

THE BATTLE OF THE BOOKS

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JONATHAN SWIFT

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**A FULL AND TRUE ACCOUNT OF THE BATTLE
FOUGHT LAST FRIDAY, BETWEEN THE ANCIENT
AND THE MODERN BOOKS IN St. JAMES'S
LIBRARY**

(not listed in original)

- [The Bookseller to the Reader](#)
- [The Preface of the Author](#)
- [A full and true Account of the Battle, &c.](#)

THE BOOKSELLER TO THE READER

THE following discourse, as it is unquestionably of the same author, so it seems to have been written about the same time with the former; I mean, the year 1697, when the famous dispute was on foot about ancient and modern learning. The controversy took its rise, from an essay of [sir William Temple](#)'s upon that subject; which was answered by [W. Wotton](#), [B. D.](#) with an appendix by [Dr. Bentley](#), endeavouring to destroy the credit of [Æsop](#) and [Phalaris](#) for authors, whom sir William Temple had in the essay before-mentioned highly commended. In that appendix, the doctor falls hard upon a new edition of Phalaris, put out by the honourable [Charles Boyle](#), now [earl of Orrery](#), to which Mr. Boyle replied at large with great learning and wit; and the doctor voluminously rejoined. In this dispute, the town highly resented to see a person of sir William Temple's character and merits, roughly used by the two reverend gentlemen aforesaid, and without any manner of provocation. At length, there appearing no end of the quarrel, our author tells us, that the BOOKS in [St. James's library](#), looking upon themselves as parties principally concerned, took up the controversy, and came to a decisive battle; but the manuscript, by the injury of fortune or weather, being in several places imperfect, we cannot learn to which side the victory fell. I must warn the reader to beware of applying to persons, what is here meant only of books in the most literal sense. So, when [Virgil](#) is mentioned, we are not to understand the person of a famous poet called by that name; but only certain sheets of paper, bound up in

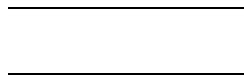
leather, containing in print the works of the said poet: and so of the rest.

THE PREFACE OF THE AUTHOR

SATIRE is a sort of glass, wherein beholders do generally discover every body's face, but their own; which is the chief reason for that kind reception it meets with in the world, and that so very few are offended with it. But if it should happen otherwise, the danger is not great; and I have learned, from long experience, never to apprehend mischief from those understandings, I have been able to provoke: for, anger and fury, though they add strength to the sinews of the body, yet are found to relax those of the mind; and to render all its efforts, feeble and impotent.

There is a brain, that will endure but one scumming: let the owner gather it with discretion, and manage his little stock with husbandry; but, of all things, let him beware of bringing it under the lash of his betters; because, that will make it all bubble up into impertinence, and he will find no new supply. Wit, without knowledge, being a sort of cream, which gathers in a night to the top, and by a skilful hand may be soon whipped into froth; but once skimmed away, what appears underneath, will be fit for nothing, but to be thrown to the hogs.

A FULL AND TRUE ACCOUNT OF THE BATTLE, AND C.



Whoever examines, with due circumspection, into the annual records of time^[1], will find it remarked, that war is the child of pride, and pride the daughter of riches: the former of which assertions, may be soon granted; but one cannot so easily subscribe to the latter: for pride, is nearly related to beggary and want, either by father or mother, and sometimes by both; and, to speak naturally, it very seldom happens among men to fall out^[2], when all have enough; invasions usually travelling from, north to south, that is to say, from poverty to plenty. The most ancient and natural grounds of quarrels, are, lust and avarice; which, though we may allow to be brethren, or collateral branches of pride, are certainly the issues of want. For, to speak in the phrase of writers upon politicks, we may observe in the republick of dogs, which in its original seems to be an institution of the many, that the whole state is ever in the profoundest peace, after a full meal; and that civil broils arise among them, when it happens for one great bone to be seized on by some leading dog^[3], who either divides it among the few, and then it falls to an oligarchy,

or keeps it to himself, and then it runs up to a tyranny. The same reasoning also holds place among them, in those dissensions we behold, upon a turgescency in any of their females. For, the right of possession lying in common, (it being impossible to establish a property in so delicate a case) jealousies and suspicions do so abound, that the whole commonwealth of that street, is reduced to a manifest state of war, of every citizen against every citizen; till some one of more courage, conduct, or fortune than the rest, seizes and enjoys the prize: upon which naturally arises plenty of heart-burning, and envy, and snarling against the happy dog. Again, if we look upon any of these republicks engaged in a foreign war either of invasion or defence, we shall find, the same reasoning will serve, as to the grounds and occasions of each; and that poverty, or want, in some degree or other, (whether real, or in opinion, which makes no alteration in the case) has a great share, as well as pride, on the part of the aggressor.

Now, whoever will please to take this scheme, and either reduce or adapt it to an intellectual state, or common-wealth of learning, will soon discover the first ground of disagreement, between the two great parties at this time in arms; and may form just conclusions, upon the merits of either cause. But the issue or events of this war, are not so easy to conjecture at^[4]: for, the present quarrel is so inflamed by the warm heads of either faction, and the pretensions somewhere or other so exorbitant, as not to admit the least overtures of accommodation. This quarrel first began, as I have heard it affirmed by an old dweller in the neighbourhood, about a small spot of ground, lying and being upon one of the two tops of the [hill Parnassus](#); the highest and largest of which, had, it seems, been, time out of mind, in quiet possession of certain tenants, called the ancients; and the other was held by the moderns. But these, disliking their present station, sent certain ambassadors to the ancients, complaining of a great nuisance; how the height of that part of Parnassus, quite spoiled the prospect of theirs, especially towards the *east*; and therefore, to avoid a war, offered them the choice of this alternative; either that the ancients, would please to

remove themselves and their effects, down to the lower summit, which the moderns would graciously surrender to them, and advance in^[5] their place: or else the said ancients, will give leave to the moderns, to come with shovels and mattocks, and level the said hill, as low as they shall think it convenient. To which the ancients made answer; how little they expected such a message as this, from a colony, whom they had admitted, out of their own free grace, to so near a neighbourhood. That, as to their own seat, they were aborigines of it, and therefore to talk with them of a removal or surrender, was a language they did not understand. That, if the height of the hill on their side, shortened the prospect of the moderns, it was a disadvantage they could not help; but desired them to consider, whether that injury (if it be any) were not largely recompensed, by the shade and shelter it afforded them. That, as to the levelling or digging down, it was either folly or ignorance to propose it, if they did, or did not know, how that side of the hill was an entire rock, which would break their tools and hearts, without any damage to itself. That they would therefore advise the moderns, rather to raise their own side of the hill, than dream of pulling down that of the ancients: to the former of which, they would not only give license, but also largely contribute. All this was rejected by the moderns, with much indignation, who still insisted upon one of the two expedients; and so this difference broke out into a long and obstinate war, maintained on the one part, by resolution, and by the courage of certain leaders and allies; but on the other, by the greatness of their number, upon all defeats affording continual recruits. In this quarrel, whole rivulets of ink have been exhausted, and the virulence of both parties, enormously augmented. Now, it must here be understood, that ink is the great missive weapon in all battles of the learned, which conveyed through a sort of engine, called a quill, infinite numbers of these are darted at the enemy, by the valiant on each side, with equal skill and violence, as if it were an engagement of *porcupines*. This malignant liquor, was compounded by the engineer who invented it, of two ingredients, which are, gall and copperas; by its bitterness and venom to suit in

some degree, as well as to foment, the genius of the combatants. And as the *Grecians* after an engagement, when they could not agree about the victory, were wont to set up trophies on both sides, the beaten party being content to be at the same expense, to keep itself in countenance; (a laudable and ancient custom, happily revived of late, in the art of war) so the learned, after a sharp and bloody dispute, do on both sides hang out their trophies too, whichever comes by the worst. These trophies have largely inscribed on them the merits of the cause; a full impartial account of such a *battle*, and how the victory fell clearly the party that set them up. They are known to the world under several names; as, disputes, arguments, rejoinders, brief considerations, answers, replies, remarks, reflections, objections, confutations. For a very few days they are fixed up in all publick places, either by themselves or their representatives^[6], for passengers to gaze at; whence the chiefest and largest are removed to certain magazines, they call libraries, there to remain in a quarter purposely assigned them, and thenceforth begin to be called books of controversy.

In these books, is wonderfully instilled and preserved, the spirit of each warrior, while he is alive; and after his death, his soul transmigrates there^[7] to inform them. This, at least, is the more common opinion; but I believe, it is with libraries, as with other cemeteries; where some philosophers affirm, that a certain spirit, which they call *brutum hominis*, hovers over the monument, till the body is corrupted, and turns to dust, or to worms, but then vanishes or dissolves; so, we may say, a restless spirit haunts over every book, till dust or worms have seized upon it; which to some may happen in a few days, but to others later: and therefore books of controversy, being, of all others, haunted by the most disorderly spirits, have always been confined in a separate lodge from the rest; and for fear of a mutual violence against each other, it was thought prudent by our ancestors, to bind them to the peace, with strong iron chains. Of which invention the original occasion was this: when the works of [Scotus](#) first came out, they were carried to a certain library, and had lodgings appointed them; but this author was no

sooner settled, than he went to visit his master [Aristotle](#); and there both concerted together to seize [Plato](#) by main force, and turn him out from his ancient station among the divines, where he had peaceably dwelt near eight hundred years. The attempt succeeded, and the two usurpers have reigned ever since in his stead: but to maintain quiet for the future, it was decreed that all *polemicks* of the larger size, should be held fast with a chain.

By this expedient, the publick peace of libraries might certainly have been preserved, if a new species of controversial books had not arose^[8] of late years, instinct with a more malignant spirit, from the war above-mentioned between the learned, about the higher summit of *Parnassus*.

When these books were first admitted into the publick libraries, I remember to have said, upon occasion, to several persons concerned, how I was sure they would create broils wherever they came, unless a world of care were taken: and therefore I advised, that the champions of each side should be coupled together, or otherwise mixed, that, like the blending of contrary poisons, their malignity might be employed among themselves. And it seems, I was neither an ill prophet, nor an ill counsellor; for it was nothing else but the neglect of this caution, which gave occasion to the terrible fight, that happened on Friday last, between the ancient and modern books, in the king's library. Now, because the talk of this battle is so fresh in every body's mouth, and the expectation of the town so great to be informed in the particulars; I, being possessed of all qualifications requisite in an historian, and retained by neither party, have resolved to comply with the urgent importunity of my friends, by writing down a full impartial account hereof.

The [guardian](#) of the regal library, a person of great valour, but chiefly renowned for his humanity^[9], had been a fierce champion for the moderns; and, in an engagement upon [Parnassus](#), had vowed, with his own hands, to knock down two of the ancient chiefs, who guarded a small pass on the superiour rock: but, endeavouring to climb up, was cruelly obstructed by his own unhappy weight, and

tendency towards his centre; a quality, to which those of the modern party are extreme subject; for being light-headed, they have, in speculation, a wonderful agility, and conceive nothing too high for them to mount; but, in reducing to practice, discover a mighty pressure about their posteriors, and their heels. Having thus failed in his design, the disappointed champion bore a cruel rancour to the ancients; which he resolved to gratify, by showing all marks of his favour to the books of their adversaries, and lodging them in the fairest apartments; when at the same time, whatever book had the boldness to own itself for an advocate of the ancients, was buried alive in some obscure corner, and threatened, upon the least displeasure, to be turned out of doors. Besides, it so happened, that about this time there was a strange confusion of place, among all the books in the library; for which, several reasons were assigned. Some imputed it to a great heap of learned dust, which a perverse wind blew off from a shelf of moderns, into the keeper's eyes. Others affirmed, he had a humour to pick the worms out of the schoolmen, and swallow them fresh and fasting; whereof some fell upon his spleen, and some climbed up into his head, to the great perturbation of both. And lastly, others maintained, that by walking much in the dark about the library, he had quite lost the situation of it out of his head; and therefore, in replacing his books, he was apt to mistake, and clap [Des Cartes](#) next to [Aristotle](#); poor [Plato](#) had got between [Hobbes](#) and the [Seven wise masters](#), and [Virgil](#) was hemmed in with [Dryden](#) on one side, and [Withers](#) on the other.

Mean while those books, that were advocates for the moderns, chose out one from among them, to make a progress through the whole library, examine the number and strength of their party, and concert their affairs. This messenger performed all things very industriously, and brought back with him a list of their forces in all fifty thousand, consisting chiefly of light-horse, heavy-armed foot, and mercenaries: whereof the foot, were in general but sorrily armed, and worse clad: their^[10] horses large, but extremely out of case and heart; however some few, by trading among the ancients, had furnished themselves tolerably enough.

While things were in this ferment, discord grew extremely high; hot words passed on both sides, and ill blood was plentifully bred. Here a solitary ancient, squeezed up among a whole shelf of moderns, offered fairly to dispute the case, and to prove by manifest reason, that the priority was due to them, from long possession; and in regard of their prudence, antiquity, and above all, their great merits toward the moderns. But these denied the premisses, and seemed very much to wonder, how the ancients could pretend to insist upon their antiquity, when it was so plain (if they went to that) that the moderns, were much the more ancient^[11] of the two. As for any obligations they owed to the ancients, they renounced them all. It is true, said they, we are informed, some few of our party have been so mean to borrow their subsistence from you; but the rest, infinitely the greater number (and especially we French and English) were so far from stooping to so base an example, that there never passed, till this very hour, six words between us. For, our horses were of our own breeding, our arms of our own forging, and our clothes of our own cutting out and sewing. Plato was by chance up on the next shelf, and observing those that spoke to be in the ragged plight mentioned a while ago; their jades lean and foundered, their weapons of rotten wood, their armour rusty, and nothing but rags underneath; he laughed loud and in his pleasant way swore, by — he believed them.

Now, the moderns had not proceeded in their late negotiation with secrecy enough, to escape the notice of the enemy. For those advocates, who had begun the quarrel, by setting first on foot the dispute of precedency, talked so loud of coming to a battle, that [Temple](#) happened to overhear them, and gave immediate intelligence to the ancients; who, thereupon, drew up their scattered troops together, resolving to act upon the defensive: upon which, several of the moderns fled over to their party, and among the rest, Temple himself. This, Temple, having been educated and long conversed among the ancients, was, of all the moderns, their greatest favourite, and became their greatest champion.

Things were at this crisis, when a material accident fell out. For, upon the highest corner of a large window, there dwelt a certain spider, swollen up to the first magnitude by the destruction of infinite numbers of flies, whose spoils lay scattered before the gates of his palace, like human bones before the cave of some giant. The avenues to his castle were guarded with turnpikes and palisadoes, all after the modern way of fortification. After you had passed several courts, you came to the centre, wherein you might behold the constable himself in his own lodgings, which had windows fronting to each avenue, and ports to sally out, upon all occasions of prey or defence. In this mansion he had for some time dwelt in peace and plenty, without danger to his person, by swallows from above, or to his palace, by brooms from below: when it was the pleasure of fortune to conduct thither a wandering bee, to whose curiosity a broken pane in the glass had discovered itself, and in he went; where expatiating a while, he at last happened to alight upon one of the outward walls of the spider's citadel; which, yielding to the unequal weight, sunk down to the very foundation. Thrice he endeavoured to force his passage, and thrice the centre shook. The spider within, feeling the terrible convulsion, supposed at first, that nature was approaching to her final dissolution; or else, that [Beelzebub](#), with all his legions, was come to revenge the death of many thousands of his subjects, whom his enemy had slain and devoured. However, he at length valiantly resolved to issue forth, and meet his fate. Mean while the bee had acquitted himself of his toils, and posted securely at some distance, was employed in cleansing his wings, and disengaging them from the ragged remnants of the cobweb. By this time the spider was adventured out, when beholding the chasms, the ruins, and dilapidations of his fortress, he was very near at his wit's end; he stormed and swore like a mad-man, and swelled till he was ready to burst. At length, casting his eye upon the bee, and wisely gathering causes from events, (for they knew each other by sight) a plague split you, said he, for a giddy son of a whore; is it you, with a vengeance, that have made this litter here? could not you look before you, and be d—n'd? do you think I have nothing else to do (in the devil's name)

but to mend and repair after your arse? Good words, friend, said the bee, (having now pruned himself, and being disposed to droll) I'll give you my hand and word to come near your kennel no more; I was never in such a confounded pickle since I was born. Sirrah, replied the spider, if it were not for breaking an old custom in our family, never to stir abroad against an enemy, I should come and teach you better manners. I pray have patience, said the bee, or you'll spend your substance, and for aught I see, you may stand in need of it all, toward the repair of your house. Rogue, rogue, replied the spider, yet, methinks you should have more respect to a person, whom all the world allows to be so much your betters. By my troth, said the bee, the comparison will amount to a very good jest; and you will do me a favour to let me know the reasons, that all the world is pleased to use, in so hopeful a dispute. At this the spider, having swelled himself into the size and posture of a disputant, began his argument in the true spirit of controversy, with resolution to be heartily scurrilous and angry, to urge on his own reasons, without the least regard to the answers or objections of his opposite; and fully predetermined in his mind against all conviction.

Not to disparage myself, said he, by the comparison with such a rascal, what art thou but a vagabond without house or home, without stock or inheritance? born to no possession of your own, but a pair of wings and a drone-pipe. Your livelihood is a universal plunder upon nature; a freebooter over fields and gardens; and, for the sake of stealing, will rob a nettle, as easily as a violet. Whereas I am a domestick animal, furnished with a native stock within myself. This large castle (to show my improvements in the mathematicks) is all built with my own hands, and the materials extracted altogether out of my own person.

I am glad, answered the bee, to hear you grant, at least that I am come honestly by my wings and my voice; for then, it seems, I am obliged to Heaven alone for my flights and my musick; and Providence would never have bestowed on me two such gifts, without designing them for the noblest ends. I visit indeed all the flowers and blossoms of the field and garden; but whatever I collect

thence, enriches myself, without the least injury to their beauty, their smell, or their taste. Now, for you and your skill in architecture, and other mathematicks, I have little to say: in that building of yours there might, for aught I know, have been labour and method enough; but by woeful experience for us both, it is plain, the materials are naught; and I hope you will henceforth take warning, and consider duration and matter, as well as method and art. You boast indeed of being obliged to no other creature, but of drawing and spinning out all from yourself; that is to say, if we may judge of the liquor in the vessel, by what issues out, you possess a good plentiful store of dirt and poison in your breast; and, though I would by no means lessen or disparage your genuine stock of either, yet, I doubt you are somewhat obliged for an increase of both, to a little foreign assistance. Your inherent portion of dirt, does not fail of acquisitions, by sweepings exhaled from below; and one insect, furnishes you with a share of poison, to destroy another. So that, in short, the question comes all to this; whether is the nobler being of the two^[12], that, which by a lazy contemplation of four inches round, by an overweening pride, feeding and engendering on itself, turns all into excrement and venom, producing nothing at all, but flybane and a cobweb: or that, which by a universal range, with long search, much study, true judgement, and distinction of things, brings home honey and wax.

This dispute was managed with such eagerness, clamour, and warmth, that the two parties of books, in arms below, stood silent awhile, waiting in suspense what would be the issue; which was not long undetermined: for the bee, grown impatient at so much loss of time, fled straight away to a bed of roses, without looking for a reply; and left the spider, like an orator collected in himself, and just prepared to burst out.

It happened upon this emergency, that [Æsop](#) broke silence first. He had been of late most barbarously treated by a strange effect of the regent's humanity, who^[13] had torn off his title-page, sorely defaced one half of his leaves, and chained him fast among a shelf

of moderns. Where soon discovering how high the quarrel was likely to proceed, he tried all his arts, and turned himself to a thousand forms. At length in the borrowed shape of an ass, the regent mistook him for a modern; by which means he had time and opportunity to escape to the ancients, just when the spider and the bee were entering into their contest; to which he gave his attention with a world of pleasure; and when it was ended, swore in the loudest key, that in all his life he had never known two cases so parallel, and adapt^[14] to each other, as that in the window, and this upon the shelves. The disputants, said he, have admirably managed the dispute between them, have taken in the full strength of all that is to be said on both sides, and exhausted the substance of every argument *pro* and *con*. It is but to adjust the reasonings of both to the present quarrel, then to compare and apply the labours and fruits of each, as the bee has learnedly deduced them; and we shall find the conclusion fall plain and close, upon the moderns and us. For, pray gentlemen, was ever any thing so modern as the spider in his air, his turns, and his paradoxes? he argues in the behalf of you his brethren, and himself, with many boastings of his native stock, and great genius; that he spins and spits wholly from himself, and scorns to own any obligation or assistance from without. Then he displays to you his great skill in architecture, and improvement in the mathematicks. To all this, the bee, as an advocate retained by us the ancients, thinks fit to answer; that if one may judge of the great genius or inventions of the moderns, by what they have produced, you will hardly have countenance to bear you out, in boasting of either. Erect your schemes with as much method and skill as you please; yet if the materials be nothing but dirt, spun out of your own entrails (the guts of modern brains) the edifice will conclude at last in a cobweb; the duration of which, like that of other spiders webs, may be imputed to their being forgotten, or neglected, or hid in a corner. For, any thing else of genuine that the moderns may pretend to, I cannot recollect; unless it be a large vein of wrangling and satire, much of a nature and substance with the spider's poison; which, however they pretend to spit wholly out of themselves, is

improved by the same arts, by feeding upon the insects and vermin of the age. As for us the ancients, we are content, with the bee, to pretend to nothing of our own, beyond our wings and our voice: that is to say, our flights and our language. For the rest, whatever we have got, has been by infinite labour and search, and ranging through every corner of nature; the difference is, that instead of dirt and poison, we have rather chosen to fill our hives with honey and wax; thus furnishing mankind with the two noblest of things, which are sweetness and light.

It is wonderful to conceive the tumult arisen among the books, upon the close of this long descant of Æsop: both parties took the hint, and heightened their animosities so on a sudden, that they resolved it should come to a battle. Immediately the two main bodies withdrew, under their several ensigns, to the farther parts of the library, and there entered into cabals, and consults upon the present emergency. The moderns, were in very warm debates upon the choice of their leaders; and nothing less than the fear impending from the enemies, could have kept them from mutinies, upon this occasion. The difference was greatest among the horse, where every private trooper pretended to the chief command, from [Tasso](#) and [Milton](#), to Dryden and Withers. The light-horse were commanded by [Cowley](#) and [Despreaux](#)^[15]. There came the bowmen under their valiant leaders, Des Cartes, [Gassendi](#), and Hobbes; whose strength was such, that they could shoot their arrows beyond the atmosphere, never to fall down again, but turn like that of Evander into meteors, or like the cannonball into stars. [Paracelsus](#) brought a squadron of stink pot-flingers, from the snowy mountains of [Rhætia](#). There came a vast body of dragoons, of different nations, under the leading of [Harvey](#)^[16], their great aga: part armed with sithes, the weapons of death; part with lances and long knives, all steeped in poison; part shot bullets of a most malignant nature, and used white powder, which infallibly killed without report. There came several bodies of heavy-armed foot, all mercenaries, under the ensigns of [Guicciardini](#), Davila, [Polydore Virgil](#), Buchanan, Mariana, Camden, and others. The engineers were commanded by [Regiomontanus](#), and

Wilkins. The rest were a confused multitude, led by [Scotus](#), [Aquinas](#), and [Bellarmine](#); of mighty bulk and stature, but without either arms, courage, or discipline. In the last place, came infinite swarms of calones^[17], a disorderly rout led by [L'Estrange](#); rogues and raggamuffins, that follow the camp for nothing but the plunder; all without coats^[18] to cover them.

The army of the ancients, was much fewer in number; [Homer](#) led the horse, and [Pindar](#) the light-horse; [Euclid](#) was chief engineer: [Plato](#) and [Aristotle](#) commanded the bowmen; [Herodotus](#) and [Livy](#) the foot; [Hippocrates](#) the dragoons; the allies led by [Vossius](#) and [Temple](#), brought up the rear.

All things violently tending to a decisive battle, Fame, who much frequented, and had a large apartment formerly assigned her in the regal library, fled up straight to [Jupiter](#), to whom she delivered a faithful account of all that passed between the two parties below; for, among the Gods she always tells truth. [Jove](#), in great concern, convokes a council in the milky way. The senate assembled, he declares the occasion of convening them; a bloody battle just impendent between two mighty armies of ancient and modern creatures, called books, wherein the celestial interest was but too deeply concerned. [Momus](#), the patron of the moderns, made an excellent speech in their favour, which was answered by [Pallas](#), the protectress of the ancients. The assembly was divided in their affections; when Jupiter commanded the book of fate to be laid before him. Immediately were brought by [Mercury](#) three large volumes in [folio](#), containing memoirs of all things past, present, and to come. The clasps were of silver double gilt; the covers of celestial turkey-leather; and the paper such as here on earth might pass almost for vellum. Jupiter, having silently read the decree, would communicate the import to none, but presently shut up the book.

Without the doors of this assembly, there attended a vast number of light, nimble gods, menial servants to *Jupiter*: these are his ministering instruments in all affairs below. They travel in a caravan, more or less together, and are fastened to each other, like a link of

galley-slaves, by a light chain, which passes from them to *Jupiter's* great toe: and yet, in receiving or delivering a message, they may never approach above the lowest step of his throne, where he and they whisper to each other, through a large hollow trunk. These deities are called by mortal men, accidents or events; but the gods call them, second causes. Jupiter having delivered his message to a certain number of these divinities, they flew immediately down to the pinnacle of the regal library, and consulting a few minutes, entered unseen, and disposed the parties according to their orders.

Mean while *Momus*, fearing the worst, and calling to mind an ancient prophecy, which bore no very good face to his children the moderns, bent his flight to the region of a malignant deity, called Criticism. She dwelt on the top of a snowy mountain in [Nova Zembla](#); there Momus found her extended in her den, upon the spoils of numberless volumes, half devoured. At her right-hand, sat Ignorance, her father and husband, blind with age; at her left, Pride, her mother, dressing her up in the scraps of paper herself had torn. There was Opinion, her sister, light of foot, hood-winked, and head-strong, yet giddy, and perpetually turning. About her played her children, Noise and Impudence, Dulness and Vanity, Positiveness, Pedantry, and Ill-manners. The goddess herself had claws like a cat; her head, and ears, and voice resembled those of an ass: her teeth fallen out before, her eyes turned inward, as if she looked only upon herself; her diet was the overflowing of her own gall; her spleen was so large, as to stand prominent, like a dug of the first rate, nor wanted excrescencies in form of teats, at which a crew of ugly monsters were greedily sucking; and, what is wonderful to conceive, the bulk of spleen increased faster, than the sucking could diminish it. Goddess, said Momus, can you sit idly here, while our devout worshipers the moderns, are this minute entering into a cruel battle, and perhaps now lying under the swords of their enemies; who then hereafter will ever sacrifice, or build altars to our divinities? haste therefore to the British isle, and if possible, prevent their destruction; while I make factions among the gods, and gain them over to our party.

Momus, having thus delivered himself, staid not for an answer, but left the goddess to her own resentment. Up she rose in a rage, and, as it is the form upon such occasions, began a soliloquy: It is I (said she) who give wisdom to infants and idiots; by me, children grow wiser than their parents; by me, beaux become politicians, and school-boys judges of philosophy; by me, sophisters debate, and conclude upon the depths of knowledge; and coffee-house wits, instinct by me, can correct an author's style, and display his minutest errors, without understanding a syllable of his matter, or his language; by me, striplings spend their judgment, as they do their estate, before it comes into their hands. It is I, who have deposed wit and knowledge from their empire over poetry, and advanced myself in their stead. And shall a few upstart ancients dare oppose me? — but come, my aged parent, and you my children dear, and thou, my beauteous sister; let us ascend my chariot, and haste to assist our devout moderns, who are now sacrificing to us a [hecatomb](#), as I perceive by that grateful smell, which from thence reaches my nostrils.

The goddess, and her train, having mounted the chariot, which was drawn by tame geese, flew over infinite regions, shedding her influence in due places, till at length she arrived at her beloved island of Britain; but in hovering over its metropolis, what blessings did she not let fall, upon her seminaries of [Gresham](#) and [Covent-Garden](#)? And now, she reached the fatal plain of [St. James's library](#), at what time the two armies were upon the point to engage; where, entering with all her caravan unseen, and landing upon a case of shelves, now desert, but once inhabited by a colony of virtuosoës, she staid a while to observe the posture of both armies.

But here the tender cares of a mother began to fill her thoughts, and move in her breast: for, at the head of a troop of modern bowmen, she cast her eyes upon her son Wotton; to whom the fates had assigned a very short thread. Wotton, a young hero, whom an unknown father of mortal race, begot by stolen embraces with this goddess. He was the darling of his mother above all her children, and she resolved to go and comfort him. But first, according to the

good old custom of deities, she cast about to change her shape, for fear the divinity of her countenance, might dazzle his mortal sight, and overcharge the rest of his senses. She therefore gathered up her person, into an octavo compass: her body grew white and arid, and split in pieces with dryness; the thick, turned into paste-board, and the thin, into paper; upon which, her parents and children artfully strewed a black juice, or decoction of gall and soot, in form of letters: her head, and voice, and spleen, kept their primitive form; and that, which before was a cover of skin, did still continue so. In this guise she marched on towards the moderns, undistinguishable in shape and dress from the divine Bentley, Wotton's dearest friend. Brave Wotton, said the goddess, why do our troops stand idle here, to spend their present vigour, and opportunity of this day? away, let us haste to the generals, and advise to give the onset immediately. Having spoke thus, she took the ugliest of her monsters, full glutted from her spleen, and flung it invisibly into his mouth, which, flying straight up into his head, squeezed out his eye-balls, gave him a distorted look, and half overturned his brain. Then she privately ordered two of her beloved children, Dulness and Ill-Manners, closely to attend his person in all encounters. Having thus accoutred him, she vanished in a mist, and the hero perceived it was the goddess his mother.

The destined hour of fate being now arrived, the fight began; whereof before I dare adventure to make a particular description, I must, after the example of other authors, petition for a hundred tongues, and mouths, and hands, and pens; which would all be too little, to perform so immense a work. Say goddess, that presidest over history, who it was that first advanced in the held of battle. [Paracelsus](#), at the head of his dragoons, observing [Galen](#) in the adverse wing, darted his javelin with a mighty force, which the brave ancient received upon his shield, the point breaking in the second fold.

*	*	*	*	*	*	*	
*	*	*	*	*	*	*	<i>Hic pauca</i>
							<i>desunt.</i>

They bore the wounded aga^[19] on their shields to his chariot

	*	*	*	*	*	*	*
	*	*	*	*	*	*	*
<i>Desunt</i>	*	*	*	*	*	*	*
<i>nonnulla.</i>	*	*	*	*	*	*	*
	*	*	*	*	*	*	*

Then [Aristotle](#), observing [Bacon](#) advance with a furious mien, drew his bow to the head, and let fly his arrow, which missed the valiant modern, and went whizzing over his head; but [Des Cartes](#) it hit; the steel point quickly found a defect in his head-piece; it pierced the leather and the paste-board, and went in at his right-eye. The torture of the pain whirled the valiant bowman round, till death, like a star of superiour influence, drew him into his own vortex.

	*	*	*	*	*	*	*
<i>Ingens hiatus</i>	*	*	*	*	*	*	*
<i>bic in MS.</i>	*	*	*	*	*	*	*

when [Homer](#) appeared at the head of the cavalry, mounted on a furious horse, with difficulty managed by the rider himself, but which no other mortal durst approach; he rode among the enemies ranks, and bore down all before him. Say, goddess, whom he slew first, and whom he slew last. First, Gondibert^[20] advanced against him, clad in heavy armour, and mounted on a staid sober gelding, not so famed for his speed, as his docility in kneeling, whenever his rider would mount or alight. He had made a vow to [Pallas](#), that he would never leave the field, till he had spoiled Homer of his armour: madman, who had never once seen the wearer, nor understood his strength! Him Homer overthrew horse and man to the ground, there to be trampled and choked in the dirt. Then, with a long spear, he slew [Denham](#), a stout modern, who from his father's^[21] side derived his lineage from [Apollo](#), but his mother was of mortal race. He fell, and bit the earth. The celestial part, Apollo took, and made it a star; but the terrestrial, lay wallowing upon the ground. Then Homer slew [Wesley](#)^[22], with a kick of his horse's heel; he took [Perrault](#) by mighty force out of his saddle, then hurled him at [Fontenelle](#), with the same blow dashing out both their brains.

On the left wing of the horse, [Virgil](#) appeared in shining armour, completely fitted to his body: he was mounted on a dapple-gray steed, the slowness of whose pace, was an effect of the highest mettle and vigour. He cast his eye on the adverse wing, with a desire to find an object worthy of his valour, when behold, upon a sorrel gelding of a monstrous size, appeared a foe, issuing from among the thickest of the enemy's squadrons; but his speed, was less than his noise; for his horse, old and lean, spent the dregs of his strength in a high trot, which, though it made slow advances, yet caused a loud clashing of his armour, terrible to hear. The two cavaliers had now approached within the throw of a lance, when the stranger desired a parley, and lifting up the vizor of his helmet, a face hardly appeared from within, which, after a pause, was known for that of the renowned [Dryden](#). The brave ancient suddenly started, as one possessed with surprize and disappointment together: for the helmet was nine times too large for the head, which appeared situate far in the hinder part, even like the lady in a lobster, or like a mouse under a canopy of state, or like a shrivelled beau, from within the pent-house of a modern periwig: and the voice was suited to the visage, sounding weak and remote. Dryden, in a long harangue, soothed up the good ancient, called him father; and by a large deduction of genealogies, made it plainly appear, that they were nearly related. Then he humbly proposed an exchange of armour, as a lasting mark of hospitality between them. Virgil consented (for the goddess Diffidence came unseen, and cast a mist before his eyes) though his was of gold^[23] and cost a hundred beeves, the other's but of rusty iron. However, this glittering armour, became the modern yet worse than his own. Then they agreed to exchange horses; but, when it came to the trial Dryden was afraid, and utterly unable to mount.

*	*	*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*	* <i>Alter hiatus</i>	
*	*	*	*	*	* <i>in MS.</i>	
*	*	*	*	*	*	*

[Lucan](#) appeared upon a fiery horse of admirable shape, but head-strong, bearing the rider where he list over the field; he made a mighty slaughter among the enemy's horse; which destruction to stop, [Blackmore](#), a famous modern (but one of the mercenaries) strenuously opposed himself, and darted his javelin with a strong hand, which, falling short of its mark, struck deep in the earth. Then Lucan threw a lance; but [Æsculapius](#) came unseen, and turned off the point. Brave modern, said Lucan, I perceive some god protects you^[24], for never did my arm so deceive me before: but what mortal can contend with a god? therefore, let us fight no longer, but present gifts to each other. Lucan then bestowed the modern a pair of spurs, and Blackmore gave Lucan a bridle..

	*	*	*	*	*	*	*
<i>Pauca de-</i>		*	*	*	*	*	*
<i>sunt.</i>	*	*	*	*	*	*	
	*	*	*	*	*	*	*

[Creech](#): but the goddess Dulness took a cloud, formed into the shape of [Horace](#), armed and mounted, and placed in a flying posture before him. Glad was the cavalier to begin a combat with a flying foe, and pursued the image, threatening loud; till at last it led him to the peaceful bower of his father Ogleby, by whom he was disarmed, and assigned to his repose.

Then [Pindar](#) slew —, and —, and [Oldham](#), and —, and [Afra](#)^[25] the Amazon, light of foot; never advancing in a direct line, but wheeling with incredible agility and force, he made a terrible slaughter among the enemies light-horse. Him when [Cowley](#) observed, his generous heart burnt within him, and he advanced against the fierce ancient, imitating his address, his pace, and career, as well as the vigour of his horse, and his own skill would allow. When the two cavaliers had approached within the length of three javelins, first, Cowley threw a lance, which missed Pindar, and passing into the enemy's ranks, fell ineffectual to the ground. Then Pindar darted a javelin so large and weighty, that scarce a dozen cavaliers, as cavaliers are in our degenerate days, could raise it from the ground: yet he threw it with

ease, and it went by an unerring hand, singing through the air; nor could the modern have avoided present death, if he had not luckily opposed the shield, that had been given him by [Venus](#)^[26]. And now, both heroes drew their swords, but the modern was so aghast and disordered, that he knew not where he was; his shield dropped from his hands; thrice he fled, and thrice he could not escape; at last he turned, and lifting up his hand in the posture of a suppliant: Godlike Pindar, said he, spare my life, and possess my horse with these arms, beside the ransom, which my friends will give, when they hear I am alive, and your prisoner. Dog, said Pindar, let your ransom stay with your friends; but your carcase shall be left for the fowls of the air, and the beasts of the field. With that, he raised his sword, and with a mighty stroke cleft the wretched modern in twain, the sword pursuing the blow; and one half, lay panting on the ground to be trod in pieces by the horses feet; the other half, was born by the frightened steed through the field. This Venus^[27] took, washed it seven times in ambrosia, then struck it thrice with a sprig of amaranth; upon which, the leather grew round and soft, and the leaves turned into feathers, and being gilded before, continued gilded still; so it became a dove, and she harnessed it to her chariot. *

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 * * * * *

* *Hiatus valde de-*
 * *flendus in MS.*

THE EPISODE OF [BENTLEY](#) AND [WOTTON](#)^[28].

Day being far spent, and the numerous forces of the moderns half inclining to a retreat, there issued forth from a squadron of their heavy-armed foot, a captain, whose name was Bentley, the most deformed of all the moderns; tall, but without shape or comeliness; large, but without strength or proportion. His armour was patched up of a thousand incoherent pieces; and the sound of it, as he marched, was loud and dry, like that made by the fall of a sheet of lead, which an etesian wind blows suddenly down, from the roof of some steeple. His helmet was of old rusty iron, but the vizor was brass, which, tainted by his breath, corrupted into copperas, nor

wanted gall from the same fountain; so that, whenever provoked by anger or labour, an atramentous quality of most malignant nature, was seen to distil from his lips. In his right hand he grasped a flail, and (that he might never be unprovided of an offensive weapon) a vessel full of ordure in his left^[29]. Thus completely armed, he advanced with a slow and heavy pace, where the modern chiefs were holding a consult upon the sum of things; who, as he came onwards, laughed to behold his crooked leg, and hump shoulder, which his boot and armour vainly endeavouring to hide, were forced to comply with, and expose. The generals made use of him for his talent of railing; which, kept within government, proved frequently of great service to their cause, but at other times did more mischief than good; for at the least touch of offence, and often without any at all, he would, like a wounded elephant, convert it against his leaders. Such at this juncture was the disposition of Bentley, grieved to see the enemy prevail, and dissatisfied with every body's conduct, but his own. He humbly gave the modern generals to understand, that he conceived, with great submission, they were all a pack of rogues, and fools, and sons of whores, and d—n'd cowards, and confounded loggerheads, and illiterate whelps, and nonsensical scoundrels; that if himself had been constituted general, those presumptuous dogs^[30], the ancients, would long before this have been beaten out of the field. You, said he, sit here idle; but when I, or any other valiant modern, kill an enemy, you are sure to seize the spoil. But I will not march one foot against the foe, till you all swear to me, that whomever I take or kill, his arms I shall quietly possess. Bentley having spoken thus, [Scaliger](#) bestowing him a sour look; Miscreant prater, said he, eloquent only in thine own eyes, thou railest without wit, or truth, or discretion. The malignity of thy temper perverteth nature, thy learning makes thee more barbarous, thy study of humanity more inhuman; thy converse among poets more groveling, miry, and dull. All arts of civilizing others, render thee rude and untractable; courts have taught thee ill manners, and polite conversation has finished thee a pedant. Besides, a greater coward burdeneth not the army. But never despond; I pass my

word, whatever spoil thou takest, shall certainly be thy own; though, I hope, that vile carcase will first become a prey to kites and worms.

Bentley durst not reply; but, half choked with spleen and rage, withdrew in full resolution of performing some great achievement. With him, for his aid and companion, he took his beloved Wotton; resolving, by policy or surprise, to attempt some neglected quarter of the ancients army. They began their march over carcasses of their slaughtered friends; then to the right of their own forces; then wheeled northward, till they came to [Aldrovandus](#)'s tomb, which they passed on the side of the declining sun. And now they arrived with fear toward the enemy's out-guards; looking about, if haply they might spy the quarters of the wounded, or some straggling sleepers, unarmed, and remote from the rest. As when two mongrel curs, whom native greediness, and domestick want, provoke and join in partnership, though fearful, nightly to invade the folds of some rich grazier; they, with tails depressed, and lolling tongues, creep soft and slow: meanwhile the conscious moon, now in her zenith, on their guilty heads darts perpendicular rays; nor dare they bark, though much provoked at her refulgent visage, whether seen in puddle by reflection, or in sphere direct; but one surveys the region round, while the other, scouts the plain, if haply to discover, at distance from the flock, some carcase half devoured, the refuse of gorged wolves, or ominous ravens. So marched this lovely, loving pair of friends, nor with less fear and circumspection; when, at distance, they might perceive two shining suits of armour, hanging upon an oak, and the owners not far off in a profound sleep. The two friends drew lots, and the pursuing of this adventure fell to Bentley; on he went, and in his van, Confusion and Amaze; while Horror and Affright, brought up the rear. As he came near, behold two heroes of the ancients army, [Phalaris](#) and [Æsop](#), lay fast asleep: Bentley would fain have dispatched them both, and, stealing close, aimed his flail at Phalaris's breast. But then the goddess Affright interposing, caught the modern in her icy arms, and dragged him from the danger she foresaw; both the dormant heroes happened to turn at the same instant, though soundly sleeping, and busy in a

dream. For Phalaris^[31] was just that minute dreaming, how a most vile poetaster had lampooned him, and how he had got him roaring in his bull. And Æsop dreamed, that, as he and the ancient chiefs were lying on the ground, a wild ass broke loose, ran about trampling and kicking and dunging in their faces. Bentley, leaving the two heroes asleep, seized on both their armours, and withdrew in quest of his darling Wotton.

He in the mean time had wandered long in search of some enterprise, till at length he arrived at a small rivulet, that issued from a fountain hard by, called in the language of mortal men [Helicon](#). Here he stopped, and parched with thirst, resolved to allay it in this limpid stream. Thrice with profane hands he essayed to raise the water to his lips, and thrice it slipped all through his fingers. Then he stooped prone on his breast, but, ere his mouth had kissed the liquid crystal, Apollo came, and in the channel held his shield betwixt the modern and the fountain, so that he drew up nothing but mud. For, although no fountain on earth can compare with the clearness of Helicon, yet there lies at bottom a thick sediment of slime and mud; for so Apollo begged of Jupiter, as a punishment to those, who durst attempt to taste it with unhallowed lips, and for a lesson to all, not to draw too deep, or far from the spring.

At the fountain-head [Wotton](#) discerned two heroes; the one he could not distinguish, but the other was soon known for [Temple](#), general of the allies to the ancients. His back was turned, and he was employed in drinking large draughts in his helmet from the fountain, where he had withdrawn himself to rest from the toils of the war. Wotton observing him, with quaking knees and trembling hands spoke thus to himself: O, that I could kill this destroyer of our army; what renown should I purchase among the chiefs? but to issue out against him, man against man, shield against shield, and lance against lance^[32], what modern of us dare? for he fights like a god, and [Pallas](#), or [Apollo](#), are ever at his elbow. But, O, mother! if what fame reports be true, that I am the son of so great a goddess, grant me to hit Temple with this lance, that the stroke may send him

to Hell, and that I may return in safety and triumph, laden with his spoils. The first part of this prayer, the gods granted at the intercession of his mother, and of [Momus](#); but the rest, by a perverse wind sent from fate, was scattered in the air. Then Wotton grasped his lance, and brandishing it thrice over his head, darted it with all his might, the goddess his mother, at the same time, adding strength to his arm. Away the lance went hissing, and reached even to the belt of the averted ancient, upon which lightly grazing it fell to the ground. Temple neither felt the weapon touch him, nor heard it fall; and Wotton might have escaped to his army, with the honour of having remitted his lance against so great a leader, unrevenged; but Apollo enraged, that a javelin, flung by the assistance of so foul a goddess, should pollute his fountain, put on the shape of ———, and softly came to young Boyle, who then accompanied Temple: he pointed first to the lance, then to the distant modern that flung it, and commanded the young hero to take immediate revenge. Boyle, clad in a suit of armour which had been given him by all the gods^[33], immediately advanced against the trembling foe, who now fled before him. As a young lion in the [Lybian](#) plains, or Araby desert, sent by his aged sire to hunt for prey, or health, or exercise; he scours along, wishing to meet some tiger from the mountains, or a furious boar; if chance a wild ass, with brayings importune, affronts his ear, the generous beast, though loathing to distain his claws with blood so vile, yet much provoked at the offensive noise, which [Echo](#), foolish nymph, like her ill-judging sex, repeats much louder and with more delight than [Philomela](#)'s song; he vindicates the honour of the forest, and hunts the noisy long-ear'd animal. So Wotton fled, so Boyle pursued. But Wotton heavy-armed, and slow of foot, began to slack his course; when his lover Bentley appeared, returning laden with the spoils of the two sleeping ancients. Boyle observed him well, and soon discovering the helmet and shield of Phalaris, his friend, both which he had lately with his own hands new polished and gilt; rage sparkled in his eyes, and leaving his pursuit after Wotton, he furiously rushed on against this new approacher. Fain would he be revenged on both; but both now fled

different ways: and, as a woman in a little house, that gets a painful livelihood by spinning^[34]; if chance her geese be scattered o'er the common, she courses round the plain from side to side, compelling here and there the stragglers to the flock; they cackle loud, and flutter o'er the champaign. So Boyle pursued, so fled this pair of friends: finding at length their flight was vain, they bravely joined and drew themselves in phalanx. First Bentley threw a spear with all his force, hoping to pierce the enemy's breast; but Pallas came unseen, and in the air took off the point, and clapped on one of lead, which, after a dead bang against the enemy's shield, fell blunted to the ground. Then Boyle, observing well his time, took up a lance of wondrous length and sharpness; and as this pair of friends compacted stood close side to side, he wheeled him to the right, and with unusual force, darted the weapon. Bentley saw his fate approach, and flanking down his arms close to his ribs, hoping to save his body; in went the point, passing through arm and side, nor stopped, or spent its force, till it had also pierced the valiant Wotton, who, going to sustain his dying friend, shared his fate. As when a skilful cook has trussed a brace of woodcocks, he, with iron skewer, pierces the tender sides of both, their legs and wings close pinioned to the ribs: so was this pair of friends transfixed, till down they fell, joined in their lives, joined in their deaths; so closely joined, that [Charon](#) would mistake them both for one, and waft them over [Styx](#) for half his fare. Farewel, beloved, loving pair; few equals have you left behind: and happy and immortal shall you be, if all my wit and eloquence can make you.

And, now	*	*	*	*	*	*	
*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*	*		
*	*	*	* <i>Desunt cœtera.</i>				

FINIS

1. ↑ Riches produce pride; pride is war's ground, &c. *Vid.* Ephem. de [Mary Clarke](#); opt. edit. — now called Wing's Sheet Almanack, and printed by J. Roberts for the [Company of Stationers](#).
2. ↑ This is ungrammatical; it should be — 'it very seldom happens among men, that they fall out,' &c.
3. ↑ This mode of expression is bald, and not reconcileable to grammar: it should be, 'when it happens that one great bone is seized on by some leading dog,&c.
4. ↑ Are not so easy to conjecture at' — is a strange impropriety of speech: the sentence would run much better thus. 'But it is not so easy to conjecture what will be the issue or events of this war.'
5. ↑ For 'in' read 'into.'
6. ↑ Their Title Pages.
7. ↑ The word 'there' is here improperly used; it should be 'thither.'
8. ↑ 'Arose,' improperly used here for 'arisen.'
9. ↑ The [honourable Mr. Boyle](#), in the preface to his edition of [Phalaris](#), says, he was refused a manuscript by the library-keeper, *pro solita humanitate suâ*.
Ibid. [Doctor Bentley](#) was then library-keeper: the two ancients were [Phalaris](#) and [Æsop](#).
10. ↑ There is an ambiguity in this expression from the arrangement of the sentence, which might thus be removed: 'whereof the foot, were, in general, but sorrily armed;, and worse clad: the horses of the cavalry were large,' &c.
11. ↑ According to the modern paradox.
12. ↑ It ought to be — 'which is the nobler being of the two,' &c.
13. ↑ [Bentley](#), who denied the antiquity of [Æsop](#).

14. ↑. There is no such word in English as adapt, used adjectively; it should be the participle, 'adapted.'
15. ↑. More commonly known by the name of [Boileau](#).
16. ↑. [Doctor Harvey](#), who discovered the circulation of the blood, a discovery much insisted on by the advocates for the moderns, and excepted against, as false, by [sir William Temple](#).
17. ↑. Calones. By calling this disorderly rout calones, the author points both his satire and contempt against all sorts of mercenary scribblers, who write as they are commanded by the leaders and patrons of sedition, faction, corruption, and every evil work; they are styled calones because they are the meanest and most despicable of all writers; as the calones, whether belonging to the army, or private families, were the meanest of all slaves or servants whatsoever.
18. ↑. These are pamphlets, which are not bound or covered.
19. ↑. [Doctor Harvey](#). It was not thought proper to name his antagonist, but only to intimate, that he was wounded; other moderns are spared by the hiatus that follows, probably for similar reasons.
20. ↑. An heroick poem by [sir William Davenant](#), in stanzas of four lines.
21. ↑. [Sir John Denham](#)'s poems are very unequal, extremely good, and very indifferent; so that his detractors said, he was not the real author of Cooper's Hill. See "Session of the Poets," in [Dryden](#)'s Miscellanies.
22. ↑. |Mr. Wesley, who wrote the life of Christ, in verse, &c.
23. ↑. Vid. [Homer](#).
24. ↑. His skill as a physician atoned for his dulness as a poet.
25. ↑. [Mrs. Afra Behn](#), author of many plays, novels, and poems.
26. ↑. His poem called the Mistress.
27. ↑. I do not approve the author's judgment in this, for I think [Cowley](#)'s [Pindaricks](#) are much preferable to his Mistress. It may however be considered, that Cowley's Pindaricks were but copies, of which Pindar was the original; before Pindar therefore his Pindaricks might fall; and his Mistress be preserved as properly his own.

28. ↑. As the account of the Battle of the Books, is an allegorical representation of [sir William Temple](#)'s essay, in which the ancients are opposed to the moderns, the account of [Bentley](#) and [Wotton](#) is called an episode, and their intrusion represented as an under action.
29. ↑. The person, here spoken of, is famous for letting fly at every body without distinction, and using mean and foul scurrilities.
30. ↑. *Vid.* Homer. de [Thersite](#).
31. ↑. This is according to Homer, who tells the dreams of those, who were killed in their sleep.
32. ↑. *Vid.* [Homer](#).
33. ↑. Boyle was assisted in this dispute by [dean Aldrich](#), [Dr. Atterbury](#), afterwards [bishop of Rochester](#), and other persons at [Oxford](#), celebrated for their genius and their learning, then called the [Christ-Church](#) wits.
34. ↑. This is also after the manner of Homer: the woman's getting a painful livelihood by spinning, has nothing to do with the similitude, nor would be excusable without such an authority.

1. [Title page](#)
2. [The Works of the Rev. Jonathan Swift, Volume 2 — The Battle of the Books](#)
3. [The Bookseller to the Reader](#)
4. [The Preface of the Author](#)
5. [A full and true Account of the Battle, &c.](#)

LANDMARKS

1. [The Works of the Rev. Jonathan Swift, Volume 2 — The Battle of the Books](#)
2. [Cover](#)



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