

And all to leave what with his toil he  
won,  
To that unfeathered, two-legged  
thing, a son;  
In friendship false, implacable in  
hate,  
Resolved to ruin, or to rule the state.

This admirable bit of character painting is indicative of the whole poem, which must be read in its entirety to be appreciated. In the dialogue between Satan and the Duke of Monmouth, wherein reasons are adduced why the latter should rise in rebellion, a few lines relative to the succession are remarkably democratic, and prove that with Dryden, at least, the divine right of kings was a chimera.

The devil intimates that the next successor, whom he hates and fears, has been made unpopular and obnoxious to the state, and that certain sufficient sums of money might buy off his right until the king, Charles II, should be induced to pass Monmouth's title into law:

"If not, the people have a right  
supreme  
To make their kings, for kings are  
made for them;  
All empire is no more than trust,  
Which when resumed can be no  
longer just;  
Succession for the general good de-  
sign'd  
In its own wrong a nation cannot  
bind;  
If altering that the people can relieve,  
Better one suffer than a nation  
grieve."

In the four books of the *Dunciad*, Pope has given us what is certainly the most perfect specimen of versified invective in the language. It is an epic of dunces, who had pestered him with their scurrilous scribblings, and whom he has held up in this

inimitable poem to the ridicule of succeeding ages. The author has drawn in this poem a life-size portrait of Dulness and her children.

The design of the second book includes not only bad poets, but likewise their patrons and encouragers, whom he considers as aiders and abettors in the treason against true poetry. Nor does he limit his criticism to England, but in the third book seems to embrace the whole world. Each unworthy class of writers are taken in turn and criticised without mercy. The plagiarist, the libellous novelist, the flattering dictator, the brawling critic, the dark and dirty party writer, and so on till he exhausts the tribe, and leaves them to hiss and fume in their ridiculous impotency.

The Goddess of Dulness in the third book institutes games, at which authors, booksellers and critics contest. In the booksellers' race, she sets up the phantom of a poet as the prize which they contend to overtake.

The word picture is beautifully drawn, and we quote it here as an instance of the unity and harmony of this author's style:

"With authors, stationers obey'd the  
call,  
The field of glory is a field for all,  
Glory and pain, the industrious tribe  
provoke,  
And gentle Dulness ever loves a  
joke.  
A poet's form she placed before  
their eyes,  
And bade the nimblest racer seize  
the prize;  
No meagre, muse-rid mope, adust  
and thin,  
In a dun night-gown of his own loose  
skin,  
But such a bulk as no twelve bards  
could raise,