

ACHILLES

DISSECTED: *141.2.22*

Being a

COMPLEAT KEY

Of the

Political Characters

In that

NEW BALLAD OPERA,

Written by the late Mr. GAY.

An ACCOUNT of the PLAN upon which
it is founded. With Remarks upon the
Whole.

By Mr. BURNET.

To which is added,

The *First* SATIRE of the *Second* Book
of *Horace*, Imitated in a Dialogue be-
tween Mr. POPE and the ORDINARY of
Newgate.

What's good for the Goose, is good for the Gander.

RAY'S *Prov.*

L O N D O N:

Printed for W. MEARS, at the *Lamb*, on
Ludgate-Hill, 1733. (Price Six Pence.)

ACHILLES Dissected, &c.

In a LETTER to

Lady P * * * *

M A D A M,

Monday,
Feb. 12. 1733.

THE Honour of your Commands, affords me a much greater Pleasure than the Representation of the OPERA did, last *Saturday*, of which you desire some Account. I shall therefore proceed, without the least Ceremony, to acquaint your Ladyship, that Mr. GAY has drawn the *Drama* of this BALLADICAL *Entertainment* from STATIUS *, who gives us the following Relation, *viz.*

“ACHILLES was the Son of PELEUS, by THETIS, Goddess of the Sea; who, being told by an ORACLE, that if the Youth went to the *Trojan* War, he would acquire great Glory, but lose his Life. His Mother, for his Preservation, carries him, dress'd as a Virgin, and in that Garb secretes him, at twelve Years old, in the Court of LYCOMEDES, King of *Scyros*. He took upon him the Name of PYRRHA; became enamour'd with the beautiful DEIDAMIA by whom he had a Son, named PYRRHUS. The Hero being miss'd, and ULYSSES

B

“ sent

* See his ACHILLEIS.

“ sent in quest of him ; upon his Arrival at *Scyros*,
 “ he charges LYCOMEDES with secreting ACHIL-
 “ LES. The King utterly denies the Charge,
 “ (and is herein ignorant of this *Stratagem* of
 “ *Thetis*;) but ULYSSES, by another *Artifice*, of
 “ making some Presents to the Daughter of
 “ LYCOMEDES, among which was a fine Set
 “ of Armour, Sword, and Buckler. Upon the
 “ Sight of these, our Hero forgets the Charac-
 “ ter he was persuaded to assume, throws off
 “ the Woman, most dexterously brandishes the
 “ Sword, and poizes the Buckler.” Thus, by
 the ARMOUR, is ACHILLES found out.

This *Plan* Mr. GAY has exactly followed. Mr. *Quin* speaks the *Prologue*, which was written by Mr. *Pope*, and the Play opens with a Debate between THETIS and her Son ACHILLES, habited as a Virgin; he, strongly urging a Disgust to the Character he had assumed, and she as strongly enforcing it, from his Duty in Obedience to her Commands. He at length submits, and is left by his Mother in the Court of King *Lycomedes*.

THETIS	} is performed by	{ Mrs. <i>Buchanan</i> .
ACHILLES		
LYCOMEDES		
		{ Mr. <i>QUIN</i> .

You are next to know, Madam, that our young Hero, ACHILLES, being introduced among the Court Ladies, was chiefly the Companion of the King's Daughter, and behaves very well; but yet Dame Nature will shew her Predominancy; for the Coat of Mail was very often to be perceived under the Female Disguise. However, CUPID begins his Rendezvous;

vous; and, as Mr. GAY, upon *another* Occasion,
makes him justly boast,

At Court I never fail,
To scatter round my *Arrows*;
Men fall as thick as *Hail*,
And *Maidens* love like *Sparrows* *.

So *here* no less than *Three* are wounded: our
young Hero burns for his DEIDAMIA, and she
fights for her ACHILLES: Struck likewise is LYCO-
MEDES for his PHYRRA.

Such are the Effects produced in the *first Act*.
The *second* opens with the Discovery of a Fe-
male Plot. The Queen is strong upon the
Scent, and *Jealousy* is finely rallied, and fully
shewn to be the sole Torment of those who
hatch it. LYCOMEDES is severely taxed by her
MAJESTY with a Want of due Benevolence;
and the KING in return, as roundly affirms, that
the Frequency of her Calls makes it often an
impossible Thing. But LYCOMEDES has a staunch
Prime Minister, who makes every Thing *possible*
for his *Monarch* to attain, either LOVE by FORCE,
or TAXES by EXCISE. *Qui capit ille Facit*.

I need not Translate my Adage for your
Ladyship, nor is it safe riding down a Preci-
pice.

Now Plots and Partics, give new Master Births,
And State-Distractions serve us here for Mirth.

This Distich of *Andrew Marvell*, being the
Business of the *third* and last *Act*: Wherein,

1. LYCOMEDES attempts a Rape upon PYRRA, but meets with the Repulse of ACHILLES.

2. Mr. *Walker*, in 'the Character of a Court Lord, and Mr. *Hall* in that of the most renowned Chief AJAX, fight a Duel for a Wife.

3. DEIDAMIA having the Gift of *Second-Sight*, tells the rest of the Court Ladies, that, whatever was their Opinion, she never looked upon PYRRA, but she thought of a MAN.

4. Two Merchants are introduced with their Trunk of Trinkets. The young Princesses entertain themselves with the Sight of fine Silks Pearls, and Jewels; but among all the Rarities,

*The Sword and Buckler was ACHILLES' Choice,
And this Discov'ry raised the Public Voice.*

He takes his leave of DEIDAMIA, and resolves to encounter HECTOR at the Siege of Troy. That Part of his History may, perhaps, be the Subject of another OPERA: But here ends Mr. *Gay*.

Your Ladyship is not to look upon this as a finished Piece, but only as a posthumous Fragment; for I am inclined to believe, Mr. *Gay* intended to lengthen it to five Acts. Some Songs were likewise wanting, and his Friends Mr. *Pope*, Dr. *Arbutnot*, &c. who have undertaken to supply that Defect, have really overloaded it; for by their Frequency, in my Opinion, the Narration is too much interrupted: But as *Ballads* seem to be the *high Taste* of the present Age, the Number of them are by the Audience

Audience looked upon as the greatest Beauties in the Entertainment: Some of them are very *low*, and others very *luscious*.

What will make you smile Madam, is, that Mr. *Quin* and Mr. *Walker* are now, almost, become as eminent Singers as they are Actors; Precedency is indeed kept up between them, Mr. *Quin* being a *singing* MONARCH, and Mr. *Walker* only a *singing* HIGH-WAY-MAN. Upon which, in Honour of Mr. *Gay*, it is now said, that,

Quin, from the *What-d'ye-call-it*, Buskins chose,
And *Walker* from the *Beggar's Opera* rose.

There runs a Rumour, *Madam*, that the Publick are not to have the Pleasure of *reading* this Piece; for as *POLLY* was debarred the Stage, *ACHILLES* will be debarred the *Press*. This seems to be confirmed by the following Letter to the Publisher of the *Daily Courant*, in which Paper of the 16th Instant it was inserted, *viz.*

SIR,

AS there is a Decorum to be paid to the Manes of the Dead; and even the Posthumous Works of those who have made any Figure in the Literary World, are examined with more Candour than during the Life of the Authors: The following Observations on the Opera of *Achilles* shall not infringe on the Rules of Decency; nor this little Piece of Criticism give a Suspicion of Malice or Ill-Nature.

The Town had been long in Expectation of this Performance; and their Desires were heightened to see it on the Stage, from the known Abilities of the Author, and the Character

rafter of it, which was univerfally cried up by the Patrons of the *Beggar's Opera*: The Od- dity of the Subject raifed the Attention of the Town; and it was induftrioufly reported, That, for Satire, Humour, and Wit in the Dialogue, for the pointed Turn of Epigram in the Songs, and Happinefs in the Choice of the Tunes, it rather excelled, than equalled the *Beggar's Opera*.

But when *Achilles* was exhibited to a pub- lick Audience, he could not confide fo much in his *invulnerable* Quality; but there appeared, at the firft opening the Doors, a very con- siderable Number of Honourable and Right Ho- nourable Patrons to fupport him *. This gave no great Opinion of the Performance to impar- tial Judges; as it feemed to carry with it fome Suspicion of its Succefs; and as it was a worn- out Artifice of bad Authors to fupport a bad Play.

Achilles appeared: But how changed, how altered from the Character Old *Homer* and the Poetick Sages gave him! I pafs over the Li- cence the Author took in making *Lycomedes* ignorant of his Sex, the Jealoufy of *Theafpe*, and Amour of *Deidamia*: But where is the Hu- mour of his being in Petticoats? He is ftrictly tenacious of his Virtue, when *Lycomedes* addreffes him as a Woman; and the moft dull Gallant to *Deidamia*, though he debauches her, when he is in the Perfon of *Achilles*. Where is the

Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer!

The Life, the Vivacity of an amorous young Warrior? All is loft in the whining, virtuous, yet debauched

* Duke and Dutchefs of *Queensberry*, Mr. *Pulteney*, Mr. *Pope*, *Thomas Burres Esq;* cum multis aliis, &c.

debauched Modern *Achilles*. *Lycomedes*, and *Theaspe*, the King and the Queen, are introduced only for a few Marriage-Bickerings, a few very low Jokes. The Scenes are long and tedious, the Satire (as it is said, and seems to contain Secret History) unintelligible; the Wit low, and the Moral — past finding out.

The Songs, in which was expected so much Pointedness of Wit, are so far from equalling those in the *Beggars Opera*, that had they not been made publick by Mr. *Gay's* Friends, and under his Name, they might have passed for the Productions of some of those dull Pack-Horses of Imitators ridiculed in the Prologue. — In the first Scene, where *Achilles* tells his Mamma, that the Course of Nature is difficult to be averted; with a surprizing Poignancy he assures her he thirsts for Fame and Glory,

— as

— *the Glutton*

Does after Mutton. —

How peculiar a *Taste* soever the Author of *this* Turn of *Wit* might have for *that Dish*, as to think the Simile smart, I am afraid few in the Pit or Boxes thought it either Wit or Humour.

The Description of the Coquet is not a less happy Comparison; where the *Coquet-Cat* having got a Mouse,

Now pawing,

Now toying;

— *Mouse gets loose,*

And bilks her Chace —

The Ladies in the Boxes must think this a *strong Satire* on the sprightly and gay Part of their Sex; and the *Delicacy* of the Thought will excuse any Reflection on the *Whole* in general.—

The Quaintness of the Turn in

*Reputation back'd and cut,
Can never be mended again;*

by epigrammatical concluding,

*Reputation back'd and cut,
Can never be mended;*

cannot but raise some *Admiration* in the Audience; and, for the *Sharpness* of the *Sting*, is admirably equalled in another Catch on a jealous Woman; who,

— *herself deceives
Raising Fears, which she believes.*

Though there are but few Songs, through the whole, which are not wrote in the same Style, and with the same happy Proignancy. Quotations are not so easy, as it has not yet appeared in Print, (and will be *wisely* concealed from public Examination.) But the humorous Description of

*Hercules's Skirt-a,
Which burnt him to — Dirt-a,
And set him all on a Fire-a,
Contriv'd by his Deianira.*

has so peculiar a Quaintness of Expression, it could not pass unheeded: *Reason*, in *modern Poetry*

Poetry, is reckoned something absurd, otherwise I should be curious enough to ask, How, after he was burnt to Dirt, he could be set on Fire? --- Nor is it less observable, that the Author of the Songs was so excessively pleased with the Simile of his Cat in the Beginning of the Opera, that he makes a Simile of the displeasing noble Animal conclude it. The Dignity of Achilles, when leaving the Toys of Love at the Sight of the Armour, is beautifully, and with a just Pomp of Description, heightened by Puff's leaving her Caterwauling at the Sight of a Mouse.

Such are the Beauties of our modern Achilles; which, if I have any way misrepresented, I desire a Confutation from the noble Authors. --- I say Authors, as I am very well satisfied Mr. Gay could not possibly deviate into so much Dullness. He had the Plan given him, which was calculated for a particular End, by a Set of Men, who, not only desirous of being thought the greatest Patriots of the Age, were ambitious too of being thought the greatest Evils; and, it must be allowed, their Pretensions to the latter, are as just as their Claim of the former. Mr. Gay unhappily died, left the Play unfinished, the Songs not wrote; but rather than the Scheme should fail, the Patriot became the Poet.

* Sir W. The Esquire. The Scot. Satyrift, and his Grace, held their Consultations: Nor could it be unpleasant to hear a discarded Courtier humming out --- Joan's Placket rent and tore, ---then

C

Reputation

* Sir W. [Sir William Wyndham.] The Esquire [Mr. Palsenny.]
The Scot [Dr. Arbuthnot.] The Satyrift [Mr. Pope.] D. of 2---j.

*Reputation hack'd and cut,
Can never be mended again.*

While a noble Lady, with a *natural Simplicity*
of *Thought*, recollects,

*My a Dilding, my a Dolding,
Lady bright and shine--a.*

The *Scot* assists in eternizing the Memory of
his *Cat*; while the *little Satyrift* tags the Verse,
and *points* the Song.

No one, I believe, will be so bigotted to the
Memory of Mr. *Gay*, as to indulge a bad Pro-
duction, because couched under his Name. It
is no Secret how often he was obliged to own
what he never wrote, when the Success did not
answer; and that others took the Reputation
of what was approved of, and he willingly re-
signed Fame to Interest or Friendship. But his
good Friends have gone farther in wounding
his Reputation, by *writing for him*, than his
most inveterate Enemies (if he had any) could
by writing against him. ---- Some unfinished
Scenes, which promised Humour, are supplied
in their Defects, like a maimed Antique Statue
by a masterly Hand, when it has a prepo-
sterous Nose or gouty Foot added by a Modern
Mason. The *Songs* in general are spurious; and
though they may not deserve the Encouragement
of the Town, yet they establish Mr. *Gay's* Cha-
racter, who was said to have received consider-
able Assistance in those of the *Beggars Opera*.
The Falsity of that Report is now evident,
since those Friends who were supposed to assist
him

him, and had Vanity enough not to deny it, have now, not only wrote beneath the *Beggar's Opera*, but even the *Imitations* of it; they consulted not the Fame of their departed Friend, being very well assured

---- *Cineri Gloria fera venit.*

P. S. Quotations from the *Dialogue* is impossible; as by the Mistake of *one* Word only it might be retorted, that the Quotation was in itself *false*: Otherwise as great Absurdities might be shewn in the *Prose* as the *Poetry*; and the *Obscenity* of the *one* would equal the *Dulness* of the *other*. But if the *mottley* Committee of *Half-Politicians* and *Half-Wits* dare venture *their* Opera in Print, this Assertion shall be made evident to Men of Reason and Impartiality. For the Truth of what is already quoted, I appeal to all who have been the Spectators.

The *Writer* of this Letter to the *Daily Courant* has not subscribed any Name to his Epistle. Next to him we have another anonymous *Critick*, who tells us, by way of *Pun*, upon the *Title* he has assumed, That he met with no other Entertainment from the Opera of *ACHILLES*, "than was common to every *Auditor* * *There*; viz. *A very disagreeable Noise in his Ears, very little to amuse his Eyes; and nothing to please his Understand.*" These, Madam, are all the publick Criticisms which have, as yet, appeared against Mr. Gay's

C 2

* See the *AUDITOR* Numb. 12, of *Friday, Feb. 16.*

Posthumous *Performance*. Your Ladyship will be pleas'd to observe that the Letter-Writer seems to express a mighty Regard for the *Memory* of Mr. GAY, as well as for his *Abilities*. Why therefore he should talk of the *Oddity* of the *Subject*, I cannot conceive; for *that* certainly *was his own*. Our Critick is a meer *Caviller*; for he objects *even to Matter of Fact*, and asks, *Where is the Humour of ACHILLES's being in Petticoats?* There is no Way of answering this Gentleman's Question, but by asking him another: Pray, Sir, is not this *Incident* mentioned in the *History* of the *Hero*? and is not *that* a Reason sufficient for the Poët's introducing him in that *Garb*?

He next passes over the Licence taken in *making LYCOMEDES ignorant of the Sex of ACHILLES*. How does he know *he was not*? In short, he is in a high *Pet*, because some Persons of *Distinction* are generously inclined to make the most of this *Dramatical-Legacy*, which Mr. GAY has left for the *Benefit* of his two *Sisters*. All his *Observations*, Madam, you will easily perceive, proceed from *Party-Prejudice*; and his *Reflections* upon the *Author*, in the *Close* of his *Letter*, are very mean, ill-grounded, and ungenerous.

Mr. AUDITOR is another of my Lord *Theomond's* Cocks, on the same Side with this *Epistolary Critick*. He first finds Fault with the *Singing* in *ACHILLES*, that, it was very *disagreeable* to his *Ears*. Perhaps this Gentleman may be one of the *Academy of Musick*, in the *Italian Class*; if so, I will agree with him, that the musical *Organs* of Mess. *Quin, Walker, and Hall*, are as *defective* in *Harmony*, as the natural ones of *Nicolini, Valentini,*

Valentini, and Geminiani, are in Virility. But, secondly, I differ with Mr. AUDITOR about the Amusement of his Eyes; for, in my Sight, the Circle of Ladies, Scenes, Habits, &c. were very entertaining Objects. And, thirdly, as to his Understanding, the Depth of that, is, I must freely confess, out of my Power to fathom. Besides, we must excuse him, in this his last Censure, because he has lately printed a Letter from one of his own Correspondents, of which, he as freely, declares, he knows not the Meaning.

Besides these two Remarkers, there is, it seems, a *North-British-Seer*, just arrived from the *Isle of Sky*, who roundly affirms, from his having the Gift of *Second-sight*, that Mr. GAY (upon the Disappointment of the SEQUEL to the *Beggar's Opera* being forbid the Stage) laid hold of this single Circumstance, of *ACHILLES* in Masquerade, to satirize, in the severest manner, the present *Court and Ministry of Great Britain*. For thus saith our *Scots ORACLE*: Can any Thing be plainer, than the *Song of the LION* and the *ASS*? is it not directly applied to a *Monarch* engrossed by his *Prime Minister*? Does he not even tell his *Master*, that sometimes *Plots* are necessary? and that, for his Part, his *Majesty* knows, that *he has never been wanting to procure sufficient Evidence on all, especially such, Occasions*? Is not the *Duel* fought between that *Hero AJAX* and a *Great LORD*, a plain Representation of what lately happened between a *Little LORD* and a *Great COMMONER*? Lastly, Are not the very *Court Ladies* grossly ridiculed for their too forward *Approaches to our Sex*? and when the *Merchants* appear with their *RARITIES, brought from all Parts of the World,*

World, upon one of the Ladies asking the Particulars of them, they answer, Madam, *We have all KINDS of THINGS*, this the Lady is made to repeat---*All Kinds of Things!* Aye, says she, turning to the rest; *that's what we want*; can any one be to seek, adds our *North-British-Seer*, at whom this Satire is levelled?

For our Parts, I dare say, neither myself, nor your Ladyship, will undertake to answer him.

But I find the general Outcry against Mr. GAY, in this Performance, is his making so great a Hero, as ACHILLES of old, so little, as to become a *modern one*, and to make him talk in *Prose*. Is not this, says Mr. Dennis, burlesquing HOMER, and turning the ILIAD into Ridicule? This, Madam, in some measure may be granted; but then it must, on the other hand, be allowed, that Mr. GAY is not the *first* Offender. I am apt to believe it has not slipped your Ladyship's Remembrance, that when Mr. POPE set on foot his Translation of that POEM, George Duckett Esq; late, one of the Commissioners of EXCISE, wrote him *A Letter of Advice*, under the Name of Sir ILIAD DOGGRELL, to *Modernize HOMER*. I advised him, says Mr. Commissioner, to brush up the old-fashioned Greek Bard, and give him the English Air, as well as Tongue. I was apprehensive that my Counsel was come too late; and that Mr. POPE had already gone through several Books, wherein he had kept to the Sense of his Author, without modernizing him in the least. This Fear of mine appeared soon after to be very well grounded; for the aforementioned Poet has been so careful of doing Justice to his Original, that he has nothing in his whole Poem that is not Homer's, but the Language.

And

And I think one may say of his Translation, as one would of a Copy by TITIAN, of one of his own Pictures, That nothing can be better but the Original.

However, since the ingenious Translator did not think fit to make use of my Quill, but went, by the Insigation of the Muses, to work his own Way, I think myself in Honour bound to shew the World that my Method was not impracticable, and would have been entertaining.

Accordingly, Madam, Mr. Commissioner, in the Year 1717, gave us the *first Book of HOMER Moderniz'd*, as a *Specimen of his Art*, declaring that, upon good Terms, he might be prevailed with to *Translate the whole ILIAD in the same Manner.*

The several Passages in the *first Book of HOMER*, relating to *ACHILLES*, (which I believe Mr. GAY intended to bring within the Compass of his *Opera*;) I will lay before your Ladyship.

Thus Colonel DUCKETT opens his *Travesty* on the *ILIAD*, viz.

O GODDESS! sing *ACHILLES'* Choler,
Which gave the *Greeks* most doleful Dolour;
And sent to *PLUTO* many Souls,
Leaving their *Flesh* to Dogs and Fowls.
So did great *JOVE*, the King of Gods,
Make ¹ *AGGY*, King of Men, at Odds.
With *PELEUS'* ² *Son*, and make them roar,
And rant, and rave, about a ³ *Whore*.

¹ *Agamemnon.* ² *Achilles.* ³ *Chryseis, a beautiful Black Eyed Girl.*

Such were the *Grounds* of our Hero's *Resentment*, which laid *Troy* in *Ashes*, and became the *Subject* of the finest *Poem* in the *World*.

I shall not, Madam, trouble you with any more *Quotations* from Colonel *Duckett's Burlesque*, but only the *Request* of *THETIS* to *JOVE*, in *Behalf* of her *SON* *ACHILLES*, and then refer you to the *Book* itself, for a *Detail* of the whole *Grecian Quarrel*; which, if you have not by you, is at your *Ladyship's Service*, whenever you please to honour me with your *Commands*.

Swift-footed PELX, he, poor Elf,
In's Tent sat pouting by himself,
And wou'd not into Council come,
Nor march at Beat of any Drum;
But sat and griev'd, and pine'd, and gnash'd
His Teeth, and wish'd the Grecks well thrash'd.

By this Time, JOVE with all his Train,
Was got safe Home to's House again:
THETIS then mindful of her Son,
Did straitways to OLYMPUS run;
And there she found old JOVE alone
By's Door, asleep upon a Stone.

Just by him down she sits, and twitches
Old JOVE by's Beard, and by his Breeches.
And when she'ad thoroughly awoke him,
The suppliant THETIS thus bespoke him :

“ O Father JOVE, if e'er in need
“ I've aided you in Word or Deed,
“ Grant my Request, and bear my Pray'r,
“ And help my short-liv'd Son and Heir.
“ Aggy the King has ta'en away
“ From him his Punk, which was his Prey :
“ O then revenge bis PELY's Piques,
“ And let the Trojans beat the Greeks ;
“ O let 'em press the Grecians hard on,
“ Until they beg my PELY's Pardon.”

Thus ended, THETIS had her Suit,
And JOVE, like any Fish, sat mute ;
But THETIS still on JOVE did bang,
And thus went on with her Harangue :

“ Come, tell me, JOVE, without a Jest,
“ Will you, or not, grant my Request ?
“ Don't fear, tell boldly out, my JOVE,
“ How small my Int'rest is Above.

At this, old Jove shrugg'd up one Shoulder,
And knit his Brows, and thus he told her :
 " 'Twill b'a hard Case, my THETIS, you know,
 " If e'er this Thing be known to JUNO ;
 " For that damn'd Termagant, my Wife,
 " Will make me weary of my Life.
 " Whene'er she pulls her Lips asunder,
 " Her Voice is louder than my Thunder ;
 " As for her Tongue, 'tis so affright'ning,
 " It's much more swift than is my Light'ning.
 " Well !---Let her scold, and me upbraid,
 " And tell how I the Trojans aid.
 " Then, THETIS, haste away, my Dear,
 " Lest JUNO find that you've been here :
 " I nod---your Business shall be done,
 " My Child, as sure as any Gun :
 " Whene'er I nod, then look upon it,
 " Just as secure as if I had done it ;
 " For you will find much of the God in,
 " This my grave fore-right Way of nodding."

JOVE having ended thus his Discourse,
 Look'd wond'rous wise with his black Whiskers ;
 Thus gave a Nod, and when he nodded,
 His Wig and Seat shook with the Godhead.
 Immediately old Goody THETIS
 Limp'd back to Sea-side, where her Seat is.

Next follows, Madam, the Scene of JUNO's
 Jealousy, which is told with great Humour; to
 which I refer.

Thus, I hope, I have clearly proved to your
 Ladyship, that Mr. GAY, instead of being the *first*
 Burlesquer of HOMER, was the *last*. For the
 Fact in reality stands thus :

I. Mr. POPE burlesqued the Story of our Hero
 ACHILLES, from the Greek Original, by his Tran-
 slation.

II. Colonel DUCKETT turned ACHILLES into
 a *Merry-Andrew*, by putting him on the *Fool's-
 Coat* Mr. POPE had made for him. And,

III. Our Friend Mr. GAY has now farther di-
 verted the Publick, by *Metamorphosing* ACHILLES
 from a *Merry-Andrew* into a *Ballad-Singer*; so
 that now we may say with HORACE,

Ridiculum acri furtius, &c.

But had he brought this Performance upon
 the Stage himself, I dare say, in the *forth* and
fifth

fifth Acts we should have seen the Hero shine, out, and been Witnesses of those *Woes the GRECIANS felt from his RESENTMENT*. For I must allow, Madam, with the *Courant-Critic*, that in these *three Acts*, tho' there is much singing, yet there is not any *Plot* unravelled, (unless the *Fautors* of this *Piece* will call the *Discovery* of *Achilles* one, which is but an *Incident*,) nor any *Moral* deduced from the whole.

I have now done with *Achilles*. As to the *First SATIRE* of *HORACE*, &c. applied by *Mr. POPE* to *himself*, and his *Counsel* learned in the *Law* (Which your *Ladyship* mentions in the *Postscript* of your *Letter*.) I have, according to his *Manner* of ridiculing the *best Poets* of our *Nation*, presented him with a *Parody* upon his *vain* Imitation of this *Satire*, and which is a more faithful *Mirroure*, than any of the *Bits* of *Looking-Glass* that reflect the *Beauties* of his *Subterraneous Grotto*.

I am, Madam,

With the most profound Respect,

Your Ladyship's most Obedient

Humble Servant.

ALEX. BURNET.

The First SATIRE of the second Book of
HORACE, Imitated, in a Dialogue be-
tween ALEXANDER POPE, a Poet,
and the ORDINARY of Newgate, a
Parson.

Nox & Via Letbi.

P O P E

THERE are (whate'er you think Sir) I
am told,
Wretches as bad as me, and full as bold,
Who libel all Mankind with *Satire rough,*
And never think they're dissolute *enough.*

Ofc has my Verse been lame, I can't but
say,
Like Ward, I've spun a Thousand in a Day!
Tim'rous by Nature, of the Bench in Awe,
I come to you in Gospel skill'd, and Law;
You'll give me, like a Friend, both sage and free,
Ghostly Advice, (as wont) without a Fee.

O R D I-

O R D I N A R Y.

I'd write no more.

P O P E.

*Not write? But then I THINK,
And for my Sins I cannot sleep a Wink,
I nod in Company, I wake at Night,
Spleen fills my Heart and Head, and so I write.*

O R D I N A R Y.

You could not do a worse Thing for your Life.
Why, if the Nights seem tedious — take a Wife;
Or rather truly, if your Point be Rest,
Of Opium take a Dose; Probatum est.
Talk with your 'Pothecary, he'll advise,
This, or some other Thing to close your Eyes.
Or if you needs must write, write Hymns of
Praise †;
And sing Jehovah in Seraphick Lays.*

P O P E.

*What, like old Herbert then, must I advise?
A Verse may find him who a Sermon flies ||*

With

* Now ten low Words here creep in one dull Line!

† See MESSIAH. An Imit. of Virgil. See Eff. on Crit.

‡ See The TEMPLE. Sacred Poems. By Herbers.

With Emblematic *Quarles* shew *Human Life*
Is but a *Vapour*, and a *Scene of Strife*.

O R D I N A R Y.

Yes. All your *Muse's Art-Divine* display,
With holy *David* touch a tuneful *Lay*,
With his *Repentance* lull th'harmonious *Nine*,
Let great *Jessides* in thy *Numbers* shine.

P O P E.

Alas! such *Verse* with *Statesmen* find no *Grace*,
They scarce can bear a *Church*, but for a *Place*.
Superior is our *Court* to *David's Days*,
Quadrille *, than *Psalms* is fitter for my *Lays*.

O R D I N A R Y.

Better be BLACKMORE, I'll maintain it still,
Than blaspheme *David* †, or adore *Quadrille*.
Patients, *Sir Richard*, got by pious *Metre*,
And *Gold*, as *Gay* says, makes the *Verse* run
sweeter.

E v n

* See the *RAPE* of the *Lock*.
† *Pope* burlesqued the first *Psalms*.

Ev'n those you touch not, hate you.

P O P E.

What should ail 'em?

O R D I N A R Y.

They say you're like the *As*s that spoke to
Balaam :

The fewer Folks you Name, you wound the more ;
J—y's but one, but M—uc's a Score.

P O P E.

Each Mortal has his Pleasure : None deny ;
Budgell his BEE, or Two-Penny Lamb-Pyc ;
*P—y the Senate loves, Sutton * his Brother,*
Like in all else, as one Egg to another.

I love to pour out all myself, PROFANE,
And mock the SCRIPTURES in Heroick Strain.
In me what Spots (for Spots I have) appear,
Will fully prove the Medium can't be clear.
In a false Partial Light my Music intends,
Fair to set forth myself, and foul my Friends ;
T' expose the present Age, but where my Text
Is, Virtue's Cause, reserve it for the next :

Both

* The Prize-Fighter.

Both High and Low with me the shortest
Date,

I've not one Friend who will *laments my Fate.*

*My Head and Heart thus flowing thro' my
Quill,*

Verse-Man, or Prose-Man, *term me which you will,*

Papist or Protestant, *or both between,*

Like *Lucifer*, mine's an infernal Mean,

I cannot boast of any Party's *Glory,*

Tho' Tories *call me Whig, and Whigs a Tory.*

Satire's my Weapon, I'm so indiscreet,

To run a *Muck, and tilt at all I meet :*

I'm only fit to herd with *Darby-Hesters,*

Thieves, Supercargoes, Sharpers, and Directors.

Sink but our Army! O could I uncrust

Swords, Pikes, and Guns, with everlasting *Rust.*

Mischief's my dear Delight, — not Satan's more :

But *touch me,* and no Statesman is so sore.

I rave, I foam, my utmost *Venom* hurl,

And in the *Grubstreet-Journal* libel *Cull.*

By *Popiads*, *Keys*, *Court-Poems*, I'm become.
 Of Ridicule, his universal Drum ;
 And shall continue thus my *whole Life long*,
 The grievous Burthen of his *merry Song*.

Slander or Poison's dreaded from my *Rage*,
 And hang'd I shall be, if my *Judge* be —

It's proper Pow'r to hurt, each Creature
 feels,
Bulls aim their Horns, and Asses lift their Heels;
 'Tis a Bear's Talent not to kick, but hug,
 And wondrous is it to be *stung* by Pug †.

Then, Rev'rend Sir ! (to cut the Matter
 short)

Whate'er my Fate, or well, or ill in Court *,
Whether old Age, with dire Rheumatic Ray,
Attends to Pain the Ev'ning of my Day,
 Or *Lord-Mayor's-Officers* will me invade,
 And see me wrapt in Death's eternal *Shade* ;

Whether

† i. e. Pope's *Dunciad*.

* i. e. *Justice-Hall* in the *Old Bailey*.

Whether my darken'd Cell to *Muse* invite,
 Or whiten'd Wall provokes the *Skewer* to write,
 In *durance* in the *Flect*, *King's-Bench*, or *Mint*,
 Like *EUSTACE*, any Man may *Rhime* and
 Print.

O R D I N A R Y.

Alas, young Man! your *Days* can ne'er be long,
 In *Flow'r* of *Age* * you'll dangle † for a *Song*.
Ralph, Cooks, Concoquer, Henley, and his Wife,
 Will club their *Testers*, now, to take your
 Life!

P O P E.

Vengeance pursu'd me, when I took the *Pen*,
 To brand with *Calumny* industrious *Men*.
 I was ambitious of a *gilded Car*,
 Hated the *Minister* that wore a *Star*.
 Now will I bare myself, and shew the *Knave*,
Un-pension'd and un-worthy of a *Grave*.
 If I must fall in such a *flagrant Cause*,
 Hear this and tremble! you, who break the
 Laws:

E 2

Sworn

* Mr. Pope was born 1688.

† i. e. *Sure per Cell.*

Sworn Foe to VIRTUE, and to all HER FRIENDS,
The World knows this, and therefore none com-
mends.

Nor Bolts, nor Bars, can me in Safety keep,
Methinks I feel the Bow-String in *my Sleep*.

My *Twick'nem* Cott, the worst *Companion's*
Grace,

Attainted Peers, Commanders *out of Place*,
And un-hang'd *Savage*, with his rueful Face.

Saint John of Burnt-Gin-Punch accepts my
Bowl,

And dictates Treason with a *Flow of Soul*:

And he, whose *Light'ning* pierc'd th' Iberian
Lines,

Now snuffs my Candles, and *now* cuts my *Vines* ;
Or Stubs the Weeds from out the walking
Plain,

Almost as quickly as he conquer'd *Spain*.

Envy'd I've always liv'd *among the Great*,
Tho' I've been Pimp, and often *Spy of State* * ;
My Eyes pry ev'ry where, my Tongue *repeats*
The falsest Slanders ; I foment all *Heats*,

Help

* For Mr. P——y; and wrote the Character of a *Norfolk-
Steward* in the *Craftsman*.

*Help no Man's Wants, in Wickedness excel ;
 This, all who know me, know, and truly tell :
 My own black Deeds defame me, I shall be
 Less pity'd than Jack Shepberd at the Tree.
 This is my Case, how runs the English Laws ;
 What thinks my Rev'rend Father of my Cause ?*

O R D I N A R Y.

*Your Case is bad. Be not in Court severe,
 Laws are explain'd by Judges, — have a Care.
 It stands on Record, that in ancient Times.
 Poets were hang'd for very honest Rhimes.
 Consult the Statute : Quart. I think it is,
 Edwardi sext. or prim. & quint. Eliz.
 See Libels, Satires ; — there you have it — read.*

P O P E.

*Libels and Satires, — lawless Things, indeed !
 Had I been just, set Virtue's Deeds to Light,
 Such as a King might read, a Bishop write,
 Such as Sir Robert would approve —.*

O R D I N A R Y.

Alter'd had been your Case : — So to proceed.

Fatal

Fatal is now your Doom, you will be call,
And your *first* Psalm, I fear, will be your *last*.
Be comforted my Son, I'll stand your Friend,
John Applebee and I will both attend.

Bolt-Court Fleet-Street,
26 Feb. 1732-3.

GUTHRY.

F I N I S.