desmay, entitled _Esope du Temps, fables nouvelles_, one by César de la Barre, called simply _Fables nouvelles en vers_, and a third by Benserade, _Fables d'Esope_, also in verse. In 1697 le Noble published his _Contes et Fables_ in which the moral recovers the prominence it had lost in La Fontaine.[2]

In their efforts not to copy La Fontaine, whom they honor frequently in their prefaces, these writers often gave the name of fable to almost any allegorical story or even to gallant epistles. Usually, in remaking his work or in translating anew old fables, they reveal merely the poverty of their invention, their flatness, their lack of his art of original imitation. "Ce qu'elles offrent d'intéressant, elles le doivent à La Fontaine."[3] Some, however---and according to Bray the opinion was not uncommon---looked upon their master as a translator rather than an original creative artist, and tried without much success to show their superiority by

1. Ferdinand Gohin, "La Fontaine et les Fabulistes de son Temps," _La Muse Française_ (1933), p. 164.

2. Gohin, "La Fontaine et les Fabulistes de son Temps," _passim_.

3. Gohin, _ibid._, p. 169.

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writing on new themes.

In January, 1690, the fable appeared in a different medium when the dramatist Edmé Boursault produced at Paris his play Esope, later given as Les Fables d'Esope, and still later dubbed by the actors Esope à la Ville in order to distinguish it from its sequel Esope à la Cour which appeared in 1701. Boursault's intention was definitely moral, and some of the fifteen fables contained in the first play were so pointedly severe in their implications that the players rebelled in rehearsals against performing certain scenes.[1] In a letter to the Archbishop of Paris, Boursault set forth his intention in the two works:

> J'ai choisi Esope pour le traduire partout où il y a des abus, et pour lui faire dire, sous les apparences des fables, la vérité à tout le monde....Celui que j'ai l'honneur d'envoyer à Votre Grandeur est Esope en province, et celui que lui succédera sera Esope à la cour, persuadé qu'il y a des abus comme ailleurs, et qu'ils y sont d'autant plus considérables que ceux qui les commettant sont dans une plus grande élévation. De là, je le menerai où je croirai ses leçons le plus nécessaires; et partout je donnerai tant de laideur au vice et tant de beauté à la vertu qu'il ne tiendra pas à moi que l'on n'ait autant de haine pour l'un que d'amour pour l'autre.[2]

Despite the general opinion of posterity that these plays are too didactic, the earlier of them enjoyed a run of forty-three performances. Esope à la Cour was even hardier in its attack on social morality than its predecessor, but as the dramatist died three months before it was produced many of the seventeen fables in it were cut or revised.[3] It is worth noting that Saint-Évremond warmly commended Boursault's experiment, and pronounced that he had read nothing better of this sort in French literature.[4] It was possibly his

1. Boursault, Théatre Choisi, ed. Victor Fournel, p. xliii.
2. Ibid., p. l.
3. Ibid., P. li.
4. Ibid., P. xlii.

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opinion that encouraged Vanbrugh in 1697 to produce an English version of Esope à la Ville at Drury Lane.

2.

When we turn to the reflection of the French fable in English literature it is evident that direct relationship will be difficult to show, partly because for several centuries a tradition of fable-writing and translation had existed in England, stemming ultimately from the same Aesopean sources which lay behind the genre in France. Identity of subject-matter, then, means little. Furthermore, in accordance with what has been said earlier about the differences between English and French taste, one may expect little English sympathy with the delicacy and nuance of La Fontaine's work. It is more likely than not that any English translation of his fables in the seventeenth century would retain little indication of his handiwork.

The English fable-tradition which has been mentioned was for the most part scholarly, or rather pedagogical, and therefore was considerably unlike the contemporary French work. Aesop in Latin was one of the staples of the English schoolroom, a fact which helps to explain the great mass of fable-allusions in our early literature. At the same time, however, pedagogical approval was calculated to discourage rather than to arouse interest in the species as an independent and worthy form of composition for men of letters. As late as 1708 Edmund Arwaker complained that "with some the very name of Fables is enough to bring any work to which it is prefixed, into contempt, as a thing of no use or value or at least but a Childish Entertainment."[1] In addition, the English tradition was prose--a belief that, as La

1. Quoted in Benedikt Uhlemayr, Der Einfluss Lafontaine's auf die englische Fabeldichtung des 18. Jahrhunderts, p. 21.

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Fontaine said, the principal ornament of fables is to have none. There were significant exceptions, of course, as the February and May eclogues of the Shepherd's Calendar attest; but in making the fable an instrument of direct social and ecclesiastical satire, Spenser had no important English contemporaries or immediate followers. His precedent should not be ignored; but he had merely found an apt employment for the species which later men were to discover more or less independently.

The first large collection of Aesop in English verse which the seventeenth century produced was The Phrygian Fabulist in 1651, consisting of 231 fables translated from the Latin into heroic couplets by Leonard Willan. The next year brought forth John Ogilby's translation of eighty-one fables in verse, an event of considerable importance in the English history of the species because of the author's connections with the polite literary world. The fact that Ogilby's ability as a translator was later scorned by Dryden, Otway, and Pope has obscured the high commendation paid to him at this time by Davenant and Shirley, as well as the considerable position as a minor poet which he held in his own day.[1] For the first time in England, Aesop was presented to the world as a subject fitted for poetic ornamentation as well as for edification. A brief excerpt from Ogilby's version of "The Fox and the Goat" will illustrate how far he departed from the traditional pithy story:

1. Edward Phillips observed that "His Paraphrase upon Aesop's Fables, for ingenuity and fancy, besides the invention of new Fables, is generally confess'd to have exceeded whatever hath been done before in that kind" (Quoted in Biographica Britannica, V, 3262, n.). Anthony à Wood's comment is to the same effect: "Aesop the prince of mythologists became his quarry, descanted on his plain song, and paraphras'd his short and pithy sayings, whereby he rais'd his voice to such a heighth that he took the degree among the minor poets" (Athenae Oxonienses, ed. Bliss, III, 741). Note well that Ogilby's appeal was to the poets themselves.

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Now Syrius and the Sun seem'd to conspire,
To set the great world's Arctik side on fire:
Countrys forbidden by eternal Laws
To feel excessive heat,
Lay in a burning sweat:
Opening ten thousand parched Jaws
Water to get:
To silence put were all those purling streams,
Whose murmur gives to Shepheards pleasant dreams:
And some did think,
Another Phaeton the Sea would drink.
Scarce would Dewcalion's flood restore the Grasse,
Earth was turn'd Iron, Heaven had long been Brasse.
In this Combustion, and excessive heat:
The Fox and Goat extreamly thirsty met...[1]

In 1653 Ogilby's translation was reprinted, and in 1665 he issued a second part in folio, including some of his own compositions which he called "Aesopics." Both parts, adorned with engravings, were printed in folio in 1665-1668, and in 1675 were reprinted in octavo.[2] In most of his versions Ogilby paraphrased Aesop loosely in heroic couplets, but in some instances, as the above quotation shows, he employed a kind of free strophe, comparable in form, if not in quality, to the verse which La Fontaine was to use or perhaps even then was using. The important thing is that he treated the fable as a species worthy of artistic decoration, though, at the same time, he by no means departed from tradition so far as to neglect the moral: it still retains its prominence. But he had established a precedent the

1. Quoted in Uhlemayr, _op. cit._, p. 7.

2. Max Plessow, _Geschichte der fabeldichtung in England bis zu John Gay_, p. lxii.

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importance of which cannot be gainsaid.[1]

Another collection of fables, published by Francis Eglesfield, appeared in the same year as Ogilby's first edition; and this volume, containing 213 Aesopean fables in prose and verse "grammatically translated"--a phrase which would indicate its intended tutelary use---seems to have been even more popular than Ogilby's, for in 1698 it was issued for the fourteenth time. The reasons for its wider appeal are perhaps not hard to deduce: it contained more than twice as many fables as Ogilby's original issue; and Ogilby soon removed his book from general demand by employing expensive cuts. Therefore Eglesfield's was more utilitarian, more suited to the traditional and prevailing idea of the fable's objective.

Two other books of fables were printed during the same period, one in 1666, consisting of Aesop in Latin, French, and English, the vernacular part of which has been ascribed to Aphra Behn.[2] It was reprinted in 1687. The other, from the hand of an unknown translator, came out in 1673, and consisted of 350 fables, partly from Ogilby with the morals revised. In his preface the author acknowledges his indebtedness, and explains that

1. Davenant's praise of Ogilby's Aesop concludes:

> Your Moralls will (they are so subt'ly plain)
> Convince the subtle, and the Simple gaine;
> So pleasant too, that we more pleasure take
> (Though only pleasure doth our Vices make)
> To hear our Sins rebuk'd with so much Wit,
> Than er'e we took when those we did commit.
> (_Poems on Several Occasions_, 1672, p. 309)

Uhlemayr remarks of Ogilby's importance: "Er ist gewissermassen der erste moderne engliche [_sic_] Fabulist. Er geht zum ersten Male an eine freie Bearbeitung des Stoffes; er paraphrasiert und ist vielfältig in seinem Metren" (_op. cit_, p. 6).

2. Plessow, _op. cit._, p. lxxiv. See entry in the British Museum Catalogue.

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his work is not entirely for children but for wise folk as well.[1]

There is some evidence in the 1680's that La Fontaine was known in England, though better probably for his *contes* than his fables. The connection between the literary worlds of Paris and London remained fairly close even after the Glorious Revolution, and his immense popularity in France could hardly have been entirely unnoticed across the Channel. To a few Londoners, at any rate, he was an admired figure several years before any of his fables were translated. Saint-Évremond and Hortense Mancini, the Duchesse of Mazarin, both of whom were living in exile in London during the last forty years of the century, and François de Bonrepas, ambassador to the English court at various times during the same era, were all his friends and correspondents. In 1683 Saint-Évremond asked Lady Hervey to visit La Fontaine on her proposed trip to Paris, and to invite him to accompany the Duchesse de Bouillon, sister of Hortense Mancini, on her forthcoming trip to England. La Fontaine was strongly tempted, but when the Duchesse finally crossed the Channel four years later he was persuaded by the Princesses de Conti and de Vêndome to remain behind. Thereupon Saint-Évremond wrote to him: "Si vous étiez aussi touché du mérite de Madame de Bouillon que nous en sommes charmés, vous l'auriez accompagnée en Angleterre, où vous eussiez trouvé des dames qui vous connaissent autant par vos ouvrages que vous êtes connu de Madame de la Sablière par votre commerce & votre entretien."[2] Among those who admired La Fontaine was Edmund Waller.

1. Plessow, *op. cit.*, p. lxxiv.

2. *Oeuvres de Saint-Évremond*, III, 233.

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Only a few months before Saint-Évremond's letter the fabulist wrote to de Bonrepas: "J'ai tant entendu dire de bien de M. Waller que son approbation me comble de joie."[1]

So far as I am aware, these are the earliest positive evidences of English acquaintance with La Fontaine's work. What conclusions one may draw from Saint-Évremond's advertisement of him it is difficult to say. The famous exile's circle of friends in London seems to have been rather limited. He knew Sir William Temple well, and his essay *De la Comédie Anglaise* (1677), it is thought, impressed many English critics including Rymer, Dennis, and Congreve.[2] Dryden was indebted to him for numerous critical opinions, and Spingarn ascribes great importance to his influence.[3] But Dryden apparently never met him, and indeed states at one time that Saint-Évremond's personal relations were "in a manner wholly with the court."[4] It is possible therefore that outside a fairly narrow circle La Fontaine's reputation profited little in England through Saint-Évremond.

This conclusion is corroborated by the apparent lack of specific borrowings from his work. Theophilus Cibber, quoting Langbaine, remarks that some scenes in D'Urfey's *Squire Old-Sap* (c. 1679) were taken from *contes* of

1. Regnier, IX, 386. La Fontaine never visited England, though some later writers apparently confused him with another individual of the same name who did. Oldmixon, in his *Life of Arthur Maynwaring*, (1712), alludes to "Mr. de la Fontaine, who lived some time in England, and has spoken very honourably of the English genius in his Fables" (quoted in A.F.B. Clark, *Boileau and the French Classical Critics in England*, p. 27). A reference is also made in T. Cibber's *Lives of the Poets* (III, 194-195) to a certain Mons. de la Fontaine who "spent some time in England." Cibber perhaps was merely repeating Oldmixon.

2. A.F.B. Clark, *op. cit.*, pp. 292-293.

3. *Critical Essays of the Seventeenth Century*, I, xcvii.

4. *Works*, ed. Scott and Saintsbury, XVIII, 13.

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La Fontaine, and M. Ellwood Smith makes a similar observation about D'Urfey's Malcontent (1684), neither of which pieces I have been able to examine. Smith also points out that an allusion in Tamworth Reresby's Miscellany (1712) to "the Fable of the Sun and Frogs, which appear'd in the beginning of the Dutch War and was so much applauded in the World," probably was to an English version of La Fontaine's "Le Soleil et les Grenouilles," translated by the latter in 1672 from a Latin fable by P. Commire which had been printed in the same year. The English translator, of course, may have borrowed directly from the Latin, though Smith's explanation is plausible.[1] The paucity of translations, however, serves only to emphasize the relative ignorance, or lack of appreciation, of the French fable in England.

The decade beginning with 1690 opens the most prolific era of the fable's English vogue. In November of that year appeared Sir William Temple's Essay Upon the Ancient and Modern Learning with its coupling of Aesop's fables and the Epistles of Phalaris as "in their kind the best."[2] The repercussion of Temple's eulogy of Phalaris is a matter of later history, but it is important to note that he created such an interest in the works of the Sicilian tyrant that several years later they still were "mightily inquired after" at the booksellers' shops.[3] If this were true of Phalaris, it may be supposed that Aesop too would enjoy some measure of the same public curiosity. Perhaps it is not fanciful to imagine that Sir Roger L'Estrange's

1. T. Cibber, op. cit., III, 337. M. Ellwood Smith, "Notes on the Rimed Fable in England," MLN, XXXI, 210 and n.; and Regnier, III, 346.

2. Spingarn, op. cit., III, 64.

3. R. C. Jebb, Bentley, p. 50.

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huge collection, Fables of Aesop and other Eminent Mythologists, which was first entered in the Term Catalogues in November, 1691, was inspired by what Bentley later called Temple's "mighty Commendation of the Aesopean Fables."[1]

L'Estrange's work, described by Sir Leslie Stephen as "the most extensive collection of fables in existence," appeared late in 1691 or perhaps early in January, 1692, and no doubt exerted a very considerable influence upon its more modest successors. In 1694 it was re-issued; in 1699 a second part appeared; and the entire work was reprinted in 1704, 1712, 1724, and numerous times thereafter.[2] "We have had several English Paraphrases and Essays upon Aesop, and Divers of his Followers, both in Prose and Verse," announces L'Estrange in his preface; but "the Latter have perchance Ventur'd a little too far from the Precise Scope of the Author upon the Privilege of a Poetical License: And for the other of Ancient Date, the Morals are so Insipid and Flat, and the Style and Diction

1. Dissertation, ed. 1697, p. 135. Two other fable-collections immediately preceded L'Estrange's. One, by Philip Ayres, entitled Mythologica Ethica, or Three Centuries of Aesopean Fables in English Prose, was entered in the Term Catalogues in February, 1690; the other, by "R. B.," with the title Delightful Fables in Prose and Verse, entered in May, 1691, with later entries in February, 1692, and February, 1695. The subtitle of the latter work explains that none of the fables contained are from Aesop, "but collected from divers ancient and modern Authors: with Pictures and proper Morals to every Fable, some very pertinent to the Present Times." By specifying his avoidance of Aesop the author perhaps hoped to remove his book from the damning category of childish entertainment; and, judging from the final phrases of the subtitle, the volume is a "modernization" of the material, perhaps in the same class as L'Estrange's.

2. The title of the second part is Fables and Storyes Moralized, and represents a much freer interpretation of the genre than the first part. It consists largely of short stories from classical or pseudo-classical sources, as well as such things as "The Contented Cuckold," probably from one of La Fontaine's contes, "A Sovereign Antidote to prevent the Pox," "A Spaniard without a Shirt," etc.

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of the Fables, so Coarse and Uncouth, that they are rather Dangerous, than Profitable." These defects he intends to remedy by avoiding, first, the freedom of verse, and, second, the "Nauseous and Pedantick Fopperyes" of the school books by "putting the Whole into somewhat a more Fashionable Air, and Dress."[1] In other words, he intended to produce a translation "à la Mode," as the burlesque writers of the day would have said; perhaps without any intention of burlesquing Aesop, though he was later accused by the Whigs of producing that result.[2]

Furthermore L'Estrange had in mind a work which should serve both as a school book for children and as a textbook of "Political Discourse." The usefulness of Aesop for the first objective he defends by detailing the same argument which we found in La Fontaine, bringing to his aid, however, the new psychological principles of Locke.[3] As to the second aim, "some People are too Proud, too Surly, too Impudent, too Incorrigible, either to Bear or to Mend upon the Liberty of Plain Dealing. Others are too Big again, too Powerful, too Vindictive, and Dangerous, for either Reproof, or Councel, in Direct Terms.... [Who shall say to a King, What dost thou?] comes up to the very Stress of this Topique. There's no Meddling with Princes, either by Text, or Argument.... What cannot be done by Dint of

1. The latter quotations are from the preface to Fables and Storyes Moralized, but are there used as descriptive of his original intent.

2. George Kitchin, A Survey of Burlesque and Parody in English, p. 95.

3. I.e., that children, as L'Estrange puts it, "are but Blank Paper, ready Indifferently for any Impression, Good or Bad...and it is much in the Power of the first Comer, to write Saint, or Devil upon't, which of the Two He pleases."

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Authority, or Perswasion...must be brought about by the Side-Wind of a Lecture from the Fields and the Forrests."[1]

In the vigour and downrightness of this phraseology one is prepared, even without turning the page, for the style of the fables which follow. Collected from the most diverse sources, from Phaedrus, Camerarius, Neveletus, Gabrias, Baudoin, La Fontaine, Audin (the catalogue is given by L'Estrange in his preface), the pieces have all been melted down and re-coined with the stamp of a positive, utilitarian, uncouth mind. True, it is vigorous;--but how almost impossible it is to recognize any originals, much less La Fontaine, in this mould!

> In the Days of Old, when Horses spoke Greek and Latin, and Asses made Syllogisms, there happen'd an Encounter upon the Road, betwixt a Proud Pamper'd Jade in the Full Course of his Carriere, and a Poor Creeping Asse, under a Heavey Burden, that had Chopt into the same Track with him....[2]

That is the L'Estrange style. Following each fable, the story of which, in contrast to La Fontaine, is cut to the bare skeleton, he draws the moral and then indulges in a "Reflexion" on the symbolism of the piece. This element is always more lengthy than the fable itself, and it frequently runs on to two or three folio pages; here it is that L'Estrange inserts his

1. The brackets in this passage are L'Estrange's.

2. Fables of Aesop, etc., 1694, p. 36. It could hardly be expected that L'Estrange would succeed very well in adapting his fables for children, unless we are to suppose that children in the 1690's were to emulate Rochester. In his second fable, for instance, the cat remarks to a cock: "Why, you make no...Conscience of Lying with your own Mother, and your Sisters." And in Fable LXI the story opens: "A Young Fellow that was Passionately in Love with a Cat, made it his Humble Suit to Venus to turn Puss into a Woman. The Transformation was Wrought in The Twinkling of an Eye, and out she comes, a Very Bucksome Lass. The Doting Sot took her home to his Bed; and bad Fair for a Litter of Kittens by her That Night: But as the Loving Couple lay Snugging together," etc.

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"Political Discourse."[1] At one time he animadverts on "a Publick Minister, that comes Empty in, but when he has Cram'd his Gutts well, he's fain to squeeze hard before he can get off again."[2]; at another time he illustrates his point by "a perverse Reason of State" which opposes "Truth and Justice"; or yet again by "the Murmuring, and the Unsteadiness of the Common People."[3] Frequently he seems so eager to pour forth his reflections that the fable serves merely as a point of departure. He makes no attempt, of course, to vitalize his characters.[4]

1. The fable of "The Horse and an Asse" quoted from above is followed by nearly five pages of moralizing on pride and envy.

2. Cf. Mandeville's fable of "The Weasel and the Rat."

3. The illustration of "a perverse reason of state" is taken from the reflections on the fable of "The Wolf and a Lamb," and further quotation will serve to show the general tenor of these disquisitions: "And what is this now, but the lively Image of a perverse Reason of State, set up in opposition to Truth and Justice; but under the August Name and Pretence, however of Both? As Loyalty, for the purpose, shall be call'd Rebellion, and the Exercise of the most Necessary Powers of Government, shall pass for Tyranny and Oppression. Decency of Religious Worship shall be made Superstition; Tenderness of Conscience shall be call'd Phanaticism, Singularity and Faction; and the very Articles of the Christian Faith shall be condemn'd for Heresie..." And thus he runs on, entirely losing sight of the fable in his zeal.

4. A good illustrationof L'Estrange's contempt for the very qualities of reality which La Fontaine strove to achieve in his characterizations is in the well-known fable of the belly and the members. L'Estrange tells the story thus: "The Hands and the Feet were in a Desperate Mutiny once against the Belly. They knew no Reason, they said, why the One should lye Lazying, and Pampering it self with the Fruit of the Others Labour; and if the Body would not Work for Company, they'd be no longer at the Charge of Maintaining it. Upon this Mutiny, they kept the Body so long without Nourishment, that All the Parts Suffer'd for't: Insomuch that the Hands and the Feet came in the Conclusion to find their Mistake, and would have been willing Then to have Done their Office; but it was now too Late, for the Body was so Pin'd with Over-Fasting, that it was wholly out of Condition to receive the Benefit of a Relief: which gave them to Understand, that Body and Members are to Live and Die together." It is succinct, indeed, but completely lifeless, merely an introduction to the moralizing which follows.

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Nevertheless this volume was precisely suited to the taste of its decade, and its vigour and vulgarity performed the same mission in England which La Fontaine is said to have accomplished in France: namely, it lifted the fable out of the nursery. La Fontaine, however, had made over the species for the fashionable salon; L'Estrange gave it an imprint almost indistinguishable from burlesque and a content very close to political satire. This result, it may be said, was eminently characteristic of the cultural state of England during that era. The rise in popularity of the fable during the 1690's may in itself be looked upon as a symptom of the moral and literary amelioration which was then beginning to make itself felt as a reaction against Restoration excesses, and which was destined to bear fruit in some of the finest work of the Augustan period; it is analogous to the supplanting of the Cottonian travesty by the more elevated mock-heroic. But at the same time, the employment of the fable for political disquisition, its burlesque tone, and the dominance of the moral element, as in L'Estrange, reveal how unready the English were to accept and to appreciate the species for its purely artistic merits.

And what of La Fontaine? In listing him without distinction among the authors from whom material for the 1692 *Fables of Aesop* was borrowed, L'Estrange manifests no recognition of his pre-eminence. Still, he used La Fontaine, and the even perfunctory acknowledgement signifies perhaps that his name was not entirely unknown to some English

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readers.[1] Some impetus to further knowledge of him must have been given in January, 1692, when Peter Motteux, himself a Frenchman, reviewed L'Estrange's book in the Gentleman's Journal:

> Fables have ever been valued by the Ingenious. In France Monsieur de la Fontaine esteem'd inimitable in his way, hath reviv'd them as the great Master of our Tongue Sir Roger L'Estrange hath done lately among us: the Prose of the last and the Verse of the first being equally beautiful in their kind. We had been waiting for Sir Roger's Aesop with all the Impatience imaginable; at last it hath seen the light and England may boast now of the best collection of fables in the world.[2]

Atributable perhaps to the influence of L'Estrange and La Fontaine is the inclusion in the same issue of the Gentleman's Journal of two verse fables, "The Linnet and Magpye" and "The Frog and the Ox," and the inclusion in the same year of "the vulgar and less regular fable of Acteon, or the Original of Horn-Fair."[3]

1. So far as one is able to judge, relatively few of the five hundred fables in L'Estrange's first collection or of the two hundred and sixty in the second part are from La Fontaine. It is difficult to tell, for L'Estrange pares all his stories to the bone; many could have been taken from the French master and yet have lost all trace of their origin in passing through the translator's hands. It was not at all necessary, however, for L'Estrange to go to La Fontaine; most of the latter's subjects are in Aesop and Phaedrus, sources which L'Estrange apparently knew well; and since he was interested in the moral rather than in narrative skill and delicacy, he certainly had little sympathy with La Fontaine's method. Without pretending to give an exhaustive tabulation, one may mention the following pieces which show almost unmistakably that they were taken from the French: "An Eagle and a Beetle," p. 345 (La Fontaine, Liv. II, Fable 8); "A Gard'ner and his Landlord," p. 355 (La Fontaine, Liv. IV, Fable 4); "A Wolf turn'd Shepherd," p. 365 (La Fontaine, Liv. III, Fable 3); "A Cobler and a Financier," p. 372 (La Fontaine, Liv. VIII, Fable 2); "Jupiter and a Farmer," p. 408 (La Fontaine, Liv. VI, Fable 4); and "Two Men and a Halter," p. 447 (La Fontaine, Liv IX, Fable 16).

2. Quoted in Uhlemayr, op. cit., p. 9. L'Estrange's book was also reviewed in one of Jean de la Crose's periodicals, either in The History of Learning, or in Works of the Learned (cf. Walter Graham, The Beginning of English Literary Periodicals, p. 27).

3. Robert N. Cunningham, Peter Anthony Motteux, p. 34.

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One year after the publication of L'Estrange's fables, La Fontaine appeared for the first time in English in a dress approximately similar to his own, when ten verse fables "in burlesque", translated without acknowledgement from his work, were included in John Dennis's Miscellanies in Verse and Prose.[1] These pieces are written in octosyllabic couplets, in itself a sufficient reason at that time to warrant the author's description of them as "Burlesque Composures"; and they are distinguished by such other Hudibrastic features as the use of double and triple rhymes and of a familiar diction. A few lines from the first fable in the Miscellanies will suffice for illustration:

> A Goat, a Fat Pig and a Wether,
> To Fair in Tumbril jogg'd together:
> They were not thus to Smithfield jumbled,
> To see how Jacob danc'd or tumbled.
> No, story tells us that the Carter
> Went with design all three to barter.
> The Pig scream'd out, as he were just
> By Talgol going to be truss'd....[2]

Taken as a whole, however, the translations are closer in plot to La Fontaine than the above quotation would suggest. Most of the circumstantial detail of the French is retained, though usually amplified; but the jigging verse and the deliberate vulgarizing of the diction leave an impression--it is hardly necessary to state--vastly different from the spirit of the original. Furthermore, like L'Estrange, Dennis seemed to feel that La Fontaine's work was deficient in its ethical deductions, and he generally

1. The imprimatur of the first edition bears the date of 17 November, 1692; the title page is dated 1693. It was reprinted in 1697: see below, p. xlvi, n.

2. Cf. La Fontaine's "Le Cochon, la Chèvre, et le Mouton," Regnier, II, 269.

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appends to the fable a versified moral longer than the story itself, sometimes extending to two or three pages. Unlike those in L'Estrange, these reflections are non-political--are merely generalizations about vanity, greed, unthriftiness, and the like.[1]

It is somewhat puzzling to the modern critic that Dennis should have chosen to write his fables in octosyllabics and to give them a burlesque turn. Perhaps he was influenced by the style of L'Estrange or by the travesty of The Hind and the Panther produced a few years before by Prior and Mantague, who viewed Dryden's poem as a fable. He may also have thought of the "pleasantness" of fables--a description often applied then and later--as a burlesque pleasantry; and this opinion could have been fortified by the sly humorousness of La Fontaine's work. As a matter of literary history, in English verse since the time of Suckling and Alexander Brome pleasantry of this kind had been almost entirely confined to burlesque. To these reasons also may be added the looseness with which both burlesque and fable were then defined; for as R. P. Bond observes in another connection, "if burlesque was to be applied to Hudibras and the travesties, with which Butler's poem had many elements not in common, perhaps after all the term was rather general and could embrace still more dissimilar types: some such reasoning was permeating the critical atmosphere in the neighborhood of 1700."[2] A whimsical corollary to the merging

1. The ten fables in the Miscellanies are "The Pig, the Goat, and the Sheep," "Of the Aunt and the Grashopper," "The Fox and the Grapes," "The Fox and the Crow," "The Wolf and the Horse," "The Lyon and the Ass a Hunting," "The Wolf and the Crane," "Of the Cock and the Fox," "Of the Dunghill Cock," and "Of the Wolf and the Fox." Mandeville translated five of the same fables in his collection of 1703.

2. R. P. Bond, English Burlesque Poetry, 1700-1750, p. 36.

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of the two types was the picture of Aesop's deformities which had been fabricated by Planudes. L'Estrange described the fabulist as "Flat-Nos'd, Hunch-Back'd, Blobber-Lipp'd; a long Mishapen Head; His Body Crooked all over, Big-Belly'd, Baker-Legg'd." That could pass for a description of Sir Hudibras himself, and Dennis may have been partly inspired thereby to burlesque Aesop's work. Several later writers did justify their travesty of the fable by suggesting that they were but rendering Aesop in his proper form.[1]

The next major event in the history of English fable was the production at Drury Lane in 1697 of Vanbrugh's Aesop, a translation, as we have already seen, of Boursault's Esope à la Ville.[2] With Cibber in the leading role, the play enjoyed some measure of success, and a fragmentary second part was added later in the same season. In his preface Vanbrugh remarks that the French version had been better received at Paris than he could expect of his play;[3] and his doubts likewise were expressed in the

1. The author of Aesop Naturaliz'd (the title itself implies his intent) refers to Aesop's deformities in his verse preface, and adds:

> So following Nature, we try to express
> The wit of the Author in Scaramouch dress.

The writer of Pendragon; or the Carpet Knight (1698), in describing burlesque verse, observes that "Refining and Polishing, which give Beauty to other Poetry, spoils this: As if the Printer should leave out the Flat Nose, Goggle Eyes, Hump Back, and Distorted Limbs, and call it The Picture of Aesop" (Bond, op. cit., p. 35).

2. Dobrée says that the play opened "most probably some time in January, 1697, or perhaps as early as December, 1696" (Complete Works of Sir John Vanbrugh, ed. Dobrée and Webb, II, 7).

3. "Let the best happen that can," says Vanbrugh, "his Journey's up Hill, with a dead English weight at the Tayl of him. At Paris indeed, he scrambled up something faster...than I'm afraid he will do here. The French having more Mercury in their Heads, and less Beef and Pudding in their Bellies" (Works, II, 10). Cibber has a comment to about the same effect in his Apology, Chap. VI.

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prologue:

> We never yet produc'd a Play,
> With greater fears, than this we act to day.
> Barren of all the Graces of the Stage,
> Barren of all that entertains this Age.
> No Hero, no Romance, no Plot, no Show,
> No Rape, no Bawdy, no Intrigue, no Beau:
> There's nothing in't, with which we use to please ye:
> With down right dull Instruction, w'are to tease ye.

The novel and daring feature of the play, of course, is the introduction of Aesop (old, deformed, and ugly) as a wise, disinterested counsellor of princes, and the liberal sprinkling of verse fables with which he adorns his discourse. Most of these, taken by Boursault from Aesop and other collections, have no implication in the translation beyond the plot itself; in one exception litigious people are satirized, and in another the taxes occasioned by the French war are defended.[1] The unfinished second part of the play has no plot and consists merely of interviews between Aesop and various clients to whom he gives advice in fables. The nature of the sequel might indicate that the most popular element of the comedy, despite Vanbrugh's misgivings, had proved to be the Aesopean discourses.[2] It is notable

1. This theme, which became a favorite one of the later political fabulists, including Mandeville, is conveyed in the fable of the belly and the members which Mandeville used for the same purpose. Aesop relates the story to two tradesmen who wish to elect a new prince because of the high taxes under William III. He concludes his speech: "What think you of this story; Friends, ha? Come, you look like wise Men; I'm sure you understand what's for your good; in giving part of what you have, you secure all the rest; If the King had no money, there cou'd be no Army; and if there were no Army, your Enemies wou'd be amongst you: One Day's Pillage wou'd be worse than Twenty Years Taxes, What say you?" (II, 1). The same grievance is introduced by Sir Polidorus Hogstye, an uncouth country knight, who is charged by Aesop with wasting enough money on his drink and dogs to pay his taxes many times over.

2. This sequel opens with an interesting fable based on the rebellion in 1695 of the Drury-Lane players, led by Betterton, who sought to form a new company at Lincoln's Inn Fields. The rebels are characterized as a pack of beagles, among whom Betterton is "old *Jowler*," Underhill is "*Thunder*," Mrs. Barry "*Venus*," and Mrs. Bracegirdle "*Juno*."

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that all the fables in both parts are rendered in irregular verse, as in Boursault, rather than in octosyllabics.

In the same year as Aesop a collection of verse entitled Aesop Naturaliz'd and Expos'd to the Publick View in his Own Shape and Dress was printed at Cambridge. Containing one hundred burlesqued fables written in anapaestic verse, it derives its material straight from L'Estrange. The writer appears to have been a person of some skill and refinement, for the versification is quite apt and the rhymes uncommonly fit for a popular rendition; his burlesque intent is clear, but he almost never falls into the vulgarity of L'Estrange and Dennis. The morals are brief, usually of two to four lines without political implications, and his intent seems to have been to enliven the dullness of L'Estrange's prose while retaining the concision of the traditional fable. Frequently the moral or the general turn of his story shows a maturity and skill that set him sharply apart from his followers.[1]

1. In 1702 a second edition of Aesop Naturaliz'd was entered in The Term Catalogues. Another Aesop Naturaliz'd which appeared in 1711 is a different collection, according to the British Museum Catalogue; this was reprinted in 1771. It may be noted here that the DNB article on L'Estrange asserts that his fables were not versified until 1717 by one E. Stacy.

As an example of the work in the 1697 Aesop Naturaliz'd, the following version of Aesop's "The Fly and the Honey-Pot" may be noted:

A Liquorish Fly, that wou'd pamper his Belly,
Was got very deep in a Pot of good gelly;
And when he wou'd gladly have got out again,
He found upon trial his labour was vain:
His Boots were so liquor'd, his wings were so pasted,
He found he must pay dear for what he had tasted:
Then he pull'd up his heart, and with courage heroick,
Tho he liv'd like an Epicure, died like a Stoick.

Moral.

'Tis wise in enjoyments to keep a due measure,
And not die effeminate Martyrs o' pleasure;
Yet if by our Vices we worthily smart,
There's nothing looks well but a good Patient heart.

In 1697 appeared a second edition of Dennis's Miscellanies, with a change in the title-page which may indicate the growing vogue of the fable: Miscellany Poems, By Mr. DENNIS: With Select Translations of HORACE, JUVENAL, Mons. BOILEAU's Epistles, Satyrs, &c. and AESOP's FABLES in Burlesque Verse. The fables had not been mentioned on the title-page of the first edition.

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The interest in fables must have been encouraged in the closing years of the century by a quarrel that shook an entirely level of literary society---the famous Boyle-Bentley controversy, to the origin of which allusion has already been made. Bentley's first, hastily-written dissertation on Phalaris and Aesop appeared in 1697; early in the following year Anthony Alsop, a young student at Cambridge, published his edition of Aesop, in which Bentley is satirized in the fable of "The Dog in the Manger"[1]; with Boyle's reply to Bentley in the same year, the affair assumed the proportions of a general literary squabble, and occasioned works or comments by Atterbury, John Keill, Garth, Rymer, John Milner, Swift, and various anonymous writers--"philosophers and wits, poets and critics, divines and physicians, gray-beards and striplings, Oxford men and Cambridge men, combining to hunt down the enemy of Temple and Boyle."[2] Though Phalaris was the chief bone of contention between Boyle and Bentley, the work of Aesop had been linked with the _Epistles_ from the beginning, and must have gained notoriety as a result. Swift's use of the fable to ridicule Bentley in _A Tale of a Tub_ is one product of that notoriety.

The year 1698 marks the definite emergence of a new element in the English fable which had been latent in the collection of L'Estrange. There seem indeed to have been two fable-traditions moving through the 1690's: one, representing the conventional purpose of instructing children or providing general moral edification; the other, a modernization of the fable in a manner akin to travesty, having as its avowed purpose at first merely an avoidance of the pedantic, but developing readily into satire and into

1. R. C. Jebb, _op. cit._, p. 60.

2. J. H. Monk, _Life of Richard Bentley_, I, 110.

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a direct commentary on public affairs.[1] The latter objective was not entirely new, for it was present, as we have mentioned, in Phaedrus and occasionally in La Fontaine. But for several decades the English fabulists were to make it peculiarly their own.

The factors which produced the vogue of the political fable in England are many. An important one, no doubt, was that very lack of specific definition of the form which had permitted La Fontaine to introduce so many kinds of narrative into his works. Dryden's Hind and the Panther, for instance, though he called it a satire, was considered a fable by Montague and Prior in 1687 and by the anonymous author of Aesop in Spain in 1701.[2] The opinion of the first two was probably shared by most of their contemporaries; and the great popularity of The Hind and the Panther Transvers'd to the Story of the Country-Mouse and the City-Mouse (to give the travesty of Montague and Prior its full title) doubtless helped to transform the fable into an occasional, satiric poem. Even earlier, Marvell's satiric "Dialogue between Two Horses" was perhaps considered a fable by many people. In 1681, for example, a brief prose dialogue, entitled "A pleasant Battel between two Lap-Dogs of the Utopian Court," satirizes, in the guise of a quarrel between the pets of Nell Gyn and the Duchess of Portsmouth, the deplorable conditions at Whitehall. In almost no way does it re-

1. The following collections of fables in the conventional style may be added to those mentioned supra, p.xxvi, n.: Aesop's Fables, with the morralls, in prose and verse, entered in the Stationer's Register on 19 February, 1693/4 (Arber, III, 435); The Fables of Aesop, English and Latine, for the helpe of beginners in learning the Latin tongue, entered 19 June, 1694 (ibid., III, 435); Esop's Fables English and Latine, by Charles Hoole, entered 29 April, 1695 (ibid., III, 460); and The Fables of young Aesop, with their morals...being a very profitable and delightful pocket Companion for Youth, entered in November, 1697 (ibid., III, 41).

2. A parody of Dryden's poem is included among the fables in this collection.

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semble the true beast-fable, and yet the author thus introduces his work:

> Wise Aesop thought it no Mistake
> To make brute Beasts, as well as Men to speak:
> Why may not I, like him, in harmless Rhimes,
> Bring Brutes to speak against the brutish times?[1]

There also entered into the creation of the political fable the beast allegories which, appearing from time to time during the last decades of the century, were used to satirize the relations between England, France, Holland, and Spain. In these productions, sometimes pictorial and sometimes verbal, "wolf, fox, dog, and boar were generally used for crafty or potent enemies; asses and apes implied contempt; the lion, sometimes English as well as Dutch, ordinarily embodied nobility or power; the eagle, standing for the Empire, or occasionally for England, could be either friendly or hostile." In 1701 and 1702 this species of satire was clearly merged with the fable in a series of about forty etchings, called Aesopus in Europa, which adorned the title-pages of numerous Dutch tracts and illustrated the application of various animal fables to current events.[2]

Scattered instances of the direct use of fable for political purposes had occurred during the decades preceding 1690, the earliest of them which I have been able to discover in the Restoration Period being printed in the second part of The English Rogue by Francis Kirkman, a book which

1. Poems on Affairs of State, IV, 310. This "fable" perhaps had a predecessor in the Puritan satires on Prince Rupert's dog during the Revolution. See John Ashton, Wit and Humour of the Seventeenth Century, pp. 104, 105-6, 111-112.

2. Lester M. Beattie, John Arbuthnot, p. 97. Both the cartoons and the fables, according to Beattie, formed the background of Arbuthnot's John Bull pamphlets (pp. 96-99). Examples of the beast-allegory are reprinted in the Somers Tracts and in the Harleian Miscellany: in the former, "The History of the Rook and Turkeys," 1694 (XI, 90); in the latter, "The Parable of the Bear-Baiting," 1691 (IX, 547), and "The Parable of the Three Jackdaws," 1696 (X, 248).

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was licensed in 1668. In this fable Kirkman translates Aesop into modern terms by turning the story of the lion's share into a bitter satire of Cromwell and his aides. Perhaps it is an indication of the unfamiliarity of this usage that he prints first a verse translation of Aesop and then retells the story with the new application. The lion in the fable, of course, is Cromwell, who supervises the division of dead Charles's power:

> And do you think, my friends, to share
> That Prize in Peace, which I obtain'd in War?
> Divide the spoil, and then as General, I
> Claim the first part due for my Excellency.
> A second part our able strength demands;
> A third is mine, 'cause these victorious hands
> In all those Fights wherein we had to do,
> Were the most painful and most prosperous too.
> Thus our activity, and strength, and worth,
> Have wone three parts, there only rests a fourth;
> Which we'll with Love accept, but if deny'd,
> Our Sword shall teach you better to divide.
> Thus as our Saviours Vesture, which might not
> Be cut in pieces, was obtain'd by lot:
> So our great Charles his power, which could not be
> Dissolv'd into an Aristocracie,
> Was Tyrant Cromwels share; and now our whips
> Were turn'd to Scorpions: Now the grand Eclipse
> Began; we saw no Sun for twice seven years,
> Only two fatal Stars by turns appear:...
> But welcome Charles the Second, happy are we,
> That Britain's Monarchy's restor'd in thee;
> If Cromwels life had put a period to't,
> I'd both begun and ended in a Brute.[1]

From this example alone one perceives how readily the fable adapted itself to direct satire, and also how readily, during the process, the element of fable is minimized almost to exclusion. Quite different from the above in its handling is "The Fable of the Pot and Kettle, as it was told

1. The English Rogue Continued in the Life of Meriton Latroon, The Second Part (1680), pp. 274-275.

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by Colonel Titus the Night before he kiss'd the King's Hand," a political piece dating probably from 1688.[1] Consisting of twenty-five pentameter lines in couplets, it is so dignified a retelling of the Aesopean fable of the two pots carried down a stream that the only clue to its special meaning is in the title. The "Torrent of an angry Flood," however, is in this instance the English people, aroused in opposition to James II after the trial of the seven bishops in 1688. Down it floats

> The heavy Caldron, sinking and distress'd
> By its own Weight, and the fierce Waves oppress'd,

in other words, James himself. Beside it is an earthen pitcher whose companionship the cauldron "slily bespoke." The pitcher is Colonel Silas Titus, a Presbyterian whom James at this time, in order to ingratiate himself with the Dissenters, invited to occupy a seat in the Privy Council. Titus accepted, Macaulay says, "to the great disgust of all classes of Protestants."[2] Apparently, however, he had decided the night before to reject the offer; the pitcher refuses to join the cauldron:

> If by the Waves I against you am tost,
> Or you to me, I equally am lost.

One will find no equal to this fable in restraint and irony among the many political Aesops a decade later. The wonder is that it could come from the stormy current of London life in 1688.

The fable also appears in a political connection in D'Urfey's

1. It is printed in The Muses Farewell (1690), p. 162, and was reprinted again in State-Poems Continued (1709), p. 152.

2. The History of England from the Accession of James II, II, 379.

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Hudibrastic poem, Collin's Walk, published in 1690; Collin sums up his philosophy of statecraft by relating the Aesopean story of the old man and his sons who united were invincible, but separate were easily overthrown.[1] The reference to current unrest and indecision in English politics is evident. From the same year comes a piece by Tom Brown, entitled The Late Converts Exposed: Or the Reasons of Mr. Bays's Changing his Religion. Considered in a Dialogue...As Also the Fable of the Bat and the Birds.[2]

The fable as a political instrument was sharply tempered in the hands of L'Estrange, but was little used after him until 1698. Then, however, its political tone suddenly became dominant and created a minor literary furor, originating, it seems, in a small book of poems called Aesop at Tunbridge. This volume of thirteen political apologues in doggerel verse not only was reprinted thrice in the same year and honoured in 1703 by inclusion in Poems on Affairs of State, but produced a succession of replies and imitations the repercussions of which lasted for over two decades. One

1. Canto I, p. 39.

2. This work, which I have not seen, is listed in the bibliography of Alexandre Beljame's Les Public et les Hommes de Lettres en Angleterre au Dix-Huitième Siècle, p. 425.

According to C. L. Day (The Songs of Thomas D'Urfey, p. 13), two pamphlets by D'Urfey in 1691, The Weesils and the Weesil Trap'd, "go back to Aesop's fables and Reynard the Fox for their satirical inspiration." They are aimed at Dr. William Sherlock, Dean of St. Paul's.

Fable-allusions, of course, are frequent in satires of the Restoration Period, as, for instance, in the closing lines of Rochester's "History of Insipids." In 1680 a poem called "The Rabble" addressed Charles II in the following terms:

England is now 'twixt thee and York,
The Fable of the Frog:
He is the fierce devouring Stork,
And Thou the lumpish Log.
(Poems on Affairs of State, I, 217)

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could not say that the fable had "come into its own" in England, for *Aesop at Tunbridge* is entirely unworthy of its distinguished ancestry; but at least it had achieved a *succès de scandale*, and was destined among its more important results to exert an indirect influence on the production of Mandeville's *Grumbling Hive*.

In its literary tone *Aesop at Tunbridge* derives, on the one hand, from the burlesque stamp which had been given to the fable by Prior and Montague, L'Estrange, Dennis, and the unknown author of *Aesop Naturaliz'd*, and, on the other, from the political miscellanies of the Restoration Period. In their form the Tunbridge poems are a hodge-podge of styles:--heroic couplets, octosyllabics, and irregular ballad stanzas. The fact of their being in verse need not lead one to detect La Fontaine's influence, for their metrical characteristics could be matched by dozens of ballads in the Pepys collection. Not its literary form but its content and purpose made the volume the creator of a vogue. In these respects it was immediately contemporary and *deals* with political affairs which were the burning questions of English camp and court in 1698. Chief among them were the debates over the war with France, the alliance with Holland, and the standing army. Jacobite opinion was in part, of course, behind the opposition to the war, but allied with it was the grumbling of almost the entire body of English landowners about the taxes which were draining the country. Since no practicable means had yet been effected of levying an income tax in the nation, a disproportionate amount of the revenue came from the land-tax. The rapidly rising merchant group, mostly Whig in sentiment, correspondingly profited. Thus there was some justification for the Tory complaint that the Whigs were only interested in continuing the war. Further-

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more, the Whigs numbered a majority of the Dissenters; and consequently they were somewhat inconsistently charged by the Tories with wishing to undermine the Established Church and thereby of siding with James. Naturally the Whigs replied that the Tory opposition to the present government was itself an attempt to reinstate James. With opinions and parties thus tangled, the Parliamentary sessions of 1697 and 1698 produced a bitter conflict.

Holding a precarious peace in his hands, William opened the session of 1697 with a recommendation that the army be retained at a power sufficient to insure England's safety. His proposal aroused strenuous opposition. "The Tory Party who never lov'd the King nor his Government," and who disliked his favoritism to his Dutch retainers and his Presbyterianism, united against him; the "Country-Party, as they call'd themselves," saw a continuance of the war taxes, and sided with the Tories; and many of the moderate Whigs, well remembering England's last standing army, Cromwell's New-Model, or speculating on what England's fate would have been if James had possessed a strong army, helped to vote down the measure.[1] The battle was fierce, and raged throughout the session, formed a rallying-cry in the elections the following summer, and was not conceded by the Court until the Parliament of 1698 confirmed the decision of its predecessor. It was during this election, in which William's Dutch advisers and troops campaigned for his cause and were aided by a body of Calvinistic French refugees,

1. John Oldmixon, History of England, ed. 1735, II, 169; Leopold von Ranke, A History of England Principally in the Seventeenth Century, V, 170.

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that the Tory hatred of foreigners became the almost irrational obsession which led eventually to Tutchin's bitter satire, The Foreigners, a poem known today chiefly because Defoe replied to it in The True-Born Englishman.[1]

The press was by no means idle during the quarrel. John Trenchard, Lord John Somers, Defoe, the Rev. Samuel Johnson, and numerous anonymous writers argued about the standing army, some of the pamphlets going into more than one edition.[2] From this atmosphere of recrimination came also Aesop at Tunbridge and its immediate progeny. "Wise and good Men will not, it may be, dare to tell those Truths these Beasts deliver, which yet our Governours should know," announces Aesop in his preface, echoing L'Estrange. His advice was found so acceptable that it saw four editions in 1698, and in the same year was supplemented or replied to by Aesop at Bathe, Aesop at Epsom, Old Aesop at White-Hall, Aesop at Amsterdam, Aesop Return'd from Tunbridge, Aesop at London, The Life of Aesop at Tunbridge, Aesop's Last Will and Testament; it also encouraged Ned Ward to adopt the general formula for his Dialogue Between Bow-Steeple Dragon and the Exchange

1. On the entire question of the standing army, see Macaulay, V, 254 ff., and Ranke, V, 186 ff. The third Earl of Shaftesbury, Mandeville's later opponent, "held it a proof of the corruption of the age that his own Whig leaders had not opposed King William's wishes for a standing army in time of peace. No man, according to Shaftesbury and his friends, loved English liberties better than William of Orange...but no true patriot could trust even the 'Archangel Michael' with a military establishment" (G. M. Trevelyan, England Under Queen Anne, I, 215).

2. A writer on 23 November, 1697, observes: "A small book has been published here inveighing against the standing army, which is now the most debated argument." According to "Dr. Oats," the "court Whigs have a mind to keep an army of 30,000 men, to enslave the nation" (Calendar State Papers, Domestic, 1697, p. 484). A year later another man speaks of "A history of standing armies in England, which is a violent satyr, as well upon the king as his predecessors since Queen Elizabeth" (Cal. State Papers, Dom., 1698, p. 421).

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Grashopper, a satire on the Dissenters which was itself replied to in An Answer to the Dragon and the Grashopper.[1] A non-political poem in burlesque, entitled Aesop at Richmond, belongs to the same fecund year. More important even than the advice of Aesop at Tunbridge was the use which its author had found for the fable. In 1699 appeared Aesop at Islington, the following year Aesop Unveil'd, in 1701 Aesop at Paris and Aesop in Spain. In 1702 Dr. Thomas Yalden published his Aesop at Court, and in 1704 came Aesop in Scotland, Aesop at Portugal, and Mandeville's Aesop Dress'd. The name of Aesop on a title-page seems then to have lost its charm for several years, until it reappeared as Aesop at Oxford in 1709. The year 1711 produced Aesop at the Bell Tavern in Westmister and Aesop Naturaliz'd, followed in 1712 by Aesop at Utrecht, in 1715 by Aesop at the Bear-Garden, and finally in 1718 by Aesop in Masquerade. Probably there are others during these two decades which have eluded my search.[2]

These books, however, are merely the collections which were distinguished by the name of Aesop. They give some idea of the current vogue, but represent by no means all of the verse fables, political and otherwise, written during these years. Dr. Walter Pope issued in 1698 a volume of

1. Ward's little private battle represented by these two publications was itself referred to as an extremely loud controvery by the author of "An Elegy on the Death of Trade," 1698 (Harleian Miscellany, X, 359).

2. Several of these collections besides Aesop at Tunbridge went to more than one edition: cf. the bibliography. On the 1711 Aesop Naturaliz'd, cf. supra p. xlvi, n. Aesop still appears occasionally even in the twentieth century as critic of the nation's business. In the autumn of 1938 a London newspaper offered a prize for the best political fable on recent affairs. The winning entry was brief and telling: "There was once a British lion....."

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Moral and Political Fables, notable mostly for its being cast in a sort hybrid meter which he calls "measured Prose intermixed with Ryme." Canterbury Tales Rendred into Familiar Verse is another book of fables--with no debt to Chaucer--on current affairs, published in 1701. From the same year came Chaucer's Whims: being some select Fables in Verse, "very applicable to the present times"; as well as The Fable of the Lion's Share and The Partition of the Lion in the Fable, both relating to the Spanish Succession. Prince Perkin, the 2d, or Aesop on this Juncture is a satire on the Pretender which was twice printed in 1702. In 1703 appeared The Fable of the Beasts and Their King, considered a political satire by Tory writers. A protest against naturalization of foreigners assumed the cloak of fable in the Canary-Birds Naturaliz'd in Utopia, a poem which may probably be dated early in the reign of Anne. In 1703 also were printed A New Dialogue between the horse at Charing-Cross and the horse at Stock's Market and The Mouse grown a Rat, the latter an imitation of Prior and Montague's earlier burlesque. The next year came The Baboon-a-la-Mode: a satyre against the French, and from Edinburgh The Fable of the Sacred Phenix, or, of Prelacy revived, written by J. Whyt. In 1705, the year of Mandeville's Grumbling Hive, were printed A New Translation of Aesop. In a Hundred Select Fables Burlesqu'd; a fable-satire on Lord Haversham called The Dog in the Wheel; and The Fox set to Watch the Geese,

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a State-Paradox.[1]

Few of these collections or single pieces are intrinsically worthy of serious consideration from a literary point of view. Their reason for existence was almost entirely political and temporary, and they appear to have been the work of a rout of patriots and malcontents whose antecedents had created the sort of verse which crowds the pages of Restoration miscellanies, though, it must be added, the political fable is sharply distinguished from that earlier poetry by its freedom from scurrility and direct abuse. John Dennis, writing in 1702, ascribes to the very trouble which brought these fables into existence the decline in literary taste in the drama since the time of Charles II. All the former objects of Restoration satire, he says,

> are reduced to one single coxcomb, and that is the foolish false Politician. For from Westminster to Wapping, go where you will, the conversation turns upon Politicks. Whereever you go, you find Atheists and Rakes standing up for the Protestant Religion, Fellows who never saw a Groat in their Lives, vehemently maintaining Property, and People that are in the Fleet and the Kings Bench upon execution for their Lives,

1. Prose fables also swelled the output of this period. During the first years of the century appeared Fables Moral and Political (1703), a translation in two volumes from the Dutch of Johan De Witt, remarkable for its hypersubtle exegesis of transparent apologues from Aesop; John Locke's Aesop's Fables in English and Latin (1703), recognized as the first interlineary translation in English; The Fables of Aesop. With the moral Reflections of Monsieur Baudoin (1704), a translation of Baudoin (supra, p.xvi) which is attributed to John Toland; and, also in 1704, Select Fables of Boccaline, Aesop, &c. With Reflections Moral and Political (cf. below, p.cxcii,n.). Other literary works of the time, of course, contained fables as illustrative material; the one in A Tale of a Tub is well known (see supra, p.xlvii), and to it may be added a fable of the fox and hare in Ward's Hudibras Redivivus (Pt. 1, vol. I, Canto 1), used to satirize Dissenters, and a fable in Tom Brown's Amusements (ed. Hayward, pp. 191-192). Defoe, it may be noted, said that in writing The Review "the Custom of the Antients in writing Fables is my very Laudable Pattern" (The Review, ed. Secord, I, Preface).

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going together by the ears upon the Liberty of the Subject. There is not the emptyest Coxcomb in Town, but has got his Politick Shake and his Shrug.[1]

The importance of the flood of political fables which began in 1698 is that, more completely than had ever before been true, they instituted the species as a kind of occasional satiric verse. Those which immediately followed Aesop at Tunbridge are almost exclusively occupied with questions of the late wars, the tax burden, the Established Church and Dissent, the policies of William III, and peculation in high office. Aesop in Spain deals, as one might suppose, with the Spanish Succession, but includes satires on dishonest public officials, on the parsimony of Holland, and on the dangers of domestic party strife in a time of national emergency. These themes also are considered by Aesop at Paris, which deplores especially the "havock Private Men had made of the Publick Store," and that "Private Quarrels hinder the Publick Welfare," two complaints which, repeatedly voiced during the next few years, helped to inspire Mandeville's answer in The Grumbling Hive. On the whole, it is safe to say that hardly a subject of important political concern between 1698 and 1705 failed to be commented on by the ubiquitous Aesops. In 1699, when Farquhar anonymously published The Adventures of Covent Garden, he indicated that the fable controversies were fully as well known to the town as

1. "Epistle Dedicatory" to The Comical Gallant, 1702. Dennis's picture of the London politicians is by no means singular; many observations to the same effect appeared during this time, among them the lines in Congreve's "Epistle to Sir Richard Temple":

> Dull Rogues affect the Politician's part;
> And learn to nod, and smile, and shrug with Art;
> Who nothing has to lose, the War bewails;
> And he who Nothing pays, at Taxes rails.
> (Complete Works, ed. Summers, IV, 148)

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the much bruited quarrel over the stage:

If ye are so good Philosophers as to find out the Author by a Negative Definition take it; he's neither Collierist, nor Poet, neither Aesop of Tunbridge, nor Aesop of Bath, nor the Dragon of Bow, nor the Grashopper at the Exchange; and for an Englishman not to belong to any of these Factions, is somewhat strange.[1]

Tom Brown attests also to the fashion: "because Aesop from Tunbridge had the good fortune to please, an hundred other Aesops from Epsom, Islington, and other parts of the kingdom, were immediately trumped up, till the very name of Aesop at last grew scandalous."[2]

1. Works, ed. Stonehill, II, 197. That some of these fables were produced by factions is asserted in the fable-books themselves. Aesop at Bathe speaks of "the worshipful Club at Epsom or Tunbridg, where they make Plots, and such pretty Plots too as were never known, hanging being the end of some, and nothing the end of others; but their last Plot was the finest thing....a Fable Plot, where Birds and Beasts speak as much sense as any Jacobite of 'em all." Old Aesop at White-Hall likewise refers to "the Tunbridge Plot." Apparently Tunbridge had long enjoyed a reputation for fostering poetasters; thence Congreve wrote to Dennis in 1695 that "I have often wonder'd how those Wicked Writers of Lampoons, could croud together such quantities of Execrable Verses, tag'd with bad Rhimes, as I have formerly seen sent from this place" (Works, I, 95).

As to the identity of Aesop of Tunbridge (if one author could be ascribed), Tom Brown remarks that a certain "E--- S---" fathered the fables published under that name (Amusements, ed. Hayward, pp. 28-29). Brown's latest editor identifies "E--- S---" as Edward Stillingfleet, Jr., son of the Bishop of Worcester, but confuses the matter by saying shortly after that this Aesop was "a crude cobbler at Tunbridge whose unvarnished verse created a mild furore at the time" (ibid., p. 28, n.). Later on the same editor notes that Aesop of Tunbridge was "an imitator of Aesop of Eton, a rhyming cobbler who was taken up and made a fuss over by Society" (ibid., p. 165, n.). The solution to this curious problem of the cobblers may be contained in contemporary documents to which I have not had access. The Eton rhymester is also mentioned in Notes and Queries, Fourth Series, X, 106.

In connection with Farquhar's remark on the Collierists, it seems that the fable was used in 1698 to satirize Jeremy Collier himself. D'Urfey's Campaigners opens with "a Familiar Preface upon A Late Reformer of the Stage. Ending with a Satyrical Fable of The Dog and the Ottor." Cf. Summers's edition of Congreve, I, 51.

2. Amusements, ed. Hayward, p. 165.

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Not once in all of this political and literary activity which centers in the fable does the name of La Fontaine appear. It may be partly true, as Uhlemayr supposes, that the popularity of L'Estrange cast into the shadow the poems of the French fabulist; but I am more inclined to believe that general English taste had not yet risen to the level necessary for appreciation of the fable as a worthy literary medium *per se*, aside from its utilitarian possibilities.[1] The fame of L'Estrange's work did not determine English taste; rather the existence of that taste determined his fame. Though he undoubtedly exerted great influence in popularizing the fable in the coffee-houses, both the tone of his translation and its practical objectivity were not new. The species had come to him with a long tradition of schoolroom utility behind it, and in directing it to political propagandism he was merely enlarging its sphere of usefulness. L'Estrange was influential, however, not only because of his stylistic appeal but because he represented the dogma of the practical usefulness of art which has persisted throughout the centuries in the taste of middle-class Englishmen. The literature which has gained approval with that class has done so largely because of its didactic opportunism; and when to the latter appeal has been added a none-too-elevated humor, current success

1. Uhlemayr's comment is: "Kein Wunder...dass Lafontaine von L'Estrange's Ruhm in den Schatten gestellt wurde. Man hört nichts mehr von ihm bis zum Jahre 1703" (*op. cit.*, p. 10).

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has usually been assured. Both of these criteria L'Estrange satisfied. The superior artistry and reticence of La Fontaine could not compete with him among the class of readers who, in 1698, created the English vogue of the fable.

None the less there is slight reason to doubt that La Fontaine was slowly becoming known in England during the decade between 1692, when Dennis's translations appeared, and 1703, when Mandeville printed his first fables. Travel across the Channel flourished after the Peace of Ryswick, and the cultural influences of the two countries again mingled freely. Prior was living in France and associating with the *beaux esprits*, including Boileau, on terms of seeming intimacy. Addison was in Paris in 1699 on his continental tour, and respectfully listened while Boileau extolled "very much his former contemporaries."[1] Maynwaring, also a man of letters of some esteem in his day, visited Boileau during the interim of peace. These men could hardly have avoided some introduction to the best-known poetry of La Fontaine, who, as Mandeville said in 1703, was "a Great Man in *France*." Especially in view of the English interest in the fable, which penetrated into higher circles than that represented by *Aesop at Tunbridge*, it seems not very rash to assume, even in the absence of specific accounts, that he was known to many Englishmen at the beginning of the century.[2]

1. *Works*, ed. Hurd, V, 333.

2. There is some indication that Dr. Walter Pope, author of *Moral and Polit-Fables* (1698), knew La Fontaine, though the evidence is confined to a few circumstantial details in "The *Swallow* and *Birds*" (p. 19), the opening lines of which are similar to those of "L'Hirondelle et les petits Oiseaux" (Regnier, I, 81); and in "The Lark" (p. 45), which resembles slightly La Fontaine's "L'Alouette et ses Petits" (Regnier, I, 353).

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Prior's translation of two of La Fontaine's contes, "Hans Carvel" and "The Ladle," though not published until 1704 in Dryden's Miscellany Poems, Part V, were first entered in the Stationers Register on 17 February, 1701, as imitations of "De la Fontaign."[1] One of his fables, "The Flies," the moral of which may date it as early as 1698-1700, seems to owe its literary inspiration to the French poet.[2]

1. Stationer's Register, ed. Eyre and Rivington, III, 493; Prior's Poems on Several Occasions, ed. Waller, pp. 351, 352. Both of these poems also were printed in the unauthorized edition of the Poems on Several Occasions in 1707, with the debt to La Fontaine acknowledged in their titles (Waller, op. cit., p. 362). Prior's little poem, "Written in the Beginning of Mézeray's History of France," in which he alludes to LaFontaine by name, must have been in existence before March, 1698, for he quotes part of it in a letter written in that month, remarking that it was "once writ in my Mézeray" (Historical Mss. Commission, Bath Papers, III, 202).

2. This fable, versions of which appear also in Aesop and Phaedrus, is a dialogue between two boastful insects perched on a chariot, the speed and dust of which they claim is of their creation. La Fontaine's poem, much more detailed than Prior's and with only one fly, concludes:

> Ainsi certaines gens, faisant les empressés,
> S'introduisent dans les affaires:
> Ils font partout les nécessaires,
> Et, partout importuns, devroient être chassés.
> (Regnier, II, 143-144).

Prior's moral is rather more explicit, but very probably from La Fontaine:

> My judgement turn'd the whole Debate:
> My Valor sav'd the sinking State.
> So talk two idle buzzing Things;
> Toss up their Heads, and stretch their Wings.
> But let the Truth to Light be brought:
> This neither spoke, nor t'other fought:
> No Merit in their own Behav'or:
> Both rais'd, but by their Party's Favor.
> (Poems, ed. Waller, P. 135.

Cf. the analogous remarks by Dennis and Congreve, supra, pp. lviii-lix and n. M. Ellwood Smith (op. cit., p. 212) alleges that one of the fables in the 1701 Canterbury Tales (supra, p. lvii) is a translation of La Fontaine, but a comparison with the Aesopean version indicates that it was taken from the latter. Smith likewise notes in the same place that "A Fable of a Council Held by the Rats," published in Tonson's Miscellany, 1704, is based on La Fontaine's "Conseil tenu par les Rats."

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3.

It remained for Bernard Mandeville to issue the first English translation of any considerable number of La Fontaine's fables. This book appeared annonymously in 1703 and contained twenty-nine fables, two of them original.[1] Why Mandeville was led to write fables may be anyone's guess, but certainly in doing so he was emulating the most popular current mode. Following a well-established convention, he protests in his brief introduction against having to write a preface, using the somewhat hackneyed witticism that most authors "glut us with Wit and fine Language" in that portion of a book "though they starve us for ever after," a custom which makes some prefaces "look like a rich piece of Fillegrew Work over the Door of an empty Parlour."[2] He then concludes by informing his reader that "I could

1. The full title reads: "Some/ FABLES/ After/ The Easie and Familiar/ Method of Monsieur de la/ Fontaine./ LONDON:/ Printed in the Year 1703." The end-papers reveal that it was printed for Richard Wellington. It appeared before 17 June (cf. above, p. viii, n.).

2. Cf. Samuel Butler's lines on the kind of preface in which the author defers to the wise, defies the ignorant, cavils and carps until "The Porch grow's Bigger then the House" (Satires and Miscellanies, ed. Lamar, p. 241). Swift observes in the preface to A Tale of a Tub (written, according to his own statement therein, in August, 1697) that modern authors will "by no means let slip a preface or dedication, without some notable distinguishing stroke to surprise the reader at his entry, and kindle a wonderful expectation of what is to ensue"; and he later adds that the preface "now in vogue...ought to be large in proportion as the subsequent volume is small" (Works, ed. Scott, X, 52, 61). Congreve's jibe in the opening of his preface to Incognita (1692) might be apllicable to Mandeville: "Some authors are so fond of a Preface, that they will write one tho' there be nothing more in it than an Apology for it self." Mandeville returns to his complaint against prefaces in the introduction to The Virgin Unmask'd (1709): "I have a mortal Antipathy against Prefaces."

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wish to have furnish'd you with something more worthy your precious time; But as you'll find nothing very Instructive, so there's little to puzzle your Brain. Besides, I desire every Body to read 'em at the same Hours I writ 'em; that's when I had nothing else to do. If any like these Trifles, perhaps I may go on; if not, you shall be troubled with no more of 'em."[1]

In this flippant manner La Fontaine was introduced to the new century in an English dress. The fables apparently went unnoticed by most Londoners; for in 1704, in the preface to Typhon, Mandeville discloses that according to his bookseller "They went down like chopt Hay.... I told you...that if you did not like them, you should be troubled with no more of 'em, and I have been as good as my word; for I have made no more Fables since, than I have built Churches." Either the latter statement is untrue, or in 1703 Mandeville had by him other translations from

1. This belittling of one's own production seems also to have been a stock apology, or inducement, to the reader of that time. Aesop at Richmond admits inelegantly that he had not "one Reason for writing...(save that the Toy took me in th' Crown) and I care as little what becomes on't as a Whore of her dropp'd child." In 1704 the author of A New Translation of Aesop...Burlesqu'd says that the contents of his book "have diverted the Author;...and to tell you the plain Truth, Complements apart, that was his chief Design in translating 'em." John Phillips earlier had spoken of "trifling away a little time" in writing Maronides (1672); and Alexander Radcliffe refers to his poems in The Ramble (1682) as "Trifles" which he was led to publish by the "offer of some foolish Guinneys, and when those Toys are propos'd...we consent to the printing of any thing."

It is perhaps mere coincidence that the final phrases of Mandeville's remarks above echo a statement with which, years before, Desmay had presented his Esope du temps (1677) to the public: "Cette douzaine de Fables n'est qu'une tentative du gout du public; si elles lui plaisent elles seront bientot suivies d'un nombre d'autres" (Gohin, "La Fontaine et les Fabulistes de son Temps," op. cit., p. 179).

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La Fontaine which he did not include in his first volume, for in spite of his disavowal the 1703 collection was re-issued in 1704, disguised with a new title-page and augmented by ten more fables. The ill sale of the first attempt no doubt prompted the change, for with the exception of the ten new pieces the 1704 volume is made up of sheets from the earlier printing which are tucked away in the middle of the book. The new title, Aesop Dress'd or a Collection of Fables Writ in Familiar Verse, clearly reveals that Mandeville, perhaps at the instigation of Richard Wellington, the bookseller, was trying to dispose of the fables by associating them in the public mind with the popular titles begun in 1697 by the earlier Aesop Naturaliz'd.[1]

1. The title-page of the 1704 volume is as follows: "AESOP Dress'd/ Or A/ Collection/ Of/ FABLES/ Writ in Familiar Verse./ By B. Mandeville, M.D./ LONDON:/ Printed for Richard Wellington at the Dol-/phin and Crown at the West-End of/ St. Paul's Church-Yard. 1704." The preface of the book is made up of sheets from the 1703 printing, and is followed by five new fables occupying pp. 1-14. On p. 15 begins "The Countryman and the Knight," with which the 1703 volume opened, the first two pages of which have been reset to fill out sheet C of the new material ending at p. 16. The following page is numbered 3 (B2), and introduces more left-over material from 1703, running through p. 81 (M). The latter page has been reset, and the second addition of new fables begins with "The Two Physicians" on p. 82 (M1). The pagination from there is continuous to the end of the volume at p. 95, on the verso of which is an index, also new. The discontinuity of the page numbering is noted in this index.

Another, undated edition of Aesop Dress'd is extant, for the most part a careful reprint of the 1704 issue, even to the preface. "AESOP Dress'd;/ Or A/ Collection/Of/ FABLES./ Writ in Familiar Verse./ . By B. Mandeville, M. D./ LONDON:/ Sold at Lock's-Head adjoyning to Ludgate./ Price One Shilling." According to F. B. Kaye (Fable, I, xxx, n.), the British Museum dates its copy of this edition in 1720, but he does not specify the reason for the decision. M. Ellwood Smith (MLN, XXXI, 210) says, without further comment, that it was published in 1724. The only bookseller listed at the Lock's-Head in H.R. Plomer's Dictionary is John Peele, who operated at Amen Corner, Paternoster Row, evidently the location "adjoyning to Ludgate."The earliest book from his shop which Plomer found is a sermon by George Stubbes, dated 1722.

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There is evidence that in this first attempt at translation Mandeville tried honestly to hold himself to the letter, if not to the spirit, of his original.[1] It is doubtful if La Fontaine has ever been more vigorously rendered into English, certainly in the eighteenth century. Mandeville coarsens his subject frequently; he lacks deftness in versification; on the whole he expands La Fontaine's lines unnecessarily, though his additions are occasionally happy instances of realistic detail; he lacks the delicacy, the *naïveté*, the nuance of the French, and he ruins some fine passages by a sort of Rabelaisian exaggeration. That is to say, he was a Londoner writing for the public which enjoyed L'Estrange's *Aesop*, a *raconteur* for the coffee-house wits and not for fine ladies and gentlemen. Nevertheless he possessed one qualification of a good translator in that he was thoroughly familiar with the language of his original; he writes clearly except when he wished to write otherwise; and we may believe that there was something in him not entirely uncongenial to the personality of La Fontaine. They both were men who "took things as they came, accepted men as they were, worked only by necessity, and amused themselves as much as possible."[2]

1. Sakmann, as quoted by Uhlemayr (*op. cit.*, p. 10), described the translation as "ziemlich gelitten." Kaye observes that the fables "have none of the conciseness and delicacy of La Fontaine, but they show, nevertheless, narrative power. They are not mere paraphrases, but reflect the temper of the translator somewhat as if they were original work" ("The Writings of Bernard Mandeville," *JEGP*, XX, 423).

2. From the characterization of La Fontaine by Lafenestre, *op. cit.*, pp. 113-114.

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La Fontaine would have enjoyed Mandeville's Rabelaisianism as much as Mandeville would have disliked the other's passion for d'Urfé and de Scudéry. Therein lies a major difference in their natures: the feminine delicacy of the Frenchman which tempered his delight in the old conteurs was absent in Mandeville.

Therefore to say that Mandeville's rendering of La Fontaine into English was a complete success would be true only to the extent that such a statement would be true, for instance, of Dryden's Virgil or Pope's Homer. Several years later, in The Virgin Unmask'd, Mandeville explained rather carefully that literal translation can never be entirely consummated, and concluded that it is best therefore to paraphrase deliberately. An Englishman who understands French well enough to arrive at "what he calls the intrinsick Value of it, the Meaning," Mandeville observes, may roughly hammer out the sense of the original; "but as he ruminates upon it, some witty Flights jumping into his Head upon the Occasion, he blames the French Man for not having made the best of so fine a Thought, without considering, that according to the different Rules, what may be very apropos in English, would have been as unseasonable in the French: Inspir'd by Wit, the Darling of his Country, he resolves upon an Imitation, and happily renders the Substance of every Thought into good English Verse."[1] That, according to Mandeville, ought to be called translating. With such an idea as his guide, he could hardly be expected to make a literal rendition, and he does not produce it.

1. The Virgin Unmask'd, ed. 1724, p. 159.

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Nonetheless, in some of the fables, such as "The Cock, the Cat, and the young Mouse," he manages a rather faithful reproduction of La Fontaine's meaning, if not his spirit:

> Une Souriceau tout jeune, et qui n'avoit rien vu,
> Fut presque pris au dépourvu.
> Voici comme il conta l'aventure à sa mere:
> "J'avois franchi les monts qui bornent cet État,
> Et trottois comme un jeune rat
> Qui cherche à se donner carrière,
> Lorsque deux animaux m'ont arrêté les yeux:
> L'un doux, bénin, et gracieux,
> Et l'autre turbulent et plein d'inquiétude;
> Il a voix perçante et rude,
> Sur la tête un morceau de chair,
> Une sorte de bras dont il s'élève en l'air
> Comme pour prendre sa volée,
> La queue en panache étalée."
> Or c'etoit un Cochet notre Souriceau
> Fit à sa mere le tableau, [1]
> Comme d'un animal venu de l'Amérique.

> A Mouse of no Experience
> Was almost nabb'd for want of Sence.
> Hear how the silly young one told
> Her strange Adventure to the old.
> I cross'd the Limits of our State,
> And ran as swift as any Rat;
> When suddenly I spy'd two Creatures
> Of very different Form and Features,
> The one look'd smiling, milde, and Civil,
> The other was a very Devil;
> He look'd so fierce, made such a rout,
> Then tore the Ground, then turn'd about;
> He ne'er stood still, upon his Head
> He wore a piece of Flesh that's red;
> A bunch of Tails with green and black
> Stood staring higher than his back.
> And thus describes the simple Mouse
> A Cock he had seen behind the House,
> As had it been some Beast of Prey
> Brought over from America.

In other fables Mandeville expands La Fontaine's lines, as in "The Countryman and the Knight" which has grown to almost twice its former length, the major additions here resulting from a

1. Regnier, II, 16-17.

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doubling of the number of hunters and from mere discursiveness.[1] In some he revises the order of details, and in "Love and Folly" he achieves a picture of the Olympian gods not dissimilar in burlesque tone from his results in Typhon.[2] Sometimes, as in "The Wolf and Lamb" and "The Lyon grown old," he succeeds in rendering his original almost as literally as in the passage above. It was not an easy task, for his normal inclination was not to stylistic economy. When left without a guide, as in "The Carp" and especially in "The Nightingale and Owl," his two original fables, he becomes almost as diffuse as in his later paraphrase of Scarron.

Mandeville made no attempt, of course, to emulate the supple, irregular verse structure of La Fontaine. This consideration leads us immediately to the contemporary tradition in which he wrote. By employing Hudibrastic, or "familiar" verse, a detail which he was careful to suggest on the title-page of the 1703 volume and to specify on that of Aesop Dress'd, he evidently wished to interest a public which had become accustomed to burlesqued fables, and this desire is further exemplified in his use of "low" diction. These two elements, the

1. Other fables in which Mandeville freely expands his original are "The Rat and the Frog," "The Cat and an old Rat," "The Wolf and the Stork," "The Frogs asking for a King," "The Two Physicians," and "Love and Folly."

2. This fable was first published in Aesop Dress'd, in the same year as Typhon, and the resemblance between the two in details and tone might indicate that the additional fables of 1704 were written, like Typhon, after the 1703 volume appeared. Incidentally, another English translation of "L'Amour et Folie" came out in 1704 and was printed in the Supplement to The Review for September. It is longer even than Mandeville's, written in octosyllabics divided into six stanzas, and acknowledges its debt to "the Ingenious De la Fontaine" (The Review, ed. Secord, III, 10-12). The burlesque character of Mandeville's rendition is absent here.

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diction and verse form, create the tone of his work and are its greatest departure from La Fontaine. Their effect, and the effect of Mandeville's occasional exaggeration, is to be seen, for instance, in "The Plague among the Beasts," where occurs one of the most admired passages in La Fontaine, the confession of the lion:

> Pour moi, satisfaisant mes appétits gloutons,
> J'ai dévoré force moutons.
> Que m'avoient-ils fait? Nulle offense;
> Meme il m'est arrivé quelquefois de manger
> Le berger.[1]

Translated into Hudibrastics the entire character of the delightful lines is lost in what Dryden called "the quick returns of rhyme," and is further marred by the burlesque exaggeration: the first four lines of the following are Mandeville's own addition---

> I've kill'd an Ox, and what is worse,
> Committed Murder on a Horse;
> And one Day, as I am a Sinner,
> I have eat seven Pigs for Dinner,
> Robb'd Woods, and Fens, and like a Glutton,
> Fed on whole Flocks of Lamb and Mutton:
> Nay sometimes, for 'tis in vain to lie,
> The Shepherd went for Company.[2]

1. Regnier, II, 96.

2. Compare these lines to Typhon, ll. 97-104, 725-734. It may be mentioned here that Mandeville comes closer to a perfect metrical translation of La Fontaine in "The Grasshopper and Ant" than in any other of his fables, because the original is also written in a short line of approximately uniform length.

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So far as his style is concerned, then, Mandeville was following directly in the footsteps of L'Estrange and Dennis, though his renditions are for the most part less vulgarized than theirs.[1] To the moral tag of his fables, that element which above all others the English valued, he paid scant attention. Therein, of course, he was faithful to the technique of La Fontaine, and, like him, often used no moral tag at all or else conveyed the moral unobtrusively through the story itself, as in "The Lyon's Court." By choosing to write thus, it may be emphasized, he was departing sharply from English tradition. Furthermore, even in the moral tags which he did employ, his reflections are rather general than otherwise; he refers to the short-sightedness of the "vulgar" and praises kingship, glances at coffee-house politicians, at the Trimmers, at unscrupulous barristers, and at the English restlessness under all forms of government, but always in a restrained manner. None of his opinions was likely to be controverted. Only once, in his allusion to the Post-Boy of Abel Boyer and the Flying Post of George Ridpath in the fable of "The Woodcleaver and Mercury," does his censure become specific; and even that passage is buried in

1. There is no conclusive evidence that Mandeville knew Dennis's translation of La Fontaine. He translated five of the same fables, but with the exception of one or two possible coincidences of ideas which are not in the French, all similarities between the two translations can be ascribed to the original. On the whole, Mandeville's versions are the better, and he is a good deal closer to La Fontaine in his handling of the moral element. However, both men adhered to the English tradition in substituting burlesque humour for the Frenchman's sly innuendo.

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the fable, not displayed at the end.

Mandeville's acquaintance with La Fontaine is nevertheless an important thread in any reconstruction of his development both as a literary man and as a thinker. His interest in fables never entirely waned, and those of 1703 point, though not obviously, to his most important poem, The Grumbling Hive of 1705. Furthermore, he discovered in La Fontaine numerous ideas which may have set him to thinking, or which, it is more likely, fortified theories he already held. In the translation of "The Drunkard and his Wife" a slight change which Mandeville effected in rendering one passage clarifies an aspect of his entire view of life.

> Chacun a son defaut, où toujours il revient:
> Honte ni peur n'y remedie,

pronounced La Fontaine; but that does not satisfy his translator:

> Man is so obstinate a Creature
> No Remedy can change his Nature.

The shift from the particular to the inclusive is of far-reaching import, for one of Mandeville's basic principles is his belief in the fundamental and irremediable corruptness of human nature.[1] It influenced, for one thing, his scepticism about campaigns for moral betterment as embodied in the current movements for the reformation of manners, and also his dislike for the restlessness stirred by recriminations in church and state.[2] Again, La Fontaine's work was apt reading for a man who himself grew to look upon "La sotte vanité

1. Cf. below, p. ccxi.

2. Note the moral to "The Frogs asking for a King" (not in La Fontaine), and cf. below, pp.

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jointe avecque l'envie" as the mainspring of human activity, and who was frequently to advance his own version of the idea:

> Je ne sais d'homme nécessaire
> Que celui dont le luxe épand beaucoup de bien.
> Nous en usons, Dieu sait! notre plaisir occupe
> L'artisan, le vendeur, celui qui fait la jupe,
> Et celle qui la porte...[1]

Professor Kaye's description of the 1703 volume as "a general and not a specific satire" is none the less correct, and it may have been partly for this reason that the fables did not enjoy much success. For five years London had been accustomed to far less innocuous renditions of the Aesopean material, and political fables had almost preempted the field. In a sense, then, Mandeville's translation was too faithful to its original, too lacking in direct moral and social implications to please the taste of the town. During 1702 and 1703, when he was writing or at least preparing to print this book, the nation was torn by some of the bitterest dissension of Anne's reign, the quarrels over Occasional Conformity and over the war with France. In _Protestant Divisions: Or, Party against Party_, a view of affairs in 1702, the author asserts that in London,

> ...such Contentions did I find,
> Amongst ill-natur'd Human Kind,
> That Savage Beasts in Caves and Dens,
> Or Frogs and Toads in Bogs and Fens,
> Sea-monsters pickl'd in Salt-water,
> Or Birds of a devouring Nature,

1. Regnier, I, 363; II, 310. "La sotte vanité" and "l'envie," La Fontaine says, are "Deux pivots sur qui roule aujourd'hui notre vie," a belief which Mandeville certainly found acceptable. The second passage above, one may add, was ironically intended by La Fontaine, it being one of the arguments advanced in favour of worldly goods over knowledge. La Fontaine's frequent derision of human wisdom and defence of brute intelligence may also have contributed to form Mandeville's later views about human anti-rationalism.

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Were never sure since Time began,
At greater Strife than Man and Man,
Some Crying up, A War, a War,
Whilst others Cry, Forbear, forbear,
And urge we're safe enough without it,
Some Coffee-Politicians doubt-it,
And make the Div'l to do about it.
Others roar out with indignation,
Some upstart Lords have wrong'd the Nation.
And growing Great beyond all Measure,
Have misapply'd the Kingdom's Treasure,
Crying aloud, Lets Try'em, Try'em,
Another vouches they bely 'em.[1]

As Ned Ward remarked about this time,

Therefore, whoever handles Quill,
Must rail, or he'd as good sit still.[2]

In view of the general clamour, the almost complete absence of partisanship from a volume of fables professedly designed for popular consumption is strange. Certainly Mandeville did not avoid controversial issues from lack of interest or from philosophical detachment, for only a short time before, in The Pamphleteers, he had raised his voice sharply against the Tory libels on the late king. Nor could he well have been ignorant of the recent fable-tradition or of its popularity, since by 1703 he had lived in London for at least five years, long enough for one interested in fables to become acquainted with their English use. As a Dutch resident of England during an era crucial for both countries, he had additional reason to be concerned about all literature reflective of the English attitude toward the war and toward The Netherlands. His employment of the octosyllabic couplet and of a familiar diction in his fables reveals his general acquaintance with the fashion, and the paraphrase of Typhon published

1. Protestant Divisions, pp. 3-4.

2. Hudibras Redivivus (ed. 1708), Part II, vol. I, p. 10.

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the following year proves how naturally he could ape an even older English tradition.

About the only reason that one can ascribe for the tameness of the 1703 fables is that they had been translated over a period of years, "when I had nothing else to do," as a foreigner's exercise in the English language and versification, and that Mandeville expected them to gain attention without the added appeal of controversial material. He was wrong, of course; they did not sell; and in his next effort, Typhon, he diverged widely from his French source in an attempt to produce an English travesty "à la mode." The burlesque crudeness of the result may very probably be attributed in part to his effort to achieve something more satisfying to popular taste than the fables which had so recently failed to capture it.

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III. THE TRAVESTY IN FRANCE AND ENGLAND: Mandeville's *Typhon*

1.

In choosing to translate the *Typhon ou la Gigantomachie* of Paul Scarron as his next bid for literary recognition, Mandeville was attempting a species of verse which had been introduced into England forty years before, and in its day had enjoyed considerable popularity in the lower purlieus of the literary world. In 1704 it was not, like the fables of La Fontaine, an unknown quantity to the booksellers. Moreover, although in *Typhon*, as in his fables, Mandeville apparently worked from the original French, the result is so completely unlike Scarron that it will be necessary to investigate the influence upon Mandeville of both the French and English traditions.

English travesty of the seventeenth century is a sad reflection of its French contemporary. Though it seems to have owed to Scarron and his followers most of its original inspiration, it is even more alien to their spirit and handling than the English fable was to La Fontaine. The English had no Scarron. They had Butler; and the work and personalities of the two men who respectively dominated the field of seventeenth-century burlesque in their countries were separated by a Channel whose width no packet-boat could traverse, and deeper than the gap between Wycherley's Manley and Molière's Alceste. Butler's amazing, tumbling wit, incredibly sharp and fierce, loaded with the mordant scorn and contempt of a man who found no peace in a morally insane world, who detested the joyless debauchery of Charles's court as he detested the fanatic zeal of the Puritans, has no counterpart in Scarron's verse. In Scarron we find a light playfulness,

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which at rare times could change to bitter and short-lived mockery, a delicate sense of form and style, and, in general, the reflection of a puckish spirit triumphing over the almost ceaseless agony of a paralytic body. It is true that Scarron's works, at least the most characteristic of them, were pure travesty, and therefore were more aloof and more detached from moral considerations than were Butler's. But nothing is more significant of the contrast between the two than the way in which the travesty in Hudibras is battered and almost entirely swamped in the swelling waves of Butler's moral indignation.

The differences between these two men are partly to be accounted for by the state of society in the nations to which they belonged. It is perhaps easy to over-simplify the picture of France in the era just preceding Molière's first presentations at the Louvre, because in itself the scene was unusually coherent; and it was the dominance of social and literary conventions in that time which produced the insurrection of burlesque. The French Academy, for instance, during two decades exerted a strong and centralizing influence on literary opinion. That its standards were classical---in accordance with the Renaissance interpretation of the word---is too well known to need elaboration. Even the major non-elect of the early years---Corneille, Pascal, Descartes, Molière---subscribed to a classical standard in an unpedantic sense. Irregular drama was defended by some, like Ogier, and also partially by Corneille himself; but the weight of literary opinion was in favour of a strict pseudo-classical form and decorum, and of entire homage to Aristotle and Horace. And decorum, as I have noted in speaking of the fable, seems to have meant not merely a tenet of formal criticism, but an avoidance

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of the crude, the vulgar, and notably of the obscene. The aim of the Academy, on the whole, was to purify, elevate, and dignify the French language, and it is significant of the prevailing ideal that in the list of authors whose books were to form the basis of a great new dictionary, proposed in 1638, the name of Rabelais was omitted.

Working in the same general direction as the Academy in its attempt to standarize French letters was the précieuse movement, in itself of considerable importance to an understanding of the later burlesque and travesty. Early in the century Catherine de Vivonne, an Italian by birth and education, though married to a French nobleman, found the French court too uncouth and warlike for her taste, and retired to her home in the Rue Saint- Thomas-du-Louvre. There she gathered about her an assemblage of choice intimates, men and women, for discussion of literature, manners, and, indeed, of all contemporary topics of interest. The inter-relations of the group were regulated by the observance of certain rules of refinement, modesty, and gallantry between the sexes, and of purity, decency, and---that which has been most often noted--of esprit in conversation. Fundamentally the ideal of the Marquise de Rambouillet was to raise the tone of society; the women who frequented her home "substituerent peu à peu des plaisirs et des goûts intellectuels aux passions et aux jouissances brutales."[1] Their literary tastes these ladies and gentlemen found embodied particularly in L'Astrée, a pastoral romance by Honoré d'Urfé, which appeared in five installments from 1607 to 1627. It was chiefly con-

1. Gustave Lanson, Histoire de la Littérature française, p. 380, n.

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cerned with love---platonic love, dissected, analyzed and expatiated upon in hundreds of pages. Therein too were the delicacy, the gallantry, and the decoration of speech which made it for twenty years a model of the social amenities. From it came the vogue of pastoral names for the intimates of the *Chambre bleue*, where Mme. de Rambouillet held her famed assemblies. Malherbe himself gave to the Marquise the title of Arthénice, and similar appellations became a mark of the elect.[1] From that time forward the characteristic literature of the *précieuse* movement was the pastoral or heroic romance, and *Clélie*, *Cyrus*, *Moïse sauvé*, *La Pucelle*, *Alaric*, and many others of the kind are all indebted to *L'Astrée*, with its rambling, episodic narrative, its interminable disquisitions on platonic love, its elaborate ornamentation of conceits, hyperbole, and antitheses. To place one's contemporaries in these romances, veiled thinly under pastoral names, became as fashionable as to recreate the heroes of epic, romance, and Biblical literature, all new-modelled to fit the taste of seventeenth-century French manners.

The influence exerted by the Hôtel de Rambouillet was not confined to the interest it helped to create in the pastoral romance. Included among the habitués of the *Chambre bleue* during its long career were Chapelain, Conrart, Saint-Amant, Voiture, Gombauld, and Vaugelas, all members of the Academy; Richelieu visited it often in the days before he entered upon his high political career; Corneille came during his infrequent visits to Paris; and the letters of Jean de Balzac to his friend Conrart were usually read before the assembly. Through these men the Hôtel made itself felt in French literature, and even

1. Ch.-L. Livet, *Précieux et Précieuses*, p. 11.

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though it was not responsible, as it has been remarked, for the creation of the Academy, "nous pouvons dire qu'elle y a été nourrie, pour ainsi dire, et élévee. La plupart des académiciens, sinon tous, y'étaient admis; les questions agitées à l'Academi l'avaient d'abord été ou devaient l'être ensuite chez la marquise."[1]

From the beginning the _précieuse_ movement was feminine. "Les gens de lettres étaient recherchés, et honorés, mais ils ne dominaient pas."[2] In the _Grand Dictionnaire des Précieuses_ by Somaize, published in 1661, there is even no masculine term corresponding to _précieuse_. "The fact is significant of the glorification of women which marks the whole movement."[3] Following the lead of Mme. de Rambouillet, other salons were established by the Princesse de Condé, Mme. de Rohan, the Duchesse d'Aiguillon, Mlle. de Scudéry, and Mme. de Sable--to mention only the better-known--all of whom likewise were visitors in the Rue Saint-Thomas. The invaluable effects of these centres of influence can readily be summarized. For one thing, "le langage prit une décence rarement observée jusque-là et demanda en outre à l'Italie la délicatesse et la galanterie, à l'Espagne le gravité et la noblesse. Alors enfin naquit l'esprit de conversation."[4] The women were also either responsible for, or a power in enforcing, the

1. Livet, _op. cit._, pp. 31-32.
2. Livet, p. 6.
3. Arthur Tilley, _From Montaigne to Molière_, p. 197.
4. Livet, _op. cit._, p. ii.

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orders of Richelieu and Louis XIII for the observance of decency on the stage. Routrou, in dedicating to the king *La Bague de l'Oubli* (printed in 1635), boasted that if his Muse were not beautiful she was at least virtuous. In the *Gazette* of the same year appeared an official statement that "His Majesty, knowing that comedy, since the time when everything that could offend the most delicate ears was banished from the stage, is one of the most innocent and agreeable diversions of his good town of Paris, intends to support three companies of players." And this was followed, in 1641, by a royal edict forbidding all players to use words or gestures which might offend public morality.[1] French literature, in rather vivid contrast to that across the Channel, and thanks largely to the *précieuses*, was destined generally to observe these principles of decency for some years.

The Italianate influence on *préciosité*, however, was not an unalloyed benefit, and the degeneration of that *délicatesse* and *galanterie* which Livet mentions brought odium upon the entire movement. The desire to encourage purity, dignity, and elegance in the language--objects of both the Academy and the Hôtel de Rambouillet --easily passed into a form of that stylistic aberration which swept through the literatures of Europe during the late Renaissance, represented by "Marinism" in Italy, "gongorism" in Spain, and "metaphysical wit" in England.[2] During most of its splendid career, however, the Hôtel de Rambouillet suffered from none of the excesses

1. Tilley, *op. cit.*, pp. 174-176.

2. Cf. H.J.C. Grierson, *The First Half of the Seventeenth Century*, pp. 366-367.

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of the spirit which it had cultivated. Its devotion to esprit in conversation never became an insistence on elaborated and bizarre ornamentation of speech; its tone of gallantry, modelled on L'Astrée and other popular romances, never hardened into prudery and affectation; the ladies there never pretended to superior learning or aspired to authorship. Chapelain, writing to Balzac in 1638, remarks that "there is no place in the world where there is more good sense and less pedantry."[1] It was the spread of the salon ideal into the bourgeois classes and into the provinces which brought the decline. At Poitiers, Bordeaux, Aix, Arles, Montpellier, and especially at Lyons there were salons. "Here préciosité ran riot; delicacy became absurd prudery, and language a mere jargon."[2] The heroines of Les Précieuses Ridicules, one may recall, were not Parisians.

The reaction against the absurdities of préciosité is generally considered to have begun in 1659 with the first production of this play of Molière's. Since early in the century, however, "a countercurrent of realistic and satirical story, dealing with life as it is, and not as the Hôtel de Rambouillet loved to imagine it, ran side by side with the more fashionable stream."[3] The best-known of these early works was the Histoire Comique de Francion by Charles Sorel, which appeared in 1622, was later enlarged, and was succeeded by Le Berger Extravagant of the same author. And then, in 1643, Paul Scarron pub-

1. Tilley, op. cit., pp. 198-199. See also Livet, op. cit., p.xxiv.
2. Tilley, op. cit., p. 211.
3. Grierson, op. cit., p. 267.

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lished his first volume of poetry, Recueil de quelques vers burlesques.

Although it is generally, and rightly, considered that Scarron's work was a reaction against préciosité, there are reasons which make it necessary to qualify such an opinion, and which enable us more clearly to understand French travesty and, indirectly, its English debtor. For one thing, Scarron did not belong either by heredity or by association with the lower reaches of the literary or social world. His father was for forty-two years one of the judges of the Cour des Comptes in Paris, and Scarron numbered among his friends some of the most influential persons of the day, including the prince, Gaston d'Orleans; Mme. de Schomberg and her son, the brilliant soldier of Louis XIV's reign; Marie de Hautefort, who enjoyed the favour of the Queen; the Duchesse de Rohan; the Comte de la Châtre; and, besides these, most of the men of letters of Paris. At the age of twenty-three his name appeared beside those of Routrou, Hardy, and Corneille as authors of commendatory verses prefixed to Georges de Scudery's first printed play, Lygdamon et Lydias.[1] He as this time frequented the salons of Paris, and wrote "vers galants, adressés à des Iris et à des Silvies, qu'il célèbre sur le mode langoureux du temps."[2] He engaged in the most famous literary quarrels of the day, that directed by Ménage against Montmaur and that over the sonnets of Job. Throughout the remainder of his life one of his best friends was Madeleine de Scudéry, collaborator with her brother in several famous pastoral romances and herself hostess of a distinguished successor to the Hôtel de Rambouillet.

1. Livet, op. cit., p. 218.

2. Paul Morillot, Scarron et le Genre Burlesque, p. 11.

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Apparently from childhood Scarron possessed a gift for raillery, and this tendency no doubt was encouraged during his adolescence by association with an eccentric and stubbornly self-willed father and with a step-mother who appears to have been like a termagant out of a Grimm tale--shrewish, unjust, and avaricious. Anything might have resulted from such an environment; a more powerful spirit might have grown up a misanthropic Swift or an acidulous Butler; but in Scarron, of lesser strength than either, there were encouraged a trace of self-pity and a release in mocking laughter. Then, with a clerical career of considerable promise before him, he was seized in 1638 with a fever which developed into rheumatism; Scarron gradually became the _cul-de-jatte_ whom he himself later described so vividly. The effect of his malady was to accentuate not only a tendency to brood over himself which is noticeable in his writings, but also his spirit of mockery: "il resta gai par necessité comme il l'était déjà par nature; ce devint comme une forme de sa maladie."[1]

In his extremity--for he was without money--Scarron's friend Marie de Hautefort obtained for him an audience with Anne of Austria, from whom he asked a benefice, among other things. He obtained only a gift of 500 _écus_. On this, at any rate, he was able to live a few months, and towards the end of the year 1643 appeared the collection of his verse which has been mentioned. It was a great success, and his reputation as a poet went throughout Paris and beyond; one of its results was a eulogistic letter from Jean de Balzac

1. Morillot, _op. cit._, p. 169.

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to Conrart, which no doubt was read to the intimates of the Chambre bleue, and was later prefixed to collected editions of Scarron's writings. Encouraged by his reception, the poet set to work; and in 1644 he published Typhon, dedicated to the great Mazarin, and four years later the first installment of Virgile travesty, dedicated to Anne of Austria. Though Mazarin did not deign to recognize Typhon or its author, the poem was popular, and it remained the favorite of Scarron: he spoke of it always "comme d'un enfant chéri à qui l'on n'a pas assez rendu justice."[1] But the reception of Virgile was another story:

> Le succès en fut immense, que la vogue du burlesque envahit tout: ce fut un vrai triomphe; Corneille n'a pas recueilli plus d'applaudissements pour avoir fait le Cid, que Scarron n'en reçut pour les billevesées qu'il fait débiter à messire Aeneas. C'est alors vraiment la belle époque de la carrière littéraire de Scarron; si imméritée qu'ait été cette faveur, si profonde qu'ait plus tard la chute, il ne faut pas oublier que Scarron a été de son temps un chef d'école, honneur qui n'est échu qu'à trois ou quatre poètes en France, à Ronsard, à Malherbe, à Victor Hugo; plus de cent poètes vont surgir, qui se réclameront de son nom, qui le proclameront leur maître, qui l'imiteront, qui lui attribueront leurs vers pour les faire vendre.[2]

The reasons for this popularity, if one leaves aside for a moment the literary merit of the pieces, are not far to seek. For one thing, Typhon and Virgile pleased by their novelty and their wit. In the second place, they appealed to a not inconsiderable section of the public which was somewhat tired of the excess of précieuse affectation in language and conduct, of the jargon of eternally chaste love, the mania for employing timid euphemisms, the subtle and quitessentialized dissertations of the pastoral romance and of the Madelons and Mascarilles. Scarron's works militated, whether purposely or not, against all that had long escaped the bounds of

1. Morillot, p. 182.

2. Morillot, p. 55.

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common sense; they were a revival of the spirit of the old Gallic farce, the broad _contes_, with their insistence on a love far from platonic and on a diction the very opposite, in its directness and realism, to the _phébus_ of the _précieuses_. In this respect they bear a historical resemblance to the spirit and diction of Thomas Nashe's later prose as compared to Euphuism and Arcadianism.

Furthermore, _Typhon_ and _Virgile_ are travesties:--that is to say, they mimic the form of the classical epic and tend to ridicule the Olympian gods and the Trojan warriors by presenting them as childishly quarrelsome, drunken, gluttonous, boorish, and common.[1] There is every reason to suppose that under this aspect, too, they delighted many of their French readers. Travesty, as Morillot observes, has a chance of success only if it deals with works which are read and commented upon each day.[2] As I have briefly indicated earlier, French literature and literary circles throughout the century were on the whole devoted to the classics to an extent which had never been known in England. The Pléiade had in its time paid homage to the Greek and Roman poets and had surfeited the public with its imitations of them. Ronsard, with his entire submission to that creed, had been succeed-

1. According to strict definition _Typhon_ is not a travesty since it is not based on a particular poem as is Scarron's _Virgile_. Nevertheless its general structure and its constant mimicking of conventions of the classical epic render such a classification more natural than any other, and literary history in both France and England has generally placed it, somewhat timidly, in that category. French students have sometimes avoided the difficulty by calling it a _bouffon_ poem, a term almost as general as our word _comic_. But as it is a classical subject treated in the style of the classical epic, I see no reason why it should not be classed as a travesty, a term much more accurately descriptive of its actual style and content.

2. _Op. cit._, p. 184. E.A. Richards aptly remarks, "The travesty is almost entirely a literary tidbit, concocted for the pleasure of educated readers thoroughly familiar with the originals" (_Hudibras in the Burlesque Tradition_, p. 29).

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ed by the school of Malherbe, who, though he was cool in his admiration of the classics, had insisted upon the virtues of regularity, clarity, and decorum--that is, upon classical virtues. And the French Academy from the first had offered panegyrics of the writers of Athens and of Rome, "au pied desquels on immolait tous les poètes modernes et qu'on regardait, jusque dans les parties les plus contestables de leurs oeuvres, comme des arbitres infallibles; le joug d'Aristote, qui avait pesé si lourdement sur les esprits, n'avait pas encore disparus, malgré les libres affirmations du Discours de la Methode; il semblait encore qu'on ne pût faire d'épopeé en France sans copier Homère ou Virgile, ni d'ode sans imiter le désordre mal compris de Pindare."[1] From 1603 to 1639 there had appeared in France no fewer than twelve translations of the Aeneid as compared to one in England, one in Germany, and one in Holland during the same era.[2] In choosing to travesty the classical epic, therefore, Scarron could appeal

1. Morillot, op. cit., p. 144. No better illustration of extreme pedantry in France during this era could be supplied than the huge work, De Ludicra Dictione, of Father Vavasseur, a Jesuit friend of Jean de Balzac, to whom the latter suggested an examination of the ancestry of burlesque. The good father, after much study of the literature of the Greeks, the Romans, the early Church Fathers, the rhetoricians, critics, philosophers--during which examination Balzac died---finally presented his findings to the Academy in 1658 with the conclusion that burlesque, not having been employed in antiquity, ought not to be sanctioned in France. By the time his work was completed its utility was past, for burlesque had died of its own inanition. Father Vavasseur incidentally provides a link between burlesque and the later history of the fable in England, since Bentley refers to him in his dissertation as having ascribed Aesop's fables to Maximus Planudes.

2. Morillot, p. 183. The one complete English translation was that by Vicars, whose work Butler ridicules in Hudibras. Cf. below p. cxviii, n.

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to a public fully aware of the general technique of that form, and consequently able to relish the most subtle of his strokes.[1] It is precisely these points of classical travesty that would not be understood by the large majority of the contemporary English reading public.

In travestying the ancients Scarron was likewise reacting against *préciosité* from another direction. The *précieuses* themselves had been responsible for a kind of unconscious travesty in their interpretation of classical heroes: "On prêtait naïvement aux héros de l'ancien temps les qualités qui charmaient les habitués de l'hôtel de Rambouillet ou de salon de Sapho; alors Achilles était 'un Tyrcis ou un Philène,' Cyrus 'un Artamène,' Caton était 'galant' et Brutus 'dameret'; c'est l'époque où Mlle de Scudéry parfumait d'amour platonique toute cette histoire romaine, que Mascarille songeait déjà à mettre en madrigaux."[2] This interpretation of the ancients was now matched with its opposite and so made ridiculous.

Thus Scarron's travesty is in an indirect sense a product of the *précieuse* movement in France and of the widespread veneration of the classics at the time. His own personal relations with leading *précieuses*, however, complicate the matter of his rebellion, and it should also be realized that in his attitude toward the ancients he is not to be ranked as a compatriot of Perrault and Fontanelle. As to the first, it may be that Scarron, like Somaize, divided the *précieuses* into the "true" and the "false," and that

1. *Cf.* Victor Fournel's edition of *Virgile travesty* (p. xxvi): "Que ceux qui n'ont pas lu l'*Énéide*...ne lisent pas le *Virgile travesti*: la plupart des traits de Scarron, et ses meilleurs, seraient perdus pour eux."

2. Morillot, *op. cit.*, p. 172. *Cf.* also Livet, *op. cit.*, p. 249; Grierson, *op. cit.* p. 265.

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among the "true" he and his friends placed Mlle. de Scudery.[1] Moreover--and this is important as a contrast to English travesty---in attacking the false *précieuses* he did not ally himself with that class of society which, by its inability to understand refinement of manners or greatness in art, has always been inclined to scoff at both; that class of writers in our own time, for instance, which insists that only the sordid, the pathological, or the obscene is "strong" and "artistic"; that class, finally, one must regretfully admit, which usually has written burlesque in England. "Poète à la douzaine" though he calls himself, Scarron dedicated *Typhon* to the Chancellor, the first canto of *Virgile* to Anne of Austria, and succeeding cantos to Seguier, M. and Mme. de Schomberg, Deslandes-Payen, the Comte and Comtesse de Fiesques, and the Duc de Roquelaure. *Virgile*, when it appeared, was prefaced with eulogistic verses from de Scudéry, Tristan l'Hermite, Boisrobert, and others not so well known to history. To this evidence of the author's social and literary rank, one may add that among those who frequented his home after his marriage in 1652 to Frances d'Aubigné were many of the leading *précieuse* spirits---the Comtesse de la Suze, Mlle. de Scudéry, the Comtesse de Brienne, the Marquise d'Estissac, and the Marquise de la Sablière; and, of the men, Ménage, Sarrasin, Segrais, Saint-Amant, Pellisson, Méré, l'Hermite, Benserade, and Mesnardière---"en un mot, le tout Paris d'alors."[2]

1. Morillot explains that "Scarron, ennemi du romanesque et du précieux, devait commencer par s'en prendre à cette antiquité qui faisait le fond des oeuvres d'alors, ou qui fournissait du moins le prétexte: elle se désignait naturellement à ses coups. Il n'osait ni ne voulait s'attaquer directement aux écrivains du temps, comme avait Sorel dans le *Berger extravagant*; car il était l'ami de Mlle de Scudéry, de son frère, et il hesitait à mettre une pareille affaire sur ses faibles bras;...Il était infiniment plus sage et plus amusant de s'en prendre à la source même à laquelle on puisait, c'est-à-dire a l'antiquité" (p. 172).

2. Morillot, *op. cit.*, pp. 88-92.

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These were some of the people who thoroughly enjoyed Scarron's travesty. In appealing to their taste, it goes almost without saying that his work is remarkably free from the vulgarity, coarseness, and obscenity which mar virtually all of the later English imitations.

As to Scarron's attack on Virgil or his affinity with Perrault and the other dispraisers of antiquity, there is little evidence that he lacked respect for the Roman poet unless we judge entirely by the fact of the travesty itself. If Scarron had any satiric intention (and his works are unusually free from satire), his major butt was not Virgil, whom he later calls "inimitable;" instead it was those writers in his own time who tried foolishly to copy the classical epic and who, like Chapelain, were hoist with their own petard. Contemporary opinion on this matter is conclusive. None of those whose commendatory poems were affixed to _Virgile travesty_ perceived in it any ill-nature towards Virgil. The opinion of de Scudéry seems to have been shared by all who contributed, and even by most of Scarron's contemporaries:

> Virgile riroit lui-même,
> De se voir si bien masqué.[1]

In numerous details, one may admit, Scarron slyly takes Virgil to task for

1. According to Victor Fournel (_op. cit._, p. xliv), Racine "laughed like a child" on reading _Virgile_, and Guéret and Sorel thought Scarron had given to the burlesque _Aeneid_ a rank in its own kind comparable to the rank of the original among epics. Sorbière compared it to the caricatures of Rembrandt; and similar praises were lavished upon it by Segrais, Dupin, Féramus, Sarrasin, Charles Beys, Borrichius, and Baillet. See also Morillot, _op. cit._, pp. 187-190.

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lengthy harangues and the like, but, on the whole, there is no disrespect for the real greatness and spirit of his original. In his dedication of Canto V, issued in 1649, he deplores the bad use that had been made of his own invention by his followers:

> Tous ces travestissements de Livres, & mon Virgile tout le premier, ne sont autre chose que de coyonneries....Pour moi, je suis toujours prêt d'abjurer un stile qui a gâté tout le monde; & sans le commandement exprés d'une personne de condition, qui a toute sorte de pouvoir sur moi, je laisserois le Virgile à ceux qui en ont tant d'envie, & me tiendrois à mon infructueuse charge de malade, qui n'est que trop capable d'exercer un homme entier.

In this statement is Scarron's judgement on the flood of ephemeral and worthless verse which had been produced, partly at his inspiration, by the Frondeurs. His own part in that "burlesque war" has never been entirely clear, but it is certain that he later regretted his political divagation as well as the abuses to which the "petite Muse" of burlesque had been subjected. It was in the hands of his imitators that burlesque fell into disgrace and brought upon itself the ire of Pellisson and Boileau. Deny as he would any share in the mass of verse which was produced during that era and for which he was blamed, Scarron's disavowals were of little use. Four or five thousand _Mazarinades_ alone have been counted, of which he wrote one, many _Gazettes_ and _Courriers burlesques_, and "innombrables imitations du _Virgile travesty_, par Furetière, Dufresnoy, Perrault, Brébeuf, Barciet, Claude, Petit-Jean, Richer, d'assoucy, Picou et cent autres, sans compter les travestissements en patois languedocien

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ou bourguignon."[1] It was of this mass of verse rather than of Scarron's that Pellisson wrote in 1652, in his Histoire de L'Academie:

> Ne semblait-il pas, toutes ces années dernières, que nous

1. Morillot, op. cit., p. 152. Some idea of the real magnitude of the vogue which Scarron originated may be gathered from the following bibliographical facts, admittedly incomplete, taken from the introduction to Victor Fournel's edition of Virgile travesty. The eight cantos of the poem appeared between 1648 and 1654; there were additional printings of the first two cantos in 1648, of the first five in 1650-1651, and of the first seven in 1652 and 1653. The entire work was reprinted in France in 1655, 1657, 1662, 1667, 1675, 1690, 1715, 1726, 1734, and 1752. In collected editions of Scarron it appeared in 1727, 1730, 1786; and, at Amsterdam, in 1737 and 1752. There have been not fewer than thirty reprintings of Virgile travesty in France.

Among the imitations of Virgile, and works owing their inspiration to Scarron, the following may be cited: Virgilo deguisat (1648) by de Mountech, in Burgundian dialect; Amours d'Énée et de Didon (1649) by Furetière; L'Énéide en vers burlesques (1649) by Dufresnoy; and an anonymous L'Enfer burlesque, ou le sixième livre de L'Énéide travestie. In 1650 Barciet published Guerre d'Énée en Italie, and Brébeuf L'Énéide enjouée. In 1652 came Petit-Jean's Virgile goguenard, ou le douzième livre de l'Énéide travestie; Charles Perrault's Murs de Troie ou l'origine du burlesque; de Bergoing's L'Énéido revestit de naous et habillat à la burlesco in Burgundian dialect; and the unpublished Parodie du VIe livre de l'Énéide by Claude and Charles Perrault. The year 1657 produced an anonymous L'Iliade en vers burlesque (one book); Duprat's Los Bucolicos de Virgilio, tournados en bers agenes in Burgundian dialect; and an unpublished travesty of parts of the Iliad by de Lontaud. In addition, d'Assoucy published Le Jugement de Paris in 1648; Richer issued L'Ovide bouffon, ou les Metamorphoses burlesques in 1649; and in 1650 appeared L'Art d'aimer travesti en vers burlesques by D. L. B. M. D'Assoucy also contributed L'Ovide en belle humeur, and de Picou L'Odyssée d'Homère, ou les Aventures d'Ulysse en vers burlesques, both in 1650. Chas. Beys printed Horace travesti in 1652, and two years later came an anonymous Hippocrate depaysé. Brébeuf produced Le premier livre de Lucain travesti in 1656, and Colletet followed in 1657 with Juvénal burlesque. In 1662 an anonymous L'Art d'aimer et le Remède d'amour travestie came out, and in 1666 another Remède d'amour by du Four.

One of the notable things about this list, as compared to the history of English travesty, is the relative scarcity of anonymous poems. The reason is partly that in France censorship was adamant and licensing necessary; but the number of travesties by known authors may reflect also the comparatively high standard of the French work.

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jouassions à ce jeu à qui gagne perd? Et la plupart ne pensaient-ils pas que, pour écrire raisonnablement en ce genre, il suffisait de dire des choses contre le bons sens et la raison? Chacun s'en croyait capable, en l'un et en l'autre sexe, depuis les dames et les seigneurs de la cour, jusqu'aux femmes de chambre et aux valets. Cette fureur du burlesque, dont à la fin nous commençons à guérir, était venue si avant, que les libraires ne voulaient rien que ne portât ce nom; que, par ignorance ou pour mieux débiter leur marchandise, ils le donnaient aux choses les plus sérieuses du monde, pourvu seulement qu'elles fussent en petits vers; d'où vient que durant la guerre de Paris, en 1649, on imprima une pièce assez mauvaise, mais sérieuse pourtant, avec ce titre qui fit justement horreur à tous ceux qui n'en lurent pas davantage: _la Passion de Notre-Seigneur en vers burlesques_.[1]

French travesty had about run its course, but it was four years after Pellisson's dissertation before Scarron's name first appeared in English literature, and fourteen years were to elapse before the first English travesty in which his influence is clearly indicated would be published. As we turn to the scene across the Channel, we should bear in mind that burlesque in France was born as a deliberate reaction against _préciosité_ and the academic worship of the ancients; but that, at the same time, it was written by _habitués_ of the Parisian salons and was influenced by the nice standards of literary and moral decorum which prevailed in those circles.

2.

In our discussion of the fable we mentioned that during the latter seventeenth century English culture in general was inferior to the culture of France, and ascribed to that fact much of the difference between the fables of the two nations. The history of English travesty,

1. Quoted in Morillot, _op. cit._, p. 150. _Cf._ also Boileau, "L'Art poétique," _Oeuvres_, ed. Gidel, II, 292-295.

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though it concerns an earlier period, serves merely to corroborate our preceding inference; and here the evidence is the more conclusive since there was no well-established native tradition of classical travesty in England to which one might attribute the divergence of the Restoration from the standard set by Scarron. Historians of English burlesque, in noting the enormous aesthetic gap separating Scarron's writings from those of his English imitators, have generally contented themselves with describing the evidence, or have suggested that it was owing to the tastelessness of the latter group. Though this is true, one can assert in addition that English classical travesty was inferior because the general English reading public was culturally unfitted to appreciate Scarronian work.

Furthermore, English travesty had no legitimate objective such as that provided for Scarron by *préciosité* and by the pedantic imitation of the classics fostered in the French Academy. Despite the popularity of *précieuse* literature in England during the middle portion of the century, it seems to have had little effect in swerving real English taste. From 1650 to 1660 especially, translations of the romances of Desmarets, La Calprènede, and de Scudéry---*Cassandra*, *Ibrahim*, *Clélie*, *Cleopatra*, and others--appeared in London, serving perhaps to remedy the lack of entertainment created by the closing of the regular theatres, and provoked the interest of such men as Davenant, Hobbes, Roger Boyle, and lesser-known writers. *Gondibert*, *Parthenissa*, Chamberlayne's *Pharonnida*, Kynaston's *Leoline and Sydamis*, and Whiting's *Albino and Bellama* represent native attempts to create works in the genre; yet most of these poems fell still-born from the press. Although

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some evidence exists that Gondibert, for a short time at least, tended to supplant the French romance in the closets of the ladies, to most of the writers it was merely a butt for satire.[1] With the reopening of the playhouses in 1660 the production of these works ceased, and even translations from the French dropped off sharply. Nor does the heroic romance appear to have excited any reaction by way of travesty, except for one slight piece by Denham and except for Hudibras, wherein, as has been remarked, the element of literary travesty is relatively slight and was disregarded by most of Butler's followers.

Seemingly a more important parallel with the précieuse movement in France is the vogue of platonic love introduced into England about 1625 by Henrietta-Maria. But the struggle of the Queen and of her

1. According to a ballad of the time, Gondibert was all the rage:

> Thou art the public Icon morum,
> The ladies lay the book before 'em,
> And Polexander's not o' the quorum.
> Before they treat a Lord, a part
> Of thee is read or got by heart;
> They're catechised in Gondibert.

(Quoted by Edmund Gosse, From Shakespeare to Pope, pp. 166-167, n.) The evidence, however, of the slight esteem in which Gondibert was held by the influential writers more than counteracts this statement. Aubrey observes that "The courtiers with the Prince of Wales could never be at quiet about this piece, which was the occasion of a very witty but satericall little booke of verses in 8vo, about 4 sheetes writt by George, Duke of Buckes, Sir John Denham, etc." (Brief Lives, ed. Clark, I, 207). According to Anthony à Wood, Sir John Mennes "hath also extant a mock poem on Sir Will. Davenant and his Gondibert"(Athenae Oxonienses, II, 482). For some of the satires on Gondibert, see Denham's Poetical Works, ed. Banks, Appendix A.

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ally, Lucy Percy, Countess of Carlisle, shows us with interesting finality how powerless the feminist element in *préciosité* was in an Anglo-Saxon environment. At the time of the young Queen's arrival in England conditions there must have resembled in many ways those which had existed in the court of Henry IV from which the Marquise de Rambouillet had withdrawn. Led by the King himself, the court society around James I was notorious for its crudeness and coarseness.[1] Against its standards the tastes of the Hôtel de Rambouillet, imported by Henrietta-Maria, were set up apparently as a corrective, and she and the Countess of Carlisle formed the center of a cult of platonic love to which the courtiers subscribed lip-worship, and which affected some of the drama and poetry which they wrote. Even Ben Jonson recognized the current mode long enough to suggest its influence in *The New Inn*, and Wat Montague, Davenant, Waller, Habington, and Suckling devoted some pieces to the Muse of *L'Astrée*. But Jonson was too old a dog to learn afresh, and the homage of most of the other writers to the fashion seems only to have been in acquiescence to the will of the Queen. Davenant's allegiance was lukewarm rather than properly chaste, and that of Suckling, who at one time calls platonism "a mere trick to enhance the price of kisses," was no more than an attitude.[2] In general,

1. Cf. the accounts of Lucy Hutchinson (*Memoirs of Colonel Hutchinson*, ed. Firth, p. 64)and Sir John Harington (*Letters and Epigrams of Sir John Harington*, ed. McClure, p. 120).

2. For Suckling's general attitude toward platonism, see Fletcher O. Henderson, "Traditions of *Précieux* and *Libertin* in Suckling's Poetry," ELH, IV, 274-298.

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platonism in the court circle inclined "rather to the silly and dangerous side than to the sublime;" and though there may have been a few honest adherents, there was from the first, as in Davenant, a good deal of protest against its silliness as well as, in Habington, against its danger.[1] John Cleveland, of course, is to be ranked among the vigorous anti-platonics, and like Davenant and Suckling he seems to have opposed the new fashion largely because it was effeminate. Indeed the feminism in the _précieuse_ creed may well be the most important reason for its lack of acceptance in England and for its failure to exert any appreciable influence on the moral tone of society and literature during the seventeenth century.[2] For it was thereby antagonistic to the most enduring element in English literature and society:--its masculine strength and generally hard sense of realism.

Whatever chance platonism and _préciosité_ had of survival and

1. Jefferson B. Fletcher, "Précieuses at the Court of Charles I," _The Religion of Beauty in Women_, p. 176. One reason for Davenant's opposition is suggested in _The Wits_ (II, iii), where he associated platonism with puritanism.

2. In Suckling's "Session of the Poets" the claim of Sir Toby Matthews's "sorry lady muse" is dismissed by Apollo because though he has had "the honour to be named at court," he can only thank the Countess of Carlisle for the introduction. Other aspirants to the laurel arrive before Apollo bearing letters from the Queen; and in the 1648 version of the poem are inserted the following lines:

> This made a dispute; for 'twas plain to be seen
> Each man had a mind to gratify the queen;
> But Apollo himself could not think it fit,
> There was a difference, he said, 'twixt
> fooling and wit.

(These lines are not given in A.H. Thompson's edition of Suckling, but may be found in the notes to the version printed in _Poetry of the English Renaissance_, ed. Hebel and Hudson.)

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growth after the Caroline era---and that chance appears to have been slim---was disrupted by the evanishment of court authority with the Puritan Revolution. The poetic bridge across the interregnum is represented chiefly by a sudden crop of miscellanies in the 1650's, which, for the most part, convey the spirit of cavalier mockery degenerated often into vulgarity. _Songs of Love and Drollery_ (1654), Cotgrave's _Wit's Interpreter_ (1655), _Choice Drollery_ (1656), John Phillips's _Sportive Wit_ and _Wit and Drollery_ (both of 1656), Mennes's and Smith's _Musarum Deliciae_ (1656) and _Wit Restor'd_ (1658), Abraham Wright's _Parnassus Biceps_ (1656), and Henry Bold's _Wit a-Sporting_ (1657), all compiled for those who later were to dictate the literary tastes of the court circle, consist often of scoffing and satiric verse. Four editions of Cleveland's poems during the same decade, as well as four more in the 1660's, testify also to the taste linking the Caroline with the Restoration period.

One of the most popular of these miscellanies was Smith's _Wit Restor'd_, which will be referred to as containing the earliest English attempt during the century at a classical travesty. The volume is a heterogeneous compound of the platonizing wit of the Caroline era, showing particularly the influence of Donne, together with the crudest kind of parody of that style, and several poems in a vulgar burlesque mode. One may cite, for instance, "_A Poeticall Poem, by_ Mr. Stephen Locket _to_ Mistrisse _Bess Sarney_" as an example of the tendency which was soon to dominate English burlesque and travesty:

> To my _Bess Sarney_, quintessence of beauty,
>   I _Steven Locket_ do present my duty.
> In rythem daigne goddess to accept my verses,
> I wis with worse wise men have wip't their A----...

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But first in order it thy head doth handle
That's more orbicular than a quadrangle.
On top of which doth grow a Turff of tresses
Winter her selfe, rayd in her hoary dresses
Of frost, lookes not more lovely; thy browes truly
Have larger furrowes, than a feild ploughed newly.
Thy eyes, ha eyes (Zounds I'am so full of clinches)
Are not sunck in thy head above sixe inches;
From which distraining gently, there doth streame
Rivers of whey, mixt with curdled creame.[1]

Not improbably this curious miscellany of conceited love poetry, jesting "answers," and downright burlesque in the style of the above, compiled as it was (or, Wood says, mostly written) by two men highly esteemed by the wits of the day, can fairly be said to represent the real slightness of *préciosité* in the estimation of the cavaliers. The identity of some of these jolly companions is revealed in another poem from the same volume, "The Gallants of the Times," in which are mentioned Thomas, Lord Wentworth; Henry Wilmot, father of the famous Rochester; Sir Richard Weston, later Earl of Portland; and Sir William Cornwallis, a group of whom the author says:

Tis pleasure to drink among these men
  For they have witt and valour good store,
They all can handle a sword and a pen
  Can court a lady and tickle a whore,
And in the middle of all their wine,
  Discourse of Plato, and Arretine.[2]

Thus did the extremes meet; and it is hardly necessary to indicate which of the two, Plato or Aretine, won out in the coming reign.

In seeking, at the opening of the Restoration, for evidences of a *précieuse* culture from which burlesque might have reacted, one is first led to think of Katherine Phillips. A good deal of emphasis has

1. *Wit Restor'd*, p. 218.

2. *Wit Restor'd*, p. 135.

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been laid on her position as a bridge between the _préciosité_ of Caroline days and the new monarchy, but recent study of her life and career removes her from the list of possible centres of influence. Her circle of correspondents, it seems, included few persons with whom she was really intimate, and the so-called Society of Friendship apparently had no other existence than as a term used by Orinda when discussing platonism in her letters to friends of her own sex.[1] The pretty pastoral names with which she endowed most of her correspondents, though a trait of the _précieuse_ taste of Caroline society, are merely names, symptoms of an influence, and not indications of a regularly instituted salon. There never existed in her life anything resembling the _Chambre bleue_ of Mme. de Rambouillet, the _Samedis_ of Mlle. de Scudéry, or even the nebulous salon of Henrietta-Maria and Lucy Percy. Upon her death the apotheosis so familiar in Restoration elegies occurred, and "her reputation was exalted to the very skies, and her memory was lamented in extravagant tributes."[2] But certainly Orinda had no purifying effect on the main current of English poetry or society, nor was her influence strong enough to produce a reaction through burlesque or travesty.

All told, the attempt to find a movement in Restoration England comparable to the _préciosité_ which powerfully directed much of French literary taste during the first half of the century is fruitless. The Duchess of Newcastle, easily the most notorious learned lady of the

1. Philip W. Souers, _The Matchless Orinda_, p. 57.

2. Souers, p. 248.

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time, had no following and held no salon. Her philosophical and literary flights, her interest in the new science, and her fantastic dress and manner appear to have won for her more ridicule than respect from the women as well as from the men.[1] Neither Dorothy Osborne, Lady Pakington, Mary Boyle, Margaret Godolphin, Mary Beale, Anne Killigrew, Aphra Behn, Mrs. Pix, nor any other woman of the day who was interested in literature and the arts will supply the necessary qualifications. *Préciosité* as an organized force in literature and life did not exist in England after the upheaval of the Puritan Revolution, and hardly before.

The Restoration, on the contrary, was predominantly a masculine world, more so than the world of Charles I. In Etherege's *Man of Mode* Lady Woodvil, who is described as "a great admirer of the forms and civilities of the last age," puts the case neatly (IV,i):

> *Dorimant.* Forms and ceremonies, the only things that uphold quality and greatness, are now shamefully laid aside and neglected.
> *Lady W.* Well, this is not the women's age. Let 'em think what they *will*, lewdness is the business now; love was the business in my time.

When we examine the Restoration handling of its French literary borrowings, we are struck by the same masculinity. As Lady Woodvil suggests, masculinity often connotes a certain coarseness, and when unchastened by the influence of good taste, of tact, of clear artistic standards, or of a strong social morality---things which the *précieuse* movement in France

1. *Cf.* Dorothy Osborne's comment (*Letters from Dorothy Osborne to Sir William Temple*, ed. Parry, p. 100); that of Mrs. John Evelyn (quoted in Myra Reynolds, *The Learned Lady in England*, pp. 51-52); and Pepys's, on May 30, 1667.

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helped to provide for its literature---easily degenerates into crudeness and vulgarity. That it has often done so in English literature, especially among the second and third-rate authors, no one can deny; and during the Restoration period even the finest product is exempt from that charge only through its possession of a savoir faire and wit which is akin to that in Suckling. It is highly revealing to study the changes undergone by the material which Restoration dramatists borrowed, with such free hands, from the Parisian stage; it is almost equally interesting to note their defence of those changes. Shadwell states the general feeling of his fellows clearly in the preface to The Miser: "Nor did I ever know a French comedy made use of by the worst of our Poets, that was not better'd by 'em." For the most part the drama to which these English playwrights were indebted subscribed to principles of decency and morality which were entirely in accord with the efforts of the Hôtel de Rambouillet and of the French Academy; but in the English revision the bluntness and fundamental masculinity of taste, suggested by Lady Woodvil, are the most prominent characteristics. Without going into the threadbare subject of the immorality of Restoration comedy, one may merely point out that the constant point at issue in the satire of the Frenchified Englishman and woman is that their fine manners, their learning, their wit, and their virtue are all an affectation, an effeminate veneer of good breeding. The women, instead of being like the two entirely proper young ladies of Les Précieuses Ridicules, are persons of suspicious morals, gossipers of bawdy, whose major activity has a man and a rendezvous as its conclusion. The men are ridiculed partly because they are unsuccessful or unfortunate in their amours, and partly because they are effeminate in their affectations.

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Nowhere is there an objection by the author to their lack of virtue, but only to their professions of virtue. In this respect we may note that the Restoration wits, like their Elizabethan grandfathers, seemed to deplore the effeminizing results of imported fashions; but there is an enormous difference between the stern hatred of Italianate fashions, in Elizabeth's time, because they were a concomitant of Italianate vice, and the hatred of French fashions, in the Restoration, merely because they were affected. It was precisely when these foreign modes were not assimilated into the masculine English nature that the wits mocked at them.

The spirit of mockery, of course, has never been long absent from English literature; literary travesty, the most sophisticated offspring of that spirit, is to be found as early as Chaucer's tale of Sir Thopas, and recurs in the Elizabethan period and later in the "answers" to well-known poems by contemporaries. Classical travesty, however, is a far more specialized thing, and so far as I am aware it does not occur in English literature until the seventeenth century. In 1658 James Smith published a fragment called "The Innovation of Penelope and Ulysses, A Mock-Poem," based faintly on the first epistle of Ovid's Heroides, and written, it would appear, sometime before 1640.[1] The travesty itself runs to only 118 pentameter lines, but in harmony

1. The composition of the poem is dated approximately by the fact that one of the commendatory poems prefixed is signed by Philip Massinger, whose death occurred about 1639. R.P. Bond (English Burlesque Poetry, 1700-1750, p. 139, n.) apparently overlooked this detail when he placed The Loves of Hero and Leander (1651) earlier than Smith's travesty.

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apparently with Smith's comic intent it is adorned with an "Epistle Dedicatory to the Reader," six commendatory poems, including "The Author to the Author" and "The Author to himselfe," and a versified preface; it is also supplemented by forty ballad stanzas with the familiar refrain, "Which nobody can deny." Indeed "The Innovation" is almost lost in its context, and assumes the appearance of an introduction to the ballad, which is made up largely of contemporary references, with a few girds at the Puritans. "This History deserves a grave translation," Smith opines solemnly, and so he proceeds to embellish his lines with copious learned footnotes. The opening passage will suffice:

> O All ye (1) Cliptick Spirits of the Sphaeres
> That have or (2) sense to hear or (3) use of eares,
> And you in number (4) twelve Caelestiall Signes
> That Poets have made use of in their lines,
> And by which men doe know what Seasons good
> To gueld their Bore-piggs, and let Horses blood;
> List to my dolefull glee, o (5) list I say,
> Unto the Complaint of Penelopay.

(1) The harder the word is, the easier it is to be understood.
(2) (3) In varying the use of the sense, the Author shewes himselfe to be in his wits.
(4) There the Author shewes himselfe to be well versed in the Almanack.
(5) Being twice repeated, it argues an elegant fancy in the Poet.[1]

A. H. West remarks of Smith's travesty that "la première chose qui frappe l'attention du lecteur, c'est l'attitude irrespectueuse du poète envers la littérature classique ancienne."[2] This judgement appears to me precipitant, and is based only on the fact that Penelope and Ulysses are burlesqued; Smith rather seems to be having a little

1. Wit Restor'd, p. 273.

2. A. H. West, L'Influence Française dans la Poèsie Burlesque en Angleterre entre 1660 et 1700, p. 37.

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literary fun with Ovid's story, and the mock-seriousness of his manner is neatly accomplished. Particularly notable is the poem's freedom from the heavy-handed vulgarity and obscenity of later English travesty.

Even before Smith's mock-poem was printed, another travesty had appeared in England, the vulgarity of which was destined to be followed by later English Scarronians. The Loves of Hero and Leander, A Mock-Poem, written in octosyllabic couplets, came out in 1651, was reprinted in 1653, twice more after the return of Charles II, and again in 1705.[1] It possesses one merit only: a touch of sincerity in the description of nature which is oddly out of place and which occurs in no later travesty. In this respect--and this only--it is not unlike the naïve directness of many folk ballads:

> Leander being fresh and gay
> As is the leek or green popey;
> Upon a morn both bright and clear,
> When Phoebus rose and had bedight,
> Himself with all his Golden rayes;
> And pretty birds did perch on sprayes;
> When marigolds did spread their leaves,
> And men began to unbutton sleeves:
> Then young Leander all forlorn,
> As from the Oak drops the acorn;
> So from his weary bed he slipt,
> Or, like a School-boy newly whipt;
> But with a look as blithe to see,
> As cherry ripe on top of tree.

Were the poem continued in this manner, one could not deny its possibilities; despite the stiff metre, it has something of the quaint charm of Gay's pastorals. But the author lived in the seventeenth, not the eighteenth, century; and he was seemingly unable to avoid marring his work hopelessly with smut. Leander goes forth into the fields and there

1. Cf. Bond, op. cit., p. 139, n.

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meets with Hero. H is first address is typical of the rest:

> Leander having clear'd his throat,
> Began to sing this pleasant note.
> O would I had my Love in Bed,
> Though she were ne'er so fell;
> I'd fright her with my Adder's head,
> Until I made her swell.
> Oh! Hero, Hero, pity me,
> With a Dildo, Dildo, Dildo, Dee.[1]

One cannot but conclude that passages like this, which are frequent in the poem, had much to do with its popularity---more, judging from later travesty, than the parts which would appeal to chaster ears.

It is entirely possible that this anonymous piece was a product of the intercourse between France and England during the interregnum, and that the author was induced to write travesty through his acquaintance with Scarron's work. There are no documents which avail to fix the precise date when Scarron's burlesque was imported, but it very probably was known to many Englishmen prior to the first appearance of his name, in 1656, in Flecknoe's Diarium.[2] Several attempts have been

1. My quotations and description of this poem have been taken entirely from the complete analysis of it given in A. H. West, op. cit., pp. 173-181.

2. The difficulty of trying to ascribe the indebtedness of English burlesque writers to any particular source is indicated in the prologue of Flecknoe's poem:

> Being Diarium to write
> Whose Genius shall I invite?
> Or of whose Muse invoke the Favour
> To assist me in my Labour?
> Greek Aristophanes, or Plautus
> In Latin where not many a Fault is,
> Or in Spanish of Cervantes
> Excellent in's way I grant is,
> Or of Scarron le Malade
> Best yet France has ever had,
> Or Secchia Rapita's Author,
> In Italian has no Fault there,
> Or our English Doctor Smith
> Whose Muse so bonny is and blithe,
> Or, in fine, of Sir John Mennis,
> For excellence yieldeth not to anys....
> (Quoted in West, op. cit., p. 33, n.).

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made to establish Butler's indebtedness to Scarron, but in the absence of external proof and of conclusive internal evidence the matter remains a moot point.[1] Even if it could be proved that Cleveland and Butler knew Scarron's work--and there seems no particular reason to doubt it--the fact would serve to indicate little more than that Butler was possibly inspired thereby to employ a framework of travesty for his satire. For in all other respects *Hudibras* is vastly different from anything Scarron ever wrote.

Nevertheless the appearance of *Hudibras*, Part I, in December, 1662, must be considered an important event, indirectly, in the history of English travesty, for it is likely that its great popularity induced Charles Cotton shortly afterwards to try his hand at a somewhat analogous kind of poem. Yet it must be emphasized that Butler's target was not a literary coterie, but religious schismatics; and though he doubtless had known the foibles of heroic romance and heroic love, and possibly had been acquainted directly with the fashions of the *précieuse* ideal, the element of travesty in *Hudibras* was almost entirely neglected by his imitators, who used its style and devices for their own attacks on

1. W. F. Smith remarks in his article on Butler in the *Cambridge History of English Literature* that "Butler's model in style, to a very great extent, must have been Scarron," and the question has attracted comment or investigation by S. E. Leavitt, J. W. Courthope, Charles Whibley, Edmund Gosse, and A. H. West. The latter carefully examines the various opinions in his study of Scarron's influence (*op. cit.*, pp. 124-146), and concludes that "Butler a entrepris son oeuvre sans être influencé par Scarron et qu'il ne doit rien à un écrivain qui lui est nettement inférieur-- pas même la forme de son ouvrage."

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political and religious conditions.[1] It is rather to Cotton that we must ascribe the introduction of classical travesty in the Restoration period.

Cotton's poem, issued anonymously, appeared early in 1664 with the title of Scarronides, or Virgil Travestie.[2] Based on the first book of the Aeneid, it was reprinted in 1665, again in 1667 with the addition of the fourth book of Virgil handled in the same style, and the two were issued together four times more in the century, again in 1709, and as part of a collected edition of Cotton in 1715. As the most popular classical travesty of the Restoration, from the pen of perhaps the most respectable men of letters who can be numbered among the contemporary writers of that species, it reveals much about the public taste and also about the work of his followers. It may be remarked, first of all, that Cotton's poem is an extremely free paraphrase of Scarron, almost an independent handling of Virgil. As a travesty in the cultured Scarronian sense it is worthless, and it led the van in England not only in point of time but also in vulgarity. Especially in the opening portions---that part which is most often read,

1. As E. A. Richards observes (op. cit., p. 32): "Hudibras was assumed to be for all practical purposes an expression of High Anglicanism and of absolute royalty, and is therefore the source of, and in a sense the authority for, a great deal of intensely partisan verse by men who enjoyed no part of Butler's comparatively broad and impersonal view."

2. The entire title is: "SCARRONIDES:/ or,/ Virgile Travestie./ A Mock-Poem./ Being the first Book of Virgils Aeneis/ in English, Burlesque./ Imprimatur,/ Roger Lestrange./ LONDON:/ Printed by E. Cotes for Henry Brome at the Gun/ in Ivy-lane. 1664." Note that Cotton holds to the previous English term "mock-poem" and that "burlesque" apparently was an unfamiliar word. Incidentally, the Oxford Dictionary credits Cotton in this title with having made the term "travesty" as applied to a literary work well known in England. The only previous use in this sense occurs in Davenant's Playhouse to Let, c. 1662.

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and which Pepys, scanning it at the stall of Henry Brome, pronounced "extraordinary good"---there is exhibited a gusto for obscenity rather amazing in the co-author of The Compleat Angler.[1] The cultural gap between it and Scarron can readily be shown in a few passages, in, for instance, the description of Juno early in the first part:

Dis moy bien comment, & pourquoy,
Junon sans honneur & sans foy
Persecuta ce galant homme,
Sans lequel nous n'aurions pas Rome,
Ni tous ces illustres Romains
A qui nous baisons tous les mains.

But oh my Muse! put me in mind
To which o'th' Gods was he unkind?
Or what, the Plague, did Iuno mean,
(That scratching, cater-wawling Puss,)
To use an honest Fellow thus?
(To curry him like Pelts at Tanners)
Have Goddesses no better manners?[2]

One cannot but suspect, however, that a passage which caught Pepys's eye, and which perhaps aided the sale of the volume, was the description of Aeolus, which again may be compared with Scarron:

Roy, non pas des plus absolus;
Car les vents dont il est le maître,
Luy font souvent bien du bissestre,
Etant inconstans & legers:
Mais pour éviter les dangers,
Il les tient dans une caverne
Où l'on ne va point sans lanterne:
Autrement ces seditieux
Bouleverseroient Terre & Cieux;
C'est pourquoy, craignant leur folie,
Il les imprisonne, il les lie.

1. See Pepys's entry in the Diary for 2 March, 1664.

2. Le Virgile travesti, ed. 1715, I, 2. Scarronides, ed. 1664, p. 3.

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This Aeolus, as Stories tell us,
Could backward blow like a Smith-bellows;
A Day, a Week, a Moneth together,
And by his farting, make foul weather:
Whom Jove observing to be so stern
In the wise conduct of his Postern,
He made him King of all the Puffers,
Which he (because he knew them Huffers)
Durst nowhere venture, I must tell ye,
But in the Caverns of his Belly.[1]

The tone of this poem, which Cotton's latest editor calls "exceedingly witty,"[2] may not unfairly be determined from the above excerpts. It possesses a kind of equine vigour and humour, but could have been written by one who had learned his Aeneid from an imperfect synopsis of the episodes. Why did Cotton, since he knew Scarron, smear his travesty in this fashion? According to West, who makes some effort to defend him, Cotton perceived in travesty "un agréable assaisonnement de la préciosité, ou un exercice plaisant"; "il se jeta dans le burlesque par necessité et non par choix"; and "il a cédè à la mode et aux sollicitations de ses amis."[3] While these reasons do not explain his style, no doubt some of them are correct, though we know nothing of the part Cotton's friends had in the matter and the poem itself shows no evidence of being calculated as a reaction to some non-existent précieuse vogue. As an evidence of taste it is even worse, in some ways, than the 1651 Loves of Hero and Leander; and this aspect of the piece is worthy of examination since Cotton was at least partly responsible for determining

1. Le Virgile travesti, I, 6-7. Scarronides, pp. 7-8.

2. Poems of Charles Cotton, ed. John Beresford, "Introduction," p. 8.

3. A. H. West, op. cit., pp. 56-57.

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the level of following travesties.

It should be acknowledged, first of all, that the vulgarity of Scarronides was not merely aimed to catch readers, but represents a predilection of the author himself. Cotton's charming love-songs, his friendship with Walton and Sir Richard Lovelace, and his sincere eulogies of pastoral life are the most oft-remembered features of his literary work; but he was likewise a friend of Alexander Brome and of Brome's circle, and speaks of himself as one who enjoys

> ....to toss the can merrily round,
> And loves to be wet, but hates to be drown'd.[1]

After a trip to the city, he writes to a friend:

> Just the same sot I was e'er I remov'd;
> Not by my travel, nor the Court, improv'd;
> The same old-fashion'd Squire, no whit refin'd...
> And now begin to live at the old rate,
> To bub old ale, which nonsense does create,
> Write lewd epistles, and sometimes translate
> Old Tales of Tubs, or Guyene, and Provence,
> And keep a clutter with th' old Blades of France.[2]

And finally, writing about the severe winter of 1682-1683, he remarks that the ground was so hard-frozen that if Pegasus long ago had struck it with his hoof, no more poetry would have been written---not Homer, or Virgil, or Ovid, or ballads,

> And which is worse, the noblest sort on't,
> And to the world the most important
> Of the whole poetical creation,
> Burlesque had never been in fashion.[3]

1. Poems, ed. Beresford, p. 270.

2. Poems, ed. Beresford, p. 260.

3. Poems, ed. Beresford, p. 316.

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A facetious remark, no doubt; but still it suggests his pleasure in that species of verse, a pleasure which is not entirely discounted by his contemporaneous apology appended to The Scoffer Scoft, his second and last attempt at travesty.[1] "Such Trumpery a Dog would tire," he exclaims:

> Yet in the precious Age we live in
> Most people are so lewdly given,
> Course hempen Trash is sooner read,
> Than Poems of a finer Thread:
> Which made our Author wisely choose
> To dizen up his dirty Muse
> In such an odd fantastick Weed
> As ev'ry one, he knew, would read.[2]

Cotton's protest certainly was not unjust. Scarronides and The Scoffer Scoft, crude as they are, reflect merely the coarseness of word and idea which then reigned in most levels of society to an astonishing degree. Scarron's work would have had little chance in such a milieu, and in ignoring the Frenchman's taste and literary acumen Cotton was but following the same procedure which the English dramatists used with Molière.

Furthermore, in order to understand the historical reasons for Cotton's exhibition in Scarronides, one must recall that his was the first poem in English to be called a travesty. He had no English precedent except the mock-poems of the preceding era, and apparently from the time of its introduction in 1664 the term travesty was confused with the more inclusive burlesque and continued to be thus confused throughout the century and be-

1. Burlesque upon Burlesque: Or, The Scoffer Scoft. Being Some of Lucian's Dialogues, Newly put into English Fustian. The first edition was that of 1674 (West, op. cit., p. 100) or 1675 (Bond, op. cit., p. 142), and was anonymous.

2. The Genuine Works of Charles Cotton, ed. 1715, p. 253.

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yond, whenever, as was rare, travesty was used at all. It was natural, therefore, for Cotton and his imitators to follow the only similar English tradition they knew, the greatest representative of which was Hudibras and which included also some of the burlesque verses of Cleveland and Smith. Butler's poem itself, in one respect, belonged to a tradition, that of verbal attack. The slashing, vulgar diction so astonishingly fecund in Elizabethan pamphlet warfare was revived during the seventeenth century in the vituperation poured out of Oxford and Londom amidst "the troubles"; and the victory of the Royalists in 1660 produced, on that side, ballad triumph-songs almost incredibly abusive. If there could be said to have existed a tradition of literary attack in the country, it was almost entirely on the level of Billingsgate. From this plane Hudibras itself is removed only by its intellectuality and by the absorption of its grossness into its powerful, spasmodic wit.

Believing with most of their contemporaries that "we are bound to please those whom we pretend to entertain," the writers of travesty, with Cotton at their head, proceeded therefore to treat the heroes of antiquity as Butler and Cleveland and countless balladeers had treated the Puritans, either not recognizing or deliberately avoiding the literary niceties of Scarron's alien poem, and concentrating their efforts on reducing Aeneas, Juno, and other legendary figures to pot-house brawlers, gluttons, and shrews. With few exceptions they were content to hold classical travesty at the level where Cotton had placed it, and, as might be expected, the success of his crude efforts encouraged men of even lesser genius to try their hand at the innovation. In 1664 appeared anonymously Homer a la Mode, a travesty of the first two books of the Iliad written by

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James Scudamore; in 1665 an anonymous translation of Scarron's *Typhon*; and in the same year another *Scarronides*, on the second book of the *Aeneid*, written by Richard Monsey. Wycherley's *Hero and Leander in Burlesque*, somewhat better and much more learned than other contemporary travesties, was printed in 1669; and John Phillips, the ~~recusant~~ nephew of Milton, joined this group in 1672 with *Maronides*, a rather faithful rendering of Canto V of Scarron's *Virgile*, and the next year added a translation of Scarron's sixth canto. In 1673 there also appeared a translation of five of Ovid's epistles with the title *Ovidius Exulans*, by "Naso Scarronomimus," and in 1680 another travesty called *The Wits Paraphrased*, which is distinguished by its having used as an acknowledged original the translation of Ovid's *Epistles* by Dryden and others in the same year. In 1680 likewise Alexander Radcliffe published his *Ovid Travestie*, and the next year there followed an anonymous *Homer a la Mode. The Second Part*. The year 1684 produced a travesty of some of Lucian's *Dialogues*; and travesty in seventeenth-century England ceased with the publication in 1692 of another anonymous *Scarronides*,

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on the second book of Virgil.[1]

Of the sixteen classical travesties produced by Restoration writers, only those by Cotton, Phillips, and Radcliffe went beyond a single printing, and only those of the two latter were originally published with the author's name. When we compare this record with the huge bibliography of Scarron and his imitators in France, and consider also the paucity of anonymous French works, one rather hesitates to apply the term "flood" to the English vogue, as Leavitt does; and one perceives also in its anonymity a further evidence of the slight niche it occupied in Restoration literature. Though some diversity of talent is exhibited, only the poems of Phillips are direct translations of Scarron, and almost without exception the general product was obscenely

1. Only those works which clearly are classical travesties have been listed above. Cataplus; or, Aeneas his Descent into Hell (1673), written by "M.A.," whom West identified tentatively as M. Atkins (op. cit., p. 190), has nothing in common with Virgil's poem, nor has James Farewell's Irish Hudibras, or Fingallian Prince, taken from the Sixth Book of Virgil's Aeneids and adapted to the Present Times (1689). For this information I am indebted to West, pp. 81-82. It may be mentioned here that Anthony à Wood ascribes the 1692 Scarronides to James Smyth (Athenae Oxonienses, IV, 601).

There is a good deal of confusion in the bibliography of Restoration travesties, as there well might be in view of their obscurity. West, whose accuracy is slightly suspect in other details, cites editions of Cotton's Scarronides in 1664 (first book), 1665 (fourth book), and reprints of the two in 1670, 1672, 1678, 1682, 1709, 1776, 1804, and 1807 (op. cit., p. 52, n.). S. E. Leavitt gives 1665 as the second issue of Scarronides, part one, and 1667 as the first edition of part two ("Paul Scarron and English Travesty," SP., XVI, 110-111). To West's list I may add an edition of Cotton in 1715, containing both parts of Scarronides and The Scoffer Scoft. The latter poem, according to West (p. 100, n.), was reissued in 1675, 1686, 1715, and 1734; and Bond (op. cit., p. 142, cites also an edition of 1687.

The only authority for reprints of Phillips's travesties is Anthony à Wood, who says that Maronides, both parts, was reissued in 1678 (Athenae Oxonienses, IV, 683). Wood characteristically remarks that Phillips was "very happy at jiggish poetry" (II, 152).

Radcliffe's Ovid Travestie, according to Leavitt (op. cit., p. 119), saw five editions: 1680, 1681, 1696, 1697, and 1705. The third edition in 1696 was enlarged from five to fifteen epistles. Bond is incorrect (p. 141) in saying that these were not added until 1705.

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dull or merely dull.[1]

1. As Leavitt says, and West agrees, "Scarron did not play so prominent a part in this movement as Whibley would have us suppose....Among the crowd of doggerel writers following in Cotton's wake, some were unacquainted with Scarron, some found him a name to conjure with and an inspiration to follow, and but few knew his work well anough to borrow from it" ("Paul Scarron and English Travesty," SP, XVI, 118-119). Phillips's translation, it may be noted, were not so popular as Cotton's liberal paraphrases.

Radcliffe's work exhibits considerably more invention than most of the others, though it runs frequently to the pornographic. His use of anachronism is keenly realistic. One may mention, for instance, the epistle of Penelope to Ulysses: "There hapning a Rebellion in Scotland, in that Army which went under the Command of the Duke; Ulysses went to Voluntier. The Rebels being quell'd, the Army return'd home; but Ulysses lay loitering at some Inn on the Road; which when his Careful Wife Penelope understood, she sent him this Epistle; giving him an Account how Affairs stood at home" (p. 76). One of the best passages in the epistle is her description of the returned soldiers----a genre picture worthy of a better Muse:

> Our Neighbours here all day do tittle tattle,
> And talk of nothing else but Blood and Battle;
> Were you at home, you could not chuse but laugh
> To hear 'em crack and bounce, now they are safe:
> Perhaps when three or four of them are met
> And round about a Kitchin-Table set,
> There's such a Noise a Clutter, and a Din,
> The Rebel Scots are routed o're agen.
> Some with Tobacco-Pipes upon a Table,
> Do valiantly demonstrate to the Rabble
> The Foes chief Strength; with that another Spark
> Hamilton's House describes; a third, the Park;
> Another spils some Ale upon the Bench,
> And with his Finger, learns you to entrench;
> One acts how fierce our valiant Soldiers ran on,
> Dismounts a Can, and tells you 'tis a Cannon;
> Another cries Neighbours, observe and look
> This Pot's Sir Thomas, and this glass the Duke.
> Thus while the Husband draws his bloody Scheme,
> The Wives, behind their Chairs, were in a Dream;
> Nay, some of 'em (I question whether 'ts true)
> Do tell some mighty Deeds perform'd by you;
> That, being provok'd, you like a valiant man drew,
> And cut a Scotch-man's Luggs off by St. Andrew.

Note that Radcliffe differed from other writers of travesty in using pentameter verse.

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Their chief effort towards cleverness lies in the use of anachronism and in the metamorphosis of dignified heroes and deities into cowardly, gluttonous poltroons speaking the language of chairmen and fishwives. To the stylistic devices of the classical poems, in which Scarron found a major object for some of his finest strokes, the English writers paid no attention. Probably it is well for their success that they did not, for the general reading public would not have understood. I have mentioned in speaking of Scarron that, as compared to the twelve French translations of Virgil in the first thirty-nine years of the seventeenth century, there was only one in English, that of Vicars, which came out in 1632. To this may be added the version by Ogilby in 1649-1650, which was scorned by most of the ranking men of letters and which furthermore was too expensively printed to permit a wide circulation.[1] An English author who aspired to write a pure travesty therefore limited his audience almost entirely

1. There were various translations of parts of the *Aeneid* before the Restoration, such as those of Sandys (Book I), Denham (Book II), Fanshaw, Waller and Godolphin, Sir Robert Howard, and Sir Robert Stapylton (all Book IV). Two books were translated by Sir James Harington in 1658. Counting Dryden's work of 1697, there were three complete translations of the *Aeneid* in the seventeenth century, as compared to seven in the eighteenth century. (*Cf.* J. Conington, "The English Translators of Virgil," *Quarterly Review*, CCXIX, 73-114.) Possibly the proportion is a fair indication of England's cultural advance.

Dryden's opinion of Ogilby's *Aeneid* is well known (*Cf. Essays*, ed. Ker, I, 253; II, 271), and Otway in his poem "To Mr. Creech, Upon his Translation of *Lucretius*" requests that gentleman to "aym yet at Lawrels higher" and "Secure great injurd *Maro*" from the wrongs he has suffered at Ogilby's hands. The same opinion is expressed by Prior in "A Satire on the Modern Translators." Motteux remarks of Virgil in the *Gentleman's Journal* for August, 1692: "That best of poets having so long continued a stranger to tolerable English, Mr. Milbourne pitied his hard fate..." (*cf.* Dryden's *Works*, I, 331-332, n.).

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to those who knew Latin. In any era that audience would not be particularly large, and there is reason to suppose that its size was less during the Restoration than in the preceding and following eras. University education must have suffered greatly during a century which witnessed a civil war, recurrent political and religious disruptions, and sequestration after sequestration of the masters.[1] Oxford in the Restoration period, with its 370 alehouses and the carousing, tippling life of even the dons---"easy manners, immorality, loose language, disrespect"---was hardly a haven of serious study. Wood's observation that "noblemen's sons are created Artium Magistri for nothing; get fellowships and canonries for nothing" is corroborated years later by Swift, who "heard more than one or two persons of high rank declare, they could learn nothing more at Oxford and Cambridge, than to drink ale and smoke tobacco; wherein I firmly believed them, and could have added some hundred examples from my own observation in one of those universities."[2]

The old grammar schools, once so influential, had likewise lost much of their power and effectiveness in the Restoration era. As a recent historian states, the fault lay, not in the limitation of their curriculum to a narrow study of classical authors---one of the bases for popular censure--but rather in the method and aims of the teaching: "for the

1. Cf. Mallet, History of the University of Oxford, II, 365.

2. Mallet, II, 439; Swift, An Essay on Modern Education (Works, ed. Scott, IX, 163-164). Cf. The following conversation from Shadwell's The Virtuoso (1676): Longvil;....what an Unfashionable Fellow art thou, that in this Age art given to understand Latin?
Bruce. 'Tis true, Longvil, I am a bold Fellow to pretend to it, when 'tis accounted Pedantry for a Gentleman to spell, and where the Race of Gentlemen is more degenerated than that of Horses (Works, ed. Summers, III, 105).

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classics were studied not as the foundation of the humanities, but mainly as illustrations of rules of syntax, or for the attainment of proficiency in prose and verse composition....Today many men in retirement read or profess to read the classics for intellectual enjoyment; this was rare in the seventeenth century for any but the professed scholars, though Sir William Temple was an exception. Intellectual curiosity was as likely to be repressed as encouraged by the education of the endowed school, and in this respect the university was sometimes a continuation of the same routine."[1]

Nor could there be found in England an appreciative feminine audience such as that to which, partly at least, Scarron had addressed his *Virgile* in France. The poor state of female education at the time eventually aroused some critics to preach reform, among whom may be mentioned Mary Astell, who proposed the substitution of the ancient classics for French romances as reading material; Defoe, whose *Essay Upon Projects* strongly advocated better education for women; and Swift, who in his *Letter to a Young Lady on her Marriage* observes that "not one Gentleman's daughter in a thousand" can read or understand her native tongue "or judge of the easiest Books that are written in it."[2]

In view of this state of classical education and particularly of the lack of English translations of Virgil, it is easy to perceive why Cotton, even if he personally had held a high estimate of Scarron, might have chosen to write *Scarronides* as he did; but to ascribe the loose-

1. David Ogg, *England in the Reign of Charles II*, II, 693.

2. For a brief discussion of this subject, see the *Cambridge History of English Literature*, IX, Ch. xv.

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ness and vulgarity of his work to an unusual perspicacity may be to compliment him unduly. It was simply modelled to a contemporary taste which he himself found congenial, though its deficiency from the point of scholarship was also more apt than erudition to draw readers.

In the investigation of classical travesty during this era one soon is impressed with the complete lack of recognition accorded it by the major literary circles of the day. Some of this apparent disregard may be explained by the current use of _burlesque_ as a term to include all manifestations of the spirit of caricature; but in most contemporary references to burlesque only Butler and perhaps a few of his better-known followers, such as D'Urfey, seem to be considered. A major reason for the indifference, of course, is the literary worthlessness of the travesty written; but another reason, no doubt, was its lack of significance and especially its lack of a contemporary object. Men of the day were not interested, except fleetingly, in works whose major purpose was a rather pointless bespattering of mythical figures. There were too many immediate concerns for abuse, and the invective which gained readers then had a very objective goal---Presbyterians, or Shaftesburys, or Popish Plots, or Nell Gwyns. The fact that Dryden's _Absalom and Achitophel_ went into four editions in one year and into seven in ten years, while Cotton's _Scarronides_ reached its sixth printing after forty-five years, is not entirely an indication of superior literary taste in the latter seventeenth century. The truth of the matter is that Restoration travesty appealed to little in contemporary life except the taste for vulgarity and the schoolboyish delight in seeing the idols of the classroom debased. Nor should the fact that "every pupil of Busby

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would want to see the classics in this guise" be taken as evidence that the travesties were a forerunner of the "Battle of the Ancients and Moderns."[1] It is easy to see in Scarron's Virgile a prophecy of Perrault's attack in France on the ancients, since the issue originated in the same group and was launched by a man who himself had written travesty. But we must recognize that in England the writers of travesty cut no figure in better-known circles and were ignored by the men who determined the direction of the poetic current. Furthermore, as R.F. Jones has conclusively demonstrated, the English quarrel between the ancients and moderns was almost wholly confined to philosophy and science.[2]

1. The quotation is from George Kitchin, A Survey of Burlesque and Parody in English, p. 91. A.H. West, influenced no doubt by his knowledge of contemporary French literature, argues throughout his book that English travesty was founded on an antipathy to classical literature (cf. pp. 160, 170-171). Douglas Bush says that "it was not an accident that in Italy, France, Spain, England, a wave of burlesque followed in the wake of the classical revival. Extreme and often wrong-headed veneration for the classics, the hardening of neoclassic dogmas of imitation, the extravagancies of mythological poems, produced the logical reaction. The bolder spirits very early began to ask if nature had expended all its energy in the creation of the ancients, if moderns might not hope for an equal gift of genius, and there was born the quarrel of ancients and moderns which was to last for generations. A few at least of the men who wrote travesties may be regarded as the light cavalry in the army of the moderns" (Mythology and the Renaissance Tradition in English Poetry, p. 287). This is an excellent description of the background of the general anti-classic movement, and the French travesty may be rightly interpreted perhaps in that light; but it does not apply, except in the most general way, to English travesty, which reveals no conscious critical objective at all.

2. "The Background of the Battle of the Books," Washington University Studies, VII, No. 2, pp. 99-162; and "Ancients and Moderns," ibid., New Series, No. 6.

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Even the purely literary aspect of the little controversy at the end of the century between Temple and Wotton was inspired, first of all, by Temple's reading of a French attack on the ancients, and found both authors generally on the same side of the fence in regard to classical literature, especially in regard to poetry. Temple admits that in poetry no one, except Fontanelle, disputed the superiority of the ancients "that ever I heard of," and even when he decries Tassoni, Scarron, Butler, and Cotton, his objections are not based on the disrespect shown by any of them for the classics. And Wotton candidly agrees that "former Ages produced greater Orators, and nobler Poets, than these later ones have done."[1]

In view of this general agreement and of the obscurity enjoyed by the English travesties, we can ascribe to them no particular influence in deposing classical literature from the position which it had long held in the world of scholarship and which, as a matter of fact, was rapidly becoming even more solidified. They do, of course, reflect the general current of skepticism which penetrated every field of thought in the latter seventeenth century; but one should recall that from the time of the early Renaissance English literature had never been so subservient to classical authority as the French, had never crystallized the neoclassical doctrine into rules from which a deviation was tantamount to lèse-majesté. Consequently travesty in the Restoration had not the motivation which had impelled Scarron to mock the ancients; and it follows that the English travesty is far more pointless, far less aware of a pur-

1. Temple, An Essay Upon the Ancient and Modern Learning, ed. Spingarn, p. 25. Wotton, Reflections upon Ancient and Modern Learning, ed. 1697, p.39.

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pose than the French. There is in it no real criticism, nothing to make even Temple take alarm. Hudibras itself contains far more direct censure of the vagaries of classical epic than all the other travesties of the century together---and Butler, we reiterate, adopted a framework of travesty only as a piece of machinery in furtherance of his more important end of flaying the sectaries. Cotton and his followers had so little incentive for pure travesty, so little reason for it, that they omitted entirely a criticism of the epic as a literary form, fell upon its characters and episodes as material simply for aimless caricature, and produced merely a piece of seventeenth-century buffoonery.

Partly as a result of its indirection the Cottonian type of travesty was early doomed. The stream issuing from the press thinned rapidly between 1674 and 1680, and between 1681 and the end of the century only two new works appeared. A further responsibility for this decline rests, however, with the slow change in the general intellectual and moral atmosphere which became apparent after the Revolution of 1688, in the world of literature as well as in religion and politics. William III had no interest in letters, but he did gather about him as part of his ministry a group of men --Halifax, Somers, Dorset--who, having seen with their own eyes the "power of the press" during the recent crisis, patronized writers and by giving them governmental appointments helped to raise them from dependence upon the public taste. One literary realm which had been inhabited mostly by lawless hack-writers of questionable taste and morals began to be purified in 1695 when the periodical censorship expired. The immediate effect was to improve the tone of the gazettes, for through their pages respectable men of the opposition now could speak

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their minds.[1]

The habit of scoffing at virtue which appears to have been nearly a social necessity in the reign of Charles II, and to which the Cottonian style of travesty is a cousin, was not to be replaced suddenly, of course, by a respect for high moral standards; the stage remained perhaps less corrigible than any other literary domain, though it was subject to frequent attacks in the last decade of the century. Blackmore added to his literary sins in the eyes of the dramatists by his censure in the preface to Prince Arthur (1695), and in 1697 a royal notice was sent to both playhouses ordering greater decency in speech and action. Apparently these were merely symptoms of a growing movement, for in the latter year Charles Hopkins declared in the epilogue to Boadicea, Queen of Britain:

> Once only smutty Jests would please the Town,[2]
> But now (Heav'n help our Trade) they'll not go down.

Collier's onslaught in 1698 was therefore but the climax of a steadily growing and fairly widespread sentiment. The detailed story of his controvery with Congreve, Vanbrugh, D'Urfey, Wycherley, and Dryden has been told many times elsewhere and need not be repeated here. But public opinion

1. Cf. Macaulay, History, IV, 49-50.

2. Quoted in Beljame, op. cit., p. 244. Blackmore returned to the attack in 1697 in the preface to King Arthur. Congreve apologizes in the dedicatory epistle to The Double Dealer (1693) for the offence which some ladies had received from it; and Dryden observes in a letter to Walsh that "His Double Dealer is much censured by the greater part of the Town." D'Urfey's Don Quixote also seems to have offended some people, according to Collier, and Vanbrugh's The Relapse also was criticized. For further accounts of the controvery, see Beljame, op. cit., pp. 242-259; and Alfred Jackson, "The Stage and the Authorities, 1700-1714 (As Revealed in the Newspapers)," RES, 53-62.

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rallied to his aid, and by 1699 his book was in its fourth edition and bolstered by many other attacks on the current drama. In some respects, it is true, his effort had little efficacy and furnished only more occasion for jest by the playwrights; it may even have been, as Charles Whibley asserts, a complete failure, for an imposing list of plays which show no signs of purification can be arrayed from the first quarter of the eighteenth century.[1] But his attack heralded a change, a new force in society and literature, of which the Tatler and Spectator are a reflection and which is apotheosized in the sentimental comedies of Steele and in the novels of Richardson. The general effect of this change on the sort of work produced by Cotton and his followers is fully implied in Addison's famous animadversion on contortionists in the theatre; after describing one of these monstrous spectacles, he continues:

> I was very much out of countenance for my dear countrymen, and looked about with some apprehension, for fear any foreigner should be present. Is it possible, that I, that human nature can rejoice in its disgrace, and take pleasure in seeing its own figure turned to ridicule, and distorted into forms that raise horror and aversion? There is something disingenuous and immoral in the being able to bear such a sight. Men of elegant and noble minds are shocked at seeing the characters of persons who deserve esteem for their virtue, knowledge, or service to their country, placed in wrong lights, and by misrepresentation made the subject of buffoonery. Such a nice abhorrence is not indeed to be found among the vulgar; but, methinks, it is wonderful, that those who have nothing but the outward figure to distinguish them as men, should delight in seeing humanity abused, vilified, and disgraced.
>
> I must confess, there is nothing that more pleases me, in all that I read in books, or see among mankind, than such passages as represent human nature in its proper dignity. As man is a creature made up of different extremes, he has something in him very great and very mean. A skilful artist may draw an excellent picture of him in either of these views. The finest authors of antiquity have taken him on the more advantageous side. They cultivate the natural grandeur of the soul, raise in her a generous ambition, feed her with hopes of immortality and perfection, and do all they can to widen the partition between the virtuous and the vicious....

1. Cambridge History of English Literature, VIII, 168.

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On the contrary, I could never read any of our modish French authors, or those of our own country, who are the imitators and admirers of that trifling nation, without being for some time out of humour with myself, and at every thing about me. Their business is to depreciate human nature, and consider it under its worst appearances. They give mean interpretations and base motives to the worthiest actions; they resolve virtue and vice into constitution. In short, they endeavour to make no distinction between man and man, or between the species of man and that of brutes.[1]

A more complete statement of an eighteenth-century attitude which helped to doom the Restoration travesty of the ancients could hardly be found. In another Tatler the same view is behind an even more pointed censure of "the talent of turning things into ridicule": "we have seen this faculty so mistaken, that the burlesque of Virgil himself has passed, among men of little taste, for wit; and the noblest thoughts that can enter into the heart of man levelled with ribaldry and baseness."[2]

More directly important to the dethronement of Cottonian travesty than the changing moral atmosphere was the growth of a critical spirit in literature, in regard both to general principles and to burlesque itself. Broadly speaking, that growth was early manifested through the developing rationalism of Restoration letters, perceptible first in a somewhat superficial desire for precision of style, e.g., in the heroic couplet, and in the striving towards a "naked" clarity of diction as recommended by Sprat; and then in the gradual widening of the rationalistic principle to exclude excesses of any sort. In literature the first announcement of an opposition between "common sense" and obscene

1. Tatler, No. 108. The "modish French authors" whom Addison mentions are not the writers of travesty, but [illegible] such men as La Rochefoucauld and Bayle. Addison's view has considerable pertinence both to Mandeville's paraphrase of Typhon and his unflattering picture of human nature. See below pp. ccxi-ccxii.

2. Tatler, No. 63.

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diction came in 1682 in Mulgrave's attack on Rochester's eulogy of Sedley. Even in Rochester's lines, however, it is possible to discern something of Mulgrave's own critical point of departure, for in praising Sedley's "prevailing gentle Art" of seduction he makes it fairly plain that its effectiveness lies in its "mannerly" obscenity, which can "without forcing blushes, please the Queen."[1] Mulgrave denounces Rochester only for his "Bawdry bare-fac'd";

> Not that warm thoughts of the transporting joy
> Can shock the Chastest or the Nicest cloy,
> But obscene words, too gross to move desire,
> Like heaps of Fuel do but choak the Fire.[2]

This attitude toward style as a veil of obscenity, even though the immediate reason for the lines was occasional, deserves to be considered a remarkable stride forward in Restoration criticism; it is a step, not only towards purity of diction, but towards the finished skill which would later allow men like Prior to handle just such themes with delicacy and grace. In one way, Mulgrave's pronouncement is an early, indirect groping toward "What oft was thought, but ne'er so well express'd."

The logical result of a concern with words is a concern with their meaning, and the Earl of Roscommon came out in 1684 with a blanket endorsement of decorum in subject as well as in word:

> Immodest words admit of no defence,
> For want of Decency is want of Sense.
> What mod'rate Fop would rake the Park or Stews,
> Who among Troops of faultless Nymphs may chuse?
> Variety of such is to be found;
> Take then a Subject proper to expound.[3]

1. Spingarn, Critical Essays of the Seventeenth Century, II, 284
2. Spingarn, ibid., II, 288.
3. Spingarn, ibid., II, 300.

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Thus within the ranks of the literary men themselves the necessity of decorum in speech as an accompaniment to "common sense" was warring against vulgarity and license in word and subject. Spingarn notes that "Criticism was evolving a theory in which obscenity could find no place."[1]

General opinions such as these would have little immediate effect, of course, in restraining the writers of travesty, though they prophesy the imminence of a day when sheer, unjustified coarseness would find small audience among literate people. Point-blank condemnation of the Cottonian style of work, however, arose in the discussions of burlesque which exercised numerous writers during the last two decades of the century, and which were awakened in England through the fame of Boileau. In the volume containing *Le Lutrin* Boileau had also published his *Art poétique* with its sweeping condemnation of French travesty, and had prefaced the former poem with a careful distinction between the Scarronian method and his own.

> C'est un burlesque nouveau, dont je me suis avisé en notre langue; car, au lieu que dans l'autre burlesque Didon et Énée parloient comme des harangères et des crocheteurs, dans celui-ci une horlogère et un horloger parlent comme Didon et Énée.[2]

It is significant of Boileau's great influence that in the more distinguished literary circles of England the first criticism of native burlesque in general, and of travesty in particular, appeared as either approval of his condemnation or defence of the English product against his general charges. The remark from his preface to *Le Lutrin* became a critical commonplace of the utmost importance in the English history of the species, for it served to split the hitherto inclusive term *burlesque*

1. *Critical Essays of the Seventeenth Century*, I, lxxxv.
2. *Oeuvres*, ed. Gidel, II, 405.

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into two kinds; and by thus enabling a distinction between the Cottonian type of work and the mock-heroic---with Hudibras nearly always a much-esteemed, unclassifiable exception---it permitted "taste" to enter the lists against a vulgar adversary.

In 1692 appeared John Crowne's Daeneids, modelled freely after Le Lutrin and written with the intent of showing the "folly, foppery, luxury, laziness, pride, ambition and contention of the Romish clergy."[1] Though it is crude in episode and language, in that respect more like the earlier English travesty than the mock-heroic, it introduces for the first time into English the burlesque distinction which has been mentioned. Speaking of another poem in the same volume, intended as an episode to the Daeneids, Crowne follows Boileau when he remarks: "Both of 'em are a kind of Burlesque, directly contrary to that of Virgil Travestie, for that makes a Hero and Heroine talk like Higlers or Costardmongers, and this represents Priests, Chanters and Vergers, like Gods and Heroes."[2]

In the following year Dryden published his well-known criticism of Hudibras in A Discourse concerning the Original and Progress of Satire. Most of his remarks are aimed at the octosyllabic couplet, but in stating his preference for the pentameter he cites Le Lutrin and Tassoni's Secchia Rapita as the best models for imitation. Of Boileau's mock-heroic, to which it is supposed he had earlier been indebted in Mac-Flecknoe, he says: "This, I think, my Lord, to be the most beautiful, and the most noble kind of satire. Here is the majesty of the heroic,

1. From the title-page quoted in A.F.B. Clark, op. cit., p. 145

2. Quoted in Bond, op. cit., p. 29. Bond's work should be consulted for a detailed analysis of the critical movement which I am here discussing briefly.

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finely mixed with the venom of the other; and raising the delight which otherwise would be flat and vulgar, by the sublimity of the expression."[1]

Dryden's strictures on the Hudibrastic couplet brought from John Dennis a detailed reply in the preface to Miscellanies in Verse and Prose, also issued in 1693. Recognizing, however, that behind Dryden stood Boileau, Dennis opens his defence by asserting that whereas Scarron's burlesque may deserve the French critic's disapproval, Butler's does not. Scarron's language, Dennis asserts with typical English chauvinism, is "so very mean that it may well be call'd le language des Hales," and his design, if he had one, was "very Scurvy...For the only design that can be imagin'd of his Virgil Travesty, was to ridicule Heroick Poetry, which is the noblest invention of human Wit." Dennis's opinion of Cotton's work---if he had read it---is therefore clear enough, even though he mentions no English writer except Butler. In January, 1693, Peter Motteux reviewed Dennis's book in the Gentleman's Journal, and propounds one of the first English definitions of burlesque, returning at the same time to Boileau's separation of the two types:

> The Grace and Beauties of Burlesque do not consist only in a disproportion between the style in which we speak of a thing and its true Idea; th' that is the distinguishing mark of French and Italian Burlesque, of which there seems to be two sorts; as when low and mean expressions are us'd to represent the greatest Events, as in Scarron's Virgil-Travesty, or great and lofty terms to describe common things, as in Boileau's Lutrin, which (by the way) he hath call'd an Heroic Poem, and Tassone's Secchia Rapita. Good sence and a Gentleman's manner ought to be preserv'd, or Burlesque dwindles to Buffoonry, and the Dialect of the Mob.[2]

1. Essays, ed. Ker, II, 108.

2. Quoted in Bond, op. cit., p. 33.

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Motteux's opinion, as well as the opinions of Boileau, Dryden, Temple, and Rymer, was deemed of sufficient importance to warrant a separate section on burlesque in Sir Thomas Pope Blount's De Re Poetica, a collection of critical excerpts published in 1694.

The Cottonian travesty, therefore, was unanimously condemned by the leading English critics as soon as the burlesque was subjected to their examination. The winner in the fray was the mock-heroic, examples of which already existed in MacFlecknoe and the Daeneids, and the triumph was heralded by the success of Garth's Dispensary in 1699. Written rather significantly in pentameter couplets, this poem saw three more editions in the same year, inspired another mock-heroic by William King, The Furmetary (1699), and was followed the next year by Nahum Tate's Panacea: A Poem on Tea and Samuel Parker's translation of the Batrachomyomachia under the title of Homer in a Nutshell. The supposed Homeric origin of the latter probably gave to the mock-heroic the final seal of approval for all good classicists. With the exception of John Philips's Splendid Shilling, which parodies Milton's style, no other work of the kind appeared before 1704, the year in which Bernard Mandeville gave to the world his travesty, Typhon. By that time, however, it seems that the mock-heroic was firmly established, and from then on its gain in favour is balanced by the steady decline of the Cottonian travesty. In his excellent study of Boileau's influence in England, Professor A.F.B. Clark shows by a tabulation of travesties and mock-heroics how the latter gradually gained ascendancy in London. The story is clear:

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	Travesties	Mock-heroics
1680	The Wits Paraphrased Radcliffe's Ovid Travestie	
1681	Homer a la Mode. The Second Part	
1682		"N.O.," Translation of part of Le Lutri Dryden, MacFlecknoe
1684	Part of Lucian's Dialogues (not) from the Original Greek	
1692	Scarronides	Crowne, Daeneids
1699		Garth, Dispensary King, Furmetary
1700		Tate, Panacea Parker, Homer in a Nutshell
1701	The Art of Love. Paraphrased from Ovid	Philips, Splendid Shilling
1704	King, Orpheus and Eurydice Mandeville, Typhon	King, Mully of Mountown
1707		Tom Brown and John Willis (?), A Comical Panegyrick on a Louse
1708		Blackmore, The Kit-Cats Philips, Cyder Gay, Wine
1709	Swift, Baucis and Philemon	
1713		Winchelsea, Battle of the Rats and Weazles Winchelsea, Fanscomb Barn Brereton, Charnock's Remains
1714		Pope, Rape of the Lock Gay, The Fan Gay, The Shepherd's Week[1]

From 1715 to 1721 there were printed five travesties and ten mock-heroics; from 1721 to 1731, thirteen mock-heroics, or mock-elegies, and no travesties. The general conclusions to be drawn may be paraphrased from Clark: Between 1678 and 1699 mock-heroics entered the lists against travesty; between 1699 and 1720 it vanquished its rival both in quantity and in quality; and after 1720, when travesty was gasping its last, mock-heroic produced some of its greatest masterpieces.[2] During this period the

1. The list, as given in Clark (pp. 333-335), I have considerably expanded by reference to Bond's register of burlesque poems during this period. I have cited no reprints.

2. A.F.B. Clark, op. cit., p. 335. In accordance with French usage, Clark employs the word "burlesque" where I have chosen to use "travesty."

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Hudibrastic satire continued to find writers, of course, but the element of travesty had long been lost from it, and little remained but the political and religious concernment and the octosyllabic couplet, the latter emasculated as in Ned Ward and Prior. Cotton still found praisers, such as William Coward in 1709, the authors of Homerides in 1716, and Theophilus Cibber; but the travesties which were written, though some continued in the same vulgar strain which he had instituted, were for the most part considerably less obscene and more skilful than those of the seventeenth century.[1] The favour of the mock-heroic among the better-known men of the period was telling and final. As Edmund

1. Bond remarks of the 1701 travesty, The Art of Love: "The poem is strangely free from excessive vulgarity, considering the possibilities of the subject. Though long, it is well sustained and shows much sense and observation....He seems to be adapting Ovid's subject to his own day rather than deliberately taking a fall out of the ancient poet" (p. 242). In the same year as Mandeville's Typhon appeared William King's Orpheus and Eurydice, a travesty very different in tone from anything among its English predecessors. Opening in a spirit of jocular familiarity, the poem has many passages of unusual delicacy and imagination. Bond quotes a description of a fairy supper (p. 249):

> A drop of Water newly torn
> Fresh from the Rosie Finger'd Morn.
> A Pearl of Milk that's gently prest
> From blooming Hebe's early Breast;
> With half a one of Cupid's Tears,
> When he in Embrio first appears;
> And Honey from an Infant Bee
> Makes Liquor for the Gods and Me.

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Smith remarked about 1710:

> All that have any taste of poetry will agree, that the great burlesque is much to be preferred to the low. It is much easier to make a great thing appear little, than a little one great: Cotton and others of a very low genius have done the former; but Philips, Garth, and Boileau, only the latter....It must still be more acceptable than the low burlesque, because the images of the latter are mean and filthy, and the language itself entirely unknown to all men of good breeding. The style of Billingsgate would not make a very agreeable figure at St. James's. A gentleman would take but little pleasure in language, which he would think it hard to be accosted in, or in reading words which he could not pronounce without blushing. The lofty burlesque is the more to be admired, because, to write it, the author must be master of two of the most different talents in nature. A talent to find out and expose what is ridiculous, is very different from that which is to raise and elevate....The contrariety of style to the subject pleases the more strongly, because it is more surprising; the expectation of the reader is pleasantly deceived, who expects an humble style from the subject, or a great subject from the style. It pleases the more universally, because it is agreeable to the taste both of the grave and the merry; but more particularly so to those who have a relish of the best writers, and the noblest sort of poetry.[1]

3.

In the preceding sketch of the history of classical travesty in the seventeenth century it has been made evident that cultural conditions in England had little resemblance to those which had produced Scarron's work in France, and that, as a result, neither his style, substance, nor spirit was even vaguely reflected in the popular travesties of the Restoration. By the end of the century the pointless caricature and vulgarity of the latter had been condemned on aesthetic grounds by the

1. Johnson's Lives of the Poets, I, 326-327. "The travesty contained within itself the seeds of decay," says Bond (op. cit., p. 143). "Its extreme diction and 'modernization' of the classics were destined to tire an age growing in general culture. The rise of the opposing burlesque, which adopted the heroic method for small themes, contributed in a large way to the waning of the travesty vogue."

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leading English critics, and the mock-heroic was rising into favour. At this point, in 1704, Bernard Mandeville published his "imitation"--that is his own description--of the first canto of Scarron's Typhon.[1] The time need not have been entirely unpropitious, even though Typhon was not a mock-heroic, for the poem as written by Scarron was clever; it was not subject to critical disapproval because of its irreverence toward any esteemed author; and it demanded of its readers no extensive classical background. Had Mandeville translated it faithfully it might have been approved by astute readers, although, for the same reason, it would never have been widely popular.

In the preceding year, however, Mandeville had failed to gain the approval he desired for his fables in large part because he had not adapted La Fontaine thoroughly enough to English popular taste. Evidently he was not interested in a "fit audience though few," for his Typhon is a complete reversion to the spirit of Cotton's Scarronides---a spirit which had once been attractive to numerous readers, but which had languished since the production of Smyth's poor travesty in 1692.[2]

1. "TYPHON: Or The/ WARS/ Between the/ Gods and Giants:/ A Burlesque POEM/ In Imitation of the Comical/ Mons. SCARRON./ LONDON:/Printed for J. Pero, at the Swan, and S. Illidge,/ at the Rose and Crown in Little Britain, and/ Sold by J. Nutt near Stationers-Hall. 1704./ Price One Shilling." The poem was first advertised in the Daily Courant for 15 April, 1704, and was again advertised on 4 November, 1704 (Kaye, "The Writings of Bernard Mandeville," JEGP, XX, 424).

2. As it is noted supra, p. lxxxviii, n., I have chosen to call Typhon a travesty because that classification is, loosely, more appropriate than any other.

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Scarron's poem provided Mandeville merely with a framework over which to drape his own wit, a wit which differs from that of his English predecessors only for the worse. It is really astonishing to note the facility with which he had by this time absorbed not merely a command of colloquial English, but the argot of Grub-Street, Whitefriars, and the stews.

Scarron's poem of the giants and gods, appearing first in 1644, had marked the French writer's *début* in the composition of long burlesque works. From that time until at least twenty years later, when Boileau consigned it to the provinces, it was popular in France. It had the advantage of being chronologically first among his longer works and consequently of appealing by its newness; it was not as subject to pedantic disapproval as his handling of the revered Virgil; it was confined to 2300 lines divided into five modest cantos, and therefore not so likely to tire its readers as its voluminous successor. I have mentioned that it remained the favourite work of Scarron himself. On the whole, it has worn well---in some respects, better than the more famed *Virgile*: Theophile Gautier preferred it to the latter, and M. Junker, nineteenth-century student of Scarron, likewise thought it more readable and pleasing.[1]

The story of the poem, briefly, opens in Thessaly and relates how the horrible giant Typhon and his fellows, sons of Earth, sought recreation after lunch in a game of nine-pins; how Typhon, accidentally struck on the shin, angrily gathered up pins and ball and flung them towards the sky with such force that they clattered into the Olympian home of the gods, breaking Jove's prized Venetian nectar-glasses and

1. Morillot, *op. cit.*, p. 182, n.

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startling all of the gods and goddesses out of their afternoon siesta; and how Mercury, sent by Jove to demand redress, was scorned and hooted by the giants. In the second canto the opposing sides hold councils of war in mock-epic fashion. In the third, the gods successfully withstand an assault on Olympus, and follow the retreating giants to earth, where Mars and Enceladus prepare to meet in single combat. Fearing one another, however, they return to their respective forces with unfleshed swords. In the ensuing battle the gods once more disperse the giants, but Jove exhausts his supply of thunderbolts and sends a messenger to Hercules for support against a counter-attack. The onset immediately follows, the gods are themselves driven to flight, and in order to escape transform themselves into beasts and insects. Wandering thus to the banks of the Nile, they dispatch Mercury into Memphis to purchase clothing, and then enter the city in their proper shape and attire. Mercury again goes to reconnoitre the giants, and upon his return all the gods and Hercules proceed to Thessaly. In the great battle which occupies the final canto the giants are utterly defeated, and Typhon, for his contumacy, is buried under Mount Aetna.

The material for his work Scarron gathered from Ovid's Metamorphoses and more especially from the Mythologiae of Natalis Comes, out of whose confused and voluminous details about the giants he chose the most diverting, taking care to select only those which would not alarm the taste of his contemporaries. Of the result, Morillot says: "Le caractère cosmogonique de cette révolte des fils de la Terre, la terreur mystérieuse qui plane sur ce grand drame céleste, et dont il reste encore un souvenir ému dans Virgile, enfin toute la poésie du sujet (est-il be-

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soin de le dire?) a complètement disparu chez Scarron....C'est une impitoyable parodie, mais...C'est une oeuvre spirituelle et charmante."[1]

In 1665, hot upon the publication of Cotton's Scarronides, there appeared anonymously in London an English translation of Typhon.[2] By most authorities this piece has been given tentatively to John Phillips, the author of Maronides, though none of the modern students of burlesque has supplied reasons for the ascription.[3] Whoever wrote it, the poem stands up well in comparison with most of the Restoration travesties; its diction and tone are in relatively good taste, and the first two cantos, with minor exceptions, are a rather faithful translation of the French original. The author becomes more and more lax as he proceeds, however, until in the final two cantos he is improvising freely on Scarron's basic plot, omitting and changing as he pleases. His work apparently attracted little attention, though the entire absence of references to it in contemporary literature should be no final criterion. At least one copy of it seems to have caught the eye of a man decades later who was seeking a theme for the exploitation of his genius. Certain details and verbal parallels in Mandeville's Typhon and this earlier translation, details and parallels which are not in Scarron, provide internal evidence that Mandeville had known the poem of his English predecessor.

1. Op. cit., p. 175.

2. "TYPHON:/ Or,/ The Gyants War/ With/ The Gods./ A MOCK-POEM./ In Five Canto's./ LONDON:/ Printed for Samuel Speed, at the Rain-/bow in Fleetstreet, between the two/ Temple-Gates, 1665."

3. The belief in Phillips's authorship may have been based originally on an entry in Robert Clavell's General Catalogue of Books, Printed in England Since the Dreadful Fire of London (1680), which lists "Phillips's Victory of the Gods and Godesses." According to a note in Bliss's edition of Wood's Athenae Oxonienses (IV, 768), Mr. Rodd (whoever he was) says that this work is the 1665 Typhon. S.E. Leavitt ("Paul Scarron and English Travesty," SP, XVI, 113) doubts Phillips's authorship, because of the freedom of execution in the translation.

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For instance, Scarron in his brief opening summary of his story, invoked the Muse to tell him of the time

> Quand Jupin qui lors s'effraya,
> Sauve qui peut aux Dieux cria,
> Et depuis la Voute Etoillée
> S'en courut à bride avallée,
> Aussi timide qu'un Conil.[1]

To these lines the 1665 translator contributed Jove's means of travel:

> ...when great Jove with fear
> Ran here and there, and everywhere;
> Upon his Horse-bird got astride;
> The devil take the hindmost, cry'd.[2]

And in Mandeville's version of the same passage we find a reference to the winged Pegasus immediately followed by the line:

> When Jove got trembling on his Bird.[3]

Less coincidental than this parallel, it would seem, is a detail of Typhon's feast which is described by both Mandeville and his English forerunner. The latter gratuitously adds to Scarron's uncircumstantial account of this event the fact that the menu was of "Whales white-broth," a tid-bit which Mandeville also furnishes:

> [Typhon] ask'd some of his Brother Rakes,
> To dine upon as fine a Dish
> Of sucking Whales, as Men could wish.[4]

Furthermore in Jove's advice to Mercury about the embassy to Typhon, Mandeville seems to follow the earlier English translation. Scarron's Jupiter is unrelenting in his threats of vengeance, but in the poem of 1665 we find Mercury suggesting to Typhon that he may be able to gain

1. Typhon, ed., 1719, p. 6.
2. P. 5.
3. Ll. 58-59.
4. Typhon, ed. 1665, p. 7; Mandeville, ll. 98-100.

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forgiveness:

> ...let him (with submission) know,
> 'Tis your request to kiss his toe:
> Be ready too, without a halt,
> To cry Peccavi for your fault.[1]

Mandeville puts this idea into Jove's mouth:

> Tell Typhon, he'll find no small trouble,
> If he designs to make m'his Bubble;...
> But then, to wheedle him, you may say,
> Good words and Pray'rs may go a long way;
> To cry Peccay's, and knock under
> Is th' only Shield against that Thunder.[2]

The giant, however, refuses to submit:

> Tell Jove, I say, that he an Ass is,
> For thincking, we should buy his Glasses.[3]

And the latter statement is an echo of the corresponding passage in the earlier version:

> Tell Jove, I hold no answer fit,
> But this: We will not purchase Glasses
> For him, nor his celestial Asses.[4]

Notwithstanding this seeming acquaintance with the other English translation, a general comparison of Mandeville's "ragout" with its two predecessors convinces one that his indebtedness to either is slight. The verbal parallels with the English version are interesting, but Mandeville's work is entirely too fluent to warrant the assumption that he thought it

1. P. 27.

2. Ll. 579-586.

3. Ibid., ll. 947-948.

4. P. 28.

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necessary, as a foreigner, to be guided by that poem in his own rendition. It is more likely that he had read it years before, after his arrival in London or perhaps more recently while seeking grist for his literary mill; and that, knowing of Cotton's success and feeling that an equally robustious handling of Typhon would find readers, he had chosen to exercise his vein of raillery on the subject. In doing so he diverges so widely from both his originals that his poem is hardly even a paraphrase of Scarron. Some evidence of his freedom is to be discovered in the fact that Scarron employed 486 lines in his first canto, forty-three of which are an address to Mazarin and Louis XIV which is omitted, of course, by both English writers; that the translator of 1665 used 402 lines for the same canto; and that Mandeville uses 972 lines, almost double the number in Scarron.

In the very opening of his poem Mandeville allows his originality full sway. Whereas Scarron enumerates Hector, Aeneas, Amphiarus, Capaneus, and Achilles as the persons about whom he chooses not to sing, and is followed carefully in the 1665 version, Mandeville borrows only Aeneas from Scarron and then diverges to mention Adam, Eve, and Ulysses. After ten more lines of digression he comes back to Scarron and translates rather accurately the description of Typhon. But by the time he arrives at the early account of the giants' feast his Muse is in control, and he greatly expands upon both his predecessors with a surfeit of realistic detail. Scarron passes briefly over the dinner and continues directly to the fateful game of nine-pins:

> Aprés avoir très-bien diné
> Jusqu'à ventre deboutonné,
> Invita tous Messieurs ses Freres,
> Qui de lui ne s'eloignoient gueres,

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A vouloir pour chasser l'ennui,
Jouer aux Quilles avec lui.[1]

This passage is rendered in 1665 with the usual gusto of English burlesque exaggeration:

...*Typhon* having with his Spoon
Big as is an English Wherry,
Cramb'd as much as Gut could carry
Of Whales white-broth, and of the meat,
Which in his Maw did cause a heat,
Invited Brothers, gentile Lubbers,
To play with him at Nine-pins, Rubbers.[2]

But Mandeville cannot resist the possibilities of the scene:

...*Typhon*, with his Wig of Snakes,
Had ask'd some of his Brother Rakes,
To dine upon as fine a Dish
Of sucking Whales, as Men could wish;
I mean, such Men as they, (an't please ye)
As to my palate 'twas too greasie.
They stuff'd and swore 'twas nicely drest:
So belly full, and heart at rest:
Their Guts well lined with dainty Diet
The Sons of each sat mighty quiet,
Some half asleep, some talking non-sence,
All of 'em dull enough in Conscience.
Up gets the Master of the Feast,
His Coat unbutton'd to his Waste,
Belches, and walking to and fro,
Cries, well my Lads, what shall we do?[3]

From this point on, Mandeville is indulging his own fancy in the elaboration of Scarron's plot. His circumstantial account of the game, his extended digression on the flight of the pins from earth to Olympus, and especially his picture of the gods and goddesses at this critical juncture are almost completely of his own fabrication. In the latter passage,

1. *Op. cit.*, p. 6.

2. P. 7.

3. Ll. 97-112

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in particular, he entirely overleaps the bounds, if not of contemporary, at least of Scarronian decorum. In the story of these events, which occupy a major section of the first canto in Scarron, the French poet had swiftly characterized Mars, had mentioned that Jove and Juno were asleep, and then had expended slightly over a hundred lines in telling of the gods' astonishment, Jove's anger, and finally the order to Mercury to seek out and warn the giants. Mandeville's description of Mercury as a scullion, his vulgar pictures of Jove, Juno, Pallas, Ceres, Bacchus, Mars, and Venus, the unfortunate collision of Mercury and the meal-tub, the accidents of Juno and Mars and of Minerva's parrot, the entrance of Ganymede---all these, the entire episode of some 350 lines, are his own creation. Scarron's relation is swift, almost entirely without graphic detail, his only picture being that of Jove and Juno:

> Jupiter le Lance Tonnerre,
> Dormoit ayant bû trop d'un Verre,
> Et Junon qui n'avoit moins bû,
> Dormoit sur un lit à cul nud.[1]

Mandeville's expanded version is as astonishing in its freedom as in its graphic offensiveness.[2]

Needless to say, the original characters are entirely metamorphosed. Scarron's Jupiter is rabbit-hearted and gazes too deeply in his glass, but he retains a sense of dignity which merely heightens the comic effectiveness of the role. Typhon, though as comically horrible as a

1. *Op. cit.*, p. 8.

2. *Cf.* ll, 276-316.

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drunkard's dream, is a masterful leader of his crew, not a vulgar bully. And Momus, whom Morillot describes as a spoiled and roguish child, laughing at everything and mocking gods and men, interrupting at each moment the grotesquely serious Olympian council and, in the flight to Egypt, changed to a monkey--in short, "Scarron lui-même"--has lost in Mandeville's hands all trace of his former identity.[1]

The same crudeness of touch is visible in Mandeville's treatment of Scarron's verse, particularly noticeable in those passages of the original where delicacy is most evident, as in the induction to Canto II:

> La rouge amante de Cephale,
> De son char ou luit mainte opale,
> Pleurait et repandait ses pleurs
> Sur les herbes et sur les fleurs.[2]

> Aurora rous'd by some damn'd Cock,
> From a pure Dream, how in her Smock
> She wrestled, with the Man she doats on;
> Jump'd out of Bed, and slipt her Coats on;
> And just then as the blowsy Lass,
> Before the Sea, her Looking Glass
> Stood dressing of Carrot Head,
> And dawbing her blue chops with Red;
> Dame Earth pull'd off her Mask to Sol,
> As Strumpets do to Sentinel.[3]

As West observes, Mandeville everywhere sings of drink: "Si Scarron ne fait pas le geants assez ivrognes, il ne perd pas l'occasion de les faire boire comme quatre."[4] According to contemporary ideas, this might have been a reflection of Mandeville's nationality, for English

1. *Cf.* Morillot, *op. cit.*, p. 177.

2. Scarron, *Typhon*, p. 17.

3. Mandeville, "A description of the Morning," *etc.*, ll. 13-22. These lines were not published until 1712 in *Wishes to a Godson*.

4. *Op. cit.*, p. 167.

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literature from the days of Elizabeth is full of allusions to the hard-drinking Dutchmen. But drunkenness, as well as gluttony and snoring, was the stock-in-trade of the English burlesquers' technique of the ridiculous. Cotton's Dido, for instance, thinks nothing of downing a two-quart mug of ale at a gulp; Scudamore's Greek heroes punctuate their Trojan voyage with carousals, and his Jove also makes trips to the "signe of the black boy in Southwark,"

> Where he intends to fuddle 's nose
> This fortnight yet, under the rose.[1]

Scarron had originated this method of vulgarizing the classical heroes, but the English, almost as a matter of course, pushed it to extremes.

In connection with the literary antecedents of Mandeville's poem it may be worth-while to mention its slight indebtedness to Hudibras. Strangely enough, in view of Butler's immense vogue, it is difficult to find in Restoration travesty any borrowings from his burlesque, unless it be in the use of the octosyllabic couplet which, after all, was popularized rather than invented by him. Moreover, the verse of Cotton and later men, including Mandeville, was different from that of Butler, far looser and far more languid.[2] But the less personal characteristics of his style,

1. Cotton, Scarronides (1664), p. 107; Scudamore, Homer a la Mode (1665), pp. 50, 55, 67.

2. Professor Kaye has mentioned that in Typhon Mandeville employs more frequent feminine verse-endings than in any other of his poems and, referring also to his two quotations from Hudibras (in the Treatise and the Origin of Honour) and his complimentary reference to Butler (in the Treatise), suggests that perhaps he "consciously imitated this feature of Hudibras" (Fable, I, 37, n.). Mandeville may have done so; but he need not have known Hudibras very well in order to write the verse of Typhon. The loosening of the Hudibrastic mould, the loss of its keenness and nervous energy in favour of a loose narrative style, is evident as early as D'Urfey's Collin's Walk (1690), and it is in verse like D'Urfey's that one must seek a parallel to Mandeville's.

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one would think, might have gained imitators: the use of contrast and antithesis, and especially of the learned--and pseudo-learned--allusion. Their absence from later work perhaps reveals something of the uncritical and slipshod attitude toward the writing of travesty.

Once or twice, however, Mandeville shows an interest in the Hudibrastic style, notably in the use of what I have called the pseudo-learned allusion. Butler's skill in drawing absurd analogies, often decked out with tags of Latin, is one of the most memorable tricks of his poem; and Mandeville's extended digression about the Olympian pleasure in earthly sacrifices carries something of the Butlerian stamp:

> ...*Jove* and others, that are nice,
> By *way* of Snuff take Sacrifice,
> Which Mortals, that are Godly given,
> Broyl upon Earth to nourish Heaven:
> From whence, Beloved, I shall raise
> The following Doctrine, if you please;
> (Pardon, that *Manibus Illotis*
> I shou'd touch *Phrases Sacerdotis*)
> That is, that those, who *know* what's good,
> Care not for gross substantial Food:
> So Cooks eat little, yet look well,
> Because like Gods they live on smell....[1]

1. *Typhon*, ll. 239-250. Compare also to Butler the speech of Pallas to Jove (ll. 465-477):

> I'm much concern'd to see you grieve
> For things so frail; your Soul's too great;
> Suppose it's a hard stroak of Fate;
> Remember what the *Stoick* says,
> To have been *Fortunate* always,
> Is not to know the second part
> Of Nature; then keep up your heart
> Above your Girdle.

In the same way Sir Hudibras rationalizes about his defeat by Trulla (Part I, Canto III, ll. 1013-1016):

> Quoth he, th' one half of Man, his Mind
> Is *Sui juris* unconfin'd,
> And cannot be laid by the heels,
> What e'er the other moiety feels.

(*Cf.* also *Hudibras*, Part II, Canto I, ll. 183-198.)

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Noteworthy, also, is the weak paraphrase of Butler's famous "Pulpit, Drum Ecclesastick" couplet:

> Whose Drummers teach one day in seven,[1]
> That the tap-too's the March of Heaven.

We might continue with a detailed comparison of Mandeville's work and its literary antecedents, but it would not be profitable. More important to our end is the character of the mind reflected in this vigorous transformation of Scarron. The picture of the Olympian dwellers, as I have said, is astonishingly vivid in its offensiveness and, from a purely objective point of view, represents the only worthy literary talent in the poem. In itself this power marks a considerable advance over his predecessors in travesty, all of whom, with an occasional exception in Radcliffe, were slap-dash in their methods and relatively feeble in their results. As we have pointed out in speaking of Mandeville's fables, his general stylistic tendency was not towards seconomy; and in Typhon he seems to have felt a sort of perverse delight in lingering over his unsavory portraits. Professor Kaye, in a note regarding the prose style of the Fable of the Bees, speaks of "the exuberant generosity with which Mandeville throws in illustrative matter, as if from sheer joy in a visualizing faculty which can supply so many apposite and vivid details."[2] But the results of this faculty are not necessarily admirable either in the Fable or elsewhere; its presence in Typhon is one reason for the poem's being more repulsive than the burlesque of any preceding English writer.

Typhon not only provides considerable information about Mandeville's temperament, but also sheds a good deal of light on the develop-

1. Typhon, ll. 93-94.

2. Fable, I, xxxix, n.

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ment of his ideas. The allusion to Dr. Thomas Burnet in the induction is especially notable for revealing Mandeville's early opposition to the kind of pseudo-scientific theology and history which he subsequently ridiculed in many of his prose writings. Precisely which of Burnet's works is alluded to in *Typhon* is not clear; anyone interested in him would have read his much-discussed *Sacred Theory of the Earth*; but in the specification of Adam, Eve, and the patriarchs "Which B[urne]t has burlesqu'd in Prose" Mandeville indicates that he may also have known the *Archaeologiae Philosophicae*, which interprets the Mosaic account of the Creation allegorically and deals far more completely with the inhabitants of Eden than does the Sacred Theory.[1] This conjecture is strengthened by the fact, mentioned in the prefatory material of a translation of the *Archaeologiae* in 1729, that "the censorious Part of the World" considered the book "a meer Burlesque upon Moses."[2] There was plenty of reason for Mandeville's jibe. Burnet's account of Eve's conversation with the serpent is far removed from the seriousness appropriate to the subject, and some of his speculations about how a complete human being could be manufactured from one rib, or where Adam and Eve got needle and thread to sew their fig-leaf garments, appear almost to be a mockery of fundamental-

1. The *Sacred* Theory was originally published in Latin in 1681 and translated into English in 1684. The *Archaeologiae Philosophicae* was published in 1692. Mandeville refers specifically to Burnet's allegorizing of Genesis in the *Fable*, II, 317, and, apparently with his tongue in his cheek, argues against his "known Forgery" in taking liberties with the Mosaic account.

2. *Archaelogiae Philosophicae*...*Faithfully translated into English, with Remarks thereon, by Mr. Foxton*, "A Letter to Mr. *E. Curll*, Bookseller," p. ii.

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ist doctrine.[1] After many similar inquiries, Burnet solves these anomalies by concluding that the Mosaic account must have been composed with the deliberate purpose of making it intelligible to vulgar understandings.[2] Furthermore, he queries, why was so enormous a punishment laid on all humanity for the mere eating of an apple by our progenitors? The answer must be, he decides, that Moses conceived of this vast punishment in order to gain obedience to his own laws.[3]

It is small wonder that the Archaeologiae created a scandal or that it was considered a burlesque of our ancestors, even though Burnet intended no such result. But why did Mandeville agree with public opinion on matters which he himself was later to handle with more frivolity than Burnet and with a less laudable purpose? It is hazardous for us to assume very much on the basis of a single allusion, and that a jesting one; but

1. Of the creation of Eve, Burnet says (Archaeologiae, p. 286): "Id me magis anxium habet, Quomodo ex unicâ costâ extrui poterat tota moles corporis foeminei? Costa enim non adaequat centesimam, vel millesimam, partem totius corporis." Of the fig-leaves he remarks (p. 292-293): "Post esum hujus pomi, aut ficûs, aut alîus qualiscunque fructûs, Parentes nostri fecerunt sibi subligacula....En primordia artis sutoriae. Sed unde illis acus: unde filum, in primo die suae creationis? Linificio, vel Arte Ferrariâ nondum inventis."

2. "Atque hoc modo dignitati Mosis optimè consulitur, si, quoties recessum est à veritate physicâ, id fieri supponamus...ad vires usumque populi suam Cosmopoeïam accomodando" (p. 309). Cf. also pp. 295-296. Burnet renders this opinion more dangerous by stating in his preface that priests of the pagan religions instructed the people "per fabulas & honestas fraudes: id quod nos dicimus officiosè mentiri."

3. "Quapropter sentient nonnulli, quibus non refragor, ideò in leviusculum, ut videtur, peccatum, tantum poenam conjecisse Mosem, quò Legibus suis, quae de rebus saepè minutus, neque sua naturâ, aut bonis, aut malis, graviter, discernunt: vim & authoritatem conciliaret" (p. 296). This character of Moses is suspiciously like the "politician" who plays a major role in Mandeville's speculations on the origin of moral virtue and elsewhere in hiswritings. "It is evident," he says (Fable, I, 46-47), "that the first Rudiments of Morality, were broach'd by skilful Politicians, to render Men useful to each other as well as tractable." He need not have got the idea from Burnet: cf. Kaye's discussion, Fable, I, 46, n. Kaye does not mention Burnet in this connection.

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in the absence of evidence to the contrary it seems that Mandeville was more or less orthodox at this time in his opinions of Biblical history. Not until ten years later do we find him first indulging in heterodox religious speculations, and indeed he has little to say about the validity of Scripture before 1729, when the second part of the *Fable* appeared.

There was another possible reason for Mandeville's sneers, for, as he says in *Typhon*, he had little respect for historians who,

> When things look odd, leave History,
> And follow probability.[1]

This accusation could apply to Burnet, for his theories about the antediluvian world were often as fantastic as some of the *pseudodoxia epidemica* which Sir Thomas Browne attempted to elucidate. To Mandeville they would have been far more annoying than to Browne (who would have enjoyed them), for Burnet prided himself on his Cartesian regard for observed and communicated truth.[2] Mandeville, however, had a much greater understanding of the Cartesian method than Burnet, and it is likely that he was

1. Ll. 205-206.

2. Of his *Sacred Theory* Burnet remarks (ed. 1684, I, 6): "This Theory being chiefly Philosophical, Reason is to be our first Guide." Towards the end of his first volume he implicitly pats himself on the back in his pithy analysis of what one may call the psychology of opinion: "For my part I do generally distinguish of two sorts of opinions in all men, *Inclination-opinions*, and *Reason'd-opinions*: Opinions that grow upon mens Complexions, and Opinions that are the results of their Reason; and I meet with very few that are of a temperament so equal, or a constitution so even pois'd, but that they incline to one sett of Opinions rather than another, antecedently to all proofs of Reason" (I, 297-298). In the *Archaeologiae* (pp. 295-296) he speaks of certain questions "quae cùm singula mecum revolvo, aequo animo, & in omnem partem flexili, quà ducit ratio & veritatis amor." Burnet's Cartesianism is also reflected in his explication of the human organism (*Sacred Theory*, I, 205-206, 208-209), and in his exegesis of the Cartesian theory of planets and comets (*Archaeologiae*, pp. 304-305).

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contemptuous of the latter's complacent disregard of the very principles which he professed.[1] To Burnet, the power of reason was equal to the solution of any Scriptural mystery, and he had a way of probing into the most acute questions of fundamentalist doctrine--boldly, even foolishly, as the issue proved--and usually emerging triumphant with a hypothesis as deceptively convincing as Swift's tale of Lilliput and about as empirical. As I have said, before, and as there will be occasion to say again, it was against precisely this kind of pseudo-scientific arrogance in debatable realms of thought that many of Mandeville's own realistic arguments about human nature and society were directed.

Besides notice of Thomas Burnet and romanticizing historians, the most evident light in Typhon on the development of Mandeville's ideas is in the early passage about reformers of manners. His description of the age of the giants as a "wicked" time "spoil'd by Peace and Plenty" is the first direct suggestion in his works of the paradox which later was to form the major postulate of The Grumbling Hive.[2] This statement of the idea, however, is by no means startling, and it is not even paradoxical, for in juxtaposition there follows his allusion to the contemporary reformers, a people who, he says, did not exist in Typhon's day. It is a commonplace of society that vice is more prevalent in a time of plenty---and usually such a time is peaceful--than in one of hardship and national

1. See below, p. ccix.

2. Typhon, ll. 86-97.

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privation caused by war.[1] In 1704 the English reformers of manners, whose activities will more fitly be discussed in connection with The Grumbling Hive, were preaching that the vices of England were caused partly by her luxuries, that is, by her plenty. Mandeville's lines in Typhon, therefore, convey merely the conventional fact that the giants were "spoil'd by peace and plenty" and that, lacking reformers to annoy them, they were comfortably wicked. It is the implied envy of their state that is here important; for in order to reach his later paradoxical attitude, Mandeville had only to develop this concord between vice and well-being into the slightly different theory that vice and prosperity are necessary concomitants. The change in viewpoint is small; but most paradoxes result from the restatement of a commonplace.

So far as one may judge by Mandeville's failure to complete the poem, Typhon was not a commercial success. That he originally intended to write more if the first canto should be approved he himself states in the preface, and his good faith is evidenced by his publication,

1. The article on Mandeville in the Biographia Britannica (VII, 124-125), it is interesting to note, concludes by quoting "that old rondeau, which annually appears in the head of the sheet almanack":

War begets poverty,
  Poverty peace,
Peace makes riches flow,
  Fate ne'er doth cease:
Riches produce pride,
  Pride is war's ground,
War begets poverty,
  So the world goes round.

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in 1712, of fragments translated from the second canto.[1] The reason for its failure lies partly, no doubt, in the length of the poem, but mostly in the time of its appearance. Although Cotton had succeeded with a travesty no more meritorious, forty years had passed since then and English taste had not stood still. Furthermore, in the opening years of the eighteenth century, as we have pointed out in reference to Mandeville's fables, Englishmen were exercised over more pressing matters than making fun of Jove, Mercury, and Venus. The country was at war within and without. The bitterness of party strife had reached new levels of fierceness with Anne's partial championship of the Whig interest; the question of Occasional Conformity engrossed both divines and politicians almost to the exclusion of any other; and Church quarrels over the Scotch and Irish dissenters burned hot. These things reflect a national temper not conducive to the acceptance of *Typhon*. Cottonian travesty was less characteristic of the first years of the century than were Defoe's *True-Born Englishman* and *Legion's Memorial*, Sacheverell's sermon of "bloody defiance" against the non-conformists, and Ned Ward's *Hudibras Redivivus*. And it was in the cauldron of political, religious, and moralistic recrimination where the latter works were brewed that Mandeville was to find the inspiration for his next literary composition.

1. Professor Kaye conjectures that the advertisement of *Typhon* in the *Daily Courant* for 4 November, 1704, following the publication of the poem in the preceding April (*supra*, p.cxxxvi, n.) may be proof of a reprint. But I think it is sufficiently clear, both from my description of the shift in English taste during this era and from Mandeville's own failure to complete his announced design, that the advertisement was more probably an attempt of the bookseller to get rid of unsold copies of the first impression.

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IV. THE GRUMBLING HIVE

On 2 April, 1705, Mandeville's most important piece of verse, The Grumbling Hive: or, Knaves turn'd Honest, appeared anonymously in London, and was, "being soon after Pirated, cry'd about the Streets in a Half-Penny Sheet."[1] This was the poem which formed the nucleus of The Fable of the Bees, the title under which it was reprinted in 1714, 1723, and all subsequent editions. To the 1714 edition was appended the first of the prose remarks which created Mandeville's contemporary notoriety and on which his name as a moralist, economist, and man of letters has rested. But it is well to bear in mind that The Grumbling Hive was accompanied by no commentary in 1705. Nine years elapsed between the first printing of the poem and its reappearance, supplemented with twenty explanatory "Remarks" and "An Enquiry into the Origin of Moral Virtue," as The Fable of the Bees: or, Private Vices, Publick Benefits.

The Grumbling Hive differs considerably in form from any of Mandeville's preceding works, and, as a fable, not entirely for the better. The author himself admitted in 1714 that he was "puzzled" what name to give the lines, "for they are neither Heroick nor Pastoral, Satyr, Burlesque nor Heroi-comick; to be a Tale they want Probability, and the whole is rather too long for a Fable."[2] Not only is it longer than the

1. Fable, ed. Kaye, I, xxxiii, 4. The first issue, says Kaye, was a quarto of 26 pages, selling for 6d; the pirated issue was a quarto half-sheet printed in double columns (Fable, II, 386-388).

2. Fable, I, 5.

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conventional fable, one may add, but it contains a serious defect from the viewpoint of artistry: it is almost entirely lacking in the usual dramatic element of that species, and, except in the introduction and conclusion, there is no attempt to retain the metaphor of the beehive and the bees. Mandeville's nicety of definition, however, appears slightly misplaced in the early eighteenth century, though perhaps agreeing with modern lexicographical standards; few men at that time would have hesitated to call the poem a fable, and certainly it resembles that literary _genus_ far more than some contemporary verse which was thus entitled.

In general, _The Grumbling Hive_ consists of a picture of a society of bees which live in a state of selfish luxury and constant peculation; they are aware of their vices, and pray to Jove for honesty; when the request is granted, the bees find their trade ruined, the most familiar offices of society useless, their riches gone, and themselves poor but honest. In its technical development and structure the poem is indebted to one of the most popular of the Aesopean fables, "The Frogs asking for a King," a version of which Mandeville had translated from La Fontaine in 1703.[1] The story therein of the dissatisfied frogs who twice implore Jove for a king, and, their petition answered, find themselves in a worse state than before, is obviously the ultimate prototype of _The Grumbling Hive_. The link between the two is made evident in Mandeville's translation of the frog-fable, where he departs from La Fontaine in the moral tag to point his satire directly at England:

> _Thank God, this Fable is not meant_
> _To Englishmen; they are content,_
> _And hate to change their Government._

1. Versions of the fable appear also in Phaedrus, Romulus, Marie de France, Haudent, Corrozet, and Le Noble, among foreign authors (Regnier, I, 213); and in the recent English collections of L'Estrange, _Aesop at Amsterdam_, and _Aesop at Paris_.

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As for Mandeville's use of a beehive rather than a frog-democracy for a community resembling that of man, both ancient and modern literature was full of anticipation, notably the well-known simile in the Aeneid. He himself had employed the same figure of speech as early as 1689 in his Disputatio Philosophica, to uphold, somewhat paradoxically, the Cartesian theory of animal automatism.[1] As applied to London itself, the idea had appeared as recently as 1702 in the opening of a poem entitled Protestant Divisions:

> No sooner enter'd this great Hive,
> Where swarms of buzzing Mortals live,
> All labo'ring hard to bag up Money,
> All Bees that toil for Wax and Honey,
> But such Contentions did I find,
> Amongst ill-natur'd Human kind....[2]

One of the most interesting forerunners of The Grumbling Hive appeared in 1698 in Aesop at Amsterdam, a collection of fables inspired by Aesop at Tunbridge, the title of which might readily attract the attention of an expatriate Dutchman; in addition, it contains a number of ideas which Mandeville would have found congenial.[3] Here, too, "The Bees and the

1. Cf. Kaye, "The Writings of Bernard Mandeville," JEGP, XX, 420-421.

2. Protestant Divisions: Or, Party against Party, p. 3. The remainder of this passage is quoted supra, pp. lxiv-lxv.

3. According to Kaye (N. & Q., CXLVI, pp. 317-321), the catalogue of the Wrenn Library ascribes this book, along with many others, to Mandeville on no sufficient grounds. I agree with Kaye; the author of Aesop at Amsterdam was a thorough republican, which Mandeville never was; and he attacks the Whig regime and William III, whom Mandeville defended. His fable of "The Lion and Fox" none the less contains an idea which, in a milder form, also appears in Mandeville's later writings. The lion sends for the fox to aid him in governing, and tells him to assume whatever office he wishes:

> Quoth Reynard, make me then the Priest,
> I'll make all Beasts your Slaves:
> The Body You, I Soul at least,
> We'll tyrannize by halves.
>
> Thus Fate did Men to thraldom bring,
> Opprest just like a Beast;
> Rod, spur'd, and whip'd by such a King,
> And eke so lewd a Priest.

One may compare the method "after which Savage Man was broke" in the Fable of the Bees, I, 41-49.

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Hornet" provides exactly the combination of characters and plot-development which occurs in Mandeville's poem, as well as the idea of luxury and discontent:

> A Hive of Bees had plunder'd ev'ry Field,
> And ev'ry Herb does Wax or Hony yield:
> Large Troops of winged force they daily arm,
> Large as the Flocks that about Hybla swarm;
> From distant Fields did ev'ry Evening come,
> Loaden with Sweets and wholsom Hony home:
> Blest with abundant Wealth the Swarm dos thrive
> Beneath the Blessings of a well stock't Hive.
> But Wealth and Luxury together go,
> And Bees, when rich, do vain and wanton grow;
> Pamper'd with Food, they loath their happy Fate,
> And Changlings like, attempt to change their State.
> Large Herds they saw, as they abroad did rove,
> Govern'd by Monarchs, by the leave of Jove.
> They Jupiter invoke, that also he
> Would please to favour them with Monarchy...

The remainder of the fable conforms to the pattern of the frogs asking for a king, the upshot, of course, being disillusion in the hive. Thus its structural development and its picture of a wealthy and discontented swarm of bees closely resemble The Grumbling Hive.

The general technique of Mandeville's poem was also anticipated in The Fable of the Beasts and their King, printed anonymously in 1703, an apologue whose literary excellence and thought-content distinguish it from all other contemporary fables except perhaps that work of Mandeville's which we are now considering.[1] Instead of bees, its characters

1. This fable was attributed to Defoe by Charles Leslie, arch-opponent of the Dissenters, in The Wolf Stript of his Shepherd's Cloathing (1704), a reply to James Owens's Moderation a Virtue. "There is just now come out 'The Fable of the Beasts and their King'. It looks like a piece of De Foe's poetry; and is of the same strain as the horrid anthems sung at their Calves'-Head feasts, calling the people to arms, and to shake off monarchy" (quoted in Walter Wilson, Life and Times of Daniel Defoe, II, 158). Wilson says that Leslie's ascription is incorrect. It is characteristic of the immoderation of the times that Leslie should have perceived such fearsome intentions in a poem characterized mostly by its literary superiority among floods of disreputable verse, a poem which is interesting today as perhaps the completest early English expression of the primitivistic contrast between the happy beast of pre-Adamite times and its later unhappy slavery to man.

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are beasts; instead of a prayer to Jove for honesty, there is a prayer for a king, as in the frog-fable; instead of a golden age in the present, as in Mandeville's fable, it is in the past. In short, to *The Grumbling Hive* it bears the same technical relationship as "The Frogs asking for a King"; and it resembles Mandeville more closely than the latter, because of its length and because it contains a similar elaboration of the contrasted pictures of society:

> A Time there was in *Ages* that have been,
> (Tho' how long since, by no Record is seen,)
> When that the BEASTS were LORDS of all the Earth,
> All Creatures then liv'd in continual Mirth;
> They wander'd where they pleas'd, no Watch was kept,
> Did what they listed and securely slept:
> In *Natures* Buildings, Caves and Bow'rs they dwelt,
> The change of Seasons nor of Fortune Felt:
> From Labour and from Sickness they were freed,
> And only had not what they could not need.
>
> AGE (which our bodies and our Minds does wast,
> Dislikes the Present and commends the Past,
> Remembers Joys that Have been, but has none,
> When Pleasure's tasteless and Desire is gone,)
> Did then a constant Youth and Vigour keep,
> And Death it self fell softly as asleep.
>
> The *Tygre* then was harmless as the *Lamb*,
> The *Kid* ran to the *Wolf* as to her *Dame*,
> The *Spider's* House had Hospitality,
> It's Web did never catch but stay the *Fly*:
> There was not to be found a hurtful thing,
> The *Asp* no Poyson had, the *Bee* no Sting:
> The *Gun* nor *Spear* had not been heard of yet,
> The *Huntsman's* Cunning nor the *Fowler's* Net:
> Nothing did hurt, so Nothing was afraid;
> For *Man* their *Common Foe* was not yet made.
>
> *Nature* among those *Beasts* some Laws had plac'd,
> Tho' not with *Gowns* nor *Coifs* nor Maces grac'd,
> *Laws* that all knew alike, so plainly made,
> They could not be a *Science* or a *Trade*,
> Nor such as more ensnare than they protect;
> They were not made to puzzle but direct:
> T'expound them none did to another go,
> But All were rul'd by what they All did know...
> A Tongue then set to sale none ever saw;

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For tho' they all were rul'd, none liv'd by Law...
Some Beasts, like SENATORS, advanc'd they saw
Above the Rest, but still beneath the Law:
These took not Pow'r to Govern but Preserve,
To Rule was not their Glory, but to Serve...

Deceit and Murder then were things unknown,
And how by Violence to ascend a Throne;
For they who were of greatest Wit possess'd,
Maintain'd a harmless Empire o'er the Rest:
Happy and Safe they were to a Degree,
Man scarce can fansie what he ne'er shall see;
Bless'd with a Government beyond the Scope
O' th' Wise Man's Wit or of the Good Man's hope,
Yet wanted to their Happiness the Wit
To know they had it, and that This was it.

The remainder of the poem follows as one would imagine: the beasts pray to Jove for a king, and man is created, his qualities being taken from the various animals. With man come vice, oppression, and all miseries.

He lay'd new Burdens upon every Beast
Their Hardships with his Happiness increas'd:
They pay their Wooll, their Skins, their Flesh and Blood,
And they are ruin'd for the Publick Good;
For what That was, He said, he only knew;
Thus as his Pow'r, so his Oppression grew...
Thus he did Law and Interest unite,
That his Advantage might become his Right:
Wrongs often done did into Right convert,
And so he gain'd PREROGATIVES to heart...
Truth was suppress'd, his Word he learn'd to break;
'Twas made a Glory to oppress the Weak.
Castles at last and Fortresses were built,
Not to defend from Wrong, but shelter Guilt;
Yet This was call'd PROTECTION, when the Thing,
They wanted was PROTECTION from the King.

It was this portion, of course, which gave Leslie the impression that "more is meant than meets the eye." Because of man's oppression the beasts themselves become vicious and murderous, or cunning and cowardly. The poem ends on an unusual note:

But yet, VAIN MAN, raise not thy Self so high,
Tread not on that which at thy Feet does lie:
The praise of Pow'r to hurt do Thou reject,
Make it thy Glory that Thou canst Protect:

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> Thou art of Blood, and so are all thy Seed,
> Then take not Pleasure to see Creatures bleed.[1]

I have quoted at length from this poem in order to exhibit the careful detail with which its author builds up his picture of contrasted states of society. Such elaboration is to be found in no other English fable preceding *The Grumbling Hive*, and together with its structure makes it one of the most conspicuous immediate precursors of Mandeville's own work.

It may be that Mandeville never saw *Aesop at Amsterdam* or *The Fable of the Beasts and their King*, though the world which was then London seems to have been remarkably small, if one may judge from the familiarity of the average educated man with all sides of its life. In its general structure *The Grumbling Hive* may have been indebted to no single antecedent, but to an attitude which prevailed in the nation at this time and which found expression in numerous poems. As I have indicated before, it was a world torn by factional conflicts, Tory against Whig, Anglican against Dissenter, the Commons against the Lords, the Reformers against the unregenerate, with the Crown shifting its sympathies from side to side and thereby adding to the confusion. It is not strange that an unusual number of men, distressed by political and social unrest or by their being on the losing side, longed for a serener England and turned their eyes backward to "the good old times" or forward to the hope of

1. It is clear that *The Fable of the Beasts and their King* has political implications, and it was thus construed at the time of its appearance. But the author seems to have been more interested in thereophily (if I may use the term coined by George Boas) than in politics. This aspect of anti-rationalism was fairly current in French literature of the time, and influenced Mandeville's later work. *Cf. The Fable of the Bees*, I, 173-181; and George Boas, *The Happy Beast in French Thought of the Seventeenth Century*.

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the future. Their desire frequently was manifested in poetry which contrasted the golden days of the past with the strife of the present, or which found solace in hoping for the golden days to come---days which would be produced either by a Whig or Tory ascendancy, according to the writer's political beliefs. Thus there runs through these years almost like a refrain the invocation,

Sicilian Muse, begin a loftier Strain...

No fewer than four imitations of Virgil's Fourth Eclogue---one of them a reprint of Dryden's translation, the other three dealing with contemporary affairs, all of them dating from the immediate past or the present---are contained in the 1703 issue of Poems on Affairs of State. One sings The Golden Age Revers'd of the future,

> When Whigs again shall rouse the drooping Land,
> Unnerv'd and weaken'd by a Female Hand.[1]

The Tory exults in The Golden Age of the present:

> Now Merlin's Prophecys are made compleat,
> And Lilly's best Events with Credit meet;
> Now Banish'd Justice takes its rightful Place,
> And Saturn's Days return with St[ua]rt's Race.[2]

Others again, refusing to limit their hopes to the success of either party and seeing only the evils of faction, write of a better day when strife did not exist:

> No greedy Merchant for the Thirst of Gain,
> To distant Shores cut through the liquid Plain,
> No Sounds of War disturb'd the lab'ring Swain.
> No Court Cabals, no Frauds destructive prov'd,

1. Poems on Affairs of State, II, 438. The same general sentiment is expressed in "The Golden Age Restor'd" by William Walsh, printed in the same volume, pp. 422-425.

2. Poems on Affairs of State, II, 441.

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But Words and Meaning still together mov'd.[1]

The importance of these various poems, all of which were printed in the two or three years immediately preceding *The Grumbling Hive*, is that they build up a picture of what the writer conceived as a golden age, and in all save the Tory poem sharply contrast it to existing conditions. In the technique of contrast they are similar to Mandeville's fable; but like the Tory writer from whom I quote above, the Whiggish Mandeville quixotically found his golden age in the present; and he opposes to it a hypothetical state of society of which most men dreamed. Judged by Mandeville's intention and its denouement, *The Grumbling Hive* could well be called *The Golden Age Revers'd*. Not only therefore is it a mature representative of the species originated by *Aesop at Tunbridge*; it also belongs to this other literary convention of the day.[2]

Mandeville's original contribution to the poetry of the golden age is that he reverses its moral and intellectual direction. In *The Fable of the Beasts and their King*, for example, the beasts are at first happy because the world is virtuous; in *The Grumbling Hive* the bees are happy (so Mandeville implies) because the world is vicious. The question that immediately arises is, What prompted him to attempt this paradoxical revolution? Part of the answer, at least, leads us back to the conditions in contemporary society which helped to produce the poems of the golden age. It is not a pleasant picture.

1. *Miscellany Poems* by "T.B., Gent.," 1702, p. 14.

2. *Cf, The Grumbling Hive,* l. 437.

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Mandeville's defence of vice and luxury is partly a reaction against those societies for the reformation of manners which he had mentioned in Typhon, a group of organizations whose efforts to purify public and private morality aroused the antagonism of many Londoners in all classes. The first body formed for this specific purpose dates from about 1692, but the impulse came originally from religious circles which had grown up within the Established Church as early as 1679. Consisting of "'serious young men,' who came together, usually under the influence of some active clergyman, to strengthen each other in religious life and practice," the early groups gained power during the national opposition to James II, and were aided by the Dissenters in their resistance to whatever threatened the religious welfare of the kingdom.[1] Between 1679 and 1698 forty-two branches were organized in London alone, and similar ones sprang up in nearly every large city in England and even in Ireland. As their influence spread, their meetings found an outlet in more public endeavors--in the societies for the reformation of manners, the charity schools (against which Mandeville later inveighed), and the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.[2]

Of these movements the one which excited the greatest amount of comment was that for the reformation of manners. It adherents, encouraged by William and Mary, concerned themselves particularly with swearing, drunkenness, and profanation of the Sabbath, and "scores of thousands of

1. G. M. Trevelyan, England Under Queen Anne, I, 66.

2. An Account of the Societies for the Reformation of Manners (Fifth edition, 1701), pp. 12, 21. Mark Pattison, Essays, ed. Nettleship, II, 313. Mandeville apparently refers to the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge in Typhon, 11, 813-814.

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tracts were issued" against these evils.[1] One, entitled *Kind Cautions against Swearing*, was distributed to the hackney coachmen of London; another, *Kind Cautions to Watermen*, was sent among the West Country bargees; and thirty thousand copies of the *Soldier's Monitor* were shipped to the armies in the Low Countries.[2] In addition, according to a contemporary historian of the movement, "thousands of Offenders in *London* and *Westminster* have been brought to Punishment for *Swearing*, *Drunkenness*, and *Prophanation of the Lord's-Day*," and by 1701 the reformers had "actually suppressed and caused to be rooted out about *Five Hundred Disorderly Houses*, and caused to be punished some *Thousands of Lewd Persons*."[3] During their forty-odd years of existence the societies apparently amassed a rather impressive record; accountings were made of their successes, yearbooks issued, and their efforts--salutary or pernicious, depending upon one's point of view--were felt in almost every walk of

1. In 1691 Queen Mary sent a letter to the justices of the peace in Middlesex, "for the suppressing of prophaneness and debauchery," in which she recommended the enforcement of the laws "which have been made, and are still in force against the Prophanation of the *Lords-Day*, *Drunkenness*, *Prophane Swearing and Cursing*, and all other *Lewd*, *Enormous*, and *Disorderly Practices*, which, by a long continued neglect, and connivence of the Magistrates and Officers concerned, have universally spread themselves, to the dishonour of God, and scandal of our Holy Religion." In February, 1697, at the request of the House of Commons, William followed up this letter with a proclamation in which he encouraged the same work, and ordered that the proclamation be read four times yearly in the churches, and at the assizes and quarter-sessions of the peace. Both documents are printed in full in *An Account of the Societies for Reformation of Manners*.

2. *Trevelyan*, I, 68. Pattison, *Essays*, II, 316.

3. *An Account of the Societies for Reformation of Manners*, p. 9.

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life.[1]

Antagonism to the moral crusaders was bitter. Some high churchmen, like Sacheverell, insisted that the suppression of vice was the rightful province of the Established Church rather than of societies in which laymen and Dissenters joined; other clergymen feared that the unsanctioned movement might lead to further corruptions such as blackmail. The mob, in some instances, grew dangerous in its opposition, and at least one reformer lost his life in a riot. Much of our information about the resistance as well as the vices of the time comes from the writings in favour of the movement, wherein, in particular, the magistracy is oppugned for its connivance at immorality and its flat refusal on many occasions to hear evidence. To Defoe these officials were a disgrace to the nation; they were themselves "infected with the scandalous vices of swearing and drunkenness"; and it was their constant practice to fine or jail the poor offenders and to dismiss the rich and eminent. If London is to reform, he says,

> 'T must be another Set of Magistrates;
> In Practice just, and in Profession sound;
> But God knows where the Men are to be found.[2]

1. Cf. also Trevelyan, I, 69.

2. Reformation of Manners, A Satyr, 1702 (reprinted in Poems on Affairs of State, II, 347). As early as 1696 John Whiston picturesquely referred to the extortion of the magistracy: "Is it not, think ye, a goodly sight, to behold the tears of the poor congealed by a frost of neglected charity and justice, into a pearl glittering in the ears of such or such a lady? to see the scarlet of the receiver's magistracy dyed with the blood of helpless innocents, or the purchase of extortion? and, to see some, that ought to be the chief punishers of iniquity, drinking healths of forgetful plenty in hundred pound goblets, the price of their own infamy?" ("England's Calamities Discovered," Harleian Miscellany, X, 261). Here, it may be noticed, is the coupling of vice and luxury which Mandeville later commented on in The Grumbling Hive.

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The proceedings of the Scandalous Club in early volumes of The Review are full of incidents relating to the viciousness and partiality of magistrates.[1] In Thomas Baker's play, The Humour of the Age (1701), is a courtroom scene where Justice Goose tries a man and woman caught in a bawdy house, fines them five and two guineas respectively, and then remands both fines because some ladies in the courtroom like the gentleman's looks, and because he discovers that the woman in the case is his neighbour.[2] Even Tom Brown and Ned Ward condemned the magistracy, though these writers were not in sympathy with the reformers, whom they considered dissenting hypocrites.[3] As one commentator sums up the matter in 1701:

> Is Bridewell fuller, or the Streets more clean
> From Rakes and Jilts that glory in their Sin?
> No, no, base Coin a Tolleration buys,
> And safe protects the Harlot in her Vice;
> The money'd Strumpet is from danger free,
> None by your Justice ever punish'd be
> For their loose Lives, but for their Poverty.[4]

In general, the complaint of the reformers was that the gentry themselves set a poor example for the lower classes, and were supported by the refusal of the enforcement agencies to prosecute. This is the charge to which Defoe returns time and again, in The Poor Man's Plea, in

1. See, for instance, The Review, ed. Secord I, 132, 271, 299, 327.

2. Act IV, sc. ii. In the same play (I, i) Freeman remarks: "'Tis a sign the World's reforming, when Men conceal their Vices." He is answered: "Not at all, Will; forsince the Alteration of the Age makes 'em asham'd to be publickly Vicious, privately they are more excessive."

3. Thomas Brown, Amusements, pp. 253, 463. Ned Ward, Hudibras Redivivus, ed. 1708 , I, 27-28.

4. Tom of Bedlam, p. 12.

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Reformation of Manners, and in his articles in The Review. All the attempts of good men were "labour in vain," according to a pamphlet with that title published in 1700: "if those in power practiced virtue, the underlings would imitate....But whilst vice and immorality are countenanced by the great, orders for keeping the sabbath, and against prophaneness, are of little efficacy."[1]

Side by side with the protest against general immorality there began, early in the reign of William, an increasing murmur about the malfeasance of public servants, a cry against bribery, embezzlement, and office-selling which merged with the complaints against private vice to swell the clamor in the nation. Party-politics, of course, had much to do with the recrimminations in this field, and a good deal of the moralistic sound and fury there can be discounted.[2] The apportioning of historical justice, however, is not our problem; the sound and the fury itself

1. Harleian Miscellany, X, 466.

2. "After making every allowance for the exaggeration of religious rhetoric, and the querulousness of defeated parties," says Mark Pattison (Essays, II, 111), "there seems to remain some real evidence for ascribing to that age a more than usual moral licence and contempt of external restraints." Several historians ascribe the political corruption of the period to the effects of the Revolution of 1688. The House of Commons, for instance, was then invested with a power to which its members had never been accustomed; royal displeasure was no longer as fearsome as it had been; and the unprecedented responsibilities and opportunities for private gain led to peculation. "The men who had come to the front, after the Revolution, do not seem to have been of a better type, morally or socially, than the members of the Long Parliament. In all probability they were less incorruptible; and their temptations were greater, as the resources in the hands of the moneyed interest were much larger than they had ever been before" (W. Cunningham, Growth of English Industry and Commerce, II, 404).

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is more important to an understanding of Mandeville's reaction in The Grumbling Hive.

Beginning with the scandal of the East India Company in 1695, complaints and investigations of political figures were the regular order of the day. The Assassination Plot in the following year involved some of the highest officials of the government, and for that reason was never completely analyzed, or at least the results of the investigation were never fully published. In 1698 a writer ascribed the decay of trade to the self-seeking of public servants and, while fearing that only a "due adminstration of justice" would enable the "publick peace and tranquillity" to be maintained, said that there were in the Commons "a hundred, or a hundred and ten at most...that seemed to have any regard to the welfare of the nation."[1] Throughout the remainder of William's reign and on into the next the defamation increased, most of it directed at the Whigs as the more powerful body. At the beginning of the new century Tories who had objected to the past war and who had been instrumental in reducing the standing army in 1698 asserted that only personal motives were behind the governmental warnings about the precarious peace, the faithlessness of Louis and his allies, and the dangers of a new conflict over the Spanish Succession.

> Those for new Wars may well express their hast,
> Who throve so strangely in the fruitless last,
> And Mercenary-like delight in Broils,
> To fill their Coffers with the Kingdom's Spoils...
> These are the Men the Common-Wealth abuse,
> Plunder its Treasure, and their Power misuse;

1. "A Letter to a Country Gentleman Setting Forth the Cause of the Decay and Ruin of Trade," Harleian Miscellany, X, 365 and n.

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To private Ends pervert their Publick Trust.[1]

Thus early began the cry to which Mandeville gave his paradoxical answer.

The imminent ruin of England was a favorite subject, naturally, with both the reformers of manners and the political malcontents. To one of the former it was unquestioned that "as Piety and Virtue do... evidently conduce to the Stability and Happiness of any Kingdom and Government; so Vice and Irreligion, in the natural consequences of them tend to bring Decay and Ruine upon them."[2] His argument was generally accepted as one of the bases for contemporary reforming activities, and seems to have met with slight theoretical opposition until Mandeville's fable in 1705. Defoe gave it a political turn in _Legion's Memorial_ (1701), which accused the Commons of "publickly neglecting the great work of Reformation of Manners...to the great dishonour of GOD, and encouragement of vice," and of being "scandalously vicious yourselves, both in your morals and religion"; this provided a "sad prospect of the impending ruin of our native country."[3] Apparently no one, however, either Whig or Tory, was exempt from suspicion. In 1702 Dr. Thomas Yalden swelled the Tory vituperation by devoting six of the sixteen fables in his _Aesop at Court_ to a denunciation of the Whigs as enemies to the King and to the public.

1. "The Miseries of England, from the Growing Power of Her Domestick Enemies," (_Poems on Affairs of State_, IV, 132-134). The same accusation had been aimed directly at Charles Montague, William's great Lord Treasurer, in 1697 ("Advice to a Painter," _Poems on Affairs of State_, II,430).

2. _An Account of the Societies for Reformation of Manners_, p. 82.

2. _Later Stuart Tracts_, p. 183

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In the same year a virulent satire, The Apostates, identified the Whigs with the rebels of '41, now degenerated from their former moral strictness:

> Wealth they acquire by most sinister Ends;
> And when in Office, sell their dearest Friends.
> Opprest with Gold, the Zealot waxeth faint,
> Unrighteous Mammon overcomes the Saint:
> Grease well their Fists but with the Golden Ore,
> They will ten thousand Devildoms adore!...
> Such Senators they chuse that will engross
> The Publick Treasure to the Kingdom's loss;
> Their Crimes they sanctify what 'ere they are,
> For of the Purchase all the Saints have share...
> Let 'em by treble Interest but thrive,
> They'll quickly raise what lavish Senates give,
> Tho on design to make the Nation poor,
> What is't to them if they encrease their Store?

And the author concludes this passage with the now familiar complaint:

> That Land abounds in nauseous Knaves and Fools,
> Where Crimes are sanctifi'd, and Interest rules;
> Where private Ends embarass the Affairs
> Of Infant-peace just sprung from bloody Wars.[1]

Vigorous efforts were made by the Tory House of Commons, in the sessions following William's death, to push the investigation of ministerial peculation during his reign. A continual grumbling was maintained, says Burnet, against the former officials as "Devourers of the Publick Treasury", and reports were industriously spread among the public to discredit the Whigs.[2] The accounts of both the Earl of Ranelagh as pay-

1. The Apostates: Or The Noble Cause of Liberty Deserted, pp. 4-5.

2. Mandeville alludes to these general accusations in The Pamphleteers (ll. 108-115):

> Then come the Millions, which are call'd mispent,
> Ill-manag'd by a greedy Government.
> Why did the Nation those vast Sums advance,
> But to protect us against Rome, and France?
> If that be done, as 'tis, and we enjoy
> Our dear Religion, Laws, and Liberty,
> Secur'd from Popish and Tyrannick Sway,
> The Money's well employ'd, not thrown away.

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master of the army, and of the Earl of Orford as treasurer of the navy, were inspected, much dust was raised about their dealings, and Ranelagh was expelled the House; Halifax, for the second time in his recent career, was accused of malfeasance; but from the entire investigation, though it was made an issue for several years, "the Tory pot emerged as black as the Whig kettle."[1] Nevertheless the view of a great many people is doubtless set forth in a poem of 1702, *Hob turn'd Courtier*, the bumpkin hero of which gives up his bucolic vocation because he has learned that in London one may achieve preferment merely for being a "Knave, or Fool, or Forreigner":

And H[a
How O[r
By larg

I saw how H[alifax] did rise
By an Authentick Scrap of Lyes:
Prefer'd to Titles and Estate,
The Mouse soon grew to be a Rat.
How B[lackmore] by a Fam'd Romance,
From Dr. did to Knight Advance;
How Sl[oa]n for's Impudence at th' Barr,
Was call'd a Learned Counsellor;
How D[uncom]b from his Tyneing Ditches,
Got a Gold Chain, for's Leather Breeches:
What Favour Reverend B[urnet] got
By the fine Conquest that he wrote:
How A.[lbemarle] and P.[ortland] sway'd
The K[ing] and did our Native Rights invade,
Were English Lords and Lan[ortland]de:
How W.[harton] scarcely worth a T---d,
And H[aversham] was made a Lord.
How O[rford] did a Million get
By large Accounts he made the F[lee]t;
How R[ochester] by Cheats grew great,
And from some Thousand Pounds in Debt

1. Trevelyan, *op. cit.*, I, 274.

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Soon grew a Pillar o' the State.[1]

As a matter of fact, the Tory resurgence, which began with Anne's accession in 1702 and which might supposedly have quieted their animosity toward the Whigs, served rather to increase it.[2] Hectic battles raged in Parliament in that year and in 1703 and 1704 over the Occasional Conformity Bill; High Church adherents by their unceasing fight against Dissenters split the Church itself into factions; Lords and Commons separated in a bitter clash over prerogative, raised by the investigation of contested elections and by the "tacking" of money-bills to measures sent up by the lower house. So ominous was the apparently irreconcilable rupture in Parliament that there was actual fear during the early years of Anne's reign that constitutional government in England was doomed. When the Bill against Occasional Conformity was up for

1. Hob turn'd Courtier, pp. 5-6. Similar accusations could be multiplied from much of the literature of the period. Defoe, for instance, in his Hymn to the Pillory (1703), speaks in more general terms of those

> ...who from mean beginnings grow
> To vast estates, but God knows how!
> Who carry untold sums away
> From little Places, with but little pay!

(Later Stuart Tracts, p. 216) Cf. also The Grumbling Hive, ll. 117-120. Some of the charges were indubitably based on fact. Sir John Trevor, Speaker of the House of Commons who was removed from office as a result of the scandal of the East India Company in 1695, was said to have had a legitimate emolument of £4000 and to have pocketed £10,000. Burnet says that Sir John Musgrave, a leader of the Tories, received £12,000 from the King at different times for giving up "points of great importance in the critical minute" (History of His Own Time, ed. 1734, II, 109, 411). A letter to the Scandalous Club for 3 October, 1704 (The Review, I, 259), alludes to a number of lesser officials who were living above their honest means presumably because of malfeasance in office.

2. Mandeville's Pamphleteers, written soon after the death of William III in March, 1703, was occasioned by the renewed efforts of the Tories to blacken the name of the King and to crush the Whigs.

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the second time, in 1703, it created "the highest and warmest reign of party and faction, that I ever knew of," wrote Swift. "It was so universal, that I observed the dogs in the streets much more contumelious and quarrelsome than usual; the very night before the bill went up, a committee of Whig and Tory cats, had a very warm and loud debate upon the roof of our house, But why should we wonder at that, when the very ladies are split asunder into High Church and Low, and out of zeal for religion, have hardly time to say their prayers?"[1] Added to this and other dissensions was the constant Tory pressure against the war with France, a condition, it may be remembered, which Mandeville tended to emphasize in the moral of The Grumbling Hive. The "tacking" of a money-bill to the measure against Occasional Conformity, by which Commons hoped either to force the passage of the latter or to cripple the Exchequer, was, according to Burnet, an attempt by the Tories "to break the War, and to force a Peace."[2] In the session of 1703-1704 a new recruiting act was brought forward empowering justices of the peace to impress all vagrant and idle persons without calling or means of subsistence. This measure, too, was opposed "with unusual Vehemence" by the party in both houses which "had been all along cold and backward in the War," under the pretence that it was a violation of the rights and privileges of the subject. In addition, "the Body of the Freeholders began to be uneasy under the Taxes, and to cry out for a Peace: And most of the capital Gentry of England, who had the most to lose, seemed to be ill-turned, and not to apprehend the Dangers we were in, if we should fall

1. Correspondence of Jonathan Swift, ed. F. Elrington Ball, I, 38-39.

2. History of His Own Time, ed. 1734, II, 401.

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under the Power of France."[1]

Though Anne had begun her reign with Tory sympathies, that party became so intractable that she was virtually forced into the arms of the Whigs. All her pleas for moderation, and the pleas of men like Defoe and Bernard Mandeville, served only to increase the fury of the "High-Flyers," as they were called.[2] The very word moderation became hateful to them: "A Modern Coward Principle," which was merely another name for Whiggism and Dissent. They turned even on the Queen, accusing her of conniving at the downfall of the Established Church and of deserting the cause of her own clan. It was in order partly to mollify the churchmen that she now set aside for the poor clergy the fund known as Queen Anne's Bounty. "The parties are such bugbears," she wrote to Marlborough some time later, "that I dare not venture to write my mind freely of either of them without a cypher, for fear of any accident. I pray God to keep me out of the hands of both of

1. Burnet, History of His Own Time, II, 379-380.

2. Cf. the close of The Pamphleteers, addressed to Anne:

..........to sum up all
May in your Days the Gift of Heav'n to sent
Which we ne'er tasted yet, to be CONTENT.

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them."[1] Marlborough's return to England from Blenheim, a cause for rejoicing from the Whigs, also brought hope that his presence would help to reconcile the divided kingdom:

> O may thou thus restore our State,
> And save from threatned Ills this Land,
> From Faction, Pride, and Party-Hate,
> Which hov'ring o're the Nation stand.
> Crush the fell Monsters in the Birth,
> And Unity and Love restore.[2]

Naturally with passions like these raging in the country, politicians were more than ordinarily blind to moral considerations. Bribery was among the least of the evils condoned, and responsibility to one's constituency was naught. As one writer of 1704 observes with partial irony:

> Men buy not Offices for publick Ends,
> But first to serve themselves, and then their Friends.
> Why shou'd we hope then, or expect from such

1. Trevelyan, op. cit., I, 176. The Queen dismissed the Parliament in 1704 with a recommendation for "Union and Moderation," and "these Words, which had hitherto carried so good a Sound...were now become so odious to violent Men, that even in Sermons, chiefly at Oxford, they were arraigned as importing somewhat, that was unkind to the Church, and that favoured the Dissenters" (Burnet, History of His Own Time, II, 380). Typical of these attacks is the poem Moderation Display'd (1705), the author of which contends that it is a Whig device framed for the profit of that group:

> ....these Auspicious Moderation Times,
> By not detecting, sanctify their Crimes;
> By baffling Justice, and eluding Law,
> Make Vice insult, and Sin triumphant grow.
> (Poems on Affairs of State, IV, 104)

An epigram of the time, which had great currency, refers to the apostacy of the Queen:

> When A--a was the Church's Daughter
> She acted as her Mother taught her;
> But now she's Mother to the Church,
> She leaves her Daughter in the Lurch.
> (Poems on Affairs of State, IV, 17)

One of the most eloquent passages in The Review is Defoe's plea for moderation on 31 October, 1704 (I, 290). He alludes to the "Virulent Lampoons, Satyrs, and Reflections in Print" on Anne, in The Review for 8 May, 1705 (II, 111).

2. Supplement to The Review, for September, 1704, p. 18 (The Review ed. Secord, vol. III).

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> Of Honour or of Honesty so much?
> They purchase with their Money and their Pains,
> And so are forc'd to cheat for honest Gains.
> All Villains wou'd be honest if they could,
> But it is inconsistent with their Good...
> Most Men ambitiously desire Command
> To feed their Vanities: Such never stand
> At the Prosperity or Ruin of a Land.[1]

Mandeville himself might have written that passage, so consonant is it with his view of human nature.

How much truth there was behind all the charges and counter-charges of these years it is perhaps impossible to determine. The picture of "madding passions mutually inflamed," however, must have afforded a rare treat to any man who was able to stand aside, his own feelings disengaged, and view it coolly---to a foreigner, say, who was yet close enough to English life to have a ring-side seat at the spectacle. The description fits Bernard Mandeville; and his account of the general unrest, in The Grumbling Hive, merely represented what all the people were saying:

1. The Locusts, p. 19. In The Review for 13 March, 1705, Defoe advertised as preparing for the press "A New Test of the Efficacy and Extent of English Acts of Parliament, being a Collection of the Briberies, Feastings, Drunkenness, Caballings, Treatings, Corruptions, Conveying Freeholds, making Freemen, and horrid Practices, now in their full and free Exercise, in this Miserable Divided Nation, for Debauching the Voices of the Electors in the Choice of a New Parliament, before the present House is Dissolv'd" (II, 20). Two months later he announced that he had not prosecuted the work to completion because "when I came to Enter into the vast Field, I found such an Ocean of Villany, such a Depth of Corruption, that it was endless to finish it" (II, 125). Cf. his picture of the national temper at this juncture in the preface to volume two of The Review; also Burnet, History of His Own Time, II, 412. It was of Anne's reign, it may be recalled, that Atterbury remarked: "The price of a vote is as well known as an acre of land." A graphic account of some of the methods used in the election of 1702 is given in Trevelyan, I, 210-212.

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> ....they, at every ill Success,
> Like Creatures lost without Redress,
> Curs'd Politicians, Armies, Fleets;
> While every one cry'd, Damn the Cheats....
> The least thing was not done amiss,
> Or cross'd the Publick Business;
> But all the Rogues cry'd brazenly,
> Good Gods, Had we but Honesty![1]

Mandeville, of course, does not confine his description of dishonesty to the politicians. No class is spared---lawyers, physicians, prelates, soldiers, farmers, judges, merchants: "All Trades and Places knew some Cheat." Here too he was repeating not merely the age-old expostulation of moralists everywhere, but a lament which was as contemporary and as thoroughly English as the Bill against Occasional Conformity. To the Tory pamphleteers, for instance, Whig, Dissenter, and Reformer were synonymous, and their complaints against the political morality of the first were usually supplemented by denunciations of the hypocrisy of the other two. Furthermore, the merchants of London formed a Whig stronghold; their money had founded the Bank of England; they had financed the government; they alone had gained whatever profits the war had brought; and they stood to lose more than any other class by a restoration of James or the Pretender. Thus the Tory anti-war party singled them out frequently for special vilification, charging them with subverting the public benefit for their private gain. Other voices, not necessarily Tory, joined in the chorus, for the increasing wealth and power of the merchant class was hateful to many tradition-loving English-

1. Ll. 210-213, 223-226.

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men.[1] The effects of growing democracy are suggested in The Tavern Hunter, a satire from 1702:

> Each City Mechanick too proud is to Dine
> Sup, talk or make Bargains, but over his Wine.
> The Flask of French Claret, Monteth, and Flint Glasses,
> Are Tavern Delights only worth his Embraces.[2]

Probably the most characteristic accusation against the merchant class, one in which are joined the Mandevillian "vices" of pride and luxury, is summed up in The Monster, published in the same year as The Grumbling Hive:

> Fleec'd with the Gain from India they command,
> Upon the ruin of their Native Land:
> While they create their Wealth and ill got Store,
> Their Country pines, and must at last grow poor;
> Thousands must perish to maintain their Pride,
> As Oceans flow in to support a Tide.[3]

In other places the merchants are charged with smuggling contraband goods, a crime even worse than that of the highwayman, for it not only defrauded the government but ruined honest traders:

> The cheapest Seller will have greatest Trade;
> And thence the honest starve, and Knaves are made.[4]

1. Cf. the lines by "T.B.," quoted supra pp. clxii-clxiii.

2. The Tavern Hunter: Or, a Drunken Ramble from the Crown to the Devil, p. 4. The efforts of the "mechanick" class to ape the manners of the beau monde is referred to in The Humour of the Age (1701): "And the new fashion Citizen, that's more Beau than Tradesman, will rather affront his Customers, than stifle a Jest, to lose the Reputation of a Wit" (I, i).

3. The Monster: Or, The World turn'd Topsy Turvy, 1705, pp. 7-8.

4. Against Ingratitude. Satire the Second, 1706, p. 11. Cf. Macaulay, History, V, 295, for an account of smuggling in this period.

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No merchant, according to the same author, "makes a Conscience" of "Custom-stealth." Nor are they more trustworthy in their dealings across the counter, for there they employ their "esteem and friendship" to cheat customers. Equally reprehensible is their practice of "breaking" for gain:

> In the plain Days of Russet Honesty,
> Such Dealing, Cheat was lookt upon to be;
> But since by Policies refin'd we are,
> Is thought but handsom Sham on Creditor.[1]

Even Mandeville's sly dig at Flail, the farmer, was anticipated in the voluminous literature against vice. The Monster, for example, in its exhaustive survey of the wickedness in the kingdom spares no men in its conclusion that "they're all Brutes by Nature left":

> The Country Grasier, Farmer, and the Hind,
> Are all as monstrous Villains in their Kind:
> The Grasier knows not how Bank-stock to buy;
> But in's own way as well can Forge and Lie.
> The Farmer cheats now like the Merchant on the Change,
> But will deceive you in your Country Grange:
> He that once trusts him, will be surely bit,
> For tho his own's but small, he'll teach you Wit.[2]

As to the other classes whom Mandeville describes, one would expect to find attacks on the legal and medical professions in that day as in any other, and his comments about them are therefore less remarkable than those about farmers, politicians, and merchants. Naturally he was interested in members of his own profession, but his remarks in The Grumbling Hive are much less censorious than passages in his Latin

1. Nine Satyrs, Or Moral Poems, 1703, pp. 49-50.

2. The Monster, pp. 13-14.

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poem of 1698 prefixed to Groeneveldt's treatise, or those which he later penned in his own Treatise of the Hypochondriack and Hysterick Diseases.[1] His lines on the sharp practices of lawyers also are not new; they could be paralleled in dozens of sixteenth or seventeenth-century plays and poems. One may mention, however, during the years immediately before The Grumbling Hive, the appearance of The Locusts, a satire in two parts printed in 1704 and directed entirely at malpractices in the Court of Chancery; and also of William Grimston's comedy, The Lawyer's Fortune, containing a satire on quack attorneys. Probably Defoe's Scandalous Club expressed the current opinion in The Review for 23 September, 1704: "That the Lawyers are degenerated in Practice, are Harpies, Monsters and Devils, who suck the Blood and Wealth of the Nation, and that ruin, as far as in them lies, those that

1. "Where shall you find a Physician now-a-days," says Philppirio, Mandeville's spokesman in the latter book, "that makes that Stay with his Patients, which it is plain the Ancients must have done, to make the noble Prognosticks we have from them? But this would not only be too laborious, but a tedious way of getting Money; Self-interest now gives better Lessons to young Physicians." The modern way to succeed, he continues, is to "shew your self a Scholar, write a Poem, either a good one, or a long one; Compose a Latin Oration, or do but Translate something out of that Language with your Name to it. If you can do none of all these, Marry into a good Family....Or else cringe and make your court to half a dozen noted Apothecaries.....Nay, get but in Favour with one that has great Business, and yours is done. Otherwise be a rigid Party-man, it is all one, Whig or Tory, so you are but violent enough of either side; or if you can Chat, and be a good Companion, you may drink your self into Practice" (Treatise, ed. 1730, pp. 39-40).

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fall into their hands, whether for Life or Estate."[1] As to Mandeville's lines on Justice in general, enough contemporary evidence about vicious politics, culpable magistrates, and bribery has already been advanced in this study to indicate that his remarks were an echo of current opinion.

But no enumeration of specific charges, such as that which has been attempted in the preceding pages, can impress one adequately with the howling total of recrimmination unleashed in England during the years from 1700 to 1705. What with the denunciation of the reformers of manners, answered by retorts of "hypocrite" and "self-seeker" from the Ned Wards of the day; the mutual objurgation of High Churchmen, Low Churchmen, and Dissenters; and the furious mud-slinging of Whig and Tory, the terms "vice," "national ruin," "bribery," "luxury," "death of trade," "private vices, public downfall," and their equivalents were on everyone's lips as the entirely engrossing subject of conversation in coffee-houses, of sermons, and of parliamentary speeches. For every _pro_ there was a _con_, and no holds were barred. Some men cried immoderately for moderation; others damned all compromise. "Would you know why Men of Power Contend?" asks one writer in 1704:

> Why Peace and their own Int'rest Men despise,
> And value not their Sovereigns Call, or their Dear
> Countries Cryes?
> Reflect, Inquiring Mortal, on the Times,
> 'Tis all t'Enrich themselves, or _hide their Crimes_...
> 'Tis all because Mankind are _Rogues by Birth_;....
> Born with corrupted Hearts and _blinded Eyes_,
> That choose Destruction, and are Slaves to Vice
> Abhor their Friends, and scorn that bounteous Hand,
> Tho' their own Ruin's in the _general Blast_ contain'd.

1. _The Review_, I, 294.

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Another picture, a scene in Garraway's Coffee-house, where the talk is all of war, trade, and vice, and where in a corner

> One said, How shou'd a People thrive
> That did in such disorders live?
> And that it was a shame to see
> Such Vice and Immorality
> As now was practic'd in this Town.[1]

This attitude of despair formed one part of the entire scene on which The Grumbling Hive was a commentary. Another aspect of it is represented in such a poem as Defoe's Reformation of Manners, where, in his effort to blast vice completely out of England, he almost overreaches himself in a rhetorical exaltation. The very length of the passage in question, as well as its extremity of statement, is characteristic of the reforming literature. After penning several hundred lines of caustic satire on London's viciousness, Defoe bursts forth:

> Vertue's a native Rectitude of Mind,
> Vice the Degeneracy of Human Kind:
> Vertue is Wisdom Solid and Divine,
> Vice is all Fool without, and Knave within:
> Vertue is Honour circumscrib'd by Grace,
> Vice is made up of every thing that's base:
> Vertue has secret Charms which all Men love,
> And those that do not choose her, yet approve:
> Vice like ill Pictures which offend the Eye,
> Make those that made them their own Work deny:
> Vertue's the Health and Vigour of the Soul,
> Vice is the foul Disease infects the whole:
> Vertue's the Friend of Life, and Soul of Health,
> The Poor Man's Comfort, and the Rich Man's Wealth:
> Vice is a Thief, a Traytor in the Mind,
> Assassinates the Vitals of Mankind;
> The Poison of his high Prosperity,

1. Hob turn'd Courtier, pp. 14-15. In The Lawyer's Fortune by William Grimston, written in the autumn of 1704 as internal evidence would indicate, Valentine asks his impecunious friend Sprightly of the news in London:

"Valentine: But hast no News, 'tis News I want.

"Sprightly: No, not I, nor the Coffee-Houses neither; there's nothing but Tacking, calling of Names, and some in my Condition, Factious, and troubling the Nation in hopes to get Preferment" (III, i).

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And only Misery of Poverty.
    To States and Governments they both extend,
Vertue's their Life and Being, Vice their End:
Vertue establishes, and Vice destroys,
And all the Ends of Government unties:
Vertue's an English King and Parliament,
Vice is a Czar-of-Muscow Government:
Vertue sets Bounds to Kings, and limits Crowns;
Vice knows no Law, and all Restraint disowns:
Vertue prescribes all Government by Rules;
Vice makes Kings Tyrants, and their Subjects Fools:
Vertue seeks Peace, and Property maintains;
Vice binds the Captive World in hostile Chains:
Vertue's a beauteous Building form'd on high,
Vice is Confusion and Deformity.
    In vain we strive these two to reconcile,
Vain and impossible, th' unequal Toil:
Antipathies in Nature may agree,
Darkness and Light, Discord and Harmony;
The distant Poles in spite of Space may kiss,
Water capitulate, and Fire make Peace:
But Good and Evil never can agree,
Eternal Discord's there, Eternal Contrariety.[1]

Such a passage as that might alone start Mandeville's brain to buzzing, and might produce a *Grumbling Hive*. It is an open invitation to mockery. Defoe's contention, of course, is far from new; but he was expressing an idea that was unusually alive in that day, one that was apparently dinned from every pulpit, mentioned in every coffee-house, and used for his own purposes by every politician.

The curious thing, the inconsistency which few noted, the Mandevillian paradox ready-made, is that with all its vices England was admitted-

1. *Poems on Affairs on State*, II, 363-364. This contrariety between vice and virtue is asserted numerous times in *An Account of the Societies for Reformation of Manners*. In one passage the author states that "unrestrained Vice and Prophaneness are as fatal to publick Societies, as they are destructive to private Persons"; and later, "Virtue is the way to the Happiness of particular Persons, of private Families, and to the Prosperity of Nations" (pp. 2, 91). *Cf. supra*, p. clxx.

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ly wealthier and possessed more luxuries than it had ever before. In an interesting letter written from Holland in 1700 George Farquhar describes conditions in that country as compared to those in England:

> ....nothing can parallel the Dutch Industry but the Luxury of England....if the very Taverns in London, with Seven or Eight handsom Churches, and one or two of our Inns of Court....were but handsomly seated on the Banks of a River, they would make a Figure with some of the most remarkable Cities in Europe. This indeed is a Noble Argument of the Riches of England; but whether our Luxury sprang from Plenty, or the Temperance of Holland the Effect of Necessity, be the happier State, is a question that I want leisure to determine.[1]

The determination of this question was precisely Mandeville's point of departure in The Grumbling Hive. Other writers, especially those with a reforming tendency, remarked on the wealth of England during the years following 1700, many of them, like Defoe, perceiving no inconsistency between their campaign against vicious luxury and their efforts to bolster English trade. In November, 1704, Defoe wrote in Giving Alms no Charity:

> The crimes of our people, and from whence their poverty derives, as the visible and direct fountains are,
> 1. Luxury.
> 2. Sloth
> 3. Pride.

In explanation he adds that the "English labouring people eat and drink, but especially the latter three times as much in value as any sort of foreigners of the same dimensions in the world." And then he says: "We are the most lazy diligent nation in the world; vast trade, rich manufactures, mighty wealth, universal correspondence, and happy success has been constant companions of England."[2] A month later, in The Review, he again attested to the wealth of England, at the same time pointing

1. Works, ed. Stonehill, II, 289-291.

2. A Journal of the Plague Year and Other Pieces, ed. Secord, pp. 323-324.

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out the factional differences of opinion on the subject:

> I know abundance of Gentlemen are pleas'd to say, Our Trade is in the most flourishing Condition that ever it was in these Ages, our Credit highest, our Cash greatest, and our Merchants better bottom'd than ever.
>
> Others again, like Ahab's Prophet Micaiah, are always Prophecying Evil Tidings, always crying, Woe, Woe! Woe to our Trade, the Dutch will run away with it; Woe to our Manufactures , Foreigners Undersell us; Woe to our Wooll, it all goes away to France; Woe to our Poor, they will have no Employment; Woe to our Navigation, the French take all our Ships;....and thus they look upon the English Trade, as an Old Man under a Chronical Distemper.

Yet, says Defoe, in general "our Trade has thriven upon the War." And in the next breath he adds: "Tis not the Dutch Cunning, but our Folly; not the Dutch Diligence, but our Laziness and Luxury; not the Dutch out-doing us, but our undoing our selves, that Injures our Trade."[1] Three months afterwards he indulged in his most high-flown panegyric on trade---it "Employs the Poor, raises the Price of Wages, and that of Provisions, and that of Lands, and that encreases the Estates of the Gentry; their Estates encreasing, they Live Splendidly, Entertain Servants, keep Plentiful Tables, wear Fine Cloaths, ride in Coaches, &c. and that again makes Trade."[2] What is this but luxury? Mandeville implied one month later in The Grumbling Hive---that which you condemned last November in Giving Alms No Charity, and again in December in The Review?[3]

1. The Review, I, 346. According to the historian Green, English exports doubled during the five years after the peace of Ryswick, and the merchant-shipping quadrupled (History of England, IV, 73).

2. The Review, II, 9-10 (6 March, 1705). "'Tis the Wealth of Nations that makes them Great," said Defoe a few weeks later (The Review, II, 78), a remark which is often quoted as evidence of his link with Adam Smith.

3. Cf. The Grumbling Hive, 11, 180-181.

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As a matter of fact, Mandeville could have found plentiful material for The Grumbling Hive merely by following Defoe's opinions during the past few years. But the protest against luxury was as widespread, though naturally not so vociferous, as that against vice. "Our stately fops admire themselves better in an Indian dressing gown than in one made in Spitalfields," objected a writer in 1701, thus indicating one reason for opposition to a large class of luxuries: namely, that their importation was a menace to native manufacture.[1] "From the greatest Gallants to the meanest Cook Maids," said Pollexfen in 1697, "nothing was thought so fit to adorn their persons as the Fabricks of India, nor for the ornaments of Chambers like India Skreens, Cabinets, Beds and Hangings, nor for Closets, like China and Laquered Ware."[2] New industries in the kingdom itself encouraged the use of what Defoe called "toys." The Huguenot refugees had set up various manufactures---"Hats, Glass, Paper, Lustrings, Canvas, Sail-cloth, and several sorts of Wrought Silks"--and though most of these competed in no way with the produce of native workers, there yet was protest against the competition with the cloth trades and against the luxuries thus introduced.[3] In Canary-Birds Naturaliz'd, for instance,

1. Trevelyan, op. cit., I, 98.

2. W. Cunningham, op.cit., II, 464. Though Defoe often spoke in favor of free trade, he protests several times against the "light, thin, and Novel Wearing of Stuffs, Druggets, and Toys, in the room of our Broad-Cloath, the Ancient Standard Commodity, and Staple Trade of this Nation" (The Review, II, 14. Cf. also I, 397; II, 19).

3. The quotation is from The Review, I, 358.

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the author complains that,

> Nought of our own best Clownish Make,
> With flutt'ring Beaux will ever take,
> Nor Ribbons, Gloves, nor Wigs of Fashion,
> Nor polish'd Gems t'adorn our Nation,
> Nor slender Shoes to dance Courant,
> Nor sweet Perfumes, nor falsest Paint
> Nor yet silk Stockings, so genteel,
> To shew the Calf above the Heel.
> Our own Meckanicks Work is Clumsy....[1]

On the whole it was no ordinary temper of society which produced The Grumbling Hive. Inconsistency may be one of the privileges, or at least one of the attributes, of human nature in all ages; but in days of stress, of economic, political, or social change, when passions blind men and make a detached survey of affairs almost impossible, inconsistency may be even the rule. A more perfect condition for its existence could hardly be found than in the reigns of William and Anne, especially in that of the latter. There, for the first time,

1. Canary-Birds Naturaliz'd in Utopia, p. 15. This "parliament of birds" is a protest against naturalization of the French and Dutch immigrants, and, though undated, a reference to "Foe's"--not "De Foe's"---True-Born Englishman as a recent work places it early in the reign of Anne (who is mentioned as the "Bird of Majesty").

A modern epicure, the kind whom Mandeville ostensibly considered a boon to the nation, is pictured in Nine Satyrs (1703). To attend him this gentleman has

> Milliners, Perfumers, Mercers, Drapers,
> And those that earn their Bread by Cutting Capers;
> With many more, whose Names I'd here rehearse,
> Had I but Strength to drag'em into Verse....
> But Dress alone is not that weighty Thing
> Cinna to Height of Mode is Curious in.
> To dine with an Acquaintance takes a Chair....
> Where little Alamode de France he sees;
> Scarce Object meets, that with his Mind agrees.
> ....Look, has Frame of Chair the true Japan?
> The Table's ill proportion'd to the Room;
> Besides, no Matt to catch a dropping Crumb:
> Napkins and Cloth are or too short or long...(pp. 55-56).

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party-governments met in a conflict which was no less significant because it was bloodless and internal. The landed interest and the rising commercial power came to grips. English religion split into three camps, High Church, Low Church, and Dissenter, and suffered a far more dangerous inner spiritual rift in the growing anti-clericalism. In the field of economics free trade and mercantilism were at war. In another realm of thought, social morality and humanitarianism fought against the flesh, the devil, and greed. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that these conflicts were rather blind efforts at conciliation. The immediate cause of it all was that the movements which had produced the Revolution of 1688 were suffering from growing-pains. *Jus divinum*, for instance, was dead; but though most people recognized the fact, England had not yet understood or learned to adjust itself to the implications of the new order. The total result was the atmosphere of political calumny, moralistic jeremiad, and religious recrimination which we have been surveying, and which was disrupting a nation whose rapidly-increasing power and wealth all the world respected. Truly, as a writer in 1702 observed, as Mandeville himself had implied in 1703, and as it must have seemed to many onlookers,

> Thy People Rules of Reason do buffoon,[1]
> And change their loose Opinions with the Moon.

That conclusion was evident even to the half-blind. A solution to these inconsistencies, this contumely, was the prime desidera-

1. *The Apostates*, 1702, p. 3. *Cf.* Mandeville's moral to the fable of "The Frogs asking for a King," and *The Pamphleteers*, l. 64; also below pp. cxci-cxcii.

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tum.[1] The Whigs and the Queen and the moderate Tories vainly counselled moderation; it was merely new oil for the flame. To cry for honesty, to deplore moral conditions in this chaos, appeared to be quackery and acted as a boomerang against the speaker.

> Then leave Complaints: Fools only strive
> To make a Great an Honest Hive
> T' enjoy the World's Conveniencies,
> Be fam'd in War, yet live in Ease,
> Without great Vices, is a vain
> EUTOPIA seated in the Brain.

Viewed thus in the light of its contemporary motivation, Mandeville's paradox appears not nearly so unusual as many have thought it. One would not wish to discount the originality of his solution; but his poem really was an apparently ephemeral squib tossed into the ring, a reflection of his own easy-going disposition rather than a philosophical treatise compiled from historical research and a painful study of Lucretius, Epictetus, and Bayle. Mandeville did not have to step out of London to find his hive; his paradox was almost ready-made before his eyes. He was, for one thing, a Hollander; and the prospect of these warring tribes,

1. As early as 1701, in The True-Born Englishman, the most popular literary work of the decade, Defoe had queried:

> Who shall this Bubbl'd Nation disabuse,
> While they their own Felicities refuse?
> Who at the Wars have made such mighty Pother,
> And now are falling out with one another:
> With needless Fears the Jealous Nation fill,
> And always have been sav'd against their Will:
> Who Fifty Millions Sterling have disburs'd,
> To be with Peace and too much Plenty curs'd.

(Quoted from the reprint of the first edition by A. C. Guthkelch, Essays and Studies by Members of the English Association, IV, 109-110). The Grumbling Hive is an answer to Defoe's question.

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to a person reared in that atmosphere of tolerance, must have been excessively annoying, or excessively amusing, or both.[1] As early as 1703, in his first English poem, The Pamphleteers, he had expressed his aversion for the domestic strife in this "grumbling Nation that was ne'er at ease," and had sounded the keynote of The Grumbling Hive in his closing formula addressed to Anne:

> May in your Days the Gift of Heav'n be sent,
> Which we ne'er tasted yet, to be CONTENT.[2]

The same feeling had appeared in the fables of 1703, and had found utterance also in Typhon in his lines on the reformers of manners,

> Those Champions of Sobriety,
> That watch to keep the World adry.[3]

1. Farquhar, in his visit to the Low Countries in 1700, was notably impressed by the calmness of life there, which he compared to a swarm of bees: "'Tis a pleasant thing to see Christians, Mahometans, Jews, Protestants, Papists, Armenians and Greeks, swarming together like a Hive of Bees, without one Sting of Devotion to hurt one another; they all agree about the business of this Life, because a Community in Trade is the Interest they drive at; and they never Jostle in the Way to the Life to come, because every one takes a different Road. One great cause of this so amicable a Correspondence and Agreement, is, that only the Layety of these Professions compose the Mixture; here are no Ingredients of Priestcraft to sowr the Composition; Pulpits indeed they have, but not like Hudibrass's Ecclesiastical Drums, that are continually beating up for Volunteers to the alarming of the whole Nation. Here is no Interest of Sects to be manag'd under the Cloak of gaining Proselytes to the Truth; nor strengthning of Parties, by Pretence of reclaiming of Souls; every Shepherd is content with his own Flock, and Mufti, Levite, Pope, and Presbiter, are all Christians in this, that they live in Unity and Concord" (Works, ed. Stonehill, II, 389-390).

2. The Pamphleteers, ll. 64, 187-188.

3. Typhon, ll, 91-92. Cf. the moral of "The Hands, Feet, and Belly" and of "The Frogs asking for a King."

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This desire for tranquillity, the basic attitude behind _The Grumbling Hive_, was, as we have seen, by no means original with Mandeville. It is implicit in a large proportion of the contemporary literature, though too often misdirected by spleen. Instead of trying to cut or untie the Gordian knot which the reformers and political parties were merely complicating by their efforts, he chose to let it alone. Underlying his passivity was the pseudo-benignant fatalism with which he viewed roguery and fallibility as ineradicable elements in human nature.[1] This also was not new, for it had been used by many of his self-indulgent fellows to defend themselves against the reformers. According to the author of _An Account of the Societies for Reformation of Manners_, oppo-

1. _Typhon_, 11, 489-494. Mandeville's reasoned defence of vice and his brilliant analysis of human actions, by which he reduces their motivation to self-seeking and pride, do not appear until nine years later in the commentary to the 1714 _Fable of the Bees_. For that reason it is interesting to note the following passage from _Select Fables of Boccaline, Aesop, &c._, annonymously issued in 1704, the idea of which (and even the phraseology) closely resembles Mandeville's later anti-rationalism: "Principles are indeed the Bands of Spiritual Society, the common Test by which Men are try'd, what Profession, or Faith they are of; but they are seldom the Rules of our Actions. Appetite and Passion are the grand Sources of all the Transactions in the World. However Popular, however, Pious, however Plausible Mens Pretences are, self Advantage and Security are generally at the Bottom. If we look narrowly into the Lives of those that have been Celebrated as Patriots, Reformers, and Publick Spirited Men, we shall find most of 'em animated and push'd forward by a Spirit of Vain-glory, or Ambition. The Publick Good, indeed, has always been the Pretext, and sometimes the Result of their Undertakings, when great Power or Name have been the true, and perhaps the only Motives to 'em" (pp. 36-37). Possibly the unknown author had been reading Bayle, to whom Mandeville was later indebted, and who asserts in various ways that "ce ne sont pas les opinions generales de l'esprit, qui déterminent à agir, mais les passions presentes du coeur" (_Pensées diverses sur la Comète_, II, 17).

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nents of the moral crusade against profanity, _etc._, argued that "if Men are accustomed to such Language, or likewise to _Drunkenness_ or _Lewdness_, 'tis difficult to break Habits, especially of such Vices to which we have Temptations from our corrupt Nature; and therefore to punish Gentlemen for these Offences seems to be ill Breeding, as well as Severity, and to tend moreover to the destroying of Conversation, and to the making of Life an insipid thing."[1] Even the paradoxical twist by which Mandeville gave to his tolerance an economic justification could readily have occurred to an active, unimpassioned mind by the mere vehemence and clamorous frequency with which the lament of _private vices, public ruin_ found utterance in discontented, immoral, luxurious England. Other men, whether ironical or not, had anticipated him. In Thomas Baker's comedy, _An Act at Oxford_, produced in 1704, one of the characters named Squire Calf when challenged by a reformer argues in far more specific terms than those of _The Grumbling Hive_ that private vices produce public benefits:

Driver. And are you fit to appear in Office, in this Saint-like Age, a notorious loose Liver, and a scandal to Reformation?
Calf. Why, who's fitter to be employ'd, than he that supports the Trade o' th' Nation? I eat great store of Beef, that an Ox may bear a good price, wear Flannel Shirts to encourage the Woollen Manufacture, and make ev'ry Body drunk to promote the Duties upon Malt, Salt, Mum, Syder, Pipes and Perry.----But who are you, pray, that rail at true English Toping, and the famous University of _Oxenford_?
Driver. Why, Friend, I'm one that will have thee turn'd out o' Commission for a Debauch'd Magistrate, and put into the Black List for a Promoter of Gluttony, and Drunkenness, in Opposition to _frugal Sobriety_, and the reform'd City of _London_.[2]

The immediate contemporaneousness of Mandeville's poem could hardly be better illustrated. The passage is further evidence, if any were needed, that in evolving the paradox on which much of his later writing was based, Mande-

1. _An Account of the Societies for Reformation of Manners_, p. 48.

2. _An Act at Oxford_, p. 8 (I, i).

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ville was by no means as necessarily cosmopolitan in learning as Professor Kaye has led us to believe in the introduction to his edition of The Fable of the Bees.

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V. MANDEVILLE'S EARLY INTELLECTUAL DEVELOPMENT

Mandeville's poetry, thin and unpromising as it may seem, sheds considerable light on both his literary tastes and his intellectual development. Though all of it, including _The Grumbling Hive_, was either occasional or tentative, and most of it is not remarkable for its thought-content, it discloses much about the author's general disposition, and likewise conveys several of his positive attitudes, notably his Whiggism and his empiricism.

In view of the republican atmosphere of his native country and the Tory opposition in England to William III and thence to all Hollanders, Mandeville's political faith would almost have been predetermined, and the poetry gives conclusive evidence of the result. _The Pamphleteers_, for instance, his authorship of which there seems no reason to doubt, was a direct rejoinder to the Tory depreciation of the late king, and it also urges that national unity which was then endangered by the Tories. The fables of 1703, in which he defends the war and war-time taxes, are further proof of his Whig sympathies. _The Grumbling Hive_ itself not only supports the war and censures the national unrest, but encourages the economic opportunism which was vested in the general Whig policy and abetted by the merchant class, itself mostly Whig in sentiment. Professor Kaye, basing his opinion on Mandeville's dig in the 1703 fables at the Whig _Flying Post_, concluded that he was a Tory at that time; but the vagaries of George Ridpath, editor of the _Flying Post_, drew upon him attacks from all sides. He was, for one thing, a violent Dissenter and puritan, and violence

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and puritanism were, from the first, detestable to Mandeville. Furthermore, Mandeville says merely that Ridpath was comparable to Mercury as "God of Lying"; the same accusation was frequently and far more directly made against Ridpath by Defoe in The Review, but no one has ever questioned Defoe's Whiggism on that account.[1]

But though Mandeville throughout his life was Whiggish in politics, he was intellectually inclined to a more undemocratic view. It may seem strange to suggest that the author of Typhon was an intellectual aristocrat; but he scorned both the ignorant mob and those philosophers, like Shaftesbury, who allowed their philanthropic zeal to short-circuit their powers of calm observation. Mandeville's amused contempt for thinkers who romanticize human nature, or who value high-flown speculations more than empiric fact, constantly recurs in his work. In the poetry it appears as early as Typhon in the jest at the heroes of Homer and Virgil, and at the fantasies of Thomas Burnet; later it prompted his epistle to John Asgill, a man whose logic triumphed even over death; and it reappears by implication or direct statement in all of his prose writings. His unflattering analysis of human nature, his animalistic conception of sexual love, and his "debunking" of all altruistic sentiment in his best-known works are the extreme products of the same attitude. It is likewise reflected, not only in the style and handling of his deliberate burlesque, as in Typhon, but in the burlesque tone of his fables and in his predilection for realistic--oftentimes coarse--illustration in his prose.

1. F. B. Kaye, Notes and Queries, CXLVI, 317. Apparently Kaye overlooked the fact that the Tory Post-Boy was included in Mandeville's accusation. For Ridpath's character see the DNB. The relevant passages in The Review are I, 6, 15, 25, 35, 43, 50, 215 and 251.

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It indeed was a part of his mind, of the intense empiricism which dictated all of his thought.

In Mandeville's first publication in England, the Latin poem prefixed to Groenevelt's De Tuto Cantharidum in 1698, there is suggested, as I have earlier mentioned, his somewhat youthful wrong-headedness, and also, beneath the cloak of Latin, the tendency which I have just noted, his inclination to burlesque. He ridicules the physicians of the College, first, by comparing their serious endeavours against the ravages of cantharides to the battles of the pygmies against the cranes and of the mice against the frogs--both burlesque battles; and, second, he ridicules them directly by emphasizing the burlesque possibilities of their struggle--an embattled host of Apollonian heroes against a bevy of flies. This is the method of the true mock-poem.

Five years later, when Mandeville again appeared in print, with the fables from La Fontaine, the direction of his literary genius seems to have been pretty well fixed. These poems are the best translations that he produced, but they disclose that he believed it necessary to accommodate La Fontaine's style to the taste of his English readers, and that therefore he had played the sedulous ape to the sort of work produced by Dennis and the author of Aesop Naturaliz'd. The success with which he wrote La Fontaine down to the burlesque level of the English fable, however, suggests that he found that level congenial to his own taste; and this opinion is confirmed by his paraphrase of Scarron published in the next year. Some of the crudeness exhibited by Typhon is no doubt due to Mandeville's deliberate effort to follow a successful, though somewhat outworn, tradition; but

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more can be read in the poem than his mere desire to be fashionable.

"One may ask," says a recent historian of English burlesque, "why the author of the pleasing _Fable of the Bees_ made an adaption of Scarron's _Gigantomachie_ which does him little honour. Did he wish, as the rest of the burlesque poetasters, to give to the public the wretched taste of a vulgar style? One does not know. But the adaptation is regrettable. In trivializing further the falsities and anachronisms of the French _Typhon_, Mandeville chose a task undignified for him. Perhaps he hoped to gain diversion for himself from this masquerade. We assume that, for his poem is not capable of greatly interesting its readers. They regret too much that the author swerved from the true voice of his genius."[1] But what was the true voice of his genius? Undoubtedly, at least later, one dominant note was his preoccupation with social morality, an interest which is partially suggested by his fables. In that respect, then, _Typhon_ was slightly off pitch for him. But as to the vulgarity of taste for which West apologizes, there is no evidence in the preface or in the poem that Mandeville did not enjoy his task; so far was this from being true that he promised more of the same stuff in the event of its success, and kept his promise eight years later when he printed other passages just as crudely adapted from Scarron. Furthermore one can distinguish no great difference between the tone of _Typhon_ and that of a considerable portion of _The Virgin Unmask'd_ in 1709. The entire first dialogue of that prose work---the portion, that is, which

1. A. H. West, _op. cit._, p. 163.

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was designed, like the opening of Cotton's Scarronides, to catch attention---is in even worse taste than Typhon because it was not intended for burlesque. Consider, for instance, the opening words of the book:

> Lucinda. Here, Niece, take my Handkerchief, prithee now, if you can find nothing else to cover your Nakedness; If you knew what a Fulsome Sight it was, I am sure you would not go so bare: I can't abide your Naked Breasts heaving up and down; it makes me Sick to see it.

---Or, more conclusively, the following description a few pages later:

> What, Betty! Poor Greasy Wench; that with a huge Pair of Dugs stands sweating and broiling over the Fire! She would hide them if she could; you see her Bodice are cramm'd that they are ready to burst. What should she do, pray? If you would not have her leave the remainder open, she must be choak'd: She does not do it out of Pride, because she thinks it looks Handsome. Where could be the Temptation, pray, in seeing those Tawny Bags lye quaking before her like a Tub of Size, though they are penn'd up so close, that she can hardly squeeze the Key of the Pantrey between them.[1]

In 1709 it would seem that Mandeville had not outgrown his earlier inclination.[2] Nor had he in 1712 when he published "Wishes to a Godson" and the fragments from later books of Typhon. By this time he was forty-two years old, rather late in life for such a tendency to be condoned as youthful extravagance or as discordant with the true voice of his genius. One of the most characteristic passages in the Fable of the Bees,

1. The Virgin Unmask'd, ed. 1724, p. 9.

2. The following criticism of The Female Tatler, in the writing of part of which Mandeville seems to have had a hand (cf. supra, pp. viii-ix), provides an interesting commentary on the above description of his style. I have not been able to consult the complete Female Tatler myself. "It is worth noting," says Walter Graham (English Literary Periodicals, p. 89), "that the inferiority of the Female Tatler to its greater model is apparently due to the coarseness of its language and the suggestiveness of much of its contents...the corrosively ironical tone and the questionable taste in which it was often written reveal, perhaps, why this periodical....failed to divide seriously the reading public of the Tatler." Graham was not aware that Mandeville had anything to do with the periodical.

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Part I, published in 1714, even if it is not offensive, is nevertheless not distantly related to the taste already exhibited: "As long as Men have the same Appetites, the same Vices will remain. In all large Societies, some will love Whoring and others Drinking. The Lustful that can get no handsome clean Women, will content themselves with dirty Drabs; and those that cannot purchase true Hermitage or Pontack, will be glad of more ordinary French Claret."[1] Ten years later, when Mandeville was fifty-four, his coarseness of style and thought reached a new peak when he wrote A Modest Defence of Publick Stews. The phrasing of the title alone warns one that his ribald wit is still to be reckoned with, and he opens his preface with an address to the very Societies for the Reformation of Manners which he had ridiculed in Typhon and had indirectly challenged in The Grumbling Hive:

> It is no small Addition to my Grief to observe, that your Endeavours to suppress Lewdness, have only serv'd to promote it.... But however Your ill Success may grieve it cannot astonish me: What else could we hope for, from Your persecuting of poor strolling Damsels? From Your stopping up those Drains and Sluices we had to let out Lewdness? From your demolishing those Horn-works and Breast-works of Modesty? Those Ramparts and Ditches within which the Virtue of our Wives and Daughters lay so conveniently intrench'd? An Intrenchment so much the safer, by how much the Ditches were harder to be fill'd up. Or what better could we expect from Your Carting of Bawds, than that the Great Leviathan of Lechery, for Want of these Tubs to play with, should, with one Whisk of his Tail, overset the Vessel of Modesty? Which, in her best Trim, we know to be somewhat leaky, and to have a very unsteady Helm.[2]

1. Fable, I, 118.

2. A Modest Defence, ed. 1725, p. lv. Mandeville later observes in the same preface (p. ix): "This Project of pulling down Bawdy-houses to prevent Uncleanness, puts me in Mind of a certain Over-nice Gentleman, who cou'd never Fancy his Garden look'd Sweet, till he had demolish'd a Bog-house that offended his Eye in one Corner of it; but it was not long before every Nose in the Family was convinc'd of his Mistake." Cf. Typhon, ll. 233-237.

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From these examples one cannot but conclude that the broad streak of vulgarity in Typhon, or, to speak more kindly, the burlesque tone of that work, is thoroughly characteristic of its author, and, though often subdued, is never entirely conquered in his later writing. It is no minor chord in the true voice of his genius. The colloquialism of his prose style, for instance, which Professor Kaye praised in his edition of the Fable, often does possess an admirable vigor and concreteness. These qualities are not unrelated to burlesque, for, as Brunetière pointed out some years ago, there is in burlesque an element of the primitive, of hard realism degenerating often into coarseness; and he added that the seventeeth-century writers of burlesque were the ancestors of those men who in his own time had raised the flag of realism and naturalism.[1] In accordance with the latter terms one would describe Mandeville's prose when harsher description is not demanded. No literary censure, indeed, is oftener levelled at the Fable than that which singles out its "lowness", its vulgar diction, its grossness of mood. Saintsbury is more fastidious than most critics, but not less representative, when he speaks of Mandeville's style as possessing a "coarseness which does not consist so much in the use of offensive language as in an almost incredible vulgarity and foulness of tone."[2] Mandeville himself was not unaware of this element, and frequently apologizes for his similes.[3] Modern taste, of course, hastens more often than not to condone this matter of crude diction and

1. "La Maladie du Burlesque," Études Critiques, Huitième Serie, p. 69.
2. Quoted in Kaye's edition of the Fable, II, 447.
3. Cf. Fable, I, 105, n.

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humour, because our modern naturalistic writers have made such a style fashionable. But from the persistence of an often offensive raillery and coarseness of thought in Mandeville's later work, one must conclude that he never overcame, and never tried to overcome, the stylistic tendency illustrated most completely and freely in Typhon.

It seems even that Mandeville's predilection for burlesque was reflected also in his more general literary technique. The mere introduction of harshly realistic or grotesque touches is not the whole secret of burlesque, though it was the method generally emphasized in Cotton's Scarronides and in most English travesties. There is also the more subtle Butlerian burlesque, which conforms partly to the previous formula in the physical description of Sir Hudibras, but escapes from it into a higher, more intellectual realm. When, for instance, Sir Hudibras and Ralpho engage in their curious, absurd debates over doctrinal points there seems to be burlesque; but this time, instead of creating the effect by vulgarizing (i.e., by "diminishing"), Butler gained it by exaggerating the doctrines until they were perceptibly incongruous with reality. Only by a recognition of his intent can we readily identify this kind of satire, this intellectual grotesquerie which is closely related to irony. No one can possibly miss the ridicule in Sir Hudibras's appearance, but many might mistake it in these doctrinal arguments, especially if the many were contemporary Presbyterians and Anabaptists. Here is exemplified a purely intellectual form of what Professor Bond calls the "magnifying" burlesque.[1]

1. For the explanation of "magnifying" and "diminishing" burlesque, cf. supra, pp. ii-iii.

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It is by the use of magnifying burlesque that Mandeville obtained much of the literary effectiveness of The Fable of the Bees and his later works. The basic postulate of the Fable and one honestly held, it would seem, is that man is a sub-rational being governed wholly by his passions of self-love, lust, and their various derivatives. All of the human attributes which ordinarily are called good and virtuous, such as love of one's kind or love between the sexes, are reduced by Mandeville to self-esteem and lust. Thus he creates a picture of the human animal which is not widely dissimilar to the burlesque figures of Aeneas and his Trojans in Cotton's travesty, or the gods in Typhon. By itself this description was enough to annoy the Steeles and Shaftesburys of the day, who looked upon man as the supreme of earthly creatures. But in juxtaposition with his diminishment of human nature Mandeville introduced, quite arbitrarily, another postulate, that only those actions can be called virtuous "by which Man, contrary to the impulses of Nature, should endeavour the Benefit of others, or the Conquest of his own Passions out of a Rational Ambition of being good."[1] This conception, which makes virtue evidently impossible of attainment by the self-indulgent

1. Fable, I, 48-49. This is Mandeville's most explicit statement of a theory which, following Professor Kaye, I shall call rigorism. Later in the Fable (I, 74) he reiterates: "Passions may do Good by chance, but there can be no Merit but in the Conquest of them." And in the preface to the Enquiry into Honour he states again: "No Practice, no Action or good Quality, how useful or beneficial soever in themselves, can ever deserve the name of Virtue, strictly speaking, where there is not a palpable Self-denial to be seen" (p. vi).

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beings whom Mandeville had pictured, he constantly inserts at strategic points in his later prose writings in order to render all human attempts at moral self-justification ridiculous. As Professor Kaye says, the definition is not original with Mandeville; he was merely restating, with pointed emphasis and exaggeration, an idea which was current in the thought of his day.[1] But he makes the rigoristic theory of virtue absurd, and he makes mankind absurd, by deliberately aggrandizing the former until its incompatibility with empiric fact is completely laid bare--or, in other words, by subjecting it to a kind of magnifying burlesque; and in order to make the incongruity with human motives unmistable he pursues a kind of diminishing burlesque in his extremely unflattering exposition of human nature.

This device, this procedure of looking at mankind through the wrong end of the telescope and then reversing the instrument to gaze at man's professed rules of action, is constant in all of Mandeville's later writings. It occurs in both parts of the _Fable_, in _Free Thoughts_, in the _Enquiry into Honour_, and in _A Letter to Dion_. He even extends the same method to other definitions: in the _Fable_ he describes luxury as anything "that is not absolutely necessary to keep a Man alive," and thus is enabled to rank almost any comfort as a luxury and hence as a vice.[2] He describes "true" Christianity as a thoroughly ascetic denial of all worldliness and an utter humility of spirit; and this interpretation he uses in _Free Thoughts_ to show that Christians are almost non-existent, and

1. _Cf. Fable_, I, cxxi, n.

2. _Fable_, I, 108, 169.

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in the Enquiry into Honour to prove that a code which allows personal affronts to be settled at the sword's point encourages the very self-liking and desire for superiority against which ascetic Christianity and true virtue--rigoristic virtue--exclaim.[1]

Was Mandeville's employment of this burlesque technique deliberate?---as deliberate, say, as his method in Typhon? So far as the "magnifying" principle is concerned the answer is yes. It seems to have been his technique of humour, his peculiar method of ridicule; we find him, at every opportunity, pushing ideas which he wished to satirize to their logical extremes, and thus making them absurd. As Kaye points out, "Mandeville's philosophy...forms a complete whole without the extraneous rigorism."[2] That being true, we can affirm that the latter was introduced for three reasons only, all of which Kaye mentions: first, a modified form of such rigorism was then a current fallacy which he wished to expose; second, he saw in it a bulwark of protection from the moralists who would fly to the defence of their species and might successfully damn him as a heretic; and third, he perceived that it would add great piquancy to his arguments in favour of human anti-ration-

1. An isolated example of how Mandeville employs rigorism occurs in Remark O of the Fable, where he condemns the folly of a poor parson who marries though unable to support a wife and children. Earlier Mandeville had said that love--by which he meant lust--was one of the most commanding of passions, and had approved of it when unsophisticated. Now, however, he calls it "a brutish Appetite" and, introducing his rigoristic virtue, damns the poor parson for self-indulgence: "What a World of Self-denial is here? The sober young Man is very willing to be Virtuous, but you must not cross his Inclinations" (I, 160-161).

2. Fable, I, lvi.

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alism and of the prevalence of vice. In view of the constant burlesque tone already noted in other aspects of his work, his primary intent in using the rigoristic device no doubt was that of ridicule rather than of self-protection. Even Professor Kaye, the foremost defender of Mandeville's greatness and, by implication, of his seriousness, observes that the irritation of contemporary critics of the *Fable* left its author "roaring with laughter."[1] That irritation was largely a result of the confusion aroused by his use of the burlesque methods described.

Although Professor Kaye admits that Mandeville's theory of rigorism is completely extraneous to the fundamental ideas of the *Fable*, that is, to its author's own philosophy of life, he states, in reference to *The Grumbling Hive*, that Mandeville's entire conception that private vices are public benefits hinges "on his definition of virtue."[2] In other words, we are asked to believe that this paradox is only a *jeu d'esprit* and has no relationship to Mandeville's real views; the whole moral teaching of the *Fable* is a huge joke, and Mandeville spent a large portion of his life devising variations on it. But, willing as one may be to agree that the rigorism is facetiously inserted, it is hard to ~~accept~~ believe that Mandeville built his entire scheme of thought thereon. One should not take him too seriously, but surely more seriously than that. As a matter of fact, the *Fable of the Bees* is not based on his rigoristic theory. The peculiar conception of virtue, in the light of which Kaye

1. *Fable*, I, cxxvi.

2. *Fable*, I, xlvii; also I, 49, n.

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interpreted the Fable, appears nowhere in The Grumbling Hive itself---nowhere, that is, in the poem in which the paradox that private vices are public benefits was first asserted, and upon which the Fable was ostensibly grounded. Kaye's neglect of this important detail apparently was caused by his having considered the poem and its commentary as homogeneous despite the nine years which lay between the publication of The Grumbling Hive and the first appearance of the commentary.[1]

The absence of the rigoristic theory from The Grumbling Hive is of the utmost importance, for it necessitates a different interpretation of the Fable. The explanation of the latter work promulgated by Professor Kaye, which now seems to be generally accepted, may be stated briefly thus: Mandeville was able to argue that private vices are public benefits because his definition of virtue was so extremely rigorous that practically all human motives, based as he insisted on passions, were shown to be vicious; therefore any action which benefited the public he could say originated in a vicious impulse. But if we remove the rigorism from this interpretation, the whole thing collapses; and since the rigorism does not appear in The Grumbling Hive, Kaye's entire explanation is untrustworthy so far as Mandeville's original scheme is concerned. What, then, did he mean by private vices, publick benefits?

The study of the background of The Grumbling Hive contained in the preceding section of this introduction has indicated clearly enough, it would

1. Kaye forgets the date of The Grumbling Hive so completely as to call The Virgin Unmask'd (1709) "the first work definitely indicative of his [Mandeville's] outlook on life" (Fable I, lxxvii).

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seem, that no complicated ratiocination was demanded for the production of the poem. It could have been merely the witty rejoinder of a man annoyed at the constant recrimination and foreboding which filled the air of London in 1705. Mandeville continued to think of his paradox, however, and it thus appears to have represented something more in his mind than a passing outburst. The key to what he really meant is contained in one of his fables published in 1704:

> _The World's vast Fabrick is so well_
> _Contrived by its Creator's Skill;_
> _There's nothing in't but what is good_
> _To him, by whom its understood;_
> _And what opposes Human Sence,_
> _Shews but our Pride and Ignorance._[1]

Viewed casually, such an utterance appears rather strange from the man who later was to lay siege to the very stronghold of Deistic optimism. But it must be remembered that at all times Mandeville's conception of the inter-relation of vice and virtue was an acceptance of the worldly _status quo_, and bears a close resemblance to the Deistic picture of the universe contained in Shaftesbury's _Characteristicks_, Pope's _Essay on Man_, and expressed by Voltaire's Dr. Pangloss. All of these men announced that private advantage harmonizes with public good. They found their justification in a pseudo-rationalistic faith that actions

1. "The Pumkin and Acorn," below, p. 25. A suggestion of these lines was in the original fable of La Fontaine, but the philosophical completeness of the statement is Mandeville's own. La Fontaine's poem opens with the succinct reflection, "Dieu fait bien ce qu'il fait," and closes with the countryman's observation on what might have resulted if a pumpkin had been suspended from the oak: "Dieu ne l'a pas voulu: sans doute il eut raison" (Regnier, II, 375-379). As noted below in the introduction, as late as 1729 Mandeville referred approvingly to the lines which have been quoted.

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which apparently are vicious must result in good somewhere, somehow, when considered in relationship to the cosmic Whole. They attempted, in other words, to unite the Cartesian hypothesis of a perfectly-ordered, mechanistic universe with their religious faith in a benevolent Deity. This also is the idea implied, though not expressed, in the above lines from Mandeville's fable.

Mandeville, too, was a Cartesian in his earlier days, but he was far more empiric than most of the Deists, and found it impossible to reconcile religious faith with a truly candid scientific spirit. His detestation of romances, an antipathy which finds expression in many of his writings beginning with Typhon, is a corollary to his dislike of fanciful speculations which are without basis or are incongruous with plain fact.[1] In The Virgin Unmask'd, for instance, he asserts that "nothing shews more Candor and Ingenuity, than when a Man of Parts confesses his Ignorance" in abstruse matters, and two years later this principle dictates his arraignment of physicians who spin hypotheses about medical symptoms.[2] In his own professional practice, he tells us, he eschewed "that lofty, self-sufficient Reason that...leaving Experience far behind mounts upon Air, and makes Conclusions in the Skies; what I make use of is plain and humble, not only built upon, but likewise surrounded with, and every way limited by Observation, from view

1. For his strictures on romances and romance-writers, see supra p. cxcvi; The Virgin Unmask'd, ed. 1724, pp. 44, 79, 184; Treatise, ed. 1730, pp. 127-128; Fable, I, 218; Free Thoughts, pp. 284-285; Enquiry into Honour, p. 48.

2. The Virgin Unmask'd, p. 121. Treatise, p. iv.

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of which it never cares to stir."[1] This extreme empiricism, as I have said earlier, greets one in all of Mandeville's works, and is the source of his belief in "Our Natural Blindness and Ignorance of the true Deity."[2] Because of their thin-spun attempts to reconcile the fact of evil with a theological benevolence, he had no real sympathy with the Deists; and it is extremely doubtful if the lines quoted from "The Pumkin and Acorn" carry any more religious feeling then some of Descartes' mathematical observations. Certainly they did not years later, when Mandeville referred to them approvingly in the second part of the Fable in commenting upon Nature's apparently greater care for the death and consumption of animals than for their generation.[3] As Kaye notes, Mandeville completely lacks "religious feeling or idealism."[4] Thus in

1. Treatise, p. 130. In 1729 Mandeville wrote that "more useful Knowledge may be acquired from unwearied Observation, judicious Experience, and arguing from Facts à posteriori, than from the haughty Attempt of entring into first Causes, and reasoning à priori" (Fable, II, 164). For other expressions of his empiricism, see Fable, I, 133-134, 145, 147-148, 151-152, 169, 234-235, 331;; II, 54.

2. Fable, II, 276.

3. Fable, II, 250. Horatio remarks immediately following the reference: "I cannot believe, that Providence should have no greater regard to our Species, than it has to Flies, and the Spawn of Fish; or that Nature has ever sported with the Fate of human Creatures, as she does with the Lives of Insects, and been as wantonly lavish of the first, as she seems to be of the latter. I wonder how you can reconcile this to Religion...." Cleomenes, Mandeville's spokesman, replies: "Religion has nothing to do with it" (p. 251). Kaye agrees that Mandeville was describing himself in the characterization of Cleomenes (Fable, II, 18): "As no Man was less prone to Enthusiasm than himself, so his Life was very uniform; and as he never pretended to high Flights of Devotion, so he never was guilty of enormous Offences. He had a strong Aversion to Rigorists of all sorts."

4. Fable, I, liv.

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his theory that private vices are public benefits he confined himself to the world of everyday reality, and omitted all consideration of that dim cosmic plan upon which Deistic optimism depended.

The paradox in The Grumbling Hive rests upon two very simple and empiric convictions. The basic one is that human nature is fundamentally selfish and vicious, that it has always been that way, and that it always will be. As Pallas tells Jove in Typhon:

> Man grows worse and worse; you flatter
> Your self, and cry they will grow better;
> And so they will, in Understanding;
> But as for any other mending,
> You'll find, they'll do that ev'ry hour,
> As small Beer that begins to sowr.[1]

The same idea is suggested in the 1703 fables, is implied in The Grumbling Hive, and is repeated in the Treatise, the Fable, and in Free Thoughts: "Manners and customs may change, but human nature is much the same in all ages."[2] The second conviction is that vices, even when viewed empirically and without reference to a hypothetical cosmic scheme, produce benefits. This explanation of Mandeville's original conception is so commonplace, so "Victorian," so apparently unlike the scintillating analyst of human frailty who speaks in the Fable, that it is perhaps a little difficult to accept. But there is not a scrap of evidence in The Grumbling Hive or in any of Mandeville's writings before 1714, when his rigorism first appeared, that he meant anything else. It is not, properly speaking, a creed of optimism that he sets forth. Rather it is based upon his set conviction, early asserted and constantly held, that human nature is thoroughly self-seeking and incapable of

1. Typhon, ll. 489-494.

2. For the statement in 1703, cf. supra, p. lxxiii ; the relevant passages in the other works are The Grumbling Hive, ll, 204-207; Treatise, see below, p. ccxv, n.; Fable, I, 9, 118, 229; Free Thoughts, p. 159. The number of similar statements could easily be multiplied from these and other of his prose writings.

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moral improvement. That is one result of his empiricism and of his experience of the world. The same empiricism---and here it might be termed Cartesianism---revealed to him that organized Society was a rather neat machine in which beneficial effects often were produced by contemnable motivation---in which, for example, Squire Calf was a philanthropical drunkard.[1] His creed, in short, is a blend of fatalism and expediency. Thus in The Grumbling Hive avarice accumulated money for prodigality to spend; prodigality and luxury employed "a Million of the Poor," and "odious Pride a Million more";

> Envy it self and Vanity
> Were Ministers of Industry,

and fickleness in "Diet, Furniture and Dress" was "The very Wheel that turn'd the Trade":

> Thus Vice nurs'd Ingenuity,
> Which join'd with Time and Industry,
> Had carry'd Life's conveniencies,
> It's real Pleasures, Comforts, Ease,
> To such a Height, the very Poor
> Liv'd better than the Rich before.

The fact that there is little remarkable in such a picture of society should not blind us from perceiving that The Grumbling Hive means nothing else. Mandeville, one may repeat, was not a Deist in the theological sense of the word; he was a Cartesian who believed that empirically and within the limits of human society vice actually produced beneficial results. Is this not what Dr. Johnson understood when he said that Mandeville "did not puzzle me; he opened my views into real life very much"?---Is it not thus that Browning interpreted Mandeville as saying

> ,,..that every growth of good
> Sprang consequent on evil's neighbourhood?

1. Supra, p. cxciii.

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Browning was wrong, of course, in tincturing Mandeville's theory with benevolence. It is not benevolent; if anything it is somewhat cynical; and its spirit, through his expression, is one of mockery.

When we examine all of Mandeville's works which intervened between The Grumbling Hive and the first part of the Fable, the evidence bears out this interpretation. The Cartesian tinge of his speculation is excellently revealed in a passage from The Female Tatler (No. 64), written several years after The Grumbling Hive and dealing with the organization of society:

> The jarring Discord of Contraries makes the Harmony of the whole, it is the Business of the Skilful Politician, to make every thing serve in its proper Place, and extract good from the very worst, as well as the best. Those that have Justice and Integrity he makes Judges, Men of Meekness, Eloquence and Piety, he makes Divines, but of Villains that delight in Tears and Cruelty, he makes Jaylers, Turn-keys, Tipstaves, Sergeants, Bayliffs, &c. of those that have neither Compassion, Conscience, nor Honour, he generally makes Attorneys, Sollicitors, Bankers and Userers; of those that, besides their own, love to meddle in other People's Business, he makes Petty Magistrates; and of those that are too Lazy to mind either, he makes Foot Soldiers, of Foolish Youths he breeds Seamen, and of Rogues, the ill natur'd ones are employ'd for Tide-waiters and Informers, whilst the others serve for Pimps and Pandars. Those that are really Honest, and without Ambition or any other Vice, contented with the Station they are in, he Praises, but lets them alone.[1]

1. Quoted by Paul Bunyan Anderson, "Splendor out of Scandal," PQ, XV, 298. Compare this passage to the similar description in the Fable, I, 60-61. Anderson's misunderstanding of the spirit of Mandeville's thought, noted elsewhere in this study (supra, p. x, n.; and see the note on the doubtful poems, below, pp. 205-207), is also reflected in his remark on this description of society: "It is a splendid intellectual and spiritual vision of the possibilities in imperfect material, of the soul of social goodness and an ultimate harmony in things paltry and unpromising, not so remote as might be supposed from Shakespeare's mind as he was writing Measure for Measure, or from Christ's insight into human nature as recorded in the New Testament." Not even Macaulay, in his comparison of Mandeville and Shakespeare, dared to go so far as that. The comment of Otto Bobertag on Macaulay's comparison applies to Anderson's remark: "Vielen wird diese Nebeneinanderstellung von Shakespeare und Mandeville vielleicht übertreiben, wenn nicht gar lächerlich vorkommen" (Mandevilles Bienenfabel, p. xix). The very important thing lacking in Mandeville is sympathy with the aspirations of humankind; there is not a trace of it in this passage or elsewhere in his works.

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Here is no idea of rigorism, but rather a clever rationalization of the fatalistic laisser aller which has already been described. Mandeville's politician is the inexorable Nature of Descartes working in the sphere of human activity.

In The Virgin Unmask'd, too, occur anticipations of the Fable, not one of which has reference to anything but a counter-balancing of vice and benefit in society.[1] France, for instance, is described as a land of luxury where princes, nobility, and clergy "have Princely Revenues, and live up to the Height of 'em; throughout the Kingdom, there are a great many over-grown rich People, that live in Splendor and Luxury; the Gentry of all the Provinces in the Country as well as the City, follow the Extravagancy of the Court to the utmost of their Abilities. What Multitudes of Tradesmen and Artificers must this not employ in every Corner? And the whole being inspir'd with the same Gaety and Fickleness in their Fashion, is it possible but this must, without considering any Foreign Trade, occasion an incredible Circulation of Money among them-

1. In anote to the Fable, Kaye remarks that the theory of rigorism "is noticeable in the Virgin Unmask'd" (I, lv, n.). He perhaps was referring to Lucinda's observation (p. 66), the only one I have discovered which might suggest his interpretation: "All is not Gold that glisters; many things are done daily, for which People are extoll'd to the Skies, that at the same time, tho the Actions are good, would be blamed as highly, if the Principle from which they acted, and the Motive that first induc'd them, were throughly known." Clearly no rigorism is implied here. The phrase, "tho the Actions are good," renders the statement a rather conventional one. Mandeville later insisted that actions are not good if the motive is not good. There is a vast difference between the two views.

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selves?"[1] This picture of how luxury produces benefits agrees exactly, not only with The Grumbling Hive, but with the Fable.

More evidence could be accumulated from these early works to negate the belief that Mandeville's paradox was based on a rigoristic theory of virtue; but it is unnecessary.[2] The Fable itself provides ample confirmation. No one perhaps has ever carefully perused that work without sensing the patchiness of its construction and the frequent gaps in its logic. One reason for these flaws is that Mandeville was trying to do three things at once---to delve into the origin of moral virtue, to analyze human motives, and to explain his earlier paradox of private vices, public benefits; but only the last was immediately pertinent to the poem which all of them are ostensibly intended

1. The Virgin Unmask'd, p. 155; note also Mandeville's Cartesian picture of "the Machine of Government," p. 123.

2. In the Treatise, Philopirio, Mandeville's spokesman, observes: "Human Nature is the same in our Age that it has been in all others under the same Circumstances. All Lovers of their Country, and even the best of Men, have always wish'd and pray'd for Wealth and Power, with the Encrease of Knowledge to the Nations they belong'd to; and they have no sooner enjoy'd what they wish'd for, but they have always grumbled and shew'd themselves impatient to bear those Evils which ever were and ever will be the Consequences of those Blessings in all large and flourishing Societies. The Theory of Virtue was never better understood than in the Reign of Augustus; but consult your dear Horace, and he'll inform you in more than fifty Places, how wretchedly deficient that Age was in the Practice of it" (p. 332). This is The Grumbling Hive in a nut-shell, but there is no hint of rigorism.

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to explain.[1] If we examine those passages in the 1714 edition which

1. It may be objected that the rigorism is a complementary aspect of Mandeville's general theory, a logical resultant of his unflattering view of humanity, and therefore is pertinent in any explanation of The Grumbling Hive. Admittedly it enabled him to argue that vice is the foundation of all society, not merely a necessary component of a prosperous society. But that is not the argument of The Grumbling Hive, nor indeed does Mandeville make muchuse of it in the 1714 Fable. After establishing his definition of rigorism in the "Enquiry into the Origin of Moral Virtue" with which the commentary opens, he introduces it prominently thereafter only in Remark O, where he discusses the moral principles of clergymen and religious orders. Mandeville never at any time in his career argued consistently that society was founded on the vices of mankind, but rather that vice is a concomitant of worldly greatness.

On the whole, the writings of Mandeville preceding 1714 contain a morality which is more conventional than otherwise, and which is in no way a preparation for the sudden brilliant iconoclasm of the first volume of the Fable. That fact, and the inexpert organization of his ideas in the latter, suggest that he had recently hit upon a new and stimulating source of material which he had not yet assimilated. Perhaps the source was Pierre Bayle's Pensées diverses sur la Comète, in which occur many of the ideas which were new to Mandeville's writings in 1714. Bayle contends, for instance, that men's actions are based on passion, not reason; that the ascetic teachings of Christianity are incompatible with human nature; that women are chaste because of education and fear of shame, not because of religion; that courtesans benefit society by protecting the chastity of good women; and that human laws are more efficacious than religion in making people virtuous. All of these and similar ideas, none of which had occurred in Mandeville's previous works, are either suggested or elaborated in the first volume of the Fable, and are a basis of several of his later writings (see Kaye, Fable, I, ciii). Now Professor Kaye points out that Mandeville used Bayle's Pensées in the English translation of 1708 (Fable, I, xliii). It is rather apparent that Mandeville did not know the book in either French or English in 1709, or he could hardly have avoided reflecting Bayle's thought in the discussions of female chastity which occupy a large portion of The Virgin Unmask'd. The Treatise also contains no evidence of Bayle's influence. One is tempted to conclude that sometime between 1711 and 1714 Mandeville discovered the Pensées, and found in it, not only a rationalization of man's conduct which fitted perfectly with his own view of human fallibility, but also an attack on rigoristic schemes of morality, both of which could be used to supplement the ideas of The Grumbling Hive. It may be said here that Professor Kaye believed Mandeville was acquainted with Bayle's work long before he wrote the Fable--- perhaps even before his coming to England. But Kaye also believed that The Grumbling Hive and the Fable were completely homogeneous. The absence of Bayle's influence on any of Mandeville's work before 1714, and the sudden flood of ideas from the Pensées which were poured into the first volume of the Fable-- many of them clearly taken from the 1708 translation-- seem to point unmistakably to a recent acquaintance.

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directly interpret *The Grumbling Hive* we shall find that the theory of rigorism is not even employed and that the analysis of human motives is merely a brilliant rationalization of Mandeville's long-held conviction that all men are knaves at heart.[1] Neither the theory nor the analysis adds anything essential to the interpretation of the poem. His explanation of how virtue makes friends with vice; how the worst of the multitude contributes to the common good; how opposing parties assist one another; how avarice aids prodigality and prodigality aids society; why luxury and pride are of great benefit to national prosperity; why envy, vanity, honour, and pride assist the growth of industry; and why, on the other hand, frugality and content are the bane of industry---these passages are all based on his scheme of social determinism which has been previously set forth. The reasoning which he follows throughout each of them is fully exemplified in the following illustration of the benefits accruing from the manufacture of spirituous liquors, which he first describes as one of the most destructive trades in the kingdom---an illustration which not only explains *The Grumbling Hive*, but is a commentary on the Cartesian moral of "The Pumkin and

1. Mandeville's explanation of *The Grumbling Hive*, advanced in the preface to the 1714 edition of the *Fable*, clearly illustrates his viewpoint in the apologue: "For the main Design of the Fable...is to shew the Impossibility of enjoying all the most elegant Comforts of Life that are to be met with in an industrious, wealthy and powerful Nation, and at the same time be bless'd with all the Virtue and Innocence that can be wish'd for in a Golden Age; from thence to expose the Unreasonableness and Folly of those, that desirous of being an opulent and flourishing People, and wonderfully greedy after all the Benefits they can receive as such, are yet against those Vices and Inconveniences, that from the Beginning of the World to this present Day, have been inseparable from all Kingdoms and States that ever were fam'd for Strength, Riches, and Politeness, at the same time" (*Fable*, I, 6-7).

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Acorn":

> The short-sighted Vulgar in the Chain of Causes seldom can see further than one Link; but those who can enlarge their View, and will give themselves the Leisure of gazing on the Prospect of concatenated Events, may, in a hundred Places, see Good spring up and pullulate from Evil, as naturally as Chickens do from Eggs. The Money that arises from the Duties upon Malt is a considerable Part of the National Revenue, and should no Spirits be distill'd from it, the Publick Treasure would prodigiously suffer on that Head. But if he would set in a true Light the many Advantages, and large Catalogue of Solid Blessings that accrue from, and owing to the Evil I treat of, we are to consider the Rents that are received, the Ground that is till'd, the Tools that are made, the Cattle that are employ'd, and above all, the Multitude of Poor that are maintain'd, by the Variety of Labour, required in Husbandry, in Malting, in Carriage and Distillation, before we can have the Product of the Malt.[1]

This is the "jarring Discord of Contraries" which produces the harmony of a flourishing state. In the same way Mandeville compares the various elements of society, good and bad, to the ingredients of a punch-bowl, which taken separately are insipid or repellant, but "judiciously mixt" compose an excellent liquor.[2] It is thus also that the filth of London streets is a blessing in disguise, and that "it is Wisdom in all Governments to bear with lesser Inconveniencies to prevent greater."[3] All the remainder of his teaching in 1714---his disquisitions on moral virtue, shame, modesty, love, honour, pride, envy---which admittedly are the most brilliant and striking portions of the commentary, are digressive from The Grumbling Hive. That Mandeville was aware of this fact and of the import of these passages he reveals in his preface:

1. Fable, I, 91-92. Cf. also the quotation from the Fable, supra, p. cc. In his "Vindication" of the Fable, published in 1723, Mandeville quotes the first sentence of the above passage approvingly as a description of his entire theory (see Fable, I, 403-404).

2. Fable, I, 105-106.

3. Fable, I, 11-12, 95.

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> The Censorious that never saw the Grumbling Hive, will tell me, that whatever I may talk of the Fable, it not taking up a Tenth part of the Book, was only contriv'd to introduce the Remarks; that instead of clearing up the doubtful or obscure Places, I have only pitch'd upon such as I had a mind to expatiate upon; and that far from striving to extenuate the Errors committed before, I have made Bad worse, and shewn my self a more bare-faced Champion for Vice in the rambling Digressions, than I had done in the Fable it self.
>
> I shall spend no time in answering these Accusations; where Men are prejudiced, the best Apologies are lost.[1]

It would be interesting to continue and show how Mandeville's ideas gradually developed after 1714, and how the rigoristic theory which he formulated but hardly used in the first volume of the Fable made it possible for him later to beard the theologians in their own den. But our present concern is with his poetry. One thing, however, should be clear by now: Mandeville's ideas cannot safely be studied without attention to the chronology of his works. He cared less about consistency than about immediate effect, and any attempt to harmonize all the theories proposed in his several writings may produce a system of thought which is interesting but not Mandeville's. He had no system. The one thoroughly persistent factor in his work is the personality of the man, his fundamental outlook on life.

The poetry, at any rate, helps to elucidate Mandeville's more important work, since in it he is not yet playing the double role of rigorist and mocker. From the succession of his first unblushing attempts to hit the taste of his contemporaries, one gathers that his desire was less to be a man of letters than to be read by a none-too-elevated public. The same desire, it can be said in fairness, dictated all of his

1. Fable, I, 9-10.

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writing then and later. The immediate background and content of The Grumbling Hive, as they have been presented in this essay, are sufficient proof, if any were needed, that it neither reflects great learning, nor is an astonishingly acute dissertation on human nature and society: it was the product of a clever opportunist. This is not necessarily a damning charge, but it is enlightening. The brand of humor exhibited in the poems, like the opportunism, was consistent with that in most of his later prose, and was a prominent element in his private character. Professor Kaye makes a valiant effort to discount the derogatory estimate of Mandeville's personality given by Sir John Hawkins, the Bibliothèque Britannique, Dr. A. Clarke, J. W. Newman, and other contemporaries; but it is a losing battle. Not only is there little evidence to the contrary, but Mandeville's own literary productions substantiate the picture handed down from his time, of a man of indolent disposition, given to parson-baiting, misdirected ingenuity, and gross humor. Although his contempt for the humbugs of society, as Leslie Stephen says, is not in itself a bad thing, and although his keen realism, analytical powers, and often vigorous writing deserve approval, yet the quality of his mind and heart is suspect, and he remains a somewhat coarse, clever, and blind-sided dilettante in the philosophy of the great Leviathan.

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THE POEMS OF BERNARD MANDEVILLE

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NOTE ON THE TEXT

The text of Mandeville's verse presents few difficulties, since only the fables went beyond a single printing, and there were no obscurities in his style to puzzle a compositor. In all but two instances I have consulted every edition of the poetry which appeared in his lifetime. The first exception is the Latin poem which was prefixed to Groenevelt's _De Tuto Cantharidum_ in 1698; my failure to locate a copy of the treatise containing it I have explained _supra_, p. vi, n, and I have been forced to use the text printed by H. G. Ward in the _Review of English Studies_, VII (1931), 74-75. The second exception is _The Grumbling Hive_ which is here reproduced with all essential variants from F. B. Kaye's edition of _The Fable of the Bees._ I have omitted the reference letters which Mandeville inserted in the poem in 1714 and later as a guide to the prose commentary.

For the basic text of Mandeville's other fables I have adopted the undated edition of _Aesop Dress'd_ (_cf._ _supra_, p. lxvi, n.), which appears to have been the latest, and is certainly the best-printed issue of the fables in Mandeville's lifetime. In some instances, where typographical errors occur, I have used the readings of the earlier editions. No attempt has been made to preserve every variation in initial capitalization or in punctuation, for most of them are without significance, and their entire inclusion would display merely an unwarranted scrupulosity. A few emendations have been inserted, in brackets, where the compositor was evidently careless; and Mandeville's _Errata_ for _Typhon_ have been included in the text and the original readings noted. On the whole I have

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aimed to present a readable text, an aim with which the author would doubtless have concurred, rather than to preserve errors and variations for which the printer alone was responsible.

The following symbols have been used to designate the editions of the fables: '03----Some Fables After the Easie and Familiar Method of Monsieur de la Fontaine; '04----the ten new fables which appeared in the 1704 edition of Aesop Dress'd; FT----the versions of "The Carp," "The Wolves and the Sheep," and "The Hands, Feet and Belly" which were published in The Female Tatler; X----the undated edition of Aesop Dress'd; '05, '14, '23, '24, '25, '29, '32---the various editions of The Grumbling Hive as collated by Kaye. The revised version of "The Plague among the Beasts" which appeared in The Weekly Journal on 8 April, 1721, as "A Fable of the LION, and other Beasts," has been printed in full in the textual notes to that poem.

All the poems, I may add, are here arranged in the order in which they were first issued, except that the fragments of Typhon which were originally printed in Wishes to a Godson (1712) have been placed immediately after the work to which they belong, and that the fables of '03 occupy the position in which they appeared in '04 and X.

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In Authorem de Usu Interno
Cantharidum Scribentem.

Strenua Pygmaeum quid spernit praelia Vulgus,
   Ac acubus murum Vimina fracta negat?
Cur non ira gruis, tumidiaeve Superbiae Ranae
   Creditur? Eveniunt prodigiosa magis!
Bella movet muscis stolidorum turba medentum 5
   Progenie spuriâ, dedecorique Patri!
Non etenim certant, ut, cum Pythona Sagittis
   Fortiter agressus Cynthius arma tulit.
Sed procul a Campo tuti Convitia latrant,
   Quisque timens hostem, nullus ad arma ruens. 10

Ridet at ignavos medica de Stirpa Sacerdos
   Verus, Apollineo digna labore patrans.
Infestas promptus microcosmo evellere rupes
   Et medicorporei pellere Saxa maris.
Admovet ille manus operi, vim Marte propinquo 15
   Detegit hostilem, Cantharidesque domat.
Camphora Cantharidum fit froenum, gaudeat aeger.
   Et vehat illustrem fama per astra virum.

Te Greenfelde canent queiscunq; Machaeonis artes
   Sunt cordi, & miseros restituisse juvat. 20
Acris enim virtute tua jam Vincitur hostis
   Victus & in Castris militat ipse tuis.

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Noxia quae fuerant, medicum vertuntur in usum,

Fitque dolorifugum, quod fuit ante dolor.

Sic Tigres subiere jugum Victoris Jacchi, 25

Sic Dominis prosunt Monstra subacta suis.

B. Mandeville, M. D.

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The

PAMPHLETEERS.

A SATYR.

Semper ego Auditor tantum?

LONDON, Printed in the Year 1703.

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THE Pamphleteers. A SATYR.

Tho' *William* was the Care of Providence,
And Guardian Angels watch'd in his Defence,
Sav'd Him from treach'rous Arts in ev'ry Shape;
Yet after Death his Ashes can't scape:
His Assassins their Principles retain, 5
Their Malice and inveterate Hate remain.
At His most Sacred Part the Villains aim,
And daily practice Murder on his Fame.
With Coward Hoof the Braying Asses spurn,
The Lions Tombe, and trample on his Urn. 10

Good God! shou'd we look back some Years ago,
Review the horrid Scene of *England*'s Woe:
Behold a King, whose Soul a Woman's Pride,
And th' Artful Zeal of subtle Priests divide!
See, how all labours for the Holy Cause, 15
T' inslave this Island, and subvert its Laws.
What mighty Mischiefs did their Rage create!
What sad Distraction both in Church and State!
A numerous Army's rais'd to lead the Way
To *Rome*'s proud Yoak, and Arbit[r]ary Sway: 20
Their cruel Threatnings rack the Peoples Ears,
And fill the Land with more than Pannick Fears.

20 Arbit[r]ary Arbitary *text*

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Charters are lost, your Schools in Popish Pow'r,
The Test forgot, our Bishops in the Tow'r,
France is intrusted with your Liberty, 25
With your Religion, Pious Italy.
Such was poor Albion's Case, when William came,
Rescu'd our Isle from the devouring Flame,
And by that Deed got an Eternal Name.
In Winter Season, when the Gallick Pow'r 30
Prepar'd for War, and threatned every Hour,
His unprovided Country to invade,
Then brought that Prince his Forces to our Aid.

But on Tempestuous Seas his Ships are tost,
Some shatter'd, others on the Sands are lost: 35
Forc'd back himself, part of his Fleet he views,
And of the rest with patience waits the News.
Now Jesuits their keenest Satyr vent,
And Crowing France Laughs at the mad Descent.
But Vertue in Misfortunes shines the more, 40
The Prince goes on, as he resolv'd before:
His Friends dissuade the Voyage, but in vain,
He ventures on the inconstant Waves again:
And Starless Nights, with former Losses joyn'd,
Cannot divert the Hero's steady Mind. 45

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Less Obstacles had daunted Hannibal,
Yet William dar'd and overcome 'em all.
Whilst on the Attempt vain Politicians gaz'd,
The Work was done, and Europe stood amaz'd.
He reap'd the Glory, we the Benefit, 50
But oh! how soon can English Men forget?
So far from Gratitude, that, to our shame,
They dare in open Streets Lampoon his Name.
And, where they should Immortal Trophies raise,
There rob his Honour, and detract his Praise. 55

What has he done? Has he betray'd his Trust?
Was he not Pious, Merciful, and Just?
Which were the Crimes of his Inglorious Reign?
Can y' of his Sloth or Luxury complain?
What mighty Pleasures did divide his Years? 60
The softest Seasons still imploy'd in Wars;
The other's spent in striving to Appease
A grumbling Nation that was ne'er at ease.

Compare but with the gaudy Crown he wore
A tenth part of th' Indignities he bore, 65
You'll find his Patience far out-shine the Toy,
And much more cause for Grief, than real Joy.
Nor was't his fault, that all incroaching France

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Grew to such heighth in our Luxurious Reigns;
No Ships nor Timber are to *Lewis* sent, 70
Nor Cities sold in *William*'s Government.

But he rous'd *Europe* from its Lithargy,
He was the first that drew for Liberty.
The Valiant King, when with inferior Force,
He could not Conquer, stopt the Tyrant's Course. 75
And tho' he ne'er with equal Numbers fought,
What e'er they got from him was dearly bought.

Yet in his Reign our Martial Honour's lost,
Tho' *Lewis* knows the Falshood to his cost,
Who can such damn'd injurious Lyes endure? 80
Where was it, at the *Boyn*, or at *Namur*?
Or would the *French* a Naval Triumph boast,
When at *la Hague* their Fleet Burnt on their Coast?
Tell m' in what place was th' English Honour staind;
Or in whose Time the Soldiers better train'd? 85

In Front of Battle, and the foremost Fire,
Whence it's no shame for Gen'rals to retire,
There *William* used to lead, and he was Brave
That follow'd but th' Examples which he gave.
There shew'd our Hero, charging thro' the Flame, 90
His daring Host, the rugged Path to Fame.

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Perhaps some think they write to grieve his Friends;
But no, their Slander aims at higher ends:
The Snake is hid, their Venom is not thrown
On the Dead King, 'tis levell'd at the Crown: 95
Under pretence of railing at his Grants,
They vent their Spleen against all Protestants.
First on th'Stage th' unhappy James they bring,
That Just, that Meek, Provok'd, and Injur'd King:
To all which Praises nothing shall be said, 100
It is inhuman to attack the Dead.

Next, of the Revolution they complain,
Dwell on its Hardships in a mighty strain;
If to Her Majesty that Theme be meant,
They're no great Courtiers by their Compliment. 105
Did not our Queen the Revolution own?
Confirm'd its Justice when She took the Crown?
Then come the Millions, which are call'd mispent,
Ill-manag'd by a greedy Government.
Why did the Nation those vast Sums advance, 110
But to protect us against Rome, and France?
If that be done, as'tis, and we enjoy
Our dear Religion, Laws, and Liberty,
Secur'd from Popish and Tyrannick Sway,
The Money's well employ'd, not thrown away: 115

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If some converted it to private Use,

Let them be Punish'd for the vile Abuse.

Then with fair Words they sooth the Soveraign,

And, whilst great William's Conduct they Arraign,

Prefer to all his Deeds the last Campaign. 120

They learnedly expound the difference

Between a Choice, and an Inheritance:

Then add what inward Grief they felt to see,

How much She suffer'd in her Family.

Lastly, t'exclude the House of Hanevor, 125

In Wrath th'exclaim against a Foreigner.

What can those Authors by those Pamphlets mean,

But that they're Traitors, and they'll tell the Queen?

'Tis true, they name not whom they'd have to Reign;

But with broad signs they point to St. Germain. 130

Is't possible, such Profligates, as dare

So openly for Popery declare,

Whose Lives in Irreligious Acts are spent,

Should rail at those, that from our Church dissent.

Our Animosities are like to end, 135

When such as these our sacred Rites defend:

Why are they suffer'd, mad with fumes of Wine,

T' employ themselves in Matters so Divine?

Let Pious Men direct our Consciences,

That Gracious Heav'n the good Design may bless. 140

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Who would expect the pamper'd Priests of Baal,
Should save Religion, that have none at all?

For shame give o'er, leave snarling at the Great,
You but expose your Folly, and your Hate.
Go to the Mushroom King that Lewis made, 145
Tell him how much in his behalf y'have said:
But that King William is above your reach,
And few admire the Doctrine which you Preach.
Your toothless Malice cannot hurt his Name,
Nor empty Noise drown his immortal Fame. 150

As long in Europe valiant Men are bred,
And the Heroick Deeds of Kings are read;
Whilst Prudence, Truth, and Honesty survive,
So long shall William and his Actions Live.
His Courage fam'd, his Glorious Speeches be 155
Patterns of Wisdom, and of Piety.
Whilst in this Isle a Protestant shall Reign,
And Rome's intriguing Priests shall Plot in vain,
Whilst Vertue dwells amongst us, shall his Dust
Smell fragrant, and be honour'd by the Just. 160
You, above all, dread QUEEN, who piously
Have paid such Rev'rence to his Memory;
Who took his Measures, when your Reign began,

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You never can forget the Glorious Man.
Pardon, that whilst we Praise your gentle Sway, 165
We ev'n for that some Thanks his Ashes pay.
May Heaven your sacred self, and Consort Crown
With all the Blessings that can crowd a Throne:
Grant all your ~~Minsters~~ Ministers Integrity,
Esteem for Virtue without Flattery; 170
Your Councils Prudence, Truth, and Secrecy,
Your Forces Courage, and Fidelity;
Their Sev'ral Leaders both by Sea and Land,
Honour to Dare, and Wisdom to Command.

Your Clergy, Learning, and Humility, 175
May they from Lust and Avarice be free;
Their Zeal and Doctrine Pure, and when they Teach,
As peaceful as the Gospel which they Preach:
May Judges be Impartial, and the Laws
Never distorted for the Rich Man's Cause. 180

Be you the Curb of Gallick Tyranny,
That strives for Universal Monarchy;
That harras'd Europe once may be at Rest,
And by your Hand with Peace and Plenty Blest:
May Wealth and Power, like Dews, on Albion fall, 185
Her Glory still increase; to sum up all,

~~169 Min[i]sters] Minsters text~~

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May in your Days the Gift of Heav'n be sent,

Which we ne'er tasted yet, to be CONTENT.

Finis.

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AESOP Dress'd;

Or A

COLLECTION

Of

FABLES.

Writ in Familiar Verse.

By B. Mandeville, M.D.

LONDON:

Sold at Lock's-Head adjoyning to Ludgate.

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THE PREFACE to the READER

Prefaces and Cuts are commonly made use of much to
the same Purpose; to set off, and to explain. The
latter, being too expensive, are pretty well out of
date, in an Age, where there are abundance of fine
things to be bought besides Books. But the first by 5
wicked Custom, are become so necessary, that a Volume
would look as defective without one, as if it wanted
the very Title Page. Though it is hard I should be
compelled to talk to my Reader, whether I have any
thing to say to him or not. Nay, what is worse, every 10
Body thinks a Man should be more lavish here of his
Skill and Learning, than any where else: Here they
would have him shew his Airs, and therefore most Authors
adorn their Prefaces, as if they were triumphal Arches;
there's nothing empty to be seen about 'em, and from top 15
to bottom they are to be crowded with Emblems and pretty
Sayings, judiciously interwoven with Scraps of Latin;
though they should borrow 'em from the Parson of the Par-
ish. These, I say, are the Entertainments where they love
to glut us with Wit and fine Language; though they starve 20
us for ever after: Which makes some of 'em look like a
rich piece of Fillegrew Work over the Door of an empty Par-

5 first] first, '03 '04

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lour. But I am resolved my Portico shall suit with the
rest of the House, and, as every thing is plain within,
nothing shall be carv'd or gilt without: Besides, I
hate formality, Good Reader, and all my Business with
you is to let you know, that I have writ some Fables in 5
Verse, after the Familiar Way of a Great Man in France,
Monsieur de la Fontaine. I have confin'd my self to strict
Numbers, and endeavour'd to make 'em free and natural;
if they prove otherwise, I'm sorry for it. Two of the
Fables are of my own Invention; but I am so far from lov- 10
ing 'em the better, that I think they are the worst in
the Pack: And therefore in good Manners to my self I con-
ceal their Names. Find 'em out, and welcome. I could
wish to have furnish'd you with something more worthy
your precious time: But as you'll find nothing very in- 15
structive, so there's little to puzzle your Brain. Be-
sides, I desire every Body to read 'em at the same Hours
I writ 'em, that's when I had nothing else to do. If
any like these Trifles, perhaps I may go on; if not, you
shall be troubled with no more of 'em: And so fare ye 20
well Reader.

5 you is] you, is, '03 '04
10 I am] I'm '03 '04
18 'em,] 'em; '03 '04

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The TWO DRAGONS. A Fable.

Not long ago th' Ambassador
From the great Turk to the Emperor,
Extoll'd his Master's strength, beyond
The German Force; a Courtier, fond
Of his own Country, boastingly 5
Said, his Imperial Majesty
Had many Princes under him,
So powerful, that each of 'em
Could raise an Army of his own,
And more than one that wore a Crown. 10
I know, says th'other, very well,
Your Dukes and Pow'rs Electoral,
With others, that advance the glory
Of th' Empire. But I'll tell y' a story:
I dreamt I saw a frightful Beast, 15
That had a hundred Heads at least;
At first I startled at the sight;
But soon recovering from my Fright,
I ventured on, and coming near it,
I found I had no cause to fear it: 20
For every Head did what it would;
Some work'd with all the Force they could;
But most of 'em lay of a heap,

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And look'd as if th' been asleep;
Others, in hopes of better Prey, 25
Were pulling quite another way.
I turn'd my Head about, and spied
A mighty Beast, on the other side:
One Head adorn'd his Brawny Neck;
But hundred Tails did close his Back; 30
And as the Heads march'd o'er the Land,
The Tails did follow at Command;
Did Execution every where;
I waked, and thought the Monsters were
Both Empires; but the Tails are ours, 35
And all the glorious Heads are yours.

The Wolf and Dog.

A Wolf so pitious poor and thin,
His very Bones stuck through his Skin,
(A sign the Dogs were watchful) met
A sturdy Mastiff, slick and fat.
Sir Wolf, revengeful on his Foes, 5
Had murder'd him, as one of those
That hinder'd him from stealing Cattle;

. . . .

The Wolf and Dog. 7 hinder'd] hindred '04

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But was afraid of joyning Battle
With one, that look'd, as if he could
Stand buff, and make his party good. 10
And therefore in an humble way
He gives the Dog the time o'th' Day;
Talks mighty complaisant, and vents
A Waggon Load of Compliments
Upon his being in such a Case, 15
His brawny Flank and jolly Face.
Sir Wolf, replies the Mastiff, you
May be as fat as any Doe,
If you'll but follow my advice;
For Faith, I think you are unwise, 20
To ramble up and down a Wood,
Where's nothing to be had, that's good,
No Elemosynary meat,
Or e'er a bit, that's good to eat,
But what is got by downright force, 25
For which at last you pay in course.
And thus yourselves, your hagged Wives
And Children lead but wretched Lives;
Always in fear of being caught,
Till commonly y'are starv'd or shot. 30

. . . .

25 force,] force; '04

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Quoth Wolf, shew me a livelyhood,
And then, the Devil take the Wood:
I stand in need of better Diet,
And would be glad to feed in quiet:
But pray, What's to be done, an't please ye? 35
Nothing, but what is very easy;
To bark at Fellows that look poor,
Fright pilfring Strolers from the Door;
And then, which is the chiefest matter,
To wag your Tail, to coax and flatter 40
Those of the Family; for this
They'll give you hundred Niceties,
As Chicken Bones, boyl'd Loins of Mutton,
As good as ever Tooth was put in,
The licking of a greasy Dish, 45
And all the Dainties Heart can wish;
Besides, the Master shall caress ye,
Spit in your Mouth, and —— Heaven bless ye.
Good Sir, let's go immediately,
Reply'd the Wolf, and wept for Joy. 50
They went; and tho' they walk'd apace,
The Wolf spy'd here and there a Place
About the Neck of Mastiff, where,

35 ye?] you? '04
43 Loins] Lights '04
53 Mastiff,] Mastiff; '04

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It seems, his Curship lost some Hair,
And said, pray Brother Dog, What's this? 55
Nothing. Nay, tell me, what it is;
It looks like gall'd. Perhaps 'tis from
My Collar. Then, I find, at home
They tie you. Yes. I'm not inclin'd to't,
Or goes it loose when y'have a Mind to't, 60
Truely not always; but what's that?
What's that! quoth he; I smell a Rat;
My Liberty is such a Treasure,
I'll change it for no Earthly Pleasure;
At that his Wolfship fled, and so 65
Is flying still for ought I know.

The Frog.

A Frog threw his ambitious Eyes
Upon an Ox, admired his size,
And, from the smallness of an Egg,
Endeavoured to become as big.
He swells himself, and puffs, and blows, 5
And every foot, cries there he goes.
Well, Brother, have I bulk enough,

The Frog. 6 foot, cries] foot cries, '04

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An't I as large, as he? What stuff!
Pray look again. The Dev'l a bit.
Then now. You don't come near him yet. 10
Again he swells, and swells so fast,
Till, straining more, he bursts at last.
So full of Pride is every Age!
A Citizen must have a Page,
A Petty Prince Ambassadors, 15
And Tradesmens Children Governours;
A Fellow, that i'n't worth a Louse,
Still keeps his Coach and Country-house;
A Merchant swell'd with haughtiness,
Looks ten times bigger than he is; 20
Buys all, and draws upon his Friend,
As if his Credit had no end;
At length he strains with so much Force,
Till, like the Frog, he bursts in course,
And, by his empty Skin you find, 25
That he was only fill'd with Wind.

The Pumkin and Acorn.

A Self conceited Country Bumkin
Thus made his glosses on a Pumkin.
The Fruit, says he, is very big,
The Stalk not thicker than a Twig,

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Scarce any Root, great Leaves; I wonder 5
Dame Nature should make such a blunder:
Had I been she, I would have plac'd it
On yon high Oak, and 'twould have grac'd it
Better than Acorns; its a whim
A little Shrub would do for them; 10
Why should a Tree so tall and fine,
Bear small stuff only fit for Swine?
But hundred things are made in waste,
Which shews the World was fram'd in haste.
Had I been sent for in those Days, 15
'Twould have been managed otherwise:
I would have made all of a suit,
And large Trees should have had large Fruit.
Thus he went on, and in his Eyes,
The Simpleton was very wise; 20
A little after, coming nigh
An Oak, whose Crown was very high,
He liked the Place and down he laid
His weary Carcass, in the Shade:
But, as the find-fault Animal 25
Turn'd on his Back, an Acorn fell,
And hit his Nose a swinging Blow.
Good God was this the Pumkin now!

9 whim] whim; '04

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The very thought on't struck him dumb:
He prais'd his Maker, and went home. 30

The Moral.

The World's vast Fabrick is so well
Contrived by its Creator's Skill;
There's nothing in't, but what is good
To him, by whom its understood;
And what opposes Human Sence, 35
Shews but our Pride and Ignorance.

The Hands, Feet, and Belly.

The Hands and Feet in Council met,
Were mightily upon the Fret,
And swore 'twas something more than hard,
Always to work without reward.
The Feet said, truly its a Jest, 5
That we should carry all the rest;
March at all Hours thro thick and thin,
With Shoes that let the Water in;
Our Nails are hard as Bullock's Horns,
Our Toes beset with plaguy Corns; 10

The Hands, Feet, and Belly] _Hands, and Feet,_ '_04_
5 said, truly its] said truly 'tis _FT_
10 Corns;] Corns: _FT_

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We rais'd four Blisters th'other Night,
And yet got not a farthing by't.
Brothers, reply'd the Hands, 'tis true,
We know what Hardship's y'undergo;
But then w'are greater Slaves than you; 15
For tho' all day we scrape and rake
And labour till our Fingers ake;
Tho' we've been ply'd at every thing;
Yet then, without considering
What pains or weariness we feel, 20
W'are forced to serve at every meal,
And often, whilst you're set at ease,
Drudge to the Knucles up in Grease;
As for your Corns and Nails in troth,
We have the trouble of cutting both. 25
Take this not, Brothers, in a sence,
That might create a Difference;
We only hinted it, to shew
We're full as badly us'd as you;
Our Grievances are general, 30

11 th'other] t'other FT
14 hardship's] hardships '04 FT
15 w'are] we're FT
17 Fingers] '04 FT Fringers X
18 thing;] Thing, FT
21 W'are forced] We're forc'd FT
22 often, whilst] often while FT
23 Grease;] Grease: '04 FT
24 Nails in troth,] Nails, in troth FT
28 it,] it FT
29 We're] We'are '04
30 general,] general; '04 FT

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And caused by him that swallows all;
The ungrateful Belly is our bane,
Whom with our labour we maintain;
The ill natured'st Rogue, that e'er was fed,
The lazy'st Dog, that lives by Bread. 35
For him we starve; for what d'ye think
Becomes of all the Meat and Drink?
'Tis he, that makes us look so thin,
To stretch his everlasting Skin;
Tho' we do all the Business, 40
What did he ever give to us?
And therefore let my Lord <u>Abdomen</u>
Say what he will, we'll work for no Man.
Nay if we scratch him tho' he itches,
Calls us a hundred Sons of Bitches. 45
And, if you do the same, you'll see,
He'll quickly be as lean as we;
What say ye, Brothers, do y'agree?
Yes, says the Feet, and he be curst,
That dares to think of stirring first. 50
And thus the Rebels disobey;
Who swear they'll now keep Holy-day,

32 The] Th' <u>FT</u>
34 The ill natured'st] Th' ill natur'd'st <u>FT</u>
36 starve;] Starve, <u>FT</u>
38 he,] he <u>FT</u>
40 the] his <u>'04</u> <u>FT</u>
45 Calls] Call <u>FT</u> Bitches.] Bitches, <u>FT</u>
49 says] say <u>'04</u>
50 first.] first: <u>FT</u>
51 disobey;] disobey, <u>FT</u>

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Resolv'd to live like Gentlemen.
His Gutship calls and calls again,
They answer'd they would toil no more; 55
But rest as he had done before:
But soon the Mutineers repent;
The Belly when his Stock was spent,
Could not send down the Nourishment,
That's requisite for every part; 60
The weakness seiz'd the drooping Heart:
Till all the Members suffer'd by't,
And languished in a woeful plight:
They saw, when 'twas too late, how he,
Whom they accused of Gluttony, 65
Of Laziness, Ingratitude,
Had labour'd for the common Good,
By ways they never understood.

The Moral.

The Belly is the Government,
From whence the Nourishment is sent, 70
Of wholesome Laws for mutual Peace,
For Plenty, Liberty, and Ease,
To all the Body Politick,
Which where it fails the Nation's sick.

54 again,] agen; FT
56 before:] before. FT
58 spent,] spend, '04
60 That's] That FT
64 They saw,] Then saw FT Then saw, '04

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<u>The Members are the discontent</u> 75
Plebeians; <u>that are ignorant,</u>
<u>How necessary for the State</u>
<u>It is, that Princes should be great:</u>
<u>Which, if their Pomp and Pow'r were less,</u>
<u>Could not preserve our Happiness.</u> 80
<u>The Vulgar think all Courts to be</u>
<u>But Seats of Sloth and Luxury;</u>
<u>Themselves, but Slaves compell'd to bear</u>
<u>The Taxes, and the Toils of War;</u>
<u>But in this Fable they may see</u> 85
<u>The dismal Fruits of Mutiny;</u>
<u>Whilst Subjects, that assist the Crown,</u>
<u>But labour to maintain their own.</u>

<u>The Countryman and the Knight.</u>

An honest Countryman had got
Behind his House a pretty Spot,
Of Garden Ground, with all what might
Contribute to the Taste and Sight,
The Rose and Lilly, which have been 5

76 Plebeians;] Plebeians, <u>FT</u>
83 Themselves,] Themselves <u>FT</u>
<u>The Countryman and the Knight.</u> [With this fable the 1703 volume opened.]
1 Countryman] Country-man '<u>03</u> '<u>04</u>
2 pretty] prety '<u>03</u> '<u>04</u>

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Still kept to compliment the Skin,
Poppies renown'd for giving ease,
With Roman Lettice, Endive, Pease,
And Beans, which Nat'ralists do reckon
To be so ominous to Bacon. 10
The Beds were dung'd, the Walks well swept,
And every thing was nicely kept.
Only a Hare wou'd now and then
Spite of the Master and the Men
Make raking work for half a day, 15
Then fill her Gut and scow'r away.
In vain they beat and search the Ground,
The cunning Jilt can ne'er be found,
The Master once in angry Mood
Starts up and swears by all that's good, 20
He'd be revenged, that he would.
Runs to a Country Knight his Neighbour,
And there complains how all his labour
Was spoil'd by one confounded Hare,
Which though the'd watch'd her every where 25
He nor his People ne'er could catch,
And of a certain was a Witch.
His Worship smiles and promises

17 Ground,] ground '03 '04

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To rid him of the Sawcy Puss.
At break of Day _Jack_ winds his Horn, 30
The Beagles scamper thro' the Corn;
Deep mouth'd Curs set up a Cry,
And make a cursed Symphony.
Now stir you Rogues; the Knight is come
With _Robin_, _Lightfoot_, _Dick_ and _Tom_. 35
The House is full of Dogs and Boys,
And ev'ry where's a horrid Noise,
Well, Landlord, Come, What shall we do?
Must w' eat a Bit before we go?
What have you got? Now all's fetch'd out, 40
The Victuals rak'd, and tore about.
One pairs the Loaf, another Groom
Draws Beer, as if he was at home,
And spils it half about the Room.
What Horseman's yonder at the Door? 45
Why, Faith, there's half a dozen more:
They're Gentlemen, that live at Court,
Come down the Country for some Sport;
Some old Acquaintance of the Knight,
Who whips from Table, bids 'em light. 50

30 Horn,] Horn; '_03_ '_04_
32 mouth'd] mouthed '_03_
35 _Robin_,] _Robbin_, '_03_
36 Dogs] Dogs, '_03_
37 Noise,] nose, '_04_
[At line 38 in '_04_ begin the remaindered sheets from '_03_.]
38 Landlord, Come,] Landlord come, '_03_
41 Victuals] Victual's '_03_

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They ask no Questions but sit down,
Fall to as if it was their own.
One finishes the Potted Salmon,
Then swears, because he had no Lemon.
Good Lord, how sharp the Rogues are set! 55
It puts my Landlord in a Sweat.
His Daughter comes with fresh Supplies
Of Collard Beef, and Apple-pies.
His Worship falls aboard of her;
The modest Creature quakes for fear. 60
When do we marry Mistress _Ann_?
Who is to be the happy Man?
He takes her Hand, and chucks her Chin,
Stares in her Face, commends her Skin,
Removes her Linnen, shews her Neck; 65
There's Milk, and Blood, Gad take me _Jack_.
She blushes, and he vows she is
A pretty Girl, then takes a Kiss;
She don't consent, nor dares deny,
Defends herself respectfully; 70
And now the Knight would let her go;
Another Rake cries, Damme no:

51 Questions] questions; '_03_
52 to '_03_] too _X_
55 Good Lord,] Good-lord '_03_
58 Collard Beef] Collard-Beef '_03_
70 respectfully;] respectfully, '_03_

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I'll have a Kiss as well as you.
He hugs her close, then calls her Dear,
And whispers bawdy in her Ear. 75
My charming Rogue, I would not hurt ye.
She answers not, but drops a Courtsie.
He's rude, and she's asham'd to squeak;
Her Father sees it, dares not speak;
But patiently enduring all, 80
Stands like a Statue in the Hall.
Now for the Garden and the Hare,
The Dogs get in, and scrape and tear,
The Horsemen follow, leap the Rails;
Down go the Quick-set-hedge, and Pales. 85
The Huntsman hollows, runs and pushes,
All goes to Rack, the Borders, Bushes.
And now my Landlord cries amain,
You've ruin'd me; but all in vain.
The Cabbages are kick'd about, 90
And Flowers with Roots and all pull'd out.
The Beds are levell'd with the Ground,
At last poor trembling Puss is found
Hid underneath a Collyflower.

79 it,] it '03
85 go] goes '03
88 amain,] a main, '03
92 Ground,] Ground; '03

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The Prey is took, away they scower, 95

And leave our Countryman to think

On all his Loss of Meat and Drink:

What havock's made in ev'ry place,

His Daughter wrong'd before his Face.

Small was the Mischief of the Hare 100

To ravenous Hunters to compare.

He wrings his Hands, and all in Tears

Repents his foolish rashness, swears,

He'll ne'er call help again in haste,

Since Hounds and Horses made more waste, 105

In half an hour, than all the Hares

Of th' Country could in Seven Years.

The Moral.

When petty Princes can't agree,

And strive for Superiority,

They often take my Landlord's Course, 110

Invite for Aid a foreign Force;

And when their Subjects Slaves are made,

Their Countries all in ruins laid,

As commonly it proves their fate,

Repent with him when it's too late. 115

------

101 compare.] Compare '*03*
105 waste,] wast '*03*

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The Plague among the Beasts.

One time a mighty Plague did pester

All Beasts Domestick and Sylvester,

They try'd a world of Remedies;

But none that conquer'd the Disease;

And, as in the Calamity 5

All did not dye, so none were free.

The Lyon in this Consternation

Sends by his Royal Proclamation

To all his loving Subjects greeting,

And summons 'em t' a general Meeting; 10

And when they're come about his Den,

He says, my Lords and Gentlemen,

I believe you're met full of the Sence

Of this consuming Pestilence;

[The revised version of this fable which appeared in The Weekly Journal for 8 April, 1721, follows:]

A Fable of the LION, and other Beasts.

One Time a mighty Plague did pester
All Beasts Domestick and Sylvester.
The Doctors all in Consort join'd,
To see if they the Cause cou'd find;
And try'd a World of Remedies,
But none cou'd conquer the Disease.
The Lion, in this Consternation
Sends out his Royal Proclamation,
To all his loving Subjects Greeting,
Appo'nting them a solemn Meeting:
And when they're gathered round his Den,
He spoke, My Lords and Gentlemen,
I hope you're met full of the Sense
Of this devouring Pestilence;

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Sure such extraordinary Punishment 15

On common Crimes was never sent;

Therefore it took its derivation,

Not from the trivial Sence of the Nation;

But some notorious Wickedness;

Then let us search our Consciences, 20

And ev'ry one his Faults confess.

We'll judge the biggest and the least,

And he that is the wicked'st Beast

Shall as a Sacrifice be giv'n,

T'allay the wrath of angry Heav'n, 25

And serve our Sins an expiation

By ancient way of Immolation;

And, since no one is free from Sin,

Thus with my own I'll first begin.

I've kill'd an Ox, and which is worse, 30

Committed Murder on a Horse;

15 extraordinary] extra'rd'nary '03

For sure such heavy Punishment
On common Crimes is rarely sent.
It must be some important Cause,
Some great Infraction of the Laws:
Then let us search our Consciences,
And ev'ry one his Faults confess.
Let's judge from biggest and the least,
That he that is the foulest Beast,
May for Sacrifice be given,
To stop the wrath of angry Heaven.
And since no one is free from Sin,
I with my self will first begin.
I have done many a Thing that's ill,
From a Propensity to kill;
Slain many an Ox, and what is worse,

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And one Day, as I am a Sinner,

I have eat seven Pigs for Dinner,

Robb'd Woods, and Fens, and like a Glutton,

Fed on whole Flocks of Lamb and Mutton: 35

Nay sometimes, for 'tis in vain to lie,

The Shepherd went for Company.

This was his Speech; when Chanc'lor Fox

Cries out, what signifies an Ox,

Or Horse? Sure those unworthy things 40

Are honour'd, when made sport for Kings.

But, Sir, your Conscience is too nice,

Hunting 's a Princely Exercise:

As for the Sheep, that foolish Cattle,

Not fit for Carriage nor for Battle, 45

And being tolerable Meat,

36 'tis] 't's '<u>03</u>

Have murdered many a gallant Horse.
Robb'd Woods and Fens, and like a Glutton,
Devour'd whole Flocks of Lamb and Mutton;
Nay, sometimes, for I dare not lye,
The Shepherd went for Company.
He had gone on, but Chancellor Fox
Stands up, what signifies an Ox?
What signifies a Horse, such Things
Are honour'd when made Sport for Kings?
Then for the Sheep, those foolish Cattle,
Not fit for Carriage, or for Battle;
And being tolerable Meat,
They're good for nothing but to eat.
The Shepherd too, your Enemy
Deserves no better Destiny.

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Are good for nothing, but to eat.

The Shepherd your sworn Enemy

Deserv'd no better Destiny.

Thus was he, that had sin'd for Twenty, 50

Clear'd Nemine Contradicente.

The Bear, the Tyger, Beasts that fight,

And all that could but scratch or bite

Came off well; for their gross Abuses

Others as bad found Excuses. 55

Nay even the Cat of wicked Nature

That kills at play his Fellow Creature

Went scot-free: But his Gravity

An Ass of stupid Memory

Confess'd, that, going to Sturbridge-Fair 60

His Back most broke with Wooden-ware,

He chanc'd half starv'd, and faint, to pass

By a Church-yard with exc'lent Grass,

54 off] of '03
60 Confess'd] Confessd '03
61 Wooden-ware] Woodenware '03
62 faint,] faint '03

Sir, Sir, your Conscience is too nice,
Hunting 's a Princely Exercise:
And these being all your Subjects born,
Just when you please are to be torn.
And, Sir, if this will not content you,
We'll vote it Nemine contradicente.
Then after him they all confess,
They had been Rogues, some more some less;
And yet by little slight Excuses,
They all get clear of great Abuses.
The Bear, the Tyger, Beasts of Fight,
And all that could but scratch and bite;
Nay, even the Cat of wicked Nature,
That kills in Sport her Fellow Creature,

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They had forgot to shut the Gate,

He ventur'd in, stoop'd down and ate. 65

Hold, cries Judge Wolf, no more, for Crimes

As these, deserve such fatal Times.

By several Acts of Parliament

'Tis Sacriledge, they all consent;

And thus the silly virtuous Ass 70

Was Sacrifis'd for eating Grass.

The Moral.

The Fable shews you poor Folk's fate

Whilst Laws can never reach the Great.

---

72 *Folk's*] *folks* '*03*

Went Scot-free; but his Gravity,
An Ass of stupid Memory,
Confess'd, i' th' Road to Tunbridge-Fare,
His back half broke with Wooden-Ware,
Chancing unluckily to pass,
By a Church-yard full of good Grass;
Finding they'd open left the Gate,
He ventur'd in, stoop'd down and eat.
Hold, says Judge Wolfe, these are the Crimes
Have brought upon us these sad Times,
'Tis Sacrilege, and this vile Ass
Shall dye for eating Holy Grass.

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The Grasshopper and Ant.

A Merry Grasshopper, that sung
And tun'd it all the Summer long,
Fed on small Flies, and had no Reason
To have sad thoughts the gentler Season:
For when twas hot, the Wind at South, 5
The Victuals flew into his Mouth:
But when the Winters cold came on,
He found he was as much undone,
As any Insect under Heav'n;
And now the hungry Songster's driv'n 10
To such a state, no Man can know it,
But a Musician or a Poet,
He makes a Visit to an Ant,
Desires he would relieve his want;
I come not in a begging way, 15
Says he, No Sir, name but a day
In July next, and I'll repay,
Your Interest and your Principal
Shall both be ready at a Call.
The thrifty Ant says truly Neighbour, 20
I get my Living by hard Labour;
But you, that in this Storm came hither,

Grasshopper] Grashopper '03
1 Grasshopper] Grashopper '03
5 twas] t'was '03
16 No] no, '03
17 repay,] repay: '03
19 Call.] call '03

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What have you done when 'twas fair Weather?

I've sung, replies the Grasshopper;

Sung! says the Ant, your Servant, Sir; 25

If you have sung away the best

Of all the Year, go dance the rest.

The Milk Woman.

A Straping Dame, a going to Town

To sell her Milk with thin Stuff Gown,

And Coats tuck'd up fit for a Race,

Marches along a swinging Pace:

And in her Thoughts already counts 5

The Price to which her Milk amounts;

She fancies all is sold, and lays

The Money out a hundred ways;

At last she's fixed, and thinks it plain,

That Eggs would bring the surest Gain: 10

She buys a hundred, which she reckons

Will four Weeks hence be six Score Chickens.

Such mighty care she takes to rear 'em,

24 Grasshopper] Grashopper '03
27 Year,] year '03
The Milk Woman. 1 Straping] Strapping '03
9 fixed] fix'd '03
11 buys] buyes '03
13 'em,] 'em. '03

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No Fox or Kite can e'er come near 'em,
The finest Hens are kept for Eggs; 15
The others sold to buy some Piggs;
To whom a little Bran she gives
With Turnep-tops and Cabbage leaves;
And tho' they get no Pease to speak on,
Yet in short time they're sold for Bacon. 20
O! how the Money pleas'd her Thought
For which a Cow and Calf are bought;
She'll have 'em on the Common kept,
There see 'em jump, at that she leapt
For joy; down comes the Pail, and now 25
Good Night t'ye Chickens, Calf and Cow,
Eggs, Bacon; all her busy care,
With them are dwindled into Air.
She looks with Sorrow on the Ground,
And Milk, in which her Fortune's drown'd: 30
Then carries home the doleful News,
And strives to make the best Excuse:
Her Husband greets her with a Curse,
And well it was she far'd no worse.
The Hermit, and the Man of Fame, 35
Pompeus, and our Country Dame,

18 Cabbage leaves;] Cabbage-leaves; '03
32 Excuse:] excuse '03

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The wisest Judge, and my Lord May'r,
They all build Castles in the Air:
And all a secret Pleasure take
In dreaming whilst they are awake: 40
Pleas'd with our Fancies we possess
Friends, Honour, Women, Palaces.
When I'm alone I dare defy
Mankind for Wit and Bravery.
I beat the *French* in half an Hour, 45
Get all their Cities in my Power.
Sometimes I'm pleas'd to be a King,
That has success in every thing,
And just when all the World's my own,
Comes one to dun me for a Crown; 50
And presently I am the poor,
And idle Dunce I was before.

The Cock, the Cat, and the young Mouse.

A Mouse of no Experience
Was almost nabb'd for want of Sence.
Hear how the silly young one told

42 Friends,] Friends '*03*
49 just] just, '*03* World's] worlds '*03*
Cat,] *Cat* '*03*

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Her strange Adventure to the old.
I cross'd the Limits of our State, 5
And ran as swift as any Rat;
When suddenly I spy'd two Creatures
Of very different Form and Features,
The one look'd smiling, milde, and Civil,
The other was a very Devil; 10
He look'd so fierce, made such a rout,
Then tore the Ground, then turn'd about;
He ne'er stood still, upon his Head
He wore a piece of Flesh that's red;
A bunch of Tails with green and black 15
Stood staring higher than his back.
And thus describes the simple Mouse
A Cock he had seen behind the House,
As had it been some Beast of Prey
Brought over from _America_. 20
With insolence, says he, he strides
And beats with his broad Arms his sides;
Then lifts his shrill and frightful Voice,
And made so terrible a Noise,
That tho' I can assure you, Mother,
I've as much Courage as another,

5 cross'd] crost'd '_03_
9 Civil,] Civil; '_03_
16 staring] stairing '_03_
21 strides,] strids, '_03_
25 tho'] tho, '_03_ you,] you '_03_

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I trembled, and as I am here,
Was forc'd to fly away for fear.
I curs'd the Bully in my thought;
For 'twas that strutting Ruffi'n's Fault; 30
Or else that other Beast and I
Had been acquainted presently.
He sat so quiet with such Grace,
So much good Nature in his Face,
He's furr'd like we, and on his Back 35
So purely streak'd with gray and black;
He has a long Tail, shining Eye,
Yet is all over Modesty.
I believe he is a near Relation
To our Allies the Rattish Nation: 40
His Ears and Whiskers are the same
With ours, I would have ask'd his Name,
When with his harsh and horrid sound
The other made me quit my Ground.
Replies the Mother, well 'scap'd Son, 45
You have been very near undone;
That formal Piece of Modesty,
That Mirror of Hypocrisy,
Was a damn'd Cat of wicked Fame;

27 trembled,] trembl'd '03
30 strutting Ruffi'n's] struting Ruffins '03
45 'scap'd] scap'd '03
48 Hypocrisy,] Hippocrisie '03

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My Heart akes at the very Name, 50
The everlasting Foe to Mouse,
Death, and Destruction to our House.
Whereas that other Animal
Ne'er did us hurt, nor ever will;
But may, when he is dead and gone, 55
Serve us one Day to dine upon.
Then prithee Son, whate'er you do,
Take special Care of him, whom you
For such an humble Creature took,
And judge not People by their Look. 60

The Cock and Pearl.

A Cock, not very nicely fed,
A Dunghill raker by his Trade,
Whilst scraping in the dirt, had found
A Pearl worth Five and Twenty Pound:
He goes hard by t' a Jeweller, 5
And like a silly Dog, says Sir,
In yonder Rubbish lay a bit
Of something that in't good to eat,

57 Then] Then, '03 Son,] Son '03
The Cock and Pearl. 6 Dog, says] dog says, '03
8 in't] a'nt '03

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If you think it will serve your turn,
I'll change it for a grain of Corn. 10
Nay sometimes Men will do as bad,
I've known a foolish Heir, that had
A Manuscript of Wit and Labour,
Say to a Bookseller his Neighbour,
I've got some Sheets my Uncle writ, 15
They say he was a Man of Wit,
But Books are things I don't much matter,
A Crown would do my Business better.

The Lyon's Court.

It happen'd that some Years ago,
The Lyon had a Mind to know,
What beastly Nations up and down
Belong'd to his Imperial Crown:
And therefore in his Princely care 5
Sends word by Letters every where,
That he would keep an open Court,
Grace it with every Royal Sport;
And so invites 'em to his Palace,
A Cave that stunk worse than the Gallows. 10

16 Wit,] wit '03
The Lyon's Court. 1 happen'd that] happen'd, that, '03

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The Bear snorts at it, snuffles, blows,
Draws hundred Wrinkles in his Nose.
What need the Fool to have made such Faces?
The Lyon frown'd at his Grimaces,
And for the Niceness of his Smell 15
My Gentleman is sent to Hell.
The Monky fam'd for flattery
Extalls this Action to the Sky,
Then prais'd the King's majestick Face,
The stately building of the Place, 20
The Smell, whose Fragrancy so far
Exceeds all other Scents that are,
That there's no Amber, said the Sot,
But what's a house of Office to't.
This gross insipid stuff the Prince 25
Dislikes and calls it Impudence,
To speak so contrary to Sence.
And as the one was thought too free,
So th'other dy'd for Flattery.
This Lyon had the reputation 30
To be _Caligula_'s Relation.
The Fox being near; the peevish King
Ask'd his Opinion of the thing.
Tell me what smell it is, be bold,

22 Scents] sents '_03_
26 Dislikes] Dislikes, '_03_
28 too] to '_03_
34 me] me, '03 it is,] is it, '_03_ bold,] bold. '_03_

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Sir, says the Fox, I've got a Cold. 35
If you would have your Answers please
Great Men make use of such as these.
Bluntness and bare-faced Flattery
Can never with the Court agree.

The Drunkard and his Wife.

Man is so obstinate a Creature
No Remedy can change his Nature.
Fear, Shame, all ineffectual prove
To cure us from the Vice we love.
A Drunkard, that had spent his Wealth, 5
And by the Wine impar'd his Health,
One Night was very Drunk brought home;
His Wife conveys him to a Tomb;
Undresses him from Head to Feet,
And wraps him in a Winding-sheet: 10
He wakes, and finds he's not a Bed,
All over dress'd like one that's dead:
Besides, she counterfeits her Voice,
With Torch in hand, and grunting Noise,

35 Cold.] cold, '03
37 Men] Men, '03
The Drunkard and his Wife. 4 love.] love '03
13 Besides,] Besides '03

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Looks frightful in a strange Array, 15
To pass for Dame _Ctesiphone_.
And every thing is done so well,
He thinks he's fairly gone to Hell;
And satisfy'd it was his Merit,
He says to his dissembling Spirit, 20
Who are you in the Name of Evil?
She answers hoarsely I'm the Devil,
That carries Victuals to the Damn'd,
By me they are with Brimstone cramm'd.
What, says the Husband, do you think, 25
Never to bring them any Drink?

The Carp.

A Handsome Carp genteely bred,
In fresh and running Water fed,
Puff'd up with Pride and Vanity,
Forsook the Thames and went to Sea;
Thro' Shrimps and Prawns he cuts his way, 5
Sees Cods and Haddocks frisk and play;

15 frightful] frightfull, '_03_
19 satisfy'd] satisfied '_03_
The Carp. 1 Handsome] Hansome '_03_
4 Sea;] Sea: _FT_

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He ask'd some questions, but in vain,
All spoke the Language of the Main;
He frets he can't be understood,
When, at the latter end of Flood, 10
Two Herrings vers'd in Languages
Were talking about Business;
Carp heard 'em, as he swum along,
Discoursing in his River Tongue,
And made a stop, they did the same, 15
One of the Herrings ask'd his Name,
And whence he came; the Traveller
Reply'd, I am a Stranger, Sir,
Come for my Pleasure to these Parts
To learn your Manners and your Arts: 20
Then Herring asks what News of late?
Which are your Ministers of State?
Indeed, said Carp, he could not tell,
Nor did much care, quoth Herring well
What Laws, what Form of Government? 25
Are Taxes rais'd, without consent
Of Parliament? what Courts of? Pish,
Says th' other, I'm a gentle Fish,
And we know nothing of those Matters:

8 Main;] Main: FT
9 understood,] understood; FT
10 When,] When FT
21 asks] asks, '03 FT
24 well] well, FT
28 th' other, I'm] the other, I am FT

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Quoth Herring, I'm no Fish that flatters, 30
I find you've neither seen nor read,
And wonder you should break your Head,
With what's in other Countries done,
That knows so little of your own.
At this the haughty Fool takes snuff, 35
Turns from 'em in a mighty huff;
And whilst he slides and flourishes
He meets a Country Fish of his,
One us'd to Sea, a subtle Spark,
A Pike that serv'd his time t' a Shark; 40
Who leads him into Company
Of Riot and Debauchery;
The scandalous Gang in little time
Infect him with the Salt, and Slime;
They robb'd his Row, till scurvily 45
At last he's forc'd to leave the Sea.
His Scales begin to drop by scores,
And all his Body's full of Sores.
Half of his Tail, and Snout are gone,
And he, lean, shabby and undone, 50
Sneaks home as vain and ignorant,
As e'er he was before he went.

40 Pike] Pike, FT Shark;] Shark. FT
42 Debauchery;] Debauchery. FT
50 he,] he FT lean,] lean '03

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The Moral.

Some Fops that visit France and Rome,
Before they know what's done at home,
Look like our Carp when come again. 55
Strange Countries may improve a Man,
That knew the World before he went;
But he, that sets out ignorant,
Whom only Vanity intices,
Brings Nothing from 'em but their Vices. 60

The Nightingale and Owl.

The Bird of _Jove_, who was all Day,
As much intent upon his Prey,
As any Prince in Christendom,
Was not well pleased, that coming home
He always found his Folks a Bed, 5
(Sure Courtiers should be better bred.)
For, as Crown'd Heads have much to think,
Some Nights he could not sleep a wink;
And thought it hard to have ne'er a Bird
In all his Court could speak a Word, 10

53 _Fops_] _Fops_, '_03_ _FT_
60 '_em_] '_em_, '_03_ _FT_
The Nightingale and Owl. 4 pleased,] pleased; '_03_
9 to] t' '_03_
10 Court] Court, '_03_

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Or snuff a Candle, hundred things,
That are of use to waking Kings.
Some Birds strove hard, did what they could;
Yet when 't grew dark, slept as they stood.
Others pretended that they watch'd, 15
And swore and ly'd till they were catch'd.
The King would not be put upon:
Asks all his Court what's to be done?
One talks no wiser than a Horse,
Another makes it ten times worse, 20
The Ostrich said, It's plain to me,
We sleep because we cannot see;
And _Jupiter_, he can't deny't,
To let it when 'tis dark be light---
At that all stopt his Speech a laughing, 25
Except the King, who fell a coughing.
Says one more learned than the rest,
I'm for a Crane with stone in Fist;
If he should sleep it must be known,
For presently he'll drop the stone. 30
But as the Watchmen were to be
In the upper Garret of the Tree,
The King for weighty Reasons said,
He'd have no Stones held o'er his Head.
Then cries the Swan, and he was right, 35

21 It's] 'ts '_03_

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If one pretends to watch all Night,
He cannot do a better thing,
To make us believe it than to sing.
His Majesty approves of it,
And Letters presently are writ; 40
By which the Airy Prince invites
All Birds to Court, that sung a Nights;
But most of 'em look on the same
As things of no concern to them.
Yet some that had Ambition 45
Would very willingly have gone,
But since they could not watch in short,
And might perhaps be punish'd for't,
At best they could propose no Gains,
But t'have their Labour for their Pains. 50
Only the Nightingale, whose Art
Man knows, had fill'd his little Heart
With so much Joy, he's more than glad,
And almost ready to run mad;
Calls on all Birds and shakes his Wings, 55
Tells them how every Night he sings;
(A thing, which they knew nothing of,
For by that time they're fast enough.)

36 Night, '03] Night. X
40 writ;] writ, '03
56 them] him '03
58 they're] the'are '03

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Says he it hits so luckily,
As if it was contriv'd for me, 60
What cause to doubt of being chose,
When there's not one that can oppose.
His Friend the Black-bird says, if so,
Make haste to Court; why don't you go?
The haughty Bird cries truly No, 65
Glory's a thing I never went for,
Nor shall go now unless I am sent for.
At last the King by Mistress Fame,
'S acquainted with his Skill and Name,
And hearing of his Stateliness 70
Sends half a dozen Deputies;
Who, when they're come, are forced to wait:
The Bird makes every thing look great;
He humbly thanks his Majesty;
But could not leave his Family. 75
They still perswade and press him hard,
He need not doubt of a great Reward.
And as the Nightingale delays,
And banters 'em for several Days;
A Magpye in the Field at play 80

59 he] he, '<u>03</u>
63 Black-bird] Black bird '<u>03</u> says, if so,] says if so: '<u>03</u>
65 cries] cries, '<u>03</u>
76 hard,] hard. '<u>03</u>
77 He] He, '<u>03</u> doubt of a] doubt a '<u>03</u>

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Heard how he made the Courtiers stay,
Goes home and there relates the Story,
The Message, and the Bird's Vain glory,
T' an Owl, who from his Infancy
Had liv'd in the same Family; 85
And adds, why don't you take a Flight?
I've often heard you sing at Night;
When wak'd by our unlucky Boys.
Says the Owl, I know I have no Voice
As well as you: But if you hear me, 90
Young Jackanaps you need not jeer me.
By George, says Mag, I'm not in jest,
What though the Nightingale sings best,
He is so proud, takes so much state,
A thing I know all Princes hate, 95
That if y'are there before the other,
Who wants such Courtship, keeps such pother,
I don't know but your solemn Face,
And modest Mein may get the place.
I'll go my self for Company: 100
And Mag discoursed so winingly,
The Match is made away they fly.

83 Bird's] Birds '03
86 adds,] adds; '03
90 But] but, '03
93 What] What, '03
95 thing] thing, '03
98 know] know, '03
101 winingly,] winningly '03

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The King by this time thought it long
To stay for a Nocturnal Song,
When Master Magpy, and his Friend, 105
Were just come to their Journy's end.
They told their Business modestly,
And are lodg'd on the Royal Tree.
The Owl sets up his Note at Night,
At which the Eagle laugh'd out right, 110
Then went to sleep and two Hours after
He wak'd, and wanted to make Water.
Call'd to his Watch, who presently
Jump'd in, and cry'd, Sir, Here am I:
So, tho his Owlship could not sing, 115
His watchfulness had pleas'd the King.
Next day arrives the Nightingale,
With his Attendance at his Tail.
His Majesty would by no Means
Admit him to an Audience; 120
But sends a stately Bird of Sence,
Who thus accosted him. Signior,
Whom we so long have waited for;
Since Yesterday a Bird came hither,
As grave as ever wore a Feather, 125
Who without promise of Reward

106 Journy's] Journies '03
107 Business] Bus'ness '03
114 I:] I. '03

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Last Night has serv'd upon the Guard,
With him to Morrow Night the King
Has order'd you to watch and sing,
Says Nightingale, what do I care 130
For Orders? I am free, and swear
My Master-lays shall mix with none,
They make a Consort of their own:
But who has so much vanity,
That dares pretend to sing with me? 135
And hearing 'twas the _Athenian_ Bird,
He star'd and cou'd not speak a Word,
Grew pale, and swell'd, his Wind came short,
And Anger overwhelm'd his Heart.
He foams at Mouth, and raves, and blusters, 140
And utters all his Words in Clusters.
A King! a Devil, stupid Fowl,
That can compare me to an Owl!
Pray says the Courtier, have a Care,
Consider in what place you are; 145
But, as the Fool would hear no Reason,
He went, and left him sputt'ring Treason,
Then told what happen'd to the King,
Who said he'd never hear him sing;
The Owl should be kept in his Place, 150

129 sing,] sing. '_03_
136 the] th' '_03_
144 Courtier,] Courtier '_03_

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And th' other punish'd with Disgrace;
He wisely weigh'd one's Complaisance
Against the other's Insolence,
Oppos'd the Humble to the Rude,
And thought, the one might do more Good, 155
With Loyalty and Diligence,
Than th' other with his Skill and Sence.
The Nightingale is kick'd from Court
And serv'd the little Birds for sport;
Till full of Shame and Grief he went, 160
And curs'd the King and Government.

The Moral.

Princes can never satify
That Worth that rates itself too high.
What Pity it is! *some Men of Parts*
Should have such haughty stubborn Hearts: 165
When once they are courted they grow vain:
Ambitious Souls cannot contain
Their Joy, *which when they strive to hide*,
They cover it with so much Pride,
So Saucy to Superiors, 170
Impatient of Competitors,
Th' *are utterly intractable*,
And put off like our Nightingale.

152 one's] ones '*03*
153 other's] others '*03*
162 Princes] Princess '*03*
164 *Pity it is!*] *pitty* '*tis*? '*03*

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Many with him might have been great,
Promoted Friends, and serv'd the State, 175
That have beheld, with too much Joy
The wish'd for Opportunity;
Then slipt it by their own Delays,
Sloth, Pride, or other willful Ways,
And ever after strove in vain 180
To see the Forelock once again.

Council held by the Rats.

A Cat, whose Sirname pretty hard was,
One Captain *Felis Rodilardus*
Had made so terrible a slaughter
Among the Rats; that little after
There's hardly one to shew his head, 5
Most part of 'em were maim'd or dead.
The few that yet had 'scap'd the Grave,
Liv'd in a subterranean Cave,
Where they sat thinking mighty dull,
With Bellies less than quarter full, 10
Not daring to stir out for fear
Of *Rodilard*, who's ev'ry where.

Rats.] *Rates.* '*03*
4 Rats;] Rates; '*03*

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They tried a hundred ways to fun him:
But finding they could never shun him,
The Wretches look upon him, that 15
He's more a Devil than a Cat.
Once, when our am'rous Spark was gone
A hunting Wenches up and down,
The poor remainder to improve
The time their Enemy made love, 20
Assembl'd, and employ'd their Cares
About the straits of their Affairs.
Their President, a Man of Sence,
Told 'em, by long experience;
I know, the Captain used to come 25
In Ambush without beat of Drum.
Methinks, that if we could but hear him
We need not half so much to fear him:
And therefore, th' only way's to take
A Bell, and tie't about his Neck: 30
And then let him be ne'er so arch
He'll advertise us of his march.
His Council took, and every one
Was of the same Opinion;
Sure nothing better could be done. 35

14 finding] finding, '<u>03</u>
19 remainder] remainder, '<u>03</u>
23 President,] President '<u>03</u> Sence,] Sence '<u>03</u>
24 'em,] 'em; '<u>03</u> experience;] experience '<u>03</u>
25 Captain] Captain, '<u>03</u>

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But pray, says one, who is to tie it;
For I desire not to be nigh it.
How! cries another, tie the Bell,
I dare draw all his Teeth as well.
A third, a fourth, all say the same, 40
And so they parted as they came.

The Moral.

Thus Cits advise what's to be done,
This way they should attack the Town;
Now here, then there, why don't they come?
So, often in a Coffee-room, 45
Where prudently they rule the Nation.
I've heard some Men of Reputation
Propose things which they dare as well
Perform, as Rats to tie the Bell.

The Bat and the two Weasels.

A Purblind Bat a heedless Beast
Ran headlong into a Weasel's Nest,
Who big with Child, and Passionate,
Had long since bore a mortal hate

48 things] things; '03
49 Rats] Rates '03
The Bat and the two Weasels. 2 into] int' '03
Weasel's] Weasels '03

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To Mice; she rises, takes a Knife, 5
Runs to 'm resolv'd to have his Life,
And says: What Rascal in my House!
O impudence! a'nt you a Mouse?
Confess: Yes, I am sure you are,
Or I'm no Weasel: Have a Care, 10
No Names, good Lady, says the Bat,
No more a Mouse, than you a Rat.
What, I a Mouse? I scorn the Word;
And thank the Gods that made m' a Bird;
Witness my Wings, they're proof enough; 15
Long live the Birds, and so came off.
Some two Days after giddy brain
By a mischance, intrudes again
T' another Weasel's, who hates Birds,
She lets him enter, made no Words; 20
But fairly caught him by his Crupper,
And went to cranch him for her Supper
In quality of Bird. Says he,
Madam, this is an Injury,
Damn all the Birds, I do Protest 25
You wrong me: Sure y'are but in jest,
What reason I should pass for one?

14 Gods] Gods, '03
22 Supper. X] Supper '03
23 Bird. '03] Bird, X

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All Birds have Feathers, I have none.
I am a Mouse long live the Rats,
And *Jupiter* confound the Cats. 30

The Moral.

The Trimmer that will side with none,
Is forc'd to side with ev'ry one;
And with his Comp'ny change his story,
Long live the Whig, long live the Tory.

The two Bitches.

A Bitch, who hardly had a day
To reckon, knew not where to lay
Her Burthen down: She had no Bed;
Nor any Roof to hide her Head;
Desires a Bitch of the same Pack, 5
To let her have, for Heaven's sake,
Her House against her Lying-in.
Th'other, who thought it was a Sin,
To baulk a Wretch so near her Labour,
Says, Yes, 'tis at your Service, Neighbour. 10
She stays the Month out, and above,

29 Rats,] Rates, '*03*
31 *Trimmer*] *Trimmer*, '*03*
The two Bitches. 3 Burthen] burden '*03*
10 Service,] Service '*03*

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And then desires her to remove:

But th'other tells her, there's yet none

Of all my Whelps can walk alone,

Have patience but one Fortnight longer. 15

I hope by that time they'll be stronger.

She grants it, and when that's about,

Again she asks her to turn out,

Resign her Chamber, and her Bed:

The other shew'd her Teeth, and said, 20

My Children now are strong enough,

Some of 'em able to stand buff.

W'are free to go, but don't mistake us,

That is to say, if you can make us.

The Moral.

Whoever lets the Wicked in 25

Shall hardly get them out again;

What they can keep they'll ne'er restore,

And by fair Means you'll have no more

Returns from them, than from the Grave,

Therefore he that will lend a Knave, 30

Must be resolv'd on Law and Force;

If not, he'll bid you take your Course.

———

30 he] he, '03

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The Sick Lyon and the Fox.

The King of Brutes sent all about,
He was afflicted with the Gout;
And orders ev'ry Species
To visit him by Embassies.
To see his Subject Beasts would be 5
Some Comfort to him in his Misery:
He swears them faithfully, they shall
Be lodg'd, and treated very well.
Then for a Safeguard, sends forsooth,
Passes against his Claw and Tooth. 10
His Vassals in obedience come,
And ev'ry Species sends him some.
Only the Foxes stay at home;
Their Reason was, they saw the Print
Of ev'ry beastly Foot, that went: 15
But found no Marks, by which, 'twas plain,
That any e'er came back again:
And truly that's suspicious,
Says one, poor Folks are timerous
We know the King would not abuse us; 20
But yet desire him to excuse us.
As for his Pass we thank him for't,

1 Brutes] Bruits '03
9 Safeguard,] safeguard '03 forsooth,] forsooth '03
14 was,] was; '03
16 which,] which '03

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And believe 'tis good. But in his Court
We know, which way we may go in,
But not, which to come back again. 25

The Moral.

Wise Men sometimes Instruction find
In that, which others never mind;
Examining the least of things,
By Deeds, not Words, they judge of Kings;
And never venture on that Coast, 30
Where once they knew another lost.

The Satyr and the Passenger.

A Satyr at his Country House,
A dismal Cave, was with his Spouse,
And Brats a going to eat some Broth:
Without a Chair, or Table Cloath,
On mossy ground they squatted down, 5
With special Stomachs of their own.
And just as they fell to a main,
Comes one to shelter for the Rain:
The Guest's invited to sit down,
Tho' in the mean time they went on. 10

23 believe] b'lieve '03
The Satyr and the Passenger.] Sayter '03
7 just] just, '03

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He shiver'd, look'd as cold as Death,
And warm'd his Fingers with his Breath,
Says ne'er a Word, takes good Advice,
And stays not till they ask him twice,
Falls to the Porridge, takes a sup; 15
But being newly taken up,
'Twas hot, he blows it. Says the Satyr,
Whose Palate could bear scalding-water,
Friend, what the Devil are you a doing?
What do you mean by all this blowing? 20
The Stranger answers, I did blow
At first to warm my hands, and now
I blow again to cool my Broth.
How, says my Landlord, does it both!
Than y'are not like to stay with me, 25
I hate such juggling Company.
What! Out of the same Mouth to blow
Both hot and cold! Friend, prithee go.
I thank the Gods my Roof contains
None such as you. The Fable means. 30

The Moral.

None are more like to do us wrong;
Than those that wear a double Tongue.

-----

22 hands,] hands; '*03*
24 does] dus '*03*

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The Lyon in Love.

Before the Reign of Buxom Dido,
When Beasts could speak as well as I do;
Lyons and we convers'd together,
And marry'd among one another.
Nay, why not? they have more bravery, 5
And are of the eldest Family.
One of 'em walking in a Grove,
Met with a Wench, and fell in Love.
Says he, dear Girl, upon my Life,
Y'are handsome, and must be my Wife. 10
Then sees her Home, and asks her Father,
Th' old Gentleman would have had rather
A Son-in-Law of milder Nature,
And not so terrible a Feature;
He could not give her heartily, 15
And yet 'twas dangerous to deny.
Besides she lov'd a fierce Gallant,
Says he, they have ask'd my Consent;
If now I make a Noise about it,
Who knows but they may do't without it. 20
Therefore he us'd a Stratagem
With honey-words to wheedle him.
My Daughter thanks you, Sir, for the honour,

2 well] well, '03
16 dangerous] dang'rous '03

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Which you are pleas'd to bestow upon her.
To talk of Joyntures would be rude; 25
I know what's for my Children's good.
She's wholly yours, and from this hour,
Son, I resign her to your power.
I only wish, because your Bride
Has but a foolish tender Hide, 30
That when you take her in your Arm,
For fear your Claws might do her harm,
You'd suffer somebody to pare 'em;
And then your Spouse need not to fear 'em.
Your Teeth indeed look fine and strong; 35
But yet th'are somewhat sharp and long;
If y'had 'em filed an Inch or two,
'Twould be no prejudice to you,
And she'd respect you ne'er the less,
Admire the softness of your kiss, 40
And be more free with you a Bed.
So senceless is a Lover's head:
The Lyon yields, and stupidly
Lets 'em disarm him _Cap-a-pe_.
And so the loving Son-in-Law, 45

24 you] y' '_03_
35 fine] fine, '_03_
36 sharp] sharp, '_03_
38 'Twould] T'would '_03_
42 Lover's] lovers '_03_

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Remaining without Tooth or Claw,

Look'd as defenceless as a Town

With all the Walls and Gates broke down,

With Dogs his Complaisance they pay,

To whom he falls an easy Prey. 50

The Moral.

Where Love his Tyrany Commences;

There, farewell Prudence, farewell Sences.

The Angler and the little Carp.

That little Fishes may be greater,

And that, the larger th'are the better

I know; but then, to let 'em swim,

And all the while to stay for 'em;

Since catching so uncertain is, 5

I think's a foolish Business.

An Angler patiently a fishing

Employ'd with looking on, and wishing,

Catches at last a little Carp

That's very poor; but being sharp 10

He thought 'twas something to begin,

47 Look'd] Look'd, '*03*
The Angler and the little Carp. 2 better] better, '*03*
8 Employ'd] Employ'd, '*03*
9 Carp] Carp, '*03*

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Opens his pouch to put him in.
But cries the Prisoner pitiously
Alas, what would you do with me!
Let me grow bigger, throw me in. 15
Some two Year hence you'll catch m' again;
I'll stay for you, for you may be sure:
Then sell me to some Epicure.
But now I'm such a silly Fish,
A hundred would not make a Dish; 20
And if they should, when all is done,
There would be only Skin and Bone.
Says the Angler I've a Mind to try you,
And if y' an't fit to Stew, I'll Fry you.
Leave preaching till anon, and then 25
Discourse your matters to the Pan.

The Moral.

I Chuse One is for two May be's,
One sure for Ten Uncertainties.

---

24 an't] a'nt '03
26 matters '03] Mattets X

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The Wolves and the Sheep.

Between the Wolves, and Sheep, the Wars
Had lasted many hundred Years.
The Sheep could never feed in quiet;
But Wolves disturb'd 'em at their Diet:
And truly Wolf is every Day 5
By Mastiff hunted from his Prey.
The Shepherd often cuts his Throat,
And turns his Skin into a Coat.
And now both Parties are for ease;
And met to agree on terms of Peace. 10
When in Debates some time was spent,
On each side Hostages are sent:
As such both Nations were to give
What's valued most, the Wolves receive,
The Dogs, of which in Awe they stood; 15
The Sheep young Wolves of Noble Blood:
And thus the Peace is ratify'd,
With Joy proclaim'd on every side.
But in short time the Whelps grew strong,
The sturdy Rogues began to long 20

the] om. FT
1.Sheep,] Sheep '03
3 quiet;] Quiet, FT
9 And] But FT ease;] Ease, FT
10 met to] meet t' FT
14 most,] most; FT receive,] receive '03
15 Dogs,] Dogs FT

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For Blood, and Mischief; watch'd a day,
The Shepherds were not in the way,
Then hunt the young ones from their Dames,
And pick'd and cull'd the finest Lambs;
Kill'd and devour'd a Multitude; 25
The rest they carry'd to a Wood,
Where with the other Wolves they joyn,
Who knew before hand their design.
The Dogs on publick Faith secure
(And pray what ties could be more sure) 30
Where whilst they slept, and thought no harm,
Throttled before they heard th' alarm.

The Moral.

Some Nations, fond of slothful Ease,
Trust to deluding Enemies;
And striving to avoid Expence, 35
Will leave themselves without defence;
But cunning Tyrants call 'em Friends,
No longer than it serves their Ends.
Against a mighty King that is,
Regardless of his Promises, 40

22 way,] way; FT
23 Dames,] Dams, FT
26 carry'd] carried '03
30 sure)] sure?) FT
31 Where] Where, '03 FT
33 Nations,] Nations FT
37 Friends,] friends '03
38 longer] longer, '03
39 King] King, '03 FT is,] is '03 FT

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<u>Proclaim an everlasting War,</u>

<u>Observe his Motions, watch with care;</u>

<u>And never hearken to a Peace,</u>

<u>Proffer'd by faithless Enemies.</u>

The Wasps and Bees.

A Troop of Wasps claims openly

Some Honey Combs without a Tree.

A Regiment of Bees declares,

The Honey, and the Combs, were theirs,

And let him touch the Goods that dares; 5

They'd shew that they were Bees, and forsooth.

Then says the Wasps, we'll pluck a Crow for't,

And shall not fly for Bees, we scorn it.

However 'tis left to Justice Hornet,

Who could with all his subtle Sence 10

Make nothing of the Evidence;

In general they depose, 'tis true,

That Insects of a yellow hue,

With Tails containing poysonous Stings,

Long Body'd, buzzing with their Wings, 15

<u>The Wasps and Bees.</u> 4 Combs,] Combs '<u>03</u>
6 forsooth.] soforth. '<u>03</u>
7 Then] Then, '<u>03</u> Crow for't,] Crow-for't, '<u>03</u>
8 And '<u>03</u>] An <u>X</u>
12 general] gen'ral '<u>03</u>

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And all the Signs to paint a Bee,
Had been observ'd about that Tree.
But this could be no proof for them;
For in the Wasps they are the same,
His Lordship, for his Reputation 20
Heard a whole Ant's Nest's Information.
But being no wiser than before,
At last said he could do no more;
And made a learned Speech to shew 'em:
That this Court could say nothing to 'em: 25
It must be try'd in Chancery.
Up starts a pert well meaning Bee,
And says, an't please your Lordship; 'tis
Six Months we left our Business:
And heard of nothing but Vacations, 30
And Writs of barbarous Appellations;
And all this while you know we are,
My Lord, but even as we were.
The Honey every Day grows worse,
And greedy Lawyers drain our Purse. 35
Under submission we've enough
Of all this formal conjuring stuff.
I believe I can inform you better,

21 Ant's] Ants '<u>03</u>
24 Speech] Speech, '<u>03</u>
32 while] while, '<u>03</u> know] know, '<u>03</u>

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Which way you may decide the matter.

What signifies our looking on,   40

And hearing Council pro and con?

Let's go to work and then you'll see,

Which spoke the Truth, the Wasps or we.

If they can make such Combs and fill

With Honey each sexang'lar Cell;   45

The Cause is theirs, and we'll pay Cost;

If not, I hope they'll yield it lost.

Which when the Wasps refus'd to do

Judge Hornet rose and said, Oho!

I smoak you, Sirs, and gave the Bees   50

The Suit, with Costs and Damages.

The Moral.

Thus would I have all Judges give

Their Judgment. With the **Turks** *I believe,*

That common Sence to end a Cause,

Is worth a hundred Common Laws.   55

They lead us such a way about,

Raise new Disputes, make such a Rout.

Between the Plaintiff and Defendant;

That by the time they make an end on't,

The Suit looks like an Oyster, where   60

39 matter. '*03*] matter *X*
47 not,] not; '*03*
49 rose] ris, '*03*   said,] said '*03*
54 *Sence*] *Sence*,
59 *That*] *That*, '*03*

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The Fish falls to the Lawyer's Share;

And if the Cause be manag'd well,

Each of the Clients gets a Shell.

The Lyon and the Gnat.

Away base Insect, that took Birth
From th'Exhalations of the Earth.
Thus spoke the Lyon to the Gnat;
Who answer'd, Bully, Think ye that
I'll bear Affronts? No: And declar'd 5
A War against him to his Beard;
And told the Hector, void of fear,
You'll find Sir King, how much I care
For all your Titles, Tooth and Claw,
Of which great Loobies stand in awe: 10
I'll quickly curb your haughtiness,
Damn'd Brute; and hardly utter'd this,
But sounds the Charge (he serv'd for all
For Trumpet and for General.)
He nimbly shifts from Place to Place, 15
And plays before the Lyon's Face;

61 *Lawyer's*] *Lawyers* '*03*
The Lyon and the Gnat. 4 answer'd,] answered; '*03*
16 Lyon's] Lyons '*03*

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The other snaps and strikes the Air;
The Gnat avoids him every where;
He watch'd his time, then seiz'd his Neck,
From thence he mov'd, and stung his Back, 20
There fasten'd, made his Kingship mad;
His Eyes sparkle in his Head;
He foams and roars, and all what's near
Trembles, and hides itself for fear,
Yet, of this general Hurrican, 25
And dire Alarm th' Occasion
Is, what one would suspect the least,
So small an Atom of a Beast.
With hundred rambling flights he teases
The Brute, and leads him where he pleases; 30
Gets up his Nostrils, laughs to see
With how much Rage his Enemy
Tore his own Flesh, and all in Blood
Ran raving through the affrighted Wood.
He still pursues, till out of Breath 35
The Lyon dropp'd, and bled to Death.
The merry buzzing Conqueror
Flies from the dismal Seat of War,
And as he sounded chearfully
The Charge, so sounds the Victory. 40

21 fasten'd] fastned '03
39 And] And, '03

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But going to proclaim his Story,

Puffed up and blinded with his Glory,

He met a Cobweb in his way,

And fell a silly Spider's Prey.

The Moral.

So one that cross'd the Ocean o'er, 45

May smother in a Common Shore.

The Woodcleaver and Mercury.

In Ancient times, when _Jupiter_

Was pretty free, a Labourer,

That earn'd his Bread with cleaving Wood,

Lost with his Ax his Livelyhood.

'Twould grieve ones Heart to hear what sad 5

And pitious Moan the Fellow made:

He had no Tools to sell again,

And buy another Ax, poor Man!

It was his All, and what to do,

Or how to live he does not know, 10

And as the Tears stood in his Eyes,

My Ax! O my dear Ax! he cries:

44 Spider's] Spiders '_03_
The Woodcleaver and Mercury. 5 hear] hear, '_03_

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Sweet loving _Jupiter!_ restore
My Ax. _Olympus_ heard his roar;
And _Mercury_ the Post-Boy, or 15
The Flying Post (his Character
Suits either for he's God of Lying
Beardless, and fam'd for News and Flying.)
Came to the Labourer, and said,
Your Ax in't lost, cheer up, my Lad: 20
I've got it here; but can you tell
Which is your own? I very well,
Quoth he. Says _Mercury_ take hold,
And gives him one of Massy Gold;
To this, quoth th'other, I've no claim, 25
To a Silver one he said the same:
But when his Iron one was shewn,
He cries, I Faix this is mine own;
God bless you, Sir. And _Mercury_
Said, to reward his Honesty, 30
Th' are all your own, I give 'em ye.
The Story's quickly nois'd about;
The way to Riches is found out:
'Tis but to lose one's Ax; the Fools,
That had none, sold their Cloaths and Tools 35

14 heard '_03_] hear _X_
20 in't] an't '_03_
26 To] T' '_03_

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To get one; and whate'er they cost,
They're bought in order to be lost.
The God of Thieves and Merchants, who
By chance had nothing else to do,
Came as they call'd; his Deity 40
Gave every one the choice of three:
The lying Rogues deny'd their own,
And swore they lost a Golden one:
But as they stoop for't, _Mercury_
Chops off their Heads, and there they lie. 45

The Moral.

The Fable shews you, Honesty
Is always the best Policy.

The Hare and his Ears.

Some stupid horn'd Beast or other,
Trotting along to get some fother,
Had run the Lyon in his Side;
Who, for the future to provide
Against such Accidents as this, 5

42 deny'd] denied '_03_
45 Heads,] Head, '_03_

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Sends Writs, by which he banishes
From his Dominions every one,
That wore a Horn: And when 'twas known,
The Stags sneak off with Bulls and Rams,
The very Calves went with their Dams: 10
And, whilst they are moving every where
To foreign parts, a fearful Hare,
That saw the shadow of his Ears,
Was startled at the sight; and fears
Some Villain might maliciously 15
Say they were Horns; What Remedy?
Says he, they're long, and I can't tell.
Well Neighbour Cricket Fare-you-well:
My Ears are Horns too; I'll march off;
They're very long, and that's enough: 20
Nay, were th' as short as Ostrich Ears,
It would not rid me of my fears;
For if they catch m' I go to Pot.
Foh! says the Cricket, y'are a sot.
Hares Horns! what Puppy calls 'em so? 25
Th' are Ears. But yet, for ought you know,
Replies poor Puss, they'll pass for Horns;
And may be Horns of Unicorns.
They call the Rabbet's Fore legs, Wings,

14 fears] fears, '03
16 Say] Say, '03
18 Fare-you-well:] fare you well: '03
28 And] And, '03 be] be, '03
29 Wings,] Wings. '03

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I hold no Argument with Kings. 30

The Moral.

At Lyons Courts, in case of Treason,

I'd rather trust my Heels, than Reason.

The Rat and the Frog.

A Graceless Rat, in special case,

Kept neither Lent nor Holidays;

But lov'd his Gut beyond his Soul,

And look'd as slick as any Mole:

Who one day having time to spare, 5

Went to the Marshes for some Air;

There meets a Frog, not over fat,

Who says, your Servant Mr. Rat;

And seemingly with much good Nature,

Invites the Stranger o'er the Water: 10

Says he, I live in yonder Fens,

Go with m' I'll treat you like a Prince.

The Rat, who had a mind before

To ramble, need t've heard no more;

The Rat and the Frog. 2 Holidays;] Holy-days; '_03_

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But yet the Frog made a whole Lecture 15
On Country Bagnios, and their Structure,
The Voyage, and the Recreation
He'd find in his amphibious Nation;
Their Manners, and a hundred things,
Of which in Winter Evenings, 20
He'd tell fine Stories ten Years after,
By Fire sides in Praise of Water:
And, since he always liv'd a Shore,
There's nothing could refresh him more.
These Reasons pleas'd his Ratship so, 25
That he was raving mad to go.
But as your pamper'd Folks are fearful,
He said, one cannot be too careful;
'Tis true I swim, but not like you,
And Cramps, or other things, you know, 30
Might happen: If I could but have
Some small Assistance. —— Says the Knave,
Prithee be quiet, to prevent
All harm, I've an expedient,
That has a thousand times been tried. 35
Then took a bit of Rush and tied
One of the Fore feet of the Rat
To his Hind leg, and out they set.

16 Bagnios,] Bagnio's, '03
21 Years] year '03

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But O thou wicked World! how evil
Are all our Hearts! this croaking Devil 40
Swum to the deep; where, when he got him,
He strove to pull him to the bottom;
And thought it was a lucky hit,
To meet with such a dainty bit;
Good wholesome Meat, and so went on. 45
The Rat, who felt he was undone,
Cry'd out, and foul'd himself for fear,
And, tho' sometimes in half a Year,
The Varlet never said a Prayer;
Yet (as the Proverb tells us, he 50
That cannot pray, must go to Sea.)
So now, with all the Sugar Words,
A frighted Coward's Heart affords;
He call'd the Gods, and coax'd the Frog;
But, No: That false hard-hearted Dog 55
Is deaf to all his protestations,
And violates the Law of Nations.
One lugs and labours like a Horse,
Th' other resists with all his Force.
The Frog's for going down; the Rat, 60
If 't pleased the Gods, would rather not.
And, whilst they're struggling different ways,

47 foul'd] fould '03
54 call'd] called '03
55 But,] But '03 hard-hearted] heardhearted '03

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A Kite, that hover'd o'er the Place,
Saw what our Gentry was about,
Would fain have seen the Battle out; 65
If 't had been safe; but being loth
To lose his Stomack, took 'em both:
And, doubly bless'd beyond his wish,
Supp'd like a Lord, on Flesh and Fish.

The Moral.

He, that's entangled in a Plot, 70
For want of Strength, is often caught:
And in his Practices detected
By Accidents, he ne'er suspected.
What cares a Frog for Kites, in Water?
But Villany rewards its Author. 75

The Cat and an old Rat.

I've heard, and if it be a Lie,
You have it e'en as cheap as I;
That a huge Cat of mighty Name,
A second _Rodilard_ for Fame,
The _Alexander_ of the Cats; 5
An _Attila_, a scourge to Rats,

69 Supp'd] Sup'd, '_03_

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Had brought such horrid devastation,
And Mischief on the latter Nation;
'Twas thought he would depopulate
The World, and swallow every Rat. 10
The long Tailed Gentry, far and near,
Are all possess'd with so much fear,
That there's not one in six Miles round,
That dares to venture above ground;
Their bloody minded Enemy 15
Is sorry, that they're grown so shy.
In vain he watch'd, and lurk'd about,
The De'l a bit as one came out.
Says he, the Scoundrels are alive,
I hear 'em stir, and must contrive 20
To draw 'em out; for, where they dwell,
I'm sure, they're uncomatable.
At that he gets upon a Shelf,
And to a String he hangs himself
By one Foot, dangling with his Head 25
Downward, as if he had been dead.
The Rats all thought, he had been taken
At stealing Cheese, or gnawing Bacon;
Perhaps he might have foul'd the Bed,
Murder'd a Bird; or, that he had 30
Committed any other Evil,

12 fear,] fear; '03
29 foul'd] fould '03

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By instigation of the Devil,
Or his own more malicious Nature;
For which they'd hang'd the wicked Creature.
The Prisoners, who wanted Bread   35
Thank'd Heaven, and were very glad.
They show their Snouts, and now begin
To peep out, and pop back again;
Till growing bold they leave their home,
And scamper up and down the Room.   40
Down comes the treacherous Malefactor,
Who rais'd to Life without a Doctor,
Fell with such rage about their House;
Each Blow kill'd either Rat or Mouse;
Some made Resistance, but in vain,   45
The Ground is cover'd with the slain,
Such Execution did his Claw,
But when the cunning Warrior saw,
The nimble ones go off in Sholes,
And get within their crooked Holes,   50
He call'd to them, for all your haste,
I know, you'll come to me at last.
This trick you never knew before,
But I can shew you hundred more.
He'd kill'd enough to live upon   55

47 Claw,] Claw. '03
49 off] of '03
51 them,] 'em, '03

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Some few Days; but when that was gone,
He kept his Word, and wheedled 'em
With quite another Stratagem.
He jump'd into a Tub of Flower,
And there stood powd'ring half an hour, 60
'Till thinking he was dawb'd enough,
He walks into an open trough
Where lying snug as white as Snow,
And roul'd up like a piece of Dough,
He waits the Starvlings coming to 'm, 65
And now and then he pick'd up some.
But an old Rat, who full of Scars,
Had lost his Tail in former Wars;
Standing at th' Entrance of the Cave,
Call'd to our Cat. You, Mr. Knave, 70
Your Hanging or your Flower won't do,
I know your Tricks as well as you.
You was a Cat, and are so still:
Change to what form or shape you will:
Nay be a Log, I wont come nigh 't. 75
Says th' other, Faith he's in the right.
And wisely knows, distrust to be
The Mother of Security.

---

63 Where] Where, '<u>03</u>
69 the] his '<u>03</u>

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The Weasel and the Rat.

A Hungry Weasel poor and lank,
With wrinkled Jaws, and Taper Flank,
Hardly recover'd from her Weakness,
Occasion'd by a Fit of Sickness.
Met with a Granary, and stole 5
Into it thro' a little Hole.
She bless'd herself to see the store,
No Miser sure could covet more:
And, thinking Nobody could harm her,
Fell to, and fed like any Farmer. 10
At Nights she slept, and snor'd at Ease,
And having Peace and Quietness,
Four Meals a Day, a wholesome Air,
A dainty Diet, little Care,
She quickly chang'd her meagre Feature, 15
And look'd like quite another Creature.
The Truth is, it would be a hard Case,
If all this should not mend one's Carcass.
Once, sitting at a Dish of Wheat,
She heard a Noise, forsook her Meat, 20
Ran to the Hole to save her Bacon,
Squeez'd to get thro'; but was mistaken.
And as she searches all about,
And finds no Crevish to get out,

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She spies a Rat, and tells him, pray 25
What must I do, I've lost my way,
Which is the Hole? No, says the Rat,
Your way is right; but y'are too Fat.
Stay but a Week, and fast, good Dame,
Till y'are as lean, as when you came, 30
And then you'll find the Hole 's the same.

The Moral.

A Man in profitable Station,
Grown rich by Plundering the Nation,
Is often willing to resign,
But seldom to refund the Coin. 35

The Wolf and the Stork.

Wolves commonly are fam'd for Eating,
As much, as Foxes are for Cheating.
One of 'em, at a Mutton Feast,
Devour'd his Meat with so much haste;
A Bone got in his Throat, and there 5
Stuck fast; some Learned Authors swear,
It was the Os Sacrum; others say,
It was one of the Vertebrae.
But hang disputes; since it is all one

31 Hole's] holes '03

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What Bone it was; so 'twas no small one. 10
There stood Sir Wolf, and full of Grief
Made signs he wanted quick Relief.
And well it was he could not Cry;
For no Soul would have come a nigh.
At last he shews it to a Stork, 15
The long-leg'd Surgeon goes to Work;
Takes out the Bone immediately;
And when 'twas done, desir'd his Fee.
Sure, says the Wolf, whoever draws
His Head out harmless from my Jaws, 20
May boast of such a Happiness,
As far o'erpays all Offices;
A thing which ne'er was done before,
And may be, ne'er will happen more.
But O Damn'd Vice Ingratitude! 25
To scape with Life, and be so rude,
As to ask Fees! take care young Man,
You never see my Face again.

The Moral.

Some Folks are so mischievous grown,
They claim Thanks if they let y' alone. 30

---

16 long-leg'd] longled'd '*03*
24 And] And, '*03*
27 care] care, '*03*

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The Frogs asking for a King.

The Frogs, after some Ages spent
In Democratick Government,
Grew weary of it, and agree,
To change it for a Monarchy;
And humbly begg'd a King of Jove, 5
The God comply'd, and from above
Dropt 'em a very peaceful one;
But only in the falling down,
He made such Noise, that all the Frogs,
Who are but fearful skittish Dogs 10
Were frighted and drove under Water,
And there remain'd a good while after,
Among the Weeds; their fear was such,
There was not one, that dar'd so much
As look upon him, whom they thought 15
Some Giant, or the Lord knows what.
Tho' all this while 'twas but a Log,
At last came up a daring Frog;
But took care, not to swim too nigh it,
Till, seeing it lay so very quiet, 20
He went on, tho' in mighty awe;
But when his Fellow Subjects saw
Their Bulky King did him no harm,
In half an Hour the Pond did swarm
Of Frogs. O! what a pretty thing 25

5 Jove,] Jove; '03

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It was to play about their King:
The meekest that e'er wore a Crown;
And soon they're so familiar grown,
That laying all respect aside,
They Jump upon his Back, and ride. 30
The King says nothing, keeps his Peace,
And lets 'em work him as they please.
But this they hate, they'd have him move.
A second time they call on _Jove_,
And tire his Brain with clam'rous rout, 35
To have a King, that stirr'd about.
Jove, mad for being plagu'd again,
Sends 'em a Damn'd devouring Crane;
Who only was for Kill, and Slay,
And eat whoe'er came in his way. 40
Much louder now the Rascals cry;
Deliver us from Tyranny!
O _Jupiter_! If he goes on,
We shall be murder'd every one,
This is the Devil upon dun. 45
Quoth he, I'll humour Fools no more,
You might have kept what ye had before;
You left your Common-wealth, to seek
A King; and then he was too meek;

32 lets '_03_] let's _X_
40 eat] ate '_03_
44 murder'd] murdered '_03_

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You must have one, forsooth, that stirs; 50
I hope now you have got one, Sirs.
You never chang'd without a Curse,
Keep this, for fear you get a worse.

The Moral.

Thank God, this Fable is not meant
To Englishmen; *they are content,* 55
And hate to change their Government.

The Wolf and the Lamb.

It is a thing without contest,
That he that's strongest reasons best.
The Weather being sultry hot,
A Lamb to cool himself, was got
A paddling in a purling Stream. 5
(To Rhiming Fools a mighty Theme)
When a she Wolf (the De'l sure sent her)
Came down, in quest of some Adventure,
And hardly spy'd poor Innocence;
But pick'd a Quarrel void of Sence; 10
Began to sputter, Damn and Sink,
Ask'd how he dar'd to spoil her Drink,

51 hope] hope, '*03*
The Wolf and the Lamb. 4 Lamb] Lamb, '*03*

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A nasty poysoning Dog. Odsbud!
He'd make it all as thick as mud.
For which he'd punish him by Jove. 15
Madam, reply'd the Lamb, I love
To reason calmly, and will show ye,
That I am Twenty Yards below ye.
And humbly craving leave, from thence
I draw this reg'lar Consequence; 20
That I can't, standing in this Place,
Disturb the Liquor of your Grace.
You do, says the other, and last Year
You told some Lies of me. I swear,
I was not born then, quoth the Lamb: 25
I han't left sucking of my Dam.
'Twas either you or else your Brother.
I've ne'er a one. Then 'twas your Mother,
Or any other near Relation;
For all your wicked Generation 30
Hates me; your Dogs and Shepherds too
And without any more a-do,
The Lamb was carry'd to the Wood;
And serv'd the cruel Wolf for Food.

---

19 And] And, '03
23 the] th' '03
26 han't] ha'nt '03
31 Shepherds] Shepherd '03

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The Lyon grown old.

A Valiant Lyon, now grown old,
His Limbs and Jaws benumb'd and cold,
Lay thinking on his Royal Bed,
With scarce a Tooth in all his Head:
And Claws worn to the Stumps with Tearing: 5
(But every thing's the worse for wearing)
And whilst he labour'd to repent,
Complaining of his Youth mispent,
His Rebel Subjects paid no more,
That Honour, which they gave before, 10
But treat him with Contempt and Scorn:
The Bull does push him with his Horn,
The Horse affronts him with his Heels:
No Tongue can tell what grief he feels
From these insulting Enemies. 15
In comes the Ass; but when he sees,
That Coward too forget his Duty,
He dying said, Tu quoque Brute?

[With this fable the 1703 volume came to an end. In the 1704 Aesop Dress'd it was reset to open sheet M.]
2 benumb'd] benum'd '03 '04
8 mispent,] misspent, '03 '04

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The two Physicians.

Two graduate Physicians,
Of many Years Experience,
With Coaches to proclaim their Skill,
Are sent for to a Man that's ill.
One feels his Pulse and gives him over: 5
But th' other says he may recover;
I have great hopes, we'll give him some
Of my Antithanaticum.
No, cries the first, he is too weak;
Yes truly Sir, I'm very sick, 10
Replies the Patient; down they sate,
And enter'd in a deep Debate:
One quotes four Words of Arabick,
Th' other an Aphorism in Greek.
They're very hot, and every one 15
Sticks to his own Opinion.
The Upshot was, they writ a Bill,
Which neither lik'd of very well:
They visit him some Days, and vent
Many a learned Argument; 20
But as his Life went on full Speed,
He could not stay till they agreed,
And so march'd off; and when he's dead,

[This fable and the following four were new in the 1704 Aesop Dress'd.]
6 says] says; '04
7 hopes,] hopes; '04
13 One] One, '04
22 they] day '04

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Both still are in the right; one said,
I told you so, his very Eye 25
Prognosticated he would dye:
And th' other cry'd, had I been believ'd,
I'm very sure,he would have liv'd.

Love and Folly.

The charming God, that with his Bow,
So many Thousand Years ago,
Came to that troublesome Employ,
He serves in still, is but a Boy:
His Art is so mysterious, 5
That to explain his business,
His Tackle, Arrows, Quiver, Taper,
Would take up several Reams of Paper;
Which being more than I've a mind
To fill; I'll only, since he is blind, 10
Tell you which way he lost his sight,
With what came on't, and so good Night.
Folly and Love took one another
Aside, as Boys will run together,
And crept into a Nook of Heaven, 15
To Play at Seven or Eleven;
And here good People, Gamesters may

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Behold what mischief comes from Play:
There 'rose a quarrel about the Main,
Its Eight says Love, and thought 'twas plain; 20
Quoth Folly, but I'm sure 'tis Nine,
You Little Cheat, the Game is mine:
At last Words growing very high,
Love gives his angry Foe the Lie;
Then up starts Folly, flings the Dice 25
At Love, and beats out both his Eyes.
Venus would be reveng'd, bawl'd out,
And shed so many Tears about
The Peepers of her little Son,
That she was like to have spoil'd her own. 30
She would have Justice done, she swore,
Call'd Folly Rogue and Son 'f a Whore:
How did you do't; I'll make you dance?
Indeed said Folly, 'twas by chance.
Cry'd Cupid, you're a punning Cur, 35
And snobb'd. In comes the Thunderer,
With all the Gods and Goddesses,
To sit upon the Business,
Between Love and the Boy at Bar.
The Cuckold and the God of War 40
Were very hot, they'd have him dye;

19 'rose] rise '04
33 do't;] do't, '04

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But when Minerva ask'd him, Why?
They said, because ---- Be free from rage,
Ye Gods, said Themis, mind his Age,
And then the Council seem'd to incline 45
To make him only pay a Fine
To Love. But the injur'd Mother cries
That won't do, I'll have both his Eyes,
Secundum legem Talionis,
He shall pay Corpore non bonis. 50
Apollo bids her to be civil.
T' have two blind Boys would be the Devil,
Said Juno; and this gave the hint
To Jove, t' inflict a Punishment,
That might ease Love; what must he do? 55
He could not walk alone; and so
'Twas fixed by all the Gods above,
That Folly should be guide to Love.

A She-Goat, a Sheep and a Sow.

A She-Goat that gave exc'lent Milk,
A Sheep, whose Fleece was soft as Silk,
And a fat Sow went to the Fair
In the same Cart, not to take th' Air,

43 because.---] because. '04
54 inflict '04] inflinct X

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Or to see Shows; but, as I am told, 5
Downright in order to be sold;
All the way long the Sow did squawl,
And scream enough to deafen 'em all;
Had she been follow'd by six score
Butchers, she could have done no more: 10
The other Creatures wonder'd at her,
And could not dream what was the matter;
They thought it must proceed from fear;
And yet perceived no danger near;
The Carter told her, What d'ye mean? 15
Who gives you reason to complain?
Your Cries have stunn'd us; what d'ye make
This horrid Noise for? prithee take
Example by your Company,
Be silent or talk civilly. 20
Look on that Sheep, he thinks you're mad;
Has he spoke one Word good or bad?
No: He is wise. —— The Devil he is,
Replies the Sow, could he but guess,
Whither you carry us, or why; 25
I'm sure he'd bawl as loud as I:
He's used to Shears, and so the Fool
Thinks only that you'll take his Wool;
And this good Lady with the Beard

24 Sow,] Sow; '<u>04</u>

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Has no great Cause to be afear'd; 30
She's daily milk'd and does depend on't,
You'll drain her Dug, and there's an end on't;
And 't may be so, or 't may be not:
But, wou'd you have me such a sot,
Who 'm good for nothing, whilst I've Breath, 35
To be afraid of less than Death?

The Moral.

Upon my Word 'twas shrewdly said,
Of one that was no better bred:
Yet all this sad complaints and fear
Are for the Thing she's forced to bear: 40
And tho' she knew, she was to dye,
She could not change her destiny.
Therefore I think, where all is lost,
He, that sees farthest, suffers most.

The Dog and the Ass.

Help one another is, no doubt,
A Law we can't live well without:
Yet one Day, (and how 't came to pass
I don't know) 't happen'd that an Ass,
Who 's otherwise an honest Creature, 5
Of no uncharitable Nature,

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Did slight it: A large Dog and he
Were travelling in Company,
Without a thought of Strife or Care,
Followed by him whose Goods they were; 10
And coming to some curious Grass,
The latter went to sleep; his Ass
Who was a Lover of good Pasture,
Made better use on't than his Master,
And fell a feeding heartily: 15
But the poor Dog stood starving by,
And said, Much good may do thy heart,
Dear fellow Traveller; thou art
My loving Friend. --- But Mr. *Gray*,
My Meat is in your Panier, pray, 20
Stoop down, and let me take out some,
I han't eat since we came from home;
He gets no Answer, asks again,
But No, th' *Arcadian* Gentleman
Thought every Word a mouthful lost, 25
And would say nothing to his cost,
So held his Tongue a while; at last
He told him, Friend, I am in haste,
And, when I stoop my Back, it akes;
Have patience till your Master wakes, 30
It won't be long, and then you'll get
Your Belly full, if he thinks fit.

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Just then a Wolf came from the Wood,
And they have Appetites as good
As any; Grizz'l at a distance 35
Hears him, and asks the Dog's assistance;
But he don't budge, and serves him right;
Says he, I never us'd to fight
Without a cause for fighting's sake;
Stay till your Master is awake; 40
Hear what he says, it won't be long;
Sir Wolf won't offer any wrong;
And if you fear his Teeth or Claws,
Knock but his Brains out, break his Jaws,
And lay him sprawling on the Ground; 45
You're newly Shod, and Iron bound;
And whilst this fine Discourse went on,
Poor Grizzle's business was done.

The Moral.

None can live happily together,
Without assisting one another. 50

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The Fox and Wolf.

The Fox went on the search one Night,
The Moon had hung out all her light;
He sees her Image in a Well;
But what it was he could not tell;
Gets on the Bricks to look at ease: 5
At last concludes it is a Cheese:
One Bucket's down, the other up,
He jumps in that which was a-top,
And coming to the Water, sees
How little Skill he had in Cheese. 10
Poor Ren, remov'd from all Acquaintance,
Sits in the Bucket of Repentance;
And when the Rascal ought to have laid
The fault upon himself, it's said,
He blam'd his Stars, tho' I b'lieve rather 15
He curst the Moon, and all fair Weather.
Well, there he sat, and wish'd, no doubt on't,
For half his Tail that he was out on't:
Sometimes he rav'd and talk'd like mad,
And every thing came in his Head, 20
That to his purpose could be said.
Happy are those that don't love Cheese;
We may go downward when we please,

17 Well,] Well '04

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But to come back again, _hoc opus_,
All tricks are vain; my only hope is, 25
That Somebody as wise as I,
Hits on my Whim, or else I die.
Two Days are past; poor Animal,
Sees Nobody come near the Well;
And now old Time had in one Place, 30
Cut a good piece of _Cynthia_'s Face;
For as he does all things, he eats her,
And takes a slice, where'er he meets her:
Volpone spies it, and it grieved him,
To see that spoil'd which had deceiv'd him, 35
Thinking his case was desperate:
When on the third Night pretty late,
A Wolf who could not sleep, because
He felt an itching in his Jaws,
Look'd into it; What are you there? 40
Says Ren, pray see what I got here;
It is a groaning Cheese, 'twas made
From _Io_'s Milk, and _Faunus_ had
The ordering of it, 'twould have been
Kept for Dame _Juno_'s Lying in, 45
But she miscarry'd: I took off
This Corner; still there's Meat enough
For two or three, I thought on you,

44 it,] it; '_04_
48 three,] three; '_04_

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Wish'd I might see you, and to shew,

How I esteem, love, and adore ye, 50

That Bucket's left on purpose for ye.

The silly Wolf believes, gets in,

And draws Volpone up again.

The Moral.

Don't blame the stupid Animal,

You credit things less probable; 55

And most Men easily give ear,

To what they either wish or fear.

FINIS.

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TYPHON:

Or The

WARS

Between the

GODS and GIANTS:

A Burlesque

POEM

In Imitation of the Comical

Mons. SCARRON.

LONDON:
Printed for J. Pero, at the Swan, and S. Illidge,
at the Rose and Crown in Little-Britain, and
Sold by J. Nutt near Stationers-Hall. 1704.

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To The

SERENISSIME

The Numerous

SOCIETY OF F--LS

in

London and *Westminster*.

Monsieur Scarron the most Comical Gentleman, that ever writ in Torment, Studying, whom to dedicate his Burlesque Poems to, pitch'd at last on his Sisters little Bitch: And another merry Fellow on the same account craved the Patronage of a Lady's Monkey: Either of 'em having more Manners, than to trouble Men of Sense with 5 Works of that Nature, tho' the latter outstrip the first in his Choice, by addressing the subtler Animal. I had a mind to imitate both, but to Copy neither; and so was forc'd to look out for something that was above a Monkey, and yet below a Rational Creature, which I dare say, was happily accomplish'd in stumbling on your 10 *Serenissime* Follies, whose Praise was the Subject of a Famous Man above Two Hundred Years ago.

I hope, most Egregious Patrons, that such of you, as have singly adorn'd the Frontispieces of the Learned, whose Liberality has been often shown to Authors of the same Society, may still re- 15 member the end of Dedication: Poets like Painters may seem only to mind the Object they dwell on: but whilst one flatters your Qualities, and the other your Features, however Drawing your Picture may be the pretence, Drawing your Purse is the aim.

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I would not use this Freedom, if I could be suspected of
questioning the Munificence of a Society, so eminently able and
willing to reward: for who can doubt of the one, that considers,
how Fortune has always favour'd you, even to a Proverb? Or, who
mistrust the other, that knows, how soon you and your Money 5
are parted?

Some *Latitudinarians* will wonder, how I could confine my self
within the narrow Bounds of the Town, whilst others will blame me
for chusing too large a Society: But, to Answer both, I conceived
the Book would hardly out-walk the Bills of Mortality, and was 10
willing to have a Patron in every Corner it might Travel.

I am sorry, Worthy *Mecaenates*, that I can't Comply with the laud-
able Custom of presenting every one with a Copy: Tho' many of you
that live in Noble Streets and Spacious Dwellings, are easily found
out; yet for fear, that others of obscurer Mansions, tho' 15
equally deserving, might be scaped, I have left orders with my
Booksellers, to furnish any one of the Society *Gratis*, that shall
do me the honour to call for a Copy.

This Dedication being the first that has been laid at your Feet,
I hope, will be favourably accepted by your Follies; who are 20
renown'd Adorers of Novelty, and Lavish Benefactors to Whimsical
Inventions.

As for the Work it self, I'm vain enough, to think it worth your

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perusal; with which, next to the Booksellers, you'll oblige your Serenissime Follies prodigious Admirer, and Well-wisher,

B.M.

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The

PREFACE.

I presented you some time ago with a Dish of Fables; but Wel[ling]ton says, They went down with you like chopt Hay: Raw, I'm sure, they were very good Meat; and either I have been the Devil of a Cook to 'em, or else your Mouth was out of Taste: if I spoyl'd them in the Dressing, I ask my French Caterer's pardon; 5 if not, I know who ought to beg mine. I told you then, that if you did not like them, you should be troubled with no more of 'em, and I have been as good as my word; for I have made no more Fables since, than I have built Churches.

Now I have provided you a little Ragow of Gods, Giants, Pins, 10 Speeches, Stars, Meal-tubs, and other Nick-nacks all jumbled together a la F[r]ancoise: If it pleases your Palate, there are Four Messes left behind, which you shall have served up, either all together in one great Dish, or else hot and hot, one after another in little Mazarines like this, according as the Maggot shall bite. 15 There you shall be furnish'd with abundance of Fighting, Attacks, Retreats, Bravado's, Folks, that heap Mountains a top of one another, as Ladies do China-dishes, and are as eager to reach the Sky, as the others the Cieling. There you shall see Gods no wiser than some of us turn'd into Bears, Bees, Storks, and such like Creatures resem- 20 bling one another, which is as much to say, as, That the best is yet to come.

The Printer desired me to ask your excuse for some Errata's, and

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especially three Thundring ones, which are set down underneath
the Outlandish word Finis, but he could not have chose a worse Ad-
vocate, for I have committed so many Faults my self, that I shall
hardly trouble my head with his, intending, whenever I shall have
grace enough, to beg pardon for my own first; and so forgive him 5
or not, as you please. And now, wild or gentle Reader, having no
more to say to you, you may go on.

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TYPHON

Or The

WARS

Between the

GODS & GIANTS

I Sing a Base with topping Voice,
Renown'd for making of a noise;
Not of the burnt-out pious Lad,
So fam'd for carrying of his Dad;
That spoyl'd his Character with crying, 5
If _Virgil_ be n't a Rogue for lying:
Or him that lost a Rib a sleeping,
And died for tasting of a Pippin;
His Dame, or any one of those,
Which _B_[urne]_t_ has burlesqu'd in Prose; 10
Nor yet that cunning Spark, whose Tongue
They'd make us believe was so well hung,
That saw so many Modes, and Cities,
As we may read in _Grecian_ Ditties,
Of a repeating old blind Harper, 15
That made a Hero of a Sharper.
Such little Folks, an't worth my while,
Their trifles shan't debase my Style.
But now methinks I hear a Sot
Cry out, what care I, who 'tis not? 20

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Prithee tell us who 'tis: but stay:
I'll tell my Story my own way;
And would advise no Soul to press me;
For my time shall be yours, God bless me:
'Twas one enclin'd to Rapes and Murther, 2 5
Enquire within, and you'll know further.
Typhon's the burden of my Song,
I'm sorry, that you stay'd so long.
Typhon a Wight no Bull-Dog bolder,
With fifty Arms to every Shoulder; 30
A monstrous Head, that void of fear
Was hung with Snakes instead of Hair;
With horrid Brows, red glistering Eyes,
And Nostrills of prodigious size;
From which he sent, enflam'd with Ire, 35
Like Glass-house Chimney, Smoak and Fire:
Great *Typhon*, that despising odds,
Alone stood half a dozen Gods;
Of him I sing, and of his Fellows
So like himself, as Poets tell us: 40
That never stopt at Stiles or Hedges,
Cross'd Rivers without Boats or Bridges,
Took Oaks and Pines for walking sticks,
Play'd o'er their Cups more boystr'ous tricks,

33 horrid *Errata*] horned *text*

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Than dancing Bears; and every Foot   45
Tore up a Mountain by the root:
That ran the hazard of a Fight,
Of Gods, who got but little by 't;
Ventur'd to their immortal Glory
T' attack 'em in their Territory,   50
And made 'em run, that those, who've seen 'em,
Humbly conceiv'd, the Dev'l was in 'em.

Muses, if y' ha'nt forgot the times,
In which, to save your paultry Rhimes,
You, and the Master of the Sun,   55
Shut up Shop, and left *Helicon*,
Turn'd Ballad-singers, if not worse,
And *Pegasus* a Sumpter Horse;
When *Jove* got trembling on his Bird,
And to the Gods cried, save's the word: 60
Let's know the truth, good Lasses, tell us,
Were they such damn'd ill favour'd Fellows?
And was that Treasure in such danger,
Which still you keep like Dogs in Manger?
Did *Mars* and *Pallas* fight like Lions,   65
Or were they beaten by the Giants?
Had any of 'em cause to prattle,
Or was it like *Luzara*'s battle,
~~A~~ draw-game, where both Parties lost,

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Yet Crown'd and Triumph'd to their cost? 70
For since, this great while, there have been
No Gods or Giants to be seen,
It's like they fought it out, and so
Were both destroy'd for ought we know.
Nay ev'n your selves, and whom you follow, 75
That _Jack_ of all Trades, God _Apollo_,
Are but Chimera's, as some say,
And, faith I don't know, but you may.
But, if y'are not, pray tell me so:
And, if you can assist me, do: 80
Inspire my thoughts, and don't be tedious;
Or else your humble Servant Ladies.

About the middl' of _July_, one day,
Which, as it happen'd was a _Sunday_,
The better day the better deed, 85
For 'twas an Age, in which we read
Of hardly one good Man in twenty,
An Age, that spoil'd by Peace and Plenty,
Had no Reformers, under Banners
Of holy Thirst-encountring Manners; 90
Those Champions of Sobriety,
That watch to keep the World adry;

80 assist _Errata_] assure _text_

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Whose Drummers teach one day in seven,
That the tap-too's the March of Heaven.
I say 'twas in that wicked time, 95
When quenching thirst was thought no Crime
That _Typhon_, with his Wig of Snakes,
Had ask'd some of his Brother Rakes,
To dine upon as fine a Dish
Of sucking Whales, as Men could wish; 100
I mean, such Men as they, (an't please ye)
As to my palate 'twas too greasie.
They stuff'd and swore 'twas nicely drest:
So belly full, and heart at rest:
Their Guts well lined with dainty Diet 105
The Sons of [earth] sat mighty quiet,
Some half a Sleep, some talking non-sence,
All of 'em dull enough in Conscience.
Up gets the Master of the Feast,
His Coat unbutton'd to his Waste, 110
Belches, and walking to and fro,
Cries, well my Lads, what shall we do?
Are you for Punch this Afternoon?
Quoth _Encelades_, 'tis too soon.
Replies my Landlord, then let's play 115
At Nine-pins, to pass time away:
I never tried my new Set yet,

106 [earth]] each _text_

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We'll play Six and the rest shall Bet.
Agreed. His Pins were made of Stones
That weigh'd some five six hundred Tuns: 120
For wooden ones all Norway round,
There was no Timber to be found
Half quarter big enough: They were
Contriv'd, and wrought by Typhon's care;
Who had destroy'd some Mountains for 'em 125
From which with his strong Fists he tore 'em;
And one most round enough to rowl
Serv'd him in quality of Bowl.
They were not very handsome, no,
Nor very ugly; but so, so. 130
And, Faith, the Giant was no Fool;
That work'd so well without a Tool;
For to all these, and what he made,
The Dev'l an Instrument he had
Besides his Fingers. Now the Pins 135
Are set up, and the Play begins
For half a Farthing to be spent,
As in most Games, so here it went.
Their Giantships were calm at first,
But growing hot they swore and curst: 140
And as 'tis with all Clowns and Brutes
So they had plenty of Disputes:

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There happen'd one among the rest,
Caused only by an ill timed Jest;
Which if't had gone a little further 145
Could not have ended without Murther:
However Typhon laid it by
With some sort of Authority.
Now all to play return again,
As if no Quarrel e'er had been: 150
When Mimas cries, Who follows you,
Celander? That am I quoth Grue,
A Fellow dev'lish strong in th' Arm;
Who, having lost, was pretty warm,
And reckoning, as he left the Frame, 155
What he went for, cry'd how's the Game?
Let's see; fifteen: by the Lord Harry,
I may save all, if I could carry
But six, I can tip Nine of course:
Then throwing with Gigantick force: 160
He hit (the bowl by chance flying wide)
Typhon, who stood a little aside,
Full butt against his Ancle-bone;
Which had been better let alone.
My Landlord, who could hardly stand to't, 165
Drew up his Leg, and clapt his Hand to't:

156 how's Errata] blew's text

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Then hopt along, made ugly Faces,
And all those usual Grimaces,
Which Pain requires; but that ill bred,
Left-handed Fellow Grue, instead 170
Of saying, Sir I beg your Pardon,
Or faith, I'm sorry 't came so hard on,
Look'd quite another way, and cry'd,
What Beast am I to fling so wide?
We've lost the Set; but yet I'll Bet ye. 175
Quoth th' other, the grand Devil Set ye,
You and your Play, with tears in's Eyes,
But how tears? tears! a Puppy cries,
Yes, tears Sir, tears I'm for plain dealing;
D'ye think that Giants have no feeling. 180
'Twas a damn'd blow, yet he forbore
Quar'ling at home, and said no more,
To Grue; but with a fretful look,
To be reveng'd on something, took
The Pins, and threw 'em in damnable 185
Anger, as high, as he was able.
Had I best follow 'em or no,
For they've an ugly way to go?
And I assure you, he that knows 'em,
Together with the Man, That throws 'em 190
What with their Bulk, and his strong Arm,
May well suspect, they will do harm.

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But telling, how from mortal Eye
They flew and bored the yeilding Skie.
Thro' Arches, Firmament, and all, 195
Like Bullets thro' a Plaister Wall,
I doubt I shall get little Glory;
Because you'll say, I tell a Story:
I own 'twas strange, they lit just there,
Where Heav'n was most out of repair; 200
But as I'm an Historian,
That flatters neither, Gods nor Men,
What's that to me? it is beneath me,
I should, to please the Folks that read me,
When things look odd, leave History, 205
And follow probability;
Or meeting Truths, that are not taking,
Change 'em for Lies of my own making.
Tho' we all know, it matt'r of fact is,
That this has been the common practice, 210
Of cunning Writers, that made conscience
Of nothing else but writing Non-sence.
Truly, I'm none of those, and word
Things, as I find them on record:
As for the rest I've no design to 215
Make you b'lieve more, than you've a mind to:
Authors, no more than Quacks, should grudge

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The People to Read, Try, and Judge.
Then it's resolv'd, come on't what will,
We'll keep close to the Original; 220
And go in quest of those nine stately
Gigantick Pins, we left so lately;
Flying thro' th' Air up to the Palace
Of Heaven, where I hope, all well is.
But, tho' they shoot so mighty fast, 225
They're not there yet for all their haste;
Which is not strange, if we consider
What wicked way from hence it is thither.
Well let'em fly, mean while I'm going
To see the Gods, and what they're doing. 230
This large Room is the Council-Hall,
Where Gods meet at their Masters call:
But this next to 't (which, if you'll b'lieve me
With all its strong scents, God forgive me,
If the Comparison too rough is, 235
Looks like a cleanly House of Office,
It has so many Holes and neat Seats)
Is the great Closet of the Sweat-meats;
Where _Jove_ and others, that are nice,
By way of Snuff take Sacrifice, 240
Which Mortals, that are Godly given,
Broyl upon Earth to nourish Heaven:
From which, Beloved, I shall raise

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The following Doctrine, if you please;
(Pardon, that *Manibus illotis* 245
I shou'd touch Phrases *Sacerdotis*)
That is, that those, who know what's good,
Care not for gross substantial Food:
So Cooks eat little, yet look well,
Because like Gods they live on smell; 250
Which being too fulsom, where it's near,
The latter draw it first thro' Air,
And distance makes it taste the better;
As long Pipes make Tobacco sweeter.
That Parlour there, which *Merc'ry* is 255
Dusting with an old Wing of his,
Is a well furnish'd Room in troth.
O fie! I thought 'twas hung with Cloth,
As fine as e'er was cut by Draper,
But coming near I see its Paper. 260

Perhaps you'll wonder, why you're brought to
This empty place, and where you thought to
Find Deities, like Plumbs in Pudding,
That Heav'n, you'll say, has ne'er a God in;
Great Rooms with neither Cat nor Mouse; 265
But this poor Lad that cleans the House.
But you're mistaken, they're at home,

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Tho' lockt up in their Dining-Room,

Where most of 'em, who lookt too deep in

The Bottle, are at present sleeping, 270

On Stools and Benches, not *in lecto*.

Henceforth I'll talk *in imperfecto*,

Not that, I hate the present time;

But th' other suites more with my Rhime.

I saw a hole thro' which I ey'd 275

The Room round, and the first I spy'd

Was *Jove*, who free from Royal care,

Sat lolling in an easie Chair.

But *Juno* lay in rumpled Head-clothes

On Couch with neither shame, nor Bed-clothes, 280

But Coats in tumbling shov'd so high,

That I could see half way her Thigh,

And something, which, I thought, but odd was

For a neat Woman and a Goddess:

She slept, and drove her Hoggs to *Rumfort*, 285

But ne'er a word, to *Jove*'s great Comfort.

A low broad Chair, that by its cracking

Proclaim'd, t'had been abus'd in backing,

Was *Vulcan*'s darling Seat, to shew,

That Cukholds love, what makes 'em so; 290

And in't (his Tools and other things

Stuck round his Guts in Apron-strings)

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With slabber'd Chin, his sooty Godhead
Kept in his Pipe, for all he nodded.
But *Pallas*, tho' she drank but little, 295
Lay with her Gown in all his Spittle:
On th' other side the Lady *Ceres*,
Who Patroness of Corn and Beer is,
Drunk with Mault Spirits, pale as Death,
Was sick at Heart, and yawn'd for Breath. 300
Mars lying forward on a Bench
Hug'd it, as if 'thad been a Wench.
Among the Pots that heavy Cow
Bacchus, as drunk as *David*'s Sow
Lay backward breathing, like a Booby 305
Thro' Pimpled Nose that look'd like Ruby.
Next to him slept that Sot *Silenus*;
And th' only one awake was *Venus*:
Whom with her right Foot on the Ground,
Th' other upon a Stool I found; 310
Her left Arm, which was next to me,
Was leaning on the same side's Knee;
But as for th' other Hand, I dont know,
'Twas hid; and she, in *statu prono*,
With rowling Eyes, like Sinning Harlot, 315
And eager Face as red as Scarlet.
Perhaps some Criticks wish we'd lost her,
Rather than found her in this posture.

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Whilst thus this fine Assembly, thinking
No harm, was napping after drinking, 320
Their slaving drudge poor _Mercury_
Did all the Work, and, just as he
Stood in the Yard behind the Kitchin,
Trundling his Mop, and thought to fetch in
Fresh Water for next Day, a Pin, 325
With more noise than a Hurrican,
Came thundring in, and breaking down
The side Wall, beat two Rooms in one:
The Son of _Maja_ out of 's Wits
Cried, s'ounds you'll break the House to bits, 330
Hold ---- y'are distracted sure --, I wonder,
You'll ever meddle with your Thunder,
When y'are in drink: and whilst he spoke
He heard a Beam, or Bar that broke;
But running in, he met in th' Entry 335
The Meal-tub flying from the Pantry:
Down went he, and what most provok'd him,
The Meal got in his Throat and choak'd him.
There let him wallow, whilst we tell,
What mischief th' other Gods befell: 340
At the first noise the Nine-pins made
Jove waked, jump'd from his Chair and said;
What's that! in Tone so formidable,

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As made the Gods (those that were able)
Get up and stare, tho' ne'er a Word. 345
Which, Jove thought, was a little absurd,
And cry'd, what can't you hear nor stir?
What was that noise there? Nothing Sir,
Says Venus. You're a pretty Lady,
Quoth Jove, nothing! the Devil had ye. 350
Says Pallas [,] it's a Meteor,
Of which I b'lieve I've read before
In a new Author: They're no less
Than Stars got from their Vortices,
Which may, according to Descartes, 355
Happen, if near the Poles... a Fart is,
Quoth Jove, I'm sure, that such a plenty
Materiae primi Elementi
Had burnt us, when the Vortex broke;
And I see neither Fire nor Smoak: 360
Whilst thus they strove to find a way,
To solve these hard Phaenomena,
A piece of Pin came clever thro',
Yet touch'd none; but as splinters do
More mischief often, than the Ball, 365
So Furniture and Bits of Wall,

346 absurd] absur'd text
351 Pallas [,]] Pallas it's, text
353 In] I'n text

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Were more offensive than the Pins;
A Chair hit <u>Jove</u> against the Shins:
A bit of Plaister broke the Bowl
Of <u>Vulcan</u>'s Pipe, and sent the Coal 370
On Snoring <u>Juno</u>'s naked Thigh;
Who Waked so unexpectedly,
Flew up, and Scolding scratch'd her Arse;
Then overthrew the Bench where <u>Mars</u>
Was laid: quoth he, what are y'a doing? 375
And, as he felt himself a going,
Stretch'd out his Hand, on what he could
Grasp first, and by ill luck took hold
Of a full Shaftsb'ry of Murgou,
Which after him the Warriour drew; 380
And made his Body look all o'er,
As if he had been dipt in gore:
And, whilst the Bully ris, and rapt out
Some Oaths, poor <u>Merc'ry</u>, newly crept out
His pow'dring Tub came hopping in; 385
Where in the Devil's name hast thou been?
Quoth <u>Jove</u>, are you to act a Ghost,
Or Miller? I'm undone, and lost,
Replyed his Son, Thanks to your Thunder,
With which you Lamed me; but's no Wonder, 390
As long you break the House you dwell in,
To try your Bolts. You lying Villain,

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I han't touch'd one to day, cryed _Jove_,
But sure we're all bewitch'd above:
He Swore by _Styx_ and th' _Alcoran_, 395
Whoe'er made this Distraction,
Should rue for't; then bursts out a Laughter;
Ev'n _Pallas_ his Grave learned Daughter
Could not forbear, to see her Owl
Fight _Bacchus_ half awake; Poor Fowl, 400
Who could not see, because 'twas light,
Was like t' have spoil'd her Wind-pipe by't;
For whilst Dame _Juno_ made this rout,
And Pipes and Seats were thrown about;
The frighted Bird, drove from her place, 405
Had perch'd on _Bacchus_'s jolly Face;
He pull'd and pluckt; but she kept close,
And struck her Talons in his Nose;
Lyus used to fight for Glory,
And not to beat from Territory 410
Insulting Foes of Manners Savage,
Whilst they on hostile bottoms ravage,
Seem'd much surpriz'd, tho' really stronger;
Which would have made the Conflict longer,
Had not the wise _Minerva_ been 415
In Battels skilful and foreseen
That, tho' her Bird might spoil his Phiz,

416 foreseen] foreseen; _text_

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Th' other would do her business:
Yet in the parting 'em the martial
Virago shew'd her self Impartial 420
And rid, espousing *Neither*'s Cause,
The Brutes from one anothers Claws.
The God got up without a word
Of Defamation to the Bird;
But looking all about, said, *Vulcan* 425
Don't you know what's come of that full Can,
I left upon the Table? --- No
Replied the Smith, hang m' if I do;
I've been asleep; but, if [i]t be red,
I b'lieve they spilt it. ---God forbid 430
Quoth *Bacchus* staring: wan't it there
Silenus? Ask the God of War,
Quoth *Momus* laughing. Damn your Pot
Cry'd *Mavors*, you eternal Sot,
I've half on't in my Breeches still; 435
You greedy Rascal can't you fill
Your Gutts and sleep without full Flaggons,
To watch you, like so many Dragons
Against th' assaults of dreadful Thirst?
You might have drank it, and been burst, 440
Not left it here: I'm wet as dung,

429 [i]t] t' *text*

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My Shirt's all stain'd. Pray hold your Tongue,
Quoth <u>Bacchus</u>, its an exc'lent Colour,
So deep and bright, none e'er was fuller.
Oh! he that knows but how they sell it, 445
Must be a heathen Rogue to spill it.

At th' end of these Pathetick Speeches
Came <u>Ganimede</u> without his Breeches,
And cry'd, how well you keep your word?
I've made the Bed, and fed the Bird, 450
And all, and yet you did not come:
Who'd stay alone? I've lockt the Room,
And here's the Key, if you shou'd want it.
But N'uncle sure this House is haunted,
I've heard such noise; 't must be a bad Spright, 455
And, as I came, I've seen a sad sight,
That frighten'd me out of my Wits;
Our Glasses are all broke to bits,
The great ones too, there's not one stands.
Then we must sup out of our Hands, 460
Quoth <u>Venus</u>, like the <u>Cynick</u>. No Miss
We'll drink by word of mouth, quoth <u>Momus</u>.
<u>Jove</u> look'd, like Clown, that at a Shew,
In famous Fair of <u>Barth'lmew</u>,
Sees Juglers, and whilst looking on 465
Believes, what, he knows, can not be done.

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The brainborn Calf's eyed Goddess, vext
To see her Father so perplext,
Said, Sir, and pul'd him by the Sleeve,
I'm much concern'd to see you grieve 470
For things so frail; your Soul's too great;
Suppose it's a hard stroak of Fate;
Remember what the _Stoick_ says,
To have been Fortunate always,
Is not to know the second part 475
Of Nature; then keep up your heart
Above your Girdle. Other losses,
Quoth _Jove_, I could bear; but my Glasses!
Oh! could I but find out who broke 'em...
Here _Pallas_ stopt him, and cry'd Choak'em, 480
['] T will be discover'd never fear it:
I b'lieve I can guess pretty near it:
Its either some Machine of War,
Or Instrument to shoot a Star,
Of Mortals, that with envious Eyes 485
Long have beheld your glorious Skies.
Nay I dare lay, what e'er I'm worth,
That all this hubbub comes from th' Earth:
For Man grows worse and worse; you flatter
You[r] self, and cry they will grow better; 490

481 ['] T] T' _text_
490 You [r]] You _text_

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And so they will, in Understanding;
But as for any other mending,
You'll find, they'll do that ev'ry hour,
As small Beer that begins to sowr.
All this while, Anger, like a Thief, 495
Stole on Jove's Heart, and push'd out grief:
Till, rous'd from dumps by cunning brat,
He in a Passion Cockt his Hat,
And said; then Heav'n is penetrable!
And Mortals brave me at my Table! 500
I've a fine time on't on my Conscience,
Attack'd by Scoundrells, that might long since
Have hang'd themselves, but for my help,
For which, when in distress, they'll yelp,
And stun my ears: what makes 'em uppish, 505
Can they subsist, ungrateful Puppies,
Without my Sun-shine, Rain, and twenty
Odd things, of which they have had plenty,
Ev'n when themselves forgot to pray for it?
What signifies to cry they'll pay for it? 510
Perhaps they will; but God knows when;
And 'tmay be not, where am I then?
Dogs, Villains, Worms; I'm out of patience,
Of which I'll give such Demonstrations,
That they shall curse the very Hour, 515

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They rais'd a thought to tempt my Power.
Discord and Fear shall plague their Lives,
I'll send 'em Impotence and Wives,
Atturneys, Money-Scriv'ners, Proctors;
And five and twenty sorts of Doctors; 520
With Poets to plague them [.] 's no matter,
Quoth prudent Pallas, for the latter;
Those Plants won't grow in every Ground,
Besides; These cunning Mortals found
A trick for't, knowing they deserve 'em [.] 525
What trick is that? Quoth Jove [.] they starve 'em,
Replied his Daughter very drily;
For which he would have prais'd her highly
At other times; but being blinded
With Passion now, he did not mind it; 530
But like a Billingsgate went on,
Where he left off. Mean while the Sun
Light from his Carr, and, having drove
His Steeds to Pond, came in, where Jove
Was bragging what great Feats he'd do, 535
How he would warn 'em with the blow;
And, whilst he empty'd thus his Gall

521 them [.]] them text
525 'em [.]] 'em, text
526 Jove [.]] Jove, text

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In Language little godly, _Sol_
Beholding Grief in every Face,
Ask'd what disturb'd the Holy Place? 540
And, being inform'd by one or other
Of what had happen'd, told his Father,
He could give an account. --- Then do it,
But make haste, for I'm mad to know it,
Quoth _Jove_; and _Sol_ related neatly, 545
What I said once, and won't repeat t' ye.
(Tho' was I of renown, as some are,
I'd serve you as your Fav'rite _Homer_,
Who often wittily rehearses
Stories with the same ends of Verses; 550
And thinks a strong Line not half wore,
Unless 'thas been used thrice or more:
But cheating is not in may Nature,
And so Parenthesis _Claudatur_)
Sol now advanced to what befel 555
The Gyants Leg, to shew his skill,
Spun out his Tale to that just length
The Bowl's bulk, and the Thrower's strength
Required. Cries touchy _Jove_, a Fart
For all this fiddle faddl', be short; 560
A mighty blow, and mighty Men,

559 touchy] touchy, _text_

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And mighty every thing, What then?
Why then quoth Sol, that smarted soundly,
Typhon kick'd down the Pins, swore roundly,
And in great Fury flung 'em up 565
With such a force, that flying ---- stop,
Quoth Jove, I've heard more than enough
And doubt, if big Words won't huff
This sturdy Dog into Compliance,
We shall be plagued more with these Giants, 570
Than y'are aware of. --- Mercury!
Take your new set of Wings, and fly
Down to these Fellows, you know where:
Tell 'em what work they have made here;
Don't mince the matter, rattle 'em off; 575
And to be sure talk great enough:
Tell 'em they're Mortals, and what odds
There must be between them and Gods:
Tell Typhon, he'll find no small trouble,
If he designs to make m' his Bubble; 580
And, tho' he goes on ne'er so fast,
That it will be my turn at last:
But then, to wheedle him, you may say,
Good Words and Pray'rs go a great way;
To cry Peccav's, and knock under
Is th' only Shield against that Thunder,

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Where Walls of Brass an't strong enough,
And Iron Armour's of no proof.
But Sir, quoth _Momus_, Men on Barrels
Lay Iron, to espouse Beer's Quarrels, 590
And, where that's done, they'll always venture
A Crown, your Thunder dares not enter:
Ergo, Sirrah you'll never rest,
Quoth _Jove_, till y' have paid for your Jest,
When e'er you see m' on business, 595
Get y' out, or else be serious;
Then turning to his Son; hold hard on,
To make these Giants sue for Pardon;
And as I stint not your Commission,
So rather add, than make Omission. 600
The business being general,
And of so much concern to all,
Sure you'll dispatch 'em, and need no Spur,
And so no more, but go and prosper.

All took their leave of _Mercury_, 605
Who tho' he liked this Embassy
But little, brush'd his meally Jacket,
Put a clean Neck-cloth in his Pocket,
Buckled his Wings to Head and Heels,

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Twined both his Serpents, some say Eels, 610
About the Stick, which, where 'tapproaches,
Makes People sleep as sound as Roaches;
Then made a Leg, and said good Night
Good People, and so took his flight
O'er Rivers, Cities, Hills, and Seas; 615
Till, looking for a bating place,
He pitch'd upon the two horn'd Mountain,
Not far from the _Castallian_ Fountain,
And saw the Learned Sisters sitting
In a low Barn, where some were Knitting, 620
And others Spinning; one made Socks
For _Sol_; two mending their own Smocks,
Whilst they made shift to sit without
In ragged Gowns. But now I doubt,
You'll think, I had sav'd the _Decorum_ 625
Much better, had I laid before 'em
Some punctless _Hebrew_, crabbed _Greek_,
Or _Pothookean_ _Arabick_.
How! says Critick ne'er a Book?
And Worsted, Flax! methinks they look 630
Like Soldiers Trulls, where Pay is spent;
Or Girls, by crazy Worship sent,
For Principles of _Non_ _Resistance_,
And keeping Legs, not Men, at distance,

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To famous University 635

Of _Bridewell_; where unwillingly

The Damsels learn, when Income fails,

To use their Hands, and save their Tails,

They're no such Cattle; therefore shew'em,

Dissecting some Heroick Poem, 640

Ode, Satyr, or with Brains Prolyphick

Solving _Aegyptian_ Hieroglyphick;

Or in some Books discov'ring Wit,

Ne'er thought on, when the Work was writ;

With Beauties Arts and Sciences, 645

That were unknown in th' Authors days;

As if the Bombast Rhapsody

Was made by way of Prophecy.

Whoever 'tis, that makes this clatter,

I say, knows nothing of the matter. 650

Should they in Metre, Song and Rhyme

Spend every cranny of their time,

How could the Virgin Scholars live,

Where Honesty, nor Learning thrive?

Don't grudge 'em then, that Read and Write 655

All Day to take a stich at Night,

Make Petticoat from tatter'd Blanket,

Or foot a Stocking: God be thanked

They're so well bred, as to supply

Their wants with such good Housewif'ry. 660

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As for this long digression,
It was a necessary one,
To clear my Cloudy Reputation,
Touching the truth of this Relation;
Which if you'll believe, when Mercury, 665
Was spied out by Calliope,
She threw her Arms about his Neck,
And kiss'd him till his Ears did crack;
And so did Clio; History
Equals Heroick Poetry 670
In loving Lies; some say she uses
More of 'em, than all th' other Muses.
And now he's deaffen'd with how d'ye?
Dear Coz, I'm very glad to see ye,
Pray how do all our Friends above? 675
One cries, how does that young Rogue Love?
Another; have you no new Misses?
On whom does Jove bestow his kisses,
Now Juno smoaks? But heark'y you
Bawl'd out Thalia, is it true? 680
We've heard, that that bold Trollop Venus
Had Clapt the good Old Man Silenus.
Will Pallas ne'er be Married, cries
Terpsichore? The God of Lies,
Most stifled with so many kisses,

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Stun'd with the Noise, and hug'd to pieces,
Cried out, dear Cozens let m' alone;
I'm so dry, I can answer none
Before I drink; within this Hour
I've swallow'd a whole Bush'l of Flow'r. 690

Polymnia in broken Pail
Fetch'd thirsty Coz some _Adam'_s Ale
From _Hypocrene_; which suddenly
Fill'd him with so much Poetry,
That having a large stock of Wit, 695
And not the Judgment requisite
To curb it, in continued flight
He talk'd like unshav'd _Bedlamite_;
And, tho' his Raptures ran in Rhime,
They were so out of Tune and Time; 700
That all his skillful Cozens, fearing,
Lest sounds as these might spoil their Hearing,
To stop their Ears, were forc'd to put in
Their Fingers ends, for want of Cotton.
Coz all the while mixt Air and Fancy 705
With Fustian; till Poetick Frenzy
Went off. But, as the Liquors force
Grew less and less, the God's discourse
Maintain'd its sprightliness no longer.
So Feavers make the sick man stronger; 710

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But, when the burning Fit is gone,
The Patient cannot stand alone;
And, as small Wines, beyond their strength
By foolish Vintner work'd, at length
Turn flat, so he, who in his fit 715
Had prodigally spent his Wit,
Was, as his weary brain grew cool,
Turn'd from a Mad-man to a Fool.
He paus'd a while: Then cry'd adieu,
Jumpt up, and so away he flew, 720
From Ladies vers'd in every Science,
To rude Rebellious Rogues the Giants.

These Sparks no sooner got their Prey,
For which they Hunted twice a Day,
But thought on Fuel next to Food, 725
And in a moment stript a Wood;
Not a great Forest, but a Place,
About as big as Enfield-Chase.
Tho' that's no crime; for, where they eat,
They must have Coals to dress their Meat. 730
That Night, by chance, they had no more
Than Hundred Oxen, Fifty Score
Of Mutton. That was all. —— What then?
They're none of 'em great Supper-men.
And now a greater Pile by far, 735

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Than e'er burnt <u>Roman</u> Emperour
Was lit; which made as good a Fire,
As Cook in reason could desire;
When on the Coals they laid their Meat:
But I forgot to tell y[']; how neat 740
In killing of their Beasts they were,
To what our nasty Butchers are,
That make such bloody business.
They're Fools. These Lads made no such fus,
With Knives as broad as <u>Hussars</u> Swords; 745
But pinch'd their Heads, as we do Birds:
Took out no Gauls, nor wash'd the Tripes;
But serv'd them just as we do Snipes:
Nor do they singe the Hair: that's burnt,
They cry, before the Meat is turn'd. 750
They take all whole, then lay it on,
And afterwards stay till it's done,
A Moral, teaching Cooks to be
Exempt from Prodigality,
And from Impatience: 'which, with ire, 755
A groaning Sin is near the Fire)
Not Glutton like to make Science
Of Cooking, but be plain like Giants,
Who'll often broyl ye o'er their Chats,

740 y[';] 'y; <u>text</u>

Fat Oxen, as our Weavers Sprats. 760

But now lets turn to Mercury,
Pope Jove's Legate a Latere;
Who made great haste; but, coming near
Was stopt by what the Mob calls fear;
It shew'd him [Typhon], and the Fire, 765
Perswaded him not to go nigher;
And now the God was at a stand,
Till, thinking on the strict Command
Of Jove, (who thought he was so stout!)
He ventur'd on, and look'd about; 770
And, as Men, fam'd for Eloquence,
Are seldom without Impudence,
So he, with no small stock of Brass,
Assum'd a buying Brokers Face,
And interrupting Giants noise, 775
Said with intelligible Voice.
Jove, who's above you, tho' you were
Thousand times bigger than you are,
Says, that you're Sawcy, Swaggring Rakehells,
Mere Reprobates; you could not make else 780
Such an abominable rout,
In tearing every thing about;

762 a Latere] a Latere text
765 [Typhon]] Thyphon, text

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He says you're all of brutish Temper,
And fears you'll be iidem Semper:
But specially that ill-bred, Scurvey, 785
Sad Dog, (that turns all topsie-turvey
For mischiefs sake, the Devil choak 'em,
Without the least cause to provoke 'em)
That Typhon; who with Pins or Stones,
That might as well have broke our Bones; 790
Has [made's] today more Gaps in Heaven,
Than all the Gods can stop in seven;
Batter'd the Stars, and made 'em look,
Like Pewter Plates at Shop of Cook;
Nay one, struck by the middle Pin, 795
Will ne'er be his own Star ag'in;
There's Goody Moon, that had her Cheek hit,
By one of 'em, won't stir this Week yet;
As for her Nose, O! its a sad one!
'T lies flat, as if she never had one. 800
Another, which the greatest loss is,
Threw down the side-board, and the Glasses.
Your Giantships think what you please;
But Jove won't put up things as these
I'm certain. But, if foolishly 805
You've only pickt this quar'l, to try
What Mettle he's made of, have a care,
You've got the wrong Sow by the ear:

L.791 [made's] mads text

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Unless you think those Bolts were slight ones,
With which he overthrew the Titans; 810
They were no small Rogues, and their fall
Might have been warning to you all:
But either you was never whipt for
The great neglect of reading Scripture;
Or else y' apply it, which is much worse, 815
Not to your selves, more than a Coach-horse
For daily you disturb the Peace,
As bad as Irish Rapparies;
And, where you know a handsome Farm is,
You take the Cattle vi & armis; 820
Rob Boats, and Coaches, without fear
Of Constable or Officer,
Nor any Justice of the Coram;
If they should bid you come before 'em;
By which, and hundred other Tricks[,] 825
Your Names are famous as Old Nick's.
You're, next to Law, the plague o' th' Nation,
Nay worse, tho' not so much in fashion.
And there's not one that can afford
To give the best of y' a good word: 830
But all the World, which is a sad thing,
Cries openly you're good for nothing.

825 Tricks[,]] Tricks. text

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Yet Jove, who loves your Mother th' Earth,
Not you, who from your very birth
Han't been worth hanging, will forget 835
Your Sawciness, if you submit,
Repairing Losses, where you're able,
As first, that of his Side-board Table
With hundred Glasses; which is soon done,
If you but take a trip to London, 840
Where as fine Glass as can be seen is,
What ever others prate of Venice.
Let'em be large enough, don't stint Glass;
And to be sure bring none but Flint Glass.
But as for general Releases, 845
For breaking Signs, and Stars to pieces;
And all the damage done to Heaven;
Which, as things stand, may be forgiven.
Much sooner than repair'd; the price is,
Two Hecatombs, and a few Spices; 850
And afterwards, to close the matter,
Repent, be quiet, and live better;
All which t'accomplish you've a Week yet;
So there's a pardon, if you seek it.
Perhaps you'll think, that bare Repentance 855
Will do —— but pray for what acquaintance?
If you will play, and be unruly,
No reason he should lose by 't truly:

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It's well enough, that your Submissions
Are taken on such fair Conditions: 860
Remember that a Week's the most,
Which if you slip, it's to your cost.
Then now, or never, that's to say,
Whilst the Sun shines you must make Hay.

Thus spoke the God of Eloquence, 865
And gave each word the true cadence,
Joyning his Hands to help his Brain;
As all your Orators, that fain,
When Argument's of little force,
Wou'd have you swallow their Discourse, 870
For fear, it should not reach the Heart,
Supply the most defective part
With Gestures, in good hopes of handing
Their feeble Sence to th' understanding;
As we hand Children over Kinnels, 875
Because they're weak, and might step in else.
You'll wonder, how these Sons of Riot
Would let him say so much in quiet;
And yet, if you'll believe History,
They did: tho' it's as strange to me, 880
That pratling Mercury held his Tongue
So soon, as that they heard so long:
They stared it's true to see a sneaking

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Low Spark among 'em venture speaking;
But Bully _Typhon_, much surpriz'd 885
To hear himself so Catechis'd,
In Indignation made a Ring,
Cry'd silence, look'd as big 's a King,
And kept 'em much ado from coming
Near th' Orator, tho' not from humming: 890
But stifled with commanding Voice
Their Murmurs, when they ris t' a Noise:
'Till having heard all paus'd a while;
Then with a forced ill-natur'd smile
Spoke thus. You little, silly Fellow 895
Of Talk so full, and Brains so shallow;
What Puppy sent y' out of your way
On such a slev'less Message pray?
Extraordinary Embassador
Of Nine-pins, was it _Jupiter_, 900
That quarrels for this mighty matter?
He's old enough, sure to know better,
Then for his carelessness blame us;
For, if he e'nt an _Ignoramus_,
He'd put his Lanthorns up elsewhere; 905
Not leave 'em dangling in the Air,
And when they're damag'd make a fuss,
What are his tawdry things to us?
Tell me of Signs, and Stars, a Blockhead;

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Why don't he put him in his Pocket? 910
Your Goody Moon, you say, I hit her;
Add one word more, a gad I'll split her.
What business has Jove here below?
Pray let him mind his own: I'll throw,
And throw again, and would fain see, 915
That God that dares to hinder me.
If he's too low, what need he tire
Our Brains with that? let him go higher.
But you fine Gentlemen above
Must have a dev'lish stock, that Jove, 920
Who kick'd his Father out of doors,
And daily fills his House with Whores,
Lays with his Sister, and strange Wives,
Dares talk of our ungodly Lives:
And you his Pimp in Ord'nary, 925
Had need to Preach Morality,
You theeving Cur, where all the Nation
Knows your whole Life, and Conversation.
What's come of the young Gentleman,
Your cloven-footed Bastard Pan, 930
Your Goatship got, but th' other day,
Upon the Chast Penelope?
'Tis we that should complain; we've reason;
T' have weath'r in May enough to Freiz' one,
And Winds, that keep the Spring so bak, 935

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Folks think, you lost your Almanack:
We're either plagued with Drought or Flood,
And get more harm by you than good:
Nay, if on Grass for wet we pray,
You'ld send it, when w' are making Hay. 940
And, when 'tis hot, you give no Rain;
But what your Sly Sun steals again;
By which you often draw it up,
Before the Grownd has drank a drop:
Tho' for bare use, spight Parliament, 945
Your Bayliffs gather Twelve _per_ _Cent_.
Tell _Jove_, I say, that he an Ass is,
For thincking, we should buy him Glasses;
I laugh at him; as for his Pardon,
'Twill never fetch him here a Farthing; 950
I fear those mighty Bolts you talk on
No more, than Gravel Stones I walk on.
The Hecatombs we don't deny,
But only for good Husbandry,
We'll eat 'em first; for its the same, 955
To him that only loves the Steam.
And as for your part Noble Esquire,
Thank God, y' an't thrown upon that Fire,
Which come again on such an Errant,
Will be your doom, e'er y' are aware on't. 960
Then clapt his Hand upon his Breech,
Said, that's for _Jove_, and closed his Speech.

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All hollow'd, and with hideous cry
Houted, and Laught at <u>Mercury</u>;
Who quite dash'd out of Countenance, 965
And fearing further Insolence,
Said nothing; but, to shew his Wit,
Drew up his Heels, and shot the Pit.
Their Meat now almost broyl'd enough
Was turn'd once more, and taken off. 970
They Supp'd, and drank to 't heartily,
Then went to sleep, and so will I.

<u>FINIS</u>.

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A description of the Morning, design'd for the beginning of the Second Book of [TYPHON]; _or the War between the Gods and Giants._

Most People had not half their sleep out,
When a fair Day began to peep out;
But, hearky Muse, what pity 'tis,
That opportunities like this;
Such Themes which every Scribler touches, 5
Should 'scape undamag'd from our clutches;
Shall Eastern Skie, _Aurora_'s Care,
And Rosie Mantle slip, hold there;
It shan't be said, I rise thus early,
To call things by their own names barely 10
And therefore, Bard like, I'll rehearse
How Morning came in lofty Verse;
Aurora rous'd by some damn'd Cock,
From a pure Dream, how in her Smock
She wrestled, with the Man she doats on; 15
Jump'd out of Bed, and slipt her Coats on;
And just then as the blowzy Lass,
Before the Sea, her Looking Glass
Stood dressing of Carrot Head,

A description of the Morning, etc. This piece and the following passages intended for _Typhon_ originally appeared in _Wishes to a Godson_ in 1712.
[TYPHON];] TYPHOR; _text_

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And dawbing her blue chops with Red; 20

Dame Earth pull'd off her Mask to Sol,

As Strumpets do to Sentinel;

Whose Red Coat, in St. James's Park,

From every Face dispels the dark.

The Speech of Bacchus, design'd
for the same.

Bacchus set down his Glass, and said,

These Mortals 't seems are better fed

Than taught, a sign they fill their Bellies

With no Milk-sops, or cooling Jellies;

But good sound Meat, and Drink, and are 5

In better case than we by far;

And there's no Soldier dares deny it,

But Valour is upheld by Diet.

What have you here, in Heav'n that's nice,

Unless some Foutu Sacrifice. 10

Whilst they below look Fat and Jolly,

And laugh at your Immortal Folly;

They've Hundred Wines, as many Dishes,

Contrived to make 'em drink like Fishes;

'Twould do one good to hear a Glutton, 15

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Extol the worth of Legs of Mutton;
Rehearse what peck in a Sir-loin is,
Or, a Physician prove, how Wine is,
'Spight Opium, Ambre-gris, or Borrage,
Th' only Specifick to breed Courage; 20
They whet their Stomacks with Champain,
Then fill 'em to be dry again.
If y' are for Liquors to rely on,
There's Old Cahors, Pontack, Obrion,
Or New Murgou, where had we ever 25
A drop of Nector, of that flavour;
Sweet Maukish stuff, that tastes like Physick,
And only fit, if Gods should be sick;
Flat, blew, thick, foh! I can't compare it,
But to brew'd Port, that's nick-named Claret; 30
Be Wise, drink frag[r]ant Burgundy,
Coutou, Mourin, or Vin d'aie.
Oh, sparkling Juice! who would not lead
Against ---- a Bumper Ganimede;
Delicious, faith! Well, my Advice is, 35
To live like Men, and use their Spices;
Salt, Pepper, Shoeing-horns for drinking,
That keep all Flesh from Worms and stinking.
Or have we ought that relishes,

31 frag[r]ant] fragant text

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Like your _Bolonia_ Sausages; 40

Eat powder'd Beef, or if well done,

Your Cutlets _ala Maintenon_;

Neats tongues, or good _Westphaly_ Ham,

And if there be n't more heart in them,

Than in our Heavenly _quelque chose_, 45

Our _Nectars_ and _Ambrosia_'s;

May I ne'er enter Tavern more;

And call me Sober Son 'f a Whore.

The Speech of Neptune,

design'd for the same.

Who first sat reaching a long time,

To fetch up some tough brackish slime;

Which from his Lungs with much ado,

He in the shape of Oysters threw.

Then said, good Gentlemen and Women, 5

I've that to say, which is not common;

For tho' set Speeches in our calling,

Are not much used, yet a Tarpaulin

May be as knowing as another;

And being summon'd by my Brother, 10

Th' Eldest of Three, that sits down there,

In that great stately Elbow-Chair;

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Whose frame, 'tis true, 's not worth a rush,
But as 'tis lined with Crimson-Plush,
That came from <u>Flanders</u>, as I take it, 15
<u>Flanders</u>; I! <u>Flanders</u>, there they make it---
Quoth <u>Jove</u> quite tired; if you'll go on
For God's sake let my Chair alone;
Then frown'd at him: But all in vain,
For th' other loath to break the Chain, 20
Of his Discourse, told 'em what pity
'Twas to Bombard so fine a City;
As <u>Brussels</u> [.] D'Sounds, what's that to us,
Quoth <u>Jove</u>, come to the business;
Those sawcy Giants, plague confound 'em, 25
What must we do? Quoth <u>Neptune</u>, drownd 'em.
They're damn'd unlucky Dogs; I've thought
All Night upon 'em, and so brought
Three special Councils for your ease,
Of which the first I think is this; 30
That a strict Order may be given,
That Children be a Bed at Seven;
The Second, which in my poor Sense,
Is of the greatest Consequence.
Is---stay--- I say, the Second---- rot it, 35
The Devil's in me--- I forgot it;
Nay, now the Third is gone also,
And, what 's come of 'em I don't know;

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Both lost, I swear, and it's in vain,
To study --- if they come again 40
I'll tell you. ---Momus scratch'd his Head,
Look'd upon Jove and cry'd: Oh sad!
Both lost! What cursed thing it is,
Wits have no better Memories!

The Encounter between Mars and
Encelade, designed for the same.

DAME Vict'ry in her draggl'd Gown,
Quite tir'd with running up and down,
Had almost clear'd the doubtful case,
And was a going to take her place,
When two, who had been looking long 5
For one another thro' the Throng,
Came within view, and spur'd by Fame,
Flew from the Crowds to nobler Game;
And now both Parties left their Foes,
The shortest standing on their Toes; 10
And thought it worth their while to see,
A brush 'twixt Folks, they knew to be
(Which never happen'd in Romances)
As well match'd as two equal Chances;

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Of Five to Nine, or Six to Eight, 15
For one was <u>Mars</u>, so fam'd for Fight;
Th' other the bloody <u>Encelade</u>,
Who was as mettlesome a Blade;
Both ran as eager to the full,
As Dogs that run at Nose of Bull; 20
And, being impatient to engage,
Strove by their haste t' express their rage;
Whilst th' Armies of each side intent,
With what wou'd be the dire event.
Stood hush'd, with open Mouth and Ears, 25
And by their silence shew'd their Fears:
When lo! the threatning Storm (Heav'n knows
What's best) blew over without blows;
For as they came, where each might spy,
The foul looks of his Enemy. 30
In which they shot such flames of Ire,
As must have set their Beards on Fire
Had they been nearer half an Inch:
Just then their fury on the pinch
Left 'em, and fear of Death and Murder, 35
Would let their Anger go no further;
As when two Balls of equal force,
Meet in the middle of their course
They fall, and by consent disarm
Each other without doing harm; 40

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So both their Courages did meet,

And dropt down at their Owner's Feet;

They doff'd their Bonnets civilly,

Said Sir, how d'ye, and so past by.

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THE

Grumbling Hive:

OR,

KNAVES

Turn'd

HONEST.

LONDON:

Printed for Sam. Ballard, at the Blue-Ball, in Little-Britain:
And Sold by A. Baldwin, in Warwick-Lane. 1705.

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THE

GRUMBLING HIVE

A Spacious Hive well stockt with Bees,
That liv'd in Luxury and Ease;
And yet as fam'd for Laws and Arms,
As yielding large and early Swarms;
Was counted the great Nursery 5
Of Sciences and Industry.
No Bees had better Government,
More Fickleness, or less Content:
They were not Slaves to Tyranny,
Nor rul'd by wild Democracy; 10
But Kings, that could not wrong, because
Their Power was circumscrib'd by Laws.

THESE Insects liv'd like Men, and all
Our Actions they perform'd in small:
They did whatever's done in Town, 15
And what belongs to Sword or Gown:
Tho' th' Artful Works, by nimble Slight
Of minute Limbs, 'scap'd Human Sight;
Yet we've no Engines, Labourers,
Ships, Castles, Arms, Artificers, 20
Craft, Science, Shop, or Instrument,

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But they had an Equivalent:
Which, since their Language is unknown,
Must be call'd, as we do our own.
As grant, that among other Things, 25
They wanted Dice, yet they had Kings;
And those had Guards; from whence we may
Justly conclude, they had some Play;
Unless a Regiment be shewn
Of Soldiers, that make use of none. 30

VAST Numbers throng'd the fruitful Hive;
Yet those vast Numbers made 'em thrive;
Millions endeavouring to supply
Each other's Lust and Vanity;
While other Millions were employ'd, 35
To see their Handy-works destroy'd;
They furnish'd half the Universe;
Yet had more Work than Labourers.
Some with vast Stocks, and little Pains,
Jump'd into Business of great Gains; 40
And some were damn'd to Sythes and Spades,
And all those hard laborious Trades;
Where willing Wretches daily sweat,
And wear out Strength and Limbs to eat:

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While others follow'd Mysteries, 45
To which few Folks bind 'Prentices;
That want no Stock, but that of Brass,
And may set up without a Cross;
As Sharpers, Parasites, Pimps, Players,
Pick-pockets, Coiners, Quacks, South-sayers, 50
And all those, that in Enmity,
With downright Working, cunningly
Convert to their own Use the Labour
Of their good-natur'd heedless Neighbour.
These were call'd Knaves, but bar the Name, 55
The grave Industrious were the same:
All Trades and Places knew some Cheat,
No Calling was without Deceit.

THE Lawyers, of whose Art the Basis
Was raising Feuds and splitting Cases, 60
Oppos'd all Registers, that Cheats
Might make more Work with dipt Estates;
As wer't unlawful, that one's own,
Without a Law-Suit, should be known.
They kept off Hearings wilfully, 65
To finger the refreshing Fee;
And to defend a wicked Cause,

66 refreshing] retaining '05

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Examin'd and survey'd the Laws,
As Burglars Shops and Houses do,
To find out where they'd best break through. 70

PHYSICIANS valu'd Fame and Wealth
Above the drooping Patient's Health,
Or their own Skill: The greatest Part
Study'd, instead of Rules of Art,
Grave pensive Looks and dull Behaviour, 75
To gain th' Apothecary's Favour;
The Praise of Midwives, Priests, and all
That serv'd at Birth or Funeral.
To bear with th' ever-talking Tribe,
And hear my Lady's Aunt prescribe; 80
With formal Smile, and kind How d'ye,
To fawn on all the Family;
And, which of all the greatest Curse is,
T' endure th' Impertinence of Nurses.

AMONG the many Priests of Jove, 85
Hir'd to draw Blessings from Above,
Some few were Learn'd and Eloquent,
But thousands Hot and Ignorant:
Yet all pass'd Muster that could hide
Their Sloth, Lust, Avarice and Pride; 90
For which they were as fam'd as Tailors

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For Cabbage, or for Brandy Sailors:
Some, meagre-look'd, and meanly clad,
Would mystically pray for Bread,
Meaning by that an ample Store, 95
Yet lit'rally received no more;
And, while these holy Drudges starv'd,
The lazy Ones, for which they serv'd,
Indulg'd their Ease, with all the Graces
Of Health and Plenty in their Faces. 100

THE Soldiers, that were forc'd to fight,
If they surviv'd, got Honour by 't;
Tho' some, that shunn'd the bloody Fray,
Had Limbs shot off, that ran away:
Some valiant Gen'rals fought the Foe; 105
Others took Bribes to let them go:
Some ventur'd always where 'twas warm,
Lost now a Leg, and then an Arm;
Till quite disabled, and put by,
They liv'd on half their Salary; 110
While others never came in Play,
And staid at Home for double Pay.

92 Sailors:] Sailors, '05
98 The] Some '05 '23

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THEIR Kings were serv'd, but Knavishly,
Cheated by their own Ministry;
Many, that for their Welfare slaved, 115
Robbing the very Crown they saved:
Pensions were small, and they liv'd high,
Yet boasted of their Honesty.
Calling, whene'er they strain'd their Right,
The slipp'ry Trick a Perquisite; 120
And when Folks understood their Cant,
They chang'd that for Emolument;
Unwilling to be short or plain,
In any thing concerning Gain;
For there was not a Bee but would 125
Get more, I won't say, than he should;
But than he dar'd to let them know,
That pay'd for 't; as your Gamesters do,
That, tho' at fair Play, ne'er will own
Before the Losers what they've won. 130

BUT who can all their Frauds repeat?
The very Stuff, which in the Street
They sold for Dirt t' enrich the Ground,
Was often by the Buyers found
Sophisticated with a quarter 135
Of good-for-nothing Stones and Mortar;

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Tho' Flail had little Cause to mutter,
Who sold the other Salt for Butter.

JUSTICE her self, fam'd for fair Dealing,
By Blindness had not lost her Feeling; 140
Her Left Hand, which the Scales should hold,
Had often dropt 'em, brib'd with Gold;
And, tho' she seem'd Impartial,
Where Punishment was corporal,
Pretended to a reg'lar Course, 145
In Murther, and all Crimes of Force;
Tho' some, first pillory'd for Cheating,
Were hang'd in Hemp of their own beating;
Yet, it was thought, the Sword she bore
Check'd but the Desp'rate and the Poor; 150
That, urg'd by meer Necessity,
Were ty'd up to the wretched Tree
For Crimes, which not deserv'd that Fate,
But to secure the Rich and Great.

THUS every Part was full of Vice, 155
Yet the whole Mass a Paradise;
Flatter'd in Peace, and fear'd in Wars,
They were th' Esteem of Foreigners,
And lavish of their Wealth and Lives,

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The Balance of all other Hives. 160
Such were the Blessings of that State;
Their Crimes conspir'd to make them Great:
And Virtue, who from Politicks
Had learn'd a Thousand Cunning Tricks,
Was, by their happy Influence, 165
Made Friends with Vice: And ever since,
The worst of all the Multitude
Did something for the Common Good.

THIS was the State's Craft, that maintain'd
The Whole of which each Part complain'd: 170
This, as in Musick Harmony,
Made Jarrings in the main agree;
Parties directly opposite,
Assist each other, as 'twere for Spight;
And Temp'rance with Sobriety, 175
Serve Drunkenness and Gluttony.

THE Root of Evil, Avarice,
That damn'd ill-natur'd baneful Vice,
Was Slave to Prodigality,

162 them] 'em '05
171 Harmony,] Harmony '25 '32
172 agree;] agree, '32
174 other,] oth'r '05

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That noble Sin; whilst Luxury 180
Employ'd a Million of the Poor,
And odious Pride a Million more:
Envy it self, and Vanity,
Were Ministers of Industry;
Their darling Folly, Fickleness, 185
In Diet, Furniture and Dress,
That strange ridic'lous Vice, was made
The very Wheel that turn'd the Trade.
Their Laws and Clothes were equally
Objects of Mutability; 190
For what was well done for a time,
In half a Year became a Crime;
Yet while they alter'd thus their Laws,
Still finding and correcting Flaws,
They mended by Inconstancy 195
Faults, which no Prudence would foresee.

THUS Vice nurs'd Ingenuity,
Which join'd with Time and Industry,
Had carry'd Life's Conveniencies,
It's real Pleasures, Comforts, Ease, 200

199 Conveniencies,] Conveniences '32

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To such a Height, the very Poor
Liv'd better than the Rich before,
And nothing could be added more.

NOW Vain is Mortal Happiness!
Had they but known the Bounds of Bliss; 205
And that Perfection here below
Is more than Gods can well bestow;
The Grumbling Brutes had been content
With Ministers and Government.
But they, at every ill Success, 210
Like Creatures lost without Redress,
Curs'd Politicians, Armies, Fleets;
While every one cry'd, Damn the Cheats,
And would, tho' conscious of his own,
In others barb'rously bear none. 215

ONE, that had got a Princely Store,
By cheating Master, King and Poor,
Dar'd cry aloud, The Land must sink
For all its Fraud; And whom d'ye think
The Sermonizing Rascal chid? 221
A Glover that sold Lamb for Kid.

The least thing was not done amiss,
Or cross'd the Publick Business;

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But all the Rogues cry'd brazenly,
Good Gods, Had we but Honesty! 225
Merc'ry smil'd at th' Impudence,
And others call'd it want of Sense,
Always to rail at what they lov'd:
But *Jove* with Indignation mov'd,
At last in Anger swore, *He'd rid* 230
The bawling Hive of Fraud; and did.
The very Moment it departs,
And Honesty fills all their Hearts;
There shews 'em, like th' Instructive Tree,
Those Crimes which they're asham'd to see; 240
Which now in Silence they confess,
By blushing at their Ugliness:
Like Children, that would hide their Faults,
And by their Colour own their Thoughts:
Imag'ning, when they're look'd upon, 245
That others see what they have done.

BUT, Oh ye Gods! What Consternation,
How vast and sudden was th' Alteration!
In half an Hour, the Nation round,
Meat fell a Peny in the Pound. 250
The Mask Hypocrisy's flung down,
From the great Statesman to the Clown:
And some in borrow'd Looks well known,

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Appear'd like Strangers in their own.
The Bar was silent from that Day; 255
For now the willing Debtors pay,
Ev'n what 's by Creditors forgot;
Who quitted them that had it not.
Those, that were in the Wrong, stood mute,
And dropt the patch'd vexatious Suit: 260
On which since mothing less can thrive,
Than Lawyers in an honest Hive,
All, except those that got enough,
With Inkhorns by their sides troop'd off.

JUSTICE hang'd some, set others free; 265
And after Goal delivery,
Her Presence being no more requir'd,
With all her Train and Pomp retir'd.
First march'd some Smiths with Locks and Grates,
Fetters, and Doors with Iron Plates: 270
Next Goalers, Turnkeys and Assistants:
Before the Goddess, at some distance,
Her chief and faithful Minister,
'Squire CATCH, the Law's great Finisher,
Bore not th' imaginary Sword, 275
But his own Tools, an Ax and Cord:

261 less] else '32
267 being] be'ng '14 '25

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Then on a Cloud the Hood-wink'd Fair,
JUSTICE her self was push'd by Air:
About her Chariot, and behind,
Were Serjeants, Bums of every kind, 280
Tip-staffs, and all those Officers,
That squeeze a Living out of Tears.

THO' Physick liv'd, while Folks were ill,
None would prescribe, but Bees of skill,
Which through the Hive dispers'd so wide, 285
That none of them had need to ride;
Wav'd vain Disputes, and strove to free
The Patients of their Misery;
Left Drugs in cheating Countries grown,
And us'd the Product of their own; 290
Knowing the Gods sent no Disease
To Nations without Remedies.

THEIR Clergy rous'd from Laziness,
Laid not their Charge on Journey-Bees;
But serv'd themselves, exempt from Vice, 295
The Gods with Pray'r and Sacrifice;
All those, that were unfit, or knew
Their Service might be spar'd, withdrew:
Nor was there Business for so many,

286 them] 'em '05

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(If th' Honest stand in need of any,) 300
Few only with the High-Priest staid,
To whom the rest Obedience paid:
Himself employ'd in Holy Cares,
Resign'd to others State-Affairs.
He chas'd no Starv'ling from his Door, 305
Nor pinch'd the Wages of the Poor;
But at his House the Hungry 's fed,
The Hireling finds unmeasur'd Bread,
The needy Trav'ler Board and Bed.

AMONG the King's great Ministers, 310
And all th' inferior Officers
The Change was great; for frugally
They now liv'd on their Salary:
That a poor Bee should ten times come
To ask his Due, a trifling Sum, 315
And by some well-hir'd Clerk be made
To give a Crown, or ne'er be paid,
Would now be call'd a downright Cheat,
Tho' formerly a Perquisite.
All Places manag'd first by Three, 320
Who watch'd each other's Knavery,
And often for a Fellow-feeling,

303 Cares,] Cares; '24 '32

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Promoted one another's stealing,
Are happily supply'd by One,
By which some thousands more are gone. 325

No Honour now could be content,
To live and owe for what was spent;
Liv'ries in Brokers Shops are hung,
They part with Coaches for a Song;
Sell stately Horses by whole Sets; 330
And Country-Houses, to pay Debts.

VAIN Cost is shunn'd as much as Fraud;
They have no Forces kept Abroad;
Laugh at th' Esteem of Foreigners,
And empty Glory got by Wars; 335
They fight, but for their Country's sake,
When Right or Liberty 's at Stake.

NOW mind the glorious Hive, and see
How Honesty and Trade agree.
The Shew is gone, it thins apace; 340
And looks with quite another Face.
For 'twas not only that They went,
By whom vast Sums were Yearly spent;
But Multitudes that liv'd on them,

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Were daily forc'd to do the same. 345
In vain to other Trades they'd fly;
All were o'er-stock'd accordingly.

THE Price of Land and Houses falls;
Mirac'lous Palaces, whose Walls,
Like those of _Thebes_, were rais'd by Play, 350
Are to be let; while the once gay
Well-seated Houshold Gods would be
More pleas'd to expire in Flames, than see
The mean Inscription on the Door
Smile at the lofty ones they bore. 355
The building Trade is quite destroy'd,
Artificers are not employ'd;
No Limner for his Art is fam'd,
Stone-cutters, Carvers are not nam'd.

THOSE, that remain'd, grown temp'rate, strive, 360
Not how to spend, but how to live,
And, when they paid their Tavern Score,
Resolv'd to enter it no more:
No Vintner's Jilt in all the Hive
Could wear now Cloth of Gold, and thrive; 365
Nor _Torcol_ such vast Sums advance,

353 to] t' '_05_ '_25_

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For _Burgundy_ and _Ortelans_;
The Courtier 's gone, that with his Miss
Supp'd at his House on _Christmas_ Peas;
Spending as much in two Hours stay, 370
As keeps a Troop of Horse a Day.

THE haughty _Chloe_, to live Great,
Had made her Husband rob the State:
But now she sells her Furniture,
Which th' _Indies_ had been ransack'd for; 375
Contracts th' expensive Bill of Fare,
And wears her strong Suit a whole Year:
The slight and fickle Age is past;
And Clothes, as well as Fashions, last.
Weavers, that join'd rich Silk with Plate, 380
And all the Trades subordinate,
Are gone. Still Peace and Plenty reign,
And every Thing is cheap, tho' plain:
Kind Nature, free from Gard'ners Force,
Allows all Fruits in her own Course; 385
But Rarities cannot be had,
Where Pains to get them are not paid.

AS Pride and Luxury decrease,
So by degrees they leave the Seas,

387 them] 'em '_05_ '_29_

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Not Merchants now, but Companies 390
Remove whole Manufactories.
All Arts and Crafts neglected lie;
Content, the Bane of Industry,
Makes 'em admire their homely Store,
And neither seek nor covet more. 395

SO few in the vast Hive remain,
The hundredth Part they can't maintain
Against th' Insults of numerous Foes;
Whom yet they valiantly oppose:
'Till some well-fenc'd Retreat is found, 400
And here they die or stand their Ground.
No Hireling in their Army 's known;
But bravely fighting for their own,
Their Courage and Integrity
At last were crown'd with Victory. 405
They triumph'd not without their Cost,
For many Thousand Bees were lost.
Hard'ned with Toils and Exercise,
They counted Ease it self a Vice;
Which so improv'd their Temperance; 410
That, to avoid Extravagance,
They flew into a hollow Tree,
Blest with Content and Honesty.

390 but] But '32

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THE

M O R A L.

THEN leave Complaints: Fools only strive
To make a Great an Honest Hive 415
T' enjoy the World's Conveniencies,
Be fam'd in War, yet live in Ease,
Without great Vices, is a vain
EUTOPIA seated in the Brain.
Fraud, Luxury and Pride must live, 420
While we the Benefits receive:
Hunger 's a dreadful Plague, no doubt,
Yet who digests or thrives without?
Do we not owe the Growth of Wine
To the dry shabby crooked Vine? 425
Which, while its Shoots neglected stood,
Chok'd other Plants, and ran to Wood;
But blest us with its noble Fruit,
As soon as it was ty'd and cut:
So Vice is beneficial found, 430
When it's by Justice lopt and bound;
Nay, where the People would be great,
As necessary to the State,
As Hunger is to make 'em eat.

425 shabby crooked] crooked, shabby '05

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<u>Bare Virtue can't make Nations live</u> 435
<u>In Splendor; they, that would revive</u>
<u>A Golden Age, must be as free,</u>
<u>For Acorns, as for Honesty.</u>

<u>FINIS.</u>

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WISHES

To A

GODSON,

With Other

MISCELLANY

POEMS.

By B.M.

LONDON:

Printed for J. Baker, at the Black-Boy, in
Pater-Noster-Row: 1712. Price 6 d.

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WISHES

To A

GODSON.

THIS Day Twelvemonth, Smiling Boy,
People wish'd your Parents Joy,
With your prety Self, whose Birth
Is th' Occasion of our Mirth.
May we meet on't and be merry, 5
Drink as much as Guts can carry
Every Year, that thus it may
Still in Pleasure slide away;
May you live to be a Man,
Handsome, Sturdy, Tall, and then 10
May you've Linnen fine and Plenty,
Shirts a Dozen, if not Twenty;
And a Laundress kept in Pay,
T' have a clean one every Day;
May your Hose, whate'er you feel 15
At the Toes, stand buff at Heel;
May your Shoes be neat and easie,
And your Cloaths ne'er tore nor greasie;
May you ne'er as other Wretches,
Wear your Hat to hide your Breeches; 20
May your [Wigs] ne'er look like Gold,

L. 21 [Wigs] Whigs text

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Or, to stop a gap, be Sold;
And your self compell'd to wear,
For good husbandry your Hair;
May no Tradesman ever fun ye, 25
Shoemaker, or Taylor dun ye;
May your Chapmens Wives be kind,
Barbers dumb, and Cuckolds blind;
Footmen clever, Porters Witty,
May you 've Credit in the City; 30
And a hundred Pounds to spare,
May y' at Noon in Hacknies dare,
By the Counter Gates to pass,
Without drawing up the Glass.
Of the handsome Female fry 35
May you 've still variety;
Without feeing of a Bawd,
Some at Home, and some Abroad;
May your Whores be prudent, true,
And Coquets to all but you, 40
Cleanly, Buxom, Gen'rous taking
And be sure of your own making;
May you never stick to one,
Or, by fondness be undone;
But have Forty at a call, 45
And be fit to serve them all.
May the silly Creatures love ye,

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Never strive to rule above ye;
But if one imperious grows,
Without Arguments, or blows, 50
May you 've always grace enough,
Unconcern'd to turn her off;
Heaven send you pleasant Blades,
Men of Sense and merry Jades
To converse, to drink, and stay with, 55
And Rich, easie, Fools to play with;
May you 've lofty lightsome Rooms,
Free from Smoak, and tight as Drums;
Old Tobacco just in cue,
And your Pipes be Male and new; 60
May you never drink on tick,
Guzzle Belch to make you sick;
Trust to Punch made out of sight,
Tho' a Priest should swear it's right;
May you ne'er be fill'd with Wine, 65
But what 's sound, unbrew'd and Fine,
And the Dog that draws you bad,
Lose his Nose, and beg his Bread;
May your Cooks ne'er spoil your Meat,
Be good humour'd quick and neat. 70
May no Drawers stun your Ear,
With their Coming, Coming, Sir;
But be handy, brisk and clean,

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Of an unaffected Mien,
Seldom heard but often seen, 75
Not Conceited, pert or dull,
Mind your P--ss pot, when 'tis full;
Leave you Snuffers, shut the Door,
And be used to call a Whore.
May the well wash'd Flint abound, 80
And you ne'er in Clubs be found,
Where one greasie Glass goes round;
May y' in Taverns ne'er be thought,
One that 's pleas'd with finding fault;
But commanding without Noise, 85
Kind to Men, and grave to Boys;
May your Count'nance ne'er be sad,
When they tell you what you've had;
But at parting with your Chink,
Always smile, whate'er you Think; 90
Even where the Bill 's too high,
May you never brawlingly,
Fret, or Scold, about the pay,
But discharge, and keep away;
Knowing that who Scores too fast, 95
Will be broke, or damn'd at last;
May you never when y' are Drunk
Stumble on a rotten Punk;
Give offence to Fighting Blockheads,

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Or meet Jades, that pick your Pockets; 100

But go without more ado,

Quietly to Bed, and Sp--e.

May your Teeth be all your own,

May you 've never Gout, or Stone,

Claps or Pains that reach the Bone; 105

And whate'er your Body lacks,

May you never trust to Quacks;

May you ne'er be counted Loud,

Lying, Positive, or Proud:

Not too Witty, nor too Shallow, 110

But what 's call'd an honest Fellow;

One that to the Chapters end,

Loves his Bottle and his Friend;

These and Thousand Blessings more,

Than I have leisure to run o're, 115

Light upon my little Godson,

Th---d--re the Son of H--d--son.

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To *Madam* N.

FAIR Innocence, in whose sweet looks appear,
Such sprightliness, and so much modest fear;
Tell me what jarring Witchcraft reigns within
That can both tempt us, and forbid to Sin?
Some strange harmonious discord rules your Eyes 5
For there, an Army of young *Cupids* lies;
But close to them a Cross-grain'd Goddess clings,
That, as they strive to mount, witholds their Wings.
I see the Mien of Virtue, yet can trace
Some secret Wishes in that Heav'nly Face; 10
There I can read that in despight of Art,
Early or late you will reveal your Heart;
When mighty Love shall seize on Modesty,
Force her to let his little Archers fly;
That shall, assisted by your own desire, 15
Set the grave Deity's strong Camp on Fire;
Till all her Tents ablaze, she 'ill quit her ground,
And be no where, but in your Blushes found;
Then shall those shining Orbs emit their store,
Of active brightness that was hid before; 20
Thrice happy he, that shall behold them kind,
Tho' using all their pow'r to strike him blind!
What raptures of the Soul must not ensue,
When in tumultuous Joy a balmy dew,

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Shall glaze your twinkling Eyes, and rays of light, 25
At random darted, dazle out his sight.
Whilst lost in Pleasure on each others Breast
Strugling you'll seem in murmurs to contest,
Which shall die first to make the [other] blest.

LEANDER's _excuse to_ CLORIS.

I.

WHEN once on Bed we talk'd and play'd,
My _Cloris_ I remember said,
Her noble Passion was above,
The gross and brutish part of Love;
Then, if my Dear you're so refin'd, 5
And Love can but affect your mind;
Since you alone possess _Leander_'s Heart,
Grudge not to other Nymphs the grosser part.

II.

When wanton Passion leaves my Breast,
Of Womankind, I love you best; 10
Tho' I've been catch'd in _Celia_'s Arms,
And Conquer'd by _Bellinda_'s Charms;
When Lust has led astray your Swain,
'Twas Love that call'd him back again;
And you my Dear, may still with Justice boast, 15
Where 're I play, that you I love the most.

29 [other] others _text_

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III.

Whene're another I Embrace,

'Tis for the newness of her Face;

One foolish Minute, and I'm cloy'd,

Almost before she's quite enjoy'd: 20

And I, when the Apish act is done,

Care not how soon the Nymph is gone;

But to your Charms my constant love is due,

I can kiss others and still think on you.

The yeilding Minute.

I.

ONE Day when Damon with his Celia walk'd,

Whilst of his Love in easie words he talk'd;

The Nymph surveys the lovely Swain,

Then stands, then sighs, then stands again;

He smiles, and gazing on her Face, 5

They both were fix'd upon the Place;

At last she blush'd and turn'd away,

Look'd down and said, I dare not stay.

II.

Then on the ground, he gently sets the Fair,

She strugling, squeez'd his Hands, and cry'd; forbear; 10

Do not my Damon, Damon don't,

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He kiss'd and cry'd, my Dear, I won't;

Her Breath went short, her Hands did shake,

She push'd, then pull'd him by mistake;

Till trembling on the Grass she fell, 15

And Damon ----- but I must not tell.

III.

The melting Youth lay panting on her Breast,

And wish'd he might be thus for ever bless'd;

But sudden Tears, fill'd Celia's Eyes,

Alas! 'tis gone! 'tis lost she crys; 20

The Shephard, ravish'd with her Charms,

Folds yielding Celia in his Arms

And says, whilst thus in Love we're bound,

How can you lose what I have found?

On CELIA's Bosom.

I.

YE Gods! how is my Soul amazed,

Since I on Celia's Bosom gazed;

I saw the Pink and July-Flower,

Decay and Fade in half an Hour.

Wrapt up in wonder, when I spied 5

How soon the freshest Nosegays died;

By her Coldness, Mien and Dress,

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By her Looks I thought no less,

But that the Flowers which were lost,

Were ruin'd by some nipping Frost; 10

Then looking on the modest Maid,

I bless'd her Innocence, and said,

Those Breasts are sure the Pyrenean Hills,

Where ev'n in June, a rigid Winter dwells;

And why the more I thought them so, 15

Was, that they look'd like deck'd with Snow.

II.

But when I touch'd th' inviting Skin,

What Furnaces I found within;

I felt her Blood start up and fly,

And in her Veins boil Mountain high; 20

The Flame dispers'd thro' every part,

Shot thro' my Hand, and scorch'd my Heart.

Outward Coldness is deceit,

And undone my mystick heat;

I'm like a Flower of Leaves bereft, 25

Where nothing but the Stalk is left;

What ever Snows without appear,

I'm sure there's a Ves[u]vious near.

And yet I'm tempted with a strong desire,

To go in quest of this deep Gulph of fire; 30

And will whatever place it is,

Like Pliny, venture on th' Abyss.

*----

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_A_ _Letter_ _to_ _Mr_. Asgil,

writ _at_ Colchester.

FRIEND _Asgil_, who by cunning slight,
Would'st chouse poor _Charon_ of his doit;
And scorning to make use of Herse,
In travelling to your Ancestors;
Imagin'st thou shalt Corp'rally, 5
'Spight of th' Upholders Company;
To Heav'n on better Carriage ride,
Than Undertakers can provide;
Thou think'st it an ill natur'd trick,
That Souls when People are too sick, 10
Should in a Pet remove alone,
T' a better Place; whilst cold as Stone,
They leave their Bodies in the lurch.
Indeed I'm almost of your Church;
I love my Soul and Body too, 15
They've both agreed well hitherto;
And, I confess, that from my Heart,
I am not willing they should part;
But could be pleas'd to mount the Sky,
In my dear Body's Company; 20
Only I doubt you won't be able,
To make your Doctrine practicable;
And if you did, no Parliament,

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Or wealthy Men, wou'd e'er consent;
For tho' some seem to be in haste, 25
Few love to go to Heav'n too faste:
'Tis without doubt the Sense of the Nation,
Witness the Act of Tolleration;
That Heavenwards the Roads are many,
And yours may be as good as any; 30
But yet none are allow'd to go,
With detriment to them below;
I'm very easie 's to my self,
But woe to them that have the Pelf;
Who shall reveal the secret blows, 35
When Carcasses are gone? Suppose,
One worth Ten Thousand Pounds Year,
Goes with his Son to take the Air.
Pray, Sir, whither 's your Father gone?
In _Asgil_'s Coach, replies the Son. 40
Should Bodies through the Welkin fly,
It would prove such a Tragedy,
Gun-powder Treason is a Farce to 't,
And Pop'ry and Slav'ry be mine --- to 't:
The Rich by Servants in their sleep, 45
Would be knock'd on the head like Sheep;
If Mortals could forsake the Ground,
And a new way to Heav'n was found,

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Without acquainting of the Sexton,
Tho' plain, and short, as hence to Lexton; 50
All wise Men ought to dig it up,
It's fit that there should be a stop;
Between the Life we live at home,
And th' other strange one, that 's to come:
Nay, 'tis not safe with Hose and Shoe, 55
We should as with our Years we do,
Jump from the Old into the New.
I wonder how a Man of Sense,
O're look'd the fatal Consequence:
A Merchant 's missing suddenly, 60
Perhaps he 's murder'd, and they 'ill cry
He's gone to Heav'n; disprove it pray;
If they can shuffle the Corps away:
Indeed, if People when they 're gone,
Could send us word what has been done; 65
We might be at some certainty,
As here to Day you put to Sea,
Next Post perhaps we'll have the News,
That you're arrived at Helovet-Sluce;
Wherefore if no Intelligence 70
Can any ways be had from thence,
Better than what from Brown we had
Between the Living and the Dead;
With Post and Stages to and fro,

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I'm sure your Project will not do. 75
Death should be publick, or else why
Are Neighbours call'd when People die;
What signify the Passing Bell,
Searchers and Noise of Funeral;
But that those that survive would say, 80
That the Deceas'd has had fair play;
And therefore *Asgil*, pray be quiet,
For I'll be hang'd if you get by it;
Or find one single Government;
That thinks it is expedient 85
Or safe, that Bodies should go thither,
Unless when we go all together.

On Honour.

FAR from the throng'd luxurious Town,
Lives an Inchantress of Renown
Call'd Honour, who by secret Charms
Pulls Swains from yielding Virgin's Arms;
For her the Husband leaves his Wife; 5
Despises Pleasure, Health, and Life;
For her the *Trojan* Refugee,
Forgot the Cave, and went to Sea:

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By her the Daughter of the Sun,
Bewitching _Circe_, was out done; 10
From whose bright looks by Arts unknown,
She drew _Ulysses_ to her own.
In bloody Fields she sits as Gay,
As other Ladies at a Play.
Whilst the wild Sparks, on which she doats, 15
Are Cutting one another's Throats.
But when these Sweet-hearts for their Sins,
Have all the Bones broke in their Skins;
Of her Esteem the only Token
Is, t' have Certificates th' are broken: 20
Which in grave Lines are cut on Stone,
And in some Church or Chappel shewn
To People, that, neglecting Pray'r,
Have time to mind who 's buried there.
Till some half-witted Fellow comes, 25
To Copy what is writ on Tombs;
And then, to their immortal Glory,
Forsooth, they're said to live in Story:
A Recompence, which to a Wonder
Must please a Man that 's cut asunder; 30
'Tis thought, the cruel-hearted Jade
Is, and will ever be a Maid;
Because none e'er lay in her Bed,
Unless they first were knock'd o' th' head.

———

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In senem lippum & Asthmaticum, qui annos Sexaginta natus uxorem duxit, & gladio se cinxit inassuetus.

Sibilat Asthmatico fartus dum pectore pulmo,
Vixque semicurvum marcida crura trahunt.
Dum monet acre Malum rubeus quo stillat ocellus,
Sanguine quod tenui Balsamus omnis abest.
Quid Juvat esse novus post bis sex Lustra Maritus? 5
Tutus & insolitum cur quatis ense Femur?
Suppeditat quem lenta febris male Construis ignem,
Et tibi pro Stimulo nil nisi Tussis adest.
Non tua fert aetas petulantis gaudia Lecti:
Nec decet imbelles arma movere manus. 10
At mihi nulla Fides: Pelignum Consule vatem.
Turpe Senex miles: Turpe Senilis amor.

FINIS.

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POEMS ASCRIBED TO MANDEVILLE

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THE DOUBTFUL WORKS

The poems included in the following appendix I have classed as doubtful because neither external nor internal evidence has sufficed to assure me of Mandeville's authorship. The first of them, The Planter's Charity, appeared in 1704, and has been attributed to Mandeville by Lowndes (who apparently based his ascription on the fact that a copy of it which he saw was bound with copies of Mandeville's Typhon and the 1704 Aesop Dress'd), by Allibone, who probably followed Lowndes's note, and by the Encyclopedia Britannica and the Dictionary of National Biography.[1] The only definite evidence, however, is the signature of the introduction ("B.M."), a point that is far from being conclusive. Professor Kaye, while listing the poem as doubtful, suggests that there may be typical Mandevillian irony in the preface (below, p. 209, ll. 7-12), and also finds some resemblance between the general subject of the work and Mandeville's scheme, propounded in 1725, to punish English felons by exchanging them for white slaves held by the Mohammedans on the coast of Barbary.[2] I fail to discover either the irony or the resemblance; the subject and the tone of the piece strike me as being unlike anything Mandeville is known to have written.

1. W.T. Lowndes, The Bibliographer's Manual of English Literature, III, 1463. S. Austin Allibone, A Critical Dictionary of English Literature, II, 1210.

2. Kaye, "The Writings of Bernard Mandeville," JEGP, XX, 447. The scheme mentioned is set forth in An Enquiry into the Causes of the Frequent Executions at Tyburn, pp. 48-51. There could hardly be irony in the preface of The Planter's Charity, for in ll. 85-94 of the poem the author fully agrees with the view previously expressed. As a matter of fact, the poem seems to have been the work of some member of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, an organization allied with the movement for the reformation of manners which Mandeville satirized.

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The two brief passages, "A Description of a Rouz'd Lion" and the translation from Book XII of the Aeneid, originally printed in the St. James's Journal for 20 April and 11 May, 1723, were considered by Professor Kaye to be possibly Mandeville's, mostly because they bear the signature "B.M.," and partly because Mandeville had earlier shown some interest in the lion's sovereignty among beasts, and in the principles of translation.[1] These are dubious grounds, as Kaye admits; and the two poems show no similarity in versification or tone to any of Mandeville's authenticated works.

The other poems in the appendix, published originally in The Weekly Journal, have been ascribed to Mandeville by Paul Bunyan Anderson in a letter to the London Times Literary Supplement.[2] Anderson's arguments are based ultimately on two facts: that the pieces on Homer, Horace, and Ovid, and the fable of "The Oak and the Myrtle," were signed "B.M.," and apparently, judging from their subject and style, were from the same pen that was responsible for the poems in the St. James's Journal (which, Anderson says, Kaye had accepted as authentic); and that two months after the appearance of "On Ovid," The Weekly Journal printed the revised version of Mandeville's fable, "The Plague among the Beasts." On these grounds Anderson ascribes also to Mandeville "The Wolves and the Shepherd" and "The Rats and the Cheese," which had been printed without signature or introduction in The Weekly Journal in 1717 and 1718.

1. Kaye, "The Writings of Bernard Mandeville," p. 451. Kaye refers to the passage in praise of the lion in the Fable of the Bees, I, 178-180. Mandeville's known ideas on translation (supra. p. lxviii) are quite unlike the ones stated in the brief essay accompanying the passage from Virgil.

2. LTLS, 28 November, 1936, p. 996.

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The fact that Mandeville's revised "Plague among the Beasts" appeared in The Weekly Journal in 1721 adds no force to Anderson's argument. Even if the author was responsible for the revision---of which one cannot be positive ---the fable was printed without signture, and it is in octosyllabic verse, while the fable by "B.M." is in pentameter couplets arranged in stanzas. All of the fables known to be Mandeville's are in octosyllabics, a verse form which he evidently preferred. Anderson mentions that the poems on Homer, Horace, and Ovid are additional manifestations of the liking for literary criticism exhibited by "B.M." in "The Description of a Rouz'd Lion" and in the translation from Virgil; but that is merely begging the question. Mandeville may have been interested in literary criticism, as any man would be who indulged his own literary talent, but the most positive statement on the subject which we have from him is the remark of Philopirio in the Treatise of 1711, who asserts flatly, "I am no Critick."[1]

Furthermore, all of these pieces signed "B.M." are decidedly unlike Mandeville's authentic work in every respect. For the author of Typhon to rhapsodize over Homer, Ovid, Horace, or anyone else seems almost beyond the bounds of credibility. That he knew Horace well one may gather from his numerous quotations in the Treatise; but he could hardly have burst forth with:

Oh! how vivacious is his Strain!
How elegant and pure!

Nor is it likely that after sneering at Homer, in Typhon, for re-using

1. Treatise, ed. 1730, p. 365.

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tags of old rhymes, he would now be found praising his "Stile so variously great," or would permit himself the grandiloquent air and bombast of the poem "On Homer." It is equally incredible that he would have said of Ovid, that

> With gentle soothing Tales, our Ears you greet,
> In Words as soft as Down, as Honey sweet,

or would have spoken of Echo's "delicious moan." To maintain that he could write in this fashion is to ignore the style and thought-content of everything that he is known to have printed. If it be suggested that he had mellowed with age, one has only to cite _A Modest Defence of Publick Stews_, written in 1724, to scotch all such beliefs.

The other fables to which Anderson, by mere guesswork, affixes Mandeville's name, are much more worthy of his authorship than the above poems. Nevertheless they can be ascribed with certainty to him only by assuming that no one else in the 1720's was capable of writing fables. "The Wolves and the Shepherd" is clearly an adaptation of the fable of the wolves and the sheep which is in Aesop and La Fontaine, and which Mandeville had translated in 1703; it is not likely that he could have re-handled the subject without some verbal echoes of his earlier attempt; it is improbable, as a matter of fact, that he would have retold the story at all. "The Rats and the Cheese" is not unlike his style, but that is far from conclusive evidence. These two fables, at the same time, are so different in tone from "On Ovid" or the other pieces which Anderson gives to Mandeville that one is amazed to find him saying that they "bear unmistakable marks of his authorship."

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THE

PLANTER's

CHARITY

LONDON:

Printed in the Year 1704.

I Have often pitied the Miserable Condition of those Heathen Wretches, that being captivated in Africa, are hurried up and down the World, and sold to cultivate the American and other Plantations. Their being used both in their Labour and Diet, like so many Heads of Cattle, must move, not only a Generous 5 Man, but every Human Creature, that esteems his Kind. But their being surrounded with the Light of the Gospel, and yet kept in the Dark of Ignorance, and shut up from our Holy Faith by the very Professors of it, shocks (I need not say the Pious) but the Meanest Christian. The vast Benefit which Europe, but 10 more especially England, receives from those Islands, and the impossibility of maintaining 'em without the Hands of those Unhappy Savages, made me always think their Case was desperate, and their Conversion impracticable; because with the Vulgar I believed, that the way to Christianity led also to Liberty; 15 that after Baptism, the Owner lost his Right, and the Slave changed his Condition into that of an Hired Servant. But some time ago I was happily drawn from my Errour by an Ingenious Discourse on this Subject, the Author of which demonstrates, That

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Slaves are allowed of from the *Old* and *New Testaments*, the Customs of *Christendom*, and the Statutes of *England*; and from the very Epistle of St. *Paul* to *Philemon*, he proves, That Slaves after Baptism cease not to be so, by an undeniable Instance of *Onesimus* that ran away from *Philemon*, and was made a *Christian*; 5
Yet after his Conversion call'd, *δοῦλος*, a *Slave*, not *μισωθὸς*, an Hired Servant, by the Apostle himself. This Sermon, to which I refer the Reader, is full of Eloquence and Learning, and call'd, *Afer Baptizatus*, or the *Negro Baptized*. And as the Author by Preaching and Printing of it, could have no other Aim, than the 10
Eternal Welfare of these Captive Souls, so his Labour ought to be valued as a Pious Deed, and the meer Effect of *Christian Charity*. The following Lines, which were occasion'd by this Discourse, are left to the Censure of the Publick. If ever they may contribute to the Spiritual Good of a Heathen, or but rouse the Conscience 15
of any one *Planter*, I shall reckon, that no Work of mine ever could turn to a better Account, than this Days Amusement.

B.M.

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The Planter's Charity.

YOU that Oppress the Captive African,
Abuse the Black, and Barbarously treat Man
Like Beast, in spight of his great Attribute,
Which only can distinguish him from Brute,
Reason, the lawful Claim to Human-kind; 5
As if you thought God's Image was confin'd,
To European White! Why should your Slave,
Feel your Unrighteousness beyond the Grave?
Lay on the Burden, till you break his Back,
And let him labour till his Sinews crack, 10
Draw out the Marrow from the aking Bone,
Feed on his Flesh, but let his Soul alone.
Tho' upon Earth you cause his Misery,
Strive not to stretch it to Eternity;
For whilst your Principles won't let you doubt 15
But all are sav'd thro' Christ, and none without,
And you confess the Sacred Font to be
The Gate that lets in Christianity:
If you barr Men from that, how do you know,
But that you damn 'em to Eternal Woe? 20
Did ever Turk deny a Christian,
That had a mind to turn Mahometan?
Lewis himself, the Gallick Tyrant, grants
More Mercy to Dissenting Protestants;

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He makes 'em Slaves, but then recals the Doom, 25
On their Submission to the Church of Rome;
You need not preach to Princes, nor reveal
Religious Truths with Apostolick Zeal
To Persecutors, or at Bloods expence,
Draw Savage Nations from their Ignorance. 30
The Task is easier, than to propagate
The Holy Gospel at so dear a rate;
Spread but the Name of Christ, where without pains
Or hazard you may act like Sovereigns;
But far from acting for it, you controul 35
The Zeal to Faith, when God has touch'd the Soul;
You won't be Passive, and let them receive
The Sacred Mysteries, in which you believe.
Sure its unnatural not to wish Success
To those Opinions, we our selves profess. 40

If on the Cruel Deed you ruminate,
Consult your Conscience, and a future State,
Must you not fear, the Baptism you suppress,
Will one Day make your own avail you less?
Since you prey on the Flock of Christ, pray, why 45
Think you, he wont resent the Robbery?
For Human-kind he died, none so despis'd,
But he invites 'em all to be Baptiz'd:
Yet you may boast, you're able to retain
The Nations, which your Saviour calls in vain; 50

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Should we look on the Character that's due
To Antichrist, what must we think of you?
   But Negroes have no Souls! O Ignorance!
Behold, your Slave smiles at the vile Pretence;
The stupid Notion makes your Cause the worse,   55
It shews you strugling with a just Remorse,
And striving to extenuate your Fault;
Yes, Negroes have a Soul, blush on the Thought:
A Soul, which, if you might, you would not save;
A Soul, that shall not enter in the Grave;   60
A Rational, an Everlasting one,
Part of the bright Aether'al Substance, blown
Into the Nostrils, by the immediate care
Of the Omnipotent, whose Image they 're:
A Human Soul, that whilst y' allow 'em none,   65
Is not so black and sordid as your own.
   But says the hardned Planter, the Black Knave
Knows that a Christian cannot be a Slave;
He wants his Freedom; Must I be undone,
And lose that Labour which I live upon?   70
They are my Portion by my Father's Will,
I found 'em Slaves, and so I'll keep 'em still:
God can be serv'd, sure, at a cheaper rate,
Than with the loss of Right and of Estate.
   The Estate is the Concern, tho' you would hide   75
Your Thoughts, and deck your Avarice and Pride

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With Right and Lawfulness, the poor Pretext

That may serve in this World, not in the next.

How dares a Christian make the Impious Plea,

For robbing Christ to feed his Luxury? 80

Suppose you'd lose: What would y' infer from thence,

But that you'd rather, at your Soul's Expence,

Spread Satan's dark Dominions, than inlarge

God's Holy Kingdom at your Temporal Charge?

But then the Notion 's false, tho' vulgarly 85

Receiv'd, That Slaves when once Baptiz'd are free,

You'll have no loss, by Baptism they may be

Made free from Sin, but not from Slavery.

Slaves, tho' made Christians, shall remain so still;

Consult for solid Proof, the Learned HILL: 90

There you'll be taught, that whilst you strive to save

A Human Soul, you shall not lose your Slave.

That Christianity won't rob you from

A Victor's Right, nor injure Christendom.

Then turn to Christ, be call'd no more (for shame) 95

Anti-Apostles to his Sacred Name;

And think, whene'er you pray, Thy Kingdom come,

What Kingdom 'twas you kept the Heathens from.

Baptize your Slave, th' Almighty God shall bless

The Labour of his Hands with more Success; 100

Lead him the way to Truth, instruct his Mind

With Holy Duties, and you'll quickly find

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The difference that 's between the Stubborness,
The Craft and Fraud of _Heathen_ Principles;
Their inborn Malice, and th' Obedience, 105
Meekness and Honesty of _Christians_.
The Heavenly Shepherd shall increase your Stock,
When every Slave shall help to augment his Flock;
Angels shall guard your Souls, and you receive
Content and Peace of Conscience, whilst you live; 110
Till God at the end of Time shall have prepar'd
The infinite unspeakable Reward.

FINIS.

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The Rats and the Cheese.

If Bees a Government maintain,
Why may not Rats, of stronger Brain
And greater Pow'r, as well be thought
By Machiavilian Axioms taught?
And so they are, for thus of late 5
It happen'd in the Rat's free State.
 Their Prince (His Subjects more to please)
Had got a mighty Cheshire Cheese,
In which his Ministers of State
Might live in Plenty and grow Great. 10
 A pow'rful Party strait combin'd,
And their united Forces join'd
To bring their Measures into Play,
For none so Loyal were as they;
And were such Patriots in support, 15
As well the Country as the Court.
No sooner were these Dons admitted,
But (all those wond'rous Virtues quitted)
Regardless of their Prince, and those
They artfully led by the Nose, 20
They all the speediest Means devise
To raise themselves and Families.

The Rats and the Cheese. Printed without introduction or signature in The Weekly Journal or Saturday's Post for 7 December, 1717.

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  Another Party well observing
These pamper'd were, while they were starving,
Their Ministry brought in Disgrace, 25
Expell'd them, and supply'd their Place;
These on just Principles were known
The true Supporters of the Throne,
And for the Subject's Liberty
They'd (marry wou'd they) freely Die; 30
But being well fix'd in their Station,
Regardless of their Prince and Nation,
Just like the others, all their Skill,
Was how they might their Paunches fill.
  On this, a Rat not quite so blind 35
In State-Intrigues as Humankind,
But of more Honour, thus reply'd;
Confound ye all on either Side,
Your Politicks are but a Farce,
And your fine Vertues all mine A--- 40
All your Contentions are but these,
Whose Arts shall best secure the Cheese.

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The Wolves and the Shepherd.

The Wolves by long Experience having found
Defeats incessant from a neighb'ring Ground,
Where num'rous Flocks of Sheep (secur'd from Dread
By Faithful Dogs) in Peace and Plenty fed;
They call a Council, prudently to try, 5
If Cunning might, where Nature fail'd, supply:
At length it was resolved that those whose Art
Cou'd please the Ear, and captivate the Heart,
With Sophistry the Shepherd shou'd Address,
And Friendship's Sacred Influence confess, 10
'Till an Ascendant o'er his Heart they gain'd,
And he had plac'd a Faith in all they feign'd.
  Th' elected to his Cottage fly with Speed,
And (their Obeisance made) they thus proceed:
We with profoundest Duty come to shew 15
Our Lives and Fortunes (to your service due)
Are ready Sacrifices at your Nod,
Since Heav'n has plac'd you here our earthly God:
Tho' some of our own Kind, we're forc'd to own,
Their cruel Natures to their Flocks have shown, 20
(And what Societies were ever seen
In which some miscreant Villains have not been;)

The Wolves and the Shepherd. Printed without introduction or signature in The Weekly Journal or Saturday's Post for 18 January, 1718.

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Yet we abhor their Deeds, and rather crave
Your Service than the Liberty we have:
And if you'll put your lazy Curs away, 25
We'll better Duty do for half their Pay,
Being more subtle, strong and swift than they.

Or if you're to Despotick Sway inclin'd,
We'll fully satiate your ambitious Mind,
Such Troops of Wolves we'll raise you to support 30
The Avarice and Lux'ry of your Court,
That you may tax the Wool of all the Swains,
On Pain of making desolate their Plains.

The Shepherd, pleas'd to have such pow'rful Friends,
But most for serving his ambitious Ends, 35
His faithful Dogs dismisses with Disgrace,
And calls the treach'rous Wolves to fill their Place.
No sooner were his honest Guards discharg'd,
But th' other (uncontroul'd) their Pow'r enlarge,
The Shepherd sei[z']d, and's Royal Threats deride, 40
And then among themselves the Sheep divide.

If we're deceiv'd by those we false have known,
The first Fault 's theirs, the last will be our own.

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On HOMER.

OH thou! whose Works thro' all-devouring Time
Still last, and flourish with immortal Bloom;
Who Heroes, and auxiliary Gods
So nobly singst; who shall attempt thy Praise?
And, in a Stile so variously great 5
As thine, declare the Wonders of thy Muse?
Thy Muse alone can tell thy wond'rous Worth,
And what thou truly, and compleatly art
Can be but found in thee: Thy glorious Strain
Attracts all Eyes, engages ev'ry Mind; 10
High as the Heavens, profound as Ocean's Womb,
Or Earth's dark Entrails, where illustrious Gemms
And Gold reside, magnificently low;
Rich as a choice collected Mass of these;
Pompous as Persia's most luxurious Kings, 15

"On HOMER." Printed in The Weekly Journal or Saturday's Post for 3 December, 1720, preceded by the following letter:

"Sir,

I would by no Means detract from the just Desert of any one, and in Conscience believe Mr. Pope as well qualified to translate Homer, as any of the Beau Poets in these Times; but, with the Pardon of most of our gay Judges, am perswaded that an Author so great and admirable must necessarily be used too slightly and disregardfully that Way, by any Undertaker now living, and shou'd not (in the Severity of my Opinion) be rashly and presumptuously ventured on.

"It is therefore attempted here, to set his Character in a true Light, by which all reasonable Men may judge of the Validity of this Assertion; and if you suppose it may at all conduce to the giving some a solid and just Notion of Things, in the Publication of it, you will oblige

Your humble Servant,

B.M."

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Or Persia's, and the World's imperial Lord
In his accumulated Grandeur; loud
As Thunder, easy as the Bands of Sleep,
Fair as Earth's Surface, or the circling Skies
Unsoil'd by any sullen Cloud; and strong 20
As raging Storms, rending the furrow'd Main;
Bold as thy Heroes with coelestial Aid,
Or he whose Courage quell'd opposing Gods,
And forc'd the sham'd Immortals to the Skies;
Smooth as the Surface of the glassy Font, 25
That in the Shelter of the Sylvan Shade
Serenely dwells (unblemish'd and secure
From broken Boughs, Flocks, Herds, and ruffling Winds)
Often as that sedate, and ever clear;
Gay as the Spring, harmonious as its Choir, 30
When all the Winds obsequiously retire;
When ev'ry Note is eccho'd by the Vales,
And joyn'd in Consort by the purling Streams;
As Zephyrs soft, keen as a Northern Gale;
Sweet as th' Ambrosian Dew, that Nature's Hand 35
Press'd from the balmy Trees, in Golden Times;
Like Fires (that darted from the Hand of Jove
Flash thro' the Gloom) astonishingly bright;
Gentle, yet prevalent as Beauty's Charms,
And curious as the choicest Works of Art; 40

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Diverse, yet regular as Nature's Pow'r

Shewn in the Structure of the Universe,

And almost of as durable a Frame.

An ODE
<u>On</u> <u>HORACE</u>.

I.

Daughter of Jove! awake thy Lyre,

And Voice in Consort raise;

A worthy Theam does now thy Aid require,

Lo! the judicious Horace claims thy Praise.

2.

Oh! how vivacious is his Strain!

How elegant and pure!

His Works like brazen Monuments remain,

Against th' assailing Ills of Time secure.

3.

If Wine or Women's Charms he sings,

Or does severely smile

"An ODE <u>ON</u> <u>HORACE</u>." Printed in <u>The Weekly Journal or Saturday's Post</u> on 17 December, 1720, with the following letter:

"Sir,

The Character of Homer, which you did me the Favour to insert, in one of your Journals, has induced me to trouble you with another of a resembling Kind, which, if you think fit to communicate to the Publick, you will add to the Obligation already received by

Your humble Servant,

B.M."

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In scornful Satire, or familiar Things

Declares, well-suited are his Thoughts and Style.

4.

He Men and Manners greatly knew,

    Each Sex, and every Age;

All Things with Life and Force he justly drew,

And was in One, a Courtier, Wit, and Sage.

5.

He rules the Mind by various Ways,

    Both profits and delights;

And more compleatly to deserve our Praise,

Entirely acts the Precepts which he writes.

6.

Nature and Art, that seldom Meet,

    Or jar in most beside;

Each other here in full Perfection greet,

And with united Harmony reside.

7.

So Venus and the Graces join

    A finish'd Form and Mind,

When they some choice and wond'rous She design,

To triumph o'er the Breasts of human Kind.

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The OAK and the MYRTLE.

On a wild Heath long stood a sturdy Oak,
Expos'd to raging Winds and Thunder's Stroke;
Much Damage this from adverse Skies had borne,
Its Verdure blasted, and its Branches torne;
Yet was it not by Ills so much consum'd, 5
But that in Part it flourish'd still, and bloom'd.

Here chearful Birds a kind Reception found,
Diffusing hence a choice harmonious Sound;
Here grazing Cattle often, Tempest-driven,
Had Shelter from th' Inclemency of Heav'n; 10
And here cou'd resting Passengers allay
Their Journey's Toil, and Rigour of the Day.

Hard by a Myrtle, pleasing to the View,
Arose, and quickly to Perfection grew
This feeble Plant, in Youth's and Beauty's Pride, 15
(As yet by any adverse Ills untry'd)
It self regarding, scorn'd the gen'rous Oak,
And pertly thus, and arrogantly spoke.

"The OAK and the MYRTLE." Printed in The Weekly Journal or Saturday's Post on 11 February, 1721, with the following note:
"SIR,
Be pleased in one of your Papers to allow a Place to the following Piece, from
Your humble Servant,
B.M."

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'Art thou, whom Mortals style the Choice of Jove!
'Grace of the Plain! and Monarch of the Grove! 2 0
'How art thou, falsely-venerable Tree!
'In sweet and blooming Grace surpass'd by Me!
'When Men (thus prone to gross Mistakes) compare
'Our Glories, as they here apparent are,
'Thy long-held Honour thou shall'st soon resign, 25
'And all thy vast Preheminence be mine.

Thus the low gaudy Shrub, elate with Pride,
Presum'd, and thus the Reverend Oak reply'd.

'What Good can any of the living Kind,
'What Use of thee, thou poor Pretender! find? 30
'Thou can'st, at most, but yield a vain Delight,
'But slightly gratify the Smell and Sight;
'Thy blooming Grace, that is regarded most,
'And where is plac'd thy Confidence and Boast;
'How soon wou'd that, and how intirely fly 35
'The boist'rous Horror of a Winter's Sky
'Nor cou'd by thee thy Glory be secur'd,
'At one of all those Ills that I've endur'd.

The MORAL.

Who Reasons or themselves but slightly know,
Suppose all Value is compriz'd in Show; 40

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But real Worth is prov'd and justify'd,

In being fully and severely try'd;

Worst Judges of themselves, of others too,

Are they who never Opposition knew.

On OVID.

NASO! thou Lover's chief Delight and Care!

Glory of Wit! and Darling of the Fair!

Oh! how inticing is thy Native Grace!

Where no affected Art usurps a Place;

Thus real Beauty can infuse Desire, 5

Without th' assisting Pomp of vain Attire.

So lovely you appear, so form'd to please,

Such Life, engaging Harmony and Ease,

Dwell in thy Lines, ---- such Ravishment we find 10

Sure all the Pow'rs of Love and Wit combin'd

Their Aid with thee, to recreate Mankind.

"On OVID." Printed in The Weekly Journal or Saturday's Post on 18 February, 1721, and introduced by the following letter:

"Sir,

Having formerly attempted the Character of Homer and Horace, in Deference to the Curious and the Learned, I have now, in Regard to the Fair and Young, endeavoured at the Resemblance of their Darling Author, which be pleased to insert in your Journal, according to the usual Favour with which you have obliged

Your Humble Servant,

B.M."

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With gentle soothing Tales our Ears you greet,
In Words as soft as Down, as Honey sweet;
And though thy (ne'er unentertaining) Song 15
Is often copious, who can think it long?

So Philomel (the Grove's harmonious Queen)
Repeats her Airs within the Sylvan Scene,
While Eccho joins in the delicious Moan;
And with her Sorrow charm'd, suspends her own; 20
E'en she her self on her own Musick doats,
And warbles o'er and o'er her pleasing Notes;;
Sleep cannot o'er her watchful Eyes prevail,
But all the Night she lengthens out her Tale.

An Essay on Description in Poetry.

Poetry is said to be the Sister-Art of Painting, bearing a near Likeness to it, but in nothing more nearly resembling it, than Description. Description is the very essential Beauty of Poetry, by which (if rightly manag'd) it charms us more than it seems capable of any other way.

An Essay on Description in Poetry. Printed in the St. James's Journal on 20 April, 1723, and introduced by the following brief note:
"SIR,
Be pleas'd to give the following Piece a place in your Journal, and you will oblige,
SIR,
Your Humble Servant unknown,
B.M."

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In Description, we ought to make our Images so just and lively, that the Reader may have as clear a View of things in his Mind, as if they were actually present to his Eyes; and by the Dignity of the Expression, have his Mind as much exalted, as entertain'd: by which means, as well as by several others, Poetry has considerably the Advantage of Painting, and is, without Partiality, the far more illustrious Sister of the two.

The curious and polite Virgil, with his exquisite Knowledge of Numbers and Language, no where more manifestly reveals his Excellence than here: He has the Happiness, not only in his Air and Manner, but the very Sound of his Words, to give a perfect Resemblance of what he describes, varying them ever, and still closely pursuing Nature, as occasion requires.

Yet Homer exceeds him, and all Mankind, in the Life and Force of his Images; nor is, I think, inferior to any in his Manner of Expression: I am not asham'd to own I had him chiefly in view in the following Description; for methinks 'tis a sort of Virtue to copy after the noblest Patterns, howmuchsoever we are inferior to them in our Performance.

A Description of a Rouz'd Lion.

In the large Bounds of Maeros' burning Plains
Where the stern Monarch of the Desart reigns;
The stately Brute enjoys a calm Repose,
But, lo! disturb'd by his audacious Foes.
A sudden and disorder'd Change appears,

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Rouz'd up by Wrath, his low'ring Front he rears;
His Sides he scourges, grimly stares around,
He rends Heaven's Roof with harsh and horrid Sound,
And crushes with his Feet the trembling Ground.
His Claws unsheath'd, he rushes to the Fight, 10
And seems a Torrent in his Rage and Might:
The Place dire Marks of wild Confusion wears,
They gore his Sides, Numbers of them he tears.
At length his Enemies retreat distress'd,
And tho not vanquish'd, yet with Toil oppress'd, 15
He too withdraws, and sinks again to rest.

[Ille humilis, supplexque, &c.]

The following is a small Translation from the Conclusion of Virgil's Aeneis; viz. The Death of Turnus.

Here are two Niceties, both which the celebrated Dryden seems to have overlook'd: One is, when Turnus begs his Life of Aeneas, he would appear to do it, not thro' the fear of dying, so much as for the sake of the Concern his Death must necessarily create in his Parent. This is an insinuating Means to touch the Heart of his

[Ille humilis, supplexque, &c.] Printed in the St. James's Journal on 11 May, 1723, preceded by the following note:

"SIR,

Pursuant to the Favour you lately did me, be pleased to give the following Piece a Place in your Journal; from,

SIR,

Your Humble Servant,

B.M."

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Conqueror (remarkable for Filial Love) as well as to secure himself from the Imputation of too much Dastardliness of Spirit: But _Dryden_, by not carefully enough observing the Words, has not made the Meaning so plain as 'tis reasonable to be supposed _Virgil_ intended it.

The other is, when _Aeneas_ discovers upon _Turnus_ the Belt that formerly belong'd to _Pallas_; falling into sudden Rage, he speaks to him imperfectly, or abruptly, which is very natural in this Case: But _Dryden_, I think, has not quite so closely follow'd Nature, or his Author here, as he should have done.

I hope none will tax me with Arrogance, for presuming to believe I have done _Virgil_ more right than he, for there is vast Difference betwixt translating an Author intirely, and being hurry'd in the Performance; and the chusing a small Fragment only, and having sufficient Leisure to employ all the necessary care about it.

Ille humilis, supplexque, &c.

Humbly, his supplicating Hands and Eyes
Upraising, Rightfull is my Doom, he cries;
Enjoy th' Advantage Fortune thus bestows:
If thy relenting Breast Compassion knows;
If aged Parents Woe can touch thy Mind, 5
I crave, let _Daunus_ thy Compassion find,
Such thy _Anchises_ was! or give to mine
My Corps; if you more to my Death incline:
Me thus imploring now th' _Ausonians_ view;
I own the Conquest thine, _Lavinia_ too. 10

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Here cease thy Hate ---- Stern did _Aeneas_ stand,
Rolling his Eyes, and stopp'd his ready Hand;
Now more, and more, of yielding Pity felt,
Mov'd by his Words, when that unhappy Belt
Which _Turnus_ from the youthful _Pallas_ tore 15
With conqu'ring Might, and now in Triumph wore,
(With well-known Studds of burnish'd Gold supply'd)
Plac'd on his lofty Shoulder, he descry'd:
After this Prize did from his Looks engage
Fierce Signs of Grief, now terrible with Rage: 20
Hence --- with the Spoils of Mine invested -- You!
To sue for Grace to me --- With Vengeance due,
This Wound 'tis _Pallas_! slaughter'd _Pallas_! makes,
And on thy impious Blood Chastisement takes.
His Arm, advancing at the latest Word, 25
Drove, in his adverse Breast, the threat'ning Sword;
His Limbs unbrace with Cold, he groaning dies,
And to the Shades his Soul, with Indignation, flies.

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EXPLANATORY NOTES

P. 3. In Authorem: cf. Introduction, pp. vi-vii.

P. 6. The Pamphleteers. The death of William III on 8 March, 1702, ended the career of one of the most unjustly maligned kings in England's history. As a saviour of the country from Popish domination he had been welcomed in 1688 with frenzied acclamation; but when the first wave of gratitude had ebbed, his reticence and apparent coldness gradually aroused all of the English insularity of feeling against an encroacher. The Jacobites naturally regarded him as a villainous usurper; the Tories disliked him for his openly-revealed Whiggism; the High Churchmen were suspicious of his Presbyterianism; and another considerable body in the kingdom, neither Jacobite nor Tory, opposed his measures simply because he was a foreigner and because they had always been accustomed to oppose the Court.

Ll. 9-10. Cf. Mandeville's fable, "The Lyon grown old," p. 99

L. 13. James II and his queen, Mary of Modena.

P. 7, l. 23. The shift in person may possibly reflect the unconscious attitude of Mandeville as a recent settler in England.

L. 33. William sailed from Helvoetsluys on 19 October, 1688, but was driven back by a storm.

L. 35. One vessel and no men were lost, according to Macaulay, II, 428. Without going ashore, William sailed again on 1 November and landed at Torbay on the historic fifth of the month.

P. 8, l. 53. The intensity of the Tories' hatred of William reached an almost incredible pitch upon his death. Toasts were drunk "to the Horse's Health that threw him down" and to "the little black gentleman" which had made the hole into which Sorrel stepped. Cf. "The Mock-Mourners" and "On S[orre]l," Poems on Affairs of State, I, 291, 323. See also Oldmixon, II, 262.

P. 9, l. 78. In the address of the House of Commons to Queen Anne in November, 1702, the members congratulated her on the success of her armies which, "under the Conduct of the Earl of Marlborough, have signally RETRIEV'D the ancient Honour of this Nation" (Oldmixon, II, 294). A heated debate ensued over the word "retriev'd," the Whig members voting to substitute the word "maintained"; but on a division the word was retained. Walsh's poem, "The Golden Age Restor'd" (Poems on Affairs of State, II, 423), ironically refers to the issue in the following terms:

> Now all our Factions, all our Fears shall cease,
> And Tories rule the promis'd Land in Peace.
> Malice shall die, and noxious Poisons fail,
> H[arle]y shall cease to trick, and S[eymo]ur cease to rail:
> The Lambs shall with the Lions walk unhurt,
> And H[alifa]x with H[owe] meet civilly at Court.

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Viceroys, like Providence, with distant Care,
Shall govern Kingdoms where they ne'er appear:
Pacific Admirals, to save the Fleet,
Shall fly from Conquest, and shall Conquest meet:
Commanders shall be prais'd at William's Cost,
And Honour be retriev'd before 'tis lost.

L. 81. The English forces under William routed the Irish and French, commanded by Tyrconnel, at the River Boyne in Ireland on 1 July, 1690. Namur fell before William's army on 23 July, 1695. In both of these engagements the king distinguished himself by his personal bravery.

L. 83. After a five-day running battle terminating in the Bay of La Hogue on 24 May, 1692, the English fleet commanded by Admiral Russel burned sixteen French men-o'-war.

L. 87. Cf. The Virgin Unmask'd, pp. 128-129: Courage "in a great Officer...is look'd upon as the least of his Qualifications; but to tell a General, one that commands an Army, that he has Courage, is a very insipid Compliment; the Reason is, because, to make up a good one, a great many other Accomplishments are requir'd, more valuable than Courage....If it be unwise in a General to run the Danger of a Captain, or a Colonel, would it not be foolish in him to be expos'd at all?"

P. 10, l. 96. William's grant of large Irish estates to his Dutch favourites, especially to Lord Woodstock (son of the Earl of Portland) and to the Earl of Albemarle, was a bone of contention in Parliament from 1698 through 1703. In the Succession Act of 1701 the Tory power was able to push through a clause forbidding persons of foreign birth, even though naturalized, from holding grants of land, or from being admitted to Parliament, to the Privy Council, and to civil and military office.

P. 11, l. 130. St. Germain was the French home of the abdicated king and his family. The allusion is to the Pretender, since James II died on 16 December, 1701.

P. 13, ll. 167 ff. Note the technical similarity of these lines to "Wishes to a Godson."

P. 14, ll. 187-188. Cf. The Grumbling Hive, ll. 204-209.

P. 16, l. 17. Aesop Dress'd. In the preface to The Virgin Unmask'd Mandeville also ridicules the use of Latin by ignorant authors.

P. 17, ll. 5-7. According to Uhlemayr (op. cit., p. 10), the tone of Mandeville's reference to La Fontaine intimates that the French poet had no following in England at that time.

Ll. 9-10. "The Carp" and "The Nightingale and Owl."

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P. 18. "The Two Dragons": La Fontaine, Liv. I, Fable xii (Regnier, I, 94).

P. 19. "The Wolf and Dog": La Fontaine, Liv. I, Fable v (Regnier, I, 70).

P. 20, l. 10. Stand buff: cf. p. 66, l. 22.

L. 27. hagged: lean, gaunt. In L'Estrange's version of the same fable the wolf is described as "a Hagged Carrion of a Wolfe" (ed. 1694, p. 66).

P. 22. "The Frog": La Fontaine, Liv. I, Fable iii (Regnier, I, 65).

P. 23, lL. 13-26. Expanded from La Fontaine:

Le monde est plein de gens qui ne sont pas plus sages:
Tout bourgeois veut bâtir comme les grands seigneurs,
Tout petit prince a des ambassadeurs,
Tout marquis veut avoir des pages.
(Regnier, I, 67).

P. 23. "The Pumkin and Acorn": La Fontaine, Liv. IX, Fable iv (Regnier, II, 374).

P. 25. "The Hands, Feet, and Belly": La Fontaine, Liv. III, Fable ii (Regnier, I, 205). The version of this fable which appeared in The Female Tatler (no. 100) is introduced in the following manner: "Just now I hear 'em cry the Queen's Proclamation, and the Thoughts on Rebellion and Seditious Tumults put me in mind of an admirable Fable to that purpose, which being handsomely told and full of Humour, I shall beg leave to insert." Mandeville probably refers to the general unrest and tumult accompanying the trial of Sacheverell.

P. 29. "The Countryman and the Knight": La Fontaine, Liv. IV, Fable iv (Regnier, I, 276).

P. 30, l. 8. Roman Lettice: the OED gives a quotation from 1706: "Roman Lectuce, the greatest kind of Cabbadge Lectuce."

P. 35. "The Plague among the Beasts": La Fontaine, Liv. VII, Fable i (Regnier, II, 88).

P. 40. "The Grasshopper and Ant": La Fontaine, Liv, I, Fable i (Regnier, I, 56).

Ll. 10-12. Cf. Typhon, ll. 521-526.

P. 41. "The Milk Woman": La Fontaine, Liv. VII, Fable, x (Regnier, II, 145).

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Pp. 42-43, ll. 35-52. The same moral reflection is in La Fontaine.

P. 43. "The Cock, the Cat, and the young Mouse": La Fontaine, Liv. VI, Fable v (Regnier, II, 15).

P. 46. "The Cock and Pearl": La Fontaine, Liv. I, Fable xx (Regnier, I, 118). English tradition apparently demanded that the cock rake in a dunghill. This detail is not in La Fontaine, but it appears in Bullokar's Aesop (1585), in the translation of 1651, in L'Estrange, Dennis, and _Aesop at Tunbridge_. Dennis translated the same fable from La Fontaine. In L'Estrange's version the cock is defended for his apparent stupidity: "He that's Industrious in an Honest Calling, shall never fail of a Blessing. 'Tis the part of a Wise Man to Prefer Things Necessary before Matters of Curiosity, Ornament, or Pleasure" (ed. 1694, p. 1).

P. 47. "The Lyon's Court": La Fontaine, Liv. VII, fable vii (Regnier, II, 127).

P. 48, l. 23. _Amber_: ambergris.

P. 49. "The Drunkard and his Wife": La Fontaine, Liv. III, Fable vii (Regnier, I, 223).

P. 50, l. 16. _Ctesiphone_: Tisiphone, one of the Furies. La Fontaine has _Alecton_, another Fury.

P. 50. "The Carp". This fable bears a slight resemblance to the opening of La Fontaine's "Le Rat et l'Huître" (Regnier, II, 252), but the development of the story is original with Mandeville. When reprinted in _The Female Tatler_ (No. 97) it was introduced with the following comment:

"Thus far was I advanced two Hours ago, when I was interrupted by a Relation who has spent some Years in Travelling, and did not question but he would have furnish'd me with sufficient Matter to finish this Paper; but having found him very empty, I shall, since he has made me lose my Time, present you with a _Fable_ pf English growth, which I think not only applicable to my Kinsman but to all Travellers like himself."

P. 52, l. 49. A reference to the effects of syphilis.

P. 53. "The Nightingale and Owl." Like "The Carp," this poem is original.

P. 54, ll. 21 ff. Note the resemblance to the council of the gods described by Mandeville in "The Speech of Neptune," pp. 160-162.

P. 61, l. 181. The figure of Time was frequently represented by the ancients as a bald old man with a single lock of hair growing from his forehead.

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P. 61. "Council held by the Rats": La Fontaine, Liv. II, Fable ii (Regnier, I, 133).

L. 2. The name Rodilardus was taken by La Fontaine from Rabelais, Book IV, Ch. 67, where Panurge is shown "égratigné des gryphes du celebre Chat Rodilardus" (Regnier, I, 134, n.).

Ll. 9-10. Cf. Typhon, ll. 104-108.

P. 62, l. 23. La Fontaine represents the council as though it were an ecclesiastical meeting; Mandeville's President is le Doyen in the French. It is curious that Mandeville should have omitted this touch.

P. 63, ll. 42-49. Cf. supra, pp. lviii-lix and n.

P. 63, "The Bat and the two Weasels": La Fontaine, Liv. II, Fable v (Regnier, I, 141).

P. 65, ll. 31-34. These lines are Mandeville's adaptation of La Fontaine's allusion to the "trimmers" of the period of the Fronde:

> Plusieurs se sont trouvés qui, d'écharpe changeants,
> Aux dangers, ainsi qu'elle, ont souvent fait la figue.
> Le sage dit, selon les gens:
> "Vive le Roi! vive la ligue!"
> (Regnier, I, 143).

P. 65. "The two Bitches": La Fontaine, Liv. II, Fable vii (Regnier, I, 147).

P. 67. "The Sick Lyon and the Fox": La Fontaine, Liv. VI, Fable xiv (Regnier, II, 44).

P. 68. "The Satyr and the Passenger": La Fontaine, Liv, V, Fable vii (Regnier, I, 385).

L. 6. An allusion to the satyr's goatish anatomy.

P. 70. "The Lyon in Love": La Fontaine, Liv. V, Fable i (Regnier, I, 261).

Ll. 5-6. La Fontaine:

> Pourquoi non? puisque leur engeance
> Valoit la nôtre en ce temps-là,
> Ayant courage, intelligence,
> Et belle hure outre cela.
> (Regnier, I, 264-265).

P. 72. "The Angler and the little Carp": La Fontaine, Liv. V, Fable iii (Regnier, I, 372).

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P. 73, ll. 27-28. La Fontaine:
Un Tiens vaut, ce dit-on mieux que deux Tu l'auras:
L'un est sûr, l'autre ne l'est pas.
(Regnier, I, 374).

P. 74. "The Wolves and the Sheep": La Fontaine, Liv. III, Fable xiii (Regnier, I, 239). The version of this fable which appeared in The Female Tatler (No. 9802) was thus introduced by Lucinda:

"...the Treachery our Garrisons met with at Ghent and Bruges ...made me think on a Fable I had seen in the same Collection from which Artesia had borrow'd her Carp; having sent for the Book, I read to them the following lines." (In July, 1708, the cities of Bruges and Ghent were treacherously conveyed into the hands of the French army. Cf. Trevelyan, II, 355.).

P. 75, i. 39. Louis XIV.

P. 76. "The Wasps and Bees": La Fontaine, Liv. I, Fable xxi (Regnier, I, 120). Mandeville reverses the roles of the wasp and hornets in the French, for there a wasp acts as judge and the hornets are the plaintiffs.

P. 78, ll. 53-55. La Fontaine:
Que des Turcs en cela l'on suivit la methode!
Le simple sens commun nous tiendroit lieu de code.
(Regnier, I, 122).

Chamfort, quoted by Regnier (I, 122, n.), explains the allusion to the Turks: "le juge, appelé Cadi, prend une connaissance succincte de l'affaire, fait donner la bastonnade à celui qui paraît avoir tort, et ce tort se réduit souvent à n'avoir pas donné de l'argent au juge comme a fait son adversaire; puis il renvoie les deux parties."

Pp. 78-79, ll. 60-63. An allusion, also in the French, to the well-known fable which La Fontaine later translated as "L'Huître et les Plaideurs" (Regnier, II, 401).

P. 79. "The Lyon and the Gnat": La Fontaine, Liv. II, Fable ix (Regnier, I, 154).

P. 81, l. 46. Common Shore: originally the "no-man's-land" by the water-side, where filth was deposited for the tide to wash away; used figuratively as a common place of wickedness (OED).

P. 81. "The Woodcleaver and Mercury": La Fontaine, Liv. V, Fable i (Regnier, I, 361).

P. 82. l. 15. Post-Boy: a Tory periodical begun in May, 1695, by Abel Boyer, and issued thrice weekly, as a rival to the Whig Flying Post. The Post-Boy's untruthfulness was frequently scored by Defoe in The Review. The Tavern Hunter (1702) says that the Post-Boy was corrected at the Crown tavern (p. 6):

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And when News is scarce here it's often projected,
For he who for Int'rest pretends to report
How Actions are Canvas'd in Camp, or at Court,
Where Truth's hard to come at, too often supplies
Its place with Conjectures and Probable Lies.

L. 16. Flying Post: See preceding note, and supra, pp. cxcv-cxcvi. The Flying Post was begun in 1695.

L. 28. I Faix: more commonly i'faith.

O. 83, l. 38. Mercury's thievery is described in great detail by Lucian: when an infant he stole Neptune's trident, Ares' sword, Apollo's bow and arrows, Vulcan's fire-tongs, Aphrodite's cestus, and Jupiter's sceptre. Cf. Dialogues of the Gods, translated by Howard Williams (Bohn Library), pp. 15-16.

P. 83. "The Hare and his Ears": La Fontaine, Liv. V, Fable iv (Regnier, I, 375).

P. 85, ll. 30-32. These lines are Mandeville's interpretation of--or variation on--La Fontaine's conclusion:

J'aurai beau protester; mon dire et mes raisons
Iront aux Petites-Maisons.

The Petites-Maisons were an insane asylum in Paris; possibly Mandeville did not understand the allusion.

P. 85. "The Rat and the Frog": La Fontaine, Liv. IV, Fable xi (Regnier, I, 306).

P. 87, l. 57. The law of hospitality?

P. 88. "The Cat and an old Rat": La Fontaine, Liv. III, Fable xviii (Regnier, I, 254).

L. 4. Cf. note on p. 61, l. 2.

P. 89, l. 22. uncomatable: Mandeville uses this coinage again in The Fable of the Bees, I, 95.

P. 92. "The Weasel and the Rat": La Fontaine, Liv. III, Fable xvii (Regnier, I, 250).

L. 24. Crevish: The OED lists crevished as pple. of crevice, but no similar spelling of the substantive.

P. 93. "The Wolf and the Stork": La Fontaine, Liv. III, Fable ix (Regnier, I, 228).

P. 95. "The Frogs asking for a King": La Fontaine, Liv. III, Fable iv (Regnier, I, 213). Cf. supra, p. clvi.

P. 96, l. 45. A Tory protest against the Whig cry for moderation in 1705 bears the title, The Devil upon Dun: or, Moderation in Masquerade.

P. 97. "The Wolf and the Lamb": La Fontaine, Liv, I, Fable x (Regnier, I, 88).

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L. 11. Sink: to imprecate, to swear.

P. 99. "The Lyon grown old": La Fontaine, Liv. III, Fable xiv (Regnier, I, 242). This is one of Mandeville's best fables, though La Fontaine gives the king of beasts more dignity than his translator. After the insults of the bull and bear,

Il attend son destin, sans faire aucunes plaintes,

but upon seeing the ass he cries out:

Ah! c'est trop, lui dit-il; je voulois bien mourir;
Mais c'est mourir deux fois que souffrir tes atteintes.
(Regnier, I, 243).

P. 100. "The two Physicians": La Fontaine, Liv. V, Fable xii (Regnier, I, 402). In La Fontaine the physicians bear the names of Tant-pis and Tant-mieux. Here Mandeville was "on his own ground," so to speak, and considerably expands the brief ten lines of the French poem.

P. 101. "Love and Folly": La Fontaine, Liv. XII, Fable xiv (Regnier, III, 268). Cf. note on another English translation in 1704, supra, p. lxx, n.

L. 16. There is no suggestion of a dice game in La Fontaine.

P. 102, ll. 27-33. Mandeville's picture of the gods and goddesses here is not far removed from his burlesque handling of them in Typhon.

L. 36. snobb'd: sobbed.

P. 103, l. 49. Cf. Leviticus, xxiv, 20.

P. 103. "A She-Goat, a Sheep and a Sow": La Fontaine, Liv. VIII, Fable xii (Regnier, II, 269). Also translated by Dennis in 1692.

P. 104, ll. 13-14. Note the similarity to Dennis's lines (Miscellanies in Prose and Verse, p. 25):

Wonder'd from whence should come his fear,
For they perceiv'd no danger near.

L. 29. Compare Dennis (op. cit., p. 25):

And that grave Booby with the Beard...

This appendage is not mentioned in La Fontaine's version. In general, however, Mandeville is much closer to the French than he is to Dennis.

P. 105. "The Dog and the Ass": La Fontaine, Liv. VIII, Fable xvii (Regnier, II, 299).

P. 106, l. 24. Arcadian Gentleman: "Roussin d'Arcadie," in La Fontaine (II, 300). Regnier explains that "dans l'antiquité les ânes d'Arcadie étaient renommés"(II, 65).

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P. 108. "The Fox and Wolf": La Fontaine, Liv. XI, Fable vi (Regnier, III, 132).

P. 109, ll. 43-46. La Fontaine (111, 135-136):
C'est un fromage exquis: le dieu Faune l'a fait;
La vache Io donna le lait.
Jupiter, s'il étoit malade,
Reprendroit l'appétit en tâtant d'un tel mets.

P. 112. Typhon, "To the Serenissime..." This dedication was quite evidently inspired by Erasmus's Praise of Folly, to which Mandeville refers in ll. 11-12. It deserves to be ranked as the best of Mandeville's facetiae, a composition entirely worthy of Swift.

L. 3. Scarron's dedicatory epistle "À Très-honneste et Très-divertissante Chienne, Dame Guillemette, Petite Lévrete de ma soeur" (Oeuvres, ed. 1717, III, 195-200), prefaced in 1647 to a collection of his verse, is a kind of soliloquy, or confession, in which he talks of his name as a burlesque author, a name which has cost him much. Speculating about the fate of his comedies, he observes: "Quand on n'estime pas beaucoup quelque chose, one dit qu'elle n'est pas bonne à jetter aux Chien. Comme vôtre mérite & vôtre beauté vous mettant au-dessus de ce quolibet, & qu'il n'a pas été fait pour les Chiens de vôtre sorte, aussi je m'en sers seulement pour persuader aux Hommes que je suis peu persuadé du mérite de mes Oeuvres; & encore que vous ne soyez qu'une Bête, j'aime mieux pourtant vous les dédier, qu'à quelque grand Satrape, de qui j'irois troubler le repos." The dedication, on the whole, is, as Morillot says (op. cit., p.54), "un des plus jolis morceaux de prose de Scarron."

Ll. 11-12. Erasmus's Encomium Moriae possibly had considerable influence in the development of Mandeville's ideas about the benefits of luxury. Cf. Kaye's remarks in the Fable, I, cvi-cviii.

P. 113, ll. 3-4. "At sapientia timidulos reddit, ideoque vulgo videtis, sapientibus istis cum paupertate, cum fame, cum fumo, rem esse, neglectos, inglorios, invisos vivere: stultos affluere nummis, admoveri Reipublicae gubernaculis, breviter, florere modis omnibus" (Erasums, Encomium Moriae, ed. 1872, p. 382).

P. 115, l. 2. like chopt Hay: perhaps a popular expression of the time. Mandeville uses it again in Fable, I, 151; and it occurs earlier in Walter Pope's Moral and Political Fables (1698), p. 95.

L. 9. Farquhar, The Inconstant, I, i:
"Dugard. Marriage! young Mirabel Marry! he'll build Churches sooner" (Works, ed. Stonehill, I, 227).

L. 15. Mazarines: the OED cites Phillips, 1706: "Mazarines, a kind of little Dishes to be set in the middle of a large Dish for the setting out of Ragoos, or Fricassies; also a sort of small Tarts fill'd with sweet-meats."

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L. 18. Allusions to the current mania for chinaware are plentiful in the literature of the late seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries. Evelyn mentions china on 19 March, 1652, as a "curiosity," but that condition did not last long. _Cf._ B. S. Allen, _Tides of English Taste_, I, Chaps. IX-X; Swift, _Journal to Stella_, 26 October, 1710; Addison, _The Lover_, for 18 March, 1714; _Historical Mss. Commission, Rutland, Mss._, II, 165; Ashton, _Social Life in the Reign of Queen Anne_, p. 57. In his _Tour through England and Wales_ Defoe ascribes the vogue to Queen Mary: "The queen brought in the custom or humour, as I may call it, of furnishing houses with china-ware, which increased to a strange degree afterwards, piling their china upon the tops of cabinets, scrutores, and every chymney-piece, to the tops of their ceilings, and even setting up shelves for their china-ware" (Everyman ed., I, 166).

L. 20. Mandeville is making little attempt to be exact in his listing, for in Scarron none of the gods becomes a bear or a bee, though Mercury becomes a stork:

> Jupiter se faisant Belier,
> Lui fit un tour de son métier.
> Sa femme Junon devint Vache,
> Neptune un Lévrier d'attache,
> Mome Singe, Apollon Corbeau,
> Bachus un bouc, Vulcain un Veau,
> Pan un Rat, Venus une Chévre,
> Le Dieu Mars en grand vilain Liévre,
> Diane femme d'un Marcou,
> Mercure Cigogne au long cou.
> (Scarron, _Typhon_, ed. 1717, IV, 42)

P. 117, l. 5. The weakness of the _Aeneid_'s hero in giving way to tears apparently troubled numerous admirers of Virgil's poem and of Virgil's hero. In his _Dedication of the Aeneis_, Dryden carefully examines this blemish on Aeneas's heroic nature and brings him off with flying colours (_cf._ _Essays_, ed. Ker, II, 183-186).

L. 6. _Cf._ Phillips's _Maronides_ (1672), p. 6:

> "Yet on my Back I bare Anchises,
> My Father, or the World a ly sayes."

Ll. 7-10. _Cf._ the introduction, _supra_ pp. cxlix-cl.

Ll. 11-16. Ulysses.

P. 118, ll. 29-36. Compare the lines in Scarron:

> Je chante l'horrible Typhon,
> Au nez crochu comme un Griffon,
> A qui cent bras longs comme Gaules
> Sortoient de deux seules épaules,
> Entre lesquelles on voyoit
> Teste qui le monde effrayoit,
> Teste que n'étoit pas à peindre,
> Mais teste à redouter & craindre.
> (_Oeuvres_, IV, 3).

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P. 119, l. 68. At Luzzara, a small town in northern Italy, the forces of the Duc de Vendome and of Prince Eugene of Savoy fought a bitter but inconclusive battle on 15 August, 1702.

P. 120, l. 85. Scarron:
Un Dimanche bon jour bon oeuvre.

P. 122, l. 140. David Ogg quotes from The Compleat Gamester (1680) the observation that the game of nine-pins was "a school of wrangling" in which men, "after contorting their bodies into extraordinary shapes, argued themselves hoarse over a hairsbreadth" (England in the Reign of Charles II, I, 106).

P. 126, l. 240. This theory of sacrifices was apparently a convention of the burlesque authors. Cf. Mandeville's later comment, ll. 995-996. Scudamore refers to the Greek sacrifices to Apollo:

A hundred bulls and goates with halters,
Whose steam went up with such a smoake,
As if it would Apollo choake.
(Homer a la Mode, 1664, p. 38)

P. 127, l. 255. Mercury's employment as a house-maid is not in Scarron. Probably Mandeville drew the details from Lucian's Dialogues of the Gods (XXIV), in which Mercury complains to his mother: "As soon as I am up at daybreak, I have to sweep out our banqueting-hall, and after carefully arranging the couches, and putting each particular thing in order, I have to take my place at the side of Zeus, and carry about in all directions the messages I receive from him, running up and down the whole day like a courier" (translated by Harold Williams, Bohn edition, p. 54). Cf. previous note on p. 83, l. 38.

P. 128, l. 270. Closely following in popularity the burlesque device of gluttonous feasting is noisy sleeping. In Cotton, Aeneas and his fellows, after arriving on the Carthaginian shores, first eat and drink, and then rest:

Asleep they lie snorting and snoring
With such a noyse, as made the shoar ring.
(Scarronides, 1664, p. 38)

Similarly, in Scudamore's poem, the Greeks eat and drink and then:

...ev'ry one i'th' barge did snort,
They lay like pigs spewing and yawning
At one another, till day dawning.
(Homer a la Mode, 1664, p. 55)

L. 285. To drive hogs still exists in some parts of this country as a metaphor for snoring. Rumfort no doubt is Romford, a town in Essex, about twelve miles northeast of London.

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P. 129, l. 304. drunk as David's Sow:, "a common saying, which took its rise from the following circumstances: One David Lloyd, a Welchman, who kept an alehouse at Hereford, had a living sow with six legs, which was greatly resorted to by the curious; he had also a wife much addicted to drunkenness, for which he used sometimes to give her due correction. One day David's wife having taken a cup too much, and being fearful of the consequences, turned out the sow, and lay down to sleep herself sober in the stye. A company coming in to see the sow, David ushered them into the stye, exclaimed, There is a sow for you! did any of you ever see such another? all the while supposing the sow had really been there; to which some of the company, seeing the state the woman was in, replied, it was the drunkenest sow they had ever beheld; whence the woman was ever after called David's sow" (Francis Grose, A Classical Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue, ed. Partridge, p. 118). The editor of Grose says that the expression occurs in Ray's Proverbs, 1678.

P. 131, ll. 353-360. An allusion--not in Scarron--to the famous Cartesian theory of vortices which still held its supremacy in many minds in 1704 as an explanation of the creation, shape, and movements of the heavenly bodies. Descartes's physics was based on a theory of the continuous motion of the particles making up the universe. As the motion of these bodies was diverse, their constant impingement on one another produced a host of separate eddying motions. In each of these vortices the larger particles were driven to the circumference by centrifugal force, and the smaller and more elemental particles--or Mandeville's materiae primi elementi---collected at the centre of the vortex as a dense whirling mass. Thus a fixed star was formed, with its firmament or atmosphere of radiating, heavier second matter. By friction in the second matter a fine dust was created which collected on the surface of the central star, thus causing what are known as sun spots. Sometimes this third matter became so thick as to slow the motion of the star below that of environing vortices. When that occurred, the fixed star might be caught up in the whirl of a neighbour. If the velocity of the star were greater than the motion of that part of the vortex into which it passed, it would continue to move from vortex to vortex as a comet, until finally it entered a vortex whose motion was equivalent to the velocity of the comet. In that case it became a planet or a satellite of the star in whose vortex it then moved. Cf. Descartes's Principia, III, secs. 54, 60, 65, 94, 115-119, 126-127.

The "breaking" of the vortex, to which Jove refers in the poem, is merely the sudden transformation of a dying star into a comet by its being caught up into a neighbouring vortex.

L. 363. clever: used frequently in the latter seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries in the sense of adroit, dexterous. The OED refers to the London Gazette, 1703: "Giles Willis, a Gloucestershire Man...clever in Bulk, who lately was a Drayman in this Town." Another quotation, from 1694, is to the effect that swordsmen often "wear plates of leed betwixt...the soles of their ordinary walking shoes, that so they may feel themselves as it were lighter, and cleevrer [sic], when they put on their light dancing shoes." The word is still in dialectal use to mean "nimble and light in movement."

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P. 132, l. 379. Shaftsb'ry: "a Gallon-pot full of Wine, with a Cock" (OED). In The Tavern Hunter, 1702, (p. 13), the drinkers visit the Fountain tavern, and there

At last Monteths, and the Glasses we spy'd,
And Pottle-pot Shaftbury tap'd in the side.

P. 133, l. 395. Scarron's Jove,
Jure deux fois par l'Alcoran,
(C'étoit son serment ordinaire).

Ll. 409. Among the most famous exploits of Bacchus were his subjection of India, his defeat of the Amazons, and his encounter with the Tyrrhenian pirates whom he metamorphosed into dolphins.

L. 412. The "hostile bottom" in this instance is apparently Bacchus himself; Mandeville, however, is thinking of assaults in general, and "bottoms" could refer either to ships, commonly called "bottoms," or to valleys, also sometimes called "bottoms."

P. 134, ll. 425-426. Scudamore also uses the "Vulcan"- "full can" rhyme (Homer a la Mode, p. 67).

P. 139, ll. 547-552. An earlier reference to Homer's reuse of "the same ends of Verses" occurs in the anonymous preface to Waller's posthumous poems in 1690; the writer (whom Edmund Gosse believes to be Francis Atterbury) remarks that in the prologue and epilogue to Waller's The Play is Alter'd, "There are a few verses that he has made use of upon another occasion. But the reader may be pleased to allow that in him, that has been allowed so long in Homer and Lucretius. Exact writers dress up their thoughts so well always, that when they have need of the same sense, they can't put it into other words, but that it must be to its prejudice" (Gosse, From Shakespeare to Pope, p. 283).

P. 141, ll. 589-592. "Putting a cold iron bar upon the barrels, to preserve the beer from being soured by thunder...is particularly practiced in Kent and Hertfordshire" (W.C.Hazlitt, Faiths and Folklore, I, 38).

P. 142, l. 610. Scarron:
Et son Bâton entortillé
De deux Serpens, ou deux Anguilles.
(Oeuvres, IV, 12).

L. 612. Mercury used his caduceus to guide the dead souls into Hades; this it is associated with death itself:
Tum virgam capit; hac animas ille evocat Orco
Pallentis, alius sub Tartara tristia mittit,
Dat somnos adimitque et lumina morte resignat,
(Aeneid, IV, 242-244)

sound as Roaches: usually means as healthy as a roach, i.e., as a small freshwater fish which bears that name and which is remarkable for its tenacity of life. The OED derives the expression from the

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French, sain comme un roche. Mandeville's usage is clearly a case of analogy whereby the idea of sleeping soundly is illustrated by a phrase ordinarily meaning to be of sound health. The expression occurs in Shadwell's Sullen Lovers (V, iii), in Tom Brown's Amusements (ed. Hayward, p. 68), and in Ward's Hudibras Redivivus (Vol. II, Part I, Canto I, p. 10), but always with the meaning of "sound health."

P. 143, l. 636. The best contemporary description of conditions in Bridewell, the famous house of correction, is given in Ward's London Spy (ed. Hayward, pp. 106-109). A German visitor in 1710 comments briefly upon the scene: "Below were prostitutes beating flax with hammers; they were very bold and made us give them some shillings for brandy. Manufacturers of pins, of plush and velvet, damask, curtains, ribbons, silk pockethandkerchiefs" (Mayor, Cambridge under Queen Anne, p. 356).

Ll. 643-644. Cf. Swift, Tale of a Tub, published also in 1704: "For night being the universal mother of things, wise philosophers hold all writings to be fruitful, in the proportion they are dark; and therefore, the true illuminated (that is to say, the darkest of all) have met with such numberless commentators, whose scholastic midwifery hath delivered them of meanings, that the authors themselves perhaps never conceived" (Works, ed. Scott, X, 169).

P. 144, l. 679. According to Henri Misson, who travelled in England during the early years of the eighteenth century, "Tobacco is very much used in England. The very Women take it in Abundance, particularly in the Western Counties" (quoted in Ashton, Social Life in the Reign of Queen Anne, p. 157). Beau Nash, whose rule at Bath began about 1704, forbade all smoking in the public rooms at the spa because it was disrespectful and unpleasing to the ladies. Consequently Misson's remark probably would not apply to the upper classes. That fact would be in keeping, of course, with Mandeville's intent of burlesquing Juno.

P. 148, l. 762. Legate a Latere: a Papal legate of the highest class, whose acts are generally regarded as virtually those of the Pope himself.

P. 150, ll, 813-814: An allusion probably to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, organized in 1699.

L. 818. In 1690, says Burnet (II, 61), "the Irish formed themselves into many bodies, which by a new name, were called Rappareess: These knowing all Ways, and the Boggs, and other Places of Retreat in Ireland, and being favoured by the Irish, that had submitted to the King James, robbed and burnt Houses in many places of the Country." Cf. also Macaulay, IV, 174-175.

L. 823. Coram: used mistakenly, no doubt, for Quorum (cf. OED, coram). A Justice of the Quorum was necessary to make up a bench.

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P. 151, ll. 840-841. The virtual exclusion of French glass during the wars influenced its manufacture in England, and it "had been brought in a short time, to perfection." The repeal of a tax on glass, in 1699, "was followed by a prodigious development of the trade" (Dowell, History of Taxation, II, 56). On 20 July, 1703, a group of men who described themselves as exercising "the art and trade of grinding, cutting, polishing, scolloping, engraving, silvering and working of all sorts of looking glasses and coach glass" petitioned the House of Commons for protection from unskilled workers, and asserted that they had improved their trade so much during the past fifteen years that they surpassed the Venetian and French work (Cal. State Papers, Domestic, 1703-1704, p. 362).

P. 152, ll. 866-874. Cf. Hudibras Redivivus (ed. 1708, I, 22-23):

> For Gesture is the Life and Glory
> Of Nonsense preach'd for Oratory:
> Like Fidlers, they must keep their Time,
> As sure as Poets do their Rime.
> Tone, Words, and Actions must agree,
> Or else they spoil their Harmony.

L. 875. Kinnels: gutters. Cf. Gay's Trivia, l. 524.

P. 154, l. 920. stock: apparently used in the sense of confidence, or arrogant confidence, as in the phrase "to take stock in," or "upon the stock of." It could, of course, mean ancestry, pedigree.

Ll. 921-924. Cf. Erasmus, Encomium Moriae, ed. 1872, p. 310: "Quid enim attinet, reliquorum facta commemorare, quum Iovis ipsius fulminatoris amores ac Iusus probe noritis?"

Ll. 929-932. Cf. Lucian's Dialogues of the Gods, No. XXII, in which Pan insists he is Mercury's son by Penelope. The story occurs in many other places.

P. 157. A description of the Morning: cf. introduction, supra, p. cxlv.

L. 19. Red hair was not admired by the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Achilles, in Scudamore's Homer a la Mode (ed. 1664, p. 25), is ridiculed for his carroty hair. Cf. also "The Red Head and the White" in Choyce Drollery (ed. Ebbsworth, pp. 10-14), a debate in which the merits and demerits of red-heads and blondes are discussed. Paradox No. 43 in John Dunton's Athenian Sport, or Two Thousand Paradoxes (1704), p. 215, opens: "I well know that we live in a Country, where Opinions of the Vulgar are so unreasonable, that Red Hair, a Colour that is an honour to the fairest Heads, is in great contempt." Swift added personal to moral insult by irreverently referring to the Duchess of Somerset as "carrots"

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in a passage implying that her former husband had died from foul play: cf. "The Windsor Prophecy" and "The Author Upon Himself," Works, ed. Scott, XII, 288, 304. For the story, cf. Bertram Newman, Jonathan Swift, pp. 151-152.

P. 158, The Speech of Bacchus, ll. 2-6. Cf. Parker, Homer in a Nutshell (1700), p. 4, where the frog describes his "Rich Soops, Ragous, and Hashes" and concludes that his fare is better than that of the gods:

> For let Romantick Fools chant what they please,
> Ambrosia's e'en Poor Jack compar'd to these.

L. 10. Foutu: This is a dubious term and may be an error. Perhaps it should be foughty, which the OED lists as dialectal, meaning musty; in its variant, footy, it was used to mean paltry, poor, worthless. It may also be a form of foutre, a term used in such phrases as "to care not a foutre" as an expression of contempt. The OED does not list foutre as an adjective.

P. 159, l. 17. peck: food, meat; "peck and tipple," meat and drink. Listed by the OED as slang, originally thieves' cant.

L. 19. Borrage: a genus of plants, the common British variety of which was "formerly much esteemed as a cordial" (OED).

Ambergris once was used both in cookery and in medicine; in the former, dishes containing it were often referred to for their richness (cf. Virgin Unmask'd, ed. 1724, p. 100).

L. 20. Cf. Mandeville's encomium upon wine in the Treatise (ed. 1730, p. 363): "it is not only in the power of this Vegetable to make the Slave fancy himself to be Free, the Poor to be Rich; the Old, Young; and the Miserable, Happy; but it likewise actually mends visible Imperfections; renders the Infirm, Strong; the Decrepit, Nimble; and the Stammerer, Eloquent; and what neither Circe's nor Medea's Art could ever perform, turns Vices into Virtues, and by the Charm of it, the Coward, the Covetous, the Proud, and the Morose become Valiant, Generous, Affable, and Good-humour'd."

Ll. 24-25, 31-32. Mandeville refers in the Fable (I, 118) to "Hermitage or Pontack...French Claret...Burgundy, Champaign or Tockay," and later in the same work to Bourdeaux, St. Lawrence, Fronteniac, Cyprus, and Madeira (I, 233). Cf. Kaye's remarks on Mandeville's attitude toward drinking, Fable I, xxiii-xxiv.

L. 30. brew'd Port: adulteration of wine was a common cause for complaint in the early eighteenth century. Cf. Swift's remark in A Tale of a Tub (Works, X, 115): "'tis true natural juice from the grape, none of your damned vintner's brewings." Ned Ward was served wine at Bartholomew Fair, of which he says (Hudibras Redivivus, vol. II, Part iv, Canto 4, p. 14):

> I guess, at most there might be in't,
> Of Wine and Water, half a Pint,
> Such Stuff that ne'er had cross'd the Ocean.

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Defoe observes (Review, I, 358): "It is not for me to enter into the dark Doings of our Vinteners, Wine-Coopers, and Brewing Merchants. I am not examing what Quantities of Syder, or Turnip-Juice is used in that Wine we drink." Cf. also Tom Brown's Letters from the Dead (ed. Hayward, p. 229), and Tatler, No. 131.

L. 37. Shoeing-horns: appetizers for food or drink. A figurative use of shoe-horn, in the sense of something which facilitates an operation.

P. 160, l. 42: Cutlets ala Maintenon: apparently meat served in this style was proverbial for its toughness. Swift observes in his Journal to Stella (8 October, 1710): "We had a neck of mutton dressed a la Maintenon, that the dog could not eat."

The Speech of Neptune, l. 8. Tarpaulin: a sailor; cf. the modern term tar.

P. 161, ll. 22-23. The French under Villeroy bombarded Brussels for two days in 1695 "with so much fury, that a great part of the lower Town was burnt down" (Burnet, II, 152).

Pp. 166-167, ll. 13-24. Cf. Henry V, I, ii, 184-204.

P. 167, l. 32. Cf. Defoe, Giving Alms No Charity: "number[s] of inhabitants are the wealth and strength of a nation" (A Journal of the Plague Year and Other Pieces, ed. Secord, p. 303).

L. 38. One of the major complaints against immigration during the years immediately preceding The Grumbling Hive was that there were already more labourers in England than there was work for their support. One of Defoe's major objectives in Giving Alms No Charity (which was published five months before The Grumbling Hive) was the refutation of this belief. Compare his statement to Mandeville's: "There is in England more labour than hands to perform it, and consequently a want of people, not of employment" (A Journal of the Plague Year, etc., p. 305).

P. 168, l. 48. "A cross was a small coin" (Kaye).

L. 61. The author of The Second Part of The Locusts (1704) remarks in his description of Trebonius, an honest judge (pp. 22-23):

> Cou'd he but Clarks and Registers Survey,
> Know what they take, and what Poor Clients Pay.
> Then see the Slights of Subtle E----ds Pen,
> Who strikes out Causes to set down again.
> Then palms long Trials on old G---ts Score,
> That of the short ones he may have the more.

L. 62. dipt Estates: "Mortgaged estates" (Kaye).

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P. 169, l. 76. Mandeville, unlike most physicians of the day, prepared and administered his own medicines (Treatise, p. 222); as a result, according to his spokesman Philopirio, "The Apothecaries can never be my Friends, and I don't know how to blame them: My manner of prescribing is so little adapted to their Profit, that if they were civil enough not to ridicule, they could at least never like my Practice" (Treatise, p. 348). For his general opinions of apothecaries, cf. the Treatise, pp. 279-280, 283-286, 289 ff.

Ll. 89-90, Cf. Fable, I, 155: "if they are diligent in their Calling, and can but abstain from Murder, Adultery, Swearing, Drunkenness, and other hainous Vices, their Lives are call'd unblemish'd, and their Reputations unspotted; their Function renders them holy."

P. 170, l. 95. Cf. Fable, I, 108: "People may go to Church together, and be all of one Mind as much as they please, I am apt to believe that when they pray for their daily Bread, the Bishop includes several things in that Petition which the Sexton does not think on."

Ll. 97-100. It was to remove the condition of which Mandeville speaks in these lines that Queen Anne set aside her famous Bounty in February, 1704. In August of that year the University of Oxford formally expressed its gratitude to the Queen for removing from the clergy "so great a Blemish, as their Poverty had brought upon Her [Church]." A correspondent to Defoe's Scandalous Club objected that poverty "can never be a Blemish" to the true Church of Christ; to which the Club replied: "if they [the University] mean, that it has been a Blemish to the Church, to let so many of her poor Clergy starve in the Vineyard, and some of them the best Labourers in the whole Church; while others Enjoy'd a vastly disproportion'd Plenty, --- Then the Objector is mistaken, and tho' Her Majesty's Bounty has remov'd the Grievance, the Blemish remains where it did...since those poor Starving Priests, might have continued under their Scandalous necessities to this hour, for any Care their Rich Brethren ever took of them" (Supplement to The Review for October 1704, pp. 8-9; The Review, ed. Secord, vol. III).

Ll. 101-102. Cf. "On Honour," pp. 200-201.

Ll. 105-106. In The Review for 4 July, 1704 (I, 154) Defoe remarks of "the several attempted Descents at Camaret, Cadiz and Barcelona": "What Reproaches, what Libels, what Satyrs and Lampoons has the Government suffered from the Mouths and Pens of the Discontented People, for the Miscarriages in these Places. How have we blam'd the Persons employ'd, and branded them with the Odious Names of Cowards, Betrayers of their Trust, and of the Nations Councils; and with what Contempt has the Nation in General treated some Great Men on this Account?" Admiral Rooke was the especial butt of satire for his negligence in the expedition on Cadiz; he was publicly accused by the Duke of Ormond in 1702 and examined before the House of Commons (cf. Burnet, II, 341). In Hob turn'd Courtier (1702) is expressed the hope (p. 8):

> That no L---d Rake Command may bear,
> And Ramble from it here and there;
> Nor other Peer again may run
> Away before the Fight's begun;
> That no fine Colonel may again

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At Home with Harlot make Campaign;
And in Venereal Combats Try
The boldness of their Letchery.

P. 171, l. 113. Defoe remarks of the late King William (The Review, I, 162): "I know 'tis impossible the Queen should more sincerely wish the Reduction of France, than his late Majesty; but if it is expected I should say he was not worse serv'd, oftner betray'd, and consequently hurry'd into more Mistakes and Dissasters than her Majesty now is: This must be by somebody, who believes I knew much less of the Publick Matters in those days, than I had the Honour to be inform'd of."

P. 172, l. 148. Cf. note on Typhon, P. 143, l. 636.

L. 152. "Cf. Livy i. 26: 'infelici arbori reste suspendito': also Cicero, Pro C. Rabirio iv. 13" (Kaye).

P. 173, ll. 169-170. Cf. "The Hands, Feet, and Belly," pp. 25-29.

P. 175, ll. 201-202. Kaye appends to this remark the following note: "Of these lines and their elaboration in Remark P, I note two anticipations (not necessarily sources): '...a king of a large and fruitful territory there [America] feeds, lodges, and is clad worse than a day-labourer in England' (Locke, Of Civil Government II v. 41); and '...a King of India is not so well lodg'd, and fed, and cloath'd, as a Day-labourer of England' (Considerations on the East-India Trade, in Select Collection of Early English Tracts on Commerce, ed. Political Economy Club, 1856, p. 594)."

Ll. 205-207. Cf. The Fable of the Beasts and Their King (supra, p. clx) :

Yet wanted to their Happiness the Wit
To know they had it, and that This was it.

L. 208. Cf. The Pamphleteers, l. 63.

P. 176, l. 229. Cf. "The Frogs asking for a King," l. 37.

L. 239. Cf. Genesis, ii, p.

P. 177, l. 274. "'Jack Ketch' had become a generic name for executioners" (Kaye).

L. 275. "Probably the sword of justice," says Kaye; adding that the French translation of 1750 explained the line differently: "On ne se sert dans les executions en Angleterre que de la hache pour trancher la tête, jamais de l'Epée. C'est pour cela qu'il donne le nom d'imaginaire à cette Epée qu'on attribue au Bourreau."

P. 178, l. 278. This machinery may have been suggested to Mandeville by MacFlecknoe, in which the "yet declaiming Bard" of dullness descends through a trap-door, and

Sinking he left his Drugget robe behind,
Borne upwards by a subterranean wind.

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L. 280. Bums: "Bumbailiffs" (Kaye).

Ll. 287-288. Cf. "The two Physicians," pp. 100-101.

Ll. 289-292. In the Treatise Mandeville several times suggests his disapproval of complicated medicines and of expensive, imported nostrums, though he is never quite so extreme as in these lines. "I religiously believe...that it is a Cheat to use Compound Medicines, where Simples are sufficient," says Philopirio (Treatise, p. 349); "and of the few Compounds I make use of, there are several that are not in the Dispensatory....I have no opinion of Syrups or Simple Waters; the Medicines I give are either taken in Coffee, Tea, Wine, fair Water, or other Liquors that are familiar to the Patients, and generally to be had at their Houses, or near hand; or if any particular Vehicle be requir'd, I prescribe a Decoction, or Infusion of a few Simples, in plain English, which every body may make at home, or get made where he pleases."

L. 294. Journey-Bees: "'Journeymen parson' was a slang term for a curate" (Kaye).

P. 179, ll. 314-319. A good illustration of this custom of perquisites is supplied by the experience of Matthew Prior while secretary to the Embassy at the Hague. In 1695 he received a letter from one of the secretaries at Whitehall detailing the various fees which had been necessary for the collection of his salary of Ł508, 16s.

"Laid out for Mr. Prior. Paid fees for his bill of extraordinaries ended 1 Feb., 1694-5.

Paid fees for his bill of extraordinaries ended 1 Feb., 1694-5.	2	0	0
To Mr. Vernon	3	15	0
To the Clerk and Chamber-keepers .	0	15	0
Fees of 2 warrants and orders at the Treasury	4	5	0
At Sir R. Howard's Office.	6	15	0
At the Pells	3	8	6
At the Tellers	6	18	0
To Mr. Shaw 2 guineas.	3	0	0
	30	16	6

"I believe you will a little wonder to see in one place 2 guineas, 3 Ł. and in another 3 guineas only 3 Ł. 15 s. When I gave the guineas to Mr. Vernon guineas were then only 1 Ł. 5 s. each; but now they are 30 s. I hope I shall have your approbation of giving the 2 guineas to Mr. Shaw, it being done by others" (Historical Mss. Commission, Bath Papers, III, 53).

P. 181, l. 350. Kaye quotes a note from the French translation of 1750: "L'Auteur veut parler des bâtimens éléves pour l'Opera & la Comédie. Amphion, après avoir chassé Cadmus & sa Femme du lieu de leur demuere, y bâtit la Ville de Thèbes, en y attirant les pierres avec ordre & mesure, par l'harmonie merveilleuse de son divin Luth." Kaye adds: "It is possible, however, that Mandeville intended a pun on 'Play' as meaning both music and gambling."

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L. 352. The Roman penates, who were supposed to preside over private homes.

L. 365. The roisterers in The Tavern Hunter (1702) were ushered into the Ship Tavern (pp. 10-11),

> By a Lady but very indifferently drest,
> In no India-Sattings but strong Norwich Geer,
> Such Stuff as good provident Housewives should ware.

But at the Crown the lady of the house was so fine (p. 5),

> That no Dame Elizabeth, that jolly Maid,
> With Pantusle struting and Fardingals spread,
> Tho' mounted on Throne could more graceful appear,
> Than fine Madam tipple-Sack plac'd in her Bar;
> In each pritty Ear hung a Drop, or a Pendant,
> As big as a Grape looking very transcendant,
> Her lilly white Neck being equally fine,
> With a Necklace of Pearl, never cast before Swine;
> So fine was her Dress, and so Stately her Carriage,
> And round her Bluff Presence attending their stood,
> Of jolly chuff Draw'rs such a Bacchanal Brood,
> That we as we pass'd thought no other Good take-us
> Than that she was Queen to the jolly God Bacchus.

P. 183, l. 393. As a note to this line, Kaye quotes from Locke's Essay concerning Human Understanding (ed Fraser, II, xxi, 34): "When a man is perfectly content with the state he is in--which is when he is perfectly without any uneasiness--what industry, what action, what will is there left, but to continue in it?....And thus we see our all-wise Maker, suitably to our constitution and frame, and knowing what it is that determines the will, has put into man the uneasiness of hunger and thirst, and other natural desires, that return at their seasons, to move and determine their wills, for the preservation of themselves, and the continuation of their species."

P. 185, ll. 437-438: That is, the price of honesty is frugal living.

P. 187, "Wishes to a Godson." Kaye suggests that this poem was "derived from" Erasmus's Colloquies, which was itself written for the edification of Erasmus's godson and was "a book almost as ill adapted to a small boy as Wishes to a Godson" ("The Writings of Bernard Mandeville," JEGP, XX, 433). As a commentary on the entire poem, one may quote part of Mandeville's "Description of the Man I would choose for Conversation," which forms part of "A Search into the Nature of Society," published in the 1723 edition of the Fable:

"Gross Vices, as Irreligion, Whoring, Gaming, Drinking and Quarrelling, I won't mention; even the meanest Education guards us against them; I would always recommend to him the Practice of Virtue, but I am for no Voluntary Ignorance, in a Gentleman, of any thing that is done in Court or City. It is impossible a Man should be perfect, and therefore there are Faults I would connive at, if I could not prevent them; and if between the Years of Nineteen and Three and Twenty, Youthful Heat should sometimes get the better of his Chastity, so it was done with caution; should he on some Extra-

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ordinary Occasion, overcome by the pressing Solicitations of Jovial Friends, drink more than was consistent with strict Sobriety, so he did it very seldom and found it not to interfere with his Health or Temper; or if by the height of his Mettle and great Provocation in a Just Cause, he had been drawn into a Quarrel, which true Wisdom and a less strict adherence to the Rules of Honour might have declined or prevented, so it never befel him above once; If I say he should have happened to be Guilty of these things, and he would never speak, much less brag of them himself, they might be pardoned or at least over-looked at the Age I named, if he left off then and continued discreet for ever after" (Fable, I, 338-339).

Mandeville very evidently is pretending to be the good-humoured moralist in this passage. Since "Wishes to a Godson" was obviously written for a real christening it more probably represents his true attitude, though, of course, an attitude not to be understood with complete literalness. For a contemporary picture of a christening itself, see Ned Ward's London Spy, ed. Hayward, pp. 288-296.

P. 188, l. 33. Counter: the Compter, or debtor's prison, of which there were two within the city proper, at Wood St. and in the Poultry.

P. 189, l. 60. Male: Mandeville may be using the term to denote general superiority. James Howell thus employed it in 1645 in speaking of Wines.

L. 61. drink on tick: i.e., on credit.

L. 66. Cf. note on p. 159, l. 30.

L. 68. Cf. "The Carp," l. 49 and n.

Ll. 71-72. Cf. I Henry IV, II, iv, ll. 30-86.

P. 192, "To Madam N." This and the other three erotic poems in this volume Kaye describes as "smoothly executed, and with something of a Prioresque touch" ("The Writings of Bernard Mandeville," JEGP, XX, 430).

P. 193, "Leander's excuse to Chloris." A more famous setting of a similar idea is Congreve's song, printed in 1710, which ends with the well-known lines:

I'le take her Body, you her Mind,
Who has the better bargain?
(Works, ed. Summers, V, 24)

Cf. also Shadwell's A True Widow, IV, i: "My Mistress is not here neither; her folly has a little cooled my Love; but I have a most abominable lust to her, the wiser passion of the two, and no despair; Though that Rogue Selfish has her Mind, I do not doubt but to get her Body, which is worth two of it, for my use" (Works, III, 333).

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P. 196, l. 32. Pliny the Elder lost his life from suffocation by venturing too near the crater of Vesuvius during an eruption.

P. 197, "A Letter to Mr. Asgil, writ at Colchester."

The case of John Asgill is one of those curious little by-paths of literary history which are a subject of heated discussion in their own time, but are soon forgotten. The career of Asgill, a lawyer, a writer whose style Coleridge praised, and at different times a member of both the Irish and the English parliaments, was ruined by his publication in 1700 of a book with the rather fantastic title: "An Argument Proving, That according to the Covenant of Eternal Life revealed in the Scriptures, Man may be Translated from hence into that Eternal Life, without passing through Death." Adhering to perfectly strict legalistic terminology, and with a logic as inexorable as Swift's, Asgill argues (1) "That the Law delivered to Adam before the Fall, is the Original Cause of Death in the World"; (2) "That this Law is taken away by the Death of Christ"; and (3) "That, therefore, the Legal Power of Death is gone" (ed. 1875, p. 88). The only reason that death maintains its dominion over men, he says, is "our fear of it." Therefore he who has faith "shall not go hence by returning to the dust," but "by way of translation"---i.e., body and soul, at the moment of death, will be transferred, at once and united, to heaven (pp. 109-110).

Asgill's book excited a clamour, went to a second edition in 1700, and was almost immediately the subject of burlesque and attack. The Way to Heaven in a String: Or, Mr. Asgill's Argument Burlesqu'd appeared in 1700; An Account of Mr. Asgill's strange and wonderful Translation was published in 1701; and The Death and Burial of John Asgill, Esq. appeared in Dublin in 1702. Defoe gave Asgill's argument serious consideration in 1703 in An Enquiry into the Case of Mr. Asgil's general Translation. Many people, as Defoe said, looked on the theory "as pious lunacy" (Wilson, Defoe, II, 286-287).

In 1703 Asgill was elected to the Irish Parliament, and after sitting for four days was proved to be the author of a heretical and blasphemous book, and on 10 October was expelled. In 1705 he returned to England, was elected to Parliament there, and sat for two years. Then, in November, 1707, an investigation of the book was ordered by the House. Asgill defended himself, but stood by his tenets; and on 18 December the book was ordered burned and he was expelled from Commons.

The German traveller, von Uffenbach, remarked in 1710 that "Respecting Asgill and his book...we were assured that it was not written in earnest, but to please a lady, who set him the task, he having maintained, that anything in the world could be defended" (Mayor, Cambridge Under Queen Anne, p. 398); and this also seems to have been Swift's opinion of Asgill's intent (Works, VIII, 74). Prior calls Asgill "fantastic" and Oldmixon considered him individually as more fitted "for Bedlam, than a House of Commons" (Prior, Dialogues of the Dead, etc., ed. Waller, p. 363; Oldmixon, II, 308). A strong argument against the belief of von Uffenbach and Swift, however, is Asgill's firm defence of his theory, which was published in 1712.

For other references to Asgill's work in contemporary literature,

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see Farquhar, *Works*, II, 258; Defoe, *True-Born Englishman*, l. 510; *The Review*, II, 95; Saint-Évremond, *Oeuvres*, III, 248; Nichols, *Literary Anecdotes*, IV, 88, n.; Thomas Baker, *An Act at Oxford*, V, ii (*cf.* below, note on p. 198, ll. 37-40). Mandeville refers to Asgill again in *An Enquiry into Honour*, 1732, p. 35. More recently, see Coleridge's *Table Talk* for 30 April, 1832. A brief discussion of the book is in E. A. Richards, *Hudibras in the Burlesque Tradition*, pp. 135-137.

P. 197. "writ at Colchester": this city, like Romford which is mentioned in *Typhon*, is in Essex. It had been the home of many Dutch families since the time of Elizabeth (*cf.* Defoe, *A Journal of the Plague Year, etc.*, ed. Secord, p. 303).

L. 6. *Upholders*: undertakers.

P. 198, ll. 37-40. In Thomas Baker's *Act at Oxford*, 1704 (pp. 58-59), Squire Calf, who has been duped into marrying Mrs. Ap Shinken, threatens to "bury her alive in an Oyster Pit, and then swear she read *Asgil's* Argument, and has translated her self into another World."

P. 199, l. 50. *Lexton*: Lexden, a small town near Colchester.

L. 69. *Helovet-Sluce*: Helvoetsluys, a port in Holland; *cf.* note on p. 7, l. 33.

L. 72. Thomas Brown's *Letters from the Dead to the Living* was published in 1702.

P. 200, l. 79. *Searchers*: persons "appointed to view dead bodies and to make report upon the cause of death" (*OED*).

L. 82. Mandeville's admonition might suggest that this poem was written a good deal earlier than 1712; but Asgill's defence of himself before the English Commons was not published until the latter year.

"On Honour." In this poem Mandeville shows no real trace of the analytical method by which he later reduced honour to a factitious production of cunning politicians. His later approach to the subject, developed apparently between the time of this poem's composition and 1714, is quite different:

"The Courage then which is only useful to the Body Politick, and what is generally call'd true Valour, is artificial, and consists in a *Superlative Horror against Shame, by* Flattery *infused into Men of exalted Pride.*

"As soon as the Notions of Honour and Shame are received among a Society, it is not difficult to make Men fight. First, take care they are persuaded of the Justice of their Cause; for no Man fights heartily that thinks himself in the wrong; then shew them that their Altars, their Possessions, Wives, Children, and every thing that is near and dear to them is concerned in the present Quarrel, or at least may be influenced by it hereafter; then put Feathers in their Caps, and distinguish them from others, talk of Publick-Spiritedness, the Love of their Country, facing an Enemy with Intrepidity, despising Death, the Bed of Honour, and such like high-sounding Words, and every Proud Man will take up Arms and fight himself to Death before he'll turn Tail,

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if it be by Daylight" (Fable, I, 210-211).

Ll. 708. Cf. Aeneid, Book IV. After Hermes's message from Jove ordering him to leave Dido, whom he had informally espoused, with the aid of a storm and a cave, Aeneas informs her:

> Sed nunc Italiam magnam Gryneus Apollo,
> Italiam Lyciae iussere capessere sortes;
> Hic amor, haec patria est.
> (ll. 345-347)

P. 201, l. 10. The story of how Ulysses, with the help of Hermes, overcame the powerful charm of Circe is in the Odyssey, Book XI.

P. 202, l. 11. Pelignum: the Peligni were a people of central Italy, descendants of the Sabines.

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