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J. Wall inv<sup>t</sup>

L. P. Boitard Sculp.

According to Act of Parliament 1751.



THE  
SCRIBLERIAD:

AN  
HEROIC POEM.

In SIX BOOKS.



*H. Grovelot delin.*

*G. Mosley sculp.*

L O N D O N :

Printed for R. DODSLEY in *Pall-Mall*;  
and sold by M. COOPER in *Pater-noster-row*.

MDCCLI.

THE

SCARBOROUGH

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ATLANTA

THE BOOKS OF M.

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THE  
EXPLANATION  
OF THE  
FRONTISPIECE.

**T**HE Satyr in the Frontispiece represents Comic Poetry, who having overthrown the Sphynx or False Science, ignominiously leads her in triumph, and makes sport with those Problems and Ænigmas, with which she tortur'd and distracted the minds of men.

**B**Y the Fable of the Sphynx may be understood Pedantry, or that Learned Arrogance, which, by the affectation of Mystery and Riddles, imposes on the understandings of mankind.





## T H E

## P R E F A C E.

**T**HOUGH an Author persuades himself that his work will fully explain itself to all who read it with attention, and have the patience to observe how some parts reflect light on others, and all conduce to illustrate the whole ; yet I have not the vanity to flatter myself that the generality of readers will give that attention to a Poet on his first appearance in print, which is absolutely necessary for the thorough understanding this poem. Therefore I have yielded to the instances of some who advise me to publish a few prefatory lines for the satisfaction of those who read rather for amusement, than for the critical consideration of such compositions.

Let us first consider the true Idea of a work of this nature.

A Mock-Heroic poem should, in as many respects as possible, imitate the True Heroic. The more particulars it copies from them, the more perfect it will be. By the same rule it should admit as few things as possible, which are not of the cast and color of the ancient Heroic poems. The more of these it admits, the more imperfect will it be. It should, throughout, be serious, because the originals are serious ; therefore the author should never be seen to laugh, but constantly wear that grave irony which *Cervantes* only has inviolably preserv'd. An author may be very deficient in the observation of these Rules, and yet he may write a very pleasing, tho' it cannot be called a perfect Mock-Heroic poem. It will please many readers, tho' it have no other support than here and there a Parody of some known passages of an esteem'd Author.

The *Athenians* were so fond of Parody, that they eagerly applauded it, without examining with what propriety or connection it was introduced. *Aristophanes* shews no sort of regard to either in his ridicule of *Euripides* ; but brings in the Characters as well as verses of his Tragedies, in many of his plays, tho' they have no connection with the plot  
of



of the play, nor any relation to the scene in which they are introduced. This love of Parody is accounted for by an excellent *French* Critic, from a certain malignity in mankind, which prompts them to laugh at what they most esteem, thinking they, in some measure, repay themselves for that involuntary tribute which is exacted from them by merit.

I shall be very much misunderstood if it be thought that I desire to detract from the abundant merit of the *Lutrin*, *Dispensary*, *Rape of the Lock*, and *Dunciad*. They have each a thousand Beauties which I don't pretend to ; but I have always thought that they did not come up to the true idea of a Mock-Heroic poem.

I take for granted, nobody believes that the primary Design of either of these Poets was to write a Mock-Heroic.

*Boileau* being struck with the absurd Disputes of certain contending Ecclesiasticks, resolv'd to make them the subject of his ridicule ; and afterwards pitched upon the imitation of the Heroic as a vehicle for his Satire. The comic humor of *Garth*, was strongly excited by the factious divisions in his own profession, and would probably have vented itself in prose, but that the admir'd performance of *Boileau* invited his imitation. And *Pope* wrote his first essay of this kind to put an end, by ridicule, to a quarrel between two families ; and his second from a just indignation against his libellers, and not from any form'd design to write a true Mock - Heroic Poem. When first I read these poems, I perceived that they had all some great defect, and tho' the more I read them the stronger I felt this defect, and always conceiv'd that something might be written more perfect in this kind, yet I never discovered what it was till such time as I came to know that *Don Quixote* was a work which would give as much satisfaction in a critical examination as most of the compositions of the Antients. I then found that *Propriety* was the fundamental excellence of that work. That all the marvellous was reconcileable to probability, as the author led his Hero into that species of absurdity only, which it was natural for an imagination, heated with the continual reading of books of Chivalry, to fall into. That the want of attention to this, was the fundamental defect of those poems. For with what *Propriety* do Churchmen, Physicians, Beaux and Belles, or Booksellers, address themselves to the Heathen Gods, offer sacrifices, consult oracles, or talk the language of *Homer*, and the Heroes of antiquity ? With the same *Impropriety* do these authors frequently leave their subject, and the very  
color



color of the Heroic, to describe some modern character, introduce personal satire or epigrammatic Wit. The poems I admire, and in many Places for their very faults : and the authors I vindicate, as the attempt of the Mock-Heroic was only their secondary view.

Whoever examines *Swift's* Battle of the Books, will give it the preference in this particular, in that he will find throughout that little piece, no one Episode or Allusion introduced for its own sake, but every part will appear consistent with, and written only to strengthen and support, the whole.

The imitation of the Ancients was my chief, and at that time, only design, as appears from what I have said above. These thoughts, together with the remembrance of the Classics, were fresh in my mind, when *Pope* first publish'd the Memoirs of *Scriblerus* ; an admirable design, undertaken by many of the greatest Wits of the last age, but dropt in the very beginning ; and the little we have is executed very unequally. Yet, such as it was, it furnished me with an hint for a subject, and principally with an Hero, who having the manners of the ancients industriously inculcated from his cradle by the enthusiasm of his Father, must always with propriety, think, act, and speak like them. I consider'd that taking up a Character which had been already explained, would be a great advantage in an Epic poem, which as it should always hasten into the midst of things, would not admit of such an explanation of a new Character in the beginning of it, as is, without any offence to the nature of that work, at large described in the first chapter of *Don Quixote*, and makes the whole first canto of *Hudibras*. I had also the satisfaction of complying with a fundamental rule of *Horace*, who is too sound a critic to deliver with importance an advice, which he had not prov'd to be of moment.

*Difficile est proprie communia dicere : tuque  
Rectius Iliacum carmen deducis in actus  
Quam si proferres ignota indictaque primus.*

*New subjects are not easily explain'd,  
And you had better chuse a well-known theme,  
Than trust to an invention of your own.* ROSCOMMON:

In the lines immediately following he cautions against a servile imitation, which I had no reason to fear, as I undertook to continue their  
design



design by taking up *Scriblerus* where they left him, and consequently cannot interfere with any one action which they have described: And I have taken care, in order to keep it still more separate from theirs, to make no allusions to *The Memoirs*, of any consequence, but merely such as give a handle to quote them in the notes, and thereby, as it were accidentally, refer the reader to them (for when I printed the first book, I had no thought of writing this Preface) as I chose rather that he should get an idea of this enthusiastick character from a work already printed, than to repeat the description and clog my book with it. So that, but for these reasons, which I don't think of any great force, I might as well have had a new character of my own invention, with a new name: But what advantage would have resulted from that? And what Objection to the Character and Name of *Scriblerus*? Do not all these idle travels, all these frivolous investigations and useles pursuits end in *Scribling*, to the unreasonable increase of that wordy lumber, which provokes the humorous *Fajardo* to cry out, *O! Jupiter, if thou hast any compassion for poor mortals, send us, once in a century, an army of Goths and Vandals to redress the calamity of this inundation of authors.* May we not suppose that these Books, so formidable in their bulk and number, must strike a damp on all beginners in literature, who supposing that a man cannot be stil'd a scholar, till he has labour'd thro' all those volumes, chuse rather to decline all pretensions to that name, than to enter upon so serious an engagement? Is it not therefore, in some degree, laudable to endeavour to stop the progress of this evil, and by shewing the vanity and uselesness of many studies, reduce them to a less formidable appearance, and invite our youth to application, by letting them see that a less degree of it than they apprehend, judiciously directed, and a very few Books indeed, well recommended, will give them all the real information which they are to expect from human science.

This naturally leads me to speak of my Design. I have already said that my original view was to write a Mock-Heroic poem, but I should have thought my time most triflingly employ'd, had I set out with that intention only. But I no longer hesitated, when I found that I could, consistently with the Character of my Heroe, and Manners of the Poem, comprehend the whole compass of False Science, without omitting any thing that could possibly be brought into Action. As the press has groan'd more of late with the wranglings of Theologians and Metaphysicians



ficians than any other Kind of writing, the omission of them may appear a defect, but it would have been extremely injudicious to have attempted any thing so little of the color of Heroic poetry. This will appear from the slight touches upon the Quibbles in Law and Casuistry, towards the the end of the Sixth Book, which have so little of the Epic cast, that I fear they are distinguishable to a fault: yet I let them stand, being willing to fill the measure of absurdity, and omit nothing that can possibly have a place to compleat the plan.

Having considered the Nature of the Poem and the Design, or Moral intention of it, I come next to the character of the Heroe. In this I had an Advantage which I had not in the two former. I mean a Perfect Model to copy by, and the steps of a great Master to tread in, who frequently walks on the brink of improbability, yet you can never discover that his head turns, or his foot slides.

Such a guide is *Cervantes*: and from diligently studying him we learn, that things at first sight most apparently improbable may be reconcil'd to Belief by the Circumstances of Time, Place, and Accidents: by which the *Marvellous*, so excellent in all kinds of Fiction, particularly the Poetical, may be produc'd without giving into the Roman-tick. This gives a ludicrous Fiction founded on the Character of an Enthusiast, an advantage over the serious Epic: for there the Marvellous never appears without a most glaring offence to truth; whereas in the former, the reader is as much astonish'd as at the most incredible falsity, till he has time to reflect on the heated imagination of the Heroe, which reconciles all to probability. Numberless instances of this will occur to the reader from *Don Quixote*. I will illustrate it with one from the *Scribleriad*.

Credulity is one strong characteristick of our Heroe; therefore without using any of the arts abovemention'd, I send him at once to search for the Petrified City. A Story which meets with universal belief among the *Africans*, and I could instance several *Europeans* whose faith in this particular has cost them some pains and expence. This therefore is straining no point. But *Albertus*, who is one that loves a joke (for that is the obvious meaning of *Momus* in *Albertus's* shape) advises him to consult a Natural Fool. He readily complies. Thus far his behaviour has nothing extraordinary, being influenced by the custom of the country. For however ridiculous such conduct may seem here, at *Cairo* it was only *insanire solennia*, to be as mad as they: for there every

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body holds these Naturals in veneration, and catches what drops from their mouths with equal enthusiasm. But he must not only venerate, he must have a satisfactory answer and direction for his future life from a Madman. This can only be produced by self-delusion, for an Ideot cannot be taught to act in confederacy. The self-delusion is not difficult, but the timing it exactly at the consultation is a nicety. For this purpose *Scriblerus* is made to pass a restless night without sleep, then to weary himself by searching for his prophet an whole day, then to be stun'd with a blow (which at the same time serves to characterize the Ideot in the love of mischief natural to such) and moreover to be stupified by drinking opium unawares: The known effects of which upon a brain already full of a favorite project, which we may suppose his adviser *Albertus* took care to prepare him with, will account for the manner in which he relates this adventure to his friends. I cite this as an instance of reconciling the Marvellous to probability by the circumspection and art of the author. I shall now mention some other methods I have taken of introducing this great requisite in Heroic Poetry. It is a known maxim that a man hazards his character of veracity more by telling improbable truths than probable lies, which proves that such improbable truths do always appear the Marvellous to those who have not been us'd to think on the subject.

Doubtless the rowing under water appears so strongly the Marvellous, that upon first view it will be thought impossible. Yet this has certainly been executed, and nothing is more easy to perform for a small space of time. Therefore not the impracticability but the uselessness of the invention is the object of ridicule.

Another method of introducing the Marvellous is by reserving for the end of the Book the most consummate absurdities of enthusiastick faith, then by an artful rapidity of description, to hurry on the reader, and make his imagination keep company with the credulous zealots, and then at once to conclude unexpectedly, leaving the impression of the Marvellous strong on the mind without those circumstances which, in the first mention'd case, at the same time that they reconcile it to probability, greatly weaken the force and effect of it.

The Commentators on *Homer* apologize for the glaring falsehoods which *Ulysses* relates, by shewing they are told to the *Phæacians* a credulous people: *Scriblerus* tells his to Pilgrims, the most ready of all men to swallow lies. Therefore all the Marvellous in his Narration

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tion is doubly accounted for, by the love of hearing it in them, and the love of telling it so strongly the characteristick of the Hero.

I engage with more chearfulness to explain the character of my Heroe, because I would not have it so much misunderstood, as it must be by those who take their idea of it from the Memoirs. I was always surpriz'd that Mr. *Pope* should make his *Scriblerus* so complicated a character as he represents him in the last chapter of the Memoirs, attributing to him things quite incompatible. Nay, such is his lust of loading this character, that he declares *Gulliver's* travels to be the travels of *Scriblerus*; and this without any other pretence than that *Swift* had once designed to write the travels of *Scriblerus*. What reasons induc'd him to change this work of humor to a particular gratification of his spleen, it is not to the present purpose to make known: but this is certain, that when he made so total an alteration in his design, he took care not to give one feature of *Scriblerus* to his *Gulliver*.

Let us therefore forget all impressions made on us by the two last chapters of the Memoirs, and examine what his character is in the *Scribleriad*. If we trace him book by book, we shall find him, in the First, an enthusiastick admirer of the Ancients, desirous to imitate their Heroes in action, and their writers in sentiment; and in this his extravagance does not exceed that of † *Pomponius Lætus*, *Belurger*, and many others. He there appears in the light of an Antiquary, as is shewn by the collection which composes the pile. Next of a Pedant, by his speech on the food of different nations, wherein he prides himself in shewing what *Pope* calls

————all such reading as was never read.

The same character still appears in his speeches on dreams and on oracles. After this he is seen in no other throughout the whole work than that of an Alchymist.

For three whole books he is a mere spectator and admirer of the follies of others. In the second, his rashness and injudicious curiosity are

† *Pomponius Lætus* liv'd in the 15th century, he was a great scholar, and esteem'd historian, yet such was his infatuation to the ancient *Romans*, that he chang'd his name from *Peter* to *Pomponius*, renounced the Christian religion, paid divine honors to *Romulus*, affected other pagan ceremonies, &c. &c. &c. *Romanæ autem vetustatis tantus erat admirator, ut cum e salario discipulorum agellum & domunculum in Quirinali sibi parasset in ea natalem urbis coleret & Romulum. Idem quoties marmor aliquod effoderetur ex urbis ruinis illacrymabatur, ac causam rogatus, addebat, Admonitu meliorum temporum ploro.* Vossius de Historicis Latinis.



set forth in his voyage to see an earthquake: But when he arrives at the Poetic Land, it appears to be so little to his taste that he flies from it immediately. In the next country he comes to, he shews no genius himself for the arts of the place, of which he contents himself to be an humble admirer. He projects nothing mechanical, and only presides over such games as his companions had learn'd from the Queen. Thus are various absurd arts introduced, necessary to the completion of the plan, without either clogging the Heroe's character, or losing sight of him during the whole action. And thus it is evident that *Scriblerus* appears only as an Antiquary, Pedant, and Alchymist. The two first characters are almost inseparable, and the last cannot be said to be incompatible with them.

Before I leave the character of the Heroe, I must make one remark. The Exordium of the *Scribleriad* proposes only to lead an Heroe, whose Curiosity has already carried him into many perilous adventures, through new attempts equally difficult and hazardous. The Reader will from hence conclude that here is a very defective imitation of an Heroic plan. That both the *Iliad* and *Odyssy* have one great design in view; and that *Virgil's* correct Muse proposes at first the *Trojans* settling in *Italy*, and before the work is advanced three hundred lines, introduces *Jupiter* giving a solemn promise of their success. But this will be found a necessary omission in the Exordium, and there will appear no such defect in the Plan, in which a most important event is brought to pass, no less than the planting a considerable Colony of Antiquaries, who are as effectually founded as if *Jupiter* had granted them a Charter in the first book. And it must be observed, that by bringing this about indirectly and unexpectedly, there is avoided a great impropriety. For it being the peculiar character of *Scriblerus* and all his associates, to devise for themselves schemes altogether fruitless and impracticable, it would be the utmost breach of consistency to let them succeed in any thing they had propos'd.

Here I suppose some Criticks will cry out, Why then is he made to succeed in the art of making gold? This fundamental maxim of shewing all the Heroe's pursuits vain, and fruitless is overthrown by the successful ending of the Poem. To such I can only recommend to reconsider the end of the poem, and by laying several passages together to observe how they explain one another. It is first to be noted that the Lead is not said to have obtain'd any other property of gold than color, which



which is very far from a fundamental alteration. The zealous Alchemists, and not the Poet, insinuate that the Work is accomplish'd. At the same time *Scriblerus* cuts the throat of a Cow and undertakes to bring her to life again, so that you have nothing but the bare word of one opinionated visionary for the latter, which you know to be impossible, and that of several such as himself for the former, which may be prov'd by demonstration to be so. Does this look like success? supposing it had that appearance, is not it all destroy'd by his last speech, wherein he discovers a presentiment that their hopes will be defeated by two great vices: Their own folly and impiety in giving the honor of this success to a Mortal, and paying him divine rites, which at the same time raises in him a vice (vanity) which he has been particularly warn'd against as destructive of his success.

The singular propriety which attends this plan of having an Heroe whose manners are conformable to the manners of the Poem, made me cautious how I introduc'd any character who might not think and talk in the same strain: I consider'd yet farther, that as the work for the most part was a criticism upon false and useless Philosophy, it would be a propriety to use similes and allusions taken from the absurd or trifling parts of natural history and philosophy. And as I endeavour'd to reject every thing that was not consonant with this design, so I thought it would tend to the perfection of the work to bring in every thing that was. The observation of these two rules has, I fear, two very bad effects. It excludes some things, that might have been entertaining, and it admits some that are not so: And this is the reason why I said above, that I admire some of our Mock-Heroics for their very faults.

Such ornaments as were not foreign to my design I have introduc'd as often as I found a place for them. Of this kind are such particulars in art or nature as are not commonly known. Thus I have taken an occasion, in describing the cave of Rumour, to give an exact representation of the famous *Latomia*, and of a no less surprizing Phænomenon in nature, by giving the *Surinam* Toad for one of the prizes. I have also observed a strict accuracy in the description of any thing philosophical or mechanical: Thus the *Plica-Polonica* in the frontispiece of the 3d Book, and the Artificial wings in that of 4th Book, are both copied from the Philosophical Transactions. See Vol. VI. Plate 6. and Vol. I. Plate 5.



It would have seem'd pedantick as well as tedious to have been too minutely accurate in some particulars. One instance may serve to shew how I have in general avoided it. The Minarets of *Cairo* differ from the general shape of the Minarets, and are difficult to describe, as not being of a mathematical figure; therefore, tho' they are the Minarets I speak of in the text, I chose in the Note to describe the more general form.

It may be proper to add a few hints for such readers as are not very conversant with burlesque writings. In the versification they will find now and then a mock dignity and solemnity affected, the emptiness of which may be past over undiscover'd by an hasty reader, but will appear to a very slight examination. There is not a more impertinent fault in modern poetry than the frequency of moral reflexions, which are generally deliver'd in metaphor, a figure used with so little accuracy, that you seldom find an author carry it through six lines without changing it more than once, and that in a much more glaring way than I have done in those lines which are written on purpose to ridicule these moral reflections and change of metaphor. I mean the Apostrophe in the 3d B. line 290. This is endeavour'd to be explain'd in note on l. 201 of B. 4. as far as could be done without the breach of that Irony which is observ'd as strictly in the notes as in the text, and which is the cause of the demand for this preface. To such as are little acquainted with Irony, I must recommend to remember that they are to expect it frequently, and may often be misled by it if they are off their guard. They will find this figure strongest in the following notes. † B. 2. line 123. B. 3. line 11. 25. 37. 103. B. 4. line 68. 181. 189. 201. 230.

By

† This is intended as a censure on those who pay an undistinguishing veneration to great names, and persuade themselves to admire weak and idle passages in their favourite author, which they would treat with the utmost contempt if they found them any where else. The satire is level'd against these Learned men, as they are call'd, and not against *Plato*, whom I would gladly vindicate from the imputation of the Romantic, by supposing the passage written in compliance to the popular religion.

Some old commentators on *Virgil*, whose notion *Ruæus* rejects, have imagin'd that the Laurel which grew over the altar in the 2. B. of the *Æneid* was an artificial tree, whose body, branches and leaves were gold; with fruits of precious stones. This notion however shews that such artificial trees were exhibited at their sacrifices and religious mysteries; and whatever made a part of the scenery in the mysteries was always transplant- ed by the writers into their Elysium.



By Irony is generally understood the saying one thing and meaning another. Then how shall it be known whether a burlesque writer means the thing he says, or the contrary? This is only to be found by attention and a comparison of passages. Let us endeavour to see this by an instance. *Scriblerus* is promis'd the grand Elixir, it is frequently insinuated that he is to possess this secret of transmuting metals and prolonging life, and the work concludes without explaining directly that he is disappointed in his expectations. But will it not appear that these expectations are ironically given, when we find all preceding ones to have been so? For of all the many prophecies delivered to him, the only one fulfill'd is that of his being reduced to a state of Beggary in his pursuit of Alchymy.

The Goose and Goslins will seem more vulgar to the unlearned than to the learned reader, and so must the Wig in the first book, to all who do not know that these are written with the view of imitating two passages in *Virgil*. Thus there are also many lines which must appear very strange to those who do not recollect such passages of the Ancients as they allude to.

The goose and goslins are, in imitation of *Virgil*, call'd

— — — — — a strange portent.

*Scriblerus*, B. VI. asks the name of a town which it is evident he knew, a thing very common in *Homer*.

Thus *Scriblerus*,

— — — — — *Ab! seek not now to know*  
*A series of unutterable woe,*

in imitation of these lines of *Pope's Homer*,

*Prepare then, said Telemachus, to know*  
*A Tale from Falshood free, not free from woe,*

when there is not much woe in either of their tales.



To compleat the design of mock-gravity, the Author and Editors are represented full as great enthusiasts as the Heroe ; therefore, as all things are supposed to appear to them in the same light as they do to him ; there are several things which they could not explain without laying aside their assumed character. An instance of this may serve to explain a passage which cannot be understood, but by those who have seen the deserts at fashionable entertainments, at which there are generally mixt with the real fruit, several fruits made of sugar paste, and coloured to a very near resemblance ; in each of these are inclosed two *French* verses, importing some quaint conceit on Love. This could not be told in the notes, because, as the Author has supposed it to be a real nut, the editors should not discover it to be artificial.

The having written so much in assumed characters made it in a manner necessary for me to write something in my own, to which I shall not scruple to put my name, as I flatter myself I have shewn throughout my Book that the Follies of Mankind provoke my Laughter and not my Spleen ; and so long as they have this effect on me, I cannot have any great quarrel against them. It may plainly be perceiv'd that I have industriously kept clear of much strong satire which naturally presented itself in a work of this nature, and particularly of Personal Reflexions.

QUOD VITIUM PROCUL ABFORE CHARTIS,  
ATQUE ANIMO PRIUS, UT SI QUID PROMITTERE DE ME  
POSSUM ALIUD, VERE PROMITTO.

Horace.

RICHARD OWEN CAMBRIDGE.









J. Wall Inv.

L.P. Boitard Sculp.

According to Act of Parliament 1751.



T H E

# SCRIBLERIAD:

*By Richard Owen Cambridge.*

A N

HEROIC POEM.

BOOK I.



L O N D O N :

Printed for R. DODSLEY in *Pall-mall* ;

And Sold by

M. COOPER, in *Pater-noster-row*.

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M D C C L I.



T H B

SCRIPTURIA:

A H

HEROIC FORM.

BOOK



FORM

Printed for R. Johnson in 1874  
M. C. Johnson

MEXICO



## T H E

## ARGUMENT of the First Book.

**T**HE Poet, in proposing his Subject, discovers Saturn, or Time, to be an Enemy to his Hero. Then briefly touching the Cause of his Enmity, hastes into the midst of things, and presents Scriblerus with his Associates traversing the vast Desarts of Africa, in quest of the Petrified City. Saturn perceiving he has now an opportunity of consummate Revenge, by depriving the Hero of his Life; and, what is far more dear to him, his Fame; prevails on Æolus to raise, by a Whirlwind, a Storm of Sand over his Head, and to bur him and his companions at once in oblivion. Scriblerus Speech; wherein he discovers the utmost magnanimity, and scorning so base a death, by an unparallel'd presence of mind, erects a Structure of all his Rarities, and setting fire to it, prepares to throw himself amidst the flames. The God, taking the Sacrifice of so large a Collection as a full Submission, consents to spare his Life; but, to frustrate his present expectations, directs the cloud of dust to fall on the petrified city, which is thereby buried. Scriblerus, unable



to survive the loss of his treasures, is prevented from prosecuting his design of burning himself by a Miracle wrought by the interposition of the God Momus. After a fruitless search of six days more, his companions press him to return. Scriblerus's Speech to them: He persists in his resolution of continuing the search, till he is dissuaded from it by Albertus, who relates to him a fictitious Dream. Scriblerus pronounces an Elogy on prophetic Dreams. He recounts his own Dream; and laments the scarcity and uncertainty of all other modern Oracles. Albertus advises him to consult a Morosoph, whom he describes.

T H E





T H E

## S C R I B L E R I A D.

B O O K the F I R S T.

**T**H E much-enduring Man, whose curious Soul  
 Bore him, with ceaseless toil, from pole to pole,  
 Infatiate, endless knowledge to obtain,  
 Thro' woes by land, thro' dangers on the main,  
 5 New woes, new dangers destin'd to engage  
 By wrathful *Saturn's* unrelenting rage,  
 I sing. *Calliope*, the cause relate  
 Whence sprung the jealous God's immortal hate.



Long had his Scythe, with unresisted sway,  
 10 Spread wide his conquests : All around him lay  
 The boastful victims that proclaim'd him great,  
 And earth-born splendor perish'd at his feet ;  
 When, like the *Titans*, the *Scriblerian* Line  
 Oppos'd, with mortal arms, his power divine ;  
 15 From dark oblivion snatch'd the mould'ring Spoil,  
 Work'd as he work'd, and baffled Force with Toil.  
 Hence first the God's severe resentment flow'd,  
 Till ripen'd vengeance in his bosom glow'd.

*Scriblerus* now had left the fruitful *Nile* :  
 20 (At once the Nurse and Parent of the soil.)  
 Say, Goddess, say, what urgent cause demands  
 His dang'rous Travel o'er the pathless sands.

In

Line 17. *Hence first the God's, &c.*] The Wrath of *Saturn* against *Scriblerus* and his Allies, is here declared to have the same Foundation with his Resentment recorded in the following Epigram :

*Pox on't ; quoth Time to Thomas Hearne,  
 Whatever I forget, you learn.*

L. 20. *At once the Nurse and Parent of the Soil.*] The Ancients believ'd all that Part of *Egypt* which is called *Delta*, to have been, originally, a *Bog* ; and that the Soil was made (as it is now fertiliz'd) by the Inundations of the *Nile*.



In one dread night, a petrifying blast,  
 Portentous, o'er astonish'd *Africk* past ;  
 25 Whose fury, spent on one devoted town,  
 Transform'd the whole, with Gorgon force, to Stone.  
 Each softer substance, in that direful hour,  
 Ev'n Life, confess'd the cold petrific pow'r.  
 While yet she plies the dance, the buxom Maid  
 30 Feels the chill pangs her stiffen'd limbs invade :  
 Thro' the warm veins of boiling Youth they spread,  
 And fix the Bridegroom in the genial bed.

Big with this scene, which all his soul possess'd,  
 Nine days *Scriblerus* trod the dreary waste.  
 35 When *Saturn* thus : Behold, this hour demands  
 The long-stor'd vengeance from my tardy hands.  
 How oft have *Mars* and *Vulcan* swept away  
 The pride of nations in one wrathful Day ?  
 Inferior pow'rs ! shall I, their Elder, bear  
 40 With this rebellious race a lingering war ?  
 Or, by one vig'rous and decisive blow,  
 At once their Triumphs and their Hopes o'erthrow ?  
 Now, fixt in wrath, the founding vault he gains  
 Where *Æolus* his airy sway maintains.



45 When thus : Dread Monarch of this drear abode,  
 Hear my request, assist a suppliant God.  
 If, by my friendly aid, the mould'ring tow'r  
 Totters, at length, a victim to thy pow'r :  
 If e'er my influence to thy force was join'd,  
 50 O! calm the pangs of my long-suff'ring mind.  
 Torn from my arms, a daring traitor bears  
 The labors of a thousand anxious years.  
 Loaded with these, his sacrilegious bands,  
 From eldest *Egypt*, trace the *Libyan* sands.  
 55 Haste then the friendly office to perform :  
 Call all thy winds and swell th' impetuous storm.  
 Roll the dry desert o'er yon impious host,  
 Till, with their Hopes, their Memory be lost.  
 So spake the God. Th' aerial king comply'd,  
 60 And, with his sceptre, struck the mountain's side.  
 Loud thunders the rent rock ; and from within,  
 Out rush resistless, with impetuous din,  
 The hoarse rude winds : and sweeping o'er the land,  
 In circling eddies whirl th' uplifted sand.  
 65 The dusty clouds in curling volumes rise,  
 And the loose mountain seems to threat the skies.



'Th' astonish'd band behold, with ghastly fear,  
Their fleeting grave suspended in the air.

Thus they unmanly, while the dauntless Chief  
70 Betray'd no passion but indignant grief;  
Which thus broke forth : How blest'd the man <sup>[Name,</sup> whose  
From glorious death assumes its brightest fame.  
O! had kind fate ordain'd me to expire,  
Like great *Empedocles* in *Ætna's* fire!  
75 Had I partook immortal *Pliny's* doom;  
(Had fam'd *Vesuvio's* Ashes been my Tomb :)

B

Or

L. 68. *Their fleeting Grave suspended in the Air.]*

————— *Pars plurima terræ*  
*Tollitur, & nunquam resoluta vertice pendet.*

LUCAN. l. 9.

The whirling Dust, like Waves in Eddies wrought,  
Rising aloft, to the Mid-heav'n is caught;  
There hangs a sullen Cloud; nor falls again;  
Nor breaks like gentle Vapours into Rain, &c.

ROWE.

L. 71. See the Speeches of *Ulysses* and *Æneas*. *Odyss.* B. v. *ÆNEID* B. i.

L. 74. ————— *Deus immortalis haberi*  
*Dum cupit Empedocles, ardentem, frigidus Ætnam*  
*Insiluit.* —————

HORACE.

L. 75. The Death of *Pliny*, the Natural Historian, is finely described by his Nephew, *Pliny the Younger*, in his Epistle to *Tacitus*. *Jam navibus cinis inciderrat, jam pumices & fracti igne lapides.* ————— *Gubernatori ut retro flecteret; monenti Fortes, inquit, fortuna juvat.* ————— *Deinde flammæ, flammarumque prænuncius, odor sulphuris, alios in fugam vertunt, excitant illum.* ————— *Concidit, crassiore caligine Spiritu obstructo.* *Lib. vi. Epist. 16.*



Or shar'd the fate of yon portentous Town,  
 And stood, my own sad Monument, a Stone ;  
 Wide o'er the world my spreading Fame had rung,  
 80 By ev'ry Muse in ev'ry region fung.  
 " \* A shameful fate now hides my hapless head,  
 " Un-wept, un-noted, and for ever dead.  
 Yet---for I scorn the base ignoble death,  
 Nor will I to vile Dust resign my breath,  
 85 ----Be something done, worthy each moment past,  
 And O! not unbecoming of the last.  
 Let the brave Phœnix my example be,  
 (That Phœnix, now alas ! I ne'er must see)  
 His Pile magnific the great thought inspire,  
 90 And my choice Treasures light the glorious pyre.  
 Then will I rise amid the circling flame,  
 In Death a rival to *Calanus*' fame.  
 No more shall *Greece* or *Rome* their heroes boast,  
 But all their Pride in Envy shall be lost.

He

\* Two Lines from the Speech of *Ulysses* in *Pope's Odyssey*. B. v. l. 401.

L. 92. *A Rival to Calanus.*] *Calanus*, the *Indian* Philosopher, was so much belov'd by *Alexander*, that he honour'd his Death with a Funeral Pomp, worthy his own Magnificence : He drew out his Army, and ordered Perfumes to be thrown on the Pile, where *Calanus* placed himself richly cloath'd, and did not stir, nor shew any Sign of Pain, when the Flames encompass'd him.



95 He said. His friends in pyral order laid  
 Six ample coffins of the royal dead :  
 The tree which bears Imperial *Pharoah's* name,  
 By age uninjur'd form'd their lasting frame.  
 On these, two mighty Crocodiles were plac'd ;  
 100 O'er which an huge unmeasur'd Skin was cast :  
 This spoil the Hippopotamus bestow'd :  
 Scarce four stout youths support the pond'rous load.  
 On the broad skin the Sage with pious pains  
 Dispos'd the six great Monarchs dear remains ;  
 105 *Sesostris, Pheron,* and his virtuous Dame,  
*Cheops, Psammetichus,* immortal name !  
 And *Cleopatra's* all-accomplish'd frame.  
 This done, two Camels from the troop he flays,  
 And the pil'd fat around the mummie lays.

B 2

Next,

L. 97. *The Tree which bears Imperial Pharoah's Name.*] This Tree is by some called *Pharoah's Fig*, by others *Sycamore*, from *συκος*. The Wood is so remarkably durable, that many Coffins, which are undoubtedly upwards of 2000 Years old, are to be seen at this Day without any Sign of Rottenness.

L. 105. *Pheron and his virtuous Dame.*] See *Herodot us*.



110 Next, ravish'd from the sacred Catacomb,  
 He draws the *Ibis* from his conic tomb.  
 Fossils he plac'd and gawdy Shells around ;  
 The Shield, his Cradle once, the structure crown'd.  
 High on the corners of the ample Base  
 115 *Egyptian* sculpture claims an honor'd place.  
 Here bold *Osiris*, awful form ! appears :  
 Great *Isis* there the hallow'd Sistrum bears.  
*Harpocrates*, the worship of the wise :  
 And proud *Canopus*, conscious of the prize,  
 120 The vanquish'd rival of his pow'r defies.  
 The Structure now compleat, the anxious Chief  
 Brings forth the dry *Papyrus*' sacred leaf :

A Sigh

L. 110. *Next, ravish'd from the sacred Catacomb,  
 He draws the Ibis from his conic Tomb.]*

One of the Catacombs was entirely set apart for the Sepulchre of the *Ibis*. They were called the holy Birds, and had in great Veneration. Being supposed to destroy the winged Serpents in their way to *Egypt*, (meeting them in the Desert) which would otherwise have infested the Land. They were embalm'd in earthen Vessels, of a conic figure.

L. 113. *The Shield, his Cradle.]* See Mem. of *Scriblerus*.

L. 119. *And proud Canopus, conscious of the Prize.]* The Worshippers of Fire boasted that their God was able to destroy the Idols of all other Nations. A subtle Priest obtained the Prize for *Canopus* by this Stratagem. He fill'd his Divinity with Water, and stop'd with Wax several small holes which he had bored in him. The Wax soon melted, and gave Passage to the Water, which extinguish'd the Flames.



A Sigh from his unwilling Bosom broke ;

Then thus, collected in himself, he spoke :

125     Illustrious Souls of *Munster* and of *Greece* !

Tho' here at once my Hopes and Suff'rings cease ;

Nor shall I, like my Ancestors at home,

My Country polish with the labor'd Tome ;

Nor by my Travel (as the *Samian* Sage

130   Enlighten'd *Greece*) instruct the present age ;

Revive the long-lost arts of ancient War,

The deathful Scorpion, and the scythe-girt Car ;

Or share, with *Numa*, Civic Fame, and found

Old *Plato's* Patriot Laws on modern ground :

135   These deep-laid schemes tho' *Saturn's* Wrath o'erthrow,

(His anger rising as my honors grow)

Virtue shall yet her sure reward receive,

And one great Deed my dying Fame retrieve.

Then, thrice invoking each auspicious name,

140   Thro' the light reed he spreads the wafting flame ;

The melted gums, in fragrant volumes rife,

And waft a various incense to the skies ;

The

L. 125. *Illustrious Souls of Munster and of Greece!*] *Scriblerus's* Father was of *Munster*. See *Memoirs of Scriblerus*, the Beginning.



The unctuous fewel feeds the greedy Fire,  
 And one bright flame enwraps the blazing pyre.  
 145 Joy touch'd the victor God's relenting mind,  
 Who thus address'd the Monarch of the Wind :  
 To thee, indulgent Deity, I owe  
 This full Submission of the stubborn Foe.  
 See what vast Tribute one important hour,  
 150 Brings to my throne, and subjects to my pow'r.  
 Enough. This ample Sacrifice alone  
 The thefts and crimes of ages shall atone.  
 Yet tho' I deign his abject Life to spare,  
 Think not the wretch my farther grace shall share.  
 155 Nor shall his rebel Soul, insulting, boast  
 Successful toils where Armies have been lost.----  
 O'er the proud Town, his vain pursuit, shall fall  
 Yon hov'ring mafs, and hide her long-fought wall ;  
 That no remembrance, but an empty name,  
 160 Be left to vindicate her doubtful fame.

He

L. 160. *Her doubtful Fame.*] Some Critics have thought our Author here uses the same Art for which *Eustathius* so greatly commends *Homer* in his Prophecy of the *Phæacians* ; where he says,



He said. Already the tumultuous band,  
 With prompt obedience, hear their King's command,  
 Forbear the conflict, and to *Eurus* yield  
 The long-contested honors of the field.

165 Sudden the loaded atmosphere was clear'd,  
 The glad horizon and bright day appear'd.  
 Freed from the horrors of impending fate,  
 Each raptur'd friend salutes his rescu'd mate :  
 But not such Transports touch'd *Scriblerus*' breast,  
 170 His glorious purpose all his Soul possess'd.  
 In vain to deprecate the rash design,  
 With tears his friends their fond entreaties join.  
 Alas ! he cries, what boots it now to live ?  
 Since I my perish'd Treasures must survive.  
 175 Cut from my hopes, by this devouring fire,  
 While yet I may, O ! let me mount the pyre.

Again

---

‘ Mound on Mound,  
 ‘ Shall bury these proud Tow'rs beneath the Ground. Odyss. l. 8.  
 ‘ The Poet, says he, invents this Fiction, to prevent Posterity from searching af-  
 ‘ ter this Island of the *Phæacians*, and to preserve his Story from Detection of  
 ‘ Falsification ; after the same Manner as he introduces *Neptune* and the Rivers  
 ‘ of *Troy*, bearing away the Wall which the *Greeks* had rais'd as a Fortification be-  
 ‘ fore the Navy.’ But our Poet wanteth no such Art, there being many at this  
 Day ready to assert the Truth of the Catastrophe of that unfortunate City, which  
 Dr. *Shaw* has in vain attempted to discredit in the *Appendix to his Travels*.



Again should wild tornados bring despair,  
 When hov'ring Death shall threaten from the Air,  
 This Pile consum'd, remains there ought to save  
 180 My Body from an ignominious Grave?  
 Let vulgar Souls for doubtful Life contend;  
 Be mine the boast of an Heroic End.

This *Momus* heard, and from *Olympus*' height,  
 To distant *Libya* wing'd his rapid flight.  
 185 Sudden he joins the rash *Scriblerus*' side,  
 While good *Albertus*' form the God belied.  
 Instant, behold! the Guardian Pow'r commands  
 A spark to issue from the blazing brands;  
 Which fell, directed, on the Sage's Head,  
 190 And sudden flames around his temples spread.  
 The subtle God the destin'd moment watch'd:  
 Swift from his head the hairy texture snatch'd,

And,

L. 186. *While good Albertus' Form the God belied.*] He was Son to *Albertus* mentioned in the Memoirs, and consequently first Cousin to *Scriblerus*; see the Character of the Father: '*Albertus* was a discreet Man, sober in his Opinions, clear of Pedantry, and knowing enough both in Books and in the World, to preserve a due Regard for whatever was useful or excellent, whether Ancient or Modern: If he had not always the Authority, he had at least the Art, to divert *Cornelius* from many Extravagancies.' Mem. *Scrib.* chap. vi.



And, unperceiv'd, amidst the croud's amaze,  
A soaring Rocket in the cawl conveys.

195 The latent fraud, portentous, cuts the air,  
And bears, thro' distant skies, the blazing Hair.

When thus the God, in sage *Albertus'* voice :  
Behold this wondrous Omen, and rejoice.

Lo! great *Scriblerus*, what the Fates unfold :

200 At length convinc'd, thy rash Attempt with-hold.

The Gods declare, that thy illustrious Head

Such effluent Glory shall around thee shed,

As, wide dispensing its eternal Rays,

Shall fill th' enlighten'd Nations with Amaze.

205 The yielding Chief observes the Heav'n-mark'd Road,

Accepts the Omen, and obeys the God.

C

Six

L. 196. *And bears, thro' distant Skies, the blazing Hair.*] In the same manner *Anchises* [*Æn. B. ii.*] is prevented from perishing in the Flames of *Troy*, by a meteorous Appearance which they observe directing its passage towards Mount *Ida*.

*Signantemque vias* —————

Their first Discovery of this Omen, is from the Head of *Ascanius*.

*Ecce levis summo de vertice visus Iulii*

*Fundere lumen apex.*



Six anxious days they trace the dreary plains  
 With fruitless search ; so *Saturn's* wrath ordains.  
 His murm'ring Friends the scant Provision mourn,  
 210 And urge th' unwilling Hero to return.  
 But stern resentment fires his glowing breast ;  
 While thus his Wrath th' indignant Sage express'd.  
 O dastard Slaves, from glory's field to fly,  
 And basely tremble ere the danger's nigh !  
 215 Can you, full-feasted, mutter discontent,  
 Ignobly faint ere half your stores are spent ?  
 Return, unworthy of the gen'rous toil,  
 Back to the sluggish borders of the *Nile*.  
 Faithful *Albertus* shall alone partake  
 220 Those dear-bought honors which your fears forsake :  
 Cowards, reflect on *Cato's* steadier host,  
 Unmov'd and dauntless on this dreary coast :

Like  
 L. 213. *O dastard Slaves, &c.*] In this Speech the Heroe discovers a most amazing Greatness of Soul, join'd with wonderful Art. *Cæsar*, in a parallel Case, told his fearful Soldiers, He would march accompanied only with his Tenth Legion : And *Alexander*, with less Art, tho' more Rashness, said, He would go alone. *Solus ire perseverabo, Ite reduces domos. Ite, deserto Rege, ovantes. Ego hic a vobis desperatæ victoriæ, aut honestæ morti, locum inveniam.* Q. Curt. ix. 2.

L. 221. ——— *Cato's* steadier host. ] LUCAN. l. ix.



Like them, in all our travel, have we found  
Asps in the well, or Serpents in the ground!

225 Have we th' invading Basilisk to fear?

Or winged Poisons darting thro' the air?

Yet not these perils shook their firmer souls;

While your resolves a distant fear controuls:

Damp't with the prospect of a future dearth,

230 Nor dare ye trust the all-sustaining Earth.

Nigh to these plains, a nation seek their Food.

High in the branches of the lofty wood;

From the green boughs they crop the recent sprout,

And feed luxurious on the tender shoot.

235 Southward the hard *Rhizophagi* prepare

With marshy Roots, their coarse yet wholesome fare.

From slimy *Nile* the rank unfav'ry Reed,

A pounded mass, in artless loaves they knead:

And in the sun-beams bake the bulbous bread.

C 2

The

L. 231. This Nation, called the *Ulophagi*, is described by *Diodorus Siculus*,  
l. iii. c. 24.

L. 235. *Diodorus Siculus*, l. iii. c. 23.



240 The fierce *Bisaltæ* milk the nursing Mare,  
 Mix her rich Blood, and swill the luscious fare:  
 And the foul *Cynocephalus* sustains,  
 With her drain'd udder, the *Medimnian* swains.

Strange to relate! near fam'd *Hydaspes'* flood,  
 245 For their support they rear the pois'nous brood;  
 The Viper, Toad, and Scorpion are their food.

Nay, ev'n in these uncultivated plains,  
 The swarming Locust feeds the hungry swains.  
 Far-length'ning fires extend along the coast,  
 250 And intercept the close-embattled host.

Firm

L. 240. *Bisaltæ quo more solent acerque Getomus  
 Cum fugit in Rhodopen, atque in deserta Getarum,  
 Et lac concretum cum sanguine potat equino.*

Virg. Georg. lib. iii. lin. 461.

————— When for Drink and Food  
 They mix their cruddled Milk with Horse's Blood. DRYDEN.

L. 246. The Prince of *Cambay's* daily Food  
 Is Asp, and Basilisk, and Toad;  
 Which makes him have so strong a Breath,  
 Each Night he stinks a Queen to Death. HUDIBRASS.

L. 248. *The swarming Locust.*] *Diodorus* relates many Particulars of these *Acridophagi*, l. iii. c. 29. Dr. *Shaw* speaking of these Locusts in his *Travels*, page 257, says, ' Those which I saw were much bigger than our Grasshoppers. ' It was surprizing to observe, that no sooner were any of them hatch'd, than ' they collected themselves into a Body of about two hundred Yards square; ' which marching forward, climb'd over Trees and Houses, and eat up every ' Plant in their way. The Inhabitants placing in a Row great Quantities of ' Heath Stubble, &c. set them on fire upon the approach of the Locusts. But ' all this was to no purpose, for the Fires were quickly put out by infinite ' Swarms succeeding one another: whilst the Front seem'd regardless of Dan- ' ger, and the Rear press'd on so close, that a Retreat was impossible.



Firm and compact, the troops in deep array,  
 Urg'd from behind, pursue their deathful way.  
 The swains with salt their future feast prepare,  
 And one boon hour supplies the wasting year.

255 And doubt we now our Journey to extend,  
 While yet our beasts beneath their burthens bend?  
 Whose flesh alone might all our wants supply,  
 And give not only life, but luxury.  
 Faint with the distant chase, the *Tartar* drains  
 260 Reviving cordials from his Courser's veins!  
 The hungry trav'ler in the dreary waste  
 From the slain Camel shares a rich repast:  
 While parch'd with Thirst, he hails the plenteous Well,  
 Found in the Stomach's deep capacious cell:  
 265 Ev'n their tough skins an hard support might yield;  
 And soldiers oft have eat the stubborn Shield.

Thus

L. 266. *And Soldiers oft have ate the stubborn Shield.*]

*Postremo ad id ventum inopiæ est, ut lora detractasque scutis pelles, mandere conarentur.* Liv. lib. xxiii.



Thus far the Sage. When viewing all around  
 Their wearied Eyes in sleep's soft fetters bound,  
 Stretch'd on the sand, he leaves the slumb'ring crew,  
 270 Himself indignant to his tent withdrew.

Rous'd with the dawn, the good *Albertus* bent  
 His careful footsteps to the Sage's tent.  
 Earnest he seem'd, with meditated art,  
 Some deep important counsel to impart.  
 275 When thus: This night when sleep had clos'd mine eyes,  
 I saw a band of glorious forms arise:  
 The great *Albertus*, Author of my Line,  
 And all that boast affinity to thine:  
 The princely *Scaligers*, illustrious name!  
 280 *Scribonius*, and profound *Bombastus*, came;

When

L. 279. *The princely Scaligers.*] *Julius Cæsar Scaliger*, was a most famous Critic, Poet, Physician and Philosopher, who was much admir'd in the Sixteenth Century: He was born in *Italy*, brought up in *Germany*, and afterwards lived in *France* till his Death. He descended from the Princes *De la Scala*, who were Lords of *Verona*, and of divers other Places in *Italy*.

L. 280. *Scribonius.*] *Cornelius Scribonius* call'd also *Græphæus*, but his Name in the Language of his Country, was *Schryver*, was born at *Alost*, in *Flanders*, in 1482. He made an Abridgment of the History of *Olaus Magnus*, of the Northern Nations. He was remarkable for his Knowledge in Antiquities.

L. 280. *Paracelsus Bombastus.*



When thus thy Sire: O foremost to attend  
 The glorious labors of thy daring friend ;  
 Be thine the task th' unwelcome news to bear :  
 Friendship can smooth the front of rude despair.  
 285 Yet ever must my Son despair to see  
 Yon City, buried by the God's decree :  
 Mountains of sand her loftiest turrets hide,  
 And swell the loaded plain on ev'ry side ;  
 As vain thy search for *Heraclea's* grave,  
 290 Or *Sodom* sunk beneath th' *Asphaltic* wave.

He said. : I listen'd farther yet to hear,  
 When warlike Sounds alarm'd my startled ear.  
 I saw impetuous *Scaliger* advance :  
 The rest around him form'd the *Pyrrhic* Dance,  
 295 They clash their Javelins, ring their clanging Shields,  
 Till Sleep unwilling to the Tumult yields.  
 Thus he, dissembling. The fond Chief replies  
 (While filial raptures in his soul arise.)

Well

L. 289. *As vain thy Search for Heraclea's Grave.*] The late Discovery of *Heraclea* here laid down as impossible, and the inestimable Treasures daily brought from thence, must doubtless animate the Curious, and teach them this useful and important Lesson : That nothing is to be despaired of by a True Vertuoso.



Well may'st thou grieve the glorious vision gone,  
 300 Tho' much, alas! th' indulgent Shades have shewn.  
 O let me still, on this revolving day,  
 A grateful tribute to their mem'ry pay:  
 And to the genius of the horny gate,  
 Whose friendly pow'r reveals our certain fate.

305 Oft, by abstruse mysterious types, are told  
 Those shadow'd truths instructive dreams unfold.

When *Media's* sleepy<sup>ing</sup> monarch saw the Maid  
 A wondrous Deluge o'er his empire spread;  
 How plain that Emblem pointed him the Place  
 310 From whence should issue his severe disgrace!

*Olympia's*

L. 303. *And to the Genius of the horny Gate.] VIRG. lib. vi.*

*Sunt geminae somni portæ: quarum altera fertur  
 Cornea: quâ veris facilis datur exitus umbris.*

Two Gates the silent House of Sleep adorn:  
 Of polish'd Iv'ry this, that of transparent Horn:  
 True Visions thro' transparent Horn arise;  
 Thro' polish'd Iv'ry pass deluding Lyes.

DRYDEN.

*Suetonius* represents *Augustus* as a great Observer both of his own, and other People's Dreams; and, that he most frequently directed his Actions, pursuant to their Admonitions. That during the Spring, his Dreams were fearful, extravagant, and vain; the rest of the Year, less frequent, but the Visions he then saw, more to be depended on. *Suet. in vitâ Augusti.*



*Olympia's* pregnant womb when *Philip* seal'd,  
 The mystic dream young *Ammon's* soul reveal'd.  
 Stamp'd on the wax the Victor Lion shew'd  
 The warlike genius of the Embryo God.

315 Thus has a figur'd Omen, dark, and deep,  
 To me been painted by the pow'rs of sleep.  
 The fav'rite Bird of *Pallas* I beheld  
 Search, with unwearied wing, the new-reap'd field :  
 Fatigued, at length, a lurking Mouse he spies,  
 320 And eager, to the long-fought quarry flies ;  
 Thither, by chance, the Reaper bent his Way,  
 And, with a Wheat-sheaf, whelm'd the trembling prey.  
 Th' *Athenian* bird his frustrate labor mourn'd,  
 Flew from my sight, but soon again return'd,

D

When,

L. 311. *Olympia's pregnant Womb when Philip seal'd.*] ‘ *Philip* of *Macedon* sometime after he was married, dream'd that he seal'd up his Wife's Belly with a Seal, whose Impression, as he fancied, was the Figure of a Lion. Some interpreted this as a Warning to *Philip* to look narrowly to his Wife ; but *Aristander* of *Telmessus*, considering how unusual it was to seal up any thing that was empty, assured him, that the Queen was with Child of a Boy, who would one Day prove as stout and courageous as a Lion.’ *Plutarch's* Life of *Alexander*.



325 When, wondrous to relate, he thus began,  
 (An Owl in figure, but in voice a Man :)  
 I come, no vulgar vision of the night,  
 The Gods direct my emblematic flight.  
 In my sage form thy rev'rend Self appears :  
 330 Thy vain Pursuit the vanish'd Mouse declares.  
 This said, the feather'd Omen seeks the skies :  
 And, instant, downy sleep forsook my eyes.  
 I deem'd the Phantom by the † God design'd, † *Saturæ.*  
 To shake the steady purpose of my mind.  
 335 Now have thy words my vain suspicion eas'd,  
 Confirm'd my soul, and ev'ry doubt appeas'd.  
 But whither next the heav'n-taught course to steer,  
 Nor Omens point, nor friendly Shades declare.

And

L. 326. *An Owl in Figure, but in Voice a Man.*] See *Odyss.* B. xix. l. 641.

In Form an Eagle, but in Voice a Man.

L. 337. *But whither next, &c.*] The German Critics have totally misunderstood this Passage, in imagining that *Scriblerus* should be here at a loss for a Subject



And now, alas! in these unhallow'd days,  
 340 No learned Priest the Sacrifice displays:  
 Inspects the Victim with prophetic eyes,  
 Or reads the vagrant Lessons of the skies.  
 Nor sacred Oracles afford their aid;  
 Dumb is the *Pythian* and *Cumæan* maid.  
 345 O! had we liv'd in that auspicious age,  
 When roam'd the *Trojan* Chief and *Grecian* Sage,

D 2

Some

ject worthy his Curiosity. It is his Religion only that makes him thus doubtful, being unwilling to engage in any fresh Enterprize, without some Sign from Heaven to approve, or Oracle to direct the Undertaking. This will be manifest on the Perusal of the Poem, whereby it will appear, that he has been already given to expect an Oracle in this very Country.

————— To *Egypt's* sacred coast repair,  
 There shall a *surer Oracle* declare  
 Thy destin'd Course ————— B. 4.

What else should prevent his prosecuting the original Intention of a Voyage to *Jamaica* to see an Earthquake. See the Beginning of his Narration, B. ii. And also Mem. of *Scrib.*

L. 339. *And now, alas! &c.*] Thus *Lucan himself* complains, lib. v. *Pharsal.*

————— *Non ullo sæcula dono*  
*Nostra carent majore Deum quam Delphica sedes*  
*Quod siluit.* —————

Of all the Wants with which this Age is curst,  
 The Delphic Silence surely is the worst.

ROWE'S *Lucan.*



Some friendly *Helenus* we then had found,  
 Or *Anius*, skill'd each omen to expound.  
 Perhaps to Hell's dark mansions we had gone,  
 350 And fam'd *Tiresias* had our fortunes shown.  
 Now nought remains our dubious course to guide,  
 Since the *Virgilian* Lots in vain were try'd.

Then

L. 325. *Since the Virgilian Lots in vain were try'd.*] This is a Species of Modern Divination, perform'd by opening the Works of *Virgil*, and remaking the Lines which shall be cover'd with your Thumb, the instant the Leaves are open'd; which, if they can be interpreted, in any respect to relate to you, are accounted prophetic. King *Charles* the First is said to have try'd this Method of learning his Fate, and to have found the Oracle but too certain. We have subjoin'd the Lines, (and the *English* as it is printed in *Dryden's* Miscellanies Vol. 6) notwithstanding we do not give Credit to the Account, for that we believe if the *Stes Virgilianæ* would have given, to any one, a Prospect of their future Fate, our Heroe, *Martinus Scriblerus*, would not have had reason to complain, as he doth, of having consulted them in vain.

## King CHARLES's.

*At Bello audacis populi vexatus & armis  
 Finibus extorris, complexu avulsus Iuli,  
 Auxilium imploret, videatque indigna suorum  
 Funera; nec, cum se sub leges pacis iniquæ  
 Tradiderit, regno aut optata luce fruatur;  
 Sed cadat ante diem; mediâque inhumatus arenâ.*

VIRG. lib. 4. l. 615.

But vex'd with Rebels, and a stubborn Race,  
 His Country banish'd, and his Sons' Embrace,  
 Some Foreign Prince for fruitless Succours try,  
 And see his Friends ingloriously die.

Nor,



Then say, my Friend, what counsel canst thou find,  
To fix the purpose of my wav'ring mind ?

355 *Albertus* then : Alas ! too just thy Grief !

O might my heart suggest the wish'd relief !

The sage *Mahometans* have ever paid

Distinguish'd honors to the Fool and Mad :

And wisely they. For oft, when Reason wings

360 Her flight, superior to terrestrial things,

The thoughts beyond the starry mansions rove,

Blest with the converse of the Gods above ;

And thence to mortals' less exalted Sense,

Instructive truths, oracular, dispense.

At

Nor, when he shall to faithless Terms submit,  
His Throne enjoy, nor comfortable Light ;  
But, immature, a shameful Death receive,  
And on the Ground th' unbury'd Body leave.

L. 357. ' The *Mahometans* have a certain Veneration for Fools and Mad  
' People, as thinking them actuated by a divine Spirit, and look on them as a sort  
' of Saints. They call them here (speaking of *Cairo*) *Sheiks*. Some of these go  
' about their Cities entirely naked ; and in *Cairo* they have a large Mosque,  
' with Buildings adjoining, and great Revenues to maintain such Persons.'  
*Description of the East*. Vol. i. p. 193.

L. 362. *Blest with the converse of the Gods above.*]

————— *Fruiturque Deorum*

*Colloquio* ————— *VIRG.*

L. 363. *And thence to Mortals, &c.*] *Furor iste quem Divinum vocatis, ut quæ  
sapiens non videat, ea videat insanus, & is qui humanos sensus amiserit, Divinos assecu-  
tus sit.* Cicero de Divinatione. lib. ii. c. 34.



365 At *Cairo* sojourns a Phrenetic Sage,  
 Inspir'd with all this Theomantic Rage.  
 I mark'd where'er the Morosoph appear'd,  
 (By crowds furrounded, and by all rever'd,)  
 How Young and Old, Virgins and Matrons kiss'd  
 370 The footsteps of the blest Gymnosophist.  
 The eager Bride touch'd each propitious Part  
 That best prolific virtue might impart.  
 Whilst on the sacred raptures of his tongue  
 The list'ning multitudes, astonish'd, hung.

Then

L. 370. *The blest Gymnosophist.*] The Gymnosophists were *Indian* Philosophers, who went naked; from whence their Name.

L. 367. *Morosoph.*] This Word, so admirably expressive of that Species of Wisdom describ'd in the foregoing Lines, was coin'd by *Rabclais*. See his Works, Book iii. Chap. 46.

L. 371. *The eager Bride.*] According to *Thevenot*, the Touch of these Santos was Sovereign in Case of Barenness in Women. But we have chosen to transcribe the Account from the *Description of the East*. “ I saw in *Rosetto* two of  
 “ those naked Saints, who are commonly natural Fools, and are had in great  
 “ Veneration in *Egypt*; one was a lusty, elderly Man; the other a Youth about  
 “ eighteen Years old. As the latter went along the Street, I observed the Peo-  
 “ ple kissed his Hand. I was also told, that on *Fridays*, when the Women go to  
 “ the Burial-places, they frequently sit at the Entrance of them; and that they  
 “ not only kiss their Hands, but shew them the same Respect that was paid to  
 “ a certain Heathen Idol, and seem to expect the same Kind of Advantage  
 “ from it. I myself saw one of these Saints sitting at a Mosque Door in the  
 “ high Road, without the Gates of *Cairo*, with a Woman on each Side of him,  
 “ at the same time the Caravan was going to *Mecca*, and a Multitude of People  
 “ passing by, who are so accustomed to such Sight, that they took no Notice  
 “ of it.” *Vol. i. Page 14.*



375 Then haste we back to *Cairo*, I advise,  
And let the Fool give counsel to the Wife.

An hope-born smile the Chief's assent express'd,  
And drove despair, sad inmate, from his breast.

Fir'd with the wish'd Return, the wearied band  
380 With shouts of joy receive the glad command :  
Already flighting the diminish'd toil  
Of scorching *Sirius*, and the faithless foil.

*The E N D of the First B O O K.*















L. P. Boitard Inv. & Sculp.

According to Act of Parliament 1751.



THE  
SCRIBLERIAD:

AN  
HEROIC POEM.

BOOK II.



LONDON:

Printed for R. DODSLEY in *Pall-Mall*;

And Sold by

M. COOPER in *Pater-noster-row*.

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MDCCLI.



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MDCCLII.



## T H E

## A R G U M E N T of the Second Book.

*T*HE Second Book, leads the imagination, at once, from the barren desert, to the most fruitful spot in the world, the antient Arfinoe, now Faiume. Here Scriblerus meets a company of Pilgrims, formerly his Father's friends, who desire him to relate his whole adventures to them. He begins his Narration. Gives an account of his waiting three years in vain at Naples to see the Eruption of Vesuvius. Purposes going to Jamaica in hopes of seeing an earthquake. Sails with his friends, is driven by contrary winds below the Cape of Good-hope. Arrives at a most delightful country, which is describ'd : but suddenly flies from it, moved by a fatal misinterpretation of an oracle. Scriblerus, continuing his Narration, describes a wonderful coast, the surprising appearance of which strikes a damp on his companions. Deidemon and Thaumastes are chosen by lot to reconnoitre the country. At their return, they give a very imperfect account of their adventures, being stupified by excessive fear. Scriblerus sets out alone on a farther discovery.



THE

Argument of the Second Book

THE SECOND BOOK, which is the second part of the work, is divided into two parts, the first of which is the first part of the second book, and the second is the second part of the second book. The first part of the second book is divided into two parts, the first of which is the first part of the second book, and the second is the second part of the second book. The second part of the second book is divided into two parts, the first of which is the first part of the second book, and the second is the second part of the second book.





T H E

S C R I B L E R I A D.

B O O K S E C O N D.

**A**ND now, ten days in tedious travel past,  
 At length they quit th' inhospitable waste.  
 As *Zembla's* Sons, benighted half the year,  
 Exult when first the chearing rays appear,  
 5 From the deep gloom when long-lost scenes arise,  
 And earth and gayer heav'n salute their eyes :  
 Such Joys diffus'd *Arsinoe's* fertile plain,  
 Such rapture seiz'd the late dejected train.

From

Line 7. *Such joys diffus'd Arsinoe's fertile plain.*] The Country round the antient *Arsinoe*, (where now stands *Faiume*) is described by *Strabo*, to have been the most beautiful Spot in all *Egypt*.



From the tall hills, with transport they command  
 10 The vast extent of that wide-water'd land :

Where the same course sev'n copious rivers take,  
 And, *Mæris*, fill thy deep capacious lake.

They leave the spacious Lab'rinth's ruin'd state,  
 And, chearful, enter proud *Faiume's* gate :

15 When, lo ! to meet them came a solemn Band,  
 The Pilgrim's staff each bearing in his hand ;  
 Their hats with scallops grac'd ; the *Flemish* green  
 In numerous crosses, on their robes was seen.

Who thus : Hail, great *Scriblerus*, nor disdain  
 20 A friendly welcome to this reverend train.

By adverse fates and ceaseless tempests tost  
 From sad *Judæa's* desolated coast,

To *Alexandria's* port our course we steer'd,  
 And there the hallow'd footsteps we rever'd

25 Of Princes, Prelates, Saints, and Martyrs dead,  
 Who greatly triumph'd, or who bravely bled.

There first with joy we heard thy spreading fame ;  
 And thence to welcome thy return we came.

But,

Line 17. The Pilgrims wore scallops in their hats, and distinguished their several nations by the colours of the crosses which they wore on their habits.



But, generous sage, sincere and free declare,  
 30 Are you, of manly growth, *Scriblerus*' heir ?  
 For sure his features in your look appear,  
 And in the son the father we revere.

Oft have I heard from my chaste mother's tongue,  
 That from the great *Cornelius*' loins I sprung,

The

Line 29. *But, gen'rous youth, sincere and free declare,  
 Are you, of manly growth, his royal heir ?  
 For sure Ulysses in your look appears. . . . .*

*To prove a genuine birth (the Prince replies)  
 On Female truth assenting faith relies ;  
 Thus manifest of right, I build my claim,  
 Sure-founded on a fair Maternal fame.*

POPE'S *Odyss.* Book I.

Line 33. [ & *infra.*] This speech discovers several admirable qualities in our Hero. His scrupulous regard for truth, in not positively affirming a thing for certain, wherein there was a possibility of his being mistaken. His dutiful affection and filial piety, in giving credit to his mother in an affair of which he could not be so well inform'd as from her own mouth. Lastly, his judgment, in chusing for an example the answer of the good *Telemachus* in the *Odyss.* B. 1. to the same question.

Μήτηρ μὲν τ' ἐμέ φησι τὸ ἔμμεναι, αὐτὰρ ἔγωγε  
 Οὐκ οἶδ'. ἔ γαρ πω τις ἔον γόνον αὐτὸς ἀπέγνω.

The whole Passage is thus translated by *Hobbes* :

*But say are you indeed, that are so grown  
 His Son ? your heads and eyes are like (I mark)  
 For we were well to one another known,  
 But 'twas before he did to Troy embark  
 With other Princes of the Argive youth,  
 But never saw him since. That I'm his son  
 (Said he) my mother says. But who in Truth  
 Knoweth who 'twas that got him ? I think none.*

It may not be aliene to the Office of a true Critick to observe, that when *Aristophanes* was called upon to prove his Right to the Freedom of *Athens*, He quoted these Lines : *Μήτηρ μὲν τ' ἐμέ φησι*, &c. His Judges were pleas'd with the Application, and admitt'd him a Citizen.



35 The sage replies : but O ! what mortal knows  
 Th' undoubted fire to whom his birth he owes ?  
 O ! might I now, tho' born of meaner race,  
 With Him the mazy paths of wisdom trace,  
 With Him unfold the metaphysick store,  
 40 And science, thro' each dark recess, explore---  
 But fate pronounc'd th' irrevocable doom,  
 And death has sunk him in the silent tomb.  
 Behold me now, deserted and forlorn,  
 The sport of Fortune and her abject scorn :  
 45 Weary'd with woes, and old in travel grown,---  
 Still flatt'ring hope reserv'd yon wond'rous town---  
 Thither we journey'd ; but the Gods ordain  
 Our search successless and our labour vain.

Then They : With sympathetick grief we moan  
 50 Thy fate , alas ! so sad, so like our own.  
 Yet say, *Scriblerus*, since thy daring soul,  
 Superior still to Fortune's vain controul,  
 Has many a glorious enterprize atchiev'd,  
 New arts invented and lost arts retriev'd ;  
 55 Say, shall thy friends thy various labours hear,  
 And thy sage conduct glad their longing ear ?

*Scriblerus*



*Scriblerus* then; Ah! seek not now to know,  
A series of unutterable woe.

For, lo! to *Thetis'* bed the God of day  
60 Thro' Western skies precipitates his way.  
Give we to feast and sleep the peaceful night---  
To distant *Cairo*, with the morning light,  
Our course we speed: But if so great desire  
To hear our fates your friendly breasts inspire,  
65 As on the peaceful bosom of the *Nile*,  
We sail, the tedious passage to beguile,  
Your fond request, tho' hard, shall be obey'd,  
And every debt to sacred friendship paid.

Soon as the sun th' enlighten'd vault ascends  
70 Th' impatient chief embarks his ready friends.

Now all in silence eyed the godlike man,  
Who thus with tears th' eventful tale began.

From native *Albion* a selected Band,  
We spread the sail and reach th' *Ausonian* strand:  
75 The sacred flame which *Pliny's* Breast inspir'd  
Urg'd our resolves and every bosom fir'd:  
But our dull stars th' expected boon delay,  
And three slow years steal unimprov'd away.



Tho' heaving fire *Vesuvio's* womb distends,  
 80 No bursting deluge o'er the plain descends.  
 —O! curst impatience! O! severe disgrace!  
 Scarce had we left, unwilling left, the place,  
 When forth the flames, with wild explosion, broke,  
 The lab'ring mountain to its basis shook:  
 85 A molten deluge cover'd all the ground,  
 And ashes fill'd the hemisphere around.

Unmov'd, tho' baffled, we renew our toil,  
 And seek, *Jamaica*, thy unstable foil.  
 Where Mountains rock, where yawning Caverns roar,  
 90 And bellowing gulphs sulphureous torrents pour;  
 Majestic Scene! whose awful glories fire  
 Our drooping souls, and kindle new desire.  
 With prosp'rous gales, we reach *Madeira's* height,  
 And load delicious wines, a welcome freight.

Thence,

L. 88. *And seek, Jamaica.*] “It has been my good fortune to have seen all  
 “the grand phenomena of nature, except an Earthquake, which I waited for in  
 “*Naples* three years in vain; and now I impatiently expect a passage to *Ja-*  
 “*maica* for that benefit.” *Memoirs of Scriblerus.*

L. 90. *And bellowing gulphs.*] In *Don Antonio Ulloa's* account of a Voyage  
 lately made by some *Spaniards* who went to measure a Degree of the Earth (in  
 which is a very curious description of Earthquakes) we are told, that for some  
 days before any great Eruption, noises are heard resembling the lowing of Cattle,  
 and the discharge of Artillery.



95 Thence, o'er the bosom of the boundless sea,  
 Twice ten blest days pursue th' unruffled way ;  
 When lo ! deep clouds, with fable horrors rise,  
 And, lowring, menace from the Western skies ;  
 Impetuous winds old Ocean's face deform,  
 100 The vessel drives before the swelling storm ;  
 Six long tempestuous weeks, by \* *Corus*, tost  
 And born far distant from the wish'd-for coast.  
 Now as beneath the sultry Line we run,  
 We bear unshaded the meridian sun.  
 105 Now far beyond the tropick as we stray,  
 Mourn the weak influence of th' obliquer ray.  
 Twice had the changeful moon full orb'd her light  
 Display'd ; twice yielded to the shades of night ;  
 When lo ! at once the boistrous winds subside,  
 110 At once abates the restless rolling tide.  
 Soft *Zephyr* rising o'er the watry plain,  
 Fans with his gentle wing the level main ;  
 When now *Aurora*, with auspicious light,  
 Reveals a beauteous harbour to the sight.

\* The N.W. Wind.



115 Bewitching scenes encompass us around,  
 And the whole region seems enchanted ground.  
 Gold buds and branches on the radiant trees,  
 And melting musick floats on ev'ry breeze.  
 From flowers, unfading thro' the varied year,  
 120 Incense and ambergris perfume the air ;  
 Eternal verdure cloaths the cloud-topt hills,  
 In tuneful measure fall the tinkling rills ;  
 Rubies and em'rals load the teeming groves,  
 Where vocal Phænixes record their loves.  
 125 The boars their sides in chrystal fountains lave,  
 The painted panther swims the briny wave.  
 In myrtle groves the wanton dolphins play ;  
 While sea-calves o'er th' enamell'd meadows stray.

Around

L. 115. *Bewitching Scenes*] See *Spectator*, No. 63. and also 58, 59, 60, in which Papers Acrosticks, Anagrams, Lipogrammatists, &c. &c. are described and treated of at large by Mr. *Addison*.

L. 119. *Rubies and emeralds.*] The description of this country bears so near a resemblance to that given by *Socrates* in the *Phædo* of *Plato*, that we doubt not but the Learned Reader will find a great pleasure in the comparison : ἐν δὲ ταύτῃ ἔση τοιαύτη ἀνάλογον τὰ φύομενα φύεσθαι, δένδρα τε, καὶ ἄνθη καὶ τὰς καρπὸς. καὶ αὐτὰ τὰ ὄρη ὡσαύτως καὶ τὰς λίθους ἔχειν ἀνά τὸν αὐτὸν λόγον τὴν τελειότητα καὶ τὴν διαφάνειαν, καὶ τὰ χρώματα καλλίω. ὧν καὶ τὰ ἐνθάδε λιθίδια εἶναι ταῦτα τὰ ἀγαπώμενα, μωρία, σάρδια τε καὶ ἰάσπιδας, καὶ σμαράγδους, καὶ πάντα τὰ τοιαῦτα. *Phæd.* § 59.



Around our ships the warbling mermaids glide,  
 130 And with their musick sooth the swelling tide.

Th' enchanting scene my ravish'd crew possess,  
 And Calentures had seiz'd on ev'ry breast ;  
 This I perceiv'd, and sudden gave command  
 To drive the vessel on the oozy strand.

135 Ere yet they touch'd the shore, th' impatient crew  
 O'er the high decks with heedless rapture flew.  
 And wand'ring onward, with amazement, found  
 A well-spread table, on the verdant ground.

On beds of fragrant roses we recline,  
 140 And quaff full bowls of unexhausted wine.

Indulge with various meats unfated taste,  
 And, thoughtless, revel in the rich repast.

When issuing from the woods on either hand,  
 In martial guise advanc'd a num'rous band.

145 In martial guise they march'd : ill-judging fear  
 Mifdeem'd the pomp inhospitable war,

Un-

L. 144. *In martial guise advanced a num'rous band.*] We learn from the Author's description of these Islanders, that they were very fond of pageantry and shew. They entirely addicted themselves to the study and profession of Poetry in all its branches. Tho' we may observe that every individual ranged himself



Unmindful of *Ascanius*' harmless train,  
 And bloodless battles on *Sicilia*'s plain:  
 Hence my rash hand, by fatal fury led,  
 150 Drew show'rs of woes on each devoted head,  
 Firm and compact in three fair columns wove,  
 O'er the smooth plain, the bold Acrosticks move ;  
 High o'er the rest the tow'ring Leaders rise  
 With limbs gigantick and superior size.  
 155 They lead the van, unmov'd in the career,  
 And Bout-rimee's bring up the lagging rear.

Not himself in his particular class, and never acted out of his own sphere. That on all solemn occasions, the several orders distinguish'd themselves by their habits, and the symbols which they bore: and their disposition and attitudes, in the procession emblematically represented that species of Poetry which they particularly profess'd, and from which they derived their name. As a writer of Acrosticks was call'd an Acrostick, of Anagrams an Anagram, and the like. Somewhat in this manner were all the antient Poets represented for the entertainment of *Leo* the tenth, as we find them describ'd by *Strada* in his *Prolusions*.

[L. 147.] *Scriblerus* here taxes himself with his heedlessness in not recollecting that famous description of *Ascanius*'s mock army in the 5th B. of *Virgil*. This forgetfulness is the more surprizing, because he could not but know how fond all nations have been of this kind of pageantry, by which some at this day represent their manufactures, and others even the mysteries of their Religion.

*Hunc morem cursus, atq; hæc certamina primus  
 Ascanius, longam muris cum cingeret Albam,  
 Rettulit, Et priscos docuit celebrare Latinos :  
 Albani docueri suos, tum maxima porro  
 Accepit Roma*—————

Æn. 5.

L. 152. *The bold Acrosticks.*]

————— *chuse for thy command  
 Some peaceful Province in Acrostick land;  
 There thou mayst Wings display, and Altars raise.*

DRYDEN'S *Mac Flecko*.



Not thus the loofer Chronograms prepare,  
 Careless their Troops, undisciplin'd to War ;  
 With ranks irregular, confus'd, they stand,  
 160 The Chieftains mingling with the vulgar band.  
 But with still more disorder'd march, advance  
 (Nor march it seem'd, but wild fantastick dance)  
 The uncouth Anagrams, distorted train,  
 Shifting, in double mazes, o'er the plain.  
 165 From different Nations next the Centos crowd ;  
 With borrow'd, patcht, and motley ensigns proud.

Not

L. 165. *From different nations.*] A Cento primarily signifies a cloak made of patches. In poetry it denotes a work wholly composed of verses, or passages promiscuously taken from other authors ; (only disposed in a new form or order) so as to compose a new work and a new meaning. *Ausonius* has laid down the rules to be observed in composing Centos. The pieces, he says, may be taken either from the same poet, or from several ; and the verses may be either taken entire, or divided in two ; one half to be connected with another half taken elsewhere : But two verses are never to be taken together. Agreeable to these rules, he has made a pleasant nuptial Cento from *Virgil*. *Opusculum* (says he) *de inconnexis unum de alieno nostrum*.

The Empress *Eudoxia* wrote the *Life of Jesus Christ* in Centos, taken in this manner from *Homer*. *Proba Falconia* did the like from *Virgil*. The same did *Alex. Ross* and *Stephen de Pleurre*, from whom we cite the following Adoration of the Magi.

*Tum Reges* —————  
 7 Æ. 98 *Externi veniunt x quæ cuiq; est copia læti.* 5 Æ. 100.  
 11 Æ. 333 *Munera portantes x molles sua tura Sabæi.* 1 G. 57.  
 3 Æ. 464 *Dona dehinc auro gravia x Myrrhaque madentes,* 12 Æ. 100.  
 9 Æ. 659 *Agnovere Deum Regem x Regumque parentem.* 6 Æ. 548.  
 1 G. 418 *Mutavere vias x perfectis ordine votis.* 10 Æ. 548.



Not for the fame of warlike deeds they toil,  
But Their sole end the plunder and the spoil.

Next, an uncertain and ambiguous train  
170 Now forward march, then countermarch again.  
The van now first in order, duly leads,  
And now the rear the changeful squadron heads.  
Thus onward, *Amphisbæna* springs to meet  
Her foe ; nor turns her in the quick retreat.  
175 To join these squadrons, o'er the champain came  
A numerous race of no ignoble name ;  
The mighty *Crambo* leads th' intrepid van :  
The rest a forward loud industrious clan.  
*Riddle*, and *Rebus*, *Riddle's* dearest son ;  
180 And false *Conundrum*, and insidious *Pun* ;  
*Fustian*,

L. 169. *Next, an uncertain.*] Reciprocal verses (call'd also Retrograde and Recurrents) give the same words whether read backwards or forwards.

*Signa te signa temere me tangis et angis.*

The *Amphisbæna* is a serpent said to have two heads, one at each end, and to go indifferently with either end foremost.

*The Amphisbæna double arm'd appears,  
At either end a threatening head she rears.*

Row's Lucan, B. 9



*Fustian*, who scarcely deigns to tread the ground ;  
 And *Rondeau*, wheeling in repeated round.  
 Here the *Rhopalics* in a wedge are drawn,  
 There the proud *Macaronians* scour the lawn.  
 185 Here fugitive and vagrant o'er the green,  
 The wanton *Lipogrammatist* is seen.  
 There *Quibble* and *Antithesis* appear,  
 With *Doggrel-rhymes* and *Ecchoes* in the rear.

## C

## On

L. 183. *Rhopalic* verses begin with a monosyllable, and continue in words growing gradually longer to the last, which must be the longest of all.

*Rem regem regimen regionem religionem.*

They had their name from *ροπαλον*, a *Club*, which like them begins with a slender tip, and grows bigger and bigger to the head. Hence our author draws them up with great propriety, in the military form of a wedge.

L. 184. The *Macaronian* is a kind of burlesque poetry, consisting of a jumble of words of different languages, with words of the vulgar tongue latinized, and latin words modernized. This verse has employed the pens of many *French* and *Italian* writers. We have seen three or four long poems of this kind by our own countrymen.

*Et dabo fee simple, si monstras Love's pretty dimple,  
 Gownos, silkcotos, kirtellos, & peticotos,  
 Buskos & soccos, Stomacheros, Cambrica smockos.*

Ignoramus.

With these we may venture to rank some late publish'd lines written by the ingenious *Dr. Swift* to a School-master of his acquaintance.

*Dic heris agro at an da quarto finale.  
 Puta ringat ure nos an da stringat ure tale.*



On their fair standards, by the wind display'd,  
 190 Eggs, Altars, Wings, Pipes, Axes were pourtray'd.

Alarm'd and all-suspended with the fight,  
 Nor yet determin'd to retire or fight,  
 A wondrous omen from directing Fate,  
 Fix'd our resolves, and urg'd our quick retreat.

195 As on the ground, reclin'd, *Thaumastes* lay,  
 Fill'd with the feasting of the genial day;  
 (Uncertain if some godhead sway'd his mind,  
 Or mov'd by chance) he broke the walnut's rind:  
 Fear and amazement seiz'd his shuddering soul,  
 200 When for the nut, he found a scribbled scroll.  
 He trac'd the characters with secret dread;  
 Then thus aloud the mystick verses read.

IN LOVE THE VICTORS FROM THE VANQUISH'D FLY,  
 THEY FLY THAT WOUND, AND THEY PURSUE THAT DIE.

205 Silent a while and thoughtful we remain,  
 At length the verse unanimous explain;

That

L. 203. *In love the Victors.*] Two lines from *Waller*.

L. 190. *Eggs, Altars, Wings, Pipes, Axes.*] The foregoing comments have so crowded the notes, that we shall refer the Reader to the *Spectator*, No. 58. where he will find this Line very fully explain'd by Mr. *Addison*.



That where no triumphs on the conquest wait,  
 Ev'n virtue's self and honour bids retreat,  
 So *Jove* declares, so wills eternal Fate.

210 With eager zeal, we hoist the spreading fails,  
 And, from the deck, invoke the tardy gales.

When now the shore the fancy'd armies reach,  
 And form their mimick Legions on the beach.

Insulting shouts the deafen'd sense invade,  
 215 Sarcasms and scoffing taunts our fears upbraid.

I catch my bow, (the same which *Aster* bore  
 'Gainst the rash monarch on *Theffalia's* shore,)

C 2

The

L. 216. *I catch my bow, the same which Aster bore*

*'Gainst the rash monarch on Theffalia's shore.]*

During the siege of *Methone*, *Philip* of *Macedon* lost his right eye by an arrow. *Aster* of *Amphipolis* having offer'd his service as an extraordinary marksman, who could take a bird down flying; Well, said *Philip*, when I wage war with starlings I'll employ you. The man was so nettled with this answer, that he threw himself into the town, and shot an arrow at him, with this Inscription on it, At *Philip's* right eye. No wonder so great a curiosity as the bow of such an excellent archer should be preserved in the *Scriblerian* family.



The string with meditated vengeance drew,  
 And pierc'd a Leader of th' Acrostick crew.  
 220 The giant scoffer falls consign'd to death,  
 And thus, prophetic, fung his parting breath:  
 Coward and slave, ne'er shalt thou reap the fruit  
 Of thy long labours and severe pursuit.  
 With sorrow shalt thou leave thy suff'ring crew,  
 225 A venging justice shall their steps pursue,  
 Rude draughts of iron shall they drink at need,  
 Drink, and deplore thy rash inhuman deed.  
 These threats denouncing, in the dust he rolls:  
 Cold thrilling fear invades our troubled souls.

Prostrate,

L. 220. *The giant scoffer falls.*] The death and prophecy of the *Acrostick* bear a wonderful resemblance to *Æneas's* encounter with the *Harpies*, and curse of *Celæno*, in the 3d Book of *Virgil*:

— *Non ante datam cingetis mænibus urbem.  
 Quam vos dira fames nostræque injuria cædis  
 Ambefas subigat malis absumere mensas.*

— Know that ere the promis'd walls you build,  
 My curses shall severely be fulfill'd.  
 Fierce famine is your lot for this misdeed,  
 Reduc'd to grind the plates on which you feed.

DRYD.



230 Prostrate, we supplicate All-ruling *Jove*,  
 Th' impending curse, relenting, to remove:  
 With sad reluctance leave th' enchanting plain;  
 And anxious plough the hoarse-refounding main.

          Nine tedious days a doubtful course we steer;  
 235 The tenth, bold rocks and tow'ring cliffs appear.  
 The least, as *Atlas* tall, o'erlook'd the strand:  
 Nor shapeless they, but shap'd by Nature's hand.  
 Some like smooth cones aspiring to the skies,  
 Others aloft in spiral volumes rise.

240 These seem vast cannon planted on the shore,  
 Well-turn'd and hollow'd with cylindrick bore:  
 Here columns or tall obelisks appear;  
 There a vast globe or polish'd Hemisphere.  
 Tow'ring on high proud battlements are seen:

245 And saliant bastions bear a warlike mien.  
 What breast, unmov'd, the dreadful fight could bear?  
 What eye behold it unappall'd with fear!  
 I strove their drooping courage to awake,  
 And thus, with animating accents, spake:



250 See, dear companions, what the Gods have giv'n,  
 And praise th' indulgence of propitious heav'n.  
 How great the scene, where'er we turn our eyes!  
 The prospects various all, yet all surprize.  
 Ply well your oars to gain th' auspicious land;  
 255 And raise a grateful altar on the strand.  
 Then let some Chief, by lot decreed, explore  
 The latent glories of this wondrous shore.

Thus I, dissembling; but pale fear possesseth  
 Each livid cheek, and chill'd each manly breast.  
 260 Fresh in their mind th' *Acrosticks* threats they dread,  
 And curse, denounc'd on their devoted head.  
 Still I persist, and urge the hard command:  
 With slow reluctant steps, they press the sand.  
 In equal parts I strait divide the Crew:  
 265 Then in the urn the lots inscrib'd I threw,  
 And shook the hallow'd vase, till Chance decreed  
 The sage *Deidemon* for the hardy deed:  
 And join'd the brave *Thaumastes* to his side,  
 By social love and like pursuits ally'd.

Sheath'd



270 Sheath'd in bright arms, o'er the suspected plain,  
 Pensive they march, and pensive we remain.  
 In vain th' enliv'ning banquet's charms we try,  
 In vain the mirth-inspiring goblet ply.  
 Dread and despair each rising joy controul,  
 275 And horror, brooding o'er the sparkling bowl.  
 Nor less in vain we seek the balm of sleep,  
 For still the wretched painful vigils keep.  
 Then first, my friends, I own, this manly breast  
 Damp wav'ring Doubt, Fear's harbinger, confess.  
 280 When, all-propitious to my raptur'd eyes,  
 I saw *Priapus*' awful form arise ;

And

L. 277.] The *Scribleri* have always testified the utmost reverence for this God, as appears from their having been industrious to preserve every line that has been written to his honour. They have made a considerable collection of small poems, which they have named from their tutelary Deity, and have been no less assiduous in exhibiting his statues and pictures. This naturally accounts for the great zeal with which the God promises his patronage to our Hero.



And thus the God : Dispel this causeless dread ;  
For know, an hospitable land ye tread.  
What tho' the chiefs report a dreadful tale,  
285 Fearless do Thou the glorious task assail,  
Nor war, nor hostile perils shalt thou prove :  
But the soft blandishments of proffer'd love.  
Myself the powerful passion will impart  
To the fond Queen, and melt her yielding heart :  
290 Thy manly limbs with heighten'd charms I'll grace,  
And breath resistless beauties o'er thy face:

As

L. 290. *Thy manly limbs with heighten'd charms I'll grace —  
As artful sages give the modern stone  
Time's honour'd stains, and glories not its own.]*

————— *Letos oculis afflarat honoree  
Quale manus addunt ebori decus, aut ubi flavo  
Argentum, Pariusve lapis circumdatur auro.* VIRG. L. I.

———— *And breath'd a youthful vigor on his face :  
Like polish'd iv'ry, beauteous to behold,  
Or Parian marble, when enchas'd in gold.* DRYDEN;



As artful sages give the modern stone  
 Time's honour'd stains, and glories not its own;  
 The canker'd coin with verdegrease incrust,  
 295 Or grace the polish'd bronze with reverend rust.  
 With confidence proceed, my ready pow'r  
 Shall never fail thee in th' important hour.

He said, and vanish'd at th' approach of morn :  
 When, lo! the Chiefs with downcast look return.  
 300 Aghast, with speechless tongue and bristling hair,  
*Deidemon* stood ; an emblem of Despair.

Scarce could *Thaumastes* o'er his fears prevail :  
 Who thus, at length, brought out the broken tale.

We went, *Scriblerus*---(such was thy command)  
 305 Thro' yon lone rocks to view this wond'rous land---

D

Long

L. 308.] See the Speech of *Eurylochus*, and the following adventures.  
 Odyss. B. 10.



Long had we roam'd---sudden a noise we heard  
 Of mighty wings---and saw a monstrous bird.  
 I grasp'd my javelin---startled at th' alarm,  
 But sage *Deidemon* stopt my desp'rate arm.  
 310 Oh, well restrain'd ! for by its nearer flight,  
 An human face conspicuous to the sight,

And

L. 311. *And saw a monstrous bird* -----  
*An human face.*] -----

Bishop *Wilkins* was strongly bent on bringing the art of flying to perfection. He mentions it in most of his works. After having enumerated the several methods proposed, he says, 'Tis the more obvious and common opinion, that this may be effected by wings fasten'd immediately to the Body, this coming nearest to the Imitation of Nature. 'Tis related of a certain *English* Monk, called *Elmerus*, about the Confessor's time, that he did by such Wings fly from a Tower above a Furlong ; and so another from St. *Mark's* Steeple in *Venice* ; another at *Norinberg* ; and *Busbequius* speaks of a *Turk* in *Constantinople*, who attempted something this way.' *Dædalus*, Ch. 7.

In another work (*That the Moon may be a World*) he reasons on the probability of reaching the Moon by the help of this art. He computes it to be 180 days journey ; endeavours to solve the difficulties which may arise from want of Diet and Lodging. See his arguments at large, Prop. 15.

' The art of Flying hath been in all ages attempted, particularly in the times of Friar *Bacon*, who affirms it to be possible, and that he knew a person who had actually tried it with good success. And even now there are not wanting some in *England*, who, by experiment, have prov'd themselves able to do it. The *Sieur Besnier*, a smith of *Sable*, hath invented an engine for Flying.' *Philosoph. Transact.* Vol. I. page 499, 500, with a Cut of the Engine, Plate 5.



And human limbs appear'd.---With wild amaze  
 Astonish'd at the dire portent we gaze,  
 And meditate return---when from the flood,  
 315 (For near a spacious river's bank we stood)  
 A Bark emergent rose ; with oars well-tim'd,  
 Cut the smooth wave, and o'er the surface skim'd.

D 2

Then

L. 320. *A Bark emergent rose.*] *Cornel. Drebell* made a vessel for *James I.* to be row'd under water with twelve rowers: It was try'd on the *Thames*. *Bishop Wilkins*, after solving all the difficulties that might be objected to this submarine navigation, enumerates the advantages of it.

' 1. 'Tis private ; a man may go to any Coast of the world invisible, without being discover'd or prevented in his journey.

' 2. 'Tis safe ; from the uncertainty of Tides, and the violence of Tempests, which do never move the sea above five or six paces deep ; from pirates and robbers, which do so infest other voyages ; from ice and great frosts, which do so much endanger the passages towards the poles.

' 3. It may be of very great Advantage against a Navy of Enemies, who by this means, may be undermined in the waters and blown up.

' 4. It may be of special use for the Relief of any place that is besieged by water, to convey unto it invisible supplies ; and so likewise for the surprisal of any place that is accessible by water.

' 5. It may be of unspeakable Benefit for submarine Experiments and Discoveries. Several Colonies may thus inhabit, having their children bred up without the knowledge of Land, who could not chuse but be amaz'd with strange conceits upon the discovery of this upper world.' *Wilkins's Mathematical Magick*, Book II. chap. 5.



Then sunk again, but still her course purfu'd,  
 Clear was the stream, and all beneath we view'd.

320 Swift we retire, with oft-retorted eye,

Left magic charms o'ertake us as we fly.

Long unpursued we run, at length retreat

Where an arch'd rock affords a welcome seat.

Cheerful we enter, but within behold

325 A serpent shape with many a jointed fold.

Each friendly pow'r invoking to my aid,

The sleeping form, intrepid, I invade.

Direct my faulchion on the monster's hide,

And in the midst his bloodless frame divide.

330 But soon, repentant, my rash deed deplore,

For lo! two foes vindictive on the floor,

Both rear the horned head, and both assail

With the sharp terrors of the pois'nous tail.

Again

L. 325. *A serpent shape with many a jointed fold.*] The account of this monster bears a very near resemblance to the description of the Hydra, which has so much employed the pens of the Antients; and also to the Polypus, so celebrated by the Moderns.

L. 229. ——— *bloodless frame.*] It must be acknowledged that upon cutting, not the least effusion of blood or *Ichor* can be perceived, even by the best microscope. *Natural History of the Polype.*



Again our trenchant blades aloft we heave,  
 Dauntless again the fever'd bodies cleave,  
 335 And triumph in the deed. Alas! how blind,  
 How fond, how prone to err, the human mind!  
 How vain our joy! for, (such the will of fate)  
 Our conquests still new enemies create.

Again th' unequal combat we renew,  
 340 Again, surpriz'd, encrease the reptile crew.  
 And now a numerous fry o'erspread the ground,  
 By slaughter rais'd, and fertile from the wound.

O! for that warning voice which *Cadmus* heard,  
 When from the glebe his growing foes appear'd!

Or

L. 347. *Fertile from the wound.*]

*Vulneribus fecunda suis.* OVID'S Desc. of the Hydra.

*Hanc ego ramosam, natis e cæde colubris,  
 Crescentemque malo domui.*

*Art thou proportion'd to the Hydra's length,  
 Who from his wounds, receiv'd augmented Strength?  
 He rais'd an hundred hissing heads in air,  
 When one I lopt, up sprung a deadly pair.  
 By his wounds fertile, and with slaughter strong.*

GAY.

— Hydra secto corpore firmior  
 Vinci dolentem crevit in Herculem.

HOR.

L. 344. *O for that warning voice.*] The Poet in this and the three following lines, alludes to two passages in *Ovid's Met.* In B. 3. *Cadmus* sows the dragon's teeth, which immediately produce a crop of armed men, one of whom



345 Or the strong charms of † *Colchis*' pow'rful maid,  
In like distress the valiant *Jason*'s aid!

A while retreating we maintain the fight,  
Then quit th' enchanted cave with sudden flight :  
And cheer'd th' auspicious land-marks to review,  
350 Thro' the known path, our glad return pursue.

He ended trembling : strait I grasp'd my sword,  
And bade them follow. At the dreadful word,  
Fear and confusion ev'ry breast invade ;  
All join the desp'rate purpose to dissuade ;  
255 But chief *Thaumastes*.---Hence ; ignoble slave,  
Stern I reply, whose fears infect the brave.  
You, heroes once, inglorious, here remain,  
Aw'd by his words, a dastard, abject train.

Alone

whom warns *Cadmus* (who was preparing to attack them) to desist, and they fought it out among themselves till they destroyed each other. *Jason*'s adventure in the 7th book exactly resembles this, excepting that the new-raised regiment was determined to attack him, upon which he threw a stone, enchanted by *Medea*, among them, which created dissensions, produced a civil war, and delivered the Hero from his enemies.

† *Medæa*.

L. 351. to the End.] See the Behaviour of *Ulysses*. *Odyss.* B. 10.



Alone I triumph, if my arms succeed,  
360 Or perish single in the hardy deed.  
Indignant thus, confiding in the God,  
O'er the drear plain, with haughty steps I strode.

*The E N D of the Second Book.*





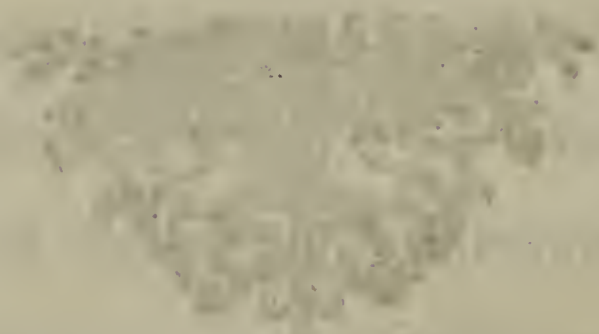
Along I thought, if my name is not

360 On your lips in the language

language, then, something is the fact,

Of the description, with language like I find.

The E. N. D. of the Second Book.











L. P. Boitard inv. & Sculp.

According to an Act of Parliament 1751.



THE  
SCRIBLERIAD:

AN  
HEROIC POEM.

BOOK III.



LONDON:

Printed for R. DODSLEY in *Pall-Mall*;

And Sold by

M. COOPER in *Pater-noster-row*.

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MDCCLI.



THE

SCRIBBLERIALD:

AN

HEROIC FORM.

BOOK.



LONDON:

Printed by R. Taylor, Stationer, No. 1, St. Paul's Church-yard, London.

MDCCLXXII.



## T H E

## A R G U M E N T of the Third Book.

*A Priestess of Rumour relates to Scriblerus the history of the Queen of the country. He is struck with the beauties of an elegant Temple, which he describes, as also the Queen's magnificent entry and her personal endowments. He makes himself known to her. She professes her regard for his family and for his own merits, to which she is no stranger: after which she invites him to a partnership of her bed and throne. Scriblerus consults with Albertus, and is advised by him to accede to her proposal of marriage: Saturn endeavours to deter him from it by fearful dreams and omens: notwithstanding which the marriage is celebrated, but the consummation prevented by the flight of two owls, which, added to the foregoing portents, intimidate the Heroe to that degree, that he resolves to fly from his beloved Queen. Her reproaches and entreaties prevail on him to return, but not till her unhappy impatience has impell'd her to give herself a desperate wound, upon which Saturn cuts her fatal hair and she dies.*



THE

ARGUMENT of the Third Book.

A Prince of known talents to his country, and  
 the Queen of the country. He is found with the  
 remains of an ancient Temple, which he has found in ruins.  
 Queen's magnanimity with the highest commendation.  
 He makes himself known to her. The Prince's first request  
 for the family and for his own country, to which he is  
 so attached: after which the Queen has a conversation  
 with him, and shows that she is not without  
 it is evident to him in order to the proposal of marriage.  
 Prince's entrance in the city. The Prince's return  
 and court: several things which the monarch  
 thought, and the conversation between the Prince and  
 the Queen, which leads to the marriage. The Prince's  
 return to the city, and the Prince's return to the  
 Queen. The conversation between the Prince and the  
 Queen, and the Prince's return to the city. The  
 Prince's return to the city, and the Prince's return  
 to the city. The Prince's return to the city, and  
 the Prince's return to the city.





T H E  
S C R I B L E R I A D.  
B O O K    T H I R D.

**H**APLY I stray'd, where midst the cavern'd cells  
Of vocal cliffs, fantastick Eccho dwells.

My way thro' serpent windings I pursu'd,  
Which deep within the hollow'd rock were hew'd.

5 The walls, inclining with an inward flope,  
End in a narrow groove and join at top.

From

Line 3. *My way thro' serpent windings.*] This is an exact Representation of the present state of the *Latomie* near *Syracuse*, the cave where *Dyonysius* the tyrant of *Sicily* is said to have kept his state prisoners: which we have seen thus describ'd.

' It is at this instant, as entire as when it was first made, and still retains  
' that surprizing power of reverberating sounds. It is a large cavern cut hori-  
' zontally



From side to side reverberate, they bear  
 The quick vibrations of the trembling air ;  
 Hence weakest sounds the vaulted cavern shake,  
 10 And whispers deaf'ning on the senses break.  
 The Cave of Rumour. O'er a spacious vent,  
 With head reclin'd, her list'ning Priestess bent.

(The

‘ zontally into a rock 72 feet high, 27 broad, and 219 in depth. The entrance  
 ‘ is of the shape of an ass’s ear, and the inside somewhat of the form of the let-  
 ‘ ter S. On the top of the cave there is a groove, which runs from one end to  
 ‘ the other, and has a communication with a small room at top of the entrance,  
 ‘ now inaccessible by reason of the height and steepness of the rock. This is  
 ‘ imagin’d to have been a guard room where the Tyrant us’d to place a cen-  
 ‘ tinel, who, by hearing every the least Whisper of the prisoners within,  
 ‘ made his report accordingly to his masters. We fir’d a pistol in it, which  
 ‘ made a noise like thunder ; when one of us went to the end, and there fetch’d  
 ‘ his breath, he was heard very distinctly by those without ; and when a  
 ‘ letter was unfolded as gently as possible, it seem’d as if somebody had  
 ‘ flapp’d a sheet of paper close to your ear.

Line 11. *O'er a spacious vent.*] It is evident from the Testimony of many  
 ancient Authors, that at *Delphi* and all other Oracles, divine inspiration was  
 convey’d thro’ certain *vents*, over which the Prophetess lean’d her head, and  
 sometimes sat. *Fontenelle* has adopted the strange conceit of *Van Dale*, who  
 supposes that the persons who went into *Trophonius’s* cave were dosed with  
 the fumes and smoak of certain drugs, which caused extravagant dreams.  
 But this idle imagination is wisely refuted by an anonymous Author in his An-  
 swer to *Fontenelle’s* Hist. of Oracles: Who, whether we consider his Learning  
 or his Faith, justly deserves a place in the *Scriblerian* archives.



(The *Pythian* thus imbib'd th' inspiring steam :

Thus gave *Trophonius* the prophetic dream.)

15 Swift from her seat, at my approach, she sprung,

And thus she spake with more than mortal tongue.

Thrice welcome, Wand'rer, to this happy land,

The work and glory of its Sov'reign's hand.

Our Queen, with kind compassion, all receives,

20 But the first honors to the stranger gives :

Herself a stranger once, tho' here she reigns :

A distant exile from her native plains.

Northward as far beyond the torrid Zone,

Her husband held an undisputed throne,

25 Till restless faction, big with murd'rous strife,

Depriv'd th' unguarded Monarch of his life.

Dread and despair the drooping Queen affright :

Grief wastes the day, and ghastly dreams the night.

Before

Line 19. *Et infra.*] Virg. *Æn.* B. 1.

Line 25. *Till restless Faction.*] Most Criticks are of opinion, that the following lines allude to the Factions of the *Vertuosi* which arose in *England* when the *Newtonian* Philosophy, introducing a cautious diffidence, tamely circumscrib'd the enterprizing flights of genius, and absolutely banish'd the nobler inventions of the preceding age.



Before her eyes her husband stood confest ;  
 30 Rear'd his pale face, and bar'd his bleeding breast.  
 At length advis'd her flight, but first reveal'd  
 Where all his choicest treasures lay conceal'd.  
 A chosen band the sacred stores convey  
 O'er the rude waves ; a woman leads the way.  
 35 This isle she chose, her growing empire's seat :  
 Here she enjoys an undisturb'd retreat :  
 Here, where no pitchy keels pollute the sea,  
 Nor, restless Commerce plows the wat'ry way.  
 The Priestess thus my longing bosom fir'd---  
 40 I left the tale unfinish'd and retir'd.

Soon I descry'd where, near a cypress wood,  
 A dome, upheld by stately columns stood :  
 Where brass and variegated marbles join  
 Their mingled beams to grace the splendid shrine.

Here

Line 37. *Here where no pitchy keels pollute the sea.*] We must be so ingenious as to confess, that our Author has borrow'd this panegyrick from a celebrated *Spanish* Poet.

Line 43. *Where brass and variegated marbles join.*] This taste has lately been introduced in *England*. They ornament Chimney-pieces, &c. with many different sorts of marble, and cover the joints with thin-plates of polish'd brass.



45 Here glitt'ring ores their native charms unfold ;  
 There yellow mundick shines like burnish'd gold.  
 Sulphurs and marcasites their beams display,  
 And lucid crystals rival *Titan's* ray.  
 Rang'd as a Cornice, various fossils stand,  
 50 The mimick sport of Nature's wanton hand.  
 Mitre and turban-forms the work adorn,  
*Triton's* huge trump, and *Ammon's* boasted horn.  
 Here fibrous plants with many a branching vein,  
 And there the curious texture of the brain.  
 55 But how, O ! how shall Fancy's pow'r recall  
 The forms that breath'd along the pictur'd wall !  
 Where in Mosaic wrought, the shells surpass  
 The pencil'd canvas, or the sculptur'd brass.

B Dearest

L. 46. *There yellow mundick.*] Mundick is a brown glittering substance, found in great quantities in the tin-mines.

L. 47.] Marcasite of copper is about the bigness of an apple, brown without, yellow and chrystalline within, brilliant and shining.

L. 52. A shell call'd the Buccinum. The Cornu Ammonis, is a fossil shaped like a ram's horn.

L. 53.] A large submarine weed, whose fibres resemble a curious network.

L. 54. The Brainstone, so call'd, from the resemblance its surface bears to the human brain.



Dearest to Nature first are seen a race  
 60 Who bear the marks of their peculiar grace.  
 Here Griffons, Harpies, Dragons mix in flight,  
 Here wild Chimera rears her tripple height.  
 In glowing colours mighty *Geryon* stands,  
 And bold *Briareus* wields his hundred hands.  
 65 While thus my Soul these empty shades possest,  
 What sudden pangs invade my heedless breast!  
 When, in blest shells of liveliest hue pourtray'd,  
 I saw fair *Lindamira's* form display'd:  
 I started at the sight: a-down my cheek  
 70 The swelling tears, in rapid torrents break:  
 Then thus: What region in the world but knows  
 My hapless passion and illustrious woes?  
 Lo! as in Life, the dear sad object stands,  
 And makes my suff'rings known in distant lands---

When

L. 68. *I saw fair Lindamira.*] See *Memoirs of Scriblerus*.

*Se quoque principibus permixtum agnovit Achivis.*

VIRG. B. I.

L. 71.] *Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris?*

VIRG. B. I.



75 When sudden, entring at the lofty gate,  
 The Queen herself approach'd in solemn state.  
 Her head th' inextricable Plica grac'd :  
 Whose folds descending, veil'd her beauteous waste,  
 Then length'ning downwards, form'd a regal train,  
 80 And swept, with awful majesty, the plain.  
 On her fair front a goodly horn she bore :  
 But nor the crown or gay tiara wore.  
 Frequent and thick, o'er all her Limbs were seen  
 Th' elongated papillæ of the skin.

B 2 Graceful

L. 77. *Her head th' inextricable Plica grac'd.*] A matting together of hair, commonly called the Plica Polonica, because it is epidemical in *Poland*, and rarely found elsewhere. The hair, so platted together, grows to a surprising length, which is not to be prevented, by reason that it is mortal to cut it, a great Effusion of blood always ensuing. See it described *Philosop. Transact.* Vol. 6. Part 3. Chap. 3. See also Plate 6.

L. 83. *Frequent and thick.*] There was a very extraordinary person in *London*, in the Year 1743, who during his residence there, was visited by most of the Nobility and Gentry, Vertuosi and Philosophers of that Metropolis. His skin (excepting only his face and the palms of his hands) was entirely grown over with an horny excrescence, call'd by the Naturalists the Elongation of the Papillæ. Each particular excrescence was about the size of a small barley straw ; they lay close together, and made an even surface, exactly like the surface of plush or velvet. They were of different lengths in different parts of his body. Stroaking your hand down his leg or arm, they rattled like the return of an hard brush, but louder, as they were of a much harder consistence than the stiffest hair.



85 Graceful excrefence of refplendent horn,  
 Like the fhag'd velvet, or the new-reap'd corn.  
 Never but once beheld I, till that hour,  
 Such finish'd charms. I gaze and I adore.  
 She mounts the throne, and hearing ev'ry caufe,  
 90 Directs her judgment by great Nature's Laws.  
 Where nice Diftinction doubtful claims divides,  
 Duly ſhe weighs, impartial ſhe decides.  
 To her the vegetable kingdom owes  
 A fure protection from invading foes,  
 Who oft the ſprouting coral ſtrive to gain,  
 95 And Earth-born mandrake, from its rightful reign.

Now folemn Heralds led me to the throne,  
 And bade my nation and my name make known.  
 Thus, to the monarch, I my ſpeech addreſt :  
 100 O! foremoſt ſtill to ſuccour the diſtreſt,  
 From northern iſles, from a far diſtant ſtrand,  
 By adverſe winds, I tread this pleaſing land.

Behold

L. 91. *& infra.*] The principal conteſts which have divided the Vertuoſi of all ages, and which daily ariſe, are from the difficulty of deciding in what claſs ſubjects of middle qualities ſhall be ranged. Thus ſome affirm a ſponge to be an animal; others a vegetable; while others contend that it is inanimate.



Behold *Scriblerus*, no ignoble name.

(Earth sounds my wisdom, and high Heaven my fame.)

105 Now a sad fugitive, and tempest-toft,

Driv'n with confusion, from each neighbour coast.

O! grant the refuge of thy friendly shores :

Supply with bounteous hand our wasted stores :

Else rashly we attempt th' unmeasur'd way,

110 And death awaits us on the barren sea.

Elate with pleasure, stagger'd with surprize,

So wills the mindful God, the Queen replies.

Are you the great *Scriblerus*, dear to Fame,

Who, from high *Pliny* trac'd, your lineage claim ?

The

L. 103. *Behold Scriblerus.*] So far is our Hero from vain-glory, which some Criticks have ignorantly accus'd him of, that he is here so humble he does not even venture to speak his own words, but delivers himself in those of his great example, *Ulysses*. *Od. B. 9.*

*Behold Ulysses, no ignoble name :*

*Earth sounds my wisdom, and high heav'n my fame.*

L. 112. *The mindful God.*] See Book 2. l. 288.

L. 113.] *Tune Ille Æneas quem Dardanio Anchisæ  
Alma Venus peperit Phrygii Simoentis ad undas ?  
Are you the great Æneas, known to Fame,  
Who from Celestial seed your Lineage claim ?*

The



115 The fame whom learned *Barthius*' daughter bore  
 To fam'd *Cornelius* on the *British* shore?  
 I lov'd old *Gaspar*; greatly lov'd thy fire:  
 Nor less thy vertues, courteous Guest, admire.  
 Accept that name; and, if thou not disdain,  
 120 Friend to my soul, and partner of my reign.

Then I. Ah! cease, too gen'rous, to o'erpow'r  
 Thine humblest slave with all thy bounty's store.  
 Such godlike blessings from so fair an hand,  
 Eternal praise and gratitude demand.

125 While on earth's surface fruits and flowrets blow,  
 And fossils vegetate in beds below,

In

*The same Æneas whom fair Venus bore  
 To fam'd Anchises on th' Idæan Shore?*

DRYD.

For the Genealogy of *Scriblerus* here mentioned, see *Memoirs of Scriblerus*,  
 the beginning.

L. 125. *While, &c.] In freta dum fluvii, &c.*

VIRG. B. I.

*While rolling Rivers into Seas shall run,  
 And round the space of Heav'n the radiant Sun,  
 While Trees the Mountain tops with shade supply.  
 Your Honour, Name, and Praise shall nev r die.*

DRYD.



In coral Polypes haunt, in snow the Bear,  
 Whales sport in seas, and Eels in Vinegar,  
 While bright Volcanos spout eternal flame,  
 130 So long shall last the glories of thy name.

I said, the gracious monarch instant sends  
 The wish'd refection to my dubious friends :  
 But from their longing arms their Chief detains,  
 And strives to bind with Love's resistless chains.  
 135 At her desire, the series I relate  
 Of my long wandring and disastrous Fate.  
 Deep sunk my suff'rings in her yielding heart,  
 Transpierc'd with Love's inevitable dart,  
 And fix'd as some impal'd and helpless fly,  
 140 Who bleeds a victim to th' optician's eye.

Before

Line 139. *And fix'd as some impal'd and helpless fly.*]

*Uritur infelix Dido totaque vagatur  
 Urbe furens qualis coniectâ Cerva sagitta, &c.  
 ————— hæret lateri lethalis arundo.*

VIRG. ÆN. L. 4.

So when the watchful Shepherd from the Blind,  
 Wounds with a random Shaft the careless Hind ;  
 Distracted with her pain she flies the woods,  
 Bounds o'er the lawn and seeks the silent floods,  
 With fruitless care ; for still the fatal dart  
 Sticks in her side, and rankles in her heart.



Before his glafs spins in repeated round,  
 And ſtrives to flutter from the deadly wound.  
 Firm and unmov'd the ſpeculative ſage,  
 Eyes the vain efforts of its infect rage.

145     Soon as the morn diſpens'd her earlieſt ray,  
 Strait to the ſhore I urg'd my ſpeedy way.

Diſſolv'd in tears my anxious friends I found,  
 The untouch'd cates neglected on the ground.

As when ſome aſs (hir'd haply to repair  
 150 The riot-waſted rake or love-ſick fair)

From her fond young, the tedious morning ſtrays,  
 Driv'n thro' ſome pop'lous city's crouded ways ;  
 Her abſence, pent in diſmal cots, they mourn :

But wild with rapture, at her bleſt return,  
 155 They leap, they bound, their braying fills the plain,  
 And the glad hills repeat th' harmonious ſtrain.

So

[Line 149. *As when ſome aſs, &c.*]

As from fresh paſtures and the dewy field  
 (When loaded cribs their evening banquet yield)  
 The lowing herds return ; around them throng,  
 With leaps and bounds, their late imprifon'd young,  
 Ruſh to their mothers with unruly joy,  
 And ecchoing hills return the tender cry :  
 So round me prefs'd, exulting at my fight, &c.

*Ulyſſes's account of his return to his friends from Circe's court.*  
 Odyſſ. B. 10.



So round me prest, now rescued from despair,  
Th' exulting crew, my fortunes I declare.

The welcome stores they to the bark convey :

160 Then chearful follow where I lead the way.

Soon as we reach'd the dome, the Queen invites  
To the spread feast and hospitable rites.

Again she asks to hear the moving tale ;

Again big tears her melting heart reveal.

165 Now all to rest retire : But sleep denies

His balmy blessings to my anxious eyes.

Long ere the sun had left his eastern goal,

Thus to *Albertus* I disclose my soul.

See'st thou, with eyes like mine, this matchless Queen,  
170 Her rare endowments, her majestic mein ?

With every Vertue, ev'ry grace is join'd,

And, as her form, prodigious is her mind.

What gen'rous proffers has her bounty made,

Of half her throne and half her blisful bed !

C

Yes,

Line 169. & *infra.*] See Dido's first speech, and her Sister's answer. VIRG.  
Æn. B. 4.



175 Yes, I confess, since *Lindamira's* Love,  
 No other charms, like these my breast could move :  
 The same their merits, my desire the same :  
 I feel rekindling all my former flame.  
 Were I not bound by ev'ry sacred vow,  
 180 Never again at *Hymen's* shrine to bow,  
 Perhaps her peerless beauties might controul  
 The weak resolves of my unstable soul —  
 While my rackt breast these struggling tumults shook,  
 Thus on my speech the kind *Albertus* broke ;  
 185 Say, will you still a joyless wanderer rove,  
 And never taste the soft delights of Love ?  
 Nor in your offspring glad th' astonisht earth,  
 The happy parent of a wond'rous birth ?  
 And sure, no less shall grace your nuptial bed,  
 190 For can aught vulgar from the Queen proceed ?  
 Wisely, I grant, you shun'd the weak alarms  
 Of common beauty and quotidian charms ;

But

Line 187. *Nor in your offspring.]*

*Nec dulces Natos Venerisneq; præmia noris ?*

VIRG. B. 4.

Line 192. *Quotidian charms.]*

*Tædet quotidianarum harum formarum.*

TERENCE Eunuch.



But O! imprudent, should you now disclaim  
A pleasing passion and auspicious flame.

195 With mutual warmth, her proffer'd love receive,  
And taste the joys her heavenly beauties give.

While thus his pleasing counsel he address,

Alas! too grateful to my love-sick breast!

Sudden aloud the good *Albertus* sneez'd:

200 I yield, and follow with the omen pleas'd.

The Monarch now her learned treasures shows,

And pleas'd each mystic science to disclose,

Illustrates by what pow'rs huge vessels glide,

Conceal'd, beneath the surface of the tide.

C 2

How

L. 199. *Albertus sneez'd.*]

*She spoke.* Telemachus then sneez'd aloud;

Constrain'd, his nostril eccho'd thro' the crowd.

The smiling Queen the happy omen blest:

“ So may these impious fall, by fate oppress.

Odyss. B. 17.

*Xenophon* having ended a speech to his Soldiers with these words, viz. “ We  
“ have many reasons to hope for preservation.” They were scarce uttered,  
when a certain foldier sneez'd; the whole army took the omen, and at once  
paid adoration to the Gods. Then, *Xenophon* resuming his discourse, proceeded,  
“ Since, my fellow Soldiers, at the mention of our preservation, *Jupiter* has  
“ sent this omen, &c.



205 How, by her arts, her subjects learn to rise  
 On filken wings, and cut the liquid skies ;  
 Or, to the winds, in cars of lightest cane,  
 Spread the broad sail, and swiftly skim the plain.  
 Much I applaud, for much I all admire.

210 Thus mutual pleasures fan our growing fire.

As when in vinegar, at distance plac'd,  
 To join, two self-mov'd Astroites haste ;  
 Our heaving hearts, with fond impatience, move,  
 And, pant for contact, with attractive love.

Nor

L. 207. ————— in cars of lightest cane,  
 Spread the broad sail, and swiftly skim the plain.]

————— Sericana, where Chineses drive  
 With sails and wind, their cany waggons light.

MILTON, B. 3.

Bishop *Wilkins* was much pleased with the contrivance of a sailing carriage. 'What can be more delightful, says he, or better husbandry, than to make use of the Wind (which costs nothing, and eats nothing) instead of Horses? That such Chariots are commonly used in the champain Plains of *China*, is frequently affirmed by divers credible Authors. *Boterus* mentions, that they have been tried also in *Spain*, tho' with what Success he doth not specify. But above all other Experiments to this Purpose, that sailing Chariot at *Schevelling* in *Holland*, is more eminently remarkable ; it was made by the Direction of *Stephinus*, and is celebrated by many Authors. *Walchius* affirms it to be of so great a Swiftness for its Motion, and yet of so great a Capacity for its Burden, that it did far exceed the Speed of any Ship, though we should suppose it to be carried in the open Sea with never so prosperous a Wind. That eminent inquisitive Man *Peireskius*, having travelled to *Schevelling* for the Sight and Experience of this Chariot, affirms that it went 42 Miles in two Hours.' *Math. Magic*, B. 2. ch. 2.

L. 211. *As when in vinegar.*] The small Astroites, or Star-stones, when immers'd in vinegar, will move till they touch each other.



215 Nor can our eager passion brook delay,  
We, for our spoufals, name th' enfuing day.

How fhall my tongue the sad reverse of fate,  
And terrors of the dreadful night relate?

Oft rofe fair *Lindamira's* frowning fhade :

220 My purpose oft with boding voice forbad.

So *Julia* menac'd round her *Pompey's* bed,

Ere *Cæfar* conquer'd, and *Pharfalia* bled.

With her, my fwarthy Rival blafts my fight,

And cafts a blacker horror on the night.

225 Th' affembled Lawyers next (tremendous band)

Rofe to my view; and all my foul unman'd.

But chief, O ! chief ! the Queen herfelf opprest,

And, with dire om'nous action, chill'd my breast.

230 Stern ſhe approach'd, and, with contemptuous Look,

The horn opprobrious from her forehead took,

And fix'd on mine : when, fudden o'er my head,

Portentous growth ! luxuriant antlers ſpread.

Wide and more wide the teeming branches ſhoot,

And ceafelefs fuckers iffue from the root.

Such

L. 223. ——— *ſwarthy rival.*] The black prince of *Monomotapa*. *Memoirs of Scriblerus.*



235 Such ghastly visions waste the dismal night.  
 I rose, dejected, with the morning light.  
 The sun I sought : behind a murky cloud,  
 Shorn of his beams, he dimly frown'd in blood.  
 And now, already at my gate was seen  
 240 An early Herald from th' impatient Queen.  
 Dissembling, I suppress the rising tear,  
 And strive th' unprosp'rous moments to defer.  
 In vain : already at the altar stands  
 Th' officious priest to join our hapless hands.  
 245 Oh sad effects of too neglectful haste !  
 No Hymeneal rites our nuptials grac'd.  
 No hallow'd priest the festal victim flew,  
 And the curs'd gall behind the altar threw.

Nor

L. 246. *No Hymeneal rites.*] Thus *Lucan*, Book 2, represents *Cato* receiving *Marcia* without any Marriage Ceremonies.

*Festa coronato non pendent limine ferta.* L. 354. & *infra.*

No garlands gay the chearful Portal crown'd,  
 Nor woolly Fillets wove the Posts around ;  
 No genial Bed, with rich Embroidery grac'd,  
 On Iv'ry steps in lofty state was plac'd ;

No



Nor did the slaves the flaming torches bear,  
 250 Nor burn the axle of the bridal car ;  
 With flow'rs or woolly fillets deck the door,  
 Or figs, the type of future plenty, pour ;  
 Nor wild asparagus at once imply'd  
 The courtship and possession of the bride :  
 255 No sportive songsters hail'd the genial time,  
 Chaunting the Fescennine licentious rime.  
 Nor did the Bride the solemn Barley bear,  
 Nor with the spear divide her flowing hair,  
 Or yellow veil of mystic purport wear.  
 260 No matron's voice her eager steps forbade  
 The sacred threshold of the porch to tread.

No

*No Hymeneal Torch preceding shone,  
 No Matron put the tow'ry Frontlet on,  
 Nor bade her feet the sacred Threshold shun.  
 No yellow Veil was loosely thrown, to hide  
 The rising Blushes of the trembling Bride ;  
 No glitt'ring zone her flowing Garments bound,  
 Nor sparkling Gems her Neck encompass'd round  
 No silken Scarf, nor decent winding Lawn,  
 Was o'er her naked arms and shoulders drawn ;  
 No Sabine mirth provokes the Bridegroom's Ears,  
 Nor sprightly wit the glad assembly cheers.*

ROWE'S *Lucan*, B. 2. L. 544.



No decent Zone secur'd her looser waste,  
 But ev'ry rite was lost in shameless haste.  
 Hymen his sacred influence withdraws,  
 265 And fees, with anger, his neglected laws.  
 Soon as within the sacred fane I came,  
 Sudden, extinguish'd, sunk the hallow'd flame.  
 Ghosts howling, sadden the long isle's dark gloom,  
 And sweats of blood distil from every tomb.  
 270 To wait a more propitious hour, I move ;  
 But she o'er-rules my fears with eager love.  
 Th' obedient priests dispatch with trembling haste,  
 Thence move, with pomp, to grace the nuptial feast.  
 The Bride, transported, smiles with open soul,  
 275 Gay from the feast, and wanton from the bowl ;  
 To her lov'd grot, with fond desire, invites,  
 There to consummate Hymen's blissful rites.  
 Deep in the dark recesses of the wood  
 A cave obscur'd with gloomy laurels stood.  
 280 Ivy, within, the verdant roof o'erspread  
 With pendant foliage, a luxuriant shade !  
 The ruin'd walls the monarch's hand adorns  
 With mould'ring stones, rough moss, and broken urns.



O'er these, with studied negligence, she spreads  
 285 Strange roots, gay garlands, and fantastick weeds.  
 Rough unhewn steps lead to the dark retreat,  
 And a vast mat presents an ample seat.

This grot she destin'd for the nuptial night,  
 Sacred to love and conscious of delight.

290 Unstable state of wretched human-kind!  
 Faithless as seas, and fickle as the wind:  
 The gentlest blast may nip our blooming joy:  
 The flightest wave our baseless blifs destroy.  
 Our fleeting pleasure no duration knows,  
 295 But ebbs, ere well we can perceive it flows.

Now, happiest pair, we reach th' auspicious bow'r,  
 Big with the transports of the genial hour;  
 When lo! two owls, who, with the like design,  
 Retir'd, in silence, to the secret shrine;  
 300 Rush forth, with loud complainings, from the cave,  
 And, with sad sighs, their loves unfinish'd leave.

D

Saturn'

Line 301. *Loves unfinish'd.*]

And there consummate their unfinish'd loves.

Dryden's *Turtles*.



*Saturn*, to thwart my rising joys intent,  
 The boding augury, terrific, sent ;  
 He, with foul dreams, my trembling bosom chill'd,  
 305 And all my soul with deadly horror fill'd.  
 Hence, at the last portent, with wild affright,  
 From the fond Queen I wing my speedy flight.  
 And, urg'd with shame, nor knowing how to bear  
 Her just reproach for my dishonest fear,  
 310 Strait to the ready crew I give the word,  
 And summon all with swiftest speed on board.

*Aurora* now had left *Tithonus*' bed :

When to the shore by fatal fury led,  
 The monarch hastes : the parting bark she view'd,  
 315 And thus, with scoffs, my coward flight pursu'd.

Unmanly Traytor, whom nor Honor awes,  
 Nor sacred Gratitude's eternal laws ;

Vaunt.

Line 312. *Aurora now had left Tithonus' bed.*] In the life of *Virgil* prefix'd to Mr. *Dryden*'s translation, we have the following remark.

' We may observe, on this occasion, it is an art peculiar to *Virgil*, to intimate  
 ' the event by some preceding accident. He hardly ever describes the rising  
 ' of the sun, but with some circumstance which fore-signifies the fortune of the  
 ' day. For instance, when *Aeneas* leaves *Africa* and Queen *Dido*, he thus de-  
 ' scribes the fatal morning :

' *Tithoni croceum relinquens Aurora cubile.*

' And for the Remark we stand indebted to the curious Pencil of *Pollio*.

Line 316, & *infra.*] See *Dido*'s speeches, VIRG. B. 4.



Vaunt not thyself from great *Scriblerus* sprung ;  
Thy coward soul belies thy boastful tongue.

320 Thee not the learned *Barthius*' daughter bore,  
Bred 'midst the rocks of *Scotia*'s barren shore,  
The lifeless offspring of her blasted trees,  
Nurs'd, as brought forth, amidst thy kindred geese.  
Ah whither do my various passions rove ?

325 Still must I censure whom I still must love ?  
How couldst thou, cruel, from thy consort run,  
The sacred rites of Hymen but begun ?  
Scorn'd and neglected leave the nuptial bed,  
And all the mighty debt of Love unpaid ?

330 Oh! had you but bestow'd one fond embrace,  
Ere yet you fled from this once valued face ;

D 2

Perhaps

Line 321. *Bred 'midst the rocks.*]*Nec tibi Diva parens*—————————— *Sed duris genuit te cautibus horrens,**Caucasus Hyrcanæque admorunt ubera tigres.*

VIRG. L. 4.

Line 322. *The lifeless offspring of her blasted trees,**Nurs'd, as brought forth, amidst thy kindred geese.]*

These geese are frequent in the western isles of *Scotland*, and commonly known by the name of *Barnacles*, which word our great Philologer derives from *Beapn* a child, and *aac* an oak. *Saxon*. The Legend of them informs us that they grow out of rotten trees by the bill, as fruit by its stalk.

As Barnacles turn Solan geese  
In th' islands of the *Orcades*.

HUDIBRASS.



Perhaps I had not then despair'd to see  
 Some young *Scriblerus*, heavenly fair, like thee.  
 If Fate, reluctant to compleat my joy,  
 335 Deny'd the blessing of a sprightly boy,  
 Some embrio semblance of thy form divine,  
 At least had floated in the glassy shrine.  
 Fond flatt'ring hope possession had supply'd,  
 Nor had you left me so forlorn a bride.  
 340 Fir'd at that sacred name, again contest  
 The jarring passions in my bleeding breast.  
 The friendless vagrant, not content to save,  
 Rare arts I taught, and choicest presents gave;

Not

L. 336. *Some embrio semblance of thy form divine.*  
*Saltem in qua mihi do te suscepta fuisset*  
*Ante fugam soboles : si quis mihi parvulus aula*  
*Luderet Æneas, qui te tantum ore referret,*  
*Non equidem omnino capta aut deserta viderer.*

VIRG. L. 4.

Had you deferr'd, at least, your hasty flight,  
 And left behind some pledge of our delight,  
 Some Babe to bless the Mother's mournful sight;  
 Some young *Æneas* to supply your place,  
 Whose Features might express his Father's Face:  
 I should not then complain to live bereft  
 Of all my Husband, or be wholly left.

DRYD.



Not ev'n our self with-held, but fondly led  
 345 The coward boaster to my bridal bed---  
 Now signs are seen---now *Saturn* omens sends---  
 And *Visions* bode, and *Augury* portends---  
 Such cares, forsooth, disturb the peaceful fowl,  
 And to distress poor lovers flies the owl.

IF

L. 346. *Now signs are seen,---&c.*] The breaks in this speech bear a near resemblance to the interrupted sense which is the striking merit of that admired speech of *Dido*.

----- *Ejectum littore egenum*  
*Excepi, & regni demens in parte locavi*-----  
*Heu furiis incensa feror*-----*nunc Augur Apollo*-----  
*Nunc Lyciæ sortes*-----*nunc, &c.*

VIRG. B. 4.

'Tis surprising that Mr. *Dryden* should so little feel the force of these breaks, as to foist in a connective sentence, where *Virgil* has visibly intended the transition should be most abrupt.

I rave, I rave, a God's command he pleads,  
 And makes Heav'n accessory to his deeds.  
 Now Lycian lots, and now, &c.

L. 348. *Such cares, forsooth, & infra, to the End of her speech.*) Nothing is more natural than for a person thoroughly exasperated to fly out in sallies of sarcastic wit. Of this kind is that celebrated speech of *Dido*.

*Scilicet is superis labor est : ea cura quietos*  
*Sollicitat*-----  
*I sequere Italiam ventis, pete regna per undas*  
*Spero equidem mediis, &c.*



350 If ere futurity by signs was known,  
 To me some omen had thy baseness shown ;  
 Victims had wanted ev'ry nobler part,  
 And, to denote thee truly, chief the heart.

Her rueful moanings my compassion move,  
 355 And to my breast recal affrighted Love.

I feel his dictates o'er my fears prevail,  
 And call to change our course and shift the sail.

But Oh ! I scarce had giv'n the tardy word,  
 Ere her rash hand her bleeding bosom gor'd.

360 Shock'd at the dreadful fight, Ply ev'ry oar,  
 Eager, I cry, and instant make the shore---  
 Rous'd by my well-known voice, again revive  
 Her drooping spirits, and she strives to live.

When,

L. 352. *Victims had wanted.*]

*Cæsar.*] What say the Augurs ?

*Messenger.* They would not have you to stir forth to-day :  
 Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,  
 They could not find a heart within the beast.

*Cæsar.* The Gods do this in shame of cowardice ;  
*Cæsar* should be a beast without a heart,  
 If he should stay at home to-day for fear.

JULIUS CÆSAR, ACT 2.



When, lo! vindictive *Saturn* reach'd the strand,  
365 And seiz'd the Plica with relentless hand.  
Then wav'd aloft his glitt'ring scythe in air,  
And cropt, for ever cropt, the fatal hair.  
A deathful slumber clos'd her beauteous eyes:  
And her freed soul regain'd her native skies.

L. 367.] See the death of *Dido*, *Virg.* Book 4. the end. To cut the Plica Polonica is certain death.

*The END of the THIRD BOOK.*



What, let vindictive Nature teach the hand,

362 And bid the Flier with reluctant hand,

Then would it be the gliding eye in air,

And crop, for ever, the bird's hair.

A herald's number shall the peasant's cry,

And her bold foot shall not be native to

To the world of the bird, the world of the bird,  
The world of the bird, the world of the bird,

The F.W.D. of the Times Book









*L. P. Boitard Inv. & Sculp.*

*According to Act of Parliament 1751.*



THE  
SCRIBLERIAD:

AN  
HEROIC POEM.

BOOK IV.



L O N D O N :

Printed for R. DODSLEY in *Pall-Mall*;

And Sold by

M. COOPER in *Pater-noster-row*.

---

MDCCLI.







## T H E

## A R G U M E N T of the Fourth Book.

**T**H E Queen appearing to Scriblerus, as he lies in a swoon, informs him that all his misfortunes are owing to the murder of the Acrostick, for whose death he must make attonement, and celebrate Games to his memory. The Heroe returns to the violated Island, and submissively sues for peace. Then follow the Games. Scriblerus establishes a lasting friendship with the Islanders, and retires loaded with presents. He pursues his Course up the Red Sea, and travels over the Desart to Cairo. He briefly touches his Journey from thence in quest of the Petrified City, and concludes with his affliction for the loss of his treasures. The Pilgrims condoling with him thereon, are interrupted by an omen which they interpret in his favour ; then praying for his success, and presenting him with the most valuable of their treasures, they depart.



ARGUMENT of the Fourth Book

THE first appearing to Aristotle as he is in a  
 form, appears to be the first in the  
 in the manner of the Aristotle, he might have  
 an account, and Aristotle's account to the manner. The latter  
 account to the account of Aristotle, and Aristotle's account to the latter.  
 Then follow the account of Aristotle, and Aristotle's account to the latter.  
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 Aristotle's account to the latter, and Aristotle's account to the latter.





T H E  
S C R I B L E R I A D.

B O O K F O U R T H.

**M**Y shudd'ring frame, unnerv'd with horror, sunk  
 Extended on the deck a lifeless trunk,  
 My soul uncumber'd with corporeal ties,  
 At large thro' Fancy's boundless empire flies.

5 Full in my sight the Queen's lov'd form appears,  
 Awakes reflexion, and renews my tears.  
 But soon her voice my rising griefs forbad,  
 And thus began the visionary shade.

I come not fondly to upbraid, but show  
 10 The fatal origin of all thy woe,

And



And to direct its cure. From one rash deed,  
 Th' *Acrostick's* Murder, all thy woes proceed.  
 Then seek with speed the violated coast ;  
 With sacrifice appease his injur'd ghost.

15 Games and Lustrations must avert thy doom  
 And rites exequial grace his honor'd tomb.  
 Yet, ere from hence the parting sail you spread,  
 Be one sad office to my mem'ry paid.

In yon lone grove's remotest corner stands  
 20 A structure, rais'd by these ill-fated hands.  
 Huge intermingling fibrous roots, dispos'd  
 With curious art, a Pyramid compos'd.  
 Bones lin'd the walls, in rustick order plac'd :  
 The gloomy roof the smoak of tapers grac'd :  
 25 Skulls grin'd around, and ashes lay beneath :  
 The Bow'r of Contemplation and of Death.  
 Here as I sat and moan'd my widow'd love  
 With tears, my hapless hands *Asbestus* wove,

And

L. 28. *Asbestus* is a mineral substance of a whitish silver colour, and a woolly texture, consisting of small threads or longitudinal fibres, endued with the wonderful



And form'd a Shroud. To this my corse intrust,  
 30 And save my ashes from the vulgar dust :  
 While quick-consuming flames at once devour  
 My poor remains, and death-devoted bow'r.  
 With marble then the Pyramid replace ;  
 And let my bones inurn'd the summit grace.  
 35 With sighs she ended. Thrice in vain I strove  
 To clasp the fleeting object of my love.

She

wonderful property of resisting fire, and remaining unconsumed in the most intense heat. The industry of mankind has found a method of working this mineral, and employing it in divers manufactures, chiefly cloth and paper.

This kind of linen cloth was highly esteemed by the Ancients, and then better known, and more common than among us.

*Pliny* l. 18. cap. 1. says, he himself had seen napkins thereof, which being taken foul from the table, after a feast, were thrown into the fire, and by that means were better scoured than if they had been washed in water: But its principal use, according to *Pliny*, was for the making of shrouds for Royal funerals, to wrap up the corpse, so as the ashes might be preserved distinct from that of the wood whereof the funeral pile was composed; and the Princes of *Tartary*, according to the Accounts in the *Philosophical Transactions*, still use it at this Day in burning their Dead.

A handkerchief or pattern of this linen was presented to the Royal Society, a foot long, and half a foot broad. This gave two proofs of its resisting fire; tho' in both experiments it lost above three drams in its weight.

Line 35. *Ter conatus ibi collo dare brachia circum,  
 Ter frustra comprehensa manus effugit imago,  
 Par levibus ventis volucrique simillima somno.*

VIRG. ÆN. B. 1.

And thrice about her Neck my Arms I flung ;  
 And thrice deceiv'd on vain Embraces hung ;  
 Light as an empty Dream at Break of Day,  
 Or as a Blast of Wind, she rush'd away. DRYDEN.



She flies my grasp unfelt, as shadows pass,  
Or hands protruded from the concave glass.

Obedient to the visionary fair,

40 Her obsequies employ our pious care.

The pile consum'd, with marble we replace,

And with her bones inurn'd the summit grace.

Then naked run, in frantick courses, round

Th' anointed tomb with flowers and chaplets crown'd.

45 Such mystick rites to great *Pelides'* shade,

On *Xanthus'* banks, *Æmathia's* heroe paid.

With prosp'rous winds we sail. The joyful crew

Transported hail the wish'd-for shores in view.

Strait we select a venerable band ;

50 The peaceful olive waves in every hand.

Onward they march, and to the chiefs explain

Our deep contrition for th' *Acrostick* slain :

And

Line 38. *Or hands protruded from the concave glass.*] This Phænomenon (which is the greatest of all deceptions in opticks) is well known to those who have seen the concave mirrour. If a person moves his hand towards the focus of the glass, the reflected image will appear to come out and touch it, and the shadow of the fingers intermix and play with the real fingers.

Line 44. *Th' anointed tomb.*] 'Alexander when he visited Troy, honour'd the heroes who were buried there ; especially *Achilles*, whose tomb he anointed, and, with his friends, as the ancient custom was, ran naked about his sepulchre, and crown'd it with garlands. *Plutarch's* Life of *Alex.*



And sue for peace. The Bards accept our love  
 With mutual zeal, and to the temple move  
 55 To ratify their vows. An awful shrine!  
 Sacred to Phœbus; where at once combine  
 Whate'er of splendor, beauty, grace, or art,  
 The most exalted fancy can impart.  
 Nor yields this pile to that celestial fane,  
 60 The work of *Vulcan*, in th' ætherial plain.

Within the dome, in lofty niches stood  
 Six statues carv'd of cedar's od'rous wood.  
 The sacred band great *Triphiodorus* leads;  
 High o'er the baffled Alphabet he treads.

B

Next

Line 56. *Sacred to Phœbus.*] See *Dunciad*, B. 4. Note on *Phœbus*.

Line 59. ————— *that celestial fane,*  
*The work of Vulcan, in th' ætherial plain.]*

Describ'd by *Ovid*, B. 2.

*Regia solis erat sublimibus alta columnis*

*Clara micante auro, flammisque imitante pyropo, &c.*

Line 61.] See the Description of *Latinus's* palace and the six statues.

VIRG. *Æn.* B. 7.

L. 63. ' *Triphiodorus* the *Lipogrammatist* compos'd an *Odyssy*, or *Epick*  
 ' *Poem*, on the *Adventures* of *Ulysses*, consisting of 24 books, having entirely  
 ' banish'd the Letter *A* from his first book, which was call'd *Alpha* (as *lucus*  
 ' *a non lucendo*) because there was not an *Alpha* in it. His second book was in-  
 ' scribed *Beta*, for the same Reason. In short, the Poet excluded the whole  
 ' twenty-four Letters in their turns, and shew'd them one after another, that he  
 ' could do his *Business* without them. *Spectator*, No. 59.



65 Next him th' intrepid *Chærilus* appears ;  
 His boastful hand the royal bounty bears.  
 Elate with ancient praise, old *Bavius* fits :  
 There *Leoninus*, first of modern wits.  
 On the proud elephant, in triumph, thron'd,  
 70 *Querno*, with *Rome's* imperial laurel crown'd,  
 Shakes his anointed head, in act to speak,  
 While tears of joy run trickling down his cheek.  
 The next, a lofty poetess was seen ;  
 Beauteous her face, majestick was her mien.  
 75 Severe reward of pride ! that lovely form  
 No more thy transmigrated soul shall warm ;

Chang'd

L. 65.] *Gratus Alexandro Regi magno fuit ille*  
*Chærilus* —————  
*Rettulit acceptos, regale numisma, Philippos.*

Line 68. *There Leoninus.*] Author of the *Leonine* or rhyming verse,  
*Trajicit. I, verbis virtutem illude superbis* Virg. lib. 9. l. 634.

is a proof that *Virgil* admir'd this sort of verse, notwithstanding the following false assertion of *Mr. Dryden* in the preface to his translation.

‘ *Virgil* had them in such abhorrence, that he would rather make a false Syntax than such a verse as this of *Ovid*.

*Vir precor uxori, fraer succurre sorrori*

Line 70. *Querno.*] See the Note on B. 2. line 11th of the *Dunciad*.



Chang'd to a Bird, for ever doom'd to fly  
 With party-color'd plumes, a chatt'ring Pye.

Soon as I tread the temple's sacred floor,  
 80 The laurel shakes, the hollow caverns roar :  
 Bedew'd with sweat, each awful image stood,  
 And big round drops fell from the hallow'd wood.  
 The vulgar tremble, and would quit the fane,  
 But the skill'd seer pronounc'd their terrors vain.  
 85 No threaten'd ills these boding signs portend :  
 The great *Scriblerus* comes your dearest friend.  
 A copious subject for your labor'd song,  
 To tire each hand, and weary ev'ry tongue :  
 Th' extensive theme his glorious deeds afford,  
 90 Shall sweat six well-breath'd Poets to record.  
 He said ; and bade them ply the genial feast.  
 Thence, fated, all retire to needful rest.

B 2

Soon

[Line 78. *With party-colour'd plumes, a chatt'ring Pye.*] A Line taken from *Dryden's Virgil*, B. 7. in the transformation of *Picus*.

[Line 81. *Bedew'd with sweat.*] ' Among other Prodigies that preceded the  
 ' march of *Alexander's* army towards *Persia*, the Image of *Orpheus* at *Libethra*,  
 ' made of *Cypress-wood*, was seen to sweat in great abundance, to the discouragement  
 ' of many; but *Aristander* told him, that far from presaging any ill to  
 ' him, it signified he should perform things so important and glorious, as  
 ' should make the Poets and Musicians of future ages labour and sweat to de-  
 ' scribe and celebrate them. *Plutarch*.



Soon as *Aurora's* beams disperse the gloom,  
 The pious croud surround th' *Acrostick's* tomb:  
 95 With solemn pomp begin the rites divine,  
 Pouring the tepid milk and sparkling wine,  
 And consecrated flour---when, round the grave,  
 Strange to relate, the ground was seen to heave.  
 A batten'd mole arises midst the heaps  
 100 Of crumbled earth, and to the viands creeps:  
 Around he strays, the rich libation sips,  
 And tastes the sacred flour with harmless lips.  
 Thus fed with holy food, the wond'rous guest  
 Within the hollow tomb retires to rest.  
 105 Then I: Suspect no more, thrice-honor'd train,  
 Our vows rejected, or lustration vain.  
 See the familiar of th' industrious dead,  
 Propitious omen, on our off'rings fed!

Or

Line 99. See *Virg. L. 5.* where the serpent comes from the tomb of *Anchises*.

Line 103. *Thus fed with holy food, the wond'rous guest*

*Within the hollow tomb retires to rest.*]

Two lines from *Dryden's Virgil*.



Or shall we deem him genius of the place;  
 110 By Phœbus sent our festal pomp to grace?  
 Yon sloping hill's umbrageous side commands  
 The spacious ocean and the level sands:  
 The living marble there shall yield a seat,  
 While solemn games the hallow'd rites compleat,  
 115 Thither the prizes bring ordain'd to grace  
 The rapid victor in th' aerial race.  
 Before the rest an Ox majestick stalks:  
 Six monstrous legs support him as he walks.  
 On his bold front he rolls three glaring eyes,  
 120 And twice ten vulgar oxen was his price.

*Deidemon*

Line 109. *Or shall we deem him genius of the place?*  
*Incertus geniumne loci famulumne parentis*  
*Esse putet? VIRG. B. 5.*

*Scriblerus's* conjecture will be found to be highly judicious when we consider that *Industry* is the characteristick of these Islanders in common with this animal. This is allowed them by *Mr. Pope* in the following line:

*Pains, study, learning, are their just pretence.*

Line 114. *While solemn games.*] See *Iliad*, B. 23. *Odyss.* B. 8. *Æn.* B. 5. *Statius Thebaid*, B. 6.

Line 120. *And twice ten vulgar oxen was his price.*] Tho' the image of an ox was stamp'd on some of the earliest coins, it is the opinion of the most accurate criticks, that, in *Homer's* time, or at least in the times he wrote of, the course of exchange was carried on by real oxen, brass, iron, or slaves; but the specific value of things denominated always by oxen; which being less variable in worth than accidental lumps of unwrought metal or slaves, which might differ in sex, age, or capacity, were suppos'd to keep the nearest to a standard. This opinion is confirmed by some lines at the end of the 7th Book of the *Iliad*.



*Deidemon* next conducted to the shore

A female captive valued but at four.

To her, *Machaon*, all thy arts were known,

To strain the bandage, or replace the bone.

125 My swelling heart unable to restrain,

I rose, and thus address the listning train.

Behold yon matchless beast ordain'd to grace,

The rapid victor in th' aerial race.

None from ourself that prize should bear away ;

130 But not for triumph is this mournful day.

For other thoughts my sorrowing hours employ,

And sad contrition holds the place of joy.

Let

Line 122. *A Female captive valued but at four.*] This line is taken from  
*Pope's Iliad*, B. 23.

*A massy Tripod for the victor lies,  
Of twice six oxen its reputed price:  
And next, the loser's spirits to restore,  
A female captive, valu'd but at four.*

Line 127. See the speech of *Achilles*, *Iliad*. 23.

Behold the prizes, valiant Greeks! decreed

To the brave rulers of the racing steed;

Prizes which none beside our self could gain,

Should our immortal coursers take the plain;

But this no time our vigour to display.

Nor suit with them the games of this sad day. POPE.



Let brisker youths their active nerves prepare,  
 Fit their light filken wings, and skim the buxom air,  
 135 Mov'd by my words, two youths of equal fire  
 Spring from the croud, and to the prize aspire.  
 The one a *German* of distinguish'd fame :  
 His rival from projecting *Britain* came.  
 They spread their wings, and with a rising bound,  
 140 Swift at the word together quit the ground.  
 The *Briton's* rapid flight outstrips the wind :  
 The lab'ring *German* urges close behind.  
 As some light bark, pursu'd by ships of force,  
 Stretches each sail to swell her swifter course,  
 145 The nimble *Briton* from his rival flies,  
 And soars on bolder pinions to the skies.  
 Sudden the string, which bound his plumage, broke ;  
 His naked arms in yielding air he shook :  
 His naked arms no more support his weight,  
 150 But fail him sinking from his airy height.  
 Yet as he falls, so chance or fate decreed,  
 His rival near him urg'd his winged speed,  
 Not unobserv'd. (despair suggests a thought.)  
 Fast by the foot the heedless youth he caught,

And



155 And drew th' insulting victor to the ground :  
 While rocks and woods with loud applause resound.

Then I : Behold yon matchless youth compell' d  
 By Fortune, not superior skill, to yield  
 His juster glories in the well-flown field.

160 But not unhonor'd shall he halt away,  
 Or giftless mourn this unauspicious day.

Yon damsel, for the present, suits not ill :  
 For much, alas ! he wants her ablest skill ;

And to his tent, ere morning, shall be brought,

165 A statue of resplendent metals wrought ;

Where *Icarus* his silver wings expands,

And boasts the labor of his father's hands.

From

Line 166. *Where Icarus his silver wings expands,  
 And boasts the labor of his father's hands.]*

Some Criticks have asserted, that this statue could not be the work of *Dædalus* ; and for proof of their assertion, bring the lines of *Virgil*, which we shall subjoin, tho' we think them of no weight against the known veracity of our Author.

————— *Tu quoq; magnam  
 Partem opere in tanto ; sineret dolor, Icare, haberes.  
 Bis conatus erat casus effingere in auro ;  
 Bis patriæ cecidere manus. —*

Virg.Lib. 6. l. 30.

Here hapless *Icarus* had found his part ;  
 Had not the Father's grief restrain'd his art.  
 He twice essay'd to cast his son in gold ;  
 Twice from his hands he dropp'd the forming mould. *Dryd.*



170 From the tall bark the rich rewards are born :  
 And first was seen great *Ammon's* twisted horn,  
 By Nature's hand exprest in massive stone :  
 Twice six stout porters with the burthen groan.  
 Rich *Surinam* produc'd the second prize ;

175 A Toad prolific, of enormous size.  
 High on her pregnant back her young are born  
 (Her pregnant back with frequent labor torn)  
 Thro' her burst skin they force their painful way,  
 And issue a portentous birth, to-day.

180 To grace the third; a flowing robe was brought :  
 Of spider's web the curious texture wrought.

C

First,

Line 169. *Beneath, &c.*] See note on Submarine navig. B. 2. l. 316.

Line 175.] The *Surinam* Toad produces its young out of its back in their perfect shape, after having been hatched from eggs contained in certain cells within the skin.

Mr. *Bradley*, in his works of Nature, p. 126, says, he has observ'd this creature in three different states. In the first, the pores of the back were all closed, excepting three or four, which began to be forced open by the eggs lodged in cells below them. In the second state, all the pores in the skin of the back were so much opened that he could plainly discern the points of the eggs within them. And in the third, (which he gives a picture of) young ones were perfectly formed in all the cells of the back.

Line 181. *Of spider's web, &c.*] In the Year 1710, M. *Bon* discovered the art of making silk of the webs of spiders, for an account of which we refer the reader to a dissertation on the subject published by him. Mr. *Reaumur* has objected difficulties to this manufacture, which are printed in the memoirs

of



First, great *Agrippa* to the prize pretends :

From learn'd *Cornelius*' lineage he descends.

His skilful hand the speedy Mermaid guides

185 Safe from tempestuous winds and thwarting tides.

Next, long-inur'd beneath the waves to dwell,

The two descendents of the great *Drebell*.

One

of the Academy. He suggests that the natural ferocity of these animals renders them unfit to be bred and kept together. But this difficulty will vanish, when we find upon calculation that so small a number as 663552 only are requir'd to make an whole pound of the silk.

Line 186. *Next, long-inur'd beneath the waves to dwell.*] Mr. Boyle tells us he receiv'd an account of the success of this experiment from an excellent mathematician, who was informed of it by one who was in the vessel at the time of trial. He then proceeds to the method of purifying the air. ' Having had the curiosity and opportunity to make particular inquiries among the relations of *Drebell*, and especially of an ingenious Physician that married his daughter, concerning the grounds upon which he conceiv'd it feasible to make men unaccustomed to continue so long under water without suffocation, or (as the lately mentioned person that went in the vessel affirms) without inconvenience; I was answered, that *Drebell* conceiv'd that it was not the whole body of the air, but a certain quintessence (as Chymists speak) or spirituous part of it, that makes it fit for respiration, which being spent, the remaining grosser body, or carcase, (if I may so call it) of the air, is unable to cherish the vital flame residing in the heart. So that for aught I could gather, besides the mechanical contrivance of the vessel, he had a chymical liquor, which he accounted the chief secret of the submarine navigation. For when from time to time he perceiv'd that the finer and purer part of the air was consumed or over-clogged by the respiration and steams of those that went in his ship, he would, by unstopping a vessel full of this liquor, speedily restore to the troubled air such a proportion of vital parts as would make it again for a good while fit for respiration, whether by dissipating or precipitating the grosser exhalations, or by some other

in-



One guides the Crocodile's stupendous size ;  
 Six banks of oars, in six degrees, arise :  
 190 The other in the lighter Hydra flies.

Far in the sea a grove of coral stood,  
 The waves o'ershadowing with a branching wood.  
 To this, their destin'd goal, they urge their flight,  
 And, at the stated signal, sink from fight,  
 195 Their oars now move with wide-expanded sweep,  
 And now return contracted thro' the deep.

The Hydra leads : *Drebell*, elate of soul,  
 His rivals eyes, regardless of the goal :

With fond assurance deems the prize his own ;  
 200 And oft in thought he weighs the pond'rous stone.

C 2

O

' intelligible way, I must not now stay to examine; contenting myself  
 ' to add, that having had the opportunity to do some service to those of  
 ' his relations that were most intimate with him, and having made it my  
 ' business to learn what this strange liquor might be, they constantly af-  
 ' firmed that *Drebell* would never disclose the liquor unto any, nor so much  
 ' as tell the matter whereof he had made it to above one person, who him-  
 ' self assur'd me what it was.' *Boyle's Works*, Vol. I. p. 69.

Line 189. *Six banks of oars, in six degrees, arise.*] We hope from hencefor-  
 ward, the citation of this verse will be allow'd a sufficient answer to all seamen  
 and mechanicks who deny that the ancients used many oars one above another,  
 and pretend to dispute on a subject of this nature with those who have studied  
 Coins, Bas-reliefs, and the ancient Poets, with the taste and spirit of true  
 Vertuosi.



O justest picture of the human mind,  
 Rash tho' unknowing, confident tho' blind:  
 Plung'd in the depths of error, we decree:  
 Boldly we judge of what we dimly see;  
 205 And, too impatient for Truth's sober pace,  
 We follow light-wing'd hope's delusive chace.  
 Some air-drawn phantom leads our eyes astray,  
 Blind to the nearer rocks which choak our dang'rous way.  
 Thus wrapt in thought, the Chief incautious drove  
 210 His vessel's side against th' entangling grove.  
 The branching coral snapt th' extended oars,  
 And the rash youth his vanish'd hopes deplores.  
 And now the wretch beholds, with jealous eyes,  
 The Mermaid next advancing for the prize.  
 215 Fraternal love a treach'rous thought inspires,  
 He loads his engines with the *Grecian* fires :

And,

Line 201. *O justest picture, &c.*] These eight lines, and the Apostrophe occasion'd by the Heroe's disappointment in the Third Book, are distinguishably in the taste of the most admired Reflections of some of our favourite authors. They are, indeed, of a more modern cast (as well in sentiment and expression, as in the use of metaphor) than any thing we meet with in this whole work; therefore we hope they will give great satisfaction to those who blame it for adhering too closely to an imitation of the Ancients.

Line 216, *Grecian fire.*] So called because it was invented by the *Greeks* about the year 660, as is observed by *Petavius*, on the authority of *Nicetas*, *Theophanes Cedrenus*, &c. It



And, as the rival barge triumphant past,  
Against her sides the fierce bitumen cast.

Wide rage the fires. The crew with hasty care,  
220 The raw bull-hides and vinegar prepare

To damp the flames, and quit the needful oar :

Swift flies the well-row'd Crocodile before,

Sweeps circling round the grove and makes the shore. }

Now, her defrauded honors to regain,

225 The Mermaid plies her oars, but plies in vain.

Too well the fraudulent brother's arts prevail ;

Applauding shouts her conqu'ring rival hail.

At length the young *Drebellides* returns,

Tho' half her oars the crippled Hydra mourns.

As

It is composed of sulphur naphtha, pitch, gum, and bitumen ; and is only extinguishable by vinegar, mix'd with sand and wine ; or with raw hides. The inventor, according to *Petavius*, was an engineer of *Heliopolis* in *Syria*, nam'd *Callinicus*, who first applied it in the sea-fight commanded by *Constantine Pogonates* against the *Saracens*, near *Cyzicus* in the *Hellepont*, and with such effect, that he burnt the whole fleet therewith, wherein were thirty thousand men.

But others will have it of a much elder date, and hold *Marcus Gracchus* the inventor ; which opinion is supported by several passages, both in the *Greek* and *Roman* writers, which shew it to have been anciently used by both those nations in the wars. See *Scaliger* against *Cardan*.

*Constantine's* Successors used it on divers occasions, with equal advantage as himself ; and what is remarkable enough is, that they were so happy as to keep the secret of the composition to themselves ; so that no other nation knew it in the Year 960.



230 As when the hungry Crab in *India's* main,  
 Whose body two unequal legs sustain,  
 Intent some oyster's op'ning shell to spoil,  
 Moves to the gaping prey with aukward toil ;  
 His larger claw, which treach'rous pebbles load,  
 235 Drives him obliquely sideling from the road.  
 The Hydra thus, impell'd by partial force,  
 Steer'd thro' the wayes her lame and tardy course.

Once more, I thus bespoke th' attentive train :  
 Advance the skilful marksmen on the plain,  
 Who,

Line 230. *As when the hungry crab.*] This species of Crabs is very frequent in the *West-Indies*, and there call'd the Fidler, because in its progress the smaller claw has a motion not unlike that of a Fidler's arm, and the larger claw is suppos'd to resemble the Fiddle. He is remarkable for procuring his food by the following stratagem. When he finds an oyster or muscle with its shell open, he places a little stone, which he carries in his larger claw, in such a manner as to prevent the shell from closing, then inserting the small claw, he therewith picks out the meat.

*Virgil* on the like occasion, has introduc'd a simile of a wounded serpent, which, if it be not equal to this of our Author, we may venture to say it is not the fault of the Poet, but of the times ; and we shall not scruple to present it to the reader, as we believe it to be as good a simile as ever was wrote before the Discovery of the *West-Indies*.

*Qualis sæpe viæ deprensus in aggere serpens,  
 Ærea quem obliquum rota transit, aut gravis ictu  
 Seminecem liquit saxo lacerumque viator :  
 Nequicquam longos fugiens dat corpore tortus,  
 Parte ferox, ardensque oculis, & sibilæ colla  
 Arduus attollens ; pars vulnere clauda retentat  
 Nexantem nodos, seq; in sua membra plicantem.  
 Tali remigio navis se tarda movebat.*

Virg. *Æn.* L. 5.



240 Who, with the air's compressed elastic force,  
 From wind-guns speed the bullet's rapid course.  
 High on the summit of yon lofty hill,  
 The milk-white courser by the sculptor's skill,  
 Vast as the *Trojan* horse, conspicuous stands,  
 245 And speaks the labor of no vulgar hands.  
 Who smite the steed shall share one gen'ral prize,  
 This radiant store of matchless butterflies.

But

Line 243. *The milk-white courser, &c.*] Such representations on the sides of hills are not uncommon. *Alexander* designed to have his image represented on a mountain, with a city in one hand, and a river in the other. But the most frequent have been those of horses.

We have a remarkable description of one by a learned Antiquary, in 'A Letter to Dr. *Mead* concerning some Antiquities in *Berkshire*, particularly shewing, that the White-horse, which gives name to the Vale, is a Monument, &c. &c.

' Our Horse is form'd on the side of a steep hill. His dimensions are extended over an acre of ground, or thereabouts.

' The horse at first view, is enough to raise the Admiration of every curious Spectator, being designed in so master-like a manner, that it may defy the Painter's Skill to give a more exact Description of that Animal.

' The neighbouring Inhabitants have a Custom of scouring the Horse, as they call it; at which time a solemn festival is celebrated, and *manlike Games with Prizes exhibited*.

' If ever the Genius of King *Alfred* exerted itself (and it never failed him in his greatest Exigencies) it did remarkably upon the Account of this Trophy.

' Tho' he had not the Opportunity of raising, like other Conquerors, a stupendous Monument of Brass or Marble, yet he has shewn an admirable Contrivance, in erecting one magnificent enough, tho' simple in its Design; executed too with little Labor and no Expence, that may hereafter vie with the Pyramids for Duration, and perhaps exist when these shall be no more.'

Page 24.



But he whose happier ball with nicer aim  
 Shall strike the flank, the victor's glory claim ;  
 250 For, on the flank, *Laocoon's* furious dart  
 Pierc'd the vast structure of *Epeus's* art.  
 Be his reward this valued volume fraught  
 With all the stores of *Wor'ster's* pregnant thought.

I said : And in the hallow'd helmet threw  
 255 The lots inscrib'd ; the first *Deidemon* drew.  
 His well-aimed engine he directs with care,  
 And instant frees the close-imprison'd air.  
 Th' unerring ball pursu'd its rapid course,  
 And smote, with furious stroke, the sacred horse.  
 260 By strong repulsion, thence return'd, again  
 Roll'd back and lay, conspicuous, on the plain.

The

Line 251. ——— *the vast structure of Epeus's art.*] The *Trojan* horse was built by *Epeus*.

———— *et ipse ille doli fabricator Epeus.* Virg. B. 2.

Line 253.] The Marquis of *Worcester's* Century of Inventions.

Line 261. *Roll'd back.*] There is a wonderful similitude between this prodigy, and that which befel *Adrastus*, as recorded by *Statius*.

*Campum emensa brevi, fatalis ab arbore tacta,  
 Horrendum visu, per quas modo fugerat, auras,  
 Venit arundo retro ; versumque a fine tenorem  
 Pertulit, at notæ juxta ruit ora pharetræ.  
 Multa duces errore serunt. Hi nubila et altos  
 Occurrisse notos. Adverso roboris ietu  
 Tela repulsa alii, penitus latet exitus ingens,  
 Monstratumque nefas : uni remeabile bellum ;  
 Et tristes domino spondebat arundo recursus.*

Thebaid, L. 6. the end.



The rest, by turns, succeed their art to try,  
 And wing the pond'rous metal thro' the sky :  
 With like amaze the prodigy repeat,  
 265 And find the fatal bullet at their feet.

Mov'd by the impulse of some power divine,  
 I now resolve the solemn games to join.  
 When lo ! a stranger omen greets our eyes,  
 And fills the gazer's soul with new surprize ;  
 270 As thro' the air I drove the whizzing lead,  
 An ambient flame around the metal spread :  
 Such and so bright yon argent circles glow,  
 Which ceaseless round the orb of *Saturn* flow ;

D High

Line 271. *An ambient flame around the metal spread.*] See *Virg. Æn.* B. 5: the arrow of *Acestes*.

Line 272. *Such and so bright yon argent circles glow ,  
 Which ceaseless round the orb of Saturn flow.*]

By some late observations made by Mr. *Short*, with a reflecting telescope whose focal length is 12 feet, it appears that *Saturn's* Ring is divided into two unequal parts, by a dark list (which may be seen by telescopes of less power) and that the outward and lesser part is again subdivided by other smaller lists, into several (apparently concentric) rings.



High o'er the rock, metereous, it flies,  
 275 Born unextinguish'd to the lofty skies.

Then thus the bards explain the great portent :  
 To thee, *Scriblerus*, is this omen sent ;  
 By this unerring sign the Gods decree  
 Peaceful return to all thy friends : To Thee,  
 280 Successive scenes of wonder to explore  
 In realms far distant from thy native shore.

Fix'd and suspended for a while I stand :  
 At length approaching the prophetick band ;  
 Perplex'd, I spake: within my dubious soul,  
 285 Hope and distrust, by turns, tumultuous roll.

Blest be the seer whose hallow'd tongue imparts  
 These sounds of comfort to our dubious hearts ;  
 Yet tho' each omen point a prosp'rous end,  
 Still o'er our heads th' *Acrostick's* threats impend :  
 290 O ! teach us by what sacrifice or pray'r  
 T' avert the curse, or bravely how to bear :  
 And, if so far thy science reach, relate  
 What distant realms my future toil await.



The feer replies : Suffice it that you know  
 295 (For *Saturn's* wrath forbids the rest to show)  
 A prosp'rous end to all your woes decreed :  
 Then, spight of boding prophecies, proceed.  
 Such threats, nor fear to meet, nor wish to shun,  
 Perhaps the menace of an empty Pun.  
 300 Well has thy care appeas'd th' *Acrostick's* foul ;  
 No doubt remains thy purpose to controul ;  
 With speed to *Egypt's* sacred coast repair ;  
 There shall a surer oracle declare  
 Thy future course ; yet ere thou hence depart,  
 305 Receive these tokens of a friendly heart.  
 He said, and twelve resplendent Axes brought ;  
 Twelve choice *Ænigmas* on the steel were wrought.  
 A shepherd's Pipe, whose each decreasing line  
 Refounds the honors of the tuneful Nine.  
 310 Then march six Bards, who, studious to rehearse  
 Our deathless labors in Pindarick verse,

D 2

Pear

Line 295. *For Saturn.*]————— *farique vetat Saturnia Juno.* Virg. l. 3.Line 306. *Twelve resplendeat axes.*] See Spectator, No. 58.Line 299. *Perhaps the menace of an empty Pun.*]*Nec tu mensuram morsus horresce futuros :**Fata viam invenient.* Æn. B. 3.



Bear them, inscrib'd on six expanded Wings,  
And each, in turn, th' unequal measure sings.

Then joining hands, ere yet I thence withdrew,  
315 In words like these I paid my last adieu ;  
May *Phœbus* ever bless this peaceful land ;  
To endless time your letter'd altars stand ;  
Still may your groves their radiant fruits unfold ;  
Still bloom with sparkling gems and burnish'd gold :  
320 May musick flow from ev'ry Naiad's urn,  
And ecchoing rocks the melting sounds return.  
Nor Critick pow'rs invade this blest retreat,  
To bruise your flow'rets with their hostile feet.

And now confirm'd our vows of mutual love ;  
325 From the gay coast, with mournful steps, we move.

Six tedious weeks we spread the swelling fails,  
And drive at large before the southern gales.  
When, from *Arabia's* spicy borders, spring  
The Eastern breezes, and with od'rous wing,  
330 Fanning the wanton air, around disperse  
A grateful fragrance to the ravish'd sense.

The

L. 323.] *Nor bruise her flow'rets with the armed hoofs  
Of hostile paces.* Shakespear's *Henry 4th*, beginning.



The *Erythræan* sea before us lay

Our destin'd course : a far-extended bay.

In twice ten days, the inmost coast we reach,

335 And land our treasures on the spacious beach.

To camels now consign the precious load,

And toil, intrepid, thro' the pathless road :

The fifteenth fultry morn's auspicious light

Reveal'd great *Cairo's* minarets to fight.

340 From thence we journey'd o'er the desert plain :

There all my treasures, solace of my pain,

Sav'd through a thousand toils, but sav'd in vain,

Perish'd

• Line 339.] The Minaret is a sort of Steeple in the form of a Column, ending towards the Top in a Cone. A little before it begins to take its conick figure, it is furrounded by a Gallery.

L. 343. *Nec vates Helenus, cum multa horrenda moneret  
Hos mihi prædixit lætus, non dira Cæno.*

Virg. L 3.

My dear, dear Father spent with age, I lost;

Ease of my Cares, and solace of my Pain,

Sav'd through a thousand Toils, but sav'd in vain.

The Prophet, who my future Woes reveal'd,

Yet this, the greatest and the worst conceal'd :

And dire *Cæno*, whose forboding Skill

Denounc'd all else, was silent of this Ill.

*Dryd.*



Perish'd at once. This stroke no boding sign  
 Foretold : nor did the dire *Acrostick* join  
 345 Amidst his ruthless curses : this furpast  
 All other woes : the greatest and the last.

Abrupt the Heroe ends the wond'rous tale ;  
 While tears in torrents o'er his words prevail.  
 When, rushing from the sky, the bird of *Jove*  
 350 A team of twenty ducks before him drove :  
 With trembling wing, beneath the flood they shoot,  
 The whelming waves elude his vain pursuit.  
 Ruffled with rage, th' indignant tyrant glows :  
 'Till from the stream a pamper'd goose arose.

355 Eager to her he wings his deathful way,  
 And his strong talons seize the goodly prey.

With friendly joys, thus spake the pious train :  
 Not hard this mystick omen to explain.  
 As yon proud bird indignant grief exprest,  
 360 With wild disorder'd flight and ruffled crest,

Line 359. As thus the plummy soveraign of the air  
 Left on the mountain's brow his callow care,  
 And wander'd thro' the wide ethereal way  
 To pour his wrath on yon luxurious prey ;

Or

So



Or wheeling thro' the wide ætherial way,  
 Or vainly hov'ring o'er his vanish'd prey ;  
 Now rais'd on founding pinions seeks the skies,  
 At length successful in a nobler prize :  
 365 So shall thou meet thy rich reward at last,  
 And lose in present joys thy suff'rings past.  
 But O! for us what promis'd boon remains,  
 What gleam of hope for all our endless pains?  
 With these bare feet, in vain, yon hallow'd ground  
 370 Whole years we trod : no precious relick found :  
 No blest remains of better days could trace  
 'Midst impious *Ottoman's* usurping race ;  
 Where barb'rous rage the fainted forms devours,  
 Foe to the chizzel's consecrating pow'rs.  
 375 While listless drones the Pontiff's chair degrade,  
 And zeal no more awakens the Cruzade.

They

So shall thy godlike father, tofs'd in vain  
 Thro' all the dangers of the boundless main  
 Arrive —————

*Pope's Odyss. B. 15.*



They said, and from the bark a plenteous store  
 Of strong *Asphaltos* to the Heroe bore.  
 And twelve fair apples beauteous to behold,  
 380 Whose rind refulgent vies with burnish'd gold.  
 But, for the fruit, a nauseous pulp is found,  
 Or ashes fill the vain delusive round.

These gifts the Chief receives with grateful hand,  
 And to proud *Cairo* leads the wearied band.  
 385 He venerates the *Soldan's* ruin'd state,  
 And burns to find the Prophet of his fate.

Line 378. *Of strong Asphaltos.*) A brittle, black, bituminous substance, resembling pitch. It is chiefly found swimming on the surface of the Dead Sea. When melted it sends forth a strong sulphureous smell, extremely offensive.

Line 379. *And twelve fair apples, &c.*] ‘ We went on to *Jericho*, through places where grew sundry sorts of trees, some whereof were full of ripe fruit : Some of our company, taken with their beauty, pluck'd a few of them, and found nothing in them but dry ashes, and a sort of wet or moist embers.’ *Baumgarten's Travels.*

— ‘ Apples, which appear very lovely to the eye, but being cut up, prove mere naught, being nothing else but a heap of nauseous matter.’ *Gordon's Geograph. Grammar; of Palestine.*

Sir *John Maundevile* describing the borders of the Dead Sea, says : ‘ And there besyden growen trees that beren fulle faire Apples, and faire of colour to beholde ; but who so brekethe hem, or cuttethe hem in two, he schalle fynde within hem coles and cyndres.’

L. 385. *The Soldan's ruin'd state.*] *Cairo* was anciently possess'd by the *Mamelukes*, and govern'd by their *Soldans*.

The *END* of the *FOURTH* BOOK.









L. O. Boilard Inv<sup>t</sup> & Sculp.

According to Act of Parliament 1751.



THE  
SCRIBLERIAD:

AN

HEROIC POEM.

BOOK V.



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T H T

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AN

HEROIC POEM

BOOK II



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MDCCLXXII



## T H E

## A R G U M E N T of the Fifth Book.

**S**CRIBLERUS, having consulted the Morosoph, relates to his friends the result of his enquiry. That he must leave them to go in search of the Philosopher's Stone, which is promis'd Him. That they must return to England and found a Society, of which he is to be Visitor; and being assured, by possession of the stone, of Longævity, if not Immortality, He promises to visit the Society every Century. After a variety of hardships which our Heroe undergoes in twelve months travel from Genoa, where his friends leave him, He arrives at a grove near Munster in Germany. In this City, after several fruitless attempts to transmute Lead into Gold, the Alchymists agree to postpone the farther trial of their art to the next day, hoping it might be more auspicious, as being the first day of April, the birthday of that successful Alchymist Basilius Valentinus. That night Plutus appears to the Heroe, and directs him to the fatal root which is to procure the transmutation of metals and prolongation of life. Inspired with gratitude and devotion, Scriblerus sacrifices a goose and thirty goslings, which engages him in a sharp conflict with a revengeful maiden, whom at length he vanquishes, and, with a moderation singular in a conqueror, leaves, to pursue his journey to Munster.









T H E  
S C R I B L E R I A D.

B O O K F I F T H.

**A**LL night, the sleepless sage impatient lay,  
 Big with the fortunes of the following day.  
 Soon as the wish'd-for morn with purple streaks  
 Th' horizon's utmost bound, *Scriblerus* seeks  
 5 The raptur'd seer. A long successless day  
 Thro' every street he takes his tiresome way.  
 The night approach'd; when, seated on the ground,  
 Alone, the pensive *Morosoph* he found.  
 A woolly sheepskin veil'd his rev'rend head:  
 10 Thence lengthen'd downwards and beneath him spread.

(Thus,

Line 8. *Morosoph.*] See Note on B. 1. line 367.



(Thus, near *Albunea's* hallow'd fount, repos'd  
 On fleecy skins, the priest of *Faunus* doz'd)  
 But all before, his sacred body bare,  
 Ill-brook'd the rigor of th' inclement air.  
 15 A deep capacious bowl, replete with store  
 Of potent opium in his hand he bore.  
 So fam'd *Theangelis* with hallow'd rage  
 Fills the swoll'n bosom of the *Persian* mage.  
 The Scratching-stick with which the Seer subdued  
 20 The tingling tumults of his boiling blood.

Seem'd

L. 11.] ————— *lucoque sub altâ*  
*Consulit Albuneâ* —————  
 ————— *Cæsarum ovium sub nocte silenti*  
*Pellibus incubuit stratis, somnosque petivit.*

L. 16. *Of potent opium.*] By reason of the prohibition of wine and other spirituous liquors, opium is generally used throughout the *Turkish* empire. When taken in proper quantities, it raises the spirits and greatly enlivens; but the *Turks* know no more moderation in that, than we in our liquors, and seldom leave their cordial till they are intoxicated and stupified. They are held in derision by those who venture to transgress the law and drink wine, being called by the opprobrious name *Teriachis*, or opium-fots.

L. 17.] *Theangelis* in *Libano Syriae*, *Diète Cretæ montibus* & *Babylona* & *Susis* *Persidis nascitur, quâ potâ Magi divinent.* Plin. L. 4. cap. 17.

L. 19. *The scratching-stick.*] When the *Nile* first begins to rise, drinking the turbid waters occasions an heat in the blood, which throws out a sort of rash, attended with continual itchings. The people of fashion carry, at this time, a scratching-stick. This is a piece of wood, one side of which is in the form of a pine-apple, with the same kind of indentures to give it a little roughness. It is fix'd to a long handle.



Seem'd, as he whirl'd it, the *Chaldean* rod,  
Or *Thyrſus*, ſymbol of the *Libyan* God.

*Scriblerus* now approach'd with rev'rence low.  
The Seer obſerv'd ; and dealt a furious blow  
25 Full on his head ; whoſe force impetuous ſtun'd  
Th' unwary ſage, and fell'd him to the ground.  
Frantic a while with ideot grin he gaz'd :  
At length the Hero from the earth he rais'd.  
Then to his lips convey'd the balmy draught :  
30 The ſenſeleſs chief the flumbrous potion quaſt.  
His heavy eyes the flumbring potion clos'd,  
Ere yet his tongue his various doubts propos'd.  
Wrapt in th' embrace of ſleep, he paſt the night,  
And riſing, joyful, with the morning light,

His

Line 21. *The Chaldean rod.*] Not only the *Chaldeans* uſed rods for Divi-  
nation, but almoſt every nation, which has pretended to that ſcience, has prac-  
tiſed the ſame method. *Herodotus* mentions it as a Cuſtom of the *Alani*; and  
*Tacitus* of the old *Germans*. *Ezekiel* ſpeaks of it, and *Hoſea* reproaches the *Jews*  
as being infected with the like ſuperſtition. *My people aſk council at their*  
*Sticks ; and their Staff declareth unto them.* Chap. 4. ver. 12.

L. 32.] This adventure of our Hero bears a very near reſemblance to the  
narration given by *Don Quixote*. (Part 2d, B. 6. chap. 23.) of what beſel him  
in the cave of *Montefinos*.



35 His friends he sought, impatient to relate  
 Their glories promis'd by propitious fate.  
 Eager alike his dear companions ran  
 To meet their chief ; *Scriblerus* thus began.

Hear, blest associates of my various pains,  
 40 What rich reward to crown our toil remains.  
 Last night, so *Jove* ordain'd, alone I found  
 The heav'n-taught Prophet seated on the ground.  
 An hallow'd rage already had possess'd  
 His raptur'd soul, and heav'd his swelling breast.  
 45 High on his head uprose the bristling hair ;  
 His turgid eye-balls roll'd an hideous glare ;  
 With chatt'ring teeth, the working foam he churn'd,  
 And thrice the solid earth, impatient, spurn'd ;  
 Then, wildly starting, danc'd with frantic bounds,  
 50 Whirling his rapid head in giddy rounds :  
 He wav'd th' *Edonian Thyrsus* in his hand,  
 And look'd a priest of *Bacchus*' furious band.

In

L. 43. *An hallow'd rage, &c.*] See the Sybil in *Virgil*, B. 6. the Prophetess in *Lucan*, B. 5. &c. &c.



In admiration lost, a-while I wait  
 Till the first efforts of his rage abate :  
 55 When by his arm the Thyrfus urg'd around,  
 Full on my temples gave this goary wound.  
 Prostrate I lay. At length the pitying sage,  
 Calm'd and recover'd from his holy rage,  
 With friendly steps advancing, seiz'd my hand :  
 60 Chear'd with his voice and rais'd me from the sand ;  
 Then with Nepenthes crown'd a mantling bowl,  
 Whose sov'reign Charms restor'd my drooping soul.

B

Thus

Line 61. *Then with Nepenthes.*] Milton mentions this Nepenthes in his Masque of *Comus* :

‘ Not that Nepenthes which the wife of Thone  
 ‘ In Ægypt gave to Jove-born Helena,  
 ‘ Is of such power as this to stir up joy,  
 ‘ To life so friendly —————

*Diodorus* writes, ‘ that in Ægypt there lived women who boasted of certain  
 ‘ potions, which not only made the unfortunate forget all their calamities, but  
 ‘ drove away the most violent fallies of grief or anger.

*Eusebius* directly affirms, ‘ that even in his time, the women of *Diospolis*  
 ‘ were able to calm the rage of grief or anger by certain potions. Now whe-  
 ‘ ther this be truth or fiction, it fully vindicates *Homer*, since a Poet may make  
 ‘ use of a prevailing, tho’ false, opinion.’

‘ But that there may be something more than fiction in this, is very pro-  
 ‘ bable, since the Ægyptians were so notoriously skill’d in physick ; and particu-  
 ‘ larly, since this very *Thon*, or *Thonis*, or *Thoon*, is reported by the Ancients  
 ‘ to have been the inventor of physick among the Ægyptians. The description  
 ‘ of this Nepenthes agrees admirably with what we know of the qualities and  
 ‘ effects of Opium.’ *Note on Pope’s Odyss.* B. 4.



Thus *Helen* mix'd the mirth-inspiring draught ;  
 From these rich Shores the vertuous drugs she brought.  
 65 My spirits soon reviving in my breast,  
 I thus the hallow'd Morosoph address.

Illustrious Seer, whose all-enlighten'd eyes  
 Dart thro' the distant regions of the skies ;  
 To thee an earnest suppliant am I come,  
 70 To hear thy dictates and enquire my doom.

The raptur'd Seer his rev'rend tresses shakes,  
 Then, fill'd with sacred inspiration, speaks.

Heav'n-favor'd sage, to whom the fates allow  
 Those secrets wrapt from vulgar minds, to know.  
 75 Hear with a grateful and attentive heart,  
 The precepts which thy kinder stars impart.

First in obedience to their high decree,  
 Again embarking on a length of sea,

Fair

Line 64. *From these rich Shores the vertuous drugs she brought.*]  
 These drugs so friendly to the joys of life,  
 Bright *Helen* learn'd from *Thone's* imperial wife ;  
 Who sway'd the sceptre, where prolific *Nile*  
 With various simples cloaths the fat'ned soil.

*Pope's Odyss.* B. 4.



Fair *Genoa* seek : There quit thy mournful friends,  
 80 But learn what fortune their return attends.  
 I see, I see them spread their swelling sails :  
 Some favouring pow'r supplies the friendly gales.  
 I see fair *Albion's* towering cliffs arise,  
 While to the wish'd-for port the vessel flies.  
 85 Now, now, behold, their hopes successful crown'd,  
 With wisest laws an infant state they found —  
 See how her sons with gen'rous ardor strive,  
 Bid ev'ry long-lost *Gothic* art revive.  
 Each *British* science studiously explore :  
 90 Their dress, their building, and their coins restore.---  
 Be these your arts. Proceed, illustrious race,  
 And yon fair isle with ancient glories grace.  
 Let others view with Astronomick eyes,  
 Yon lucid vagrants in the peopled skies :

B. 2

Let

Line 93. *Let others view,*]*Excudeant alii spirantia mollius æra.*

Let others better mold the running mass

Of Metals, and inform the breathing Brass,

And soften into Flesh a Marble Face ;

Plead better at the Bar, describe the Skies,

And when the Stars descend, and when they rise.

*Dryden's Virgil, B. 6.*



95 Let them the habitable dome design,  
 Taught by *Vitruvius*, or old *Euclid*'s line ;  
 Carve the rough block, inform the lumpish mass,  
 Give canvas life, and mould the breathing brass ;  
 With storied emblems, stamp th' historick coin ;  
 100 The painter's skill and poet's fancy join :  
 Be yours the task, industrious, to recal  
 The lost inscription to the ruin'd wall ;  
 Each *Celtic* character explain ; or shew  
 How *Britons* ate a thousand years ago ;  
 105 On laws of Jousts and Tournaments declame,  
 Or shine the rivals of the Herald's fame.  
 But chief the *Saxon* wisdom be your care,  
 Preserve their Idols, and their fanes repair ;  
 The cold devotion of the moderns warm  
 110 With *Friga*'s fair Hermaphroditic form :  
 And may their deep mythology be shown  
 By *Seater*'s wheel and *Thor*'s tremendous throne.

Thus

Line 107. By wisdom here the Author means Theology, using the word in the sense of Lord *Bacon*, in his wisdom of the Ancients.

L. 110. *Verstegan*, in his antiquities, gives the representation of *Friga* the Hermaphrodite, *Seater* with his *Wheel*, and *Thor* the Thunderer, the only Idol who sits on a *Throne* ; with a sufficient account of this Mythology.



Thus far the sage by sacred raptures born,  
Reveals the fame of ages yet unborn.

115 He paus'd and fix'd his eyes as tho' he view'd  
Those glories present, then his speech renew'd :

Such honor crowns thy dear companions fates ;  
Superior far thy glorious self awaits.

The Grand Elixir art thou doom'd to know :

120 But first must roam a mendicant in show ;

Naked and pennylefs thro' distant Lands,

And eat thy bread the alms of stranger hands.

The rugged *Alps* must those bare feet affail,

Froz'n on the hill, or swelt'ring in the vale ;

125 Scorn and contempt thy painful lot remain,

Till *Munster's* venerable walls thou gain.

*Munster*

L. 119. *The Grand Elixir.*] The ancient *Egyptians* had the art of extracting an Elixir from gems and precious stones, which on account of its subtilty and perfection, they called Heaven ; it is also called the Philosopher's stone (being drawn from precious stones,) *Aquavitæ*, vegetable seed of nature, solar soul, &c. *Kircher Œd. Ægypt.* The Chymists give it the power of making gold, and curing all diseases.

Line 120. *But first must roam a mendicant in show*

*Naked and pennylefs* —————

*Froz'n on the hill, and swelt'ring in the vale,*

*Scorn and contempt thy painful lot, &c.]*

The Author undoubtedly means all this in the literal sense : But *Qu* if he does not also hint, at the difficulties of Alchimy, in the figurative Sense of these toils and hardships.



*Munster* the destin'd period of thy woe :

There, on a lake, white as the new-fall'n snow,

A goose, majestick, o'er the waves shall ride,

130 And thirty milk-white goslings by her side.

Nigh to the borders of the silver flood,

Sacred to *Plutus*, stands a lofty wood,

Beneath its shadowing branches, grows a flow'r

Whose root the God endues with wondrous pow'r ;

135 Not the fam'd Moly which great *Hermes* bore

To sage *Ulysses* on th' *Ææan* shore ;

Nor that restorative the *Tartar* boasts,

Nor all the growth of *Arab's* blissful coasts,

Nor

L. 129. *A goose majestick.*] Virg. L. 3. l. 390.

*Littoreis ingens inventa sub ilicibus sus*

*Triginta capitum fœtus enixa jacebit :*

*Alba solo recubans, Albi circum ubera nati.*

Thou shalt behold a sow upon the ground,

With thirty sucking young encompass'd round,

The dam and offspring white as falling snow.

*Dryden.*

Line 133. See *Virg.* L. 6. The golden bough.

L. 135. *Not the fam'd Moly.*] *Odyss.* B. 10. *Ovid. Metam.* B. 14.

L. 137. *Nor that restorative.*] The *Gin-seng*; one of the principal curiosities of *China*, called also, by the *Chinese*, the pure spirit of the Earth, the plant that gives immortality. By the *Tartars*, *Orhota*, the first of plants. The virtues ascribed to this plant are hardly credible. Many volumes have been written by their physicians, to set them forth. One of the Missionaries witnesses, that being himself so fatigued, that he could hardly sit on the horse, a Mandarin gave him one of these; upon eating half of it, in an hour's time, he



Nor balsams which from Northern trees transpire,  
 140 Tho' six successive month's th' Ætherial fire  
 With constant rays the balmy juice sublime,  
 Can match this Offspring of the *German* clime.  
 What tho' no radiant metal grace the rind,  
 No golden branches crackle to the wind ;  
 145 What tho' it seem (so *Plutus* has decreed)  
 To vulgar eyes, a despicable weed :  
 Yet from this herb, a thousand virtues flow ;  
 This pow'rful antidote for every woe.  
 Nor meagre sickness, nor consuming care,  
 150 Shall waste thy vigor with intestine war.

Tho'

he was not, in the least, sensible of any weariness. That since, he had often made use of it with the same success. See *Du Halde's Hist. of China*.

L. 140. *Tho' six successive months th' Ætherial fire, &c.*] The continual action of the sun, for six months successively on the firs in high northern latitudes, gives them a much greater portion of the Ætherial fire, and consequently much more sovereign virtues than the productions of southern climes.

Line 144. *No golden branches crackle.*] Virg. B. 6.

— — — *sic leni crepitabat bractea vento.*

L. 149. *Nor meagre sickness nor consuming care.*] All travellers who have seen and convers'd with any of the true adepts, assure us, that they always appear with an healthy countenance and great cheerfulness of spirits. This is attributed to the use of their excellent medicine which gives them at once health and affluence ; and also, to that Philosophy of mind which is previously necessary for the attainment of the secret.



Tho' age thy wither'd front with wrinkles plough,  
 And blanch the hoary honors of thy brow ;  
 Tho' sanguine gamesters bett against thy life,  
 Thou unconcern'd shalt hear the wagering strife.  
 155 From this inestimable root calcin'd,  
 The great Hermetick secret shalt thou find ;  
 On baser ores the pow'rful ashes strow ;  
 And purest gold shall from the furnace flow.  
 If fav'ring *Plutus*, bounteous pow'r, ordain  
 160 That Thou, *Scriblerus*, the high prize obtain,

A

L. 154. *Thou unconcern'd shalt hear the wagering strife.*]

Should the whole frame of nature round him break,

He, unconcern'd, would hear the mighty crack. *Addison.*

This polite practice of laying wagers on Lives, is become so common here, that there is scarce a person of distinction in this nation, who does not become the subject of a bett, as soon as ever any grey hairs are discovered on him. The description of this fashionable amusement makes so admirable a conclusion to that excellent poem, *The Modern Fine Gentleman*, that we can't forbear inserting it :

——— *Lays wagers on his own and others Lives :*

*Fights Fathers, Uncles, Grandmothers, and Wives.*

*Till Death at length, indignant to be made*

*The daily subject of his sport and trade,*

*Veils with his sable hand the Wretch's Eyes ;*

*And, groaning for the betts he loses by't, he dies.*

Line 159. *If fav'ring Plutus.*]

——— *namque ipse volens facilisque sequetur*

*Si te fata vocant, aliter non viribus ullis*

*Vincere, nec duro poteris convellere ferro. Virg. B. 6.*



A sudden radiance of cœlestial light  
 Shall guide thy footsteps, and direct thy fight :  
 But if the God the precious gift with-hold  
 Averse, nor deem thee worthy of the gold,  
 165 Fruitless and vain thy weary search is made :  
 The plant lies buried in eternal shade.  
 If e'er thou swerve from rigid virtue's path,  
 Expect the vengeful God's severest wrath.

## C

## The

L. 167. *If e'er thou swerve from rigid virtue's path.*] It is universally agreed that the great secret can only be obtain'd by men of exemplary life. This is continually inculcated in *Johnson's Alchemist*, and at last the failure in the work is ascribed to Sir *Epicure Mammon's* failure in continency. He is warn'd against Avarice, and Charity is recommended to him by *Subtle* in the 2d Act.

*Surly.* Why, I have heard, he must be *homo frugi*,  
 A Pious, Holy, and Religious Man,  
 One free from mortal Sin, a very Virgin.

*Mammon.* That makes it, Sir, he is so. He, honest Wretch,  
 A notable, superstitious, good Soul,  
 Has worn his Knees bare, and his Slippers bald,  
 With Prayer and Fasting for it.

*Subtle.* ————— Son, I doubt  
 You are covetous —————  
 Take heed, you do not cause the blessing to leave you,  
 With your ungovern'd Haste. I should be sorry  
 To see my Labours, now e'en at Perfection  
 Not prosper, which in all my Ends  
 Have look'd no way, but unto publick Good,  
 To pious Uses, and dear Charity,  
 Now grown a Prodigy with Men. Wherein  
 If you, my Son, should now prevaricate,

And



The root its virtue shall retain no more :

170 Like *Midas* thou the useles gift deplore.

Let humble thoughts thy vanity controul,

And meekness temper thine elated soul.

Pride rears her giant form aloft and treads

Injurious o'er the cow'ring gazers heads.

175 By Pride obnoxious, jealousy and hate

Shall drive thee skulking from each envious state.

But

And to your own particular Lusts, employ  
So great and Catholick a Blifs, be sure  
A Curse will follow, yea, and overtake  
Your subtle and most secret way.

L. 173. *Pride rears, &c.*] εἰ γὰρ ἐπ' ἔσει  
Πιλναίαι, ἀλλ' ἄρα ἦγε καὶ ἀνδρῶν κράατα βαίνει  
Βλάπ' εἰς ἀνθρώπους. *Iliad.* τ. li. 92.

Line 175. *By pride obnoxious.*] All who are possess of this admirable secret are obliged to conceal it by the most private life, and to live without the least shew of expence; by reason that a splendid appearance without an apparent fund to support it, would subject them to the inquisition of every state they should happen to reside in. For they must either acquire their wealth by this means, or worse; if they lie under the suspicion of the latter, a well regulated community will think it their duty to call them to account; if of the former, the Policy of the State will not suffer a private person to enjoy the benefit of their protection, without a participation of the secret, for the use of the publick. *Flamel* being accused of embezzling the finances, and of mismanagement and extortion, owned fairly, that he was master of the secret, and by that means accounted for the estate of 500,000 pistoles, which he had amassed. But others who have stood more in fear of the torture, have never appeared with any degree of magnificence; nor resided any length of time in one place, lest their preserving the same florid complexion for a length of years might  
cause



But lowly charity's unheeded pace  
 Nor envy spys, nor can suspicion trace.  
 Then chief be heaven-born charity thy care,  
 180 Nor pass one hour without a grateful pray'r.  
 Thus far the Seer, when sleep's resistless God  
 Shook o'er my eye-lids his *Lethæan* rod.  
 At morn I wak'd, astonish'd and alone,  
 For ah! the Prophet from my side was gone.

C 2

Thus

cause the admiration of their neighbours, and the discovery of their art. For these reasons they are continually shifting from place to place; and but that a wise man is a citizen of the world, and that the Adage, *Omne solum forti patria est*, exempts them from the reproach, they would be vagabonds and outcasts of the earth. From this prudent and cautious conduct of theirs, we do not hear of any one who was ever likely to be detected, except Sig. *Gualdi* at *Venice*, and that by a very extraordinary accident: One day shewing a picture to a connoisseur which he told him was his own, the connoisseur declared he was positive it was *Titian's* hand; but how can that be, Sig. *Gualdi*? says he. There is your face as old as you appear to be at this instant; and yet *Titian* has been dead above fourscore years. The visit ended somewhat abruptly. The connoisseur, full of astonishment, came again next morning to re-examine the tints; but Sig. *Gualdi* was decamp'd. This story is told at large in a most ingenious and entertaining book, not long since published, called *Hermippus Redivivus*, which we cannot but recommend to the Reader for its own merit, and now, particularly, as being the most agreeable way of acquainting him with several chymical anecdotes and stories very useful for the better understanding the remaining part of this work.

Line 183. *At morn I wak'd, astonish'd and alone;*

*For ah! the Prophet from my side was gone.]*

The known effect of Opium is, that it supplies the mind with a continual pre-



185 Thus to his gladden'd friends the Chief relates  
The tale prophetick of their future fates.

Elate with hope a vefsel they prepare

And load the needful stores with zealous care.

With prosp'rous gales they cut the liquid way,

190 And moor secure in *Genoa's* destin'd bay.

There, drown'd in tears and dumb with friendly grief,

His sad companions leave their mournful Chief ;

Yet as the Hero bids his last adieu,

He vows, ere long, their growing schemes to view,

195 And, each revolving cent'ry, to repeat

His solemn vifit to their fofter ftate.

Tho' *Portugal* her loft *Sebastian* mourn,

And weary heav'n in vain for his return :

On

presentation of pleasing images. It most naturally operates by awakening those ideas with which the mind is already strongly possessed ; tho' full as frequently it raises entirely new ones. It is no wonder that our Heroe's warm imagination should be work'd up by this drug to a belief, that the delirium caused by it was a real conversation ; when we see *Don Quixote* by the meer Force of an heated imagination, without the assistance of any opiate, fall asleep in the cave of *Montefinos*, and relate as actually seen by him, what the warmth of his fancy suggested to him only in a dream.

Line 197. *Sebastian* King of *Portugal*, a man of great Courage and Zeal for Religion, landed at *Tangier* in the year 1575, with an army consisting of the  
flower



On surer prophecies you build your faith ;  
 200 Nor part I hence to exile or to death,  
 Like *Regulus* amidst th' opposing fears  
 Of friends, of kindred, and the senate's tears ;  
 Nor like *Lycurgus*, in his Country's cause,  
 His life devoting to enforce his laws.

205 Nor shall your Chief a baffled wretch return,  
 An outcast loaded with reproach and scorn ;  
 But rich in glories, honor'd and ador'd,  
 And more than mortal, to your arms restor'd.

He said, and pensive prest the sounding shore,  
 210 While the waves foam beneath their brushing oar.  
 Twelve tedious months, with painful steps and flow,  
 Thro' a long series of opprobrious woe,

Naked

flower of *Portugal*, and gave battle to the *Moors*, in which he was totally defeated. Diligent search was made after his body, but it could not be found in the field of battle. The *Portuguese* have continually expected his return ever since ; and even at this day are not without hopes of seeing him again on the throne. *Vasconcellos* in his history of *Portugal* gives an account of his appearance at *Venice* in 1595, and afterwards suffering great indignities from the *Spaniards*.

Line 211. *Twelve tedious months, &c.*] See Note on line 120.



Naked and pennylefs, in unknown lands,  
 He ate his bitter bread, the alms of ftrangers hands.

But now with lighter wings the moments fly,  
 215 And bring the period of his labors nigh.

In *Munfter's* walls, affiduous fate prepares,  
 With endless honors, to reward his cares.

*Munfter*, which gave th' illuftrious father birth,  
 Shall now be confcious of the filial worth.

220 In this, his future glory's deftin'd fcene,  
 The great Adepts in *Hermes'* art convene,  
 Who boaft, with vain fallacious fcience bold,  
 To change each bafes ore to pureft gold.

But ne'er will righteous heav'n its gifts impart  
 225 To the corrupted and ungrateful heart,

Where lawlefs luft and wild ambition reign,  
 And pride and bafe infatiate thirft of gain.

Hence, all in vain, they bring their boafed ftone,  
 In vain their powders on the mafs are thrown,

Their

Line 222. *Who boaft, with vain fallacious fcience bold.*] Here it is declared, that fcience is deceitful and infufficient, that human means will avail nothing to the perfection of the Great Work; that it can only be procured by the ftrict-  
 eft purity of manners, and the moft fervent devotion.



230 Their weak attempts the juster fates oppose,  
And unmatur'd, unchang'd the metal flows.

Then one advancing, who possess'd alone,  
A fluid extract from th' all-pow'rful stone,  
Three fatal drops amid the furnace spills :

235 The liquid mass a sudden vapor fills,  
By quick dilation ; and with dreadful sound,  
Exploded, drives the glowing metal round.

The fearful omen all the fabrick shook,  
When thus the race of great *Bombastus* spoke :

240 Oh ! why, my friends, for this divine essay,  
Why have you chose this unauspicious day ?

'Twere

Line 239. *Paracelsus Bombastus* succeeded so surprisngly with his chymical medicines, that he endeavoured to bring the slow effects of the *Galenical* practice entirely into disrepute ; and was so elated with the success of his art, as to boast that he could keep a man alive by his medicine for many ages.

Line 240. *Oh ! why* — ] This speech of the descendent of *Paracelsus* very much resembles that of *Antinous* after the fruitless attempt to bend *Ulysses's* bow.

————— That no man draws  
The wondrous bow, attend another cause.  
Sacred to Phœbus is the solemn day  
Which thoughtless we in games would waste away.  
Till the next dawn this ill-tim'd strife forego,  
And here leave fix'd the ringlets in a row.

Now



'Twere wiser sure your trials to postpone  
 Till the last eve of frowning *Mars* be gone.  
 Your cares suspended till the rising dawn,  
 245 By prosp'rous *Venus*, usher'd o'er the lawn,  
 Shall sure succeed : for on that sacred morn  
 Was great *Basilus Valentinus* born.  
 With solemn rites invoke his learned shade,  
 So may his genius your projection aid.  
 250 Thus far the sage, when loud applauses rung  
 In glad assent, from each approving tongue.  
 To feastful mirth they dedicate the night,  
 And hail the morning with the solemn rite.

That night, so Fate decreed, *Scriblerus* gains  
 255 The sacred grove on *Munster's* neighb'ring plains.

There

*Now bid the Seer approach, and let us join  
 In due libations, and in rites divine.  
 So end our night : Before the day shall spring,  
 The choicest off'rings let Melanthus bring.  
 Let then to Phœbus' name the fatted thighs  
 Feed the rich smokes, high-curling to the skies.  
 So shall the patron of these acts bestow  
 (For his the gift) the skill to bend the bow.*

Pope's *Odyss.* B. 21.

Line 243. *Till the last eve of frowning Mars be gone.*] The months of *March*  
 and *April* were by *Romulus* consecrated to *Mars* and *Venus*, and named from  
 them.

Line 247. *Basilus Valentinus* was born on the first of *April*.



There stretcht at ease, his wearied limbs he laid,  
And slept unconscious of the friendly shade.

Lo! ere the morn dispens'd her earliest light,  
260 Great *Plutus*' form, conspicuous to the sight,  
Before him stood, and thus his speech address'd:  
Thrice happy sage, by fav'ring fortune blest,  
On this auspicious morn th' unwearied sun  
His annual course around the globe has run,  
265 Since parting from thy friends on *Genoa*'s sands,  
Thou trodst with toilsome steps a length of barren lands.  
Arise, and thro' the grove pursue thy way:  
Observe the course of yon propitious ray:  
That splendid guide shall lead thee to the flow'r  
270 Whose root alone can boast th' aurific power.  
But, lest thou doubt, or think the promise vain,  
Soon as *Aurora* glads th' enlighten'd plain,

D

A

L. 263. *On this auspicious morn.*] By this accuracy of the Poet, we learn the very day on which *Scriblerus* and his friends both set out on their respective designs, viz. the first of *April*. An accuracy observable only in the best poets, vide *Virgil*. B. 5. l. 46.

*Annuus exactis completur mensibus orbis.*——

*Haud equidem sine mente reor, sine numine Divum.*



A goose majestic o'er the lake shall ride,  
 And thirty milk-white goslings by her side.  
 275 Be thy chief care with sacrifice t' assuage,  
 And humble off'rings, injur'd *Saturn's* rage.  
 Nor less due honors to my pow'r belong,  
 Selected victims and a grateful song.  
 That God am I, whose universal sway  
 280 All nations own, and willing all obey.  
 Tho' not from heav'n I boast my honor'd birth,  
 Yet ever dearest to the sons of earth.  
 He said and disappear'd ; when from the ground,  
 The hero starting, cast his eyes around.  
 285 Lo ! all-propitious to his raptur'd sight,  
 An *ignis-fatuus*, with portentous light,  
 From the dank earth exhaled, began to move :  
 His course directing thro' the dusky grove.  
 With zeal the sage rever'd th' auspicious ray,  
 290 And toil'd intrepid thro' the thorny way.

At

L. 273. See note on line 129.

Line 279. *That God am I.*]

*Ego sum pleno quem flumine cernis——  
 Cæruleus Tiberis, cælo gratissimus annis.*



At length the vapour stopt. With eager eyes,  
 A while he view'd, then seiz'd the matchless prize.  
 The matchless prize its conscious leaves expands,  
 Springs to the fated touch and meets his hands.

295 And now the rosy morn began to dawn :  
 He quits the grove and issues on the lawn ;  
 When wond'rous to relate ! a strange portent  
 Gives fresh assurance of the wish'd event.

He sees the stately goose in swan-like pride  
 300 The silver lake with oary feet divide ;  
 And thirty milk-white goslings by her side.  
 Inspir'd with grateful zeal he hastes to seize  
 The goodly prey, and to the Gods decrees.

When lo ! the dying victims plaints alarm  
 305 The mournful shores and reach the neighb'ring farm ;  
 Their well-known voice the startled *Silvia* hears,  
 And flies, impell'd by sad prophetick fears.

D 2

This

Line 297. ———— a strange portent.] Thus *Virgil*, L. 8.

*Ecce autem subitum atque oculis mirabile monstrum  
 Candida per Sylvam, &c.*

L. 299. See note on line 129.



This flock the Virgin cherish'd with her care,  
 With pens protected from the evening air ;  
 310 Each morning from her hand they ate their food,  
 Then fought their cackling kindred on the flood ;  
 There bathing all the day, at night they came  
 To their known lodgings, and their Country Dame.

Now all alarm'd, she hastes to their relief :  
 315 But oh ! what language can express her grief,  
 When she, like wretched *Niobe*, beheld  
 Her hopes all welt'ring on th' enfanguin'd field !  
 Yet soon her sorrow yields to nobler rage,  
 And furious she attacks th' astonish'd sage.  
 Frequent and thick her desperate blows she deals ;  
 320 Beneath her arm the stagger'd champion reels.  
 Again the maiden lifts her vengeful hands,  
 But now prepar'd the bold *Scriblerus* stands ;

Line 308. *This flock, &c.*] This resembles the description of the stag which  
 causes the scuffle in the 7th B. of *Virgil*.

*Their sister Sylvia cherish'd with her care  
 The little wanton, and did wreaths prepare,  
 To hang his budding horns.  
 He waited at his Master's Board for Food,  
 Then fought his salvage Kindred in the Wood ;  
 Where grazing all the Day, at Night he came  
 To his known Lodgings and his Country Dame.*

Dryden.



With watchful eyes he wards the threaten'd blow;  
 And strives to grapple with his active foe.

325 Artful she baffles his superior might,  
 And doubtful holds the fortune of the fight.

So fought the *Thracian* Amazons of old,  
 While ting'd with virgin blood *Thermodon* roll'd.  
 Such, and so brave was great *Alcides* seen,  
 330 When dauntless he engag'd the Maiden Queen.

The bold virago her dread arm extends ;  
 Full on his cheek the weighty blow descends.  
 Crush'd with the stroke, his shatter'd jaws resound ;  
 And his loose teeth fall frequent to the ground.

335 Firm and unmov'd the Heroe keeps the field,  
 And bold with passive valor, scorns to yield :

At length observing her defenceless waist,  
 Th' unguarded virgin in his arms embrac'd ;  
 His griping arms her struggling limbs confine,

340 And on the plain the Heroine falls supine.

*Scriblerus* following, the fall'n maiden prest,  
 And prostrate lay, victorious on her breast.

Thus



Thus sage *Ulysses*, for his art renown'd,  
 O'erturn'd the strength of *Ajax* on the ground :  
 345 He shook the yielding earth, an helpless load,  
 The victor chief his giant limbs bestrode.

Thus as he lay, the sage triumphant spoke :  
 Behold how fate, by one decisive stroke,  
 To me the lawrels of the day ordains ;  
 350 To thee subjection and opprobrious chains ;  
 To thee the laws of combat to fulfil,  
 The vanquish'd yielding to the victor's will.  
 Thus was the chaste *Hippolyte* compell'd  
 To the proud foe her virgin charms to yield.  
 355 And thus each stoutest *Amazonian* Dame,  
 Refign'd her beauties to the Conqu'ror's flame.

Yet not my heart these vanities inspire,  
 Nor sensual burns my breast with lawless fire,

Or

Line 343. *Iliad* 23. *Ajax*, in the games wrestling with *Ulysses*, lifts him from the ground.

————— that time *Ulysses* found  
 The strength t' evade, and where the nerves combine,  
 His ancle strook : The giant fell supine :  
*Ulysses* following, on his bosom lies ;  
 Shouts of Applause run rattling thro' the skies.

Pope's *Odysses*.

Line 354. To the proud foe.] *Theseus*.



Or knows my chaster soul a thought so base,  
 360 To force thee helpless to a lewd embrace.  
 Not thus the sage his great pursuit attains :  
 But endless travel, and incessant pains,  
 Severest abstinence from ev'ry joy,  
 Must all his thoughts engage, and all his hours employ.  
 365 Then rise a spotless virgin from my arms,  
 And bear unrifled hence thy maiden charms.

Thus, gracious, the self-conquer'd conqu'ror spoke,  
 And by the hand the trembling maiden took.

Her

L. 361. *Not thus the sage his great pursuit attains.*] *Subtle* the Alchemist, when he finds *Sir Epicure Mammon* with *Doll Common*, cries out :

————— No marvel  
 If I found check in our *Great Work* within,  
 When such affairs as these were managing.

*Mam.* Why, have you so ?

*Sub.* It has stood still this half hour. This 'll retard  
 The *Work* a month at least. *Mam.* Why, if it do,  
 What remedy ? but think it not, good Father ;  
 Our purposes were honest. *Sub.* As they were  
 So the reward will prove.

*Face enters.* O, Sir, we are defeated ! all the works  
 Are flown in *fumo* : ev'ry glass is burst, &c. &c.

*Alch. Act 4.*

Line 365. *Then rise a spotless.*] When a young Fellow, just come from the play of *Cleomenes*, told Mr. *Dryden*, in Raillery against the continency of his principal Character, If I had been alone with a Lady I should not have passed my time like your *Spartan* ; That may be, answer'd the Bard, with a very grave Face ; but give me leave to tell you, Sir, you are no Heroe.



Her soul possest, at once, with grief and rage  
370 She flies, regardless of th' assiduous sate,  
Springs from his grasp, and seeks the thickest grove,  
Like fullen *Dido* from her faithless Love.  
The borders of the lucid lake he seeks,  
And hastes to cleanse his blood-polluted cheeks.  
375 Now *Phœbus*, o'er the lofty mountain's height,  
Pours on fair *Munster's* tow'rs his golden light.  
*Scriblerus* hails the birth-place of his fire,  
And joy and filial love his soul inspire.

*The E N D of the Fifth Book.*

These two lines were omitted, by mistake, in part of the Edition, between line 167, and line 170, in the Fourth Book.

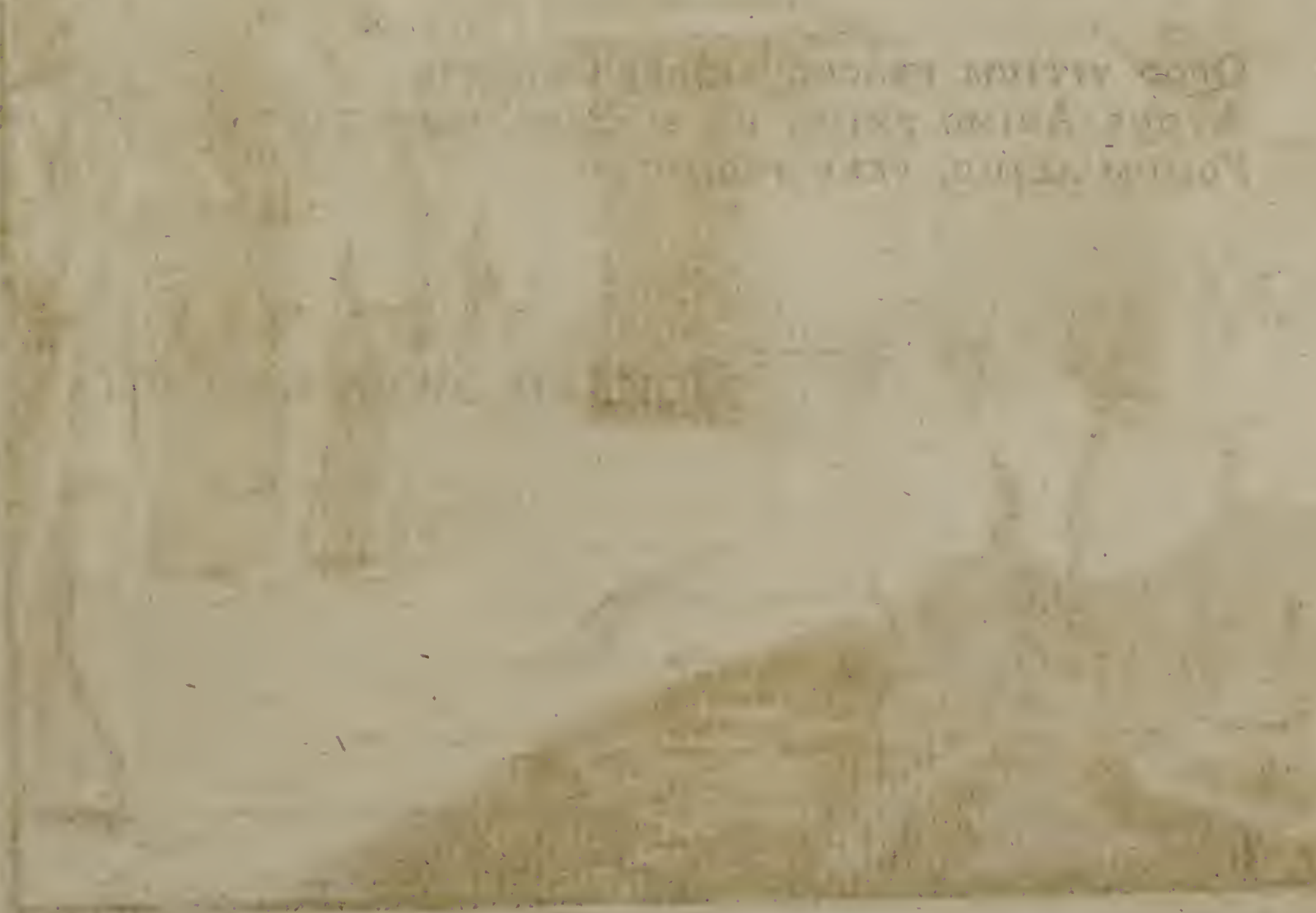
Now for those chiefs who cut their calmer way

Beneath the boist'rous surface of the sea,

Those who have purchas'd it with this Imperfection, may send for a perfect Page to their Bookseller.



Faint, illegible text, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side of the page. The text is arranged in several paragraphs and is difficult to decipher due to its low contrast and blurriness.







L. P. Boitard Inv. & Sculp

According to Act of Parliament 1751.



THE  
SCRIBLERIAD:

AN  
HEROIC POEM.

BOOK VI.



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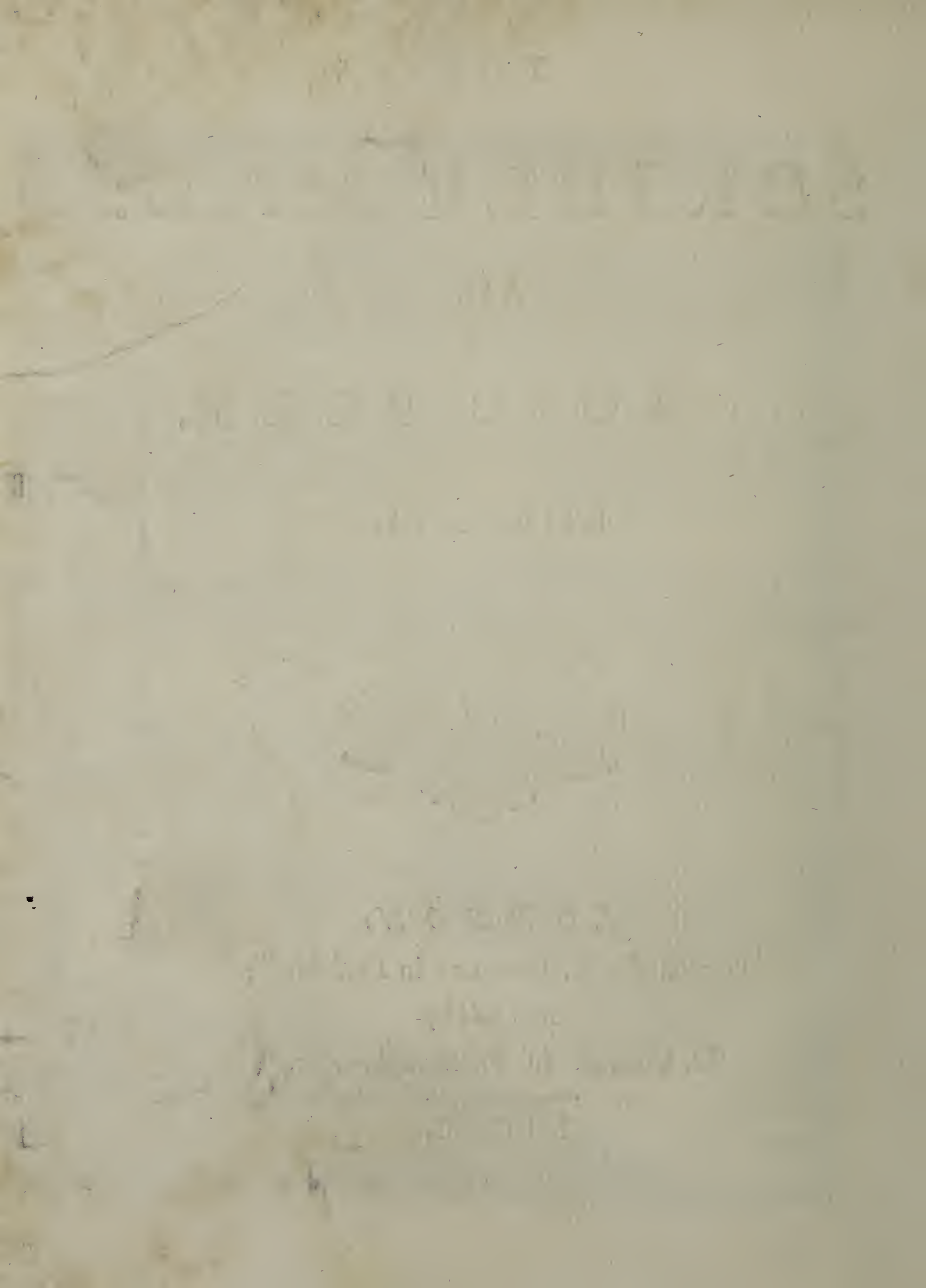
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MDCCLI.







## T H E

## A R G U M E N T of the Sixth Book.

**S**CRIBLERUS meets with the son of Faustus the Alchymist, who invites him to his house. Faustus explains to him the cause of their festival, and relates the history of Basilius Valentinus. The Alchymists are again baffled in their attempt to transmute the lead. Scriblerus desires to make a tryal; is refused on account of his mean appearance, but discovering his name and family, is admitted with honor to the furnace. He soon obtains a color, which success is received with universal applause. They contend who shall pay him the greatest respects, and eagerly embrace the proposal of Bossius to beatify him. The Heroe, by a præsentiment, is aware of the accidents that may happen at this important crisis, and advises to postpone the honors design'd him 'till the great work be fully accomplish'd, lest Vanity, which already begins to possess his mind, should stop the progress of it, and perhaps entirely disappoint their expectations. His speech is interrupted by their enthusiastick zeal, and they immediately proceed to Beatification. And now the Poet having conducted Scriblerus through a series of adventures, with success beyond the expectation of a mortal, concludes his poem with the Apotheosis of his Heroe.

T H E









T H E  
S C R I B L E R I A D.

B O O K S I X T H.

**T**HUS, wrapt in thought, the Heroe trod the plain,  
 When, sudden, rushing from the hills amain,  
 A youthful sportsman flies with rapid pace,  
 And, o'er the lawn, pursues his insect chace.  
 5 A waistcoat of the thinnest filk he wore,  
 And in his hand, of slightest texture, bore  
 A curious net, whose meshes light and rare  
 Scarce shone distinguish'd from th' unbodied air.  
 And now the plain's remotest verge he treads,  
 10 Now, nigh the sage, the chace his footsteps leads ;

Now



Now in his slender toils he holds the prey,  
 And joyful to *Scriblerus* bends his way.  
 Stranger, contemplate well, with earnest eyes,  
 Eager he calls, this paragon of Flies.  
 15 Observe him o'er ; and tell if thou hast seen,  
 Or on the trees, or on the level green,  
 His pregnant mate, the precious insect show,  
 And claim whate'er my bounty can bestow.  
 O! youth, the sage replies, nor have I seen  
 20 Or on the trees, or on the level green,  
 The pregnant consort of your beauteous game,  
 Nor aught, tho' needy, from your bounty claim.  
 Yet oh ! vouchsafe one hospitable boon,  
 Declare the name of yon majestick Town,  
 25 And point the way. To *Munster's* proud abode,  
 The youth replies, companion of the road  
 Myself thy steps will guide. Be thou my guest :  
 For sure some secret pow'r informs my breast  
 Thou draw'st thy lineage from no vulgar race,  
 30 And thro' thy rags a godlike mien I trace.

From



From far-fam'd ancestors my birth I claim,  
 A glorious Lineage ! *Faustus* is my name.  
 My great exploits th' *Aurelian* sages show,  
 'Their walls resplendent with my labors glow.  
 35 Propitious *Hermes* to my fire imparts  
 The greatest, noblest of all human arts.  
 Obedient *Vulcan* owns his high commands,  
 Nor changeful *Proteus* can elude his hands.

He

Line 33. *Aurelian Sages.*] A Butterfly in one of its States is called an *Aurelia*, which Name, for its Sound, was chosen to distinguish the Society of Butterfly Catchers at *Munster*.

Line 37. *Obedient Vulcan.*] Fire is the great Instrument by which the Chymists perform all their Operations. Chymists are called Philosophers by fire. *Boerhaave*.

Line 38. *Nor changeful Proteus can elude his hands.*] This Line will best be explained by first reciting the following Lines of *Milton*.

*That Stone, or like to that which here below  
 Philosophers in vain so long have sought,  
 In vain, tho' by their powerful art they bind  
 Volatile Hermes, and call up unbound,  
 In various shapes, old Proteus from the sea,  
 Drain'd thro' a limbeck to his naked form.*

Lord *Bacon*, in his explanation of the Heathen Mythology, by him entitled *The Wisdom of the Ancients*, informs us that by *Proteus* is signified Matter. He is called up from the Sea, because the Operations and Dispensations of Matter are chiefly exercis'd in liquid bodies. If, says he, any expert Minister of Nature (meaning a Chymist) shall encounter Matter by main force, vexing and urging her with intent to reduce her to nothing; she changes and turns herself into various forms and shapes of things, till at length she comes to a period, and betakes herself to her former being. See *Wisd. Ant. Proteus*.



He said: His words the Heroe's breast inflame;  
 40 But chief, O *Faustus*, thy auspicious Name,  
 Sure presage of success. With streaming eyes,  
 His joys dissembling, thus the sage replies.

Thrice bounteous youth, my grateful thanks receive,  
 'Tis all alas! that Poverty can give.

45 Once happier days were mine; and not the least  
 In *Hermes'* art, was known your wretched guest;  
 And O! were now some Chymic task assign'd,  
 The God would still support th' industrious mind.  
 To temper lute; the never-dying flame  
 50 To tend, assiduous as the Vestal dame.  
 With muffled Face corroding fumes to dare,  
 Nor pounded Poison's subtlest Atoms fear.

Not

Line 40. *But chief, O Faustus, thy auspicious Name,*  
*Sure presage of success.*] The Ancients always looked upon the first  
 thing they met, when about any enterprize, as an Omen. Thus *Virg.*  
*Quatuor hic, primum omen equos.* To meet a man with a good name was reckon-  
 ed fortunate, and a great encouragement to an adventure. A lucky name was  
 esteem'd a blessing to the person that bore it; and several have therefore adopt-  
 ed them. From hence the Doctrine of Onomomancy prevailed. *Plato* earnest-  
 ly recommends the choice of happy names: and the *Pythagoreans* taught ex-  
 pressly, that the minds, actions, and successes of men were greatly influenced  
 by their Names. Thus the Proverb: *Bonum Nomen Bonum Omen.* In *lustranda*  
*colonia ab eo qui eam deduceret, & cum Imperator exercitum, Censor populum lustrant*  
*bonis nominibus, qui hostias ducerent, eligebantur. Quod idem in delectu consules*  
*observant, ut primus miles fiat bono nomine.* Cicero de *Divin.* lib. 1.



Not undeserving would I eat my Bread,

An idle loit'rer on your bounty fed.

53     *Scriblerus* thus disguis'd his promis'd fate,  
 And now they reach great *Faustus'* friendly gate.  
 When thus the courteous youth his Sire addrest :  
 Disdain not to receive this stranger guest,  
 Tho' mean the garb which wraps the man of woe,  
 60 Tho' thus he roam a mendicant in show.

Oft, like the sun behind some dusky cloud,  
 Is Learning known her radiant head to shroud  
 In tatter'd robes ; and frequent have we seen  
 Ev'n wit, affecting a neglected mien,  
 65 In rags like these, all specious pomp abjur'd,  
 Chuse to reside ; his glory unobscur'd.

Stranger, the Sire replies, in happy hour  
 Thou com'st, directed by some fav'ring Pow'r.  
 Propitious *Venus* sped thee on thy way  
 70 To share the triumphs of this glorious day  
 Sacred to science and to festal mirth,  
 The day which gave the great *Basilus* birth.

Line 53. & *supra*] Thus *Ulysses* in the same disguise, desires to be employ'd in some menial Office, and professes his Skill in kindling a fire, broiling a stake, or frothing a cup of Drink. *Odysssey*, B. 15.

L. 66. *Chuse to reside, his glory unobscur'd.*] A Line from *Milton's Paradise Lost*.



Free and unquestion'd enter, and prepare

The due libation and the solemn prayer.

75 Or if thy curious bosom burn to hear

Why thus *Basilus*' mem'ry we revere ;

Or why to his distinguish'd shade belong

The hallow'd victim and the votive song,

Attend. To this illustrious sage were known

80 The long-fought virtues of the wond'rous stone,

Potent the fleeting spirit to restore,

Or to pure gold convert the baser ore.

Thus had th' Adept prolong'd his niggard span,

Thus had he liv'd immortal, tho' a Man.

85 But wayward fortune takes a spleenful joy

The wisest schemes of mortals to destroy.

The sage, long wasted with consuming cares,

His body bending with a weight of years,

When now he felt the tyrant hand of death,

90 Thus to his son address his latest breath :

With

Line 79. This History of *Basilus Valentinus*, introduced here in the manner of the Story of *Cacus*, in the 8th Book of *Virgil*, is related in the *Spectator*, N<sup>o</sup>. 426.



With painful watching and incessant pray'r,  
 Nine tedious months I labor'd to prepare  
 The precious drops this chrystal vase contains,  
 The rich reward of all my waisting pains.

95 Now mark, my son, and with attentive ear,  
 The virtues of our great Elixir hear.

When hast'ning age the call of fate obeys,  
 When the soul sickens, and the sense decays,  
 When all the weaken'd organs lose their tone,  
 100 The nerves relax'd, th' elastic vigor gone,  
 When ev'n the life-blood stagnates in my heart,  
 Soon as thou seest my latest breath depart,  
 Within my lips the sacred med'cine pour ;  
 The draught vivific shall my soul restore ;  
 105 Course thro' the veins, the springs of life renew,  
 And ev'ry nerve with active force endue.  
 So may your pious gratitude bestow  
 On me the life which to your Sire you owe ;  
 And when thy soul obeys the call of fate,  
 110 To thee the precious gift will I repeat.



Thus may we oft renew the mutual boon,

Thus lose the names of Father and of Son.

He said, and sunk to death. Th' unduteous boy,  
 Drunk with delusive hopes of worldly joy,  
 115 And still mistrustful of his Sire's control,  
 Checks ev'ry thought of Duty in his soul.

To common earth commits the lifeless corse,  
 Nor hears great Nature's call, or feels remorse.

And now he hastes new pleasures to explore ;  
 120 Some new expence to vent his endless store.

From vice to vice, with tasteless ardor roves,  
 And cloy'd, ere night rejects his morning loves.

A son he had ; *Renatus* was he nam'd :  
 Transmitted vice his genuine birth proclaim'd.

125 No gen'rous passion warm'd his brutal breast,  
 But basest av'rice all his soul possess'd.

Suspicion, which in vicious minds supplies  
 Bright Wisdom's post, and points the jealous eyes,  
 Directs the Sire his fordid soul to scan,

130 Who thus prepar'd his artful speech began :

Thou



Thou know'st, my son, thy Grandfire's virtues claim  
An ample tribute from the voice of fame.

And oft have I confest this plenteous tide  
Of endless treasure by his art supply'd.

135 Yet one important secret still remains ;

One blest attainment of his pious pains.

'Twas on an hallow'd and auspicious hour,  
When thus, inspir'd by strange prophetick pow'r,  
The great *Basilus* spake :

140 Behold the yellow Lion shall go forth,

A potent monarch from the frozen North :

The swift-wing'd Eagle from his claws shall fly,

The Griffon shall but see his face and die :

The

Line 140 *Behold the yellow Lion.*] There is a great Resemblance between this rapture of *Basilus*, and the famous prophecy of *Paracelsus*, published by *Glauber*, in his *Prosperity of Germany*, where may be seen his explanation of it.

Now follows the most potent Lion and Monarch of the North ; to whom none in the world may be compar'd, nor did ever any excel him in Glory and Power ———

——— A yellow Lion shall come out of the North, which shall be a persecutor of the Eagle, and at length its conqueror.

Line 143. *The Griffon.*] Tho' *Glauber's* explanation be intelligible only to an Adept, yet we may see, that by the fight of the Lion and Eagle he means the digestion of two bodies in a chymical process, which produce a third, which is called a Griffon, being part Lion and part Eagle.



The Crow, Cameleon, and the Dragon's blood,  
 145 Mixt with the virgin's milk shall be his food ;  
 The Salamander shall his rule obey ;  
 And all the fons of earth shall own his sway.

Thus he by figurative signs exprest  
 The truths that roll'd tumultuous in his breast,

With

Line 148. *Thus he by figurative signs.*] The *Arabians*, who first treated of Alchymy, deliver'd their precepts in hieroglyphicks, and figurative expressions. This practice has been continued ever since.

The Expositor of *Ripley's* Hermetico-poetical works, says,

' Our Books are full of Obscurity, and Philosophers write horrid Metaphors  
 ' and Riddles to those who are not upon a sure bottom, and do not discern  
 ' the subject matter of our secrets ; which being known, the rest is not so  
 ' hard. We will subjoin his exposition on the following Line.

*For kind unto kind hath appetitive inclination.*

——— ' We join kind with kind, for Nature is mended and retain'd with  
 ' its own Nature : For this cause is our King wedded to the Water-bearer's  
 ' Daughter ; of which Water-bearer I told you that his body, his pitcher, and  
 ' the water in it, are all one ; and his Daughter was the Queen which arose out  
 ' of the water ; in which was seen a lamp burning. Wonder not at it, that a  
 ' Queen should spring out of a Water-bearer's loins ; for the King is also his  
 ' son, and he is greater than both. The King enjoys more riches than his Fa-  
 ' ther ; but the Father hath the Key of a Closet, in which is Wealth enough  
 ' for all in the Kingdom, to make every Subject as rich as the King ; but the  
 ' dispose of this Wealth the King only is to have ; yet can he not have it in his  
 ' possession till he marry his Sister, which is the water of the pitcher invisible.  
 ' This his Sister, is also his Mother and his Father ; for it is one with Water-  
 ' bearer, the water and the pitcher, as is said. By reason of his consanguinity,  
 ' the King embraceth his Sister very desirously, and she by his embraces appears  
 ' a Queen, and then the Water-bearer, and his water and pitcher vanish, and  
 ' the King and Queen remain alone ; at length both King and Queen are drown-  
 ' ed after the immoderate use of Venery, violent sweating and weeping, which  
 ' sweat



150 With pray'r and fasting then the holy man  
The sacred heav'n-directed work began.

Nine months within the womb of Time it lay ;  
At length began its glories to display.

Then spake the lab'ring sage : My son, attend ;  
155 Learn thy conception, and thy wond'rous end.

On that auspicious ever-honor'd morn  
Wast thou conceiv'd, on which thy Sire was born.  
The sun himself presided at thy birth ;  
Nor shall thy body turn to common earth.

160 The sacred influence of his virtuous ray  
Exalts thine essence, and sublimes thy clay.

Thy

' sweat and tears make one sea, in which swim two Fishes without flesh and  
' bones, which after resolve and make one broth, which is called water per-  
' manent.

' Thus have I somewhat metaphorically decypher'd our true Principles, yet  
' so plainly as that you may with diligence understand the meaning,' &c. &c.  
&c.

Line 158. *The sun himself presided at thy birth.*] The Chymists, from a sup-  
posed analogy, denominate their metals from the Planets, and gold is by them  
called Sol. Therefore *Renatus's* father urges this assertion to deceive him, as  
not doubting but he is sufficiently skill'd in judicial Astrology, to interpret so  
extraordinary a piece of fortune in the manner he would have him.

Line 161. *Exalt* and *sublime* are chymical terms, which both import refining.



Thy body thus prepar'd, these drops shall save  
From foul corruption and the loathsome grave :

Th' Elixir swallow'd ere thy corse be cold,

165 Shall all thy limbs convert to purest gold.

*Basilus* thus his wond'rous art display'd,

And to my hands the precious drops convey'd.

Then, when in death, a recent corse, I lie,

Be thine th' pow'rful med'cine to apply.

170 *Renatus* heard the tale with secret joy,

And thus with frequent tears, reply'd the boy.

Obedient, I receive thy great commands :

Yet think not, that, with sacrilegious hands,

Thy son shall e'er thy dear remains abuse,

175 Or prostitute thy limbs to common use.

But in the consecrated fane bestow'd,

Adore at once the Statue and the God:

Before thy shrine perpetual incense burn,

And filial duty to devotion turn.

180 Thus while he spake, he views his father's height

With rapture, and computes his future weight.

The



The limbs he measures with desiring eyes,  
 Impatient to transmute the bulky prize.

Nor long laments the promis'd boon delay'd,

185 But soon with joy the breathless corse survey'd.

Then, big with hope, the potent med'cine brought,  
 And the rich drops pour'd, trembling, down his throat.

Already the rich drops their vertues prove ;

And half the dose impell'd the limbs to move.

190 Up-rose the body, with a sudden bound,

And dash'd the shiver'd chrystal on the ground.

Th' Elixir lost, the corse returns to dust.

Great is our Ruler ; all his ways are just.

Thus holy *Faustus* ends the wond'rous tale,

195 And all the great *Basilius*' fate bewail,

Curfing his race, degenerate : Then repair,

Regardful of the day, to fervent pray'r.

*Scriblerus* now a crucible provides,

And spreads the glowing heat around it's sides.

200 Then, placed within, the fatal root calcines :

And soon his hospitable friends rejoins.



Unwitting *Faustus* to his guest declares  
 What great designs employ their present cares.  
 Then leads him where in solemn order fate  
 205 Th' assembled sages of th' Hermetick state.

Up-rose the learned *Paracelsus*' heir,  
 And, pious, first prefer'd his solemn pray'r.  
 When thus : My friends on this auspicious day,  
 Let each with confidence his art essay.  
 210 Nor shall your last attempt your art control,  
 For sure some pow'r prophetic tells my soul,  
 That long ere Hesper's radiant lamp shall glow,  
 Yon mass impure in genuine gold will flow.  
 He said : and straitway to the furnace past,  
 215 And on the molten lead his powders cast.  
 No change, alas ! their fancied pow'rs impart,  
 The boaster mourns his ineffectual art.

Again, in turn, advance the learned train  
 Their art to try, they try their art in vain.  
 220 When thus *Scriblerus* to the chiefs address  
 The secret thoughts long-lab'ring in his breast :



Ye great Adepts, thrice-honor'd sages, hear,  
 And chief O ! *Faustus*, lend a fav'ring ear.  
 And O ! forgive that 'till this destin'd hour,  
 225 Th' unutter'd secret in my breast I bore.  
 Great *Plutus*, patron of th' Hermetic art,  
 To me has deign'd th' Elixir to impart.  
 Has giv'n me to possess the sacred flow'r,  
 Whose root alone can boast th' aurific pow'r :  
 230 Alone transmute yon mass impure and base,  
 And vindicate our science from disgrace.  
 Th' Adepts in silence witness'd their surprize,  
 But scan'd his garments with contemptuous eyes :  
 Till *Faustus* rose, and in his arms embrac'd  
 235 The tatter'd sage, and near the furnace placed.  
 When thus the race of great *Bombastus* spoke;  
 His haughty frame indignant anger shook.  
 O ! thoughtless, shall yon mendicant engage  
 This arduous task which baffles ev'ry sage ?  
 240 Shall hinds and beggars to that art aspire  
 Which foils th' attempts of *Munster's* learned choir ?



But grant him with success and glory crown'd,  
 To us how grateful must his glories sound ?  
 The voice of fame shall thus our honors stain.  
 245 " The learn'd Adepts their art essay'd in vain:  
 " In came a Stroller of th' Emprick crew,  
 " And did what all those sages could not do.  
 The Heroe now disclaims his base disguise,  
 And thus with conscious dignity replies :  
 250 Behold *Scriblerus*, no ignoble name :  
 Earth sounds my wisdom, and high heav'n my fame.  
 So great a name amaz'd each hearer's breast,  
 A reverential awe their hearts possess'd.  
 Now on the sage their eager eyes they bent ;  
 255 And, all-suspended, wait the great event.

Thus

Line 244 ] " Behold what wretches to the bed pretend  
 " Of that brave Chief whose bow they could not bend !  
 " In came a Beggar of the strolling crew,  
 " And did what all those Princes could not do.  
 Thus will the common voice our deed defame,  
 And thus Posterity upbraid our name.

The Speech of *Eurymachus*. *Pope's Odyf.* B. 21. line 351!

Line 250.] See *Pope's Odyf.* B. 9. Behold Ulysses, &c.



Thus as they stood around, *Scriblerus* spread  
 The pow'rful ashes on the molten lead.  
 Soon the dull mass assum'd a nobler hue;  
 With sudden change the heighten'd colors grew.  
 260 Now Luna shines with pallid radiance bright,  
 Now Sol begins to dart his ruddy light :  
*Scriblerus'* praise employ'd each raptur'd tongue,  
 And all around the loud applauses rung.

Then thus the sage the learn'd Adepts address'd :  
 265 As yet ye see but half my art express'd :  
 For know, this precious med'cine boasts the pow'r  
 The fleeting life, departed, to restore.  
 Tho' cold and breathless at my feet ye lay,  
 My potent art should animate your clay ;  
 270 Nay more, to youth recall the drooping fire,  
 And in his nerves infuse their pristine fire.

O!

Line 260. *Now Luna.*] In the Language of the Chymists, *Luna* denotes Silver; and *Sol* Gold. See Note on line 158.

Line 270.] *Nay more, to youth.*] ——— *Striēto Medea recludit  
 Ense senis jugulum: veteremque exire cruorem  
 Passa replet succis. Quos postquam combibit Æson  
 Aut ore acceptos aut vulnere; barba comæque  
 Canitie positâ nigrum rapuere colorem, &c.*

Ovid's *Metam.* B. 6. line 285;



O ! would some sage, th' Elixir's force to try,  
 Here in the cause of science bravely die,  
 Science should soon restore his yielded breath,  
 275 And claim her martyr from the jaws of death.  
 Scarce had he spoke when all with eager strife,  
 Stretch their bare throats and pant to meet the knife.

When lo! a Casuist from the croud arose,  
 Their rash designs, by reas'ning to oppose.  
 280 With cited Cases, Points, Quotations, Saws,  
 Expounds what Conscience wills, and what the Laws.  
 If man shall murder man ; the Laws decide  
 The punishment decreed on homicide.  
 And this must follow, if the Lawyers plead,  
 285 That tho' Restor'd, the man in fact was Dead.  
 If to your throats Yourselfes the weapon guide,  
 Th' indictment then will lie for Suicide.  
 O ! think how dreadful at the Bar to stand,  
 For your Own Death by your Own desp'rate hand !  
 290 What shame, what horror shall your bosoms shake  
 Condem'd Alive to feel the piercing Stake !



The casuist's words the stagger'd croud divide ;  
 When calmly, thus the thoughtful man reply'd :  
 On this blest day no human blood be shed,  
 295 This day to science and to mirth decreed.  
 No, rather let an aged Cow be brought,  
 While, careful, I prepare the potent draught.  
 Unscrup'lous will we drain her torpid blood,  
 And soon renew the meliorated flood.  
 300 Long ere the sun compleats his daily round,  
 A frisking calf shall o'er the meadows bound.  
 Thus pow'rful *Colchis* drench'd the feeble ram,  
 And from the cauldron leapt a wanton lamb.  
 Now crown'd with wreaths an aged cow they bring,  
 305 While shouts of joy from every quarter ring.  
 Not in more pomp, with mystick garlands drefs'd,  
 March'd *Apis*, usher'd by the *Memphian* Priest.

Her

Line 301. *A frisking calf.*] ——— *Qui maximus ævo*  
*Dux gregis inter oves, agnus medicamine fiet.*  
 ——— *tener auditur medio balatus abeno.*  
*Nec mora : balatum mirantibus, exilit agnus,*  
*Lascivitque fugâ.*

Ov. *Metam.* B. VI. line 310.



Her aged veins, impatient, they divide,  
 And drain, at length, her slowly-ebbing tide.  
 310 They pour the med'cine, bind the weeping wound,  
 And leave her corse extended on the ground,  
 Confiding in the draught. Again they raise  
 Their voice in rapture to *Scriblerus*' praise.

Then *Bossius* spake : Sure Heav'n my soul inspires,  
 315 And prompts me to excite th' Electric fires.  
 Raise then, my friends, the well-constructed stage,  
 There, plac'd on high, Beatify the sage,  
 Strip'd of these rags unseemly to the sight,  
 And cloath'd with radiance and celestial light.

320 He said. His words the pleas'd assembly caught,  
 Who soon, obedient to his dictates, brought  
 Of pitch and rosin an enormous mass :  
 Six ample globes, and six vast tubes of glass.

From

Line 314. *Then Bossius spake.*] *M. Bose* published a *Treatise De Electricitate inflammante & Beatificante*. In this Work he tells us, that having prepared large Tubs of Pitch, and placed a Person on them, ' In a little time a glimmering light of a gold color arises from the Pitch, and waves about the Feet. Thence it ascends to the knees, and at last reaches the head, and encompasses the whole Person with a glory, which is a lively representation of that border of light, which adorns the pictures of saints.'

L. 322.] Pitch and Rosin prevent the electric force from being dissipated by communication of contact with Nonelectric bodies.



From these th' Adepts a mystick structure made ;  
 325 And in the midst the great *Scriblerus* laid  
 In naked majesty, tremendous sight !  
 Then haste to execute the solemn rite.  
 Yet ere they fill the chorus of his praise,  
 Thus spake the man long-vers'd in fortune's ways.  
 330 Alas! my friends, forbear this rash design,  
 Nor crown a Mortal with rewards Divine.  
 I fear this premature, this thoughtless joy  
 Has rais'd a vice our triumphs to destroy.  
 Yes, I confess myself have felt its pow'r,  
 335 The hapless victim of this fatal hour.  
 I, whom in vain, Ambition strove to move,  
 And baffled Lust, beside yon conscious grove :  
 Whom not all-conqu'ring Luxury could gain,  
 Whom fordid Avarice assail'd in vain.

## D

Line 335. *Has rais'd a vice.*] see B. 5. l. 171.  
*Let humble Thoughts thy Vanity controul.*



340 O Vanity, thou fixt and ling'ring guest,  
 Thou last of vices in the noble breast !  
 Who like the worm within the specious rind,  
 Prey'ft undiscover'd on the fairest mind,

Thus spake the moral sage ; but thoughtless They  
 345 Whirl the loud wheel, and tune the lofty lay.  
 Impetuous zeal with wild unruly noise,  
 Breaks on his speech, and drowns his sapient voice.

And now the glass by strong attrition urg'd,  
 First the foul atmosphere around him purg'd.  
 350 Then at the Heroe's feet began to play  
 A flame more brilliant than the solar ray.  
 The golden beams ascending now embrac'd  
 Th' illustrious sage, and circled round his waist.  
 Now fixt, and by encreas'd effluvia fed,  
 355 Diffused a Glory from his awful Head.  
 Thus as he darts around electric fire,  
 To vocal hymns they tune the sounding lyre ;

His



His high Atchievements in their songs relate,  
And hail him Monarch of th' Hermetic State.

360 Such Honors *Munster* to her Heroe paid ;  
And lambent flames around his temples play'd.

Line 360. *Such honors Ilion to her Heroe paid,  
And peaceful slept the mighty Hector's shade.*

End of POPE'S *Iliad*.

And now having brought our commentary to an happy conclusion, let us crown our labor with admonishing all ignorant pretenders, or rather entirely precluding them from presuming to make any additions to the *Scribleriad*, with the *Vanity of Quintus Calaber*, and *Triphiodorus*, who impudently insinuating, that the *Iliad* was imperfect, wrote each a Supplement to it, which the former had the Assurance to call *Παραλειπομενα τῆς Ὀμηρῆς*. *Marphæus Vegius*, possess with the like folly, wrote a continuation of the *Æneid*. *Camillo di Camilli* of the *Gierusalemme Liberata* ; and *Alonzo Fernandez de Avellaneda* of *Don Quixote*. We will at once quash all these fruitless endeavours, by representing the Secrecy with which all those who are possess of the Philosopher's Stone conceal, not only those minute actions of their lives which constitute their history, but even their very persons themselves, as has before been explained. Theirs is the true and only

*Secretum iter et fallentis semita vitæ.*

Our Hero is most happily secure from one dangerous quarter ; for such has been his extraordinary Contineny, that no Lady can, with the least Shew of probability, introduce him to act a part in her Memoirs.

Yet we are aware, that several of his Family more sollicitous, perhaps, for his glory than is consistent with a prudential regard for it, will be fond of enlarging upon his actions. To These we must declare, that the Author, when he put his Poem into our hands, assured us, (in a phrase which he borrow'd from the *Spanish*, and which he esteem'd for being so admirably expressive,) that HE HAD LEFT NOTHING IN THE INKHORN.

*The E N D of the Sixth and last Book.*









# T H E

# I N D E X.

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E R R A T A.

**A** Rgument of Book I. line 11. *dele* wherein.

B.	<i>for</i>	<i>read</i>
I. Line 266. [note]	ate	eat.
352. [note]	325	352.
307.	sleepy	sleeping.
352.	Stes	Sortes.
352. [note]	remraking	remarking.
II. 188.	Ecchoes	Ecchos.
123. [note]	119	123.
281. [note]	277	281.
304. [note]	308	304.
316. [note]	320	316.
342. [note]	347	342.
343. [note]	344	343.
345. [note]	Medæa	Medea.
IV. 68.	fraer	frater.
	forry	forori.
V. 93. [note]	excudeant	excudent.
154. [note l. 1]	become	grown.























