

Surveillance, Utopia, Satire in 18th-century British Literature

1. Swift, *Gulliver's Travels*: "I had not yet been a Year in this Country before I contracted such a Love and Veneration for the Inhabitants, that I entered on a firm Resolution never to return to human Kind, but to pass the rest of my Life among these admirable *Houyhnhnms*, in the Contemplation and Practice of every Virtue; where I could have no Example or Incitement to Vice".
2. Bacon, *New Atlantis*: their king "did ordain the interdicts and prohibitions which we have touching entrance of strangers; which at that time ... was frequent; doubting novelties, and commixture of manners".
3. Bacon, *New Atlantis*: "every twelve years there should be set forth out of this kingdom two ships, appointed to several voyages; That in either of these ships there should be a mission of three of the Fellows or Brethren of Salomon's House; whose errand was only to give us knowledge of the affairs and state of those countries to which they were designed, and especially of the sciences, arts, manufactures, and inventions of all the world; and withal to bring unto us books, instruments, and patterns of every kind".
4. Defoe, *Robinson Crusoe*: "I stood like one Thunder-struck, or as if I had seen an Apparition; I listn'd, I look'd round me, I could hear nothing nor see any Thing... I could see no other Impression but that one, I went to it again to see if there were any more, and to observe if it might not be my Fancy". See also: Robinson is "ready to sink into the Ground at but the Shadow or silent Appearance of a Man's having set his Foot in the Island".
5. Swift, *Gulliver's Travels*: "Out of the right Fob hung a great silver Chain, with a wonderful Kind of Engine at the Bottom. We directed him to draw out whatever was at the end of that Chain; which appeared to be a Globe, half Silver, and half of some transparent Metal; for, on the transparent Side, we saw certain strange Figures circularly drawn, and thought we could touch them, till we found our Fingers stopped by the lucid Substance. He put this Engine into our ears, which made an incessant Noise, like that of a Water-mill: and we conjecture it is either some unknown Animal, or the God that he worships; but we are more inclined to the latter Opinion, because he assured us, (if we understood him right, for he expressed himself very imperfectly) that he seldom did any Thing without consulting it. He called it his Oracle, and said, it pointed out the Time for every Action of his Life".
6. Swift, *Gulliver's Travels*: "among other Things, I mentioned a Custom we had of castrating *Houyhnhnms* when they were young, in order to render them tame; that the Operation was easy and safe; that it was no Shame to learn Wisdom from Brutes, ...; that this Invention might be practised upon the younger *Yaboos* here, which besides rendering them tractable and fitter for use, would in an Age put an End to the whole Species, without destroying Life;"
7. Pope, *The Dunciad*: "the introduction of the lowest diversions of the rabble in *Smithfield* to be the entrainment of the court and town; or in other words, the Action of the Dunciad is the Removal of the imperial seat of Dulness from the City to the polite world; as that of the *Æneid* is the Removal of the empire of *Troy* to *Latium*".
8. Pope, *The Dunciad*, Book II:

In Tot'nam Fields the brethren, with amaze,
Prick all their ears up, and forget to graze!
Long Chancery Lane retentive rolls the sound,
And courts to courts return it round and round;
Thames wafts it thence to Rufus' roaring hall,
And Hungerford re-echoes bawl for bawl.

9. Pope, *The Dunciad*, Book II:

And now the Queen, to glad her sons, proclaims
By herald hawkers, high heroic games.
They summon all her race: an endless band
Pours forth, and leaves unpeopled half the land;
A motley mixture! in long wigs, in bags,
In silks, in crapes, in Garters, and in Rags,
From drawing rooms, from colleges, from garrets,

On horse, on foot, in hacks, and gilded chariots;
All who true Dunces in her cause appear'd,
And all who knew those Dunces to reward.

10. Pope, *The Dunciad*, Book IV:

She mounts the Throne: her head a cloud conceal'd,
In broad effulgence all below reveal'd
(’T is thus aspiring Dulness ever shines);
Soft on her lap her Laureate Son reclines:
Beneath her footstool Science groans in chains,
And Wit dreads exile, penalties, and pains.
There foam’d rebellious Logic, gagg’d and bound;
There, stript, fair Rhetoric languish’d on the ground;

11. Pope, *The Dunciad*, Book IV:

Nor public flame, nor private, dares to shine;
Nor human spark is left, nor glimpse divine!
Lo! thy dread empire, Chaos! is restor’d;
Light dies before thy uncreating word:
Thy hand, great Anarch! lets the curtain fall;
And universal Darkness buries all.