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Rev. H. C. Scadding, D.D.

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1901
BEQUEST OF
REV. CANON SCADDING. D. D.
TORONTO, 1901.
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THE DUNCIAD.
With Notes
VARIORUM,
AND THE
PROLEGOMENA
OF SCRIBLERUS.

LONDON:
Printed for Lawton Gilliver at Homer's Head, against St. Dunstan's Church, Fleetstreet, 1729.
PIECES contained in this BOOK.

THE PUBLISHER'S ADVERTISEMENT.

A LETTER to the Publisher, occasioned by the present Edition of the Dunciad.

The Prolegomena of Martinus Scriblerus.

TESTIMOMIES of Authors concerning our Poet and his Works.

A DISSERTATION of the Poem.

Dunciados Periocha: Or, Arguments to the Books.

The Dunciad, in three Books.

Notes Variorum: Being the Scholia of the learned M. Scriblerus and Others, with the Adversaria of John Dennis, Lewis Theobald, Edmund Curl, the Journalists, &c.

Index of Persons celebrated in this Poem.

Index of Things (including Authors) to be found in the Notes.

Appendix.
ADVERTISEMENT.

It will be sufficient to say of this Edition, that the reader has here a much more correct and compleat copy of the Dunciad, than has hitherto appeared: I cannot answer but some mistakes may have slip into it, but a vast number of others will be prevented, by the Names being now not only set at length, but justified by the authorities and reasons given. I make no doubt, the Author's own motive to use real rather than feign'd names, was his care to preserve the Innocent from any false Applications; whereas in the former editions which had no more than the Initial letters, he was made, by Keys printed here, to hurt the inoffensive; and (what was worse) to abuse his friends, by an impression at Dublin.

The Commentary which attends the Poem was sent me from several hands, and consequently must be unequally written; yet will it have one advantage over most Commentaries, that it is not made upon conjectures, or at a remote distance of time: and the reader cannot but derive one pleasure from the very Obscurity of the persons it treats of, that it partakes of the nature of a Secret, which most people love to be let into, tho' the Men or the Things be ever so inconsiderable or trivial.

Of the Persons it was judg'd proper to give some account: for since it is only in this monument that they must expect to survive, (and here survive they will, as long as the English tongue shall remain such as it was in the reigns of Queen Anne and King George)
it seem'd but humanity to bestow a word or two upon each; just to tell what he was, what he writ, when he liv'd, or when he dy'd.

If a word or two more are added upon the chief Offenders; 'tis only as as a paper pinn'd upon the breast, to mark the Enormities for which they suffer'd; lest the Correction only should be remember'd, and the Crime forgotten.

In some Articles, it was thought sufficient barely to transcribe from Jacob, Curl, and other writers of their own rank, who were much better acquainted with them than any of the Authors of this Comment can pretend to be. Most of them had drawn each other's Characters on certain occasions; but the few here inserted, are all that could be saved from the general destruction of such Works.

Of the part of Scriblerus I need say nothing; his Manner is well enough known, and approved by all but those who are too much concerned to be judges.

The Imitations of the Ancients are added, to gratify those who either never read, or may have forgotten them; together with some of the Parodies, and Allusions to the most excellent of the Moderns. If any man from the frequency of the former, may think the Poem too much a Cento; our Poet will but appear to have done the same thing in jest, which Boileau did in earnest; and upon which Vida, Fracastorius, and many of the most eminent Latin Poets professedly valued themselves.
A LETTER TO THE PUBLISHER,

Occasioned by the present Edition of the DUNCIAD.

IT is with pleasure I hear that you have procured a correct Copy of the DUNCIAD, which the many surreptitious ones have rendered so necessary; and it is yet with more, that I am informed it will be attended with a Commentary: a work so requisite, that I cannot think the Author himself would have omitted it, had he approv'd of the first appearance of this Poem.

Such Notes as have occurr'd to me I herewith send you: You will oblige me by inserting them amongst those which are, or will be, transmitted to you by others;
since not only the Author's friends, but even strangers, appear engaged by humanity to some care of an orphan of so much genius and spirit, which its parent seems to have abandoned from the very beginning, and suffered to step into the world naked, unguarded, and unattended.

It was upon reading some of the abusive papers lately publish'd, that my great regard to a person whose friendship I esteem as one of the chief honours of my life, and a much greater respect to Truth than to him or any man living, engaged me in Enquiries, of which the inclos'd Notes are the fruit.

I perceiv'd, that most of these authors had been (doubtless very wisely) the first Aggressors. They had try'd till they were weary, what was to be got by railing at each other: no body was either concern'd, or surpriz'd, if this or that scribner was prov'd a dunce, but every one was curious to read what could be said to prove Mr. Pope one, and was ready to pay something for such a discovery: A stratagem, which would they fairly own, might not only reconcile them to me, but screen them from the resentment of their lawful supe-
to the Publisher.

riors, whom they daily abuse, only (as I charitably hope) to get that by them, which they cannot get from them.

I found this was not all: ill success in that had transported them to personal abuse, either of himself, or (what I think he could less forgive) of his friends. They had call'd men of virtue and honour Bad Men, long before he had either leisure or inclination to call them Bad Writers: and some had been such old offenders, that he had quite forgotten their persons, as well as their flanders, till they were pleas'd to revive them.

Now what had Mr. Pope done before, to incense them? He had publish'd those works which are in the hands of every body, in which not the least mention is made of any of them. And what has he done since? He has laugh'd and written the Dunciad. What has that said of them? a very serious truth which the publick had said before, that they were dull: And what it had no sooner said, but they themselves were at great pains to procure or even purchase room in the prints, to testify under their hands to the truth of it.
I should still have been silent, if either I had seen any inclination in my friend to be serious with such accusers, or if they had only meddled with his writings: since whoever publishes, puts himself on his tryal by his country. But when his Moral character was attack'd, and in a manner from which neither truth nor virtue can secure the most Innocent, in a manner which though it annihilates the credit of the accusation with the just and impartial, yet aggravates very much the guilt of the accuser, (I mean by authors without names :) Then I thought, since the danger was common to all, the concern ought to be so: and that it was an act of justice to detect the Authors, not only on this account, but as many of them are the same who for several years past, have made free with the greatest names in Church and State, expos'd to the world the private misfortunes of Families, abus'd all even to Women, and whose prostituted papers (for one or other party in the unhappy divisions of their Country) have insulted the Fallen, the Friendless, the Exil'd, and the Dead.
Befides this, which I take to be a pub-
lick concern, I have already confess'd I had
a private one. I am one of that num-
ber who have long lov'd and esteem'd
Mr. Pope, and had often declared it was
not his capacity or writings (which we ever
thought the least valuable part of his cha-
racter) but the honest, open, and beneficent
man, that we most esteem'd and lov'd in
him. Now if what these people say were
believ'd, I must appear to all my friends
either a fool or a knave, either impos'd on
my self, or imposing on them: So that I
am as much interested in the confusion
of these calumnies, as he is himself.

I am no Author, and consequently not
to be suspected either of jealousy or re-
sentment against any of the men, of whom
scarce one is known to me by sight; and
as for their writings, I have fought them
(on this one occasion) in vain, in the closets
and libraries of all my acquaintance. I had
still been in the dark, if a Gentleman had
not procur'd me (I suppose from some of
themselves, for they are generally much
more dangerous friends than enemies) the
passages I send you. I solemnly protest I have
added nothing to the malice or absurdity of them; which it behoves me to declare, since the vouchers themselves will be so soon and so irrecoverably lost: You may in some measure prevent it, by preserving at least their Titles, and discovering (as far as you can depend on the truth of your information) the names of the conceal'd authors.

The first objection I have heard made to the Poem is, that the persons are too obscure for Satyre. The persons themselves, rather than allow the objection, would forgive the Satyre; and if one could be tempted to afford it a serious answer, were not all assassinates, popular insurrections, the insolence of the rabble without doors, and of domesticks within, most wrongfully chastized, if the Meaneness of offenders indemnified them from punishment? On the contrary, Obscurity renders them more dangerous, as less thought of: Law can pronounce judgment only on open facts; Morality alone can pass censure on intentions of mischief; so that for secret calumny or the arrow flying in the dark, there is no

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* Which we have done in a List in the Appendix; No. 2.
The next objection is, that these sort of authors are Poor. That might be pleaded as an excuse at the Old Baily for lesser crimes than defamation, (for 'tis the case of almost all who are try'd there) but sure it can here be none, for who will pretend that the robbing another of his reputation supplies the want of it in himself? I question not but such authors are poor, and heartily with the objection were removed by any honest livelihood. But Poverty here is the accident, not the subject: he who describes malice and villany to be pale and meagre, expresses not the least anger against paleness or leanness, but against malice and villany.

The apothecary in Romeo and Juliet is poor, but is he therefore justified in vending poison? Not but poverty itself becomes a just subject of satyre, when it is the consequence of vice, prodigality, or neglect of one's lawful calling; for then it increases the publick burden, fills the streets and highways with Robbers, and the garrets with Clippers, Coiners, and Weekly Journalists.
But admitting that two or three of these offend less in their morals, than in their writings; must poverty make nonsense sacred? If so, the fame of bad authors would be much better taken care of than that of all the good ones in the world; and not one of a hundred had ever been call'd by his right name.

They mistake the whole matter: It is not charity to encourage them in the way they follow, but to get 'em out of it: For men are not bunglers because they are poor, but they are poor because they are bunglers.

Is it not pleasant enough, to hear our authors crying out on the one hand, as if their persons and characters were too sacred for Satyre; and the publick objecting on the other, that they are too mean even for Ridicule? But whether bread or fame be their end, it must be allow'd, our author by and in this poem, has mercifully given 'em a little of both.

There are two or three, who by their rank and fortune have no benefit from the former objections (supposing them good) and these I was sorry to see in such company. But if without any provocation, two or
three gentlemen will fall upon one, in an affair wherein his interest and reputation are equally embark’d; they cannot certainly, after they have been content to print themselves his enemies, complain of being put into the number of them?

Others, I’m told, pretend to have been once his Friends. Surely they are their enemies who say so, since nothing can be more odious than to treat a friend as they have done: but of this I can’t persuade my self, when I consider the constant and eternal aversion of all bad writers to a good one:

Such as claim a merit from being his Admirers, I wou’d gladly ask, if it lays him under any personal obligation? at that rate he would be the most oblig’d humble servant in the world. I dare swear for these in particular, he never desir’d them to be his Admirers, nor promis’d in return to be theirs; that had truly been a sign he was of their acquaintance; but wou’d not the malicious world have suspected such an approbation of some motive worse than ignorance, in the Author of the Essay on Critic...
A LETTER

Be it as it will, the reasons of their Admiration and of his Contempt are equally subsisting; for His Works and Theirs are the very same that they were.

One therefore of their assertions I believe may be just, "That he has a contempt for their writings." And there is another which would probably be sooner allow'd by himself, than by any good judge beside, "That his own have found too much success with the publick." But as it cannot consist with his modesty to claim this as a justice, it lies not on him, but entirely on the publick, to defend its own judgment.

There remains what in my opinion might seem a better plea for these people, than any they have made use of. If Obscurity or Poverty were to exempt a man from satire, much more should Folly or Dulness, which are still more involuntary, nay as much so as personal deformity. But even this will not help them: Deformity becomes the object of ridicule when a man sets up for being handsome; and so must Dulness when he sets up for a Wit. They are not ridicul'd because Ridicule in itself is, or ought to be, a pleasure; but because it is just, to unde-
ceive or vindicate the honest and unpretending part of mankind from imposition, because particular interest ought to yield to general, and a great number who are not naturally fools ought never to be made so in complaisance to a few who are. Accordingly we find that in all ages, all vain pretenders, were they ever so poor, or ever so dull, have been constantly the topicks of the most candid Satyristst, from the Codrus of Juvenal to the Damon of Boileau.

Having mention'd Boileau, the greatest Poet and most judicious Critic of his age and country, admirable for his talents, and yet perhaps more admirable for his judgment in the proper application of them; I cannot help remarking the resemblance betwixt Him and our Author in Qualities, Fame, and Fortune; in the distinctions shewn to them by their Superiors; in the general esteem of their Equals; and in their extended reputation amongst Foreigners; in the latter of which ours has met with the better fate, as he has had for his Translators persons of the most eminent rank and abilities in their respec-
tive Nations. * But the resemblance holds in nothing more, than in their being equally abus’d by the ignorant pretenders to Poetry of their times; of which not the least memory will remain but in their own writings, and in the notes made upon them. What Boileau has done in almost all his poems, our Author has only in this: I dare answer for him he will do it in no more; and on his principle of attacking few but who had flander’d him, he could not have done it at all, had he been confin’d from censuring obscure and worthless persons, for scarce any other were his enemies. However, as the parity is so remarkable, I hope it will continue to the last; and if ever he shall give us an edition of this Poem himself, I may see some of ’em treated as gently (on their repentance or better merit) as Perault and Quinault were at last by Boileau.

* Essay on Criticism in French Verse by General Hamilton. The same in Verse also by Monsieur Roboton, Counsellor and Privy Secretary to King George I.
Rape of the Lock, in French, Paris, 1728.
— In Italian Verse, by the Abbe Conti, a Noble Venetian. And by the Marquefs Rangoni, Envoy Extraordinary from Modena to King George II.
Others of his Works by Salvini of Florence, &c.
His Essays and Dissertations on Homer, in French, Paris 1728.
In one point I must be allow'd to think the character of our English Poet the more amiable. He has not been a follower of fortune or success: He has liv'd with the Great without flattery, been a friend to Men in power without pensions, from whom as he ask'd, so he receiv'd no favour but what was done Him in his friends. As his Satyrs were the more just for being delay'd, so were his Panegyricks; bestow'd only on such persons as he had familiarly known, only for such virtues as he had long observ'd in them, and only at such times as others cease to praise, if not begin to calumniate them, I mean when out of power or out of fashion.† A Satyr therefore on writers so notorious for the contrary practife, became no man so well as himself; as none (it is plain) was so little in their friendships, or so much in that of those whom they had most abus'd, namely the Greatest and Best of all Parties. Let me add a further

† As Mr. Wycherley, at the time the Town declaim'd against his book of Poems: Mr. Walfb, after his death: Sir William Trumbull, when he had resign'd the office of Secretary of State: Lord Bolingbroke at his leaving England after the Queen's death: Lord Oxford in his last decline of life: Mr. Secretary Craggs at the end of the South-Sea Year, and after his death: Others only in Epitaphs.
reason, that tho' ingag'd in their Friendships, he never espous'd their Animosities; and can almost singly challenge this honour, not to have written a line of any man, which thro' Guilt, thro' Shame, or thro' Fear, thro' variety of Fortune, or change of Interests, he was ever unwilling to own.

I shall conclude with remarking what a pleasure it must be to every reader of humanity, to see all along that our Author, in his very laughter, is not indulging his own ill nature, but only punishing that of others. To his Poem those alone are capable of doing justice, who to use the words of a great Writer, know how hard it is (with regard both to his subject and his manner) 

Vetustis dare novitatem, obsolletis nitorem, obscuris lucem, fastiditis gratiam. I am,

Your most humble Servant,

St. James's
Dec. 22,
1728.

William Cleland.
DENNIS, Rem. on Pr. Artb.

I cannot but think it the most reasonable thing in the world, to distinguish good writers, by discouraging the bad. Nor is it an ill-natur'd thing, in relation even to the very persons upon whom the reflections are made: It is true, it may deprive them, a little the sooner, of a short Profit and a transitory Reputation; but then it may have a good effect, and oblige them (before it be too late) to decline that for which they are so very unfit, and to have recourse to something in which they may be more successful.

The Persons whom Boileau has attack'd in his writings, have been for the most part Authors, and most of those Authors, Poets: And the Censures he hath pass'd upon them have been confirm'd by all Europe. [Character of Mr. P. 1716.]

GILDON, Pref. to his New Rehears.

It is the common cry of the Poetasters of the town, and their fautors, that it is an Ill-natur'd thing to expose the Pretenders.
to wit and poetry. The Judges and Magistrates may with full as good reason be reproach'd with Ill-nature, for putting the laws in execution against a Thief or Impostor—The same will hold in the Republick of Letters, if the Criticks an Judges will let every Ignorant Pretender to scribling, pass on the world.

Theobald, Lett. to Miss, Jun. 22, 1728.

Attacks may be levelled, either against Failures in Genius, or against the Pretensions of writing without one.

Concanen, Ded. to the Auth. of the Dunc.

A Satyre upon Dulness, is a thing that has been used and allowed in All Ages.

Out of thine own Mouth will I judge thee, wicked Scribler!
MARTINI MCMCLXIRE
PRAELECTURAE
IN DU
dUnciar.
TESTIMONIES
OF
AUTHORS
Concerning our Poet and his Works.

Martinus Scriblerus, Lectori S.

Before we present thee with our Exer-
citations on the most delectable Poem of the
Dunciad (drawn from the many volumes of
our Adversaria on modern Authors) we shall here,
according to the laudable usage of Editors, collect the
various judgments of the Learned concerning our Poet:
Various indeed, not only of different authors, but of
the same author at different seasons. Nor shall we ga-
ther only the Testimonials of such eminent Wits as
would of course descend to posterity, and consequently
be read without our collection; but we shall likewise
with incredible labour seek out for divers others, which
but for this our diligence, could never at the distance
of a few months appear to the eye of the most curi-
ous. Hereby thou may’st not only receive the delecta-
tion of Variety, but also arrive at a more certain judg-
ment, by a grave and circumspect comparison of the
Witnesses with each other, or of each with himself.

Hence
Hence also thou wilt be enabled to draw reflections, not only of a critical, but of a moral nature, by being let into many particulars of the person as well as genius, and of the fortune as well as merit, of our Author: In which, if I relate some things of little concern peradventure to thee, and some of as little even to him; I entreat thee to consider how minutely all true Criticks and commentators are wont to insift upon such, and how material they seem to themselves if to none other. Forgive me therefore gentle reader, if (following learned example) I ever and anon become tedious; allow me to take the fame pain to find, whether my author were good or bad, well or ill-natured, modest or arrogant; as another, whether his were fair or brown, short or tall, or whether he wore a coat or a caftock?

We purpofed to begin with his Life, Parentage and Education: but as to these, even his Cotemporaries do exceedingly differ. One faith, he was educated at home; a. another that he was bred abroad at St. Omer's by Jesuits; b. a third, not at St. Omer's, but at Oxford; c. a fourth, that he had no University education at all. d. Those who allow him to be bred at home, differ as much concerning his Tutor: One faith, he was kept by his father on purpofe; e. a second that he was an itinerant priest; f. a third, that he was a Parfon; g. one calleth him a secular Clergyman of the church of Rome; h. another, a Monk. i. As little agree they about his Father; whom one suppo-feth, like the father of Heftody, a tradesman or merchant, k. another a husbandman, &c. l. Nor has an author been wanting to give our Poet such a Father, as Apuleius hath to Plato, Iambicus to Pythagoras, and

b. Dennis's refle& of the Essay on Crit.
c. Dunciad diffefted, p. 4.
d. Guardian, No. 40.
e. Jacob, ib.
f. Dunc. diff. ibid.
g. Farmer P. and his fon, ibid.
h. verse 32.
i. Dunc. diffeft.
j. Characters of the Times, p. 45.
k. Female Dunciad, pag. ult.
l. Dunc.
diffeft.
\[divers\]
Testimonies of Authors. 21

divers to Homer; namely, a Daemon. For thus Mr. Gildon. n. "Certain it is, that his Original is not from " Adam but the Devil, and that he wanteth nothing " but horns and tail to be the exact resemblance of " his infernal father." Finding therefore such contrariety of opinions, and (whatever be ours of this sort of generation) not being fond to enter into controversy; we shall defer writing the life of our Poet, till authors can determine among themselves what parents or education he had, or whether he had any education or parents at all?

Proceed we to what is more certain, his Works, tho' not less uncertain the judgments concerning them: beginning with his Essay on Criticism, of which hear first the most Ancient of Critics,

Mr. John Dennis.

"His precepts are false, or trivial, or both: his " thoughts are crude, and abortive, his expressions " absurd, his numbers harsh and unmusical, without " cadence or variety, his rhymes trivial, and common — instead of majesty, we have something " that is very mean; instead of gravity, something " that is very boyish: and instead of perspicuity, and " lucid order, we have but too often obscurity and " confusion." And in another place. — " What " rare Numbers are here? would not one swear this " younger had espoused some antiquated muse, who " had sued out a divorce from some superannuated " sinner, upon account of impotence, and who being " poxt by her former spouse, has got the gout in " her decrepit age, which makes her bobble so dam- " nably." n. No less peremptory is the censure of our hypercritical historian,

m. Whom Mr. Curl (Key to the Dunc. 1st. edit.) declares to be the author of the Character of Mr. Pope and his writings, in a letter to a friend, printed for S. Popping, 1716. where this passage is to be found. p. 10. n. Reflections critical and satyrical on a rhapsody call'd, An Essay on Criticism. Printed for B. Lintot.

Mr.
"I dare not say any thing of the Essay on Criticism in verse; but if any more curious reader has discover'd in it something new, which is not in Dryden's prefaces, dedications, and his essay on dramatick poetry, not to mention the French critics, I should be very glad to have the benefit of the discovery." 0.

He is followed (as in fame, so in judgment) by the modest and simple-minded Mr. Leonard Welsted.

Who, out of great respect to our poet not naming him, doth yet glance at his Essay (together with the Duke of Buckingham's, and the Criticisms of Dryden and of Horace, which he more openly taxeth.) p. "As to the numerous treatises, essays, arts, &c. both in verse and prose, that have been written by the moderns on this ground-work, they do but hackney the same thoughts over again, making them still more trite. Most of their pieces are nothing but a pert, insipid heap of common place. Horace has even in his Art of poetry thrown out several things which plainly shew, he thought an art of poetry was of no use, even while he was writing one." To all which great authorities, we can only oppose that of Mr. Addison.

q. "The Art of Criticism (faith he) which was published some months since, is a master-piece in its kind. The observations follow one another, like those in Horace's art of poetry, without that methodical regularity which would have been requisite in a prose-writer. They are some of them uncommon, but such as the reader must assent to, when he sees them explain'd with that ease and perspicuity in which they are delivered. As for those which are the most known and the most receiv'd, they are placed in so beautiful a light, and illustrated with such apt

allusions, that they have in them all the graces of novelty; and make the reader, who was before acquainted with them, still more convinced of their truth, and solidity. And here give me leave to mention what Monsieur Boileau has so well enlarged upon in the preface to his works: That wit, and fine writing, doth not confit so much in advancing things that are new, as in giving things that are known an agreeable turn. It is impossible for us who live in the latter ages of the world, to make observations in criticism, morality, or any art or science, which have not been touch'd upon by others; we have little else left us, but to represent the common sense of mankind in more strong, more beautiful, or more uncommon lights. If a reader examines Horace's art of poetry, he will find but few precepts in it, which he may not meet with in Aristotle, and which were not commonly known by all the poets of the Augustan age. His way of expressing, and applying them, not his invention of them, is what we are chiefly to admire.

Longinus in his reflections has given us the same kind of Sublime, which he observes in the several passages that occasioned them. I cannot but take notice that our English Author, has after the same manner exemplify'd several of the precepts in the very precepts themselves." He then produces some instances of a particular beauty in the Numbers, and concludes with saying, that "there are three poems in our tongue of the same nature, and each a master-piece in its kind; The Essay on translated verse, The Essay on the Art of Poetry; and the Essay on Criticism.

Of Windsor Forest, positive is the judgment of the affirmative Mr. John Dennis,

r. "That it is a wretched rhapsody, impudently writ in emulation of the Cooper's Hill of Sir John

r. Letter to B. B. at the end of the remarks on Pope's Homer, 1717.

"Denham:"
"Denham: The Author of it is obscure, is ambiguous, is affected, is temerarious, is barbarous." But the Author of the Dispensary

Dr. Garth

In the preface to his poem of Claremont, differs from this opinion: "Those who have seen those two excellent poems of Cooper's Hill, and Windsor-Forest, the one writ by Sir John Denham, the other by Mr. Pope, will shew a great deal of candour, if they approve of this.

Of his Epistle of Eloisa, we are told, by the obscure writer of a poem called Sawney, "s. That because Prior's Henry and Emma charm'd the finest taites, our author writ his Eloisa, in opposition to it; but forgot innocence and virtue: If you take away her tender thoughts, and her fierce desires, all the rest is of no value." In which, methinks, his judgment resembelth that of a French taylor on a Villa and gardens by the Thames: "All this is very fine, but take away the river, and it is good for nothing." But very contrary hereunto, was the opinion of Mr. Prior himself, saying in his Alma, t.

O Abelard! ill-fated youth,
Thy tale will justify this truth.
But well I weet, thy cruel wrong
Adorns a nobler Poet's song:
Dan Pope, for thy misfortune griev'd,
With kind concern and skill has weav'd
A silken web; and ne'er shall fade
Its colours: gently has he laid
The mantle o'er thy sad diffrets,
And Venus shall the texture bless, &c.

Come we now to his Translation of the Iliad, celebrated by numerous pens, yet shall it suffice to mention the indefatigable

Sir Richard Blackmore, Kt.

Who (tho' otherwise a severe censor of our author) yet fileth this a laudable translation. u. That ready writer

Mr. Oldmixon;

In his fore-mentioned Essay, frequently commends the same. And the painful

Mr. Lewis Theobald thus extols it, x. "The spirit of Homer breathes all through this translation. — I am in doubt, whether I should most admire the justice to the original, or the force, and beauty of the language, or the founding variety of the numbers? But when I find all these meet, it puts me in mind of what the poet says of one of his heroes: That he alone rais'd and flung with ease, a weighty stone, that two common men could not lift from the ground; just so, one single person has performed in this translation, what I once despaired to have been done by the force of several masterly hands." Indeed the same gentleman appears to have chang'd his sentiment, in his Essay on the Art of sinking in reputation, where he says thus: "In order to sink in reputation, let him take it into his head to descend into Homer (let the world wonder, as it will, how the devil he got there) and pretend to do him into English, so his version denote his neglect of the manner how." Strange Variation! We are told in Míst's Journal, June 8.

"That this Translation of the Iliad, was not in all respects conformable to the fine taste of his friend Mr. Addison. Insomuch, that he employed a younger muse, in an undertaking of this kind, which he furnervis'd himself." Whether Mr. Addison did find it conformable to his taste, or not, best appears from his own testimony the year following its publication, in these words.

Mr. Addison, Freeholder.

When I consider myself as a British freeholder, I am in a particular manner pleased with the labours of those who have improved our language, with the translation of old Greek and Latin authors:—We have already most of their Historians in our own tongue, and what is more for the honour of our language, it has been taught to express with elegance the greatest of their Poets in each nation. The illiterate among our own countrymen may learn to judge from Dryden's Virgil, of the most perfect Epic performance. And those parts of Homer which have been publish'd already by Mr. Pope, give us reason to think that the Iliad will appear in English with as little disadvantage to that immortal poem.

As to the rest, there is a slight mistake, for this younger Muse was elder: Nor was the gentleman (who is a friend of our author) employ'd by Mr. Addison to translate it after him, since he states himself that he did it before. Contrariwise, that Mr. Addison engaged our author in this work, appeareth by declaration thereof in the preface to the Iliad, printed some years before his death, and by his own letters of Oct. 26. and Nov. 2. 1713, where he declares it his opinion that no other person was equal to it.

Next comes his Shakespeare on the stage.

Let him (quoth one, whom I take to be Mr. Theobald) Misl, March 30. 1728.

publish such an author as he has least studied, and forget to discharge even the dull duty of an editor. In this project let him lend the bookseller his name (for a competent sum of money then) to promote the credit of an exorbitant subscription.” Gentle reader, be please'd but to cast thine eye on the Proposal below quoted, and on what follows (some months after the former assertion) in the same Journalist of June 8. The bookseller propos'd the book by sub-

y. No. 40. May 7. z. Vid. Pref. to Mr. Tickell's Translation of the first Book of the Iliad, 4to. "scription
Testimonies of Authors. 27

Subscription, and rais'd some thousands of pounds for
the same: I believe the gentleman did not share in
the profits of this extravagant Subscription.
After the Iliad, he undertook (faith
Mist's Journal, June 8.)
the sequel of that work, the Odyssey: and having se-
cur'd the success by a numerous subscription, he
implied some Underlings to perform what, ac-
cording to his proposals, should come from his own
hands." To which heavy charge we can in truth
oppose nothing but the words of
Mr. Pope's Proposal for the Odyssey,
(printed by J. Watts, Jan. 10. 1724.) "I take
this occasion to declare that the Subscription
for Shakespeare belongs wholly to Mr. Tonson:
And that the Benefit of this Proposal is
not solely for my own use, but for that of Ten,
of my friends, who have assisted me in this work." But these very gentlemen are extolled above our Poet himself, by another of Mist's Journals, March 30, 1728, saying, "That he would not advise Mr. Pope
to try the experiment again, of getting a great part
of a book done by Assistants, lest those extraneous
parts should unhappily ascend to the sublime, and
retard the declension of the whole." Behold! these
Underlings are become good writers!
If any say, that before the said proposals were
printed, the Subscription was begun without declaration
of such Assistance; verily those who set it on
foot, or (as their term is) secur'd it, to wit the right Honourable the Lord Viscount Harcourt,
were he living would testify, and the right Honourable
the Lord Bathurst how living doth testify, the
same is a Falshood.
Sorry I am, that persons professing to be learned, or
of whatever rank of Authors, should either falsely tax,
or be falsely taxed. Yet let us, who are only reporters,
be impartial in our citations and proceed.
Mist's Journal, June 8.
"Mr. Addison rais'd this Author from obscurity,
obtain'd him the acquaintance and friendship of the
whole body of our nobility, and transferr'd his pow-
erful interests with those great men to this rising-
Bard, who frequently levied by that means unusual
contributions on the publick." Which surely can-
not be, if, as the author of Dunciad di\v\ed reporteth,
"Mr. Wyckerley had before introduced him into a
familiar acquaintance with the greatest Peers and
brightest Wits then living."

No sooner (faith the same Journalift) was his
body lifeless, but this author, reviving his resent-
ment, libell'd the memory of his departed friend,
and what was still more heinous, made the scandal
public." Grievous the accusation! unknown the
accuser! the person accused no witnesses in his own
cause, the person in whose regard accus'd, dead! But
if there be living any one nobleman whose friendship,
yea any one gentleman whose subscription Mr. Addison
procured to our author; let him stand forth, that truth
may appear! Amicus Plato, amicus Socrates, sed magis
amicus veritas. In verity the whole story of the li-
bel is a Lye; Witnesses those persons of integrity, who
several years before Mr. Addison's decease, did see and
approve of the said verses, in no wise a libel but a
friendly rebuke, sent privately in our author's own
hand to Mr. Addison himself, and never made publick
till by Curl their own bookseller in his miscellanies, 12°.
1727. One name alone which I am authorized here to
declare, will sufficiently evince this truth, that of the
right Honourable the Earl of Burlington.

Next is he taxed with a crime, (with some authors I
doubt, more heinous than any in morality) to wit Pla-
giarism, from the inventive and quaint-conceited
James Moore Smith, Gent.

a. "Upon reading the third volume of Pope's Mis-
cellanies, I found five lines which I thought excel-
lent, and happening to praise them, a gentleman
produced a modern comedy (the Rival Modes) pub-
lished last year, where were the same verses to a tit-
tle, (speaking of women.)

|---------------------------------|
See how the world its pretty slaves rewards!
A youth of frolicks, an old age of cards:
Fair to no purpose; artful to no end;
Young without lovers; old without a friend;
A for their passion, but their prize a lot;
Alive, ridiculous; and dead, forgot.

"These gentlemen are undoubtedly the first plagiarists that pretend to make a reputation by stealing from a man's works in his own life-time, and out of a publick print." Let us join to this what is written by the author of the Rival Modes, the said Mr. James Moore Smith, in a letter to our author himself, (who had informed him, a month before that play was acted, Jan. 27. 1726-7. that these verses which he had before given him leave to infert in it, would be known for his, some copies being got abroad) "He desires nevertheless, that since the Lines had been read in his Comedy to several, Mr. P. would not deprive it of them, &c." Surely if we add the testimonies of the Lord Bolingbroke, of the Lady to whom the said verses were originally addrest, of Hugh Bethel, Esq; and others who knew them as our author's long before the said gentleman composed his play; It is hoped, the ingenuous that affect not error, will rectify their opinion by the suffrage of so honourable personages.

And yet followeth another charge, insinuating no less than his enmity both to church and state, which could come from no other Informer than the said Mr. James Moore Smith.

b. "The Memoirs of a Parish clark was a very dull " and unjust abuse of a person who wrote in defence " of our Religion and Constitution; and who has been " dead many years." Verily this also seemeth most untrue; it being known to divers that these memoirs were written at the seat of the Lord Harcourt in Oxfordshire before that excellent person (Bishop Burnet's) death, and many years before the appearance of that History of which they are pretended to be an abuse.

Most true it is, that Mr. Moore had such a design, and was himself the man who preft Dr. Arbuthnot and Mr. Pope to affit him therein: and that he borrow'd those memoirs of our author when that history came forth, with intent to turn them to such abuse. But being able to obtain from our author but one fingle Hint, and either changing his mind or having more mind than ability, he contented himfelf to keep the faid memoirs and read them as his own to all his acquaintance. A noble perfon there is, into whose company Mr. Pope once chanced to introduce him, who well remem- 

Here in truth fhould we crave pardon of all the forefaid right honourable and worthy personages, for having mention'd them in the fame page with fuch weekly riff-raff railers and rhymers; but that we had their own ever-honour'd commands for the fame, and that they are introduc'd not as witneffes in the controvery, but as witneffes that cannot be controverted; not to difpute, but to decide.

Certain it is, that dividing our writers into two classes, of fuch who were acquaintance, and of fuch who were ftrangers to our author; the former are thofe who fpake well, and the other thofe who fpake evil of him. Of the firft class, the moft noble

**John Duke of Buckingham**

fams up his personal character in these lines,

6. And yet fo wond'rous, fo sublime a thing,
   As the great Iliad, scarce should make me fing,
   Unless I juftly could at once commend
   A good companion, and as firm a friend;
   One moral, or a meer well-natur'd deed,
   Can all defert in sciences exceed.

6. Verses to Mr. P. on bis translation of Homer.
Testimonies of Authors.

So also is he decypher'd by the honourable

Simon Harcourt.

d. Say, wondrous youth, what column wilt thou chuse?
What laurel'd arch, for thy triumphant Muse?
Tho' each great Ancient court thee to his shrine,
Tho' ev'ry laurel thro' the dome be thine,
Go to the good and just, an awful train!
Thy soul's delight

Recorded in like manner for his virtuous disposition, and gentle bearing, by the ingenious

Mr. Walter Hart,
in this Apostrophe.

e. O! ever worthy, ever crown'd with praise!
Blest in thy life, and bleft in all thy lays.
Add, that the Sistors ev'ry thought refine,
And ev'n the life be faultless as thy line.
Yet envy still with fiercer rage pursues,
Obscures the virtue, and defames the Muse:
A soul like thine, in pain, in grief resign'd,
Views with just scorn the malice of mankind.

The witty and moral Satyrift

Dr. Edward Young,

wishing some check to the corruption and evil manners of the times, calleth out upon our poet, to undertake a task so worthy of his virtue.

f. Why slumbers Pope, who leads the Muses' train,
Nor hears that Virtue, which he loves, complain?

To the same tune also singeth that learned Clerk of Suffolk

Mr. William Broome:

g. Thus, nobly rising in fair virtue's cause,
From thy own life transcribe th' unerring laws.

And divers more, with which we will not tire the reader.

d. Poem prefixed to his works.  e. In his poems, printed for B. Lintot.  f. Universal Passion, Satyr i.  
g. In his poems, and at the end of the Odyssey.
Let us rather recreate thee by turning to the other side, and shewing his character drawn by those with whom he never convers'd, and whose countenances he could not know, tho' turned against him: First again commencing with the high-voiced, and never-enough-quoted

John Dennis;

Who in his reflections on the Essay on Criticism thus describeth him. "A little affected hypocrite, who has nothing in his mouth but candour, truth, friendship, good nature, humanity, and magnanity. He is so great a lover of falsehood, that whenever he has a mind to calumniate his cotemporaries, he upbraids them with some defect which is just contrary to some good quality, for which all their friends and their acquaintance commend them. He seems to have a particular pique to People of Quality, and authors of that rank—He must derive his religion from St. Omer's."—But in the character of Mr. P. and his writings, (printed by S. Popping 1716,) he faith, tho' he is a Professor of the worst religion, yet he laughs at it; but that, "nevertheless, he is a virulent Papist; and yet a Pillar for the Church of England." Of both which opinions

Mr. Theobald seems also to be; declaring in Miss's Journal of June 22. 1728: "That if he is not shrewdly abus'd, he hath made it his practice to cackle to both parties in their own sentiments." But, as to his Pique against people of quality, the same Journalist doth not agree, but faith (May 8, 1728.) "He had by some means or other the acquaintance and friendship of the whole body of our nobility."

However contradictory this may appear, Mr. Dennis and Gilden in the character last cited, make it all plain, by affuring us: "That he is a creature that reconcileth all contradictions: he is a beast, and a man: a Whig, and a Tory: a writer (at one and the same time) of Guardians and Examiners; an asserter of liberty, and of the dispensing power of kings: a Jesuitical professor of truth, a base and a foul preten-
testimonies of authors. 33

"tender to candour." So that, upon the whole account, we must conclude him either to have been a great hypocrite, or a very honest man; a terrible imposer upon both parties, or very moderate to either?

Be it, as to the judicious reader shall seem good. Sure it is, he is little favour'd of certain authors; whose wrath is perilous: For one declares he ought to have a price set on his head and to be hunted down as a wild beast. Another protests that he does not know what may happen, advises him to injure his person, says he has bitter enemies, and expressly declares, it will be well if he escape with his life. One desires he would cut his own throat or hang himself: But Pasquin seem'd rather inclined it should be done by the government, representing him ingag'd in grievous designs with a Lord of Parliament, then under prosecution. Mr. Dennis himself hath written to a Minister, that he is one of the most dangerous persons in this kingdom; and asseurcth the publick, that he is an open and mortal enemy to his Country; a monfter, that will, one day, show us daring a foul as a mad Indian who runs a muck (to kill the first Christian he meets) Another gives information of Treason discover'd in his poem: Mr. Curl boldly supplies an imperfect verse with Kings and Princes; and another yet more impudent publishes at length the Two most Sacred Names in this Nation as members of the Dunciad!


A List of persons, &c. at the end of the forementioned Collection of all the Letters, Essays, &c.
This is prodigious! yet is it almost as strange, that
in the midst of these invectives his enemies have (I
know not how) born testimony to some merit in him:

M. THEOBALD,
in cenfuring his Shakespeare declares, " he has so great
" an esteem for Mr. Pope, and so high an opinion of his
" genius, and excellencies; That notwithstanding he
" professes a veneration almost rising to Idolatry for the
" writings of this inimitable poet, he would be very
" loth even to do him justice, at the expence of that
" other gentleman's character."

MR. CHARLES GILDON,
after having violently attack'd him in many pieces, at
last came to wish from his heart, " That Mr. Pope
" would be prevailed upon to give us Ovid's Epistles
" by his hand: for it is certain we see the original
" of Sapho to Phaon with much more life and likenefs
" in his version, than in that of Sir Car. Srope. And
" this (he adds) is the more to be wish'd, because in
" the English tongue we have scarce any thing truly
" and naturally written upon Love." s. He also, in
taxing Sir Richard Blackmore for his heterodox opini-
ions of Homer, challengeth him to answer what Mr.
Pope hath said in his preface to that Poet.

M. OLDMIXON
declares, " the Purity and Perfection of the English
" language to be found in his Homer; and saying
" there are more good Verses in Dryden's Virgil than
" in any other work, excepts this of our author only. t.
One who takes the name of

H. STANHOPE,
the maker of certain verses to Duncan Campbell, u. in
that poem which is wholly a satyr on Mr. Pope, con-

desseth,

---

r. Introduction to his Shakespeare restor'd, in quarto,
p. 3. i. Commentary on the Duke of Buckingham's Es-
fay, 8o. 1721. pag. 97, 98. t. In his Prose Essay on
Criticifm. u. Printed under the Title of the Progress of
Dulness, 12o. 1728.
Testimonies of Authors. 35

'Tis true, if finest notes alone cou'd show
(Tun'd justly high, or regularly low)
That we should fame to these mere vocals give;
Pope, more than we can offer, shou'd receive:
For when some gliding river is his theme,
His lines run smoother than the smoothest stream, &c.

M. THOMAS COOKE,

after much blemishing our author's Homer, crieth out,
But in his other works what beauties shine?
While sweetest Music dwells in ev'ry line.
These he admir'd, on these he stamp'd his praise,
And bade them live to brighten future days. x.

MIST'S JOURNAL, June 8, 1728.
Altho' he says, "the smooth Numbers of the Dun-
"ciad are all that recommend it, nor has it any other
"merit," Yet that same paper hath these words:
"The author is allowed to be a perfect master of an
"easy, and elegant versification: In all his works,
"we find the most happy turns, and natural smiles;
"wonderfully short and thick sown." The Essay on
the Dunciad also owns, pag. 25. it is very full of
beautiful Images.

Mr. GILDON and DENNIS
in the most furious of all their works, (the forecited
Character, p. 5.) do jointly confess, "That some
"men, of good understanding, value him for his
"rhymes:" And pag. 17. "That he has got, like
"Mr. Bayes in the Rehearsal, (that is, like Mr. Dry-
"den) a notable knack of rhyming and writing
"smooth verse."

To the Success of all his pieces, they do unanimously
give testimony: But it is sufficient, instar omnium, to
behold this last great Critick sorely lamenting it, even
from the Essay on Criticism to this Day of the Dun-
ciad! "A most notorious instance! (quoth he) of
"the depravity of genius and taste, the Approbation
"this Essay meets with! y. — I can safely affirm,
"that I never attack'd any of these writings, unless

x. Battle of Poets, fol. pag. 15. y. Dennis Pref. to
the Reflection on the Essay on Crit.
they had success, infinitely beyond their merit. a.—

This, tho' an empty, has been a popular scribler:

The epidemic madness of the times has given him

reputation. a.— If after the cruel treatment so
many extraordinary men (Spence, Lord Bacon, Ben.
Johnson, Milton, Butler, Otway, and others) have re-
cieved from this country, for these last hundred
years; I shou'd shift the scene, and shew all that pe-
nury chang'd at once to riot and profuseness: and
b. more squander'd away upon one object, than would
have satisfy'd the greater part of those extraordi-
nary men: The reader to whom this one creature
should be unknown, would fancy him a prodigy of
art and nature, would believe that all the great qua-
lities of these persons were centred in him alone—

But if I should venture to asseur him, that the
people of england had made such a choice
— the reader would either believe me a malicious
enemy, and slanderer; or that the reign of the last
(queen Ann's) ministry, was design'd by fate to en-
courage fools. c.

However, left we imagine our author's success was
constant and universal, they acquaint us of certain
works in a less degree of repute, whereof (altho' own'd
by others) yet do they assure us he is the writer. Of
this sort Mr. Dennis ascribes to him d. two farces,
whose names he does not tell, but assures us there is not
one left in them; and an imitation of horace, whose
title he does not mention, but assures us, it is much

z. Pref to his rem. on homer. a. Ibid.
b. what this vast sum was, Mr. Dennis himself
in another place informs us (pref. to his remarks on the
rape of the lock, p. 15.) to wit, a hundred a year.
whereby we see how great he supposed the moderation of
those extraordinary men; even greater than that of his
friend Mr. Giles Jacob, who sa'd of himself
One hundred pounds a year, I think wou'd do
for me, if single — Or if marry'd, two.
c. rem. on hom. pag. 8, 9. d. rem. on him. p. 8.
The Daily Journal, May 11, 1728. assures us, “he is be-
low Tom Dursey in the Drama, because (as that
writer thinks) the Marriage Hater match’d and the
Boarding School are better than the What d’ye call
it;” Which is not Mr. P.’s but Mr. Gay’s. Mr.
Gildon assures us, in his New Rehearsal, pag. 48. f.
that he was writing a Play of the Lady Jane
Gray; But it afterwards prov’d to be Mr. Rowe’s.
The same Mr. Gildon and Dennis assure us, “he
wrote a pamphlet called Dr. Andrew Tripe; g
which prov’d to be one Dr. Wagstaffe’s. Mr. Theo-
bald assures us, in Mist of the 27th of April, “That
the treatise of the Profund is very dull, and that
Mr. Pope is the author of it;” The writer of Gulli-
veriana is of another opinion, and says “the whole
or greatest part of the merit of this treatise muft
and can only be ascribed to Gulliver in. [Here
gentle reader cannot but smile at the strange blind-
ness and positiveness of men, knowing the said trea-
tise to appertain to none other but to me, Martinus
Scriblerus.]
Lastly we are assured, in Mist of June 8. “That
his own Plays and Farces would better have adorn’d
the Dunciad, than those of Mr. Theobald: for he
had neither genius for Tragedy, or Comedy:”
Which whether true or not, is not easy to judge; in
as much as hath attempted neither.
But from all that hath been said, the discerning rea-
der will collect, that it little avail’d our author to have
any Candour, since when he declar’d he did not write
for others, it was not credited: As little to have any
Modesty, since when he declin’d writing in any way
himself, the presumption of others was imputed to
him. If he singly enterpriz’d one great work, he was
tax’d of Boldness and Madness to a prodigy: i. i. if he

e. Charact. of Mr. P. p. 7.  f. 120. printed 1714.
g. Charact. of Mr. P. p. 6.  h. Gulliveriana, p. 336.
i. Burnet Homerides, pag. i. of his Translation of the
Iliad.
know him not? known of those who knew him, or of those who
the Testimonies of Authors known, or of Authors on his
-oppedious, and to choose whether thou wilst join to
reader, i.e. to hear any indifferent candidate between various
we shall determine on nothing; but as this is not our own
ave he himself, but as this is not our own
ison? That he was a perfect master of all styles, and
-his Capacity was boundless, as well as his Imagination.
the evidence of his very same would shew, that
from the testimony of his very enemies would shew, that
Doubtless, most Commentators would hence take oc-
make what he can. make whom he can.
which of the reader
which of the reader
nothing to do with his Letter concealed. If it be concealed,
which Letter is added. If it be added, and
nothing to do with his Letters concealed. If it be concealed,
been to him added. If it be added, then
nothing to do with his Letters concealed. If it be concealed,
been added to his Letters. If it be included, then
nothing to do with his Letters concealed. If it be concealed,
being added to his Letters. If it be included, then
nothing to do with his Letters concealed. If it be concealed,
MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS

OF THE

POEM.

THIS Poem, as it celebrateth the most grave and antient of things, Chaos, Night and Dullness, so is it of the most grave and antient kind. Homer (faith Aristotle) was the first who gave the Form, and (faith Horace) who adapted the Measure, to heroic poesy. But even before this, may be rationally presumed from what the antients have left written, was a piece by Homer composed, of like nature and matter with this of our Poet. For of Epic sort it appeareth to have been, yet of matter surely not unpleasant, witness what is reported of it by the learned Archbifhop Eufathius, in Odyf. k. And accordingly Aristotle in his poetic, chap. 4. doth further set forth, that as the Iliad and Odyfsey gave example to Tragedy, so did this poem to Comedy its first Idæa.

From these authors also it shou'd seem, that the Hero or chief personage of it was no les obscure, and his understanding and sentiments no les quaint and strange (if indeed not more so) than any of the actors in our poem. Margites was the name of this personage, whom
whom Antiquity recordeth to have been *Dunce the First*; and surely from what we hear of him, not unworthy to be the root of so spreading a tree, and so numerous a posterity. The poem therefore celebrating him, was properly and absolutely a *Dunciad*; which tho' now unhappily lost, yet is its nature sufficiently known by the infallible tokens aforesaid. And thus it doth appear, that the first *Dunciad* was the first Epic poem, written by *Homer* himself, and anterior even to the Iliad or *Odyssey*.

Now forasmuch as our Poet had translated those two famous works of *Homer* which are yet left; he did conceive it in some sort his duty to imitate that also which was lost: And was therefore induced to bestow on it the same Form which *Homer*’s is reported to have had, namely that of Epic poem, with a title also framed after the ancient *Greek* manner, to wit, that of *Dunciad*.

Wonderful it is, that so few of the moderns have been stimulated to attempt some *Dunciad*! Since in the opinion of the multitude, it might cost less pain and oil, than an imitation of the greater Epic. But possible it is also that on due reflection, the maker might find it easier to paint a *Charlemagne*, a *Brute* or a *Godfrey*, with just pomp and dignity heroic, than a *Margites*, a *Codrus*, a *Electreus*, or a *Tibald*.

We shall next declare the occasion and the cause which moved our Poet to this particular work. He lived in those days, when (after providence had permitted the *Invention of Printing* as a scourge for the Sins of the learned) Paper also became so cheap, and printers so numerous, that a deluge of authors covered the land: Whereby not only the peace of the honest unwriting subject was daily molested, but unmerciful demands were made of his applause, yea of his money, by such as would neither earn the one, or deserve the other: At the same time, the Liberty of the Press was so unlimited, that it grew dangerous to refuse them either; For they would forthwith publish flanders unpunish'd, the authors being anonymous; nay the immediate publishers thereof lay feulking under
the wings of an Act of Parliament, assuredly intended for better purposes.

a. Now our author living in those times, did conceive it an endeavour well worthy an honest satyrift, to dissuade the dull, and punish the malicious, the only way that was left. In that public-spirited view he laid the plan of this Poem, as the greatest service he was capable (without much hurt or being slain) to render his dear country. First, taking things from their original, he considereth the Caufes creative of such authors, namely Dulneis and Poverty; the one born with them, the other contracted, by neglect of their proper talent thro' self-conceit of great abilities. This truth he wrappeth in an Allegory, b. (as the construction of Epic poesy requires) and feigns, that one of these Goddesfes had taken up her abcd with the other, and that they jointly inspir'd all such writers and such works. c. He proceedeth to shew the qualities they bellow on these authors, and the effects they produce: d. Then the materials or stock with which they furnish them, e. and (above all) that self-opinion f. which causeth it to seem to themselves vastly greater than it is, and is the prime motive of their setting up in this sad and sorry merchandize. The great power of these Goddesfes acting in alliance (whereof as the one is the mother of Industry, so is the other of Plodding) was to be exemplify'd in some one, great and remarkable action. g. And none cou'd be more so than that which our poet hath chosen, the introduction of the lowest diversions of the rabble in Smithfield to be the entertainment of the court and town; or in other words, the Action of the Dunciad is the b. Removal of the Imperial seat of Dulneis from the City to the polite world, as that of the Æneid is the Removal of the Empire of Troy to Latium. But as Homer sing-

ing only the *Wrath of Achilles*, yet includes in his poem the whole history of the *Troyan* war, in like manner our author hath drawn into this single action the whole history of Dulness and her children. To this end she is represented at the very *i*. Opening of the poem, taking a view of her forces, which are distinguishing’d into these three kinds, Party writers, dull Poets, and wild Criticks.

A *Person* must next be fix’d upon to support this Action, who (to agree with the said design) must be such an one as is capable of being all three. This Phantom in the poet’s mind, must have a *Name*: *k*. He seeks for one who hath been concerned in the Journals, written bad Plays or Poems, and publish’d low Criticisms: He finds his name to be *Tibbald*, and he becomes of course the hero of the poem.

The *Fable* being thus according to best example one and entire, as contain’d in the proposition; the *Machinery* is a continued chain of Allegories, setting forth the whole power, ministrv, and empire of Dulness, extended thro’ her subordinate instruments, in all her various operations.

This is branched into *Episodes*, each of which hath its Moral apart, tho’ all conducvive to the main end. The crowd assembled in the second book demonstrates the design to be more extensive than to bad Poets only, and that we may expect other Episodes, of the Patrons, Encouragers, or Paymasters of such authors, as occasion shall bring them forth: And the third book, if well consider’d, seemeth to embrace the whole world. Each of the Games relateth to some or other vile class of writers: The first concerneth the Plagiary, to whom he giveth the name of *More*; the second the libellous Novellist, whom he *sty leth Eliza*; the third the flattering Dedicater, the fourth the bawling Critick or noisy Poet, the fifth the dark and dirty Party-writer, and so of the rest; assigning to each some proper name or other, such as he cou’d find.

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As for the Characters, the publick hath already acknowledged how justly they are drawn: The manners are so depicted, and the sentiments so peculiar to those to whom applied, that surely to transfer them to any other, or wiser, personages, would be exceeding difficult: And certain it is, that every person concerned, being consulted apart, will readily own the resemblance of every portrait, his own excepted.

The Descriptions are singular; the Comparisons very quaint; the Narration various, yet of one colour. The purity and chastity of Diction is so preferred, that in the places most suspicious, not the words but only the images have been censured, and yet are those images no other than have been sanctified by antient and classical authority (tho' as was the manner of those good times, not so curiously wrapped up) yea and commented upon by most grave doctors, and approved critics.

As it beareth the name of Epic, it is thereby subjected to such severe indispensible rules as are laid on all Neotericks, a strict imitation of the Antient; inso-much that any deviation, accompanied with whatever poetic beauties, hath always been censured by the found critic. How exact that Imitation hath been in this piece, appeareth not only by its general structure, but by particular allusions infinite, many whereof have escaped both the commentator and poet himself; yea divers by his exceeding diligence are so altered and interwoven with the rest, that several have already been and more will be, by the ignorant abused, as altogether and originally his own.

In a word, the whole poem proveth itself to be the work of our Author when his faculties were in full vigour and perfection: at that exact time when years have ripened the judgment, without diminishing the imagination; which by good critics is held to be punctually at forty. For, at that season it was that Virgil finished his Georgics; and Sir Richard Blackmore at the like age compoling his Arthurs, declared the fame to be the very Acme and pitch of life.
for Epic poesy: tho' since he hath altered it to sixty, the year in which he published his Alfred. I. True it is, that the talents for Criticism, namely smartness, quick censure, vivacity of remark, certainty of assentation, indeed all but acerbity, seem rather the gifts of Youth than of riper age: But it is far otherwise in Poetry; witness the works of Mr. Rymer and Mr. Dennis, who beginning with Criticism, became afterwards such Poets as no age hath parallel'd. With good reason therefore did our author choose to write his Essay on that subject at twenty, and reserve for his maturer years, this great and wonderful work of the Dunciad.

1. See his Essays.
DUNCIADOS PERIOCHA:

OR,

ARGUMENTS to the BOOKS.

BOOK the FIRST.

THE Proposition of the subject. The Invocation, and the Inscription. Then the Original of the great empire of Dulnefs, and cause of the continuance thereof. The beloved seat of the Goddess is described, with her chief attendants and officers, her functions, operations, and effects. Then the poem hastles into the midst of things, presenting her on the evening of a Lord Mayor's day, revolving the long succession of her sons, and the glories past, and to come. She fixes her eye on Tibball to be the instrument of that great event which is the subject of the poem. He is described pensive in his study, giving up the cause, and apprehending the period of her empire from the old age of the present monarch Settle: Wherefore debating whether to betake himself to law or politicks, he raises an altar of proper books, and (making first his solemn prayer and declaration) purposes thereon to sacrifice all his unsuccessful writings. As the pyle is kindled, the Goddess beholding the flame from her seat, flies in person and puts it out, by calling upon it the poem of Thule. She forthwith reveals her self to him, transports him to her Temple, unfolds her arts, and initiates him into her mysteries; then announcing the death of Settle that night, anoints, and proclaims him Successor.
Arguments to the Books.

Book the Second.

The King being proclaimed, the solemnity is graced with publick Games and sports of various kinds; (not instituted by the Hero, as by Aeneas in Virgil, but for greater honour by the Goddes in person; in like manner as the games Pythia, Isthmia, &c. were ancienly said to be by the Gods, and as Theis herself appearing according to Homer Odyss, 24. proposed the prizes in honour of her son Achilles. Hi ther flock the Poets and Criticks, attended (as is but just) with their Patrons and Booksellers. The Goddes is first pleas'd for her disport to propose games to the Booksellers, and setteth up the phantom of a Poet which they contend to overtake. The races described, with their divers accidents: and next, the game for a Poetess. Then follows the exercises for the Poets, of Tickling, Vociferating, Diving: the first holds forth the arts and practices of Dedicators, the second of Disputants and Hymian poets, the third of profound, dark, and dirty authors. Lastly, for the Criticks, the Goddes proposes (with great propriety) an exercise not of their parts but their patience; in hearing the works of two voluminous authors, one in verse and the other in prose, deliberately read, without sleeping: The various effects of which, with the several degrees and manners of their operation, are here most lively set forth: Till the whole number, not of critics only, but of spectators, actors, and all present fall fast asleep, which naturally and necessarily ends the games.

Book the Third.

After the other persons are disposed in their proper places of rest, the Goddes transports the King to her Temple, and there lays him to slumber with his head on her lap; a position of marvellous virtue, which causeth all the visions of wild enthusiasts, projectors, politicians, inamorato's, castle-builders, chymists and poets. He is immediately carry'd on
the wings of Fancy to the Elizian shade, where on the banks of Lethe the souls of the dull are dipp’d by Bavius, before their entrance into this world. There he is met by the ghost of Settle, and by him made acquainted with the wonders of the place, and with those which he is himself design’d to perform. He takes him to a Mount of Vision, from whence he shews him the past triumphs of the empire of Dulness, then the present, and lastly the future: How small a part of the world was ever conquered by Science, how soon those conquests were stop’d, and those very nations again reduced to her dominion: Then distinguishing the Island of Great Britain, shews by what aids, and by what persons, it shall be forthwith brought to her empire. These causes to pass in review before his eyes, describing each by his proper figure, character, and qualifications. On a sudden the Scene shifts, and a vast number of miracles and prodigies appear, utterly surprising and unknown to the King himself, till they are explained to be the wonders of his own reign now commencing. On this subject Settle breaks into a congratulation, yet not unmixed with concern, that his own times were but the types of these; He prophesies how first the nation shall be over-run with farces, opera’s, shows; and the throne of Dulness advanced over both the Theatres; Then how her sons shall preside in the seats of arts and sciences, till in conclusion all shall return to their original Chaos: A scene, of which the present Action of the Dunciad is but a Type or Foretaste, giving a Glimpae or Pisgah-fight of the promised Fulness of her Glory; the Accomplishment whereof will, in all probability, hereafter be the Theme of many other and greater Dunciads.
THE DUNCIAD,
IN THREE BOOKS,
WITH Notes Variorum.
THE
DUCED
TO
THREE HOURS
WITH
NOTES VARIOMY.
THE
DUNCIAD.

BOOK the FIRST.

BOOKS and the Man I sing, the first who brings
The Smithfield Muses to the Ear of Kings.

REMARKS ON BOOK the FIRST.

THE Dunciad, Sic M. S. It may be well disputed whether this be a right Reading? Ought it not rather to be spelled Dunceiad, as the Etymology evidently demands? Dunce with an e, therefore Dunceiad with an e. That accurate and punctual Man of Letters, the Restorer of Shakespeare, constantly observes the preservation of this very letter e, in spelling the Name of his beloved Author, and not like his common careless Editors, with the omission of one, nay sometimes of two ee's [as Shak'spear] which is utterly unpardonable. Nor is the neglect of a Single Letter so trivial as to some it may appear; the alteration whereof in a learned language is an Achievement that brings honour to the Critick who advances
Say great Patricians! (since your selves inspire
These wond'rous works; so Jove and Fate require)

REMARKS.

it; and Dr. B. will be remembered to posterity for
his performances of this sort, as long as the world
shall have any esteem for the Remains of Menander
and Philonem. TEOBALD.

I have a just value for the letter E, and the same
affection for the Name of this Poem, as the forecited
Critic for that of his Author; yet cannot it induce
me to agree with those who would add yet another e to
it, and call it the Dunceiade; which being a French
and foreign Termination, is no way proper to a word
entirely English, and vernacular. One e therefore
in this case is right, and two e’s wrong; yet upon the
whole I shall follow the Manuscript, and print it with-
out any e at all; mov’d thereto by Authority, at all
times with Criticks equal if not superior to Reason.
In which method of proceeding, I can never enough
praise my very good Friend, the exact Mr. Tho. Hearne;
who, if any word occur which to him and all mankind
is evidently wrong, yet keeps he it in the Text with
due reverence, and only remarks in the Margin, sic M. S.
In like manner we shall not amend this error in the
Title itself, but only note it obiter, to evince to the
learned that it was not our fault, nor any effect of our
ignorance or inattention. SCRIBERUS.

V. 1. Books and the Man I sing, the first who brings
The Smithfield Muses to the Ear of Kings.

Wonderful is the stupidity of all the former Criticks
and Commentators on this work! It breaks forth at
the very first line. The author of the Critique prefix’d
to Savney, a Poem, p. 5. hath been so dull as to ex-
plain The Man who brings, &c. not of the Hero of the

IMITATIONS.

V. 3. Say great Patricians! (since your selves inspire
These wond’rous Works) Ovid. Met. 1,

Dū captis (nam vos mutasti, & illas.)
Book I. The Dunciad. 53

Say from what cause, in vain decry'd and curt,
Still Dunce the second reigns like Dunce the first.

Remarks.
piece, but of our Poet himself, as if he vaunted that
Kings were to be his Readers (an Honour which tho' this Poem hath had, yet knoweth he how to receive it
with more modesty.)

We remit this Ignorant to the first lines of the
Æneid; assuring him, that Virgil there speaketh not
of himself, but of Æneas.

Arma virumq; cano, Trojæ qui primus ab oris,
Italiæm fato profugus, Latinaq; venit
Litora: multum ille & terris jaétatus & alto, &c.

I cite the whole three verses, that I may by the way offer
a Conjectural Emendation, purely my own, upon each:
First, oris should be read aris, it being as we see Æn.
2. 513, from the altar of Jupiter Hercæus that Æneas
fled as soon as he saw Priam slain. In the second line
I would read flatu for fato, since it is most clear it
was by Winds that he arrived at the Shore of Italy.
Jaétatus in the third, is surely as improper apply'd to
terris, as proper to alto: To say a man is toft on land,
is much at one with saying he walks at sea. Rifum
teneatis amici? Correct it, as I doubt not it ought to
be, Vexatus.

Scrblerus.

V. 2. The Smithfield Muses.] Smithfield is the place
where Bartholomew Fair was kept, whose shews, ma-
chines, and Dramatical entertainments, formerly agree-
able only to the taste of the Rabble, were, by the
Hero of this Poem and others of equal genius, brought
to the Theatres of Covent-Garden, Lincolns-Inn-
Fields, and the Hay-Market, to be the reigning Plea-

The Smithfield Muses, the place
where Bartholomew Fair was kept, whose shews, ma-
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to the Theatres of Covent-Garden, Lincolns-Inn-
Fields, and the Hay-Market, to be the reigning Plea-

ures of the Court and Town. This happened in the
year 1725, and continued to the year 1728. See Book 3.

Verse 235, &c.

Imitations.

V. 6.] Alluding to a verse of Mr. Dryden, not in
Mac Fleckno (as it is said ignorantly in the Key to the
Dunciad, pag. 1.) but in his verses to Mr. Congreve,

And Tom the second reigns like Tom the first.
In eldest time, e'er mortals writ or read,
E'er Pallas issu'd from the Thund'rer's head,
Dulnes' o'er all posses's'd her antient right,
Daughter of Chaos and eternal Night:
Fate in their dotage this fair ideot gave,
Grofs as her fire, and as her mother grave,
Laborious, heavy, busy, bold, and blind,
She rul'd, in native Anarchy, the mind.
Still her old empire to confirm, she tries,
For born a Goddess, Dulnens never dies.

O thou, whatever Title please thine ear,
Dean, Drapier, Bickerlaff, or Gulliver!
Whether thou chuse Cervantes' serious air,
Or laugh and shake in Rablais easy Chair,
Or praise the Court, or magnify Mankind,
Or thy griev'd Country's copper chains unbind;
From thy Bæotia tho' Her Pow'r retires,
Grieve not, my Swift! at ought our realm acquires:

Remarks.

V. 10. Daughter of Chaos, &c.] The beauty of
this whole Allegory being purely of the Poetical kind,
we think it not our proper busines as a Scholast to
meddle with it; but leave it (as we shall in general
all such) to the reader: remarking only, that Chaos
(according to Heıods Θεογνσία) was the Progenitor
of all the Gods.

V. 21. Or praise the Court, or magnify Mankind.]
Ironic, alluding to Gulliver's Representations of both—
The next line relates to the Papers of the Drapier
against the currency of Wood's Copper Coin in Ireland,
which upon the great discontent of the people, his
Majesty was graciously pleased to recal.

V. 23. From thy Bæotia.] Bæotia of old lay un-
der the Raillery of the neighbouring Wits, as Ireland
does now; tho' each of those nations produced one
Book I.  The Dunciad.  

Here pleas'd behold her mighty wings out-spread, 25
To hatch a new Saturnian age, of Lead.

Where wave the tatter'd ensigns of Rag-Fair,
A yawning ruin hangs and nods in air;

Remarks.

of the greatest Wits, and greatest Generals, of their age.

V. 24. Grieve not, my Swift! at ought our realm acquires.] Ironical iterum. The Politicks of England and Ireland were at this time by some thought to be opposite, or interfering with each other: Dr. Swift of course was of the interest of the latter, our Author of the former:

V. 26. A new Saturnian Age, of Lead.] The ancient golden Age is by Poets stiled Saturnian; but in the chymical language, Saturn is Lead.

V. 27. Where wave the tatter'd Ensigns of Rag-fair.] Rag-fair is a place near the Tower of London, where old cloaths and frippery are sold.

V. 28. A yawning ruin hangs and nods in air.— Here in one Bed two shivering Sifters lie,
The Cave of Poverty and Poetry.

Hear upon this place the forecited Critick on the Dunciad. "These lines (faith he) have no construction, or are non-sense. The two shivering Sifters must be the sifter caves of Poverty and Poetry, or the bed and cave of Poverty and Poetry must be the fame, (questionless; if they lie in one bed) and the two Sifters the lord knows who?" O the Construction of grammatical heads! Virgil writeth thus:

Æn. 1.

Fronte sub adversa scopulis pendentibus antrum:
Intus aquae dulces, vicoq; sedilia saxo;
Nympharum domus.—

May we not say in like manner, "The Nymphs must be the waters and the stones, or the waters and the stones must be the houses of the Nymphs? In-sulfe! The second line, Intus aquæ, &c. is in a parenthesis (as are the two lines of our Author, Keen
Keen, hollow winds howl thro' the bleak recess,
Emblem of Music caus'd by Emptiness:
Here in one bed two shivering Sisters lie,
The cave of Poverty and Poetry.
This, the Great Mother dearer held than all
The clubs of Quidnunc's, or her own Guild-hall.
Here stood her Opium, here she nurs'd her Owls,
And destin'd here th' imperial seat of fools.

REMARKS.
hollow Winds, &c.) and it is the Antrum, and the
yawning Ruin, in the line before that parenthesis,
which are the Domus and the Cave.
Let me again, I beseech the Reader, present thee
with another Conjectural Emendation on Virgil's Sco-
pulis pendentibus: He is here describing a place, wheth-
er the weary Mariners of Æneas repaired to dress
their dinner.—Festi—fruges, receptas Et torrere pa-
rant flammis: What has scopolis pendentibus here to
do? indeed the aquæ dulces and sedilia are some-
thing; sweet waters to drink, and seats to rest on:
the other is surely an error of the Copyists.Restore
it; without the least scruple, Populis prandentibus.
But for this and a thousand more, expect our Virgil
Refor'd, some Specimen whereof see in the Appendix.
SCRIBLERUS.

V. 33. The Great Mother.] Magna mater, here apply'd to Dulnes. The Quidnuncs was a name given
to the ancient members of certain political Clubs, who
were constantly enquiring, Quid nunc? what news?

IMITATIONS.

V. 33. This the Great Mother, &c.] Æn. i.
Urbs antiqua fuit

Quam Juno furtur terris magis omnibus unam
Poshabita coluisse Samo; hic illius arma,
Hic currus fuit: hic regnum Dea gentibus ess
(Siqua sata finant) jam tum tendis; foveteq.
Hence springs each weekly, Muse, the living boast
Of Curl's chaste press, and Lintot's rubric post,
Hence hymning Tyburn's elegiac lay,
Hence the soft sing-song on Cecilia's day,
Sepulchral lies, our holy walls to grace,
And New-year Odes, and all the Grubstreet race.
'Twas here in clouded majesty she shone;
Four guardian Virtues, round, support her throne;

Remarks.

V. 38. Curl's chaste press, and Lintot's rubric post.] Two Book-sellers, of whom see Book 2. The former was fined by the Court of King's-Bench for publishing obscene books; the latter usually adorn'd his shop with Titles in red letters.

V. 39. Hence hymning Tyburn's elegiac lay.] It is an ancient English custom for the Malefactors to sing a Psalm at their Execution at Tyburn; and no less customary to print Elegies on their deaths, at the same time, or before.

V. 40. and 42. allude to the annual Songs composed to musick on St. Cecilia's Feast, and those made by the Poet-Laureat for the time being, to be sung at Court on every New-years-day, the words of which are happily drown'd in the voices and instruments.

V. 41. Is a just satyr on the Flatteries and Falsehoods admitted to be inscribed on the walls of Churches in Epitaphs.

Imitations.


V. 43. In clouded Majesty she shone.] Milton, Lib. 4:

Rising in clouded Majesty.
The Dunciad. Book I.

Fierce champion Fortitude, that knows no fears
Of hiffs, blows, or want, or losf of ears:
Calm Temperance, whose blessings those partake
Who hunger, and who thirst, for scribling fake:

Remarks.

I must not here omit a Reflection, which will occur perpetually through this poem, and cannot but greatly endear the Author to every attentive observer of it: I mean that Candour and Humanity, which every where appears in him to those unhappy Objects of the ridicule of all mankind, the bad Poets. He here imputes all scandalous rhimes, scurrilous weekly papers, lying news, base flatteries, wretched elegies fongs and verses (even from those sung at Court, to ballads in the streets) not so much to Malice or Servility, as to Dulfness; and not so much to Dulfness, as to Neceffity; And thus at the very commencement of his satyr, makes an apology for all that are to be satyrized.

V. 48. Who hunger, and who thirst.] This is an allusion to a Text in Scripture, which fhews in Mr. Pope a delight in prophanenefs, (laid Curl upon this place.) But 'tis very familiar with Shakespeare to allude to paffages of Scripture: Out of a great number I'll fcelct a few, in which he not only alludes to, but quotes the very Texts from holy Writ. In All's well that ends well, I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, I have not much skill in graff. Ibid. They are for the flowry way that leads to the broad gate and the great fire. Mat. 7. 13. In Much ado about nothing: All, all, and moreover God saw him when he was hid in the garden, Gen. 3. 8. (in a very jocofe scene.) In Love's labour loft, he talks of Sampfon's carrying the gates on

Imitations.

V. 45. That knows no fears Of hiffs, blows, or wants, or losf of ears.] Horat.

Quem nec pauperies, nec mors, nec vincula terrent.
Prudence, whose glass presents th' approaching jay:
Poetic Justice, with her lifted scale;
Where, in nice balance, truth with gold she weighs,
And solid pudding against empty praise.
Here she beholds the Chaos dark and deep,
Where nameless Somethings in their causes sleep,
'Till genial Jacob, or a warm Third-day
call forth each mass, a poem or a play:
How Hints, like spawn, scarce quick in embryo lie,
How new-born Nonsense first is taught to cry,
Maggots half-form'd, in rhyme exactly meet,
And learn to crawl upon poetic feet.

Remarks.

his back; in the Merry Wives of Windsor, of Goliath
and the Weaver's beam; and in Henry 4. Falstaff's
Soldiers are compared to Lazarus and the Prodigal
Son. The first part of this Note is Mr. Curl's, The
rest is Mr. Theobald's. Appendix to Shakespeare
reftor'd, p. 144.

Imitations.

V. 53. Here she beholds the Chaos dark and deep,
Where nameless somethings, &c.] That is to say,
unformed things, which are either made into Poems
or Plays, as the Bookfellers or the Players bid mott.
These lines allude to the following in Garth's Dis-
pensary, Cant. 6.

Within the chambers of the globe they spy
The beds where sleeping vegetables lie,
'Till the glad summons of a genial ray
Unbinds the globe, and calls them out to day.
Here one poor Word a hundred clenches makes;  
And dulcile dulness new meanders takes;  
There motley Images her fancy strike,  
Figures ill-pair'd, and Similes unlike.  
She sees a Mob of Metaphors advance,  
Pleasd with the madness of the mazy dance;  
How Tragedy and Comedy embrace;  
How Farce and Epic get a jumbled race;

**Remarks.**

V. 61. Here one poor Word a hundred clenches makes.] It may not be amifs to give an instance or two of these operations of Dulness out of the Authors celebrated in the Poem. A great Critick formerly held these clenches in such abhorrence, that he declared, "he that would pun, would pick a pocket." Yet Mr. Dennis's works afford us notable examples in this kind. "Alexander Pope hath sent abroad into the world as many Bulls as his name."  
*Let us take the initial and final letters of his Name, viz. A. P—E, and they give you the idea of an Ape.*  
Pope comes from the Latin word Popa, which signifies a little Wart; or from *Popps*, because he was continually *popping out* squibs of wit, or rather *Poppytions.*  
*Pope* is *Poppyfia,* or *Poppsium.*  
**Dennis. Daily Journal June 11, 1728.**  

V. 68. How Farce and Epic—How Time himself, &c.] Allude to the transgressions of the Unities, in the Plays of such Poets. For the miracles wrought upon *Time* and *Place,* and the mixture of Tragedy, Comedy, Farce and Epic, see *Pluto* and *Proserpine,* *Penelope,* &c. as yet extant.

**Imitations.**

V. 62. And dulcile dulness.] A Parody on a verse in *Garth,* Cant. 1.  
How dulcile matter new meanders takes.
How Time himself stands still at her command,
Realms shift their place, and Ocean turns to land. Here gay Description Ægypt glads with flow'rs,
Or gives to Zembla fruits, to Barca flow'rs;
Glitt'ring with ice here hoary hills are seen,
There painted vallies of eternal green,
On cold December fragrant chaplets blow,
And heavy harvests nod beneath the snow.

All these and more, the cloud-compelling Queen
Beholds thro' fogs that magnify the scene:
She, tinsel'd o'er in robes of varying hues,
With self-applause her wild creation views,
Sees momentary monsters rise and fall,
And with her own fools-colours gilds them all.
'Twas on the day, when Thorold, rich and grave,
Like Cimon triumph'd both on land and wave:

Remarks.

V. 71. Ægypt glads with flow'rs.] In the lower Ægypt Rain is of no use, the overflowing of the Nile being sufficient to impregnate the soil. — These six stanzas represent the inconsistencies in the description of Poets, who heap together all glittering and gawdy images, tho' incompatible in one season, or in one scene. — See the Guardian No. 40, parag. 7, printed in the Appendix. See also Eusden's whole Works if to be found.

V. 83. 'Twas on the Day, when Thorold, rich and grave.] Sir George Thorold Lord Mayor of London, in the year 1720. The procession of a Lord Mayor

Imitations.

V. 77. The cloud-compelling Queen.] From Homer's epithet of Jupiter, νεφελογείγας Ζεύς.
Pomps without guilt, of bloodless swords and maces,
Glad chains, warm furs, broad banners, and broad faces.
Now Night descending, the proud scene was o'er,
But liv'd, in Settle's numbers, one day more.

REMARKS.

is made partly by land and partly by water. —
Cimon the famous Athenian General obtained a victory
by sea, and another by land, on the same day, over
the Persians and Barbarians.

V. 86. Glad chains.] The ignorance of these Moderns! This was altered in one edition to Gold chains,
shewing more regard to the metal of which the chains
of Aldermen are made, than to the beauty of the Latin
and Grecian, nay of figurative speech itself.—
Latas festeres, glad, for making glad, &c.

SCRIBLERUS.

"V. 88. But liv'd, in Settle's numbers, one day more.
A beautiful manner of speaking, usual with Poets in
praise of Poetry, in which kind nothing is finer than
those lines of Mr. Addison.

Sometimes misguided by the tuneful throng,
I look for streams immortaliz'd in song,
That lost in silence and oblivion lye,
Dumb are their fountains, and their channels dry;
Yet run for ever, by the Muses skill,
And in the smooth description murmur still.

V. 88. But liv'd in Settle's numbers one day more.] Settle was alive at this time, and Poet to the City of
London. His office was to compose yearly panegyrick's
upon the Lord Mayors, and verses to be spoken in the
Pageants: But that part of the shows being frugally
at length abolisht, the employment of City Poet
ceas'd; so that upon Settle's demise, there was no suc-
cessor to that place. This important point of time
our Poet has chosen as the Crisis of the Kingdom of
Dulness, who thereupon decrees to remove her Impe-
rial Seat: To which great enterprize, all things being
now ripe, she calls the Hero of this Poem,
Now, May's and Shrieve's all hush'd and fatiate lay,
Yet eat, in dreams, the custard of the day;
While pensive Poets painful vigils keep,
Sleepless themselves to give their readers sleep.
Much to the mindful Queen the feast recalls,
What City-Swans once sung within the walls;
Much she revolves their arts, their ancient praise,
And sure succession down from Heywood's days.
She saw with joy the line immortal run,
Each fire impress and glowing in his son;
So watchful Bruin forms with plastic care
Each growing lump, and brings it to a Bear.
She saw old Pryn in restless Daniel shine,
And Eusten eke out Blackmore's endless line;

REMARKS.

Mr. Settle was once a writer in some vogue, particularly with his party; for he was the author or publisher of many noted pamphlets in the time of King Charles the second. He answered all Dryden's political Poems; and being cry'd up on one side, succeeded not a little in his Tragedy of the Empress of Morocco (the first that was ever printed with cuts.)
"Upon this he grew insolent, the Wits writ against his Play, he replied, and the Town judged he had the better. In short Settle was then thought a formidable rival to Mr. Dryden; and not only the Town, but the University of Cambridge was divided which to prefer; and in both places the younger fort inclined to Elkanah. DENNIS, Pref. to Rem. on Hom.

For the latter part of his history, see the third Book toward the end.

V. 96. John Heywood.] Whose Enterludes were printed in the time of Henry the eighth.

V. 101. Old Pryn in restless Daniel.] The first edition had it, She saw in Norton all his father shine; a
great mistake! for Daniel de Foe had parts, but Norton de Foe was a wretched writer, and never attempted Poetry. Much more justly is Daniel himself made successor to W. Pryn, both of whom wrote Verfs as well as Politicks; as appears by the poem De jure Divino, &c. of De Foe, and by these lines in Cowley's Miscellaneies of the other.

One lately did not fear
(Without the Muses leave) to plant verse here.
But it produc'd such base, rough, crabbed, hedge-
Rhymes, as e'en set the hearers ears on edge:
Written by William Prynn Esquire, the
Year of our Lord, fix hundred thirty three.
Brave Jersey Mufe! and he's for his high Stile
Call'd to this day the Homer of the Isle.

And both these authors had a resemblance in their fates as well as writings, having been alike sentenced to the Pillory.

V. 102. And Eufden eke out, &c.] Laurence Eufden, Poet Laureate: Mr. Jacob gives a catalogue of some few only of his works, which were very numerous. Mr. Cook in his Battle of Poets faith of him,

Eufden, a laurel'd Bard, by fortune rais'd,
By very few was read, by fewer prais'd.

Mr. Oldmixon in his Arts of Logic and Rhetoric, p. 413, 414. affirms, "That of all the Galimatia's he ever met with, none comes up to some verfes of this Poet, which have as much of the Ridiculum and the Fuftian in 'em as can well be juggled to-gether, and are of that sort of nonsensë which so perfectly confounds all Ideas, that there is no distinct one left in the mind. Further he says of him, that he hath prophecy'd his own poetry shall be sweeter than Catullus, Ovid, and Tibullus, but we have little hope of the accomplifhment of it from what he hath lately publish'd." Upon which Mr. Oldmixon
In each she marks her image full express, But chief, in Tibbald’s monster-breeding breast;

**Remarks.**

has not spar’d a reflection, “That the putting the Laurel on the head of one who writ such verses, “will give futurity a very lively idea of the Judg-“ment and Justice of those who bestowed it.” *Ibid.* p. 417. But the well-known learning of that Noble Person who was then Lord Chamberlain, might have screen’d him from this unmannerly reflection. Mr. Eufden was made Laureate for the same reason that Mr. Tibbald was made Hero of This Poem, because there was no better to be had. Nor ought Mr. Oldmixon to complain, so long after, that the Laurel would better have become his own brows, or any other’s. It were more decent to acquiesce in the opinion of the Duke of Buckingham upon this matter.

— In rufb’d Eufden, and cry’d, Who shall have it, But I the true Laureate to whom the King gave it? Apollo begg’d pardon, and granted his claim, But vow’d, that till then be ne’er heard of his name.

Session of Poets,


Nahum Tate was Poet-Laureate, a cold writer, of no invention, but sometimes translated tolerably when befriended by Mr. Dryden. In his second part of *Ab-“salom and Achitophel* are above two hundred admirable lines together of that great hand, which strongly shine through the insipidity of the rest. Something parallel may be observed of another Author here mention’d.

V. 104. *And all the Mighty Mad.*] This is by no means to be understood literally, as if Mr. D. were really mad: No— it is spoken of that Excellent and Divine Madness, so often mentioned by Plato, that
Sees Gods with Dæmons in strange league engage,
And earth, and heav'n, and hell her battles wage.

Remarks.

poetical rage and enthusiasm, with which Mr. D. hath,
in his time, been highlypossessed; and of those ex-
traordinary hints and motions whereof he himself so
feelingly treats in his preface to the Rem. on Pr. Arth.
[See notes on book 2. verse 258.]

V. 104. And all the Mighty Mad in Dennis rage.

This verse in the surreptitious editions stood thus,
And furious D—foam, &c. which, in that printed
in Ireland, was unaccountably filled up with the great
name of Dryden. Mr. Theobald in the Cenfor, Vol. 2.
No 33. also calls Mr. Dennis by the name of Furius.
"The modern Furius is to be look'd on as more the
object of pity, than of that which he daily provokes;
laughter and contempt. Did we really know how
much this poor man (I wish that reflection on poverty
had been spare'd) suffers by being contradicted; or
which is the same thing in effect, by hearing ano-
ther praised; we should in compassion sometimes at-
tend to him with a silent nod, and let him go away
with the triumphs of his ill-nature.—Poor Fur-
"ius (again) when any of his cotemporaries are
spoken well of, quitting the ground of the present
dispute, steps back a thousand years to call in the
succour of the Ancients. His very panegyrick is
spiteful; and he uses it for the same reason as some
Ladies do their commendations of a dead beauty,
who never would have had their good word, but
that a living one happened to be mentioned in their
company. His applause is not the tribute of his
Heart, but the sacrifice of his Revenge," &c. Inde-
deed his pieces against our Poet are somewhat of an
angry character, and as they are now scarce extant, a
taste of his style may be satisfactory to the curious.
"A young squab, short gentleman, whose outward
form though it should be that of downright mon
She ey'd the Bard, where supperless he fate,
And pin'd, unconscious of his rising fate;

**Remarks.**

"key, would not differ so much from human shape,
as his unthinking immaterial part does from human
understanding.—He is as stupid and as venomous
as a hunchbacked toad.—A book through which
folly and ignorance, those brethren so lame and im-
potent, do ridiculously look very big, and very dull,
and strut, and hobble cheek by jowl, with their
arms on kimbo, being led, and supported, and
bully-backed by that blind Hector, Impudence.

Reflect. on the Essay on Crit. pag. 26, 29, 30.

It would be unjust not to add his reasons for this
Fury, they are so strong and so coercive. "I regard
him (faith he) as an Enemy, not so much to me,
as to my King, to my Country, to my Religion,
and to that Liberty which has been the sole felicity
of my life. A vagary of fortune, who is sometimes
pleased to be frolicksome, and the epidemicick Mad-
ness of the times, have given him Reputation, and
Reputation (as Hobbs says) is Power, and that has
made him dangerous. Therefore I look on it as my
duty to King George, whose faithful subject I am;
to my Country, of which I have appeared a con-
stant lover; to the Laws, under whose protection
I have so long lived; and to the Liberty of my
Country, more dear than life to me, of which I
have now for forty years been a constant afferter, &c.

I look upon it as my duty, I say, to do—you
shall see what—to pull the lion's skin from this
little Aš, which popular error has thrown round
him; and to shew, that this Author who has
been lately so much in vogue, has neither sense in
his thoughts, nor English in his expressions. **Dennis**
Rem. on Hom. Pref. p. 2. and p. 91, &c.

Besides these publick-spirited reasons, Mr. D. had

K 2
The Dunciad. Book I.

Studious he sat, with all his books around,
Sinking from thought to thought, a vast profound?

Remarks.

A private one; which by his manner of expressing it in page 92, appears to have been equally strong. He was even in bodily fear of his life, from the machinations of the said Mr. P. "The story (says he) is too long to be told, but who would be acquainted with it, may hear it from Mr. Curl my Bookseller." However, what my reason has suggested to me, that I have with a just confidence said, in defiance of his two clandestine weapons, his Slander and his Poison." Which last words of his book plainly discover, Mr. D. his suspicion was that of being poisoned, in like manner as Mr. Curl had been before him. Of which fact, see A full and true account of a horrid and barbarous revenge by poison on the body of Edmund Curl; printed in 1716, the year antecedent to that wherein these Remarks of Mr. Dennis were published. But what puts it beyond all question, is a passage in a very warm treatise in which Mr. D. was also concerned, price two-pence, called, A true character of Mr. Pope and his writings, printed for S. Popping, 1716. In the tenth page whereof he is said "to have insulted people on those calamities and diseases, which he himself gave them by admini-
string Poison to them;" and is called (p. 4.) "a lurking way-laying-coward, and a stabber in the dark." Which (with many other things most lively set forth in that piece) must have render'd him a terror, not to Mr. Dennis only, but to all Christian people.

For the rest, Mr. John Dennis was the son of a Sadler in London, born in 1657. He paid court to Mr. Dryden; and having obtained some correspondence with Mr. Wycherly and Mr. Congreve, he immediately obliged the publick with their Letters. He made himself known to the Government by many admirable schemes and projects; which the Ministry,
Book I.  The Dunciad.  

Plung'd for his sense, but found no bottom there;  
Then writ, and flounder'd on, in mere depair.

Remarks.

for reasons best known to themselves, constantly kept private. For his character as a writer, it is given us as follows. "Mr. Dennis is excellent at pindarick writings, perfectly regular in all his performances, and a person of sound Learning. That he is master of a great deal of penetration and judgment, his criticisms (particularly on Prince Arthur) do sufficiently demonstrate." From the same account it also appears, that he writ Plays "more to get Reputation than Money." Dennis of himself. See Giles Jacob's Lives of Dram. Poets, page 68, 69. compared with page 286.

V. 106.  But chief in Tibbald.] Lewis Tibbald (as pronounced) or Theobald (as written) was bred an Attorney, and son to an Attorney (says Mr. Jacob) of Sittenburn in Kent. He was Author of many forgotten Plays, Poems, and other pieces, and of several anonymous Letters in praise of them in Mrs's Journal. He was concerned in a Paper call'd the Censor, and a translation of Ovid, as we find from Dennis's remarks on Pope's Homer, p. 9, 10. "There is a notorious Idiot, one hight Whackum, who from an under-spur-leather to the Law, is become an under-strapper to the Play-house, who has lately burlesqu'd the Metamorphoses of Ovid by a vile translation, &c. This fellow is concern'd in an impertinent Paper called the Censor." But notwithstanding this severe character, another Critick says of him, "That he has given us some pieces which met with approbation; and that the Cave of Poverty is an excellent Poem." Jacob Lives of the Poets, vol. 2. p. 211. He had once a mind to translate the Odyssey, the first book whereof was printed in 1717 by B. Lintott, and probably may yet be seen at his shop. What is still in memory is a piece now almost two years old; it had
The title of Shakespeare Restored: Of this he was so proud himself, as to say in one of Mist's Journals, June 8. "That to expose any errors in it was impracticable." And in another, April 27. "That whatever care might for the future be taken either by Mr. P. or any other assistants, he would still give above 500 emendations that shall escape them all." During two whole years while Mr. Pope was preparing his edition, he publish'd Advertisements, requesting assistance, and promising satisfaction to any who could contribute to its greater perfection. But this Restorer, who was at that time soliciting favours of him by letters, did wholly conceal his design, till after its publication: (which he was since not ashamed to own, in a Daily Journal of Nov. 26. 1728.) And then an outcry was made in the Prints, that our Author had joined with the Bookseller to raise an extravagant subscription; in which he had no share, of which he had no knowledge, and against which he had publicly advertised in his own Proposals for Homer. Probably that Proceeding elevated Tibbald to the dignity he holds in this Poem, which he seems to deserve no other way better than his brethren; unless we impute it to the share he had in the Journals, cited among the Testimonies of Authors prefixed to this work.

Imitations.

V. 115. He roll'd his eyes that witness'd huge dismay. Milt. I. i.

Round he throws his eyes
That witness'd huge affliction and dismay.

The progress of a bad Poet in his thoughts being (like the progress of the Devil in Milton) thro' a Chaos, might probably suggest this imitation.
Book I. The Dunciad.

Volumes, whose size the space exactly fill'd,  
Or which fond authors were so good to gild,  
Or where, by sculpture made for ever known,  
The page admires new beauties, not its own.  

Remarks.

V. 106. — monster-breeding breed.] This alludes to the extravagancies of the Farces of that author; in which he alone could properly be represented as successor to Settle, who had written Pope Joan, St. George for England, and other pieces for Bartlemeuw-Fair. See book 3.

V. 109. — supperless be fate.] It is amazing how the sense of this has been mistaken by all the former Commentators, who most idly suppose it to imply that the Hero of the Poem wanted a supper. In truth a great absurdity! Not that we are ignorant that the Hero of Homer's Odyssey is frequently in that circumstance, and therefore it can no way derogate from the grandeur of Epic Poem to represent such Hero under a calamity, to which the greatest not only of Criticks and Poets, but of Kings and Warriors, have been subject. But much more refin'd, I will venture to say, is the meaning of our author: It was to give us obliquely a curious precept, of what Bossu calls a disguised sentence, that "Temperance is the life of Study." The language of Poesy brings all into action; and to represent a Critick encompass'd with books but without a supper, is a picture which lively expresseth how much the true Critic prefers the diet of the mind to that of the body, one of which he always castigates

Imitations.

V. 120. — admires new beauties not its own ]  
Virg. Geor. 2.  
Miraturque frondes novas, & non sua poma.
The DuNCiAD. Book I.

Here swells the shelf with Ogilby the great:
There, stamp'd with arms, Newcastle shines complet.
Here all his suff'ring brotherhood retire,
And 'scape the martyrdom of jakes and fire;

Remarks.

and often totally neglects, for the greater improvement of the other.

Scriblerus.

V. 117. Volumes, whose size, &c.] This library is divided into two parts; the one (his polite learning) consists of those books which seem to be the models of his poetry, and are prefer'red for one of these three reasons (usual with collectors of Libraries) that they fitted the shelves, or were gilded for show, or adorned with pictures: The other class our author calls Solid Learning; old bodies of Philosophy, old Commentators, old English Printers, or old English Translations; all very voluminous, and fit to erect Altars to Dulness.

V. 121. — Ogilby the great.] John Ogilby was one, who from a late initiation into literature, made such a progress as might well file him the Prodigy of his time! sending into the world so many large Volumes! His translations of Homer and Virgil, done to the life, and with such excellent sculptures! and (what added great grace to his works) he printed them all on special good paper, and in a very good letter.

Winstanly, Lives of Poets.

V. 122. There, stamp'd with arms, Newcastle shines complet.] The Duchess of Newcastle was one who buffed her self in the ravishing delights of Poetry; leaving to posterity in print three ample Volumes of her studious endeavours. Winstanly, ibid. Langbaine reckons up eight Folio's of her Grace's; which were usually adorned with gilded covers, and had her coat of arms upon them.
Book I.  The Dunciad.  

A Gothic Vatican! of Greece and Rome.  

Well purg'd, and worthy Withers, Quarles, and Blome.  

But high above, more solid Learning shone,  
The Classics of an Age that heard of none;  
There Caxton slept, with Wynkin at his side,  
One clasp'd in wood, and one in strong cow-hide.  

There, fav'd by spice, like mummies, many a year,  
Old Bodies of Philosophy appear.  

Remarks.  

V. 126. — worthy Withers, Quarles, and Blome.]  
It was printed in the surreptitious editions, W—ly,  
W——s, who were persons eminent for good life.  
The one writ the Life of Christ in verse, the other  
some valuable pieces in the lyrick kind on pious  
subjects. The line is here restor'd according to its  
original.  

George Withers was a great pretender to poetical  
zeal against the vices of the times, and abused  
the greatest personages in power, which brought upon  
him frequent correction. The Marshalsea and Newgate  
were no strangers to him. Winstanly.  
Quarles  
was as dull a writer, but an honester man. Blome's  
books are remarkable for their cuts.  

V. 129. Caxton.] A Printer in the time of Edw. 4.  
Rich. 3. and Henry 7. Wynkin de Word, his suc-  
cessor, in that of Henry 7. and 8. The former  
translated into prose Virgil's Æneis as a history; of  
which he speaks in his Proeme in a very singular  
Tibbald quotes a rare passage from him in Mift's Journal of March 16, 1728. concerning a strange and  
mercyable beast called Sagittarye, which he would  
have Shakespeare to mean rather than Teucer, the archer  
celebrated by Homer.
De Lyra there a dreadful front extends,
And here, the groaning shelves Philemon bends.

Of these twelve volumes, twelve of amplest size,
Redeem'd from tapers and defrauded pyes,
Inspir'd he seizes: These an altar raise:
An hecatomb of pure, unfually'd lays.
That altar crowns: A folio Common-place
Founds the whole pyle, of all his works the base;
Quarto's, Octavo's, shape the less'ning pyre;
And last, a little Ajax tips the spire.

Then he. Great tamer of all human art!
First in my care, and nearest at my heart:
Dulness! whose good old cause I yet defend,
With whom my Muse began, with whom shall end!

Remarks.

V. 133. Nicb. de Lyra, or Harpsfeld, a very voluminous commentator, whose works in five vast folio's were printed in 1472.

V. 134. Philemon Holland, Dr. in Physick. He translated so many books, that a man would think he had done nothing else, infothuch that he might be call'd Translator general of his age. The books alone of his turning into English, are sufficient to make a Country Gentleman a compleat Library. W i n s t a n l y.

V. 142. A little Ajax.] In duodecimo, translated from Sophocles by Tibbald.

Imitations.

V. 146. With whom my Muse began, with whom shall end.] Virg. Ecl. 8.

A te principium, tibi definet — from Theoc.

Ex Δίς ἐγὼ μέτόν μεν οί εἰς Νίξ Μυκαι,
So Horace,
Prima dīce mibi, summa dicendo camāna.
Book I. The Dunciad.

O thou, of business the directing soul,
To human heads like byas to the bowl,
Which as more pond'rous makes their aim more true;
Obliquely waddling to the mark in view:
O ever gracious to perplex'd mankind!
Who spread a healing mist before the mind,
And, left we err by Wit's wild, dancing light,
Secure us kindly in our native night:
Ah! still o'er Britain stretch that peaceful wand,
Which lulls th' Helvetic and Batavian land;
Where rebel to thy throne if Science rise,
She does but shew her coward face and dies:
There, thy good Scholiasts with unweary'd pains
Make Horace flat, and humble Maro's lirains;
Here studious I unlucky moderns save,
Nor sleeps one error in its father's grave,
Old puns restore, lost blunders nicely seek,
And crucify poor Shakespeare once a week.

Remarks.

V. 162. Nor sleeps one error — Old puns restore,
lost blunders, &c.] As where he laboured to prove
Shakespeare guilty of terrible Anachronisms, or low Com-
nundrums, which Time had cover'd; and converfant in
such authors as Caxton and Wynkyn, rather than in
Homer or Chaucer. Nay, so far had he lost his reve-
rence to this incomparable author, as to say in print,
He deserved to be whipt. An insolence which nothing
fure can parallel! but that of Dennis, who can be
proved to have declared before company, that Shake-
speare was a Rascal. O tempora! O mores!

Scriblerus.

V. 164. And crucify poor Shakespeare once a week.] For some time, once a week or fortnight, he printed

L 2
For thee I dim these eyes, and stuff this head; with all such reading as was never read;
For thee supplying, in the worst of days,
Notes to dull books, and prologues to dull plays;
For thee explain a thing till all men doubt it,
And write about it, Goddes, and about it;
So spins the silk-worm small its slender store,
And labours, 'till it clouds itself all o'er.
Not that my quill to Critiques was confin'd,
My Verse gave ampler lessons to mankind;
So gravest precepts may successfuls prove,
But sad examples never fail to move.
As forc'd from wind-guns, lead itself can fly,
And pond'rous slugs cut swiftly thro' the sky;
As clocks to weight their nimble motion owe,
The wheels above urg'd by the load below;
Me, Emptiness and Dulness could inspire,
And were my Elasticity and Fire.

Remarks.

in Mis's Journal a single remark or poor conjecture on some word or pointing of Shakespeare.

V. 166. With all such reading as was never read.] Such as Caxton above-mentioned, the three destructions of Troy by Wynkin, and other like classicks.

V. 168. Notes to dull books, and prologues to dull plays.] As to Cook's Heftod, where sometimes a note, and sometimes even half a note, are carefully owned by him: And to Moore's Comedy of the Rival Modes, and other authors of the same rank: These were people who writ about the year 1726.
Had heav'n decreed such works a longer date,
Heav'n had decreed to spare the Grubstreet-state.
But see great Settle, to the dust descend,
And all thy cause and empire at an end!
Could Troy be sav'd by any single hand,
His gray-goose-weapon must have made her stand.
But what can I? my Flaccus cast aside,
Take up th' Attorney's (once my better) Guide?
Or rob the Roman goose of all their glories,
And save the state by cackling to the Tories?

Remarks.

V. 189. My Flaccus.] A familiar manner of speaking, used by modern Criticks of a favourite Author. Mr. T. might as justly speak thus of Horace, as a French wit did of Tully, seeing his works in a library. *Ah! mon cher Ciceron! Je le connais bien: c'est le meme que Marc Tulle.*

V. 190. Take up th' Attorney's Guide.] In allusion to his first profession of an Attorney.

V. 191. Or rob the Roman goose, &c.] Relates to the well-known story of the goose that saved the Capitol, of which Virgil, Æn. 8.

*Atis hic auratis volitans argenteus anser
Porticibus, Gallos in limine adeffe canebat.*

A passage I have always suspected. Who sees not the

Imitations.

V. 183. Had heav'n decreed such works a longer date, &c.] Virg. Æn. 2.

*Me si caelestis voluissent ducere vitam,
Hab mibi servassent sedes.*


— Si Pergama dextra

Defendi possest, etiam hoc defensia suffisset.
Yes, to my Country I my pen confign,
Yes, from this moment, mighty Mist! am thine,
And rival, Curtius! of thy fame and zeal,
O'er head and ears plunge for the publick weal.
Adieu my children! better thus expire
Unfcall'd, unfold, thus glorious mount in fire

Remarks:

antithesis ofauratis and argentetus to be unworthy
the Virgilian Majesty? and what absurdity to say a
goose flings? canebat. Virgil gives a contrary char-
acter of the voice of this filly bird in Ecl. 9.
argutos interstrepere anfer olores.
Read it therefore adeffe sprepebat. And why auratis
porticibus? Does not the very verse preceding this
inform us,
Romuleo recens borrebat regio culmo.
Is this thatch in one line, and gold in another, con-
sistent? I scruple not (repugnantibus omnibus manu-
scriptis) to correct it, auritis. Horace uses the same
epithet in the same sense,
Auritas fidibus canoris
Duceque quercus.
And to say that walls have ears is common even to
a proverb.

Scribb.
V. 194. Mighty Mist!] Nathaniel Mist was pub-
lisher of a famous Tory Paper (see notes on 1. 3.) in
which this Author was sometimes permitted to have
a part.

V. 197. Adieu my children!] This is a tender and
passionate apostrophe to his own works which he is

Imitations.

V. 197. Adieu my children! &c.] Virg. AEn. 3.
Felix Priamea virgil!
Juva mori: que fortitus non pertulit ullos,
Nec victoris heri tetigit captiva cubile!
Nos patria incensae, diversa per aequora veste, &c.
Book I. The Dunciad.

Fair without spot; than greas'd by grocer's hands,
Or shipp'd with Ward to ape and monkey lands,
Or wafting ginger, round the streets to go,
And visit alehouse where ye first did grow.

With that, he lifted thrice the sparkling brand,
And thrice he dropt it from his quiv'ring hand:
Then lights the structure, with averted eyes;
The rowling smokes involve the sacrifice,

Remarks.

going to sacrifice, agreeable to the nature of man in great affliction, and reflecting like a parent on the many miserable fates to which they would otherwise be subject.

V. 200. Or shipp'd with Ward to ape and monkey land.] Edward Ward, a very voluminous Poet in hudiabrick verse, but best known by the London Spy, in prose. He has of late years kept a publick house in the City (but in a genteeel way) and with his wit, humour, and good liquor (Ale) afforded his guests a pleasurable entertainment, especially those of the high-church party. J A C O B Lives of Poets, vol. 2. p. 225. Great numbers of his works are yearly sold into the Plantations.

Imitations.

V. 202. And visit alehouse.] Waller on the Navy.
Those towers of oak o'er fertile plains may go,
And visit mountains where they once did grow.

V. 203. —— He lifted thrice the sparkling brand,
And thrice he dropt it —— ]
Ovid of Althea on the like occasion, burning her offspring,

Turn conata quater flammis imponere torrem,
Caepfa quater tenuit.——

Met. 8.
The opening clouds disclose each work by turns,
Now flames old Memnon, now Rodrigo burns,
In one quick flash see Proserpine expire,
And last, his own cold Æschylus took fire.

Remarks.

V. 208. Now flames old Memnon, now Rodrigo burns,
   In one quick flash see Proserpine expire.] Memnon, a hero in the Persian Princess, very apt to take fire, as appears by these lines with which he begins the play.

   By heaven it fires my frozen blood with rage,
   And makes it scald my aged trunk.——

Rodrigo, the chief personage of the Perfidious Brother (a play written between T. and a Watchmaker.) The Rape of Proserpine, one of the Farces of this author, in which Ceres setting fire to a corn-field, endangered the burning of the Play-house.

V. 210. And last, his own cold Æschylus took fire.] He had been (to use an expression of our Poet) about Æschylus for ten years, and had received subscriptions for the same, but then went about other books. The character of this tragic Poet is Fire and Boldness in a high degree, but our author supposes it very much cooled by the translation: upon sight of a specimen of which was made this Epigram,

   Alas! poor Æschylus! unlucky Dog!
   Whom once a Lobster kill'd, and now a Log.

But this is a grievous error, for Æschylus was not slain by the fall of a Lobster on his head, but of a Tortoise, sese Val, Max. 1. 9. cap. 12.

Imitations.

V. 203. Now flames old Memnon, &c.] Virg. Æn. 2.——

Jam Deiphobi dedit ampla ruinam
Vulcano superante, donus; jam proximus ardet
Uculegen——
Then gush'd the tears, as from the Trojan's eyes
When the last blaze sent Ilion to the skies.
Rowz'd by the light, old Dulness heav'd the head;
Then snatch'd a sheet of Thulê from her bed,

**Remarks.**

V. 212. *When the last blaze sent Ilion to the skies.*]
See *Virgil Æn. 2.* where I would advise the reader to peruse the story of Troy's destruction, rather than in *Wynkin.* But I caution him alike in both, to beware of a most grievous error, that of thinking it was brought about by I know not what Trojan Horse; there never having been any such thing. For first it was not Trojan, being made by the Greeks, and secondly it was not a Horse, but a Mare. This is clear from many verses in *Virgil,*

*Uterum armato milité complent*

*Inclusus Utero Danaos*

Can a horse be laid *Utero gestâre?* Again,*

*Uteroq; recusso Infonuere cavex*

*Ate; utero sonitum quater arma dedere.*

Nay is it not expressly said,*

*Scandit fatalis machina muros*

*Feeta armis*

How is it possible the word *faeta* can agree with a horse? and indeed can it be conceived, that the chaste and Virgin Goddes Pallas would employ herself in forming and fashioning the Male of that species? But this shall be proved to a demonstration in our *Virgil Restored.*

**Scrâbler.**

V. 214. *Thulê.*] An unfinished poem of that name, of which one sheet was printed fifteen years ago; by *A. Pb.* a northern author. It is an usal method of putting out a fire, to cast wet sheets upon it: Some critics have been of opinion, that this sheet was of the nature of the *Aschêfor,* which cannot be consumed by fire; but I rather think it only an allegorical allusion to the coldness and heaviness of the writing.
The Dunciad. Book I.

Sudden she flies, and whelms it o'er the pyre:
Down sink the flames, and with a hiss expire.

Her ample presence fills up all the place;
A veil of fogs dilates her awful face:
Great in her charms! as when on Shrievens and May'r's
She looks, and breathes her self into their airs.

She bids her wait him to the sacred Dome;
Well-pleas'd he enter'd, and confess'd his Home:
So Spirits ending their terrestrial race,
Ascend, and recognize their native place.

Raptur'd, he gazes round the dear retreat,
And in sweet numbers celebrates the feat.

Remarks.

V. 221. the sacred Dome.] The Cave of Poverty above-mentioned: where he no sooner enters, but he reconnoitres the place of his original; as Plato says the Spirits shall do, at their entrance into the celestial regions. His dialogue of the Immortality of the soul was translated by T. in the familiar modern style of Prithee Phædo, and For God's sake Socrates: printed for B. Lintot, 1713.

V. 226. And in sweet numbers celebrates the feat.] He writ a poem call'd the Cave of Poverty, which concludes with a very extraordinary wish, "That some "great genius, or man of distinguishing merit may be "starved, in order to celebrate her power, and describe "her Cave." It was printed in octavo, 1715.

Imitations.

V. 219. Great in her charms! as when on Shrievens
and May'r's
She looks, and breathes her self into their airs.]
Hinc parens confessa Deam: qualis quidem vidisti
Cardiculis, & quanta fuit —— Virg. Æn. 2.
Et lucos oculis affarant honores. —— Id. Æn. 1.
Book I. The Dunciad.

Here to her Chos'n all her works she shows;
Prose swell'd to verse, Verse loitering into prose;
How random Thoughts now meaning chance to find,
Now leave all memory of sense behind:
How Prologues into Prefaces decay,
And these to Notes are frittered quite away.
How Index-learning turns no student pale,
Yet holds the Eel of science by the tail.
How, with less reading than makes Felons escape,
Less human genius than God gives an ape,
Small thanks to France and none to Rome or Greece,
A past, vamp'd, future, old, reviv'd, new piece,
'Twixt Plautus, Fletcher, Congreve, and Corneille,
Can make a Cibber, Johnson, or Ozell.

REMARKS.

V. 240. Can make a Cibber.] Mr. Colly Cibber, an author and actor, of a good share of wit, and uncommon vivacity, which are much improved by the conversation he enjoys, which is of the best. Jacob Lives of Dram. Poets, p. 38. Besides two volumes of Plays in 4º, he has made up and translated several others. Mr. Jacob omitted to remark, that he is particularly admirable in Tragedy.

V. 240. —— Johnson.] Charles Johnson, famous for writing a Play every season, and for being at Button's every day: he had probably thriven better in his vocation, had he been a small matter leaner: he may justly be called a martyr to obesity, and to have fallen a victim to the rotundity of his parts. Character of the Times, pag. 19. Some of his Plays are, Love in a Forest (Shakespear's As you like it) Wife's Relief (Shirley's Gamester) The Victim (Racine's Iphigenia) The Sultanels (Racine's Bajazet, the prologue
The Goddess then, o'er his anointed head,
With mystic words, the sacred Opium shed;
And lo! her Bird (a monster of a fowl!
Something betwixt a H* * * r and Owl,
Perch'd on his crown. All hail! and hail again, 245
My Son! the promised land expects thy reign.
Know, Settle cloy'd with custard, and with praise,
Is gather'd to the dull of antient days,
Safe where no critics damn, no duns molest,
Where Gildon, Banks, and high-born Howard rest. 250

Remarks.

To which abused Dr. Arbuthnot, Mr. Pope, and Mr. Gay) The Cobbler of Preston, his own.

V. 240. — Or Ozell.] Mr. John Ozell, if we credit Mr. Jacob, did go to school in Leicestershire, where somebody left him something to live on, when he shall retire from business. He was designed to be sent to Cambridge in order for Priesthood; but he chose rather be placed in an office of accounts in the City, being qualified for the same by his skill in Arithmetic, and writing the necessary hands. He has obliged the world with many translations of French Plays. Jacob Lives of Dram. Poets, p. 198.

V. 244. A H* * * r.] A strange bird from Switzerland. — Here, in the Dublin edition, was absurdly inserted the name of an eminent Lawyer and Member of Parliament, who was a man of wit, and a friend of the author.

V. 250. Where Gildon, Banks, and high-born Howard rest.] Charles Gildon, a writer of criticisms and libels of the last age, bred at St. Omer's with the Jesuits, but renouncing Popery, he publish'd Blount's books against the Divinity of Christ, the Oracle of reason, &c. He signalized himself as a critic, having written some very bad plays; abused
Mr. P. very scandalously in an anonymous pamphlet of the Life of Mr. Wycherley printed by Curll, in another called the New Rehearsal printed in 1714, in a third entitled the Compleat Art of English Poetry in 2 volumes, and others.


V. 250. — Howard.] Hon. Edward Howard; author of the British Princes, and a great number of wonderful pieces, celebrated by the late Earls of Dorset and Rochester, Duke of Buckingham, Mr. Waller, &c.

V. 258. As sings thy great forefather, Ogilby.] See his Æsop Fab. where this excellent hymnistic is to be found. Our author manifests here and elsewhere, a prodigious Tenderness for the bad writers. We see he selefts the only good passage perhaps in all that ever Ogilby writ; which shows how candid and patient a reader he must have been. What can be more kind and affectionate than these words in the preface to his Poems, 4°. 1717. where he labours to call up all our humanity and forgivenes toward these unlucky men, by the most moderate representration of their case that has ever been given by any author? “Much may be said to extenuate the fault of bad Poets: What we call a Genius is hard to be distinguished, by a man himself, from a prevalent inclination: And if it be

Remarks.

Book I. The Dunciad.

I see a King! who leads my chosen sons
To lands, that flow with clences and with puns:
’Till each fam’d Theatre my empire own;
’Till Albion, as Hibernia, blest my throne!
I see! I see!—Then rapt, she spoke no more.

God save King Tibbald! Grubstreet alleys roar.

So when Jove’s block descended from on high,
(As sings thy great fore-father, Ogilby,)
Loud thunder to its bottom shook the bog,
And the hoarfe nation croak'd, God save King Log!

Remarks.

"never so great, he can at first discover it no other
way than by that strong propensity, which renders
him the more liable to be mistaken. He has no
other method but to make the experiment by writ-
ing, and so appealing to the judgment of others:
And if he happens to write ill (which is certainly
no sin in itself) he is immediately made the object
of ridicule! I wish we had the humanity to reflect,
that even the worst authors might endeavour to
please us, and in that endeavour, deserve something
at our hands. We have no cause to quarrel with
them, but for their Obstinacy in perstifting, and even
that may admit of alleviating circumstances: For
their particular friends may be either ignorant, or
unsincere; and the rest of the world too well-bred,
to shock them with a truth which generally their
book-sellers are the first that inform them of.

End of the First Book.
THE DUNCIA D.

Book the Second.

HIGH on a gorgeous seat, that far outshone
Henley's gilt Tub, or Fleckno's Irish Throne,

Remarks on Book the Second.

Two things there are, upon the supposition of which the very basis of all Verbal criticism is founded and supported: The first, that the Author could never fail to use the very best word, on every occasion; The second, that the Critic cannot chuse but

Imitations.

V. 1. High on a gorgeous seat.] Parody of Milton, lib. 2.
High on a throne of royal state, that far
Outshine the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,
Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand
Show's on her Kings barbaric pearl and gold,
Satan exalted fate.
Or that, where on her Curls the Public pours
All-bounteous, fragrant grains, and golden show'rs:

Remarks.

know, which that is? This being granted, whenever any word doth not fully content us, we take upon us to conclude, first that the author could never have us'd it, and secondly, that he must have used that very one which we conjecture, in its stead.

We cannot therefore enough admire the learned Scriblerus, for his alteration of the text in the two last verses of the preceding book, which in all the former editions stood thus,

Hoarse thunder to its bottom shook the bog,
And the loud nation croak'd, God save King Log!

He has with great judgment transposed these two epithets, putting hoarse to the nation, and loud to the thunder: And this being evidently the true reading, he vouchsafed not so much as to mention the former; for which assertion of the just right of a Critic, he merits the acknowledgment of all found commentators.

V. 2. Henley's gilt Tub.] The pulpit of a Dissenter is usually called a Tub; but that of Mr. Orator Henley was covered with velvet, and adorned with gold. He had also a fair altar, and over it this extraordinary inscription, The Primitive Eucharist. See the history of this person, book 3. verse 195.

V. 2. Or Fleckno's Irish Throne.] Richard Fleckno was an Irish Priest, but had laid aside (as himself expressed it) the mechanick part of Priesthood. He printed some Plays, Poems, Letters, and Travels. I doubt not our author took occasion to mention him in respect to the Poem of Mr. Dryden, to which this bears some resemblance; tho' of a character more different from it than that of the Aeneid from the Iliad, or the Lutrin of Boileau from the Défaite des Bouts rimees of Sarazin.

V. 3. Or that, where on her Curls the Public pours.] Edm. Curt flood in the Pillory at Charing-Cross, in March, 1727-8.
Great Tibbald nods: 'The proud Parnassian speaker,
The conscious simper, and the jealous leer,
Mix on his look: 'All eyes direct their rays
On him, and crowds grow foolish as they gaze.
Not with more glee, by hands Pontific crown'd,
With scarlet hats, wide waving, circled round,
Rome in her Capitol saw Querno sit,
Thron'd on seven hills, the Antichrist of Wit.'

To grace this honour'd day, the Queen proclaims
By herald hawkers, high heroic Games.
She summons all her sons: '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.'

Remarks.

V. 11. Rome in her Capitol saw Querno sit.] Camillo Querno was of Apulia, who hearing the great encouragement which Leo the tenth gave to Poets, travelled to Rome with a harp in his hand, and sung to it twenty thousand verses of a Poem called Alexias. He was introduced as a buffoon to Leo, and promoted to the honour of the Laurel: a jest, which the Court of Rome and the Pope himself entred into so far, as to cause him to ride on an Elephant to the Capitol, and hold a solemn Festival on his Coronation; at which it is recorded the Poet himself was so transported, as to weep for joy. He was ever after a constant frequenter of the Pope's table, drank abundantly, and poured forth verses without number. Paulus Jovius, Elog. Vir. doct. ch. 82. Some idea of his Poetry is given by Fam. Strada in his Prolusions.
All who true dunces in her cause appear'd,
And all who knew those dunces to reward.

Amid that Area wide she took her stand,
Where the tall May-pole once o'erlook'd the Strand;

But now, so Anne and Piety ordain,
A Church collects the saints of Drury-lane.

With Authors, Stationers obey'd the call,
The field of glory is a field for all:
Glory, and gain, th' industrious tribe provoke:
And gentle Dulness ever loves a joke.

A Poet's form she plac'd before their eyes,
And bad the nimblest racer seize the prize;
No meagre, muse-rid mope, adult and thin,
In a dun night-gown of his own loose skin.

But such a bulk as no twelve bards could raise,
Twelve starveling bards of these degenerate days.
All as a partridge plump, full-fed, and fair,
She form'd this image of well-bodied air.

**Imitations.**

V. 37. *A Poet's Form she plac'd before their eyes.*

This is what Juno does to deceive Turnus, *Æn.* 10.

*Tum dea nube caeva, tenuem sine viribus umbram,*

*In faciem Æneae (visu mirabile monstrum)*

*Dardanis ornat telis, clypeumque jubasque*

*Divini assimilat capitis—Dat inania verba,*

*Dat fine mente fonum—*

The reader will observe how exactly some of these verses suit with their allegorical application here to a Plagiary: There seems to me a great propriety in this Episod, where such an one is imag'd by a phantom that deludes the grasp of the expecting Bookseller.

V. 35. *But such a bulk as no twelve bards.* *Virg.* 12.

*Vix illud leclii bis sex—*

*Qualia nunc hominum producit corpora tellus.*
With pert flat eyes she window'd well its head,
A brain of feathers, and a heart of lead,
And empty words she gave, and sounding strain,
But senseless, lifeless! Idol void and vain!

Never was daft'd out, at one lucky hit,
A Fool, so just a copy of a Wit;
So like, that critics said and courtiers swore,
A wit it was, and call'd the phantom, More.

**Remarks.**

V. 43. *Never was daft'd out, at one lucky hit.*] Our author here seems willing to give some account of the possibility of Dulness making a Wit, (which could be done no other way than by chance.) The fiction is the more reconcil'd to probability by the known story of Apelles, who being at a loss to express the foam of Alexander's horse, daft'd his pencil in despair at the picture, and happen'd to do it by that fortunate stroke.

V. 46. *And call'd the phantom, More.*] **Curl** in his Key to the *Dunciad*, affirm'd this to be James Moore Smith, Esq; and it is probable (considering what is said of him in the Testimonies) that some might fancy our author obliged to represent this gentleman as a Plagiary, or to pass for one himself. His case indeed was like that of a Man I have heard of, who as he was sitting in company, perceived his next neighbour had stolen his handkerchief. "Sir (said the Thief, finding himself detected) "do not expose "me, I did it for mere want: be so good but to take "it privately out of my pocket again, and say no- "thing." The honest man did so, but the other cry'd out, "See Gentlemen! what a Thief we have among "us! look, he is stealing my handkerchief."

Some time before, he had borrowed of Dr. Arbuthnot a paper call'd an Historico-physical account of the *South-Sea*; and of Mr. Pepe the Memoirs of a Parish Clark, which for two years he kept, and read to the
The Ducaian Book II.

All gaze with ardour: some; a Poet's name,
Others, a sword-knot and lac'd suit inflame.

Remarks.

Rev. Dr. Young,—Billers, Esq; and many others, as his own. Being apply'd to for them, he pretended they were lost; but there happening to be another copy of the latter, it came out in Swift and Pope's Miscellanies. Upon this, it seems he was so far mistaken as to confess his proceeding by an endeavour to hide it: unguardedly printing (in the Daily Journal of Apr. 3. 1728.) "That the contempt which he and others had for those pieces (which only himself had shewn, and handed about as his own) "oc: "caution'd their being lost, and for that cause only "not return'd." A fact, of which as none, but he could be conscious, none but he could be the publisher of it.

This young Gentleman's whole misfortune was too inordinate a passion to be thought a Wit. Here is a very strong instance, attested by Mr. Savage son of the late Earl Rivers; who having shown some verses of his in manuscript to Mr. Moore, wherein Mr. Pope was call'd first of the tuneful train, Mr. Moore the next morning sent to Mr. Savage to desire him to give those verses another turn, to wit, "That Pope might now "be the first, because Moore had left him unrival'd "in turning his style to Comedy." This was during the rehearsal of the Rival Modes, his first and only work; the Town condemn'd it in the action, but he printed it in 1726-7 with this modest Motto,

Hic caspitis, artemque repono.

The smaller pieces which we have heard attributed to this author, are, An Epigram on the Bridge at Blenheim, by Dr. Evans; Cosmelia, by Mr. Pit, Mr. Jones, &c. The Mock-marriage of a mad Divine, with a Cl— for a Parson, by Dr. W. The Saw-pit, a Simile, by a Friend. Certain Physical works on Sir James Baker; and some unown'd Letters, Advertisements and Epigrams against our author in the Daily Journal.
But lofty Lintot in the circle rose;

"This prize is mine; who tempt it, are my foes:"

"With me began this genius, and shall end.
He spoke, and who with Lintot shall contend?

Fear held them mute. Alone untaught to fear,
Stood dauntless Curl, "Behold that rival here!

Remarks.

Notwithstanding what is here collected of the Person imagin'd by Curl to be meant in this place, we cannot be of that opinion; since our Poet had certainly no need of vindicating half a dozen verfes to himself which every reader had done for him; since the name itself is not spell'd Moore but More; and lastly, since the learned Scriblerus has so well prov'd the contrary.

V. 46. The phantom, More.] It appears from hence that this is not the name of a real person, but fictitious; More from μαχ.στ., μαχετα, μαχητια, to represent the folly of a Plagiary. Thus Erasminus: Admonuit me Mori cognomen tibi, quod tam ad Moriae vocabulum accedit quam es ipse a re alienus. Dedication of Moriae Encomion to Sir Tho. More; the Farewel of which may be our Author's to his Plagiary, Vale More! & Moriam tuam gnariter defende. Adieu More, and be sure strongly to defend thy own folly.

Scriblerus.

V. 49. But lofty Lintot.] We enter here upon the epifode of the Booksellers: persons, whose names being more known and famous in the learned world than those of the authors in this Poem, do therefore need less explanation. The action of Mr. Lintot here imitates that of Dares in Virgil, rising just in this manner to lay hold on a Bull. This eminent Bookseller printed the Rival Modes above-mentioned.

V. 54. Stood dauntless Curl, &c.] We come now to a character of much respect, that of Mr. Edmond Curl. As a plain repetition of great actions is the best praise of them, we shall only lay of this eminent man, that he carried the Trade many lengths beyond what
The race by vigor, not by vaunts is won;—55.
So take the hindmost Hell.—He said, and ran.

REMARKS.

The tribute our author here pays him, is a grateful return for seve
er unmerited obligations: Many weigh-

IMITATIONS.

V. 54, &c. Something like this is in Homer II. 10.
ver. 220. of Diomed. Two different manners of the
same author in his Similes, are also imitated in the two
following; the first of the Bailiff, is short, unadorn'd,
and (as the Critics well know) from familiar life;
the second of the Water-fowl more extended, pic
turesque, and from rural life. The 55th verse is like-
wise a literal translation of one in Homer.

V. 56. So take the hindmost Hell.] Horace de Art.
Occupet extremum scabies; mibi turpe relinquis?
Swift as a bard the bailiff leaves behind,
He left huge Lintot, and out-strip’d the wind.
As when a dab-chick waddles thro’ the cope,
On feet and wings, and flies, and wades, and hops; 60
So lab’ring on, with shoulders, hands, and head,
Wide, as a windmill all his figure spread;
With legs expanded Bernard urg’d the race,
And seem’d to emulate great Jacob’s pace.

REMARKS.

ty animadversions on the Publick affairs, and many excellent and diverting pieces on Private persons, has he given to his name. If ever he ow’d two verses to any other, he ow’d Mr. Curl some thousands. He was every day extending his fame, and enlarging his writings: witness innumerable instances! but it shall suffice only to mention the Court-Poems, which he meant to publish as the work of the true writer, a Lady of quality; but being first threatened, and afterwards punish’d for it by Mr. Pope, he generously transferred it from her to him, and has now printed it twelve years in his name. The single time that ever he spoke to C. was on that affair, and to that happy incident he owes all the favours since received from him. So true is the saying of Dr. Sydenham, that “any one shall be, at some time or other, the better or the worse, for having but seen or spoken to a good, or a bad man.”

IMITATIONS.

V. 60. On feet, and wings, and flies, and wades,
and hops;
So lab’ring on, with shoulders, hands, and head.] Milton, lib. 2.

— So eagerly the fiend
O’er bog, o’er-sleep, thro’ ‘straits, rough, dense or rare,
With head, hands, wings, or feet, pursues his way,
And swims; or sinks, or wades; or creeps, or flies.
Full in the middle way there stood a lake;
Which Curl's Corinna chanced that morn to make,
(Such was her wont, at early dawn to drop
Her evening cates before his neighbour's shop.)
Here fortun'd Curl to slide; loud shout the band,
And Bernard! Bernard! rings thro' all the Strand.
Obscene with filth the Miscreant lies bewray'd;
Fal'n in the plash his wickedness had laid.

**Remarks.**

V. 66. Curl's Corinna.] This name it seems was taken by one Mrs. T—, who procured some private Letters of Mr. Pope's, while almost a boy, to Mr. Cromwell, and sold them without the consent of either of those gentlemen to Curl, who printed them in 12° 1727. He has discover'd her to be the publisher in his Key, p. 11. But our Poet had no thought of reflecting on her in this passage; on the contrary, he has been inform'd she is a decent woman and in misfortunes. We only take this opportunity of mentioning the manner in which those Letters got abroad, which the author was ashamed of as very trivial things, full not only of levities, but of wrong judgments of men and books, and only excusable from the youth and inexperience of the writer.

V. 71. Obscene with filth, &c.] Tho' this incident may seem too low and base for the dignity of an Epic

**Imitations.**

V. 69. Here fortun'd Curl to slide.] Virg. Æn. 51 of Nisus.

Labitur infelix, caelis ut forte juvencis
Nüsus humum viridesq; super inadfectar at herbas—
Concidit, immundoque fimo,骥roque crure.

V. 70. And Bernard, Bernard.] Virg. Ecl. 6—

Ut litis, Hyla, Hyla, omne sonaret.
Then first (if Poets aught of truth declare)
The caitiff Vaticide conceiv'd a prayer.

Hear Jove! whose name my bards and I adore, 75
As much at least as any God's, or more;
And him and his if more devotion warms,
Down with the Bible, up with the Pope's Arms.

Remarks,

Poem, the learned very well know it to be but a copy of Homer and Virgil; the very words Odyssey and Aeneid are used by them, tho' our Poet (in compliance to modern nicety) has remarkably enrich'd and colour'd his language, as well as rais'd the verification, in these two Epistles. Mr. Dryden in Mac-Fleckno has not scrupled to mention the Morning Toast at which the fishes bite in the Thames, Pissing Ally, Reliques of the Bun, Whipstitch, Kifs my ——, &c. but our author is more grave, and (as a fine writer says of Virgil in his Georgics) too's about his Dung with an air of Majesty. If we consider that the Exercises of his Authors could with justice be no higher than Tickling, Chatter'ing, Braying, or Diving, it was no easy matter to invent such Games as were proportion'd to the meaker degree of Booksellers. In Homer and Virgil, Ajax and Nisus, the persons drawn in this plight are Heroes; whereas here there are such, with whom it had been great impropriety to have join'd any but vile ideas; besides the natural connexion there is between Libellers and common Nuisances. Nevertheless I have often heard our author own, that this part of his Poem was (as it frequently happens) what cost him most trouble and pleas'd him least: but that he hoped 'twas excusable, since levell'd at such as understand no delicate satire: Thus the politest men are sometimes obliged to swear, when they happen to have to do with Porters and Oyster-wenchers.

V. 78. Down with the Bible, up with the Pope's Arms. The Bible, Curl's sign, the Cross-keys, Lin-
A place there is, betwixt earth, air and seas,
Where from Ambrosia, Jove retires for ease.
There in his seat two spacious Vents appear,
On this he sits, to that he leans his ear,
And hears the various Vows of fond mankind,
Some beg an eastern, some a western wind:
All vain petitions, mounting to the sky,
With reams abundant this abode supply;
Amus'd he reads, and then returns the bills
Sign'd with that Ichor which from Gods distills.
In office here fair Cloacina stands,
And ministers to Jove with purest hands;
Forth from the heap she pick'd her Vertry's pray'r,
And plac'd it next him, a distinction rare!
Oft, as he fisht'd her nether realms for wit,
The Goddes favour'd him, and favours yet.

IMITATIONS.

V. 79. See Lucian's Icaro-Menippus; where this Fiction is more extended.
V. id. A place there is, betwixt earth, air and seas.
Ovid Met. 12.

Orbe locus medio est, inter terrasq; fretumq;
Celesfesq; plagas —
V. 88. Alludes to Homer, Iliad 5.

--- ἡς Ἀμπεδείον ὡμα Θεοίω,
Amazon, εἰσὶ πις τε γει μακαπεσσι Θεοίων
A stream of nectarous humour issuing flow'd,
Sanguin, such as celestial Spirits may bleed. Milton.
V. 89. Cloacina.] The Roman Goddess of the Common-shores.

V. 93. Oft as he fisht'd, &c.] See the Preface to Swift and Pope's Miscellany.
Renew'd by ordure's sympathetic force,
As oil'd with magic juices for the course,
Vig'rous he rises, from th' effluvia strong
Imbibes new life, and scours and flinks along;
Re-passes Lintot, vindicates the race,
Nor heeds the brown dishonours of his face.

And now the Victor stretch'd his eager hand
Where the tall Nothing flood, or seem'd to stand;
A shapeless shade! it melted from his sight,
Like forms in clouds, or visions of the night!
To seize his papers, Curl, was next thy care;
His papers light, fly diversify, tost in air:
Songs, sonnets, epigrams the winds uplift,
And whisk 'em back to Evans, Young, and Swift.

IMITATIONS.

V. 96. As oil'd with magic juices.] Alluding to the opinion that there are Ointments us'd by Witches to enable them to fly in the air, &c.
V. 100. Nor heeds the brown dishonours of his face.] Virg. Æn. 5.

_____ faciem ostentabat, & udo
Turpia membra sumo _____
V. 103. A shapeless shade, &c.] Virg. Æn. 6.

_____ Effugit imago
Par levibus ventis, volucrique simulata somno.
V. 106. His papers light, fly diversify, tost in air.] Virg. 6. of the Sybils leafes,
Carmina — turbata volatidis ludibia ventis.
The persons mentioned in the next line are some of those, whose writings, epigrams or jests, he had own'd.
Th' embroider'd Suit, at least, he deem'd his prey;
That suit, an unpaid Taylor snatch'd away!
No rag, no scrap; of all the beau, or wit,
That once so flutter'd, and that once so writ.

Heav'n rings with laughter: Of the laughter vain,
Dulhens, good Queen, repeats the jest again.
Three wicked imps of her own Grubstreet Choir
She deck'd like Congreve, Addison, and Prior;

R E M A R K S.

V. 211. An unpaid Taylor:] This line has been
lougly complain'd of in Miss, June 8. Dedic. to Satur-
ney, and others, as a most inhuman satire on the Po-
verty of Poets: but it is thought our author would
be acquitted by a Jury of Taylors. To me this in-
stance seems unluckily chosen; if it be a satire on any
body, it must be on a bad PAYMASTER, since the
person to whom they have here apply'd it was a man of
Fortune. Not but Poets may well be jealous of so great
a prerogative as Non-payment: which Mr. Dennis so
far afferts: as boldly to pronounce, that "if Homer
himself was not in debt, it was because no body
would trust him." (Pref. to Rem. on the Rape of
the Lock, p. 15.)

V. 116. Like Congreve, Addison, and Prior.] These Authors being such whose names will reach po-
lerity, we shall not give any account of them, but
proceed to those of whom it is neceffary. Befaleel
Morris was author of some Satyrs on the Translators
of Homer (Mr. Tickle and our author) with many
other things printed in News-papers. Bond writ a
Satyr against Mr. P.— Capt. Breval was author of
The Confederates, an ingenious dramatic performance
to expofe Mr. P. Mr. Gay, Dr. Arb. and some La-
dies of quality. C U R I, Key, p. 11.
Book II. The Dunce's.  

Mears, Warner, Wilkins run; Delusive thought! Breval, Befaleel, Bond, the varlets caught. Curl stretches after Gay, but Gay is gone, He grasps an empty Joseph for a John! So Proteus, hunted in a nobler shape, Became when seiz’d, a Puppy, or an Ape. To him the Goddes. Son! thy grief lay down, And turn this whole illusion on the town. As the sage dame, experience’d in her trade, By names of Toasts retails each batter’d jade,  

Remarks.  

V. 118. Breval, Befaleel, Bond.] I foresee it will be objected from this line, that we were in an error in our assertion on verse 46. of this Book, that More was a fictitious name, since these persons are equally represented by the poet as Phantoms. So at first sight it may seem; but be not deceived, Reader! these also are not real persons. 'Tis true Curl declares Breval, a Captain, author of a piece call’d The Confederates: But the same Curl first said it was written by Joseph Gay; Is his second assertion to be credited any more than his first? He likewise affirms Bond to be one who writ a satire on our Poet; but where is such a satire to be found? where was such a writer ever heard of? As for Befaleel, it carries Forgery in the very name, nor is it, as the others are, a surname. Thou may’st depend on it no such authors ever lived: all phantoms!  

Scriblerus.  

V. 120. Joseph Gay, a fictitious name put by Curl before several pamphlets, which made them pass with many for Mr. Gay’s.  
V. 124. And turn this whole illusion on the town.] It was a common practice of this Bookseller, to publish
(Whence hapless Monsieur much complains at Paris
Of wrongs from Duchesses and Lady Mary's)
Be thine, my stationer! this magic gift;
Cook shall be Prior, and Concanen, Swift:

R E M A R K S.

vile pieces of obscure hands under the names of eminent authors.

V. 130. Cook shall be Prior.] The man here specify'd was the son of a Muggletonian, who kept a Publick-house at Braintree in Essex. He writ a thing call'd The Battle of Poets, of which Philips and Weld were the heroes, and wherein our author was attack'd in his moral character, in relation to his Homer and Shakespear: He writ moreover a Farce of Penelope, in the preface of which also he was squinted at: and some malevolent things in the British, London and Daily Journals. His chief work was a translation of Hesiod, to which Theobald writ notes, and half-notes, as hath already been said.

V. ibid. And Concanen, Swift.] Matthew Concanen, an Irishman, an anonymous slanderer and publisher of other men's flanders, particularly on Dr. Swift, to whom he had obligations and from whom he had received both in a collection of Poems for his benefit and otherwise, no small assistance; To which Smedley (one of his brethren in enmity to Swift) alludes in his Metam. of Scriblerus, p. 7. accusing him of having "boasted of what he had not written, but others had revis'd and done for him." He was also author of several scurrilities in the British and London Journals; and of a pamphlet call'd a Supplement to the Profund, wherein he deals very unfairly with our Poet, not only frequently blaming Mr. Broome's verses as his; (for which he might indeed seem in some degree accountable, having corrected what that gentleman did) but those of the Duke of Buckingham, and others. To this rare piece, some-body humorously caus'd him to take for his motto, De profundis clamavi.
Book II. The Dunciad. 103

So shall each hostile name become our own,
And we too boast our Garth and Addison.

With that, she gave him (piteous of his case,
Yet smiling at his ruful length of face.)

Remarks.

V. 132. And we too boast our Garth and Addison.] Nothing is more remarkable than our author's love of praising good writers. He has celebrated Sir Isaac Newton, Mr. Dryden, Mr. Congreve, Mr. Wycherley, Dr. Garth, Mr. Walsh, Duke of Buckingham, Mr. Addison, Lord Lansdown; in a word, almost every man of his time that deserv'd it. It was very difficult to have that pleasure in a poem on this subject, yet he found means to insert their panegyrick, and here has made even Dulness out of her own mouth pronounce it. It must have been particularly agreeable to him to celebrate Dr. Garth; both as his constant friend thro' life, and as he was his predecessor in this kind of Satire. The Dispensary attack'd the whole body of Apothecaries, a much more useful one undoubtedly than that of the bad Poets (if in truth this can be call'd a Body, of which no two members ever agreed) It also did what Mr. Theobald says is unpardonable; drew in parts of private character, and introduced persons independent of his Subject. Much more would Boileau have incur'd his censure, who left all subjects whatever on all occasions, to fall upon the bad Poets; which it is to be fear'd would have been more immediately his concern.

V. 134. Ruful length of face.] "The decrepid person or figure of a man are no reflections upon

Imitations.

V. 133. — piteous of his case,
Yet smiling at his ruful length of face.]

Virg. Æn. 5.

— Rist pater optimus illi.
Me liceat casum miserare insontis amici—
Sic statu, Gætuli tergum immane leonis, &c.
A shaggy Tap'fly, worthy to be spread
On Codrus' old, or Dunton's modern bed;

Remarks.

"his Genius: An honest mind will love and esteem a
man of worth, tho' he be deform'd or poor. Yet
the author of the Dunciad hath libell'd a person for
his rufjful length of face!" Miss T's Journal. June 8.
This Genius and man of worth whom an honest mind
should love, is Mr. Curl. True it is, he stood in the
Pillory; an accident which will lengthen the face of
any man tho' it were ever so comely, therefore is no
reflection on the natural beauty of Mr. Curl. But as
to reflections on any man's Face, or Figure, Mr. Den-
nis faith excellently; "Natural deformity comes not
by our fault, 'tis often occasioned by calamities and
diseases, which a man can no more help, than a
monster can his deformity. There is no one mis-
fortune, and no one disease, but what all the rest
of men are subject to.——But the deformity of
this Author is visible, present, lasting, unalterable,
and peculiar to himself. 'Tis the mark of God and
Nature upon him, to give us warning that we
should hold no society with him, as a creature not
of our original, nor of our species: And they who
have refused to take this warning which God and
Nature have given them, and have in spite of it
by a senseless presumption, ventur'd to be familiar
with him, have severely suffer'd, &c. 'Tis certain
his original is not from Adam, but from the De-
vil," &c. Dennis and Gildon Character of
Mr. P. 3°. 1716.

It is admirably observ'd by Mr. Dennis against Mr.
Law, p. 33. "That the language of Billingsgate can
never be the language of Charity, nor consequently
of Christianity." I should else be tempted to use
the language of a Critick: For what is more provok-
ing to a Commentator, than to behold his author thus
pourtrayed? Yet I consider it really hurts not Him;
whereas maliciously to call some others dull, might
Instructive work! whose wry-mouth'd portraiture
Display'd the fates her confessors endure.

**Remarks,**

do them prejudice with a world too apt to believe it:
Therefore tho' Mr. D. may call another a little as
or a young toad, far be it from us to call him a tooth-
less lion, or an old serpent. Indeed, had I written these
Notes (as was once my intent) in the learned language,
I might have given him the appellations of Balatro,
Calcetum caput, or Scurra in trivis, being phrases in
good esteem and frequent usage among the bell learned:
But in our mother-tongue were I to tax any Gentle-
man of the Dunciad, surely it should be in words not
to the vulgar intelligible, whereby christian charity,
decency, and good accord among authors, might be
preferred.

**Scriblerus.**

V. 135. A shaggy Tapstry.] A sorry kind of Tapa-
etry frequent in old Inns, made of worsted or some
coarser stuff: like that which is spoken of by Doctor
Donne — Faces as frightful as theirs who whip Christ
in old hangings. The imagery woven in it alludes to
the mantle of Cloanthus in Æn. 5.

V. 136. On Codrus' old, or Dunton's modern bed.] Of
Codrus the Poet's bed see Juvenal, describing his
poverty very copiously. Sat. 3. v. 203, &c.

Letus erat Codro, &c.
Codrus had but one bed, so short to boot,
That his short Wife's short legs hung dangling out:
His cupboard's head six earthen pitchers grac'd,
Beneath them was his trufly tankard plac'd;
And to support this noble Plate, there lay
A bending Chiron, cast from honest clay.
His few Greek books a rotten chest contain'd,
Who's covers much of mouldiness complain'd,
Where mice and rats devour'd poetic bread,
And on Heroic Verse luxuriously were fed.
'Tis true, poor Codrus nothing bad to boast,
And yet poor Codrus all that nothing lost,

Dryd.
Ear-leafs on high, flood un-abash'd Defoe,
And Tutchin flagrant from the scourge, below: 140
There Ridpath, Roper, cudgell'd might ye view,
The very worsted still look'd black and blue:
Himself among the storied Chiefs he spies,
As from the blanket high in air he flies.

**Remarks.**

But Mr. C. in his dedication of the Letters, Advertisements, &c., to the author of the Dunciad, assures us, that "Juvenal never satyris'd the poverty of Codrus."

John Dunton was a broken Bookseller and abusive scribler: he writ Neck or Nothing, a violent satyr on some Ministers of State; The danger of a death-bed repentance, a libel on the late Duke of Devonshire and on the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Peterborough, &c.

V. 140. *And Tutchin flagrant from the scourge,*
John Tutchin, author of some vile verses, and of a weekly paper call'd the Observator: He was sentenced to be whipp'd thro' several towns in the west of England upon which he petition'd King James II. to be hanged. When that Prince died in exile, he wrote an invective against his memory, occasioned by some humane Elegies on his death. He liv'd to the time of Queen Anne.

V. 141. *There Ridpath, Roper.* Authors of the Flying-Post and Post-Boy, two scandalous papers on different sides, for which they equally and alternately were cudgell'd, and deserv'd it.

V. 143. *Himself among the storied chiefs he spies, &c.*
The history of Curl's being toss'd in a blanket, and

**Imitations.**

V. 143. *Himself among the storied chiefs he spies, &c.*
Virg. Æn. 1.

Se quoq; principibus permixtum aghovit Achiviis—
Conflit & lacrymans. Quis jam locus, inquit, Atebat?
Quae regio in terris nostri non plena laboris?
Book II. The Dunciad.

And oh! (he cry'd) what street, what lane but knows. Our purgings, pumpings, blanketings and blows? In ev'ry loom our labours shall be seen, And the fresh vomit run for ever green!

See in the circle next, Eliza plac'd;
Two, babes of love close clinging to her waiste;

Remarks.

whipp'd by the scholars of Westminster, is ingeniously
and pathetically related in a poem entituled Neck or Nothing. Of his purging and vomiting, see A full
and true account of a horrid revenge on the body of
Edm. Curl, &c.

V. 149. See in the circle next, Eliza plac'd.] In this
game is expos'd in the most contemptuous manner,
the profligate licentiousnes of those shameless scrib-
ers (for the most part of That sex, which ought least
to be capable of such malice or impudence) who in li-
bellous Memoirs and Novels, reveal the faults and
misfortunes of both sexes, to the ruin or disturbance
of publick fame or private happiness. Our good Poet,
(by the whole cast of his work being obliged not to
take off the Irony) where he cou'd not show his in-
dignation, hath shewn his contempt as much as pos-
sible: having here drawn as vile a picture, as could be
represented in the colours of Epic poesy.

Scriblerus.

V. 149. Eliza Haywood.] This woman was autho-
resses of those most scandalous books, call'd The Court of

Imitations.

V. 148. And the fresh vomit run for ever green.] A
parody on these of a late noble author,
His bleeding arm had furnish'd all their rooms,
And run for ever purple in the looms.

V. 150. Two, babes of love close clinging to her waiste.]
Virg. Æn. 5.
Creffa genus, Pholoe, geminique sub ubere nati.

P 2
Fair as before her works she stands confess'd,
In flow'rs and pearls by bounteous Kirkall drest'd.
The Goddes then: "Who best can send on high
"The salient spout, far-streaming to the sky;
"His be yon Juno of majestic size,
"With cow-like udders, and with ox-like eyes.
"This China-Jordan, let the chief o'ercome
"Replenish, not ingloriously, at home.

REMARKS.

Carmania, and The new Utopia: For the two Babes of Love, See CURL, Key, p. 22. But whatever reflection he is pleas'd to throw upon this Lady, surely 'twas what from him the little deferv'd, who had celebrated his undertakings for Reformation of Manners, and declared her self "to be so perfectly acquainted with "the sweetness of his disposition, and that tenderness "with which he consider'd the errors of his fellow-crea-
tures; that tho' she should find the little inadver-
tencies of her own life recorded in his papers, she "was certain it would be done in such a manner as "she could not but approve," Mrs. HAYWOOD, Hist. of Clar. printed in the Female Dunciad, p. 18.

IMITATIONS.

V. 155. —This Juno—
With cow-like udders, and with ox-like eyes.
In allusion to Homer's Πολύτιτις πότυια Η[ε].
V. 157. This China Jordan, &c.] Virg. Æn. 5.
Tertius, Argolica hac galea contentus abito.
V. ibid. This China Jordan.] In the games of Ho-
mer II. 23. there are set together as prizes, a Lady and a Kettle; as in this place Mrs. Haywood and a Jordan. But there the preference in value is given to the Ket-
tle, at which Mad. Dacier is justly displeas'd: Mrs. H. here is treated with distinction, and acknowledg'd to be the more valuable of the two.
Chetwood and Curl accept the glorious strife,
(Tho’ one his son dissuades, and one his wife)
This on his manly confidence relies,
That on his vigor and superior size.
First Chetwood lean’d against his letter’d post; 163
It rose, and labour’d to a curve at most:
So Jove’s bright bow displays its watry round,
(Sure sign, that no spectator shall be drown’d)
A second effort brought but new disgrace,
For straining more, it flies in his own face;
Thus the small jett which hafty hands unlock,
Spirts in the gard’ners eyes who turns the cock.

R e m a r k s.

V. 152. Kirkall, the Name of a Graver. This
Lady’s Works were printed in four Volumes duod.
with her picture thus dress’d up, before them.

V. 159. Chetwood the name of a Bookfeller, whose
Wife was said to have as great an influence over her
husband, as Boileau’s Perruquier: See Lutrin. Cant. 2.
—Henry Curl, the worthy son of his father Edmund.

I m i t a t i o n s.

V. 161. This on his manly confidence relies, That
on his vigor.] Virg. Æn. 5.
Ille melior motu, fretusque juventa,
Hic membris & mole valens——
V. 165. So Jove’s bright bow — Sure sign——
The words of Homer of the Rainbow, in Iliad 11.

En vexi sêche, tecus µεδήσαν µιθρόσαν.
Which Mad. Dacier thus renders, Âres merveilleux, que le fils de Saturn à fondez dans les nuées, pour être
dans tous les âges un signe à tous les mortels.
Not so from shameless Curl; impetuous spread
The stream, and smoaking, flourish'd o'er his head.
So, (fam'd like thee for turbulence and horns,) Eridanus his humble fountain scorns;
Thro' half the heav'n's he pours th' exalted urn;
His rapid waters in their passage burn.

Remarks.

V. 175. Thro' half the heav'n's he pours th' exalted urn.] In a manuscript Dunciad (where are some marginal corrections of some gentlemen some time decays'd) I have found another reading of these lines, thus,
And lifts his urn, thro' half the heav'n's to fow;
His rapid waters in their passage glow.
This I cannot but think the right: For first, tho' the difference between burn and glow may seem not very material to others, to me I confess the latter has an elegance — a Jenesay quoy — which is much easier to be conceiv'd than explain'd. Secondly, every reader of our Poet must have observ'd how frequently he uses

Imitations.

V. 173. So (fam'd like thee for turbulence and horns) Eridanus.] Virgil mentions these two qualifications of Eridanus, Geor. 4.
Et gemina auratus taurino cornua cultui,
Eridanus, quo non alius per pinguia culta
In mare purpureum violentior effuuit annis.
The Poets fabled of this river Eridanus, that it flow'd thro' the skies. Denham, Cooper's Hill.
Hea'n her Eridanus no more shall boast,
Whose fame like thine in lesser currents lost,
Thy nobler stream shall visit Jove's abodes,
To soine among the stars, and bathe the Gods.
Swift as it mounts, all follow with their eyes;
Still happy Impudence obtains the prize.
Thou triumph'st, victor of the high-wrought day,
And the pleas'd dame, soft-smiling, leads away.
Chetwood, thro' perfect modesty o'erm'st,
Crown'd with the Jordan, walks contented home.
But now for Authors nobler palms remain;
Room for my Lord! three Jockeys in his train:

R E M A R K S.

this word glow in other parts of his works: To in-
stance only in his Homer,
(1.) Iliad 9. v. 726.—With one resentment glows.
(2.) Iliad 11. v. 626.—There the battle glows.
(3.) Ibid. 985.—The closing field that instant ceased to
glow.
(4.) II. 12. v. 55.—Encompass'd Hector glows.
(5.) Ibid. 475.—His beating breast with gen'rous ar-
dour glows.
(6.) Iliad 18. v. 591.—Another part glows'd with
refulgent arms.
(7.) Ibid. v. 654.—And curl'd on silver props in or-
der glows.

I am afraid of growing too luxuriant in examples, or
I could stretch this catalogue to a great extent, but
these are enough to prove his fondness for this beau-
tiful word, which therefore let all future Editions re-
place here.

I am aware after all, that burn is the proper word
to convey an idea of what was said to be Mr. Curl's
condition at that time. But from that very reason I
infer the direct contrary. For surely every lover of
our author will conclude he had more humanity, than
to insult a man on such a misfortune or calamity, which
could never befal him purely by his own fault, but
from an unhappy communication with another. This
Note is partly Mr. THEOBALD, partly SCRIB-
LERUS.
The Dunciad. Book II.

Six huntsmen with a shout precede his chair;
He grins, and looks broad nonsense with a flare.
His honour'd meaning Dulness thus express;
"He wins this Patron who can tickle best." 188

He chinks his purse, and takes his seat of state:
With ready quills the Dedicators wait,
Now at his head the dextrous task commence,
And instant, fancy feels th' imputed sense;
Now gentle touches wanton o'er his face, 193
He struts Adonis, and affects grimace;
Rolli the feather to his ear conveys,
Then his nice taste directs our Operas:
Wells'd his mouth with Classic flattery opes,
And the puff'd Orator bursts out in tropes. 198
But Oldmixon the Poet's healing balm
Strives to extract, from his soft, giving palm;

Remarks:

V. 195. Paolo Antonio Rolli, an Italian Poet, and
writer of many Operas in that language, which, partly
by the help of his genius, prevail'd in England near
ten years.

V. 197. Wells'd.] See Note on verse 295 of this
Book.

V. 199. But Oldmixon, &c.] Mr John Oldmixon
(next to Mr. Dennis the most ancient Critick of our
Nation) not so happy as laborious in poetry; and
therefore, perhaps characteriz'd by the Tatler No. 62.
by the name of Omieran the unborn Poet. CURT.
Key to the D., p. 13. An unjust censor of Mr. Ad-
dison in his Prose Essay on Criticism whom also in his
imitation of Bouchours (call'd the Arts of Logic and Re-
toric) he misrepresents in plain matter of fact: for in
p. 45 he cites the Spectator as abusing Dr. Swift by
name, where there is not the least hint of it; And,
Book II. The Dunciad

Unlucky Oldmixon! thy lordly master
The more thou tickest, gripes his fist the fatter.
While thus each hand promotes the pleasing pain,
And quick sensations skip from vein to vein,
A youth unknown to Phoebus, in despair,
205 Puts his last refuge all in heav’n and pray’r.
What force have pious vows? the Queen of Love
His Sister sends, her vot’res, from above.

Remarks.
in p. 304. is so injurious as to suggest, that Mr. Addis- 
son himself writ that Tatler No. 43, which says of 
his own Simile, that “ ’tis as great as ever enter’d in. 
“ to the mind of man.” This person wrote numbers 
of books which are not come to our knowledge.
“ Dramatick works, and a volume of Poetry, con- 
ing of heroic Epistles, &c. some whereof are very 
“ well done,” faith that great Judge Mr. Jacob.

I remember a Pastoral of his on the Battle of Blen- 
heim; a Critical History of England; Essay on Criti- 
cisim, in prose, The Arts of Logic and Rhetoric, in 
which he frequently reflects on our Author. We find 
in the Flying-Post of Apr. 13, 1728. some very flat 
verfes of his against him and Dr. Sw. He was all 
his life a hired writer for a Party, and received his re- 
ward in a small place which he yet enjoys.

V. 205. A youth unknown to Phoebus, &c.] The 
fatire of this Epistle being levelled at the base flatter- 
ries of authors to worthless wealth or greatnecs, con- 
cludes here with an excellent leffon to such men; 
That altho’ their pens and praises were as exquisite as 
they conceit of themselves, yet (even in their own 
tencenary views) a creature unlettered, who ferveth 
the passions, or pimpeth to the pleasures, of such vain, 
baggart, puff Nobility, shall with those patrons be 
much more inward, and of them much higher rewarded.

Scridlerus.
As taught by Venus, Paris learnt the art
To touch Achilles' only tender part;
Secure, thro' her, the noble prize to carry,
He marches off, his Grace's Secretary.

Now turn to different sports (the Goddess cries)
And learn, my sons, the wondrous pow'r of Noise.
To move, to raise, to ravish every heart,
With thunder rumbling from the mustard-bowl,
With horns and trumpets now to madness swell,
Now sink in sorrows with a tolling Bell.

Remarks.

V. 218. With Thunder rumbling from the mustard-bowl.] The old way of making Thunder and Mustard were the same; but since, it is more advantageously perform'd by troughs of wood with stops in them. Whether Mr. Dennis was the inventor of that improvement, I know not; but it is certain, that being once at a Tragedy of a new Author, he fell into a great passion at hearing some, and cry'd, "S'death! " that is my Thunder."

V. 220. With a tolling Bell.] A mechanical help to the Pathetic, not unuseful to the modern writers of Tragedy.

Imitations.

V. 215. To move, to raise, &c. — Let others aim —
'Tis yours to shake, &c. — ] Virgil, Æn 6.
Excudent alii sinceris mollius aeris,
Credo equidem, vivos ducent e marmore vultus, &c.
Tu, regere imperio populos, Romane, memento,
Hæ tibi crant artes ———
Such happy arts attention can command,
When fancy flags, and sense is at a stand.
Improve we these. Three Cat-calls be the bribe
Of him, whose chattering shames the Monkey tribe,
And his this Drum, whose hoarse heroic base
Drowns the loud clarion of the braying As.

Now thousand tongues are heard in one loud din:
The Monkey-mimicks rush discordant in:
'Twas chattering, grinning, mouthing, jabb'ring all,
And Noife, and Norton, Brangling, and Breval,
Dennis, and Diffonance, and captious Art,
And Snip-snap short, and Interruption smart.

Hold (cry'd the Queen) A Catcall each shall win,
Equal your merits! equal is your din!
But that this well-disputed game may end,
Sound forth, my Brayers, and the welkin rend.

 Remarks.

V. 223. Three Cat-calls.] Certain musical instruments used by one sort of Critics to confound the Poets of the Theatre. They are of great antiquity, if we may credit Florent. Chrift. on Aristophanes ἵππεις, Act. 1. Parabasis Chori.


Imitations.

V. 233. —— A Catcall each shall win, &c. Virg.
Ecl. 3.
Non inter nos est tantas componere lites,
Et vitula tu dignus, &c. hic ——
As when the long-ear'd milky mothers wait
At some sick miser's triple-bolted gate,
For their defrauded, absent foals they make
A moan so loud, that all the Guild awake,

Sore sighs Sir G**, starting, at the bray,
From dreams of millions, and three groats to pay!
So swells each windpipe; As intones to As,
Harmonic twang! of leather, horn, and brass.

Such, as from lab'ring lungs th' Enthusiast blows,
High sounds, attempted to the vocal nose.
But far o'er all, sonorous Blackmore's strain;
Walls, steeples, skies, bray back to him again:
In Tot'nam fields, the brethren with amaze
Prick all their ears up, and forget to graze;

**Imitations.**

V. 237.] A Simile with a long-tail, in the manner of Homer.

V. 248. —*bray back to him again*. A figure of speech taken from Virgil,

Et vox asenfa numerum ingenitata remugit.

Geor. 3.

*He hears his numerous herds low o'er the plain,
White neighbouring hills low back to them again.*

Cowley.

The poet here celebrated, Sir R. B. delighted much in the word *Bray*, which he endeavour'd to ennoble by applying it to the sound of *Armour, War*, &c. In imitation of him, and strengthen'd by his authority, our author has here admitted it into Heroic poetry.

V. 250. *Prick all their ears up, and forget to graze.*] Virg. Ecl. 3.

*Immemor herbarum quos est mirata juventia.*
The progress of the sound from place to place, and the scenery here of the bordering regions, Tot'nam-
Long Chanc'ry-lane retentive rolls the sound,
And courts to courts return it round and round:
Thames waft it thence to Rufus' roaring hall,
And Hungerford re-ecchoes, bawl for bawl.
All hail him victor in both gifts of song,
Who sings so loudly, and who sings so long.

Remarks.

V. 251. Long Chanc'ry-lane.] The place where
the offices of Chancery are kept: The long detention
of Clients in that Court, and the difficulty of getting
out, is humorously allegoriz'd in these lines.

V. 256. Who sings so loudly, and who sings so long.] A juft charafter of Sir Richard Blackmore, Kt. who
(as Mr. Dryden expres'd it) Writ to the rambling of
his Coach's wheels, and whose indefatigable Mufe pro-
duced no lefs than six Epic poems: Prince and King
Arthur, 20 Books; Eliza, 10; Alfred, 12; The Re-
deemer, 6: besides Job in folio, the whole Book of
Psalms, The Creation, 7 Books, Nature of Man, 3 Books,
and many more. 'Tis in this fense he is filed afterwards,
the Everlafting Blackmore. Notwithstanding all which,
Mr. Gildon fees afured, that " this admirable author
" did not think himself upon the fame foot with Homer."


But how different is the judgment of the author of
Characterfs of the Times? p. 25. who fays, " Sir Ri-
" chard is unfortunate in happening to miitake his
" proper talents, and that he has not for many years
" been so much as named, or even thought of among

Imitations.

fields, Chancery-lane, the Thames, Westminster-ball,
and Hungerford-stairs, are imitated from Virg. Æn. 7.
on the founding the horn of Alcotto.

Audit & Trivia longe lacus, audit amnis
Sulphurea Nar albus aqua, fontesque Velini, &c.
This labour past, by Bridewell all descend,
(As morning pray'r and flagellation end.)

Remarks.

"writers." Even Mr. Dennis differs greatly from his friend Mr. Gildon: "Blackmore's Action (faith he) has neither unity, nor integrity, nor morality, nor universality; and consequently he can have no "Fable, and no Heroic Poem: His Narration is neither probable, delightful, nor wonderful: His Characters have none of the necessary qualifications.— The things contain'd in his Narration are neither in their own nature delightful, nor numerous enough, nor rightly disposed, nor surprising, nor pathetic.— Nay he proceeds so far as to say Sir Richard has no Genius: first laying down "that Genius is caused by "a furious joy and pride of soul, on the conception of an extraordinary Hint. Many Men (says he) have "their Hints, without these motions of fury and pride "of soul, because they want fire enough to agitate "their spirits; and these we call cold writers: Others "who have a great deal of fire, but have not excellent organs, feel the foremention'd motions, without "the extraordinary hints; And these we call succinct "writers. But he declares, that Sir Richard had "neither the Hints, nor the Motions." Remarks on Pr. Arth. 8°. 1696. Preface.

This gentleman in his first works abused the character of Mr. Dryden, and in his last of Mr. Pope, accusing him in very high and sober terms of prophaneness and immorality (Essay on polite writing, Vol. 2. p. 270.) on a mere report from Edm. Curl, that he was author of a Travesty on the first Psalm. Mr. Dennis took up the same report, but with the addition of what Sir Richard had neglected, an Argument to prove it; which being very curious, we shall here transcribe. (Remarks on Homer. 8°. p. 27.) "It was he who burlesqu'd the Psalm of David. It is "apparent to me that Psalm was burlesqu'd by a Popish
To where Fleet-ditch with disemboguing streams
Rolls the large tribute of dead dogs to Thames.

Remarks.

"rhymester. Let rhyming persons who have been
"brought up Protestants be otherwise what they will,
"let them be Rakes, let 'em be Scoundrels, let 'em
"be Atheists, yet education has made an invincible
"impression on them in behalf of the sacred writings.
"But a Popish rhymester has been brought up with a
"contempt for those sacred writings. Now show me
"another Popish rhymester but he." This manner
of argumentation is usual with Mr. Dennis; he has
employ'd the same against Sir Richard himself in a like
charge of Impiety and Irreligion. "All Mr. Black-
"more's celestial Machines, as they cannot be defended
"so much as by common receiv'd opinion, so are
"directly contrary to the doctrine of the Church of
"England: For the visible decent of an Angel must
"be a miracle. Now it is the doctrine of the Church
"of England that miracles had ceas'd a long time
"before Prince Arthur came into the world. Now
"if the doctrine of the Church of England be true,
"as we are oblig'd to believe, then are all the cele-
"stial machines in Prince Arthur unsufferable, as
"wanting not only human but divine probability.
"But if the machines are sufferable, that is if they
"have so much as divine probability, then it follows
"of necessity that the doctrine of the Church is false:
"So I leave it to every impartial Clergyman to con-
"sider, &c." Preface to the Remarks on Prince Ar-
thur.

It has been suggested in the Character of Mr. P.
that he had Obligations to Sir R. B. He never had
any, and never saw him but twice in his Life.

V. 258. As morning pray'r and flagellation end.] It is between eleven and twelve in the morning, after
church service, that the criminals are whip'd in
Bridewell.—This is to mark punctually the Time &
The King of dykes! than whom, no sluice of mud
With deeper fable blots the silver flood.
"Here strip my children! here at once leap in!
"Here prove who best can dash thro' thick and thin,
"And who the most in love of dirt excel,
"Or dark dexterity of groping well.
"Who flings most filth, and wide pollutes around
"The stream, be his the Weekly Journals, bound;

Remarks.
the day: Homer does it by the circumstance of the Judges rising from court, or of the Labourers dinner; our author by one very proper both to the Persons and the Scene of his Poem; which we may remember commenc'd in the evening of the Lord-mayor's day: The first book passed in that night; the next morning the games begin in the Strand, thence along Fleet-street (places inhabited by Bookfellers) then they proceed by Bridewell toward Fleetditch, and lastly thro' Ludgate to the City and the Temple of the Goddes.
V. 261. The Diving.] This I fancy (says a great Enemy to the Poem) is a Game which nobody could ever think of but the Author: however it is work'd up admirably well, especially in those lines where he describes Eufden (he should say Smedley) rising up again. Essay on the Dunciad, p. 19.
V. 264, 265, 266.] The three chief qualifications of Party-writers; to fllick at nothing, to delight in flinging dirt, and to flander in the dark by guess.
V. 268. The Weekly Journals.] Papers of news and scandal intermix'd, on different sides and parties

Imitations.
V. 261. The King of dykes, &c.] Virg.
Eridanus, rex fluviorum——
——— quo non alius, per pinguiæ culta,
In mare purpureum violenter effluat annis.
"A pig of lead to him who dives the best.
A peck of coals a-piece shall glad the rest.

In naked majesty great Dennis stands,
And, Milo-like, surveys his arms and hands,

Remarks.

and frequently shifting from one side to the other, call'd the London Journal, Mist's Journal, British Journal, Daily Journal, &c. the writers of which for some time were Woffled, Room, Molly, Concane, and others; persons never seen by our author:

V. 270. A peck of coals a-piece.] Our indulgent Poet, whenever he has spoken of any dirty or low work, constantly puts us in mind of the Poverty of the offenders, as the only extenuation of such practices. Let any one but remark, when a Thief, a Pickpocket, a Highwayman, or a Knight of the Poft is spoken of, how much our hatred to those characters is less'en'd, if they add a need'y Thief, a poor Pickpocket, a hungry Highwayman, a starving Knight of the Poft, &c.

V. 271. In naked majesty great Dennis stands.] The reader, who hath seen in the course of these notes, what a constant attendance Mr. Dennis paid to our author, might here expect a particular regard to be shewn him; and consequently may be surpriz'd at his sinking at once, in so few lines, never to rise again! But in truth he looked upon him with some esteem, for having more generously than the rest, set his name to such works. He was not only a formidable Critick who for many years had written against every thing that had success, (the Antagonist of Sir Richard Blackmore, Sir Richard Steele, Mr. Addison, and Mr. Pope) but a zealous Politician: (not only appearing in his works, where Poetry and the State are always equally concerned, but in many secret hints and sage advices given to the Ministers of all reigns.) He is here likened to Milo, in allusion to that verse of Ovid,

—Fletque Milon senior, cum spectat inanes
Herculeis similes, fluidos pendere lacertos;
Then sighing, thus. " And am I now three score?"
"Ah why, ye Gods! should two and two make four?"
He said, and climb'd a stranded Lighter's height, 275
Shot to the black abyfs, and plung'd down-right.
The Senior's judgment all the crowd admire,
Who but to sink the deeper, rose the higher.

Next Smedley div'd; slow circles dimpled o'er
The quaking mud, that clos'd, and op'd no more. 280

REMARKS.

either with regard to his great Age, or because he
was undone by trying to pull to pieces an Oak that
was too strong for him.

Remember Milo's end,
Wedg'd in that timber which he prove to rend.

Lord Rosc.

V. 273. — And am I now three score? I shall
here, to prove my impartiality, remark a great over-
fight in our author as to the age of Mr. Dennis. He
must have been some years above three score in the
Mayoralty of Sir George Thorold, which was in 1720,
and Mr. Dennis was born (as he himself inform'd us
in Mr. Jacob's Lives before mention'd) in 1657; 
since when he has happily liv'd eight years more, and
is already senior to Mr. Durfey, who hitherto of all
our Poets, enjoy'd the longest, bodily, life.

V. 279. Next Smedley div'd.] In the surreptitious
editions, this whole Episod was apply'd to an initial
letter $E$, by whom if they meant the Laureate, no-	hing was more absurd, no part agreeing with his
character. The Allegory evidently demands a perfon
dipp'd in scandal, and deeply immers'd in dirty work:
whereas Mr. Eusden's writings rarely offended but by
their length and multitude, and accordingly are tax'd
of nothing else in book 1. verfe 102. But the perfon
here mention'd, an Irishman, was author and publisher
of many scurrilous pieces, a weekly Whiteball Journal
Book II. The Dunciad. 125

All look, all sigh, and call on Smedley lost;
Smedley in vain resounds thro' all the coast.

Then ** try'd, but hardly snatch'd from light,
Instant buoys up, and rises into light;
He bears no token of the fabler streams,
And mounts far off, among the swans of Thames.

True to the bottom, see Concanen creep,
A cold, long-winded, native of the deep!

Remarks.
in the year 1722, in the name of Sir James Baker,
and particularly whole volumes of Billingfgate against
Dr. Swift and Mr. Pope, call'd Gulliveriana and Alexandriana, printed in 8°. 1728.
V. 283. Then ** try'd.] This is an instance of
the Tendernefs of our author. The person here inten
tended writ an angry preface againft him, grounded
on a Miftake, which he afterwards honourably ac
knowledged in another printed preface. Since when,
he fell under a second Miftake, and abus'd both him
and his Friend.

He is a writer of genius and spirit, tho' in his
youth he was guilty of some pieces bordering upon
bombait. Our poet here gives him a Panegyric in
stead of a Satire, being edify'd beyond meaure at
this only instance he ever met with in his life, of one
who was much a Poet, confessing himself in an er
ror: and has suppressd his name, as thinking him capa
ble of a second repentance.
V. 287. Concanen.] In the former editions there
were only Afterisks in this place; this name was since

Imitations.
V. 281. and call on Smedley lost, &c.]
Lord Roscommon's translation of Virgil's 6th Eclog,
Alcides wept in vain for Hylas lost,
Hylas in vain resounds thro' all the coast.
R 2
If perseverance gain the Diver's prize,
Not everlasting Blackmore this denies:
No noise, no stir, no motion can't thou make,
Th' unconscious flood sleeps o'er thee like a lake.
Not Welsted so: drawn endlong by his scull,
Furious he sinks, precipitately dull.
Whirlpools and storms his circling arm invest,
With all the Might of gravitation blest.
No crab more active in the dirty dance,
Downward to climb, and backward to advance.
He brings up half the bottom on his head,
And boldly claims the Journals and the Lead.

Remarks.

inserted merely to fill up the verse, and give ease to the ear of the reader.

V. 293. Welsted.] Leonard Welsted, author of the Triumvirate, or a Letter in verse from Palaemon to Celia at Bath, which was meant for a Satire on Mr. P. and some of his friends, about the year 1718. The strength of the metaphors in this passage is to express the great securility and fury of this writer, which may be seen, One day, in a Piece of his call'd (as I think) Labo. He writ other things which we cannot remember. Smedley in his Metam. of Scrib. mentions one, the Hymn of a Gentleman to the Creator: and there was another in praise either of a Cellar or a Garret. L. W. characteris'd in the treatise τιτ βασις or the Art of Sinking as a Didapper, and after as an Eel, is said to be this person, by Dennis Daily Journal of May 11, 1728. He is mentioned again in book 3.

Imitations.

V. 290. Not everlasting Blackmore.] Virg. Æn. 5.
Nec bonus Eurytion prælato invidit honori, &c.
Book II. The Dunciad. 125

Sudden, a burst of thunder shook the flood.  
Lo Smedley rose, in majesty of mud!  
Shaking the horrors of his ample brows,  
And each ferocious feature grim with ooze.  
Greater he looks, and more than mortal flares; 305  
Then thus the wonders of the Deep declares.  
First he relates, how sinking to the chin,  
Smit with his mien, the Mud-nymphs fuck'd him in:  
How young Lutetia, softer than the down,  
Nigrina black, and Merdamante brown,  
V'd for his love in jetty bow'rs below; 310  
As Hylas fair was ravish'd long ago.  
Then sung, how shown him by the nutbrown maids,  
A branch of Styx here rises from the Shades,

Remarks.

V. 312. As Hylas fair.] Who was ravish'd by the water-nymphs and drawn into the river. The story is told at large by Valerius Flaccus, Lib. 3. Argon. See Virg. Ecl. 6.  

Imitations.

V. 302. — in Majesty of mud.] Milton,  
in majesty of darkness round  
Circled  
V. 305. Greater he looks, and more than mortal flares.] Virg. 6. of the Sybil.  
majoque videri  
Ne mortale sonans ——
That tintur'd as it runs with Lethe's streams,
And wafting vapours from the Land of Dreams,
(As under seas Alphæus' secret sluice
Bears Pisa's offerings to his Arethusa)
Pours into Thames: Each city-bowl is full
Of the mixt wave, and all who drink grow dull.
How to the banks where bards departed doze,
They led him soft; how all the bards arose;
Taylor, sweet bird of Thames, majestic bows,
And Shadwell nods the poppy on his brows;

Remarks.

Of the land of Dreams in the same region, he makes mention, Odyss. 24. See also Lucian's true History. Lethe and the Land of Dreams allegorically represent the Stupésation and visionary Madness of Poets equally dull and extravagant. Of Alphæus his waters gliding secretly under the sea of Pisa, to mix with those of Arethusa in Sicily, vid. Moschus Idyl. 8. Virg. Ecl. 10:

— Alphæum, fana est, but Elidis annem
Occultas egisse vias, subter mare, qui nunc
Ore Arethusa tuo, Siculis confunditur undis.
V. 323. Taylor, sweet bird of Thames.] John Taylor, the Water Poet, an honest man, who owns he

Imitations.

Tum canit errantem Permess ad flumina Gallum,
Utique vire Phæbi chorus austre exerit omnis;
Ut Linus haec illi divino carmine paftr,
Floribus atque apiro crines ornatus amaro,
Dixerit, Hoc tibi dant calamos, en accipe, Musæ,
Æscaeo quos ante seni ——— &c.
While Milbourn there, deputed by the rest, 325
Gave him the cassock, surcingle, and vest;
And "Take (he said) these robes which once were mine,
"Dulness is sacred in a sound Divine.

He cease'd, and show'd the robe; the crowd confess
The rev'tend Flamen in his lengthen'd dress.
Slow moves the Goddes from the sable flood,
(Her Priest preceding) thro' the gates of Lud.

Remarks.

learn'd not so much as his Accidence: a rare example
of modesty in a Poet!

I must confess I do want eloquence,
And never scarce did learn my Accidence,
For having got from Poßum to Poßet,
I there was gravell'd, could no farther get.

He wrote fourscore books in the reign of James I.
and Charles I. and afterwards (like Edw. Ward) kept
an Alehouse in Long Acre. He died in 1654.

V. 324. And Shadwell nods the poppy.] Shadwell
took Opium for many years, and died of too large a
dose of it, in the year 1692.

V. 325. While Milbourn.] Luke Milbourn a Clergy-
man, the fairest of Criticks; who when he wrote
against Mr. Dryden's Virgil, did him justice, in print-
ing at the same time his own translations of him, which
were intolerable. His manner of writing has a great
resemblance with that of the Gentlemen of the Dun-
ciad against our author, as will be seen in the Parallel
of Mr. Dryden and him. Append. N. 6.

V. 332. Gates of Lud.] "King Lud repairing the
"City, call'd it after his own name, Lud's Town;
"the strong gate which he built in the west part, he
"likewise for his own honour named Ludgate. In
"the year 1260, this gate was beautified with images
"of Lud and other Kings. Those images in the reign
"of Edward VI. had their heads smitten off, and
The Dunciad. Book II.

Her Criticks there the summons, and proclaims
A gentler exercise to close the games.

Hear you! in whose grave heads, as equal scales,
I weigh what author’s heaviness prevails,
Which most conduce to sooth the soul in slumbers,
My Henley’s periods, or my Blackmore’s numbers?

Attend the trial we propose to make:

If there be man who o’er such works can wake,
Sleep’s all-subduing charms who dares defy,
And boasts Ulysses’ ear with Argus’ eye;
To him we grant our amplest pow’rs to fit
Judge of all present, past, and future wit,
To cavil, censure, dictate, right or wrong,

Full, and eternal privilege of tongue.

Three Cambridge Sophs and three pert Templars came,
The same their talents, and their tastes the same,
Each prompt to query, answer, and debate,
And smit with love of Poesy and Prate.

Remarks.

"were otherwise defaced by unadvised folks. Queen "Mary did set new heads on their old bodies again.
"The 28th of Queen Elizabeth the same gate was "clean taken down, and newly and beautifully builded
"with images of Lud and others as afore." Stow’s Survey of London.

Imitations.

V. 348. The same their talents—Each prompt, &c.
Virg. Eccl. 7.

Ambo florentes ætatibus, Arcades ambo,
Et certare pares, & respondere parati.
V. 350.] Smit with the love of sacred song—Milton.
The pond'rous books two gentle readers bring:
The heroes fit; the vulgar form a ring.
The clam'rous crowd is hush'd with mugs of Mum,
'Till all tun'd equal, send a gen'ral hum.
Then mount the clerks, and in one lazy tone;
Thro' the long, heavy, painful page, drawl on;
Soft, creeping, words on words, the sense compose,
At ev'ry line, they stretch, they yawn, they doze.
As to soft gales top-heavy pines bow low
Their heads, and lift them as they cease to blow;
Thus oft, they rear, and oft, the head decline,
As breathe, or pause, by fits, the airs divine:
And now to this side, now to that, they nod,
As verse; or prose, infuse the drowzy God.
Thrice Budgel aim'd to speak, but thrice suppress't
By potent Arthur, knock'd his chin and breast.

Remarks.

V. 356. Thro' the long, heavy, painful page, &c.] All these lines very well imitate the slow drowsiness with which they proceed. It is impossible for any one who has a poetical ear to read them, without perceiving the heaviness that lags in the verse, to imitate the action it describes. The Simile of the Pines is very just and well adapted to the subject.


V. 365. Thrice Budgel aim'd to speak.] Famous for his speeches on many occasions about the South Sea Scheme, &c. "He is a very ingenious gentleman,

Imitations.

V. 352. The heroes fit; the vulgar form a ring.]


Consedere duces, & vulgì flante corona.
Toland and Tindal, prompt at Priests to jeer, 
Yet silent bow'd to Christ's No kingdom here. 
Who sate the nearest, by the words o'ercome 
Slept first, the distant nodded to the hum. 

Then down are roll'd the books; stretch'd o'er 'em lies 
Each gentle clerk, and muttering seals his eyes. 
At what a Dutchman plumps into the lakes, 
One circle first, and then a second makes, 
What Dullefs dropt among her sons imprefl 
Like motion, from one circle to the rest; 

Remarks.

"and hath written some excellent epilogues to plays, 
"and one small piece on love, which is very pretty." 
JACOB Lives of Poets, vol. 2. p. 289. But this Gentleman has since made himself much more eminent, and personally well-known to the greatest State-men of all parties, in this nation. 

V. 367. Toland and Tindal.] Two persons not so happy as to be obscure, who writ against the Religion of their Country. The surreptitious editions placed here the name of a Gentleman, who, tho' no great friend to the Clergy, is a man of morals and ingenuity. Tindal was Author of the Rights of the Christian Church: He also wrote an abusive pamphlet against Earl Stanhope, which was suppress'd while yet in manuscript by an eminent Person then out of the Ministry, to whom he show'd it expecting his approbation: This Doctor afterwards publish'd the same piece, mutatis mutandis, against that very Person. 

V. 368. Christ's No kingdom, &c.] This is scandalously said by CURR, Key to Dunci. to allude to a Sermon of a reverend Bishop. But the context shows it to be meant of a famous publick Orator, not more remarkable for his long-winded periods, than his Disaffection to Ecclesiastical Hierarchy, and to the doctrine that Christ's Kingdom is of this world.
The Dunciad

So from the mid-moft the nutation spreads
Round, and more round, o'er all the sea of heads.
At last Centlivre felt her voice to fail,
Old James himself unfinish'd left his tale,
Boyer the State, and Law the Stage gave o'er,
Nor Motteux talk'd, nor Nafo whisper'd more;

R E M A R K S.

V. 379. Centlivre.] Mrs. Susanna Centlivre, wife to Mr. Centlivre, Yeoman of the Mouth to his Majesty. She wrote many Plays, and a song (says Mr. Jacob, vol. 1. p. 32.) before she was seven years old. She also wrote a Ballad against Mr. Pope's Homer before he begun it.

V. 381. Boyer the State, and Law the Stage gave o'er.] A. Boyer, a voluminous compiler of Annals, Political Collections, &c. — William Law, A. M. wrote with great zeal against the Stage, Mr. Dennis answer'd with as great. Their books were printed in 1726. Mr. Law affirm'd that "the Playhouse is the Temple of the Devil, the peculiar pleasure of the Devil, where all they who go, yield to the Devil, where all the Laughter is a laughter among Devils, and that all who are there are hearing Musick in the very Porch of Hell." To which Mr. Dennis replied, that "there is every jot as much difference between a true Play, and one made by a Poetaster, as between Two religious books, the Bible and the Alcoran." Then he demonstrates that "All those who had written against the Stage were Jacobites and Nonjurors, and did it always at a time when

I M I T A T I O N S.

V. 378. O'er all the sea of heads.] Blackm. Job.
A wav'ing sea of heads was round me spread,
And still fresh streams the gazing deluge fed.
The Dunciad. Book II.

Norton, from Daniel and Oftrœa sprung,
Bleft with his father's front, and mother's tongue,
Hung silent down his never-blushing head;
And all was hush'd, as Folly's self lay dead.

Thus the soft gifts of Sleep conclude the day,
And stretch'd on bulks, as usual, Poets lay.

Remarks.

"something was to be done for the Pretender. Mr.
Collier publish'd his Short View, when France declar'd for the Chevalier; and his Diffusæve, just at the great Storm, when the devastation which that Hurricane wrought had amazed and astonisht the minds of men, and made them obnoxious to melancholy and desponding thoughts: Mr. Law took the opportunity to attack the Stage upon the great preparations he heard were making abroad, and which the Jacobites sign'd themselves were designd in their favour: And as for Mr. Bedford's Serious Remonstrance, tho' I know nothing of the time of publishing it, yet I dare to lay odds it was either upon the Duke D'Aumont's being at Somerset-house, or upon the late Rebellion." DENNIS, Stage defended against Mr. Law, pag. ult.

V. 383, Norton.] Norton de Foe, said to be the natural offspring of the famous Daniel. Fortes créantur fortibus. One of the authors of the Flying-Poet, in which well-bred work Mr. P. had sometime the honour to be abus'd with his betters, and of many hired scurrilities and daily papers to which he never set his name, in a due fear of Laws and Cudgels. He is now writing the Life of Colonel Charteris.

Imitations.

V. 386. And all was hush'd, as Folly's self lay dead.] Alludes to Dryden's verse in the Indian Emperor,
All things are hush'd, as Nature's self lay dead.
Book II. The Dunciad. 133

Why should I sing what bards the nightly Muse
Did slumbering visit, and convey to sles:
Who prouder march'd, with magistrates in state,
To some fam'd round-house, ever open gate:
How Laurus lay inspir'd beside a sink,
And to mere mortals seem'd a Priest in drink:
While others, timely, to the neighbouring Fleet 395
(Haunt of the Muses) made their safe retreat.

Remarks.
V. 394, And to mere mortals, seem'd a Priest in drink.] This line presents us with an excellent moral, that we are never to pass judgment merely by appearances; a lesson to all men who may happen to see a reverend person in the like situation, not to determine too rashly: since not only the Poets frequently describe a Bard inspir'd in this posture, (On Cam's fair bank where Chaucer lay inspir'd, and the like) but an eminent Casuist tells us, that if a Priest be seen in any indecent action, we ought to account it a deception of sight, or illusion of the Devil, who sometimes takes upon him the shape of holy men on purpose to cause scandal. How little the prophane author of the Characters of the Times printed 1728, regarded this admonition, appears from these words pag. 26. (speaking of the reverend Mr. Laurence Eufden) "A most worthy successor of Tate in the Laureat-ship, a man of insuperable modesty, since certainly it was not his Ambition that led him to seek this illustrious post, but his Affection to the Perquisite of "Sack."

A reflection as mean as it is scandalous! Scriblerus.

End of the Second Book.
But in her Temple's last recess inclos'd,
On Dulness lap th'Anointed head repos'd.
Him close she curtain'd round with vapours blue,
And soft besprinkled with Cimmerian dew.
Then raptures high the seat of sense o'erflow,
Which only heads, refin'd from reason, know.
Hence, from the straw where Bedlam's Prophet nods,
He hears loud Oracles, and talks with Gods:

Remarks on Book the Third.

V. 5, 6, &c.] Hereby is intimated that the following Vision is no more than the chimera of the

Imitations.

V. 8. Hence from the straw where Bedlam's Prophet nods,
He hears loud Oracles, and talks with Gods.
Virg. Æn. 7.
Et varias audit voces, fruiturque deorum
Colloquio
Hence the Fool's paradise, the Statesman's scheme;
The air-built Castle, and the golden Dream,
The Maid's romantic wish, the Chymist's flame,
And Poet's vision of eternal fame.

And now, on Fancy's easy wing convey'd,
The King descended to th' Elysian shade.
There, in a dusky vale where Lethe rolls,
Old Bavius sits, to dip poetic souls.

**Remarks.**

dreamer's brain, and not a real or intended satire on
the Present Age, doubtles more learned, more inlight-
ent'd, and more abounding with great Genius's in Di-
vinity, Politics, and whatever Arts and Sciences, than
all the preceding. For fear of any such mistake of our
Poet's honest meaning, he hath again at the end of
the Vision repeated this monition, saying that it all
past thro' the *Ivory gate*, which (according to the An-
cients) denoteth Falsity.

**Scriblerus.**

V. 16. *Old Bavius sits.* Bavius was an ancient
Poet, celebrated by Virgil for the like cause as Tibbald
by our author, tho' not in so Christian-like manner : For

**Imitations.**


—*Videt Aeneas in valle reducita*

*Seclusum nemus* ——

*Letumque domos placidas qui praerat amnem,* &c.

*Hunc circum innumeræ gentes,* &c.

V. 16. *Old Bavius sits, to dip poetic souls.* Allud-
ing to the story of Thetis dipping Achilles to render
him impenetrable.

*At pater Anchises penitus conoalle virenti*

*Inclusas animas, superumque ad lumen ituras,*

*Lufrabet* ——

Virg. Æn. 6.
And blunt the sense, and fit it for a scull
Of solid proof, impenetrably dull.
Instant when dipt, away they wing their flight,
Where Brown and Mears unbar the gates of Light.

**Remarks.**

heathenishly it is declared by *Virgil* of *Bavius*, that he
ought to be hated and detested for his evil works; *Qui Bavium non odit*—whereas we have often had occasion
to observe our Poet's great good nature and merciful-
ness, thro' the whole course of this poem.

Mr. *Dennis* warmly contends that *Bavius* was no
inconsiderable author; nay, that "he and *Mævius*
" had (even in *Augustius's* days) a very formidable
" Party at *Rome*, who thought them much superior
" to *Virgil* and *Horace*; For (faith he) "I cannot
" believe they would have fix'd that eternal brand
" upon them, if they had not been coxcombs in more
c. 1. (An argument which if this Poem should last,
will conduce to the honour of the Gentlemen of the
*Dunciad.*) In like manner he tells us of *Settle,*
that " he was once a formidable Rival to Mr. *Dryden,*
" and that in the University of *Cambridge* there were
" those who gave him the preference." Mr. *Welsby*
goes yet farther in his behalf. " Poor *Settle* was for-
" merly the *Mighty Rival* of *Dryden*; nay, for many
" years, bore his Reputation above him." [Pref. to his
*Poems*, 8°. p. 51.] And Mr. *Milbourn* cry'd out,
" How little was *Dryden* able, even when his blood
" run high, to defend himself against Mr. *Settle*!
" Notes on Dryd. Virg. p. 175. These are comfortable
opinions! and no wonder some authors indulge them.

**Scriblerus.**

V. 20. *Brown and Mears.*] Booksellers; Printers
for Tibbald, Mrs. Haywood, or any body.—The

**Imitations.**

V. 20. *Unbar the gates of Light.*] Milton.
Book III. The Dunciad.  

Demand new bodies, and in Calf's array
Rush to the world, impatient for the day.
Millions and millions on these banks he views,
Thick as the stars of night, or morning dews,
As thick as bees o'er vernal blossoms fly,

As thick as eggs, at Ward in Pillory.

Remarks.

Allegory of the souls of the Dull coming forth in the form of Books, and being let abroad in vast numbers by Bookfellers, is sufficiently intelligible.

V. 26. Ward in Pillory.] John Ward of Hackney, Esq; Member of Parliament, being convicted of Forgery, was first expelled the House, and then sentenced to the Pillory on the 17th of Feb. 1727. Mr. Curl looks upon the mention of such a Gentleman in a Satire, as a great all of Barbarity—Key to the Dunciad. 3d Edit. p. 16. And another Author thus reasons upon it. Durgen, 8o. pag. 11, 12. "How unworthy is it of Christian Charity to animate the rabble to abuse a worthy man in such a situation? It was in vain! he had no Eggs thrown at him; his Merit preserv'd him. What cou'd move the Poet thus to mention a brave Sufferer, a gallant Prisoner, expos'd to the view of all mankind! It was laying aside his Senses, it was committing a Crime for which the Law is deficient not to punish him! nay a Crime which Man can scarce forgive, nor Time efface! Nothing surely could have induced him to it but being bribed by a great Lady," (to whom this brave, honest, worthy

Imitations.

V. 23. Millions and millions—Thick as the stars, &c.] Virg. 6..

Quam multa in sylvis auterni frigare primo
Lapsa cadunt folia, aut ad terram gurgite ab alto
Quam multae glomerantur aves, &c.
Wond'ring he gaz'd: When lo! a Sage appears,  
By his broad shoulders known, and length of ears,  
Known by the band and suit which Settle wore,  
(His only suit) for twice three years before:  
All as the vest, appear'd the wearer's frame,  
Old in new state, another yet the same.  
Bland and familiar as in life, begun  
Thus the great Father to the greater Son.

Remarks.

Gentleman was guilty of no offence but Forgery proved in open Court, &c.)

V. 28. And length of Ears.] This is a sophisticated reading. I think I may venture to affirm all the Copyists are mistaken here: I believe I may say the same of the Criticks; Dennis, Oldmixon, Welfed, have pass'd it in silence: I have always stumbled at it, and wonder'd how an error so manifest could escape such accurate persons? I dare assert it proceeded originally from the inadvertency of some Transcriber, whose head run on the Pillory mention'd two lines before: It is therefore amazing that Mr. Curl himself should overlook it! Yet that Scholiast takes not the least notice hereof. That the learned Mist also read it thus, is plain, from his ranging this passage among those in which our Author was blamed for personal Satire on a Man's Face (whereof doubts he might take the Ear to be a part;) So likewise Concanen, Ralph, the Flying-Post, and all the Herd of Commentators.—Tota armenta sequuntur.

A very little Sagacity (which all these Gentlemen therefore wanted) will restore to us the true sense of the Poet, thus,

*By his broad shoulders known, and length of years.  
See how easy a change! of one single letter! That Mr. Settle was old is most certain, but he was (happily) a stranger to the Pillory. This Note partly Mr. Theobald, partly Scriblerus.*
Oh born to see what none can see awake!

Behold the wonders of th' Oblivious Lake.
Thou, yet unborn, hast touch'd this sacred shore;
The hand of Bavius drench'd thee o'er and o'er.

But blind to former, as to future Fate,
What mortal knows his pre-existent state?

Who knows how long, thy transmigrating soul
Might from Boeotian to Boeotian roll?

How many Dutchmen she vouchsaf'd to thrid?
How many stages thro' old Monks she rid?

And all who since, in mild benighted days,
Mix'd the Owl's ivy with the Poet's bays?

As man's mæanders to the vital spring
Roll all their tydes, then back their circles bring;

Or whirligigs, twirl'd round by skilful swain,
Suck the thread in, then yield it out again:

All nonsense thus, of old or modern date,
Shall in thee center, from thee circulate.

For this, our Queen unfolds to vision true
Thy mental eye, for thou haft much to view:

**Imitations.**

V. 46. *Mix'd the Owl's Ivy with the Poet's Bays.*

Virg. Ec. 8.

__fine tempora circum__

*Inter vistrices bederam tibi serpere lauros.*

V. 53. For this, our Queen unfolds to vision true
Thy mental eye, for thou haft much to view]

This has a resemblance to that passage in Milton, I. 11,
where the Angel

To nobler fights from Adam's eye remov'd
The film; then purg'd with Euphrafie and Rue

The visual nerve,—For he had much to see.

There is a general allusion in what follows to that whole part.
Old scenes of glory, times long cast behind,
Shall first recall'd, rush forward to thy mind;
Then stretch thy sight o'er all her rising reign,
And let the past and future fire thy brain.
Ascend this hill, whose cloudy point commands
Her boundless empire over seas and lands.
See round the Poles where keener spangles shine,
Where spices smoke beneath the burning Line,
(Earth's wide extrems) her fable flag display'd;
And all the nations cover'd in her shade!

Far eastward cast thine eye, from whence the Sun
And orient Science at a birth begun.
One man immortal all that pride confounds,
He, whose long Wall the wand'ring Tartar bounds.
Heav'n's! what a pyle? whole ages perish there:
And one bright blaze turns Learning into air.

Thence to the south extend thy gladden'd eyes;
There rival flames with equal glory rise,
From shelves to shelves see greedy Vulcan roll,
And lick up all their Physick of the Soul.

Remarks.

V. 42. Might from Boetian, &c.] See the Remark on Book I. V. 23.
V. 61, 62. See round the Poles, &c.] Almost the whole Southern and Northern Continent wrapt in Ignorance.
V. 65.] Our author favours the opinion that all Sciences came from the Eastern nations.
V. 69.] Chi Ho-am-ti, Emperor of China, the same who built the great wall between China and Tartary, destroy'd all the books and learned men of that empire.
Book III. The Dunciad.

How little, mark! that portion of the ball,
Where, faint at best, the beams of Science fall:
Soon as they dawn, from Hyperborean skies,
Embody'd dark, what clouds of Vandsals rise!
Lo where Mæotis sleeps, and hardly flows
The freezing Tanais thro' a waste of Snows,
The North by myriads pours her mighty sons,
Great nurse of Goths, of Alans, and of Huns.
See Alaric's stern port, the martial frame
Of Genféric! and Attila's dread name!
See, the bold Ostrogoths on Latium fall;
See, the fierce Vifigoths on Spain and Gaul.
See, where the Morning gilds the palmy shore,
(The soil that arts and infant letters bore)
His conqu'ring tribes th' Arabian prophet draws,
And saving Ignorance entrones by Laws.
See Christians, Jews, one heavy sabbath keep;
And all the Western world believe and sleep.
Lo Rome herself, proud mistress now no more
Of arts, but thund'ring against Heathen lore;
Her gray-hair'd Synods damming books unread,
And Bacon trembling for his brazen head;

Remarks.

V. 73, 74.] The Caliph, Omar I. having con-
quard Egypt, caus'd his General to burn the Ptole-
maean library, on the gates of which was this inscrip-
tion, Medicina Animaæ, The Physick of the Soul.
V. 88. The Soil that arts and infant letters bore.] Phœnicia, Syria, &c. where Letters are said to have been invented. In these Countries Mahomet began his Conquests.
Padua with sighs beholds her Livy burn,
And ev'n th' Antipodes Vigilius mourn.
See, the Cirque falls! th' unpillar'd Temple nods!
Streets pav'd with Heroes, Tyber choak'd with Gods!
Till Peter's Keys some christen'd Jove adorn,
And Pan to Moses lends his pagan horn:

Remarks.

V. 94, Thund'ring against Heathen lore.] A strong instance of this pious rage is plac'd to Pope Gregory's account. John of Salisbury gives a very odd Encouragement to this Pope, at the same time that he mentions one of the strangest effects of this excess of zeal in him. Doctor sanctissimus ille Gregorius, qui melius praedicationis imbre totam rigavit & inebriavit ecclesiam, non modo Mathefin justit ab aula; sed, ut traditur a majorumibus, incendio dedit probata lectionis scripta, Pala
tinus quacunque tenebat Apollo. And in another place: Fertur beatus Gregorius bibliothecam combusisse gentiles, quo divinae paginae gratior esset locus, & major authoritas, & diligentia studiosor. Defiderius Archbishop of Vienna was sharply reproved by him for teaching Grammar and Literature, and explaining the Poets; Because (says this Pope) in uno se ore cum Jovis laudibus, Christi laudes non capiunt: Et quam grave nefandumque sit, Episcopis canere quod nec Laico religioso conveniat, ipsò considera. He is said, among the rest to have burn'd Livy; Quia in superstitionibus & facris Romanorum perpetuo versatur. The same Pope is accuised by Valesius and others of having caus'd the noble monuments of the old Roman magnificence to be destroy'd, let those who came to Rome shou'd give more attention to Triumphal Arches, &c. than to Holy Things. B ayle, Dict.

V. 101. [Till Peter's Keys some christen'd Jove adorn, &c.] After the Government of Rome devolved to the Popes, their zeal was for some time exerted in
See graceless Venus to a Virgin turn'd,
Or Phidias broken, and Apelles burn'd.

Behold yon' Ile, by Palmers, Pilgrims trod,
Men bearded, bald, cowl'd, uncowl'd, shod, unshod,
Peel'd, patch'd, and pyebald, linsey-woolsey brothers,
Grave mummers! sleeveless some, and shirtless others.
That once was Britain—Happy! had she seen
No fiercer sons, had Easter never been.
In peace, great Goddess! ever be ador'd;
How keen the war, if Dulness draw the sword?
Thus visit not thy own! on this blest age
Oh spread thy Influence, but restrain thy Rage!
And see! my son, the hour is on its way,
That lifts our Goddess to imperial sway:
This fav'rite Ile, long sever'd from her reign,
Dove-like, she gathers to her wings again.

Remarks.

demolishing the heathen Temples and Statues, so that
the Goths scarce destroy'd more monuments of Anti-
quity out of rage, than these out of devotion. At
length they spair'd some of the Temples by converting
them to Churches, and some of the Statues, by modi-
fying them into images of Saints. In much later
times, it was thought neceffary to change the statues
of Apollo and Pallas on the tomb of Sannazarius, in-
to David and Judith; the Lyre easily became a Harp,
and the Gorgon's head turn'd to that of Holofernes.

V. 110. Happy—had Easter never been.) Wars in
England anciently, about the right time of celebrating
Easter.

Imitations.

V. 110. Happy—had Easter never been.] Virg. Ecl. 6.
Et fortunatam, si nunquam armenta suiffent.
The Dunciad. Book III.

Now look thro' Fate! behold the scene she draws!
What aids, what armies, to assert her cause?
See all her progeny, illustrious fight!
Behold, and count them, as they rise to light.
As Berecynthia, while her offspring vye
In homage, to the Mother of the sky,
Surveys around her in the blest abode
A hundred sons, and ev'ry son a God:
Not with less glory mighty Dulness crown'd
Shall take thro' Grubstreet her triumphant round,
And Her Parnassus glancing o'er at once,
Behold a hundred sons, and each a dunce.

Mark first that youth who takes the foremost place,
And thrusts his person full into your face.
With all thy father's virtues blest, be born!
And a new Cibber shall the Stage adorn.

Imitations.

V. 119, 121. Now look thro' Fate —— See all her Progeny —— &c.] Virg. AEn. 6.
Nunc age, Dardaniam prolem qua deinde sequatur
Gloria, qui maneant Itala de gente nepotes,
Illustres animas, nostrumque in nomen ituras,
Expediam ——
V. 123. As Berecynthia, &c.] Virg. ib.
Felix prole virum, qualis Berecynthia mater
Invehitur curru Phrygias turrita per urbes,
Lata deum partu, centum complexa nepotes,
Omnes cælicolai, omnes supera alta tenentes.
V. 131. Mark first the youth, &c.] Virg. AEn. 6.
Ille vides, pura juvens qui nititur hosha
Proxima forte tenet lucis loca ——
V. 133. With all thy Father's virtues blest be born!]
A manner of expression used by Virgil, Ecl. 8.
Nascere! præque diem veniens, age Lucifer ——
As also that of patriis virtutibus. Ecl. 4.
Book III. The Dunciad.  

A second see, by meeker manners known,  
And modest as the maid that sips alone;  
From the strong fate of draughts if thou get free,  
Another Durfey, Ward! shalt sing in thee.  
Thee shall each Ale-house, thee each Gill-house mourn,  
And answ'ring Gin-shops sower sighs return!  
Lo next two slip-shod Muses traipse along,  
In lofty madness, meditating song,  
With tresses staring from poetic dreams,  
And never wash'd, but in Caftalia's streams:  
Haywood, Centlivre, Glories of their race!  
Lo Horneck's fierce, and Roome's funereal face;

Remarks.

V. 146. Lo Horneck's fierce and Roome's funereal face.] This stood in one edition And M—'s rufal face. But the person who suppos'd himself meant, applying to our author in a modest manner, and with declarations of his innocence, he removed the occasion of his uneasiness. At the same time promising to "do the like to any other who could give him the same "assurance, of having never writ feurilously against "him."

V. 146. Horneck and Roome.] These two are worthily coupled, being both virulent Party-writers;

Imitations.

V. 137. From the strong fate of draughts if thou get free, &c.] Virgil. Æn. 6.  

\[\text{Tu Marcellus erit!}\]

V. 139. Thee shall each Ale-house, &c.] Virgil again, Ed. 10.  

\[\text{Illum etiam lauri, illum severe myricæ, &c.}\]
Lo sneering G**de, half malice and half whim,
A fiend in gleé, ridiculously grim.
Jacob, the scourge of Grammar, mark with awe.
Nor less revere him, blunderbuss of Law.

Remarks.

and one would think prophetically, since immediately
after the publishing of this piece the former dying, the
latter succeeded him in Honour and Employment. The
first was Philip Horneck, Author of a Billingsgate paper
call'd The High German Doctor, in the 2d Vol. of
which No. 14. you may see the regard he had for Mr. P—.
Edward Roome, son of an Undertaker for
Funerals in Fleetstreet, writ some of the papers call'd Pas-
quín, and Mr. Ducket others; where by malicious In-
uendos it was endeavour'd to represent him guilty of
malevolent practices with a great man then under
prosecution of Parliament. He since reflected on his,
and Dr. Swift's Miscellanies, in his paper call'd the
Senator.

V. 147. G**de.] An ill-natur'd Critick who writ
a Satire on our Author, call'd The mock Æsop, to be
father'd by James Moore. As it is yet unprinted, we
have not set his name at length.

V. 149. Jacob, the Scourge of Grammar, mark with
awe.] This Gentleman is son of a considerable Maltster
of Romsey in Southamptonshire, and bred to the Law
under a very eminent Attorney: who, between his
more laborious Studies, has diverted himself with Poetry.
He is a great admirer of Poets and their works, which
has occasion'd him to try his genius that way—He
has writ in prose the Lives of the Poets, Essays, and a
great many Law-Books, The Accomplish'd Conveyancer,

Imitations.

V. 150.] Virg. Æn. 6.

—duo fulmina belli
Sципиаде, ἑλάdem Lyβίᾳ!
Lo Bond and Foxton, ev'ry nameless name, All crowd, who foremost shall be damn'd to Fame?
Some strain in rhyme; the Muse's, on their racks,
Scream, like the winding of ten thousand Jacks:
Some free from rhyme or reason, rule or check,

Break Priscian's head, and Pegasus's neck;
Down, down they larum, with impetuous whirl,
The Pindars, and the Miltons, of a Curl.

Silence, ye wolves! while Ralph to Cynthia howls,
And makes Night hideous—Answer him ye owls!

Sense, speech, and measure, living tongues and dead,
Let all give way—and Durgen may be read.

Remarks.


V. 151. Bond and Foxton. Two inoffensive offenders against our poet; persons unknown, but by being mention'd by Curl.

V. 159. Ralph.] A name inserted after the first editions, not known to our Author till he writ a swearing-piece call'd Sawney, very abusive of Dr. Swift, Mr. Gay, and himself. These lines allude to a thing of his, intituled Night, a Poem. Shakespear, Hamlet.

—Visit thus the glimpses of the Moon,
Making Night hideous—
This low writer constantly attended his own works with panegyricks in the Journals, and once in particular praise'd himself highly above Mr. Addison, in wretched remarks upon that Author's account of English Poets, printed in a London Journal, Sept. 1728. He was wholly illiterate, and knew no language, not even French. Being advised to read the rules of dramatick poetry before he began a Play, he smiled and reply'd, Shakespear writ without rules.

V. 162. Durgen.] A ridiculous thing of Ward's.
The Dunciad. Book III.

Flow Wellsted, flow! like thine inspirer Beer,
Tho' stale, not ripe; tho' thin, yet never clear;
So sweetly mawkish, and so smoothly dull;
Heady, not strong; and foaming, tho' not full.

Ah Dennis! Gildon ah! what ill-star'd rage
Divides a friendship long confirm'd by age?
Blockheads with reason wicked wits abhor,
But fool with fool is barb'rous civil war.

Embrace, embrace my Sons! be foes no more!
Nor glad vile Poets with true Criticks gore.
Behold yon Pair, in strict embraces join'd;
How like their manners, and how like their mind!

Imitations.

V. 163. Flow, Wellsted, flow! &c.] Parody on Denham, Cooper's Hill.
O could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
My great example, as it is my theme.
Tho' deep, yet clear; tho' gentle, yet not dull;
Strong, without rage; without overflowing, full.

V. 171. Embrace, embrace my Sons! be foes no more.]
Virg. Æn. 6.

— Ne tanta animis affuescite bella,
Neu patriæ validas in viscera vertite vires:
Tuq; prior, tu parce — sanguis meus! —

V. 173. Behold yon pair, in strict embraces join'd;]
Virg. Æn. 6.
Ille autem paribus quas fulgere cernis in armis,
Concordes animæ ———
And in the fifth,
Euryalus, forma insignis viridique juventa,
Nifus amore pio puerti.
Book III. The Dunciad.

Fam’d for good nature, B** and for truth; D** for pious passion to the youth.

Equal in wit, and equally polite,
Shall this a Pasquin, that a Grumbler write;

Remarks.

V. 175. Fam’d for good nature B**, &c.
D**, for pious passion to the youth.

The first of these was son of the late Bishop of S. Author of a weekly paper called The Grumbler, as the other was concern’d in another call’d Pasquin, in which Mr. Pope was abused (particularly with the late Duke of Buckingham and Bishop of Rochester.) They also join’d in a piece against his first undertaking to translate the Iliad, intilted Homerides, by Sir Iliad Dogrel, printed by Wilkins 1715. And Mr. D. writ an Epilogue for Povel’s Puppet-show, reflecting on the same work. Mr. Curl gives us this further account of Mr. B. "He did himself write a Letter to the E. of Halifax, informing his Lordship (as he tells him) of what he knew much better before: And he pub-lish’d in his own name several political pamphlets, A certain information of a certain discourse, A second Tale of a Tub, &c. All which it is strongly affirmed were written by Colonel Ducket." Curl, Key, p. 17. But the author of the Characters of the Times tells us, these political pieces were not approv’d of by his own Father, the Reverend Bishop.

Of the other works of these Gentlemen, the world has heard no more than it would of Mr. Pope’s, had their united laudable endeavours discourag’d him from his undertakings. How few good works had ever appear’d (since men of true merit are always the least presuming) had there been always such champions to stifle them in their conception? And were it not better for the publick, that a million of monsters came into the world, which are sure to die as soon as born, than that the Serpents should have strangled one Her-cules in his cradle?
Like are their merits, like rewards they share,
That shines a Consul, this Commissioner. 180

"But who is he, in closet close y-pent,
"Of sober face, with learned dust besprent?

REM AR KS.

V. 176 —— for pious passion to the youth.] The
verse is a literal translation of Virgil, Nifus amore pio
pueri—and here, as in the original, apply’d to Friend-
ship: That between Nifus and Euryalus is allow’d to
make one of the most amiable Episodes in the world,
and surely was never interpreted in a perverse sense.
But it will astonish the reader, that on no
other occasion than this line, a Dedication was writ-
ten to this Gentleman to induce him to think some-
thing farther. "Sir, you are known to have all that
affection for the beautiful part of the creation which
God and Nature design’d.—Sir, you have a very
fine Lady—and, Sir, you have eight very fine Chil-
dren,"—&c. [Dedic. to Dennis Rem. on the Rape of
the Lock.] The truth is, the poor Deducator’s brain
was turn’d upon this article; he had taken into his
head that ever since some Books were written against
the Stage, and since the Italian Opera had prevail’d,
the nation was infected with a vice not fit to be nam’d:
He went so far as to print upon the subject, and con-
cludes his argument with this remark, "that he can-
not help thinking the Obscenity of Plays excusable
at this juncture; since, when that execrable sin is
spread so wide, it may be of use to the reducing
mens minds to the natural desire of women.” De-

IM ITAT IONS.

V. 181. But who is he, &c.] Virg. Æn. 6. que-
questions and answers in this manner, of Numa,
Quis procul ille autem ramis insignis olivae
Sacra fereus? —noseo crines, incanaq; menta, &c.
Right well mine eyes arede the myster wight,
On parchment scraps y-fed, and Wormius hight.

Remarks.

nis, Stage defended against Mr. Law, p. 20. Our author has solemnly declared to me, he never heard any creature but the Deducator mention that Vice and this Gentleman together.

V. 184. Wormius hight.] Let not this name, purely fictitious, be conceited to mean the learned Olaus Wormius; much less (as it was unwarrantably foiled into the fureptitious editions) our own Antiquary Mr. Thomas Herne, who had no way aggrieved our Poet, but on the contrary published many curious tracts which he hath to his great contentment perused.

Most rightly are ancient words here employed, in speaking of such who so greatly delight in the same: We may say not only rightly, but wisely, yea excellently, inasmuch as for the like præfite the like præife is given to Hopkins and Sternhold by Mr. Herne himself. [Glossar. to Rob. of Gloucester.] Artic. Behett; "others say behight, promised, and so it is used "excellently well by Tho. Norton in his translation into metre of the 116 Psalm, verfe 14. 

I to the Lord will pay my vows,
That I to him behight.

"Where the modern innovators, not understanding "the propriety of the word (which is Truly English, "from the Saxon) have most unwarrantably alter'd it "thus, 

I to the Lord will pay my vows,
With joy and great delight.

V. ibid.—Hight, "In Cumberland they fay to "hight, for to promise or vow; but hight usually "signifies was call'd: and so it does in the North "even to this day, notwithstanding what is done in Cumberland. Herne, ibid.

V. 183. Arede.] Read or perufe; tho' sometimes used for counsel, "Reade thy read, take thy coun-
To future ages may thy dulness last,
As thou preserv'st the dulness of the past!

There, dim in clouds, the poreing Scholiasfs mark,
Wits, who like Owls see only in the dark,

Remarks.

"saile. Thomas Sternholde in his translation of the
first Pfalm into Englisb metre, hath wisely made use
of this word,
The man is blest that hath not bent
To wicked read his ear.

But in the last spurious editions of the singing Pfalms
the word read is changed into men. I say spurious
editions, because not only here, but quite through-
out the whole book of Pfalms, are strange altera-
tions, all for the worse! And yet the title-page
stands as it us'd to do! and all (which is abomina-
ble in any book, much more in a sacred work) is
ascribed to Thomas Sternhold, John Hopkins, and
others! I am confident, were Sternhold and Hop-
kins now living, they would proceed against the
innovators as cheats—-A liberty which, to say no
more of their intolerable alterations, ought by no
means to be permitted or approved of, by such as
are for Uniformity and have any regard for the old
Englisb Saxon tongue. Herne, Gloss. on Rob. of
Gloc. Art. rede.

I do herein agree with Mr. H. Little is it of avail
to object, that such words are become unintelligible.
Since they are Truly English, men ought to understand
them; and such as are for Uniformity should think all
alterations in a Language, strange, abominable, and un-
warrantable. Rightly therefore, I say again, hath our
Poet used ancient words, and poured them forth as a
precious ointment upon good old Wormius in this
place.

SCRIBLERUS,
V. ibid. Myster wight.] Uncouth mortal.
V. 188. Wits, who like Owls, &c.] These few
lines exactly describe the right verbal Critick: He is
Book III. The Dunciad. 153

A Lumberhouse of Books in ev'ry head,
For ever reading, never to be read! 190

But, where each Science lifts its modern Type,
Hist'ry her Pot, Divinity his Pipe,
While proud Philosophy repines to show
Dishonest Fight! his breeches rent below;
Imbrown'd with native bronze, lo Henley stands, 195
Tuning his voice, and balancing his hands.

Remarks.

to his author as a Quack to his patients, the more
they suffer and complain, the better he is pleas'd; like
the famous Doctor of that fort, who put up in his
bills, He delighted in matters of difficulty. Some-body
said well of these men, that their heads were Libraries out of order.

V. 195——Lo! Henley stands, &c.] J. Henley,
the Orator; he preach'd on the sundays Theological
matters, and on the wednesdays upon all other sciences.
Each auditor paid one shilling. He declaim'd some
years unpunish'd against the greatest persons, and occasion-
ally did our Author that honour. Welsted, in
Oratory Transactions, No 1. publish'd by Henley him-
self, gives the following account of him. "He was
born at Melton Mowbray in Leicestershire. From his
own Parish school he went to St. John's College in
Cambridge. He began there to be uneasy; for it
back'd him to find he was commanded to believe
against his judgment in points of Religion, Philoso-
phy, &c. for his genius leading him freely to dis-
pute all propositions, and call all points to account,
he was impatient under those fetters of the free-born
mind.——Being admitted to Priest's orders, he
found the examination very short and superficial, and
that it was not necessary to conform to the Christian
Religion in order either to Deaconship or Priesthood." He came to town, and after having for some years
The Dunciad. Book III.

How fluent nonsense trickles from his tongue!
How sweet the periods, neither said nor sung!
Still break the benches, Henley! with thy strain,

Remarks.

been a writer for Booksellers, he had an ambition to be so for Ministers of state. The only reason he did not rise in the Church we are told "was the envy of others, and a disrelish entertain'd of him, because he was not qualify'd to be a compleat Spaniel." However he offer'd the service of his pen, in one morning, to two Great men of opinions and interests directly opposite; by both of whom being rejected, he set up a new Project, and stiled himself the Restorer of ancient Eloquence. He thought "it as lawful to take a licence from the King and Parliament at one place, as another; at Hick's hall, as at Doctors Commons; so set up his Oratory in Newport-Market, Butcher-row. There (says his friend) he had the assurance to form a Plan which no mortal ever thought of; he had success against all opposition; challenged his adversaries to fair disputation, and none would dispute with him; writ, read and studied twelve hours a day; compos'd three dissertations a week on all subjects; undertook to teach in one year what Schools and Universities teach in five; was not terrify'd by menaces, insults or satyrs, but still proceeded, matured his bold scheme, and put the Church and all that, in danger." Welsted, Narrative, in Orat. Transact. No. 1.

After having stood some Prosecutions, he turned his Rhetorick to Buffoonry upon all publick and private occurrences. All this passed in the same room; where sometimes he broke Jests, and sometimes that Bread which he call'd the Primitive Eucharist.—This wonderful person struck Medals, which he dispersed as Tickets to his subscribers: The device, a Star rising to the Meridian, with this Motto, Ad Summa; and below, Inveniam Viam aut Faciam.
Book III. The Dunciad.

Oh great Restorer of the good old Stage,
Preacher at once, and Zany of thy age!
Oh worthy thou of Ægypt's wife abodes,
A decent prieft, where monkeys were the gods!
But fate with Butchers plac'd thy priefly stall,
Meek modern faith to murder, hack, and mawl;
And bade thee live, to crown Britannia's praise,
In 'Toland's, Tindal's, and in Woolfton's days.

Thou too, great Woolfton! here exalt thy throne,
And prove, no Miracles can match thy own.

Yet oh my sons! a father's words attend:
(So may the fates preserve the ears you lend)
'Tis yours, a Bacon, or a Locke to blame,
A Newton's Genius, or a Seraph's flame:
But O! with one, immortal One dispence,
The source of Newton's Light, of Bacon's Sense!
Content, each Emanation of his fires
That beams on earth, each Virtue he inspires,
Each Art he prompts, each Charm he can create,
What-e'er he gives, are giy'n for You to hate.

Perfift, by all divine in Man un-aw'd,
But learn, ye Dunces! not to scorn your God.

Remarks.

V. 208. Of Toland and Tindal, see book 2. Tho. Woolfton, an impious madman, who wrote in a most insolent style against the Miracles of the Gospel; in the years 1726, &c.

V. 222. But learn, ye Dunces! not to scorn your God.] Virg. ΑΕn. 6. puts this precept into the mouth of a wicked man, as here of a stupid one,

Discite justitiam moniti, et non tennere divos!
Thus he, for then a ray of reason stole
Half thro' the solid darkness of his soul;
But soon the cloud return'd—and thus the Sire:
See now, what Dulness and her sons admire;
See what the charms that smite the simple heart
Not touch'd by Nature, and not reach'd by Art.
He look'd, and saw a fable Sorc' rer rise,
Swift to whose hand a winged volume flies:
All sudden, Gorgons hiss, and dragons glare,
And ten-horn'd fiends and Giants rush to war.
Hell rises, Heav'n descends, and dance on Earth,
Gods, imps, and monsters, music, rage, and mirth,
A fire, a jig, a battle, and a ball,
Till one wide conflagration swallows all.
Thence a new world, to nature's laws unknown,
Breaks out refulgent, with a heav'n its own:
Another Cynthia her new journey runs,
And other planets circle other suns:

Remarks.

V. 229.—a fable Sorc' rer.] Dr. Faufius, the subject of a set of Farces, which lasted in vogue two or three seasons, in which both Play-houses strove to outdo each other in the years 1726, 1727. All the extravagancies in the sixteen lines following were introduced on the Stage, and frequented by persons of the first quality in England, to the twentieth and thirtieth time.

V. 233. Hell rises, Heav'n descends, and dance on earth.] This monstrous absurdity was actually represented in Tibbald's Rape of Proserpine.

Imitations.

V. 240. And other planets.] Virg. Æn. 6,

solemque suum, sua sydera norunt.
The forests dance, the rivers upward rise,
Whales sport in woods, and dolphins in the skies,
And last, to give the whole creation grace,
Lo! one vast Egg produces human race.

Joy fills his soul, joy innocent of thought:
What pow'r, he cries, what pow'r these wonders wrought?

Son! what thou seek'st is in thee. Look, and find
Each monster meets his likeness in thy mind.
Yet would'st thou more? In yonder cloud behold,
Whose farcenet skirts are edg'd with flamy gold,
A matchless youth: His nod these worlds controls,
Wings the red lightning, and the thunder rolls.
Angel of Dulness, sent to scatter round
Her magic charms o'er all unclassic ground:

Imitations.

V. 242. Whales sport in woods, and dolphins in the skies.] Hor.
Dolphinum sylvis appingit, fluetibus aprum.
V. 247. Son! what thou seek'st is in thee.] Quod petis in te est
Ne te quaeferis extra. Perf.
V. 252. Wings the red lightning, &c.] Like Sal-monius in Æn. 6.
Dum flammas Jovis, & sonitus imitatur olympi.
----Nimbo, & non imitabile fulmen,
Ære & cornipedum curfu simulatur æquorum.
V. 254. -- o'er all unclassic ground.] alludes to
Mr. Addison's verse in the praises of Italy,
Poetick fields encompass me around,
And still I seem to tread on classic ground.
As verse 260 is a Parody on a noble one of the same
Author in the Campaign; and verse 255, 256. on two
sublime verses of Dr. Y.
Yon flars, yon funs, he rears at pleafure higher,
Illumes their light, and fets their flames on fire.
Immortal Rich! how calm he fits at eafe
Mid fnows of paper, and fierce hail of peafe;
And proud his miftrefs' orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm.

But lo! to dark encounter in mid air
New wizards rise: here Booth, and Cibber there:
Booth in his cloudy tabernacle shrin'd,
On grinning dragons Cibber mounts: the wind:
Dire is the conflict, difmal is the din,
Here shouts all Drury, there all Lincoln's-Inn;
Contending Theatres our empire raffe,
Alike their labours, and alike their praiſe.

And are these wonders, Son, to thee unknown?
Unknown to thee? These wonders are thy own.
For works like these let deathleſs Journals tell,
None but thy felf can be thy parallel.

REMARKS.

V. 244. Lo! one vaſt Egg.] In another of these Farces Harlequin is hatch'd upon the Stage, out of a large Egg.

V. 257. Immortal Rich.] Mr. John Rich, Mafter of the Theatre in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, was the firft that excell'd this way.

V. 262. Booth and Cibber, two of the managers of the Theatre in Drury-Lane.

V. 272. None but thy felf can be thy parallel.] A marvellous line of Theobald; unleſs the Play call'd the Double Falſhood be, (as he would have it believed) Shakeſpear's: But whether this line be his or not, he proves Shakeſpear to have written as bad, (which methinks in an author for whom he has a Veneration almost rifting to idolatry, might have been concealed) as for example,
These, Fate reserv'd to grace thy reign divine;
Foreseen by me, but ah! with-held from mine.

Remarks.
Try what Repentance can: what can it not?
But what can it, when one cannot repent?

For Cognition
Refides not in the man who does not think, &c.

Mist's Journal.
It is granted they are all of a piece, and no man doubts
but herein he is able to imitate Shakespeare.

V. id. The former Annotator seeming to be of
opinion that the Double Falstaff is not Shakespeare's; it
is but justice to give Mr. Theobald's Arguments to the
contrary: First that the MS. was above sixty years
old: secondly that once Mr. Betterton had it, or he
hath heard so: thirdly, that some-body told him the
author gave it to a bastard-daughter of his: but
fourthly and above all, "that he has a great mind
" every thing that is good in our tongue should be
" Shakespeare's." I allow these reasons to be truly
critical: but what I am infinitely concern'd at is, that
so many Errors have escaped the learned Editor: a few
whereof we shall here amend, out of a much greater
number, as an instance of our regard to this dear relic.

Act I. Scene I.
I have his letters of a modern date,
Wherein by Julio, good Camillo's son
(Who as he says, [ ] shall follow hard upon,
And whom I with the growing hour [ ], expect)
He doth solicit the return of gold,
To purchase certain horse that like him well.
This place is corrupted: the epithet good is a meer in-
significant expletive, but the alteration of that single
word restores a clear light to the whole context, thus,
I have his letters of a modern date,
Wherein, by July, (by Camillo's son,
Who, as he says, shall follow hard upon,
And whom I with the growing hours expect)
He doth solicit the return of gold,
In Lud's old walls tho' long I rul'd renown'd, Far, as loud Bow's stupendous bells refund;

Remarks.

Here you have not only the Person specify'd, by whose hands the return was to be made, but the most necessary part, the Time by which it was required. Camillo's son was to follow hard upon—What? Why upon July. — Horse that like him well, is very absurd: Read it, without contradiction,

—Horse, that he likes well.

Act I. at the end.

—I must stoop to gain her,

Throw all my gay Comparisons aside,
And turn my proud additions out of service:
Saith Henriquez of a maiden of low condition, objecting his high quality: What have his Comparisons here to do? Correct it boldly,

Throw all my gay Comparisons aside,
And turn my proud additions out of service,

Act 2. Scene 1.

All the verse of this Scene is confounded with prose.

—O that a man

Could reason down this Fever of the blood,
Or stooh with words the tumult in his heart!
Then Julio, I might be indeed thy friend.

Read—this Fever of the blood,
Then Julio, I might be in deed thy friend.
marking the just opposition of deeds and words.


How his eyes take fire! — said by Violante, observing how the lustful shepherd looks at her. It must be, as the sense plainly demands,

—How his eyes take fire!

And measure every piece of youth about me!

Ibid. That, tho' I wore disguises for some ends.
She had but one disguise, and wore it but for one end. Restore it, with the alteration but of two letters,

That, tho' I were disfigured for some end.
Book III. The Dunciad. 161

Tho' my own Aldermen conferr'd my bays,
To me committing their eternal praise,
Their full-fed Heroes, their pacific May'rs,
Their annual trophies, and their monthly wars: 280
Tho' long my Party built on me their hopes,
For writing pamphlets, and for roasting Popes:

Remarks.

Act 4. Scene 2.

— To oaths no more give credit,
To tears, to vows; false both! —

False Grammar I'm sure. Both can relate but to two things: And see! how easy a change sets it right? To tears, to vows, false truth—
I could shew you that very word Truth, in Shakspeare a hundred times.

lb. For there is nothing left thee now to look for,
That can bring comfort, but a quiet grave.
This I fear is of a piece with None but itself can be its parallel: for the grave puts an end to all sorrow, it can then need no comfort. Yet let us vindicate Shakspeare where we can: I make no doubt he wrote thus,
For there is nothing left thee now to look for,
Nothing that can bring quiet, but the grave.

Which reduplication of the word gives a much stronger emphasis to Violante's concern. This figure is called Anadyomene. I could shew you a hundred just such in him, if I had nothing else to do.

Scriblerus.

V. 280. Annual trophies, on the Lord Mayor's Day; and monthly wars, in the Artillery Ground.

V. 281. Tho' long my Party.] Settle, like most Party-writers, was very uncertain in his political principles. He was employ'd to hold the pen in the Character of a Popish successor, but afterwards printed his Narrative on the contrary side. He had managed the Ceremony of a famous Pope-burning on Nov. 17, 1630: then became a trooper in King James's army at
The Dunciad. Book III.

Diff'rent our parties, but with equal grace
The Goddess smiles on Whig and Tory race,
Tis the same rope at sev'ral ends they twirl,
To Dulness, Ridpath is as dear as Mift.)
Yet lo! in me what authors have to brag on!
Reduc'd at last to his in my own dragon.
Avert it, heav'n! that thou or Cibber e'er
Should wag two serpent tails in Smithfield fair.
Like the vile straw that's blown about the streets,
The needy Poet sticks to all he meets,
Coach'd, carted, trod upon, now loose, now fast,
In the Dog's tail his progress ends at last.
Happier thy fortunes! like a rolling stone,
Thy giddy dulness still shall lumber on,

Remarks.

Hounslownth. After the Revolution he kept a Booth
at Bartlenew-fair, where in the Droll call'd St. George
for England, he acted in his old age in a Dragon of
green leather of his own invention. He was at last
taken into the Charter-houfe, and there dyed, aged
about 60 years.

V. 286. To Dulness, Ridpath is as dear as Mift.
George Ridpath, author for several years of the Flying-
Pop, a Whig-paper; Nathaniel Mift, publisher of the
Weekly Journal, a Tory-paper.

Imitations.

V. 283-84. —— With equal grace
Our Goddess smiles on Whig and Tory race.]
Virg. Æn. 10.
Tros Rutulovse fuet, nullo diserimine habebu
—— Rex Jupiter omnibus idem.
Book III. The DunCIAD

Safe in its heaviness, can never stray,
And licks up every blockhead in the way.
Thy dragons Magistrates and Peers shall taste,
And from each show rise duller than the last.

Till rais'd from Booths to Theatre, to Court,
Her seat imperial, Dulness shall transport.
Already Opera prepares the way,
The sure fore-runner of her gentle sway.
To aid her cause, if heav'n thou can't not bend,

Hell thou shalt move; for Faustus is thy friend:
Pluto with Cato thou for her shalt join,
And link the Mourning-Bride to Proserpine.

Remarks.

V. 299. Thy dragons Magistrates and Peers shall taste.] It stood in the first edition with blanks, Thy dragons ** and ***. Concanen was sure "they must needs mean no-body but the King and Queen, and "said he would insist it was so, till the Poet clear'd "himself by filling up the blanks otherwise, agreeably "to the context, and consistent with his allegiance." [Pref. to a Collection of Verses, Essays, Letters, &c. against Mr. P. printed for A. Moore, pag. 6.]

V. 307. — Faustus is thy friend, Pluto with Cato, &c.] Names of miserable Farces of Tibbald and others, which it was their custom to get acted at the end of the best Tragedies, to spoil the digestion of the audience.

Imitations.

V. 305. — If heav'n thou can't not bend,

Virg. Aen. 7.

Flettre si neques supers, Acheronta movebo.

Y 2
The Dunciad. Book III.

Grubstreet! thy fall should men and Gods conspire,
Thy stage shall stand, ensure it but from Fire. 310

Another Æschylus appears! prepare
For new Abortions, all ye pregnant fair!
In flames, like Semeles, be brought to bed,
While opening Hell spouts wild-fire at your head.

Now Bavius take the poppy from thy brow, 315
And place it here! here all ye Heroes bow!
This, this is He, foretold by ancient rhymes:
Th' Augustus, born to bring Saturnian times:

Remarks.

V. 310. —**enure it but from fire.**] In Tibbald's
Farce of Proserpine a Corn-field was set on fire; whereupon the other Playhouse had a Barn burnt down for the recreation of the spectators. They also rival'd each other in showing the Burnings of Hell-fire, in Dr. Faustus.

V. 311. Another Æschylus appears! &c.] It is reported of Æschylus, that when his Tragedy of the Furies was acted, the audience were so terrify'd that the children fell into fits, and the big-bellied women miscarried. Tibbald is translating this author: he printed a specimen of him many years ago, of which I only remember that the first Note contains some comparison between Prometheus and Christ crucified.

Imitations.

V. 315. —**Like Semeles —**] See Ovid, Met. 3.
V. 317. **This, this is he, foretold by ancient rhymes, Th' Augustus, &c.] Virg. Æn. 6.

**Hie vir, hic est! tibi quem promitti sepius audis,**
Augustus Caesar, divum genus; aurea condet
Saeula qui rursus Latio, regnata per arva
Saturno quondam —

Beneath his reign, shall Eufden wear the bays,
Cibber preside, Lord-Chancellor of Plays,
B ** sole Judge of Architecture fit,
And Namby Pamby be prefer'd for Wit!

Remarks.

V. 319. Eufden wear the bays.] See Book I. verf. 102.
V. 321. B ** sole judge of Architecture fit.] W—m
B—ns—n (late Surveyor of the Buildings to his Maj-esty King George I.) gave in a report to the Lords, that their House and the painted Chamber adjoining were in immediate danger of falling. Whereupon the Lords met in a Committee, to appoint some other place to fit in, while the House should be taken down. But it being proposed to cause some other builders first to inspect it, they found it in very good condition. The Lords, upon this, were going upon an address to the King against B—ns—n, for such a misrepresentation; but the Earl of Sunderland, then Secretary, gave them an assurance that his Majesty would remove him, which was done accordingly. In favour of this man, the famous Sir Christopher Wren, who had been Architect to the Crown for above fifty years, who built most of the Churches in London, laid the first stone of St. Paul's, and lived to finish it, had been displac'd from his employment at the age of near ninety years.

V. 322. And Namby Pamby.] An author whose eminence in the Infantine style obtain'd him this name. He was (faith Mr. Jacob) "one of the Wits at "Button's, and a Justice of the Peace." But since he hath met with higher preferment in Ireland: and a much greater character we have of him in Mr. Gil- don's compleat Art of Poetry, vol. I. p. 157. "In- "deed he confesses, he dares not set him quite on "the fame foot with Virgil, left it should seem Flat- "tery: but he is much mistaken if posterity does "not afford him a greater esteem than he at present en- "joys." This is said of his Pastorals, of which see in the Appendix, the Guardian, at large. He endeavour'd
The Dunciad. Book III.

While naked mourns the Dormitory wall,
And Jones and Boyle's united labours fall,

Remarks.

to create some mis-understanding between our author
and Mr. Addison, whom also soon after he abused as
much. His constant cry was, that Mr. P. was an
Enemy to the government; and in particular he was
the avowed author of a report very industriously
spread, that he had a hand in a Party-paper call'd the
Examiner: A falsehood well known to those yet living,
who had the direction and publication of it.

Qui meprisit Cotin, n'estime point son Roy,
Et n'a, (selon Cotin,) ni Dieu, ni Foy, ni Loy.

V. 323. Dormitory wall.] The Dormitory in West-
minster was a building intended for the lodging of the
King's Scholars; toward which a sum was left by Dr.
Edw. Hannes, the rest was raised by contributions pro-
cured from several eminent persons by the interest of
Francis late Bishop of Rochester, and Dean of West-
minster. He requested the Earl of Burlington to be
the Architect, who carry'd on the work till the Bill
against that learned Prelate was brought in, which
ended in his banishment. The shell being finished ac-
cording to his design, the succeeding Dean and Chap-
ter employ'd a common builder to do the inside, which
is perform'd accordingly.

V. 324. And Jones and Boyle's united labours fall.] At the time when this Poem was written, the Ban-
quettting-house of Whitehall, the Church and Piazza
of Covent-garden, and the Palace and Chappel of So-
merset-house, the works of the famous Inigo Jones, had
been for many years so neglected as to be in danger of
ruin. The Portico of Covent-garden Church had been
jult then restored and beautify'd at the expence of
Richard Earl of Burlington; who, at the same time,
by his publication of the Designs of that great Maister
and Palladio, as well as by many noble buildings of
his own, revived the true Taste of Architecture in
this Kingdom.
While Wren with sorrow to the grave descends, 325
Gay dies un-pension'd with a hundred Friends,

Remarks.

V. 326. Gay dies un-pension'd, &c.] See Mr. Gay's Fable of the Hare and Many Friends. This gentleman was early in the friendship of our author, which has continued many years. He wrote several works of humour with great success, the Shepherd's Week, Trivia, the What d'ye call it, &c. (printed together in 4°. by J. Tonson) Fables; and lastly, the celebrated Beggars Opera; a piece of Satire which hit all tastes and degrees of men, from those of the highest Quality to the very Rabble: That verse of Horace

Primores populis arripuit, populorumque tributim,
could never be so justly applied to this. The vast success of it was unprecedented, and almost incredible: What is related of the wonderful effects of the ancient Music or Tragedy hardly came up to it: Sophocles and Euripides were less follow'd and famous. It was acted in London sixty-three days, uninterrupted; and renewed the next season with equal applause. It spread into all the great towns of England, was play'd in many places to the 30th, and 40th time, at Bath and Bristol 50, &c. It made its progress into Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, where it was performed 24 days together. It was lastly acted in Minorca. The fame of it was not confin'd to the Author only; the Ladies carry'd about with 'em the favourite songs of it in Fans; and houses were furnish'd with it in Screens. The person who acted Polly, till then obscure, became all at once the favourite of the town; her Pictures were ingraved and sold in great numbers; her Life written; books of Letters and Verses to her publish'd; and pamphlets made even of her Sayings and Jests.

Furthermore, it drove out of England the Italian Opera, which had carry'd all before it for ten years: That Idol of the Nobility and the people, which the great Critick Mr. Dennis by the labours and outcries
Hibernian Politicks, O Swift, thy doom, And Pope's, translating three whole years with Broome. Proceed great days! till Learning fly the shore, 'Till birch shall blush with noble blood no more, 330 Till Thames see Eton's fons for ever play, Till Westminster's whole year be holiday; Till His' Elders reel, their Pupils sport; And Alma Mater lye dissolv'd in Port!

Remarks.

of a whole life could not overthrow, was demolish'd in one winter by a single stroke of this gentleman's pen. This remarkable period happen'd in the year 1728. Yet so great was his modesty, that he constantly prefixed to all the editions of it this Motto, Nos hac novimus esse nihil.

V. 327. Hibernian politicks, O Swift! thy doom.] See Book i. verf. 24.

V. 328. And Pope's, translating three whole years with Broome.] He concludes his Irony with a stroke upon himself: For whoever imagines this a sarcasm on the other ingenious person, is surely mistaken. The opinion our author had of him was sufficiently shown, by his joining him in the undertaking of the Odyssey: in which Mr. Broome having ingaged without any previous agreement, discharged his part so much to Mr. Pope's satisfaction, that he gratified him with the full sum of Five hundred pounds, and a present of all those books for which his own interest could procure him Subscribers, to the value of One hundred more. The author only seems to lament, that he was imploy'd in Translation at all.

Imitations.

V. 329. Proceed great days.] Virg. Ecl. 4.

—Incipiant magni procedere mensës.
Book III. The Dunciad. 169

Signs following signs lead on the mighty year; See! the dull stars roll round and re-appear.
She comes! the Cloud-compelling pow'r, behold! With Night primæval, and with Chaos old.
Lo! the great Anarch's ancient reign restor'd,
Light dies before her uncreating word:
As one by one, at dread Medæa's strain,
The sick'ning Stars fade off th' æthereal plain;

Remarks.

V. 337, &c. She comes! the Cloud-compelling pow'r, behold! &c.] Here the Mufe, like Jove's Eagle, after a sudden ftoop at ignoble game, soareth again to the skies. As Prophecy hath ever been one of the chief provinces of Poesy, our poet here foretells from what we feel, what we are to fear; and in the style of other Prophets, hath used the future tense for the preterit: since what he says shall be, is already to be seen, in the writings of some even of our most adored authors, in Divinity, Philosophy, Physics, Metaphysics, &c. (who are too good indeed to be named in such company.) Do not gentle reader, rest too secure in thy contempt of the Instruments for such a revolution in learning, or despise such weak Agents as have been described in our poem, but remember what the Dutch sto ries somewhere relate, that a great part of their Provinces was once overflow'd, by a small opening made in one of their dykes by a single Water-Rat.

However, that such is not seriously the judgment of our Poet, but that he conceiveth better hopes from the diligence of our Schools, from the regularity of our Universities, the discernment of our Great men, the encouragement of our Patrons, and the genius of our Writers in all kinds, (notwithstanding some few exceptions in each) may plainly be seen from his conclusion; where bycausing all this Vision to pass thro'
The Dunciad: Book III.

As Argus eyes, by Hermes wand opprest,
Clos'd one by one to everlafting rest;
Thus at her felt approach, and secret might,
Art after Art goes out, and all is Night.
See sculking Truth in her old cavern lye,
Secur'd by mountains of heap'd casuistry:
Philosophy, that touch'd the heavens before,
Shrinks to her hidden cause, and is no more:
See Physic beg the Stagyrite's defence!
See Metaphysic call for aid on Sense!
See Mystery to Mathematics fly!
In vain! they gaze, turn giddy, rave, and die.
Thy hand, great Dulness! lets the curtain fall,
And universal Darkness buries all.

Remarks.

the Ivory Gate, he expressly in the language of poesy
declares all such imaginations to be wild, ungrounded,
and fictitious.

Scriblerus.

V. 347. Truth in her old cavern lye] Alludes to
the saying of Democritus, that Truth lay at the bot-
tom of a deep well.

Imitations.

V. 343. As Argus eyes by Hermes wand opprest]
Ovid Met. i.
Et quamvis sopor est oculorum parte receptus,
Parte tamen vigilat—Vidit Cyllenius omnes
Succubuisse oculos, &c. ibid.
Enough! enough! the raptur'd Monarch cries;
And thro' the Ivory Gate the Vision flies.

IMITATIONS.

V. 358. And thro' the Ivory Gate the Vision flies]
Virg. Æn. 6.
Sunt gémínæ somni portaæ; quarum altera fertur
Cornea, qua veris facilis datur exitus umbris;
Alteræ, eandem nitens elephanto,
Sed falsa ad caelum mittant insomnia manes.

FINIS.
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I.

PREFACE prefix'd to the five imperfect Editions of the Dunciad, printed at Dublin and London, in Octavo & Duod.

(a) The Publisher to the Reader.

It will be found a true observation, tho' somewhat surprizing, that when any scandal is vented against a man of the highest distinction and character, either

(a) The Publisher] Who he was is uncertain; but Edward Ward tells us in his Preface to Durgen, that "most Judges are of opinion this Preface is not of "English Extraction but Hibernian, &c." He means Dr. Swift, who whether Publisher or not, may be said in a sort to be Author of the Poem: For when He, together with Mr. Pope, (for reasons specify'd in their Preface to the Miscellanies) determin'd to own the most trifling pieces in which they had any hand, and to destroy all that remain'd in their power, the first sketch of this poem was snatch'd from the fire by Dr. Swift, who persuad'd his friend to proceed in it, and to him it was therefore inscrib'd.

A a 2
in the State or in Literature, the publick in general afford it a most quiet reception; and the larger part accept it as favourably as if it were some kindness done to themselves: whereas if a known scoundrel or blockhead but chance to be touch'd upon, a whole legion is up in arms, and it becomes the common cause of all Scriblers, Booksellers, and Printers whatsoever.

Not to search too deeply into the Reason hereof, I will only observe as a Fact, that every week for these two months past, the town has been persecuted with (b) Pamphlets, Advertisements, Letters, and weekly Essays, not only against the Wit and Writings, but against the Character and Person of Mr. Pope. And that of all those men who have received pleasure from his Works (which by modest computation may be about a (c) hundred thousand in these Kingdoms of England and Ireland; not to mention Jersey, Guernsey, the Orcades, those in the New World, and Foreigners who have translated him into their languages) of all this number, not a man hath stood up to say one word in his defence.

The only exception is the (d) Author of the following Poem, who doubtless had either a better in-

(b) Pamphlets, Advertisements, &c.] See the List of these anonymous papers, with their dates and Authors thereunto annexed. No 2:

(c) About a hundred thousand] It is surprising with what stupidity this Preface, which is almost a continued Irony, was taken by these Authors. This passage among others they understood to be serious:

(d) The Author of the following Poem, &c.] A very plain Irony, speaking of Mr. Pope himself.
A P P E N D I X.

fight into the grounds of this clamour, or a better opinion of Mr. Pope's integrity, join'd with a greater personal love for him, than any other of his numerous friends and admirers.

Further, that he was in his peculiar intimacy, appears from the knowledge he manifests of the most private Authors of all the anonymous pieces against him, and from his having in this Poem attacked (e) no man living, who had not before printed, or published, some scandal against this Gentleman.

How I became possesst of it, is of no concern to the Reader; but it would have been a wrong to him, had I detain'd this publication: since those Names which are its chief ornaments, die off daily so fast, as must render it too soon unintelligible. If it provoke the Author to give us a more perfect edition, I have my end.

Who he is, I cannot say, and (which is great pity) there is certainly (f) nothing in his style and manner of writing, which can distinguish or discover him. For if it bears any resemblance to that of Mr. Pope 'tis not improbable but it might be done on purpose, with a view to have it pass for his. But by the frequency

(e) The Publisher in these words went a little too far: but it is certain whatever Names the Reader finds that are unknown to him, are of such; and the exception is only of two or three, whose dulness or scurrility all mankind agree to have justly entitled them to a place in the Dunciad.

(f) There is certainly nothing in his Style, &c.] This Irony had small effect in concealing the Author. The Dunciad, imperfect as it was, had not been publish'd two days, but the whole town gave it to Mr. Pope.
of his allusions to Virgil, and a labor'd (not to say affected) shortness in imitation of him, I should think him more an admirer of the Roman Poet than of the Grecian, and in that not of the same taste with his Friend.

I have been well inform'd, that this work was the labour of full (g) six years of his life, and that he wholly retired himself from all the avocations and pleasures of the world, to attend diligently to its correction and perfection; and six years more he intended to bestow upon it, as it should seem by this verse of Statius, which was cited at the head of his manuscript.

Oh mibi biflenos multum vigilata per annos,

(b) Duncia!

(g) The Labour of full six years, &c.] This also was honestly and seriously believ'd, by divers of the Gentlemen of the Dunciad. J. Ralph, Pref. to Sawney, "We are told it was the labour of six years, with the utmost affiduity and application: It is no great compliment to the Author's sense, to have employed so large a part of his Life, &c." So also Ward, Pref. to Durg. "The Dunciad, as the Publisher very wisely confesses, cost the Author six years retirement from all the pleasures of life, to but half finish his abusive undertaking—tho' it is somewhat difficult to conceive, from either its bulk or beauty, that it could be so long in hatching, &c. But the length of time and closeness of application were mentioned to possess the reader with a good opinion of it."

Nevertheless the Prefacer to Mr. Curl's Key (a great Critick) was of a different sentiment, and thought it might be written in six days.

It is to be hoped they will as well understand, and answer what Scriblerus hath said of this Poem.

(b) The same learned Prefacer took this word to be really in Statius. "By a quibble on the word Duncia,
Hence also we learn the true Title of the Poem which with the same certainty as we call that of Homer the Iliad, of Virgil the Æneid, of Camoens the Lusiad, of Voltaire the Henriad (i), we may pronounce could have been, and can be no other, than

The Dunciad.

It is styled Heroic, as being doubly so; not only with respect to its Nature, which according to the best rules of the Ancients and strictest ideas of the Moderns, is critically such; but also with regard to the Heroical disposition and high courage of the Writer, who dar'd to stir up such a formidable, irritable, and implacable race of mortals.

The time and date of the Action is evidently in the last reign, when the office of City Poet expir'd upon the death of Elkanah Settle, and he has fix'd it to the Mayoralty of Sir Geo. Thorold. But there may arise some obscurity in Chronology from the Names in the Poem, by the inevitable removal of some Authors, and insertion of others, in their Niches. For whoever will consider the Unity of the whole design, will be sensible, that the Poem was not made for these Authors, but these Authors for the Poem: And I should judge they were clapp'd in as they rose, fresh and fresh, and

"the Dunciad is formed," pag. 3. Mr. Ward also follows him in the same opinion.

(i) The Henriad.] The French Poem of Monsieur Voltaire, entitled La Henriade, had been publish'd at London the year before.
APPENDIX.

chang'd from day to day, in like manner as when the old boughs wither, we thrust new ones into a chimney.

I would not have the reader too much troubled or anxious, if he cannot decipher them; since when he shall have found them out, he will probably know no more of the Persons than before.

Yet we judg'd it better to preserve them as they are; than to change them for fictitious names, by which the Satyr would only be multiplied, and applied to many instead of one. Had the Hero, for instance, been called Codrus, how many would have affirm'd him to be Mr. W — Mr. D — Sir R — B —, &c. but now, all that unjust scandal is saved, by calling him Theobald, which by good luck happens to be the name of a real person.

I am indeed aware, that this name may to some appear too mean, for the Hero of an Epic Poem: But it is hoped, they will alter that opinion, when they find, that an Author no less eminent than la Bruyère has thought him worthy a place in his Characters.

II.

A List of Books, Papers, and Verses, in which our Author was abused, printed before the Publication of the Dunciad: With the true Names of the Authors.

Reflections Critical and Satyrical on a late Rhapsody called an Essay on Criticism. By Mr. Dennis. Printed for B. Lintot. Price 6d.

A New Rehearsal, or Bays the Younger; containing an Examen of Mr. Rowe's Plays, and a word or two upon Mr. Pope's Rape of the Lock. Anon. [Charles Gildon.] Printed for J. Roberts, 1714. Price 1s.


The Catholic Poet, or Protestant Barnabys sorrowful Lamentation, a Ballad about Homer's Iliad [by Mrs. Centlivre and others] 1715. Price 1d.

An Epilogue to a Puppet-show at Bath, concerning the said Iliad, by George Ducket Esq. Printed by E. Curl.
A compleat Key to the What-d'ye-call-it, Anon. [Mr. Th—] Printed for J. Roberts, 1715.

A true Character of Mr. Pope and his Writings, in a Letter to a Friend, Anon. [Messieurs Gildon and Denis.] Printed for S. Popping, 1716. Price 3d.


Remarks upon Mr. Pope's Translation of Homer, with two Letters concerning the Windfor Forrest and the Temple of Fame. By Mr. Dennis. Printed for E. Curl, 1717. Price 1s. 6d.

Satires on the Translators of Homer, Mr. P. and Mr. T. Anon. [Bez. Morris] 1717. Price 6d.


Characters of the Times, or an Account of the Writings, Characters, &c. of several Gentlemen libell'd by S— and P— in a late Miscellany, 8⁰ 1728. [G—l and W—d.]
Remarks on Mr. Pope's Rape of the Lock, in Letters to a Friend. [By Mr. Dennis.] Written in 1714, tho' not printed till 1728. 8°.

Verses, Letters, Essays, or Advertisements in the publick Prints.


Id. March 29. A Letter about Therfites, and accusing the Author of Disaffection to the Government. [James Moore Smyth.]

Mift's Weekly Journal, March 30. An Essay on the Arts of a Poet's sinking in reputation, Or a supplement to the Art of sinking in Poetry [supposed by Mr. Theobald.]

Daily Journal, April 3. A Letter under the name of Philo-ditto [by James Moore Smyth.]

Flying-Post, April 4. A Letter against Gulliver and Mr. P. [Mr. Oldmixon.]


Flying-Post, April 6. A Fragment of a Treatise upon Swift and Pope, [by Mr. Oldmixon.]

The Senator, April 9. On the same, [by Edward Roome.]

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Daily Journal, April 9. Letter and Verses against Dr. Swift, [by ** Esq.]

Flying-Post, April 13. Verses against the same, and against Mr. P—'s Homer, [by J. Oldmixon.]

Daily Journal, April 16. Verses on Mr. P. [by ** Esq.]


Daily Journal, May 11. A Letter against Mr. P; at large, Anon. [John Dennis.]

All these were afterwards reprinted in a Pamphlet entitled, A collection of all the Verses, Essays, Letters and Advertisements occasion'd by Pope and Swift's Miscellanies. Prefaced by Concanen, Anonymous. 8°. Printed for A. Moore, 1728. Price 1 s. Others of an elder date, having layn as waste paper many years, were upon the publication of the Dunciad brought out, and their Authors betrayed by the mercenary Book-sellers (in hope of some possibility of vending a few) by advertising them in this manner—The Confederates, a Farce, by Capt. Brevall, (for which he is put into the Dunciad.) An Epilogue to Powel's Puppet-show, by Col. Ducket, (for which he is put into the Dunciad.) Essays, &c. by Sir Richard Blackmore. N. B. It is for a passage, in pag. — of this book that Sir Richard was put into the Dunciad.) And so of others.
After the Dunciad, 1728.

An Essay on the Dunciad, 8°. Printed for J. Roberts. [In this book, pag. 9, it was formally declared "That the complaint of the aforesaid Pieces, "Libels, and Advertisements, were forged and untrue, "that all mouths had been silent except in Mr. Pope's "praise, and nothing against him publish'd, but, by "Mr. Theobald.] Price 6 d.

Sawney, in blank Verse, occasioned by the Dunciad with a Critique on that Poem. [By J. Ralph, a person never mentioned in it at first, but inserted after this.] Printed for J. Roberts. 8°. Price 1 s.

A compleat Key to the Dunciad, by E. Curl 12. Price 6 d.

A second and third Edition of the same, with Additions. 12.

The Popiad, by E. Curl, extracted from J. Dennis, Sir R. Blackmore, &c. 12°. Price 6 d.

The Female Dunciad, collected by the same Mr. Curl. 12°. Price 6 d. With the Metamorphosis of P— into a stinging Nettle. [By Mr. Foxton.] 12°.


The Dunciad dissected, or Farmer P. and his Son, by Curl. 12°.

An Essay on the Taste and Writings of the present times, said to be writ by a Gentleman of C. C. C. Oxon. Printed for J. Roberts, 8°.
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The Arts of Logic and Rhetoric, partly taken from Bouhours, with new Reflections, &c. [by John Oldmixon.] 8°.

A Supplement to the Profund, Anon. [By Matthew Concane.] 8°.

Mifs's Weekly Journal, June 8. A long Letter sign'd W. A. [These initial Letters were subscribed to call the flander of writing this on Mr. A——ll, the present Author of the Britifb Journal, who has justify'd himself from this and all other offence to Mr. P.] It was writ by some or other of the Club of Th— D—s, M—re, C—n, C—ke, who for some time, held constantaly Weekly meetings for these kind of performances.

Daily Journal, June 11. A Letter sign'd Philoferiberus, on the name of Pope.—Letter to Mr. Theobald in Verse, sign'd B. M. against Mr. P.—Many other little Epigrams about this time in the same papers, [by James Moore and others.]


Daily Journal, August 8. Letter charging the Author of the Dunciad with Treafen.

Durgen. A plain Satyr on a pompous Satyrist. [By Edw. Ward, with a little of James Moore.]

Labeo, [a Paper of Verses written by Leonard Welfted.]

Gulliveriana Secunda, Being a collection of many of the Libels in the News-papers, like the former Volume under the same title, by Smedley Advertifed in the Craftsman November 9, 1728. with this remarkable promise, that "any thing which any body shou'd fend as "Mr. Pope's or Dr. Swift's, shou'd be insertd and "publish'd as Theirs."
A Copy of Caxton's Preface to his Translation of Virgil.

After dyuerse Werkes, made translated and achieved, hauyng no werke in hande I fityng in my studye where as laye many dyuerse paunflettes and bookys. happened that to my hande cam a lytyl booke in frenshe. whiche late was translated oute of latyn by some noble clerke of fraunce, whiche booke is named Eneydos (made in latyn by that noble poete & grete clerke Virgyle) whiche booke I fawe over and redde therein. How after the generall destrucccyon of the grete Troye, Eneas departed berynge his olde fader Anchifes upon his sholdres, his lytyl son yolas on his hande. his wyse with moche other people followynge, and how he shipped and departed wyth alle thyftorye of his adventures that he had er he cam to the atchieuement of his conquest of ytalye, as all a longe shall be shewed in this present boke. In whiche booke I had grete playfyr. by cause of the sayr and honest terms & wordes in frenshe Whyche I neuer fawe to fere lyke. ne none so playfaunt ne so wel ordred. whiche booke as me femed sholde be moche requyfyte to noble men to see, as wel for the eloquence as the histotyres. How wel that many hondred yerys paffed was the sayd booke of Eneydos wyth other workes made and lerned dayly in scolis spetsyally in ytalye and other
places, whiche hystorye the sayd Vyrgeyle made in metre. And whan I had aduyfed me in this sayd booke. I delybered and concluded to translate it in to englyshe. And forthwyth toke a penne and ynke and wrote a leaf or tweyne, whych I ouerfawe agayn to correcte it, And whan I sawe the sayr & straunge termes therein, I doubted that it sholde not please some gentylmen whiche late blamed me sayeng that in my translaycions I had ouer curyos termes whiche coude not be vnderstande of comyn peple, and desyred me to vse olde and homely termes in my translaycions: and sayn wolde I fatysfye every man, and so to doo toke an olde boke and redde therein, and certaynly the englyshe was so rude and brood that I coude not wele vnderstande it. And also my lorde Abbot of Wextwynter ded do shewe to me late certayn euylnces wryton in olde englyshe for to reduce it in to our englyshe now vfid, And certaynly it was wryton in suche wyfe that it was more lyke to dutche than englyshe. I coude not reduce ne brynge it to be vnderflonden, And certaynly our langage now vfid varyeth ferre from that whiche was vfid and spoken when I was borne. For we englyshe men, ben borne vnder the domynacyon of the mone. whiche is never fledfasfe, but euer wauerynge, wexyngone seafon, and waneth & dyscreaeth another seafon, And that comyn englyshe that is spoken in one shyre varyeth from another. In so moche that in my dayes happened that certayn marchants were in a shyp in Tamysfe for to haue sayled ouer the see into Zelande, and for lacke of wynde thei taryed atte forlond, and wente
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193 to lande for to refreshe them. And one of them named Sheffelde a mercer cam in to an hows and axed for mete. and spesially he axyd after eggys And the good wyf answerde. that she coude speke no frenshe. And the merchant was angry. for he also coude speke no frenshe. but wolde haue hadde egges, and she vnder-stode hym not, And thenne at lafte another sayd that he wolde haue eyren; then the good wyf sayd that she vnderstod hym wel, Loo what sholde a man in thysle dayes now wryte. egges or eyren, certaynly it is harde to playse every man, by cause of dyuersitie & change of langage. For in these dayes every man that is in ony reputacyon in his contre. wyll ytter his comynycacyon and maters in suche maners & termes, that fewe men shal vnderstonde theym, And som honeste and grete clerkes haue ben wyth me and de-sired me to wryte the mofte cyrous termes that I coude synde. And thus bytwene playse rude, & cyrous I stonde abashd. but in my Judgemente, the comyn termes that be dayli vsed ben lyghter to be vnderstonde than the olde and ancycnt englyshe, And for as moche as this present booke is not for a rude op-londyshe man to laboure therein, ne rede it, but onely for a clerke & a noble gentyman that feleth and vnder-stondeth in saytes of armes in loue & in noble chy-ualrye, Therefore in a meane betwene bothe I haue re-duced & translated this sayd booke in to our englyshe not ouer rude ne cyrous but in suche termes as shal be vnder-standen by goddys grace accordynge to my copye. And yf ony man wyll enter mete in redyng of hit and synedeth suche termes that he can not vnderstonde late hym goo
and lerne *Virgyl*, or the pyffles of *Ouyde*, and ther he shall see and vnderstannde lyghtly all, Yf he haue a good redar & enformer, For this booke is not for every rude and vnconnynge man to see, but to clerkys & very gentylmen that understante gentylnes and scyence. Thenne I praye alle theym that shal rede in this lytyl treatys to holde me for excused for the translatyng of hit. For I knowleche my selfe ignornant of connynge to enpryfe on me so hie and noble a werke, But I praye Mayster *John Skelton* late created poete laureate in the vnyuerfite of *Oxenforde* to ouerfe and correffe this sayd booke. And t'addresse and expowne where as shall be founde faulte to theym that shall reuyre it. For hym I knowe for suffycyent to expowne and englysfhe euyry dyffyculte that is therein, For he hath late tranflated the epyyllys of *Tulle*, and the boke of *Dyodorus Syculus* and diuerse others werkes oute of latyn in- to englysfhe not in rude and olde langage. but in *polysjhed and ornate termes* craftely, as he that hath redde *Virgyle, Ouyde, Tallye*, and all the other noble poetes and oratours, to me un-known: And also he hath redde the ix muses and vnderstannde theyr musicalle scyences, and to whom of theym eche scyence is appropred. I suppose he hath dronken of Elycons well. Then I praye hym & Suche other to correffe adde or mynysfhe whereas he or they shal fynde faulte, For I haue but followed my copye in frensfe as nygh as me is posfyble, And yf ony worde be sayd therein well, I am glad, and yf otherwyse I submytte my sayd boke to theyr correftyon, Whiche boke I presente unto the hye born my tocomynyge natu-
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ral & souerayn lord Arthur by the grace of God Prynce of Walys, Duke of Cornewayll. & Erle of Cheshire first bygotten Son and hoier vnto our most dradde naturall & souerayn lorde & most cryssten kyngge, Henry the vij. by the grace of God kyngge of Englonde and of Fraunce & lord of Irelonde, byfeeching his no- ble grace to receyve it in thanke of me his moiste hum- ble subget & seruant, And I shall praye vnto almyghty God for his prosperous encreasyng in vertue, wyfedom, and humanyte that he may be egal wyth the moost re- nomed of alle his noble progenytours. And to lyue in this present lyf, that after this transitorye lyfe he and we alle may come to everlastynge lyf in heuen, Amen:

At the end of the Book.

Here fynyssheth the boke of Eneydos, compyled by Vyrgyle, whiche hathe be translated out of latyne in to frenshe, and out of frenshe reduced in to Englyshe by me Wyllm. Caxton, the xxij daye of Juyn. the yere of our lorde. M. iiiij C.lxxxx. The fythe yere of the Regne of kyng Henry the seuenth.

**

Cc 2
IV.

**VIRGILIUS RESTAURATUS: SEU MARTINI SCRIBLERI**

Summi Critici

**CASTIGATIONUM IN ÆNEIDEM SPECIMEN:**

ÆNEIDEM totam, Amice Lectore, innumerabilibus
pene mendis scaturientem, ad primum sensum re-
vocabimus. In singulis verisibus spuriis occurrunt lectiones, in omnibus quos unquam vidi codi-
cibus aut vulgatis aut ineditis, ad approbrium usque
Criticorum, in hunc diem exiitentes. Interea ar-
verte oculos, & his paucis fruere. At si quae sint
in hisce castigationibus de quibus non satis liquet,
syllabarum quantitates, σελεχύμενα nostra Libro
ipsi praefigenda, ut consulas, moneo.

I. **SPECIMEN LIBRI PRIMI, VERS. 1.**

ARMA Virumque cano, Trojae qui primus ab oris
Italian, fato profugus, Lavinaque venit
Litora: multum ille & terris Jaltatus & alto,
Vi superum——

Arma Virumque cano, Troiae qui primus ab Aris
Italian, flatu profugus, Latinaque venit
Litora: multum ille & terris vexatus, & alto,
Vi superum——

Abris, neimpe Hercæi Jovis, vide lib. 2. vers. 515,
550.— _Flatu_, ventorum Æoli, ut sequitur—_Latina_
certè littora cum Æneas acerat, Lavina non nisi posse
ab ipso nominata, Lib. 12. vers. 193—_Jaltatus_, terris
non convenit.
II. Vers. 52.

—Et quisquis Numen Junonis adoret?
—Et quisquis Nomen Junonis adoret?
Longe melius, quam ut antea, Nomen.
Et Procul dubio sic Virgilius.

III. Vers. 86.

—Venti velut agmine saatio
Qua data porta ruunt—
—Venti velut aggere fratia
Qua data porta ruunt—
Sic corriges, meo periculo.

IV. Vers. 117.

Fidumque vehebat Orontem.
Fortemque vehebat Orontem:
Non fidum, quia Epitheton Achatæ notissimum,
Oronti nunquam datur.

V. Vers. 119.

Executitur, pronusque magister
Volvitur in caput—
—Executitur; pronusque magis ter
Volvitur in caput—
Aio Virgilium aliter non scripsisse, quod planè confirmatur ex sequentibus—As illum tect fluitus ibidem
Torquet—

VI. Vers. 122.

Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto
Arma virum—
Armi hominum: Ridicule anteà Arma virum, quæ
ex ferro conflata, quomodo possunt naturæ?
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VII. Vers. 151.

Atque rotis summam leviter perlabitur undas.
Atque rotis summam leviter perlabitur undas.
Summas, & leviter perlabi, pleonasmus est: Mirifice altera lectione Neptuni agit itatem & celeritatem exprimit; simili modo Nofer de Camilla, Æn. 11.—intacte segetis per summam volaret, &c. hyperbolicè.

VIII. Vers. 154.

Jamque faces & faxa volant, furor arma ministrat.
Jam faces & faxa volant; fugiuntque Ministri: Uti solent, infanti periculo.—Faces, facibus longe praestant, quid enim nisi faces jacarent vulgus fordidum?

IX. Vers. 170.

Fronte sub adversa scopulis pendentibus antrum.
Intus aquae dulces, vivoque sedilia faxo.
Fronte sub adversa populis prandentibus antrum.
Sic malim, longe potius quam scopulis pendentibus: Nugae! Nonne vides versu sequenti dulces aquas ad potandum & sedilia ad discurrendum dari? In quorum usum? prandentium.

X. Vers. 188.

Tres littore cervos
Prosperit errantes: hos tota armenta sequuntur
A tergo—

Tres littore cervos
Alspicit errantes: hos agmina tota sequuntur
A tergo—Cervi, lectio vulgata, absurditas notissima: haec animalia in Africa non inveniri, quis nescit?
At motus & ambulandi ritus Corvorum, quis non agnovit hoc loco? Litore, locus ubi errant Corvi, uti Nofer alibi,
Et sola secum fissa spaciatur arena.
Omen praeclarissimum, immo et agminibus Militum frequenter observatum, ut patet ex Historicis.
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XI. Vers. 748.
Aréturum pluviasque Hyades, geminosque Triones
Error gravissimus. Corrige, septonique Triones.

XII. Vers. 631.
Quare agite O juvenes, tellis succedite noftris.
Quare agite O Juvenes, tellis succedite noftris.

Leóité potius dicebat Dido, polita magis oratione, & quae unica vocé et Torum & Meniám exprimebat:
Hanc lectioinem probe confirmat appellatio O juvenes! Duplicem hunc Ænºm alibi etiam Maro lepidè inuitit, Æn. 4. v. 19.

Huic uni forfan potui succumbere culpæ:
Anna ! fatebor enim,
Corrige, Huic uni [Viro] scil. potui succumbere; culpas
Anna ? fatebor enim, &c.
Vox succumbere quam elegantier ambiguæ!

LIBER SECUNDUS. Vers. 1.

CONTICUERE omnes, intentique ora tenebant;
Inde toro Pater Æneas sic oríus ab alto:

Concuhueræ omnes, intentèque ora tenebant;
Inde toro satur Æneas sic oríus ab alto.

Concuhueræ, quia toro Æneas vidimus accumbunt:

Vers. 3.

Infandum Regina jubes renovare dolorem.

Infandum regina jubes renovare dolorem.
Sic haud dubito veterrimus codicibus scriptum suíste: hoc fatis confiát ex perantiqua illa Britannorum Cantiana vocata Chevy-Chace, cujus autor hunc locum síbi alcivit in hæc verba,
The Child may rue that is unbred.
Vers. 4.
Trojanas ut opes, & lamentabile regnum.
Trojanas ut Oves & lamentabile regnum Dirut-
erint—Mallem oves potius quam opes, quoniam in anti-
quiissimis illis temporibus oves & armenta divitiae regnum
fuere. Vel fortasse Oves Paridis innuit, quas super
Idam superrime pasebat, & jam in vindictam pro Helenæ
raptu, a Menelao, Ajace, aliisque ducibus, merito
occisas.

Vers. 5.
Eruerint Danai, Quæque ipsè miserrima vidi;
Et quorum pars magna fui.
—Quæque ipsè miserrimus audi,
Et quorum pars magna fui—
Omnia tam audita quam vîsa recta distinctione enar-
tare hic Æneas profitetur: Multa quorum nox ea fata-
lis sola conscia fuit, Vir probus & pius tanquam vîsa
referre non potuit.

Vers. 7.
—Quis talia fando
Temperet a lacrymis?
—Quis talia fiendo,
Temperet in lacrymis?—Major enim doloris indicatìo,
abique modo lachrymare; quam folummodo in
lachrymis non temperare?

Vers. 9.
Et jam nox humida caelo
Præcipitat, suadentque cadentia sydera somnos,
Et jam nox lumina caelo
Præcipitat, suadentque latentia sydera somnos.
Legitio, humida, vespertinum rorem solum innture
videtur: magis mi arridet Lumina, quæ latentia post-
quam præcipitantur, Auroræ adventum annuciando.
Sed si tantius amor casus cognoscere nostras,
Et breviter Trojae supremum audire laborem,
Sed si tantius amor curas cognoscere nostis,
Et brevi ter Trojae, superumque audire labores.
Curae Noeis (silicet noetis excidii Trojani) magis
compendiosè (vel ut dixit ipse breviter) totam bellii
catastrophen denotat, quam diffusa illa & indeterminata
leciio, casus nostras. Ter audire gratum fuisset Didoni,
patet ex libro quarto, ubi dicitur, Iliacoque iterum de-
mens audire labores Exposcit: Ter enim pro fæpe usur-
patur. Trojae, superumque labores, rectè, quia non tan-
tum homines sed & Diis se habebamus immiscuerunt.
Vide Æn. 2. vers. 610, &c.

Quanquam animus meminisse horret, luctuque re-
Incipiam. [sugit,
Quanquam animus meminisse horret, luctuque re-
surgit. Resurgit multò proprius dolorem renascentem
notat, quam ut haétenus, refugit.

Fraeti bello, fatiguum repulsi,
Duatos Danaum, tot jam labentibus annis,
Inficr montis Equum, divina Palladis arte,
Ædifi cant——&c.

Traeti bello, fatiguum repulsi.
Traeti & Repulsi, Antithetis perpulchra! Fraeti frigidè
[& vulgariter.

Equam jam Trojanum, (ut vulgaris loquitur) adeamus;
quem si Equam Græcan vocabis Lecto, minimè peccès:
Solæ enim femellæ utero gesiant. Uterumque armato
milité complent—Uteroque recusos Insomuere caelo—Atque
utero Jconitum quater arma dedere.—Inclúdos utero Danaos
&c. Vox facta non convenit maribus,—Scandit fatales
machina muros, Foeta armis—Palladem Virginem, Equa
mari fabricando, invigilare decuissa quis putat? Incredi-
bile proferus! Quamobrem exilímo veram Equæ lectione-
num passum refuluentam, nisi ubi forte, metri caussa,
Equam potius quam Equam, Genus pro Sexu, dixit Maro.
Vale! dum haec paucula corruges, majus opus moveo.
D d
V.

A Continuation of the GUARDIAN;
On the Subject of PASTORALS.

Compulerantque greges Corydon & Thyrsis in unum;
Ex illo Corydon, Corydon est tempore nobis.

Monday, April 27, 1713.

1. I Designed to have troubled the Reader with no farther Discourses of Pastoral, but being informed that I am taxed of Partiality in not mentioning an Author whose Eclogues are published in the same Volume with Mr. Philip's; I shall employ this Paper in Observations upon him, written in the free Spirit of Criticism, and without apprehension of offending that Gentleman, whose character it is that he takes the greatest care of his works before they are published, and has the least concern for them afterwards.

2. I have laid it down as the first rule of Pastoral, that its Idea should be taken from the manners of the Golden Age, and the Moral form'd upon the representation of Innocence; 'tis therefore plain that any Deviations from that design degrade a Poem from being
true Pastorals. In this view it will appear that Virgil can only have two of his Eclogues allowed to be such: His first and ninth must be rejected, because they describe the ravages of Armies, and oppressions of the Innocent; Corydon's criminal Passion for Alexis throws out the second; the calumny and railing in the third are not proper to that state of Concord; the eighth represents unlawful ways of procuring Love by Incentiments, and introduces a Shepherd whom an inviting Precipice tempts to Self-Murder. As to the fourth, sixth, and tenth, they are given up by (a) Heinus, Salmasius, Rapin, and the Criticks in general. They likewise observe that but eleven of all the Idyllia of Theocritus are to be admitted as Pastorals; and even out of that number the greater part will be excluded for one or other of the Reasons above-mentioned. So that when I remark'd in a former paper, that Virgil's Eclogues taken all together are rather select Poems than Pastorals; I might have said the same thing with no less truth of Theocritus. The reason of this I take to be yet unobserved by the Criticks, viz. They never meant them all for Pastorals.

Now it is plain Philips hath done this, and in his Particular excelled both Theocritus and Virgil.

3. As Simplicity is the distinguishing Characterick of Pastoral, Virgil hath been thought guilty of too courtly a Stile; his Language is perfectly pure; and he often forgets he is among Peasants. I have frequently wonder'd, that since he was so conversant;

(a) See Rapin de Carm. pars 3;
in the writings of Ennius, he had not imitated the Rusticity of the Doric, as well by the help of the old obsolete Roman Language, as Philips hath by the antiquated English: For example, might he not have said Quoi instead of Cui; quojum for cujum; volt for vult, &c. as well as our Modern hath Welladay for alas, obilome for of old, make mock for deride, and witless Younglings for simple Lambs, &c. by which means he had attained as much of the Air of Theocritus, as Philips hath of Spencer?

4. Mr. Pope hath fallen into the same error with Virgil. His Clowns do not converse in all the Simplicity proper to the country: His Names are borrow'd from Theocritus and Virgil, which are improper to the Scene of his Pastorals. He introduces Daphnis, Alexis and Thrys on British Plains, as Virgil had done before him on the Mantuan. Whereas Philips, who hath the strictest regard to propriety, makes choice of names peculiar to the Country, and more agreeable to a Reader of Delicacy; such as Hobbinol, Lobbin, Cuddy, and Colin Clout.

5. So easie as Pastoral Writing may seem, (in the Simplicity we have described it) yet it requires great Reading, both of the Ancients and Moderns, to be a master of it. Philips hath given us manifest proofs of his Knowledge of Books. It must be confessed his competitor hath imitated some single thoughts of the Ancients well enough, (if we consider he had not the happiness of an University Education) but he hath dispersed them, here and there, without that order and method which Mr. Philips observes, whose whole third Pastoral is an instance how well he hath studied
the fifth of Virgil, and how judiciously reduced Virgil's thoughts to the standard of Pastoral; as his contention of Colin Clout and the Nightingale shows with what exactness he hath imitated every line in Strada.

6. When I remarked it as a principal fault, to introduce Fruits and Flowers of a foreign growth, in descriptions where the Scene lies in our own Country, I did not design that observation should extend also to Animals, or the sensitive Life; for Philips hath with great judgment described Wolves in England in his first Pastoral. Nor would I have a Poet flavishly confine himself (as Mr. Pope hath done) to one particular season of the Year, one certain time of the day, and one unbroken Scene in each Eclogue. 'Tis plain Spencer neglected this Pedantry, who in his Pastoral of November mentions the mournful song of the Nightingale:

Sad Philomel, her song in Tears doth steep.

And Mr. Philips, by a poetical Creation, hath raised up finer beds of Flowers than the most industrious Gardiner; his Roses, Endives, Lillies, King-cups and Daffadils blow all in the same Season.

7. But the better to discover the merits of our two contemporary Pastoral Writers, I shall endeavour to draw a Parallel of them, by setting several of their particular thoughts in the same light, whereby it will be obvious how much Philips hath the advantage. With what Simplicity he introduces two Shepherds singing alternately?

Hobb. Come, Rosalind, O come, for without thee
What Pleasure can the Country have for me:
Come, Rosalind, O come; my brinded Kine,
My snowy Sheep, my Farm, and all, is thine.

Ranq. Come Rosalind, O come; here shady Bowers
Here are cool Fountains, and here springing Flowers.
Come, Rosalind; Here ever let us stay,
And sweetly waft our live-long time away.

Our other Pastoral Writer, in expressing the same thought, deviates into downright Poetry.

Streph. In Spring the Fields, in Autumn Hills I love,
At Morn the Plains, at Noon the shady Grove,
But Delia always; forc'd from Delia's sight,
Nor Plains at Morn, nor Groves at Noon delight.

Daph. Sylvia's like Autumn ripe, yet mild as May,
More bright than Noon, yet fresh as early Day;
Ev'n Spring displeases, when she shines not here,
But blest with her, 'tis Spring throughout the Year.

In the first of these Authors, two Shepherds thus innocently describe the Behaviour of their Mistresses.

Hobb. As Marian bath'd, by chance I pass'd by,
She blusht, and at me cast a side-long Eye:
Then swift; beneath the crystal Wave she try'd
Her beauteous Form, but all in vain, to hide.

Lanq. As I to cool me bath'd one sultry day,
Fond Lydia lurking in the Sedges lay.
The wanton laugh'd, and seem'd in haste to fly;
Yet often stopp'd, and often turn'd her Eye.
The other Modern (who it must be confessed hath a
knack of versifying) hath it as follows.

Streph. Me gentle Delia beckons from the Plain,
Then, bid in Shades, eludes her eager Swain;
But feigns a Laugh; to see me search around,
And by that Laugh the willing Fair is found.

Daph. The sprightly Sylvia trips along the Green,
She runs, but hopes she does not run unseen;
While a kind glance at her Pursuer flies,
How much at variance are her Feet and Eyes!

There is nothing the Writers of this kind of Poetry
are fonder of, than descriptions of Pastoral Presents.
Philips says thus of a Sheep-hook,
Of season'd Elm; where studs of Brass appear;
To speak the Giver's name, the month and year;
The hook of polish'd Steel, the handle turn'd,
And richly by the Graver's skill adorn'd.

The other of a Bowl embossed with Figures:
---where wanton Ivy twines,
And swelling Clusters bend the curling Vines;
Four Figures rising from the work appear,
The various Seasons of the rolling year;
And What is that which binds the radiant Sky,
Where twelve bright Signs in beauteous order lie:

The simplicity of the Swain in this place, who for-
gets the name of the Zodiac, is no ill imitation of
Virgil; but how much more plainly and unaffectedly would Philips have dressed this Thought in his Doric?

And what that height, which girds the Welkin seen,
Where twelve gay Signs in meet array are seen.

If the Reader would indulge his curiosity any farther in the comparison of Particulars, he may read the first Pastoral of Philips with the second of his Contemporary, and the fourth and sixth of the former with the fourth and first of the latter; where several parallel places will occur to every one.

Having now shewn some parts, in which these two Writers may be compared, it is a justice I owe to Mr. Philips, to discover those in which no man can compare with him. First, That beautiful Rusticacy, of which I shall only produce two instances, out of a hundred not yet quoted.

O woful day! O day of Woe, quoth he,
And woful I, who live the day to see!

The simplicity of Diction, the melancholy flowing of the Numbers, the solemnity of the Sound, and the ease turn of the Words, in this Dirge, (to make use of our Author's Expression) are extremely elegant.

In another of his Pastorals, a Shepherd utters a Dirge not much inferior to the former, in the following lines.

Ab me the while! ab me! the luckless day,
Ab luckless Lad! the rather might I say;
Ab silly I! more silly than my Sheep,
Which on the flowry Plains I once did keep.
APPENDIX.

How he still charms the ear with these artful Repetitions of the Epithets; and how significant is the last verse! I defy the most common Reader to repeat them, without feeling some motions of compassion.

In the next place I shall rank his Proverbs, in which I formerly observed he excells: For example,

A rolling Stone is ever bare of Moss;
And to their cost, green years old proverbs crost.

He that late lyes down, as late will rise,

And Sluggard-like, till noon-day snoaring lyes.

Against Ill-Luck all cunning Fore-sight fails;

Whether we sleep or wake, it nought avails.

Nor fear, from upright Sentence, wrong.

Laftly, his elegant Dialecht, which alone might prove him the eldest born of Spencer, and our only true Arcadian. I should think it proper for the several writers of Pastoral, to confine themselves to their several Coun-uties. Spencer seems to have been of this opinion: for he hath laid the scene of one of his Pastorals in Wales, where with all the Simplicity natural to that part of our Island, one Shepherd bids the other good morrow, in an unusual and elegant manner.

Diggon Davy, I bid hur God-day:
Or Diggon hur is, or I mis-say.

Diggon answers,

Hur was hur, while it was day-light;
But now hur is a most wretched wight, &c.

But the most beautiful example of this kind that I ever met with, is in a very valuable Piece, which I
chanced to find among some old Manuscripts, entituled, *A Pastoral Ballad*: which I think, for its nature and simplicity, may (notwithstanding the modesty of the Title) be allowed a perfect Pastoral: It is composed in the *Somersetshire* dialect, and the Names such as are proper to the Country People. It may be observed, as a further beauty of this Pastoral, the words *Nymph, Dryad, Naiad, Fawn, Cupid,* or *Satyr,* are not once mentioned through the whole. I shall make no Apology for inserting some few lines of this excellent Piece. *Cicily* breaks thus into the subject, as she is going a milking:

*Cicily.* Rager, go vetch tha (b) Kee, or else tha Zun
Will quite be go, be vore c’have half a don.

*Roger.* Thou shou'dst not ax ma tweece, but I’ve a be
To dreave our Bull to bull tha Parson’s Kee.

It is to be observed, that this whole Dialogue is formed upon the *Passion of Jealousie*; and his mentioning the *Parson’s Kine* naturally revives the Jealousie of the Shepherdess *Cicily,* which she expresses as follows:

*Cicily.* Ab Rager, Rager, chez was zore avaraid
When in yond Vield you kifs’d tha Parson’s Maid:
Is this tha Love that once to me you zed,
When from tha Wake thou brought’st me Ginger-

[bread?]

*Roger.* Cicily thou charg’st me valye,—I’ll zwear to thee,
Tha Parson’s Maid is still a Maid for me.

---

(b) That is, the *Kine* or *Cows.*
APPENDIX.

In which Answer of his are express'd at once that Spirit of Religion, and that Innocence of the Golden Age, so necessary to be observed by all Writers of Pastoral.

At the conclusion of this piece, the Author reconciles the Lovers, and ends the Eclogue the most simply in the world.

So Rager parted vor to vetch tha Kee,
   And vor her Bucket in went Cicily.

I am loth to shew my fondness for Antiquity so far as to prefer this ancient British Author to our present English Writers of Pastoral; but I cannot avoid making this obvious Remark, that Philips hath hit into the same Road with this old West Country Bard of ours.

After all that hath been said, I hope none can think it any Injustice to Mr. Pope, that I forbore to mention him as a Pastoral Writer; since upon the whole, he is of the same class with Moschus and Bion, whom we have excluded that rank; and of whose Eclogues, as well as some of Virgil's, it may be said, that (according to the description we have given of this sort of Poetry) they are by no means Pastorals, but something better.
VI.

A PARALLEL

OF THE

CHARACTERS

OF

Mr. DRYDEN and Mr. POPE,

As drawn by certain of their Cotemporaries,

Mr. DRYDEN.

His Politicks, Religion, Morals.

Mr. Dryden is a mere Renegado from Monarchy, Poetry, and good Sense. (a) A true Republican Son of a monarchical Church. (b) A Republican Atheist. (c) Dryden was from the beginning an ἀλλοτριόσωμαλλή, and I doubt not will continue so to the last. (d)

In the Poem call'd Absalom and Achitophel are notoriously traduced, The King, the Queen, the Lords and Gentlemen, not only their Honourable Persons exposed, but the whole Nation and its Representatives notoriously libell'd; It is Scandalum Magnatum, yea of Majesty itself. (e)

(a) Milbourn on Dryden's Virgil, 8°. 1698. p. 6.
(b) pag. 38. (c) pag. 192. (d) pag. 8. (e) Whip and Key, 4°. printed for R. Janeway 1682. Preface.
VI.
A PARALLEL OF THE CHARACTERS OF Mr. DRYDEN and Mr. POPE.

Mr. POPE.
His Politicks, Religion, Morals.

Mr. Pope is an open and mortal Enemy to his Country, and the Commonwealth of Learning.

(a) Some call him a Popish Whig, which is directly inconsistent. (b) Pope as a Papist must be a Tory and High-flyer. (c) He is both a Whig and a Tory. (d) He hath made it his custom to cackle to more than one Party in their own Sentiments. (e)

In his Miscellaneies, the Persons abused are, The King, the Queen, His late Majesty, both Houses of Parliament, the Privy-Council, the Bench of Bishops, the Established Church, the present Ministry, &c. To make sense of some

(a) Dennis, Remarks on the Rape of the Lock, pref. p. 12. (b) Dunciad dissected. (c) Preface to Gulliveriana. (d) Denn. and Gild. Character of Mr. P. (e) Theobald, Letter in Misc's Journal, June 22, 1728.
He looks upon God's Gospel as a foolish Fable, like the Pope, to whom he is a pitiful Purveyor. (f) His very Christianity may be questioned. (g) He ought to expect more Severity than other men, as he is most unmerciful in his own Reflections on others. (h) With as good right as his Holiness, he sets up for Poetical Infallibility. (i)

Mr. DRYDEN only a Verfifier.

His whole Libel is all bad matter, beautify'd (which is all that can be said of it) with good metre. (k) Mr. Dryden's Genius did not appear in any thing more than his Verfification, and whether he is to be ennobled for that only, is a question? (l)

Mr. DRYDEN's VIRGIL.

Tonson calls it Dryden's Virgil, to show that this is not that Virgil so admired in the Augustan age, but a Virgil of another stamp, a silly, impertinent, nonsensical Writer. (m) None but a Bavius, a Mævius, or a Batyllus carp'd at Virgil, and none but such unthinking Vermin admire his Translatior. (n) It is true, soft and easy lines might become Ovid's Epistles or Art of Love—But Virgil who is all great and majestic, &c. requires strength of lines, weight of words, and closeness of expressions, not an ambling Muse run-

(f) Ibid. (g) Milbourn, p. 9. (h) ibid. p. 175. (i) pag. 39. (k) Whip and Key, pref. (l) Oldmixon, Essay on Criticism, p. 84. (m) Milbourn, pag. 2. (n) Pag. 35.
passages, they must be constru'd into Royal Scandal. (f)

He is a Pope's Rhymester, bred up with a Contempt of the Sacred Writings. (g) His Religion allows him to destroy Hereticks, not only with his pen, but with fire and sword; and such were all those unhappy Wits whom he sacrificed to his accursed Pope's Principles. (h) It deferred Vengeance to suggest, that Mr. Pope had less Infallibility than his Namesake at Rome. (i)

Mr. POPE only a Verfifyer,

The smooth numbers of the Dunciad are all that recommend it, nor has it any other merit. (k) It must be own'd that he hath got a notable Knack of rhyming, and writing smooth verse. (l)

Mr. POPE's Homer.

The Homer which Lintot prints, does not talk like Homer, but like Pope; and he who translated him one wou'd swear had a Hill in Tipperary for his Parnassus, and a puddle in some Bog for his Hippocrene. (m) He has no Admirers among those that can distinguish, discern, and judge. (n)

He hath a knack at smooth verse, but without either Genius or good Sense, or any tolerable knowledge of

(f) Lift, at the end of a Collection of Verses, Letters, Advertisements, 8vo. Printed for A. Moore, 1728. and the Preface to it, pag. 6. (g) Dennis's Remarks on Homer, p. 27. (h) Preface to Gulliveriana, p. 11. (i) Dedication to the Collection of Verses, Letters, pag. 9. (k) Miß's Journal, of June 8, 1728. (l) Character of Mr. P. and Dennis on Homer. (m) Dennis's Remarks on Pope's Homer, pag. 12. (n) Ibid.
ning on a Carpet-ground, and shod as lightly as a Newmarket racer.—He has numberless faults in his English, in Sense, in his Author’s meaning, and in propriety of Expression. (o)

Mr. DRYDEN understood no Greek or Latin.

Mr. Dryden was once, I have heard, at Westminster School: Dr. Busby would have whipt him for so childish a Paraphrase. (p) The meanest Pedant in England would whip a Lubber of twelve for construing so absurdly. (q) The Translator is mad, every line betrays his Stupidity. (r) The faults are innumerable, and convince me that Mr. Dryden did not, or would not understand his Author. (s) This shows how fit Mr. D. may be to translate Homer! A mistake in a single letter might fall on the Printer well enough, but Ἰχωρ for Ἰχώρ must be the error of the Author: Nor had he art enough to correct it at the Press. (t) Mr. Dryden writes for the Court Ladies.—He writes for the Ladies, and not for use. (u)

The Translator puts in a little Burlesque now and then into Virgil, for a Ragout to his cheated Subscribers. (w)

Mr. DRYDEN trick’d his Subscribers.

I wonder that any man who could not but be conscious of his own unsfitness for it, should go to amuse the learned world with such an Undertaking! A man

(o) Pag. 22, and 192. (p) Milbourn, pag. 72.
(q) Pag. 203. (r) Pag. 78. (s) Pag. 206. (t) Pag. 19,
(u) Pag. 124, 190, (w) Pag. 67.
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English. The qualities which distinguish Homer are the beauties of his Dictation and the harmony of his Versification—but this little Author who is so much in vogue, has neither Sense in his Thoughts, nor English in his Expressions. (o)

Mr. POPE understood no Greek.

He hath undertaken to translate Homer from the Greek, of which he knows not one word, into English, of which he understands as little. (p) I wonder how this Gentleman would look should it be discovered that he has not translated ten verses together in any book of Homer with justice to the Poet, and yet he dares reproach his fellow-writers with not understanding Greek. (q) He has stuck so little to his Original, as to have his knowledge in Greek called in question. (r) I should be glad to know which it is of all Homer's Excellencies, which has so delighted the Ladies, and the Gentlemen who judge like Ladies? (s)

But he has a notable talent at Burlesque; his genius slides so naturally into it, that he hath burlesqu'd Homer without designing it. (t)

Mr. POPE trick'd his Subscribers.

'Tis indeed somewhat bold, and almost prodigious, for a single man to undertake such a work! But 'tis too late to dissuade by demonstrating the madness of

---

ought to value his Reputation more than Money; and not to hope that those who can read for themselves, will be Imposed upon, merely by a partially and unfeasonably-celebrated Name. (x) Poetis quidlibet audendi shall be Mr. Dryden's Motto, tho' it should extend to Picking of Pockets. (y)

Names bestowed on Mr. DRYDEN.

An A p e.] A crafty Ape dreft up in a gaudy Gown—Whips put into an Ape's paw, to play pranks with—None but Apisf and Papisf Brats will heed him. Whip and Key, Pref.

An A s s.] A Camel will take upon him no more burden than is sufficient for his strength, but there is another Beast that crouches under all: Mr. Dryden, &c. Milb. p. 105.

A F r o g.] Poet Squab indued with Poet Maro's Spirit! an ugly, croaking kind of Vermine, which would swell to the bulk of an Oxe. Pag. 11.

A C o w a r d.] A Clinias or a Damætas, or a man of Mr. Dryden's own Courage. Pag. 176.

A K n a v e.] Mr. Dryden has heard of Paul, the Knave of Jœsus Christ: And if I mistake not, I've read somewhere of John Dryden, Servant to his Majesty. Pag. 57.

A F o o l.] Had he not been such a self-conceited Fool—Whip and Key, pref. Some great Poets are positive Blockheads. Milbourn, p. 34.

A T h i n g.] So little a Thing as Mr. Dryden. Ibid. pag. 35.

your Project: The Subscribers expectations have been rais’d in proportion to what their Pockets have been drain’d of. (u) Pope has been concern’d in Jobbs, and hired out his Name to Booksellers. (x)

Names bestow’d on Mr. POPE.

An Ape.] Let us take the initial letter of his Christian name, and the initial and final letters of his surname, viz. A. P. E. and they give you the same Idea of an Ape, as his face, &c. *Dennis, Daily Journal, May 11, 1728.*

An Ass.] It is my duty to pull off the Lion’s skin from this little Ass. *Dennis’s Rem. on Homer,* pref.

A Frog.] A squab short Gentleman—a little creature that like the Frog in the Fable, dwells and is angry that it is not allow’d to be as big as an Oxe. *Dennis’s Remarks on the Rape of the Lock,* pref. p. 9.

A Coward.] A lurking, way-laying Coward. *Char. of Mr. P.* pag. 3.

A Knave.] He is one whom God and nature have mark’d for want of common honesty. *Ibid.*

A Fool.] Great Fools will be christen’d by the names of great Poets, and Pope will be called Homer. *Dennis’s Rem. on Homer,* p. 37.


VII.

A

L I S T

OF

All our Author's Genuine Works.

The Works of Mr. Alexander Pope, in quarto and folio. Printed for Jacob Tonson and Bernard Lintot, in the year 1717. This Edition contains whatsoever is his, except these few following, which have been written since that time.

Inscription to Dr. Parnell's Poems; To the Right Honourable Robert Earl of Oxford and Earl Mortimer.

Verses on Mr. Addison's Treatise of Medals, first printed after his death in Mr. Tickell's Edition of his Works.

Epitaphs: On the Honourable Simon Harcourt; on the Honourable Robert Digby: on Mrs. Corbett; and another intended for Mr. Rowe.

The Whole Iliad of Homer, with the Preface, and the Notes, (except the Extracts from Eustathius in the four last volumes, made by Mr. Broome; and the Essay on the Life and Writings
of Homer, which tho' collected by our Author, was put together by Dr. Parnell.)

Twelve Books of the Odyssey, with some parts of other Books; and the Dissertation by way of Postscript at the end.

The Preface to Mr. Tonson's Edition of Shakespeare.

Miscellanies, by Dr. Swift and our Author, &c. Printed for B. Motte.

And some Spectators and Guardians.
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FINIS.
THE Errata of this Edition we thought (gentle reader) to have trusted to thy candor and benignity, to correct with thy pen, as accidental faults escaped the press: But seeing that certain censors do give to such the important name of corruptions of the text and false readings, charge them on the editor, and judge that correcting the press is to be called restoring, and an achievement that brings honour to the Critic; we have in like manner taken it upon our selves.

Book i. Verse 8. E'er Pallas issued from the Thunderers head.) E'er is the contraction of ever, but that is by no means the sense of this place. Correct it, without the least scruple, E're, which is the contraction of or-ere, an old English word for before.—What ignorance of our Mother tongue!


Book i. 146. Imit. Αδρυμέδα, for αδρυμέδα, was ever a circumflex put on the antepenultima? Ibid. Μέτα for Μέτα. Book ii. 88. Imit. Αίμα ἄδιστο
M. SCRiBLERUS Lectori.

for Θέσιο.—μακάρεσσι Θεοίσιν, for μακάρεσσι Θείσιν. Ver. 295. Rem. Beθσα for Beθσα. Want of understanding in the Greek!

After so shameful mistakes in Greek, Latin, English, Quantity, Accent, Grammar; we must not wonder at other literal errors, too numerous to be mentioned. But we cannot pass by the careless manner of spelling, sometimes Satyr, sometimes Satire, in the Notes, probably from the different orthography of the various annotators, however no excuse for the Editor, who shou'd have spelt it constantly Satire.

In our Prolegomena, pag. 20. lin. 15. for whether his were fair or brown, read, whether his Author were fair or brown, &c. pag. 27. l. 5. after Miss's Journal, June 8. add the date of the year, 1728. Pag. 28. l. 26. for, never made publick till by Curl their own bookseller, read, never made publick till in their own Journals, and by Curl their own bookseller. In the Poem, pag. 112. Rem. l. 4. for near ten years, read near twenty years. But this, kind reader, being only matter of fact, not of criticism, be so candid as to impute merely to the error of the Printer. Vale & fruere.