



THE
DUNCIAD,
 VARIORVM.
 WITH THE
PROLEGOMENA of *SCRIBLERUS*.

DEFEROR IN VICVM



VENDENTEM THVS ET ODORES

L O N D O N .
 Printed for A. DOD. 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.

TESTIMONIES 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.

I 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 slipped 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 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 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 approv'd by all but those who are too much concern'd 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

L E T T E R

T O T H E

P U B L I S H E R,

Occasioned by the present

Edition of the DUNCIAD.

IT is with pleasure I hear that you have procured a correct Edition 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 necessary, 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 occur'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 engag'd 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 shall ever esteem as one of the chief honours of my life, and a much greater respect to Truth than to him or any man living, engag'd 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 Scribler 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 wou'd they fairly own, might not only reconcile them to me, but screen them from the resentment of their lawful superiors, 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 slanders, 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 attack'd 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 is 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.

Besides this, which I take to be a publick concern, I have already confess'd I had a private one. I am one of that number 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 character) 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 myself, or imposing on them: So that I am as much interested in the confutation of these calumnies, as he is himself.

I am no Author, and consequently not to be suspected either of jealousy or resentment against any of the men, of whom scarce one is known to me by sight; and as for their writings, I have sought 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 assassins, popular insurrections, the insolence of the rabble without doors and of domesticks within, most wrongfully chastized, if the Meanness 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 publick punishment left, but what a good writer inflicts.

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, since no man will pretend that the robbing another of his reputation supplies the want of it in himself. I question not

* Which we have done in a List in the *Appendix*, N^o 2.

but such authors are poor, and heartily wish 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 satire, 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 high-ways 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 al-

low'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 had 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 CRITICISM*? 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 accusations 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 undeceive 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 topics of the most candid Satyrists, 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 fortune, as he has had for his Translators persons of the most eminent rank and abilities in their respective 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 slander'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:

* 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 Marquis 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.

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.

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, 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 reason, that tho' ingag'd in their friendships, he never espous'd their animosities; and can almost singly challenge this honour,

† As Mr. *Wycherley*, at the time the Town declaim'd against his Book of Poems: Mr. *Walsh*, 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*.

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 to do 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, OBSOLETIS NITOREM, OBSCURIS LUCEM, FASTIDITIS GRATIAM.* I am,

Your most humble Servant,

St. James's
Dec. 22,
1728.

WILLIAM CLELAND.

DENNIS, Rem. on Pr. *Arth.*

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 Rehearsl.*

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 and Judges will let every *Ignorant Pretender* to Scribling, pass on the World.

THEOBALD, Lett. to *Mist*, 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!

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS

H I S .

P R O L E G O M E N A

T O T H E

D U N C I A D.

TESTIMONIES

O F

A U T H O R S,

Concerning our POET and his WORKS.

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS Lectori S.

BEFORE we present thee with our Exercitations 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 gather 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 curious. Hereby thou may'st not only receive the delectation of Variety, but also arrive at a more certain judgment, by a grave and circumspect comparison of the witnesses with each other, or of each with himself. 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 commenta-

tors are wont to insist 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 same 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 cassock?

WE purposed to begin with his Life, Parentage and Education: but as to these, even his Contemporaries do exceedingly differ. One saith, he was educated at home¹; another that he was bred abroad at St. Omer's by Jesuits²; a third, not at St. Omer's, but at Oxford³; a fourth, that he had no University education at all⁴. Those who allow him to be bred at home, differ as much concerning his Tutor: One saith, he was kept by his father on purpose⁵; a second, that he was an itinerant priest⁶; a third, that he was a parson⁷; one calleth him a secular clergyman of the church of Rome⁸; another, a Monk.⁹ As little agree they about his Father; whom one supposeth, like the father of *Hesiod*, a tradesman or merchant¹⁰; another a husbandman, &c.¹¹ Nor hath an author been wanting to give our Poet such a Father, as *Apuleius* hath to *Plato*, *Iamblicus* to *Pythagoras*, and divers to *Homer*; namely a *Dæmon*: For thus Mr. *Gildon*.¹² "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?

¹ *Giles Jacob's* Lives of Poets, vol. 2. in his life. ² *Dennis's* reflect. on the Essay on Crit.
³ *Dunciad* dissected, p. 4. ⁴ *Guardian*, N^o. 40. ⁵ *Jacob, ib.* ⁶ *Dunc.*
diff. ibid. ⁷ *Faumer P.* and his son, *ibid.* verse 32. ⁸ *Dunc. diff.* ⁹ *Cha-*
raeters of the Times, p. 45. ¹⁰ *Female Dunciad*, pag. ult. ¹¹ *Dunc. dissect.*
¹² Whom Mr. *Carl* (Key to the *Dunc.* 1st. edit.) declares to be author of the *Character of*
Mr. Pope and his writings, in a letter to a friend, printed for *S. Pepping*. 1716. where this passage
is to be found, pag. 10.

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 criticks,

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 youngster 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 damnably*.” ^a No less peremptory is the censure of our hypercritical historian

Mr. OLDMIXON:

“ 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* criticks; I should be very glad to have the benefit of the discovery.” ^b

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.) ^c “ As to the numerous treatises, essays, arts, &c. both

^a. Reflections critical and satyrical on a rhapsody call'd, an *Essay on Criticism*. Printed for B. Lintot. ^b. *Essay on Criticism in Prose*, 8vo 1728. ^c. Preface to his poems, p. 18, 53.

“ 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, infipid 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.

“ *d.* The Art of Criticiſm (ſaith he) which was publiſhed ſome months
 “ ſince, is a maſter-piece in its kind. The obſervations follow one ano-
 “ ther, 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 convinc'd 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 conſiſt 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 ap-

“plying 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 his Precepts, in the very precepts themselves.” He then produces some instances of a particular kind of beauty in the *Numbers*, and concludes with saying, that “there are three poems in our tongue of the same nature, and each a masterpiece 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,

“That it is a wretched rhapsody, *impudently* writ in *emulation* of the *Cooper's Hill* of Sir *John Denham*. The Author of it is obscure, is ambiguous, is affected, is temerarious, is barbarous.”^e 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 by Sir *John Denham*, and 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 Author of a “poem called *Sawney*, (f.) “That because *Prior's Henry* and *Emma* charm'd the finest tastes, our author writ his *Eloise*, 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 resembled that of a *French* taylor on a Villa and gardens by the *Thames*: “All this is very fine, but *take away*

e. Letters to B. B. at the end of the remarks on *Pope's Homer*, 1717. f. Printed 1728. pag. 12.

“the

“ *the river*, and it is good for nothing.” But very contrary hereunto, was the judgment of

Mr. PRIOR

himself, faying in his *Alma*, &c.

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 filken web; and ne'er shall fade
 Its colours: gently has he laid
 The mantle o'er thy sad distress,
 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 censurer of our author) yet stileth this a *laudable translation*.^{b.} That ready writer

Mr. OLDMIXON,

In his forementioned Essay, frequently commends the same. And the painful

Mr. LEWIS THEOBALD

thus extolls it. ^{i.} “The spirit of *Homer* breathes all through this translation. — I am in doubt, whether I should most admire the *justness* 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

^{g.} *Alma Cant.* 2. ^{b.} in his *Essays*, vol. 1. printed for *E. Curl*. ^{i.} *Censor*, vol. 2. No. 33.

“ he

“ he alone rais’d and flung with ease, a weighty stone, that two com-
 “ mon men could not lift from the ground; just so, one single person
 “ has performed in this translation, what I once despaired to have seen
 “ done by the force of several masterly hands.” Indeed the same gentle-
 man 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 reputa-
 “ tion, 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 man-
 “ ner how.” Strange Variation! We are told in

MIST’S JOURNAL, *June 8.*

“ That this Translation of the *Iliad*, was not in all respects conform-
 “ able to the fine taste of his friend, Mr. *Addison*. Inasmuch, that he
 “ employed a younger muse, in an undertaking of this kind, which he
 “ supervis’d himself.” Whether Mr. *Addison* did find it conform-
 able to his taste, or not, best appears from his own testimony the year
 following its publication, in these words.

MR. ADDISON, *Freeholder.*

k. “ When I consider my self as a *British* freeholder, I am in a par-
 “ ticular manner pleas’d with the labours of those who have improv’d
 “ 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 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 rea-
 “ son to think that the *Iliad* will appear in *English* with as little dis-
 “ advantage 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 saith himself that he did it *before*. ^{i.} Contrariwise, that Mr. *Addison* engag'd 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 SHAKESPEAR on the stage. "Let him (quoth one, whom I take to be

Mr. THEOBALD) *Mist*, *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 bookfeller *his name*, (for a competent sum of money tho') to promote the credit of an exorbitant subscription." Gentle reader, be pleas'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 bookfeller propos'd the book by 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 (saith

MIST'S JOURNAL, *June* 8.)

"the sequel of that work, the *Odyssey*: and having secur'd the success by a numerous subscription, he employ'd some *Underlings* to perform what, according 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 PROPOSALS for the ODYSSEY,

(printed by *J. Watts*, *Jan.* 10, 1724.) "I take this occasion to de-

^{i.} *Vid.* Pref. to Mr. *Tickel's* Translation of the first Book of the *Iliad*, 4^{to},

“ clare that the SUBSCRIPTION for SHAKESPEAR *belongs wholly to*
 “ Mr. Tonson: And that the future Benefit of THIS PROPOSAL
 “ is not solely for my own use, but for that of *Two 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 *Assist-*
 “ *ants*, lest those *extraneous parts* should unhappily ascend to the *sub-*
 “ *lime*, and retard the declension of the whole.” Behold! these Un-
 derlings are become good writers!

If any say, that before the said proposals were printed, the Sub-
 scription 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
 now living doth testify, that 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 powerful interests with those great men to this rising
 “ Bard, who frequently levied by that means unusual contributions
 “ on the publick.—No sooner was his body lifeless, but this author, re-
 “ viving his resentment, libell’d the memory of his departed friend, and
 “ what was still more heinous, made the scandal publick.” Grievous
 the accusation! unknown the accuser! the person accused no witness 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* procur’d to our author; let him stand
 C 2 forth,

forth, that truth may appear! *Amicus Plato, amicus Socrates, sed magis amica veritas.* But in verity the whole story of the libel is a *Lye*; Witness 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, 12mo. 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 of a crime, (with *some authors* I doubt, more heinous than any in *mortality*) to wit plagiarism, from the inventive and quaint-conceited

JAMES MOORE SMITH, Gent.

1. "Upon reading the third volume of *Pope's* Miscellanies, I found
 " five lines which I thought excellent, 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 tittle, (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 fop their passion, but their prize a fot;
 Alive, ridiculous; and dead, forgot.

" These gentlemen are undoubtedly the first plagiaries that pre-
 " tended 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 insert in it, would

1. Daily Journal, *March 18, 1728.*

be known for his, some copies being got abroad) “ He desires never-
 “ theless, that since the Lines had been read in his Comedy to se-
 “ veral, 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 address’d, of *Hugh Bethel*, Esq; and
 others who knew them as our author’s long before the said gentle-
 man compos’d 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.

m. “ *The Memoirs of a Parisb clark* was a very dull and unjust
 “ abuse of an excellent 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 *Oxford-*
shire before that excellent person (Bish. *Burnet*’s) death, and many
 years before the appearance of that History of which they are pre-
 tended to be an abuse. Most true it is, that Mr. *Moore* had such a
 design, and was himself the man who prest Dr. *Arbutnot* and
 Mr. *Pope* to assist him therein: and that he borrow’d those memoirs
 of our author when that history came forth, with intention to turn
 them to such abuse. But being able to obtain from our author but
 one single Hint, and either changing his mind or having more mind
 than ability, he contented himself to keep the said memoirs and read
 them as his own to all his acquaintance. A noble person there is, into
 whose company Mr. *Pope* once chanced to introduce him, who well
 remembreth the conversation of Mr. *Moore* to have turned upon the
 “ contempt he had for the work of that reverend prelate, and how

14 TESTIMONIES OF AUTHORS.

“ full he was of a design he declared *himself* to have, of exposing it.”
This noble person is the EARL of PETERBOROUGH.

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

Certain it is, that dividing our writers into two classes, of such who were acquaintance, and of such who were strangers to our author; the former are those who speak well, and the other those who speak evil of him. Of the first class, the most noble

JOHN Duke of BUCKINGHAM

furns up his personal character in these lines,

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

So also is he decypher'd by the honourable

SIMON HARCOURT.

o. Say, wond'rous 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

n. Verses to Mr. P. on his translation of *Homer*.

o. Poem prefixt to his works.

bearing, by the ingenious

Mr. WALTER HART,

in this Apostrophe.

p. O! ever worthy, ever crown'd with praise!
 Blest in thy *life*, and blest in all thy *lays*.
 Add, that the Sisters ev'ry thought refine,
 And ev'n thy *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 vain scorn the malice of mankind.

The witty and moral Satyrift

Dr. EDWARD YOUNG,

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

q. 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,

r. 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.

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.

p. In his poems, printed for B. Lintott. poems, and at the end of the *Odyssy*.

q. Universal Passion Satyr 1.

r. In his

“ A little affected hypocrite, who has nothing in his mouth but candour, truth, friendship, good nature, humanity, and magnanimity. He is so great a lover of falshood, 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 saith, “ 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 *Mist’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 saith (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 *Gildon* in the character last cited, make it all plain, by assuring us: “ That he is a creature that reconciles 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 assertor of liberty, and of the dispensing power of kings; a jesuitical professor of truth, a base and a foul pretender 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 perillous: For one declares he ought to have a *price set on his head* and to be hunted down

as a *wild beast*: Another expressly, that it will be well if he *escape with his life*: ^r One desires he wou'd *cut his own throat* or *hang himself*: ^s *Pasquin* seem'd rather inclined it shou'd be done by the government, representing him engag'd in grievous designs with a Lord of Parliament, then under prosecution: ^t Mr. *Dennis* himself hath written to a *Minister*, that he is one of the most *dangerous persons in this kingdom*: ^u A third gives information of *Treason* discover'd in his poem: ^x Mr. *Curl* boldly supplies an imperfect verse with *Kings* and *Princesses*; ^y and another yet bolder, publishes at length the Two most SACRED NAMES in this Nation as members of the Dunciad! ^z

This is prodigious! yet is it no less strange, that in the midst of these invectives his enemies have (I know not how) born testimony to some merit in him:

Mr. THEOBALD,

in censuring his *Shakespear* 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. ^u”

Mr. CHARLES GILDON,

After having violently attack'd him in many pieces, at last came to wish from his heart, “ That Mr. *Pope* wou'd 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 likeness in his

^r *Theobald*, Letter in *Mist's Journal*, June 22, 1728. ^r *Smedley*, Pref. to *Gulliveriana*, p. 16. ^s *Gulliveriana*, pag. 332. ^t Anno 1723. ^u This present year.
^x Pag. 6, 7. of the Preface to a Book intitled, a Collection of all the Letters, Essays, Verses, and Advertisements, occasion'd by *Pope* and *Swift's* Miscellanies, printed for *A. Moore*, 8vo. 1728.
^y Key to the *Dunc.* 3d edit. p. 18. ^z A List of persons, &c. at the end of the foremention'd Collection of all the Letters, Essays, &c. ^a Introduction to his *Shakespear* restor'd, in quarto, pag. 3.

“ version, than in that of Sir *Car Scrope*. 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 *b.*” He also, in
 taxing Sir *Richard Blackmore* for his Heterodox opinions of *Homer*,
 challengeth him to answer what Mr. *Pope* hath said in his preface to
 that Poet. One who takes the name of

H. STANHOPE,

the maker of certain verses to *Duncan Campbell*, *c.* in that poem
 which is wholly a satire on Mr. *Pope*, confesseth,

’Tis true, if finest notes alone cou’d show
 (Tun’d justly high, or regularly low)
 That we should fame to these meer 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.

Mr. THOMAS COOKE,

After much blemishing our author’s *Homer*, cryeth 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. *d.*

MIST’S JOURNAL, *June 8, 1728.*

Altho’ he says, “ the smooth Numbers of the *Dunciad* are all that
 “ recommend it, nor has it any other merit,” Yet in 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 similes, wonderfully short and thick
 “ sown.” The Essay on the *Dunciad* also owns, pag. 25. it is very full
 of beautiful Images.

b. Commentary on the Duke of *Buckingham*’s Essay, 8°. 1721, pag. 97, 98. *c.* Printed
 under the Title of the Progress of Dulness, 12°. 1728. *d.* Battle of Poets, fol. pag. 15.

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. *Dryden*) a notable knack of rhym- "ing 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 Dunciad! "A most notorious instance! (quoth he) of the "depravity of genius and taste, the *Approbation* this Essay meets "with! *e.* — I can safely affirm, that I never attack'd any of these "writings, unless they had *Success*, infinitely beyond their merit. *f.* — "This, tho' an empty, has been a *popular* scribler: The Epidemic "madness of the times has given him *reputation*" *g.* — If after the cruel treatment so many extraordinary men (*Spenser, Lord Bacon, Ben. Johnson, Milton, Butler, Otway*, and others) have received from this "country, for these last hundred years; I shou'd shift the scene, and "shew all that penury chang'd at once to riot and profuseness: "and *b.* more squander'd away upon *one object* than wou'd have sa- "tisfy'd the greater part of those extraordinary men: The reader to "whom this one creature should be unknown, wou'd fancy him a "prodigy of art and nature, would believe that all the great qualities "of these persons were centred in him alone— But if I should "venture to assure him, that the PEOPLE of ENGLAND had made "such a choice—The reader would either believe me a *malicious enemy*,

e. Dennis Pref. to the Reflect. on the Essay on Crit. *f.* Pref. to his Rem. on *Homer*. *g.* 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 said of himself

*One hundred pounds a year, I think wou'd do
For me, if single— Or if marry'd, two.*

“ and *slanderer*; or that the reign of the last (Queen *Ann*’s) *Mini-*
 “ *stry*, was design’d by fate to encourage *Fools*. *i*.

However, lest 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 *k*. *Two Farces*, whose names he does not tell, but assures us *there is not one jest in them*; and an Imitation of *Horace*, whose title he does not mention, but assures us, *it is much more execrable than all his works*. *l*. The DAILY JOURNAL, May 11, 1728. assures us, “ he is below *Tom Durfey* 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* printed 1714, pag. 48, “ 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*; *m*. which prov’d to be one *Dr. Wagstaff*’s. Mr. THEOBALD 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 *Gulliveriana* is of another opinion, and says “ the whole or greatest part of the merit of this treatise must and can only be ascribed to *Gulliver*. *n*. [Here gentle reader cannot I but smile at the strange blindness and positiveness of men, knowing the said treatise 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* wou’d 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 he hath attempted neither.

i. Rem. on *Hom.* pag. 8, 9.

k. Rem. on *Hom.* p. 8.

l. Charact. of Mr. *P.* p. 7.

m. *Ibid.* p. 6. *n*. *Gulliveriana*, pag. 336.

But from all that hath been said, the discerning reader 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* enterpris'd one great work, he was tax'd of Boldness and Madness to a prodigy: ^o if he took *assistants* in another, it was complain'd of and represented as a great injury to the public. ^p The loftiest Heroicks, the lowest ballads, treatises against the state or church, satyr on lords and ladies, raillery on wits and authors, squabbles with book-sellers, or even full and true accounts of monsters, poysons, and murders: of any hereof was there nothing so good, nothing so bad, which hath not at one or other season been to him ascribed. If it bore no author's name, then lay he concealed; if it did, he father'd it on that author to be yet better concealed. If it resembled any of his styles then was it evident; if it did not, then disguis'd he it on set purpose. Yea, even direct oppositions in religion, principles, and politicks, have equally been supposed in him inherent. Surely a most rare, and singular character! of which let the reader make what he can.

Doubtless most Commentators wou'd hence take occasion to turn all to their author's advantage; and from the testimony of his very enemies wou'd affirm, That his Capacity was boundless, as well as his Imagination; That he was a perfect master of all Styles, and all Arguments; And that there was in those times no other writer, in any kind, of any degree of excellence save he himself. But as this is not our own sentiment, we shall determine on nothing; but leave thee, gentle reader! to steer thy judgment equally between various opinions, and to chuse whether thou wilt believe the Testimonies of those who knew him, or of those who knew him not?

^o. Burnet Homerides, pag. 1. of his Translation of the *Iliad*.

^p. The *London*, and *Mist's Journals*, on his Undertaking of the *Odyssey*.

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS,

O F T H E

P O E M.

THIS Pœm, as it celebrateth the most grave and antient of things, Chaos, Night and Dulness, so is it of the most grave and antient kind. *Homer*, (saith *Aristotle*) was the first who gave the *Form*, and (saith *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 unpleasent, witness what is reported of it by the learned Archbishop *Eustathius*, in *Odyss. κ.* And accordingly *Aristotle* in his poetic, chap. 4. doth further set forth, that as the *Iliad* and *Odyssy* 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 less *obscure*, and his *understanding* and *sentiments* no less quaint and strange (if indeed not more so) than any of the actors in our poem. *MARGITES* was the name of this personage, 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

Epic poem, written by *Homer* himself, and anterior even to the *Iliad* or *Odyſſey*.

Now ſoſaſmuch 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 antient *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 *Godfry*, with juſt pomp and dignity heroic, than a *Margites*, a *Codrus*, a *Flecknoe*, or a *Tibbald*.

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 cover'd the land: Whereſby 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 reſuſe them either: For they would forthwith publiſh ſlanders unpuniſh'd, the authors being anonymous; nay the immediate publiſhers thereof lay ſculking under the wings of an Act of Parliament, aſſuredly intended for better purpoſes.

Now our author living in thoſe times, did conceive it an endeavour well worthy an honeſt ſatyriſt, 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

(without much hurt or being slain) to render his dear country. First, taking things from their original, he considereth the Causes creative of such authors, namely *Dulness* and *Poverty*; the one born with them, the other contracted, by neglect of their proper talent thro' self conceit of greater abilities. This truth he wrapp'd in an *Allegory* (as the constitution of Epic poesy requires) and feigns, that one of these Goddesses had taken up her abode with the other, and that they jointly inspir'd all such writers and such works. He proceedeth to shew the *qualities* they bestow on these authors, and the *effects* they produce: Then the *materials* or *stock* with which they furnish them, and (above all) that *self-opinion* which causeth it to seem to themselves vastly greater than it is, and is the prime motive of their setting up in this ad and sorry merchandize. The great power of these Goddesses 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*. 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 Removal of the Imperial seat of Dulness from the City to the polite world; as that of the *Æneid* is the Removal of the empire of *Troy* to *Latium*. But as *Homer*, singeing only the *Wrath* of *Achilles*, yet includes in his poem the whole history of the *Trojan* 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 opening of the poem, taking a view of her forces, which are distinguish'd into these three kinds, Party writers, dull poets, and wild criticks.

A *Person* must 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*: He seeks for one who hath been concerned in the *Journals*, written

bad

bad *Plays* or *Poems*, and published 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, ministry, 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 conducive 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 styleth *Eliza*; the third the flattering Dedicator; 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.

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, wou'd 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 vety quaint; the Narration various, yet of one colour. The purity and chastity of Diction is so preserved, 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 criticks.

As it beareth the name of Epic, it is thereby subjected to such severe indispenfable rules as are laid on all Neotericks, a strict imitation of the antient; infomuch that any deviation accompanied with whatever poetic beauties, hath always been censured by the sound critick. 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 alter'd 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 of life when years have ripened the judgment, without diminishing the imagination; which by good criticks 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 composing his *Arthurs*, declared the same 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*. True it is, that the talents for Criticism, namely smartness, quick censure, vivacity of remark, certainty of asseveration, 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 chuse to write his *Essay* on that subject at twenty, and reserve for his maturer years, this great and wonderful work of the *Dunciad*.

* See his *Essay* on Heroic poetry.

DUNCIADOS PERIOCHA:

O R,

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 *Dubnefs*, 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 hafts 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 *Tibbald* 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 casting upon it the poem of *Thule*. She forthwith reveals her self to him, transports him to her Temple, unfolds all her arts, and initiates him into her mysteries; then announcing the death of *Settle* that night, anoints, and proclaims him Successor.

BOOK the SECOND.

THE King being proclaimed, the solemnity is graced with public Games and sports of various kinds; (not instituted by the Hero, as by *Æneas* in *Virgil*, but for greater honour by the Goddess in person; in like manner as the games *Pythia*, *Isthmia*, &c. were anciently said to be by the Gods, and as *Thetis* herself appearing according to *Homer* Odyss. 24. proposed the prizes in honour of her son *Achilles*. Hither flock the Poets and Criticks, attended (as is but just) with their Patrons and Book-sellers. The Goddess is first pleased for her sport to propose games to the latter, and setteth up the phantom of a poet which the book-sellers contend to overtake. The races described, with their divers accidents: Next, the game for a Poets: Afterwards the exercises for the *Poets*, of Tickling, Vociferating, Diving: the first holds forth the arts and practices of Dedicators, the second of Disputants and fustian poets, the third of profound, dark, and dirty authors. Lastly, for the *Criticks*, the Goddess 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 criticks 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 Goddess transports the King to her Temple, and here lays him to slumber with his head on her lap; a position of marvellous virtue, which causes all the visions of wild enthusiasts, projectors,

jectors, 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 dip'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 destin'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 he 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 surprizing 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 unmix'd with concern, that his own times were but the types of these; He prophecies how first the nation shall be overrun with farces, opera's, shows; and the throne of Dulness advanced over both the Theatres: Then how her sons shall preside in the feats 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 Glimpse or *Pisgab-sight* of the promis'd Fulness of her Glory; the Accomplishment whereof will, in all probability, hereafter be the Theme of many other and greater *Dunciads*.

THE
D U N C I A D,
IN
T H R E E B O O K S,
WITH
Notes Variorum.



T H E
D U N C I A D.

B O O K the F I R S T.

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

REMARKS ON BOOK the FIRST

* **T**HE *Dunciad*, *Sic M. S.* It may be well disputed whether this be a right Reading? Ought it not rather to be spelled *Duncciad*, as the Etymology evidently demands? *Dunce* with an *e*, therefore *Duncciad* 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 *Atchivement that brings honour* to the Critick who advances 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 *Pbilemon*.

THEOBALD.

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 *Duncciade*; 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 without 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 own Ignorance or Inattention.

SCRIBLERUS.

VERSE I. *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 Poem! It breaks forth at the very first line. The Author of the Critique prefix'd to *Sawney*, a Poem, p. 5. hath been so dull as to explain *The Man who brings*, &c. not of the Hero of the 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.)

Say great Patricians! (since your selves inspire
These wond'rous works; so Jove and Fate require)

5 Say from what cause, in vain decry'd and curst,
Still Duncce second reigns like Duncce the first?

In eldest time, e'er mortals writ or read,
Ee'r Pallas issued from the Thund'ers head,
Dulness o'er all possess'd her antient right,

10 Daughter of Chaos and eternal Night:
Fate in their dotage this fair idiot gave,
Gross as her fire, and as her mother grave,

R E M A R K S.

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

*Arma virumq; cano, Trojæ qui primus ab oris,
Italiam fato profugus, Latinæq; venit
Litora: multum ille & terris jactatus et 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 *Aeneas* fled as soon as he saw *Priam* slain. In the second line I would read *statu* for *fato*, since it is most clear it was by *Winds* that he arrived at the *Shore of Italy*; *Jactatus* in the third, is surely as improper apply'd to *terris*, as proper to *alto*: To say a man is *lost on land*, is much at one with saying he *walks at sea*. *Risum teneatis amici?* Correct it, as I doubt not it ought to be, *Vexatus*.

S C R I B L E R U S.

V E R S E 2. *The Smithfield-Muses.*] *Smithfield* is the place where *Bartholomew Fair* was kept, whose *Shews, Machines, and Dramatical Entertainments*, formerly agreeable 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 Pleasures of the Court and Town. This happened in the Year 1725, and continued to the Year 1728. See Book 3. Vers. 191, &c.

V E R S E 10. *Daughter of Chaos, &c.* The beauty of this whole Allegory being purely of the Poetical kind, we think it not our proper business as a Scholiast, to meddle with it; but leave it (as we shall in general all such) to the Reader: remarking only, that *Chaos* (according to *Hesiod, Οὐρογονία*) was the Progenitor of all the Gods.

S C R I B L.

I M I T A T I O N S.

V E R S E 3. *Say great Patricians (since your selves inspire*

These wond'rous Works.]—Ovid. Met. 1.

—*Dū captis (nam vos mutastis & illas)*

V E R S E 6. Alluding to a verse of Mr. *Dryden's*

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.

Laborious, heavy, bufy, bold, and blind,
She rul'd, in native Anarchy, the mind.

15 Still her old empire to confirm, ſhe tries,
For born a Goddeſs, Dulneſs never dies.

O thou! whatever Title pleaſe thine ear,
Dean, Drapier, Bickerſtaff, or Gulliver!

Whether thou chuſe Cervantes' ſerious air,
20 Or laugh and ſhake in Rab'lais eaſy Chair,
Or praife the Court, or magnify Mankind,
Or thy griev'd Country's copper chains unbind;
From thy Bæotia tho' Her Pow'r retires,

Grieve not at ought our ſiſter realms acquire:

25 Here pleas'd behold her mighty wings out-ſpread,
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;

R E M A R K S.

VERSE 23. *From thy Bæotia.*] *Bæotia* of old lay under the Raillery of the neighbouring Wits, as *Ireland* does now; tho' each of thoſe nations produced one of the greateſt Wits, and greateſt Generals, of their age.

VERSE 26. *A new Saturnian Age of Lead.*] The ancient Golden Age is by Poets filed *Saturnian*; but in the Chymical language, *Saturn* is Lead.

VERSE 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.

VERSE 28. 31. *Ëtc. A yawning ruin hangs and nods in air.*—

Here in one Bed two ſhiv'ring Siſters lie, The Cave of Poverty and Poetry.

Hear upon this place the forecited Critick on the *Dunciad*. “ Theſe lines (ſaith he) have no “ Conſtruction, or are Nonſenſe. The two “ ſhivering Siſters muſt be the ſiſter Caves of Po- “ verty and Poetry, or the Bed and Cave of Pover- “ ty and Poetry muſt be the fame, (*queſtion'leſs*) “ and the two Siſters the Lord knows who? “ O the Conſtruction of Grammatical Heads! *Virgil* writeth thus: *Æn.* 1.

- Keen, hollow winds howl thro' the bleak recess,
 30 Emblem of Music caus'd by Emptiness:
 Here in one bed two shiv'ring sisters lye,
 The cave of Poverty and Poetry.
 This, the Great Mother dearer held than all
 The clubs of Quidnunc's, or her own Guild-hall.
 35 Here stood her Opium, here she nurs'd her Owls,
 And destin'd here th' imperial seat of Fools.
 Hence springs each weekly Muse, the living boast
 Of Curl's chaste press, and Lintot's rubric's post;
 Hence hymning Tyburn's elegiac lay,
 40 Hence the soft sing-song on Cecilia's day,

R E M A R K S.

*Fronte sub adversa scopulis pendentibus antrum:
 Intus aquæ dulces, vivog; 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? *Insulse!*" The second line, *Intus aquæ*, &c. is in a parenthesis (as are the two lines of our Author, *Keen 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 thee Reader, present thee with another *Conjectural Emendation* on *Virgil's Scopulis pendentibus*: He is here describing a place, whither the weary Mariners of *Aeneas* repaired to dress their Dinner.—*Fessis—frugesq; receptas Et torrere parant flammis*: What has

Scopulis pendentibus here to do? Indeed the *aquæ dulces* and *sedilia* are something; *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 Edition of *Virgil*; a Specimen whereof see in the Appendix.

S C R I B L E R U S

V E R S E 33. *The Great Mother.*] *Magna mater*, here apply'd to *Dulness*. The *Quidnunc's* was a name given to the ancient Members of certain political Clubs, who were constantly enquiring, *Quid nunc?* what news?

V E R S E 38. *Curl's chaste press, and Lintot's rubric post.*] Two Bookfellers, of whom see Book 2. The former was fined by the Court of King's Bench for publishing obscene books.

I M I T A T I O N S.

V E R S E 33. *This the Great Mother. &c.*] *ÆN. I. Urbs antiqua fuit—
 Quam Juno fertur terris magis omnibus unam*

*Posthabita coluisse Samo; hic illius arma,
 Hic currus fuit: hoc regnum Dea gentibus esse
 (Siqua fata sinant) jam tum tenditq; fovetq;*

Sepulchral lyes 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 ;

45 Fierce champion Fortitude, that knows no fears
Of hisses, blows, or want, or loss of ears :
Calm Temperance, whose blessings those partake
Who hunger, and who thirst, for scribbling sake :

R E M A R K S.

VERSE 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.

VERSE 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.

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

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, songs, and verses (even from those sung at Court, to ballads in the streets) not so much to Malice or Servility as to Dulness; and not so much

to Dulness, as to Necessity; And thus at the very commencement of his Satyr, makes an Apology for all that are to be satyriized.

VERSE 48. *Who hunger, and who thirst.*] "This is an infamous Burlesque on a Text in Scripture, which shews the Author's delight "is Prophaness," (said *Curl* upon this place.) But 'tis very familiar with *Shakespeare* to allude to Passages of Scripture. Out of a great number I'll select a few, in which he both alludes to, and quotes the very Texts from holy Writ. In All's well that ends well, *I am no great Nebucadnezzar, I have not much Skill in Grass.* Ibid. *They are for the stowry Way that leads to the broad Gate, and the great Fire.* Mat. 7. 13. Much ado about nothing: *All, all, and moreover God saw him when he was hid in the Garden,* Gen. 3. 8. (in a very jocose Scene.) In Love's Labour lost, he talks of *Sampson's* carrying the Gates on his Back; in the Merry Wives of Windsor of *Goliath* and the Weavers Beam; and in Henry 4. *Falstaff's* Soldiers are compared to *Lazarus* and the *Prodigal Son*, &c. *The first part of this Note is Mr. CURL'S: The rest is Mr. THEOBALD'S.* *Shakespeare Restor'd Appendix.* p. 144.

I M I T A T I O N S.

VERSE 39. *Hence hymning Tyburn--Hence, &c.*] —*Genus unde Latinum*
Albaniq; patres, atq; alta moenia Romæ. Virg.
VERSE 43. *In clouded Majesty she shone.*]

Milton, lib. 4. — *The Moon*
Rising in clouded Majesty. —

VERSE 46. *That knows no fears Of hisses, blows, or want, or loss of ears.*] Horat.
Quem neq; pauperies, neq; mors, neq; vincula terrent.

Prudence, whose glaſs preſents th' approaching jayl :

50 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,

55 '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,

60 And learn to crawl upon poetic feet.

Here one poor Word a hundred clenches makes,

And ductile dulneſs new meanders takes ;

R E M A R K S.

VERSE 61. *Here one poor Word a hundred clenches makes.*] It may not be amiſs 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 Ex-amples in this kind. " *Alexander Pope* hath ſent " abroad into the world as many *Bulls* as his

" Nameſake *Pope Alexander*."— " Let us take " the initial and final letters of his Surname, " 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 *Poppyſma*, becauſe he was con- " tinually *popping* out ſquibs of wit, or ra- " ther *Po-pyſmata*, or *Po-piſms*. DENNIS. *Daily-Journal* June 11. 1728.

I M I T A T I O N S.

VERSE 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 Bookſellers or the Players bid moſt. Theſe lines allude to the following in *Garth's Diſpenſary, 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 Gleebe, and calls them out to day.*

VERSE 62. *And ductile dulneſs.*] A Parody on another in *Garth. Cant. 1.*

How ductile matter new meanders takes.

There motley Images her fancy strike,
 Figures ill-pair'd, and Similes unlike.

- 65 She sees a Mob of Metaphors advance,
 Pleas'd with the Madness of the mazy dance :
 How Tragedy and Comedy embrace ;
 How Farce and Epic get a jumbled race ;
 How Time himself stands still at her command,
 70 Realms shift their place, and Ocean turns to land.
 Here gay Description Ægypt glads with showers ;
 Or gives to Zembla fruits, to Barca flowers ;
 Glitt'ring with ice here hoary hills are seen,
 There painted vallies of eternal green,
 75 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,
 80 With self-applause her wild creation views,

R E M A R K S.

VERSE 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.

VERSE 71. *Ægypt glads with Showers.*] In the lower Ægypt Rain is of no use, the over-

flowing of the Nile being sufficient to impregnate the soil. — These six verses 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 N^o 40. printed in the Appendix, Parag. 7. See also Eusden's whole Works (if to be found.)

I M I T A T I O N S.

VERSE 77. *The Cloud-compelling Queen.*] From Hamer's Epithet of Jupiter, νεφεληγεγετα Ζευς.

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 :

- 85 (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.
Now May's and Shrieves all hush'd and fariate lay,
90 Yet eat in dreams the custard of the day ;
While penfive 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 ;
95 Much she revolves their arts, their ancient praise,
And sure succession down from Heywood's days.

R E M A R K S.

VERSE 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 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.

VERSE 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 Latinism and Grecism, nay of figurative speech itself.—

Lætus segetes, glad, for making glad, &c. See.

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

Sometimes misguided by the suneful 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.

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

She faw with joy the line immortal run,
 Each fire impreft and glaring in his fon ;
 So watchful Bruin forms with plaftic care
 100 Each growing lump, and brings it to a Bear.
 She faw old Pryn in reftlefs Daniel fhine,
 And Eufden eke out Blackmore's endlefs line ;
 She faw flow Philips creep like Tate's poor page,
 And all the Mighty Mad in Dennis rage.

R E M A R K S.

VERSE 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 panegyrics upon the Lord Mayors, and Verses to be spoken in the Pageants: But that part of the shows being by the frugality of some Lord Mayors at length abolifhed, the employment of City Poet ceas'd; fo that upon *Settle's* demife, there was no fucceffor to that place. This important point of time our Poet has chosen, as the Crisis of the Kingdom of *Dulnefs*, who thereupon decrees to remove her imperial feat from the City, and over-fpread the other parts of the Town: To which great Enterprize all things being now ripe, she calls the Hero of this Poem.

Mr. *Settle* was once a writer in some vogue, particularly with his Party; for he was the author or publifher of many noted Pamphlets in the time of King *Charles* the fecond. He answered all *Dryden's* political Poems; and being cry'd up on one fide, fucceeded not a little in his Tragedy of the Empreſs of *Morroco* (the firft that was ever printed with Cuts.) " Upon this he grew " insolent, the Wits writ againft his Play, he replied, and the Town judged he had the better. " In fhort *Settle* was then thought a formidable " Rival to Mr. *Dryden*; and not only the Town, " but the Univerfity of *Cambridge*, was divided " which to prefer; and in both places the younger " fort inclined to *Elkanab*. DENNIS. *Pref. to Rem. on Hom.*

For the latter part of his Hiftory, fee the third Book, verſe 238.

VERSE 101. *Old Pryn in reftlefs Daniel.*]

William Pryn and *Daniel de Foe* were writers of Verses, as well as of Politicks; as appears by the Poem of the latter *De jure Divino*, and others, and by these lines in *Cowley's* Miscellanies of the former.

— 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 bearers ears on edge:

Written by William Pryn Esqui-re, the
 Year of our Lord, six hundred thirty three.
 Brave Jersey Muse! and he's for his high stile
 Call'd to this day the Homer of the Isle.

Both these Authors had a resemblance in their fates as well as writings, having been a-like sentenc'd to the Pillory.

Of *Eufden* and *Blackmore*. See Book 2. v. 254. and 300. And *Philips*. See Book 3. v. 274.

VERSE 104. *And all the mighty Mad.*] This is by no means to be understood literally, as if Mr. *D.* were really mad; Not that we are ignorant of the *Narrative* of Dr. *R. Norris*, but it deserves no more regard than the *Pop upon P.* and the like idle 'Traff, written by *James Moor*, or other young and light Persons, who themselves better deserve to be blooded, scarified, or whipped, for such their ungracious merriment with their Elders. No - it is spoken of that *Excellent* and *Divine Madness*, so often mentioned by *Plato*, that poetical rage and enthusiasm, with which no doubt Mr. *D.* hath, in his time, been highly possessed; and of those extraordinary hints and motions whereof he himself so feelingly treats in the Preface to *Pr. Arb.* [See Notes on Book 2. verſe 256.]

105 In each she marks her image full exprest,

But chief, in Tibbald's monster-breeding breast;

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VERSE 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 *Censor*, Vol. 2. N^o 33. also calls him 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 spar'd*) suffers by being contradicted, or which is the same thing in effect, by hearing another praised; we should in compassion sometimes attend to him with a silent nod, and let him go away with the triumphs of his ill-nature. "— *Poor Furius* (*again*) when any of his contemporaries are spoken well of, quitting the ground of the present dispute, steps back a thousand years to call in the success 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. Indeed his pieces against our Poet are somewhat of an angry character, and as they are now scarce extant, a taste of his stile may be satisfactory to the curious. "A young squab, short Gentleman, whose outward form though it should be that of downright Monkey, 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 impotent, 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.* Page 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 (saith 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 epidemick *Madness 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 constant 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 asserter, &c. I look upon it as my duty, I say, to do—*you shall see what*—to pull the Lions skin from this little *A's*, which popular errors has thrown round him; and to show, 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 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 Bookfeller.—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 *Poyson*". Which last words of his Book plainly discover, Mr. D. his suspicion was that of being *poysoned*, 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 Poyson 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

Sees Gods with Dæmons in strange league ingage,

And earth, and heav'n, and hell her battles wage.

She ey'd the Bard, where supperless he fate,

110 And pin'd, unconscious of his rising fate;

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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 administering *Poyson* 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, 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 pindrick 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 Jacob's Lives of Dram. Poets, page 68. 69. compared with page 286.

VERSE 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 Miß's Journal. He was concerned in a Paper call'd the *Censor*, and a translation of *Ovid*, as we find from Mr. Dennis's Remarks on *Pope's Homer*, p. 9. 10. "There is "a notorious Ideot, one hight *Whacum*, who "from an under-spur-leather to the Law, is be-

"come an under-frapper to the Play-house, who "has lately burlesqu'd the *Metamorphoses* of "Ovid by a vile Translation, &c. This Fellow "is concerned 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." *Giles Jacob's 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 about a year old, it had the arrogant Title of *Shakespeare Restored*: Of this he was so proud himself, as to say in one of Miß's Journals, June 8. "That to expose any Errors in it was impracticable." And in another, April 27. "That whatever care for the future might be taken either by Mr. P. or any other assistants, he would still give above 500 Emendations that shall escape them all." During the space of two years, while Mr. Pope was preparing his Edition of *Shakespeare*, and published Advertisements, requesting all lovers of the Author to contribute to a more perfect one; this Restorer (who had then some correspondence with him, and was soliciting favours by Letters) did wholly conceal his design, 'till after its publication. Probably that proceeding elevated him 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.

VERSE 108. Tibbald's monster-breeding breast, Sees Gods with Dæmons, &c.] This alludes to the extravagancies of the Farces of that author. See book 3. vers. 109, &c.

VERSE 109. — Supper-less he fate.] It is amazing how the sense of this line hath been mistaken by all the former Commentators, who most idly suppose it to imply, that the Hero

Studious he fate, with all his books around,
 Sinking from thought to thought, a vast profound!
 Plung'd for his sense, but found no bottom there;
 Then writ, and flounder'd on, in mere despair.
 115 He roll'd his eyes that witness'd huge dismay,
 Where yet unpawn'd, much learned lumber lay,
 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,
 120 The page admires new beauties, not its own.
 Here swells the shelf with Ogilby the great:
 There, stamp'd with arms, Newcastle shines compleat,

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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, or what *Boswell* calls a *disguis'd sentence*, that "Temperance is the life of Study." The language of Poesy brings all into Action; and to represent a Critic 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 and often totally neglects, for the greater improvement of the other.

S C R I B L E R U S.

VERSE 115. *He roll'd his eyes that witness'd huge dismay.*] *Milt. l. 1.*—*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.

VERSE 120.—*Admires new beauties not its own.* *Virg. Geo. 2.*

Miraturq; frondes novas, & non sua poma.

VERSE 121. [This library is divided into two parts; the one (his polite learning) consists of those books which seem'd to be the models of his poetry, and are prefer'd for one of these three reasons (usual with collectors of Libraries) that they fitted the shelves, or were gilded for shew, 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.

VERSE 121.—*Ogilby the great.*] *John Ogilby* was one, who from a late initiation into literature, made such a progress as might well stile 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.*

VERSE 122. *There, stamp'd with arms, Newcastle shines compleat.*] *The Duties of New-*

Here all his fuff'ring brotherhood retire,
 And 'scape the martyrdom of jakes and fire ;
 125 A Gothic Vatican ! of Greece and Rome
 Well-purg'd, and worthy Withers, Quarles, and Blome.
 But high above, more solid Learning shone,
 The Clafficks of an Age that heard of none ;
 There Caxton slept, with Wynkin at his side,
 130 One clasp'd in wood, and one in strong cow-hide.
 There sav'd by spice, like mummies, many a year,
 Old Bodies of Philosophy appear.
 De Lyra here a dreadful front extends,
 And there, the groaning shelves Philemon bends.

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castle was one who buſied herſelf 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 adorn'd with gilded Covers, and had her Coat of Arms upon them.

VERSE 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 lyric 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.

VERSE 129. *Caxton.*] A Printer in the time of *Edw. 4. Ricb. 3.* and *Henry 7.* *Wynkin de Wood*, his ſucceſſor 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 manner, as of a book hardly known. *Vid. Append. Tibbald* quotes a rare paſſage from him in *Miſt's Journal* of *March 16, 1728.* concerning a *ſtraunge and merveyllouſe beaſt called Sagittarye*, which he would have *Sbakeſpear* to mean rather than *Teucer*, the Archer celebrated by *Homer.*

VERSE 133. *Nich. de Lyra, or Harpsfeld*, a very voluminous Commentator, whoſe works in five vaſt Folio's were printed in 1472.

VERSE 134. *Philemon Holland*, Dr. in Phyſick. He translated ſo many books, that a man would think he had done *nothing elſe*, inſomuch 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's compleat Library.* WINSTANLY.

135 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, unfully'd lays
 That altar crowns: A folio Common-place
 140 Finds 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:

145 Dulness! whose good old cause I yet defend,
 With whom my Muse began, with whom shall end!
 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,
 150 Obliquely wadling to the mark in view.
 O ever gracious to perplex'd mankind!
 Who spread a healing mist before the mind,
 And, lest we err by Wit's wild, dancing light,
 Secure us kindly in our native night.
 155 Ah! still o'er Britain stretch that peaceful wand,
 Which lulls th' Helvetian and Batavian land.

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

VERSE 146. *With whom my Muse began, with-*
whom shall end.] *Virg. Ecl. 8. A te principium,*

tibi desinet—from *Theoc.*

'*Ἐκ Διὸς ἀρχώμεθα, καὶ εἰς Δία λήγεται, Μοῦσα.*

So *Horace*,

Prima dicite mihi, summa dicende camæna.

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
 160 Make Horace flat, and humble Maro's strains ;
 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 Shakespear once a week.
 165 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,
 170 And write about it, Goddes, and about it ;
 So spins the silkworm small its slender store,
 And labours, 'till it clouds itself all o'er.

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VERSE 162. *Nor sleeps one error—Old puns restore, lost blunders, &c.*] As where he laboured to prove *Shakespear* guilty of terrible *Anacronisms*, or low *Conundrums*, which Time had cover'd; and conversant in such authors as *Caxton* and *Wynkin*, rather than in *Homer* or *Chaucer*. Nay so far had he lost his reverence to this incomparable author, as to say in print, *He deserved to be whipt*. An insolence which nothing sure can parallel! but that of *Dennis*, who can be proved to have declared before Company, that *Shakespear* was a *Rascal*. O tempora! O mores!

VERSE 164. *And crucify poor Shakespear once a week.*] For some time, once a week or fort-

night, he printed in *Mist's Journal* a single remark or poor conjecture on some word or pointing of *Shakespear*.

VERSE 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.

VERSE 168. *Notes to dull books, and prologues to dull plays.*] As to *Cook's Hesiod*, 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.

Not that my quill to Critiques was confin'd,
 My Verſe gave ampler leſſons to mankind;
 175 So graveſt precepts may ſucceſſleſs prove,
 But ſad examples never fail to move.
 As forc'd from wind-guns, lead itſelf can fly,
 And pond'rous flugs cut ſwiftly thro' the ſky;
 As clocks to weight their nimble motion owe,
 180 The wheels above urg'd by the load below;
 Me, Emptineſs and Dulneſs could inſpire,
 And were my Elafticity and Fire.
 Had heav'n decreed ſuch works a longer date,
 Heav'n had decreed to ſpare the Grubſtreet-ſtate.
 185 But ſee great Settle to the duſt deſcend,
 And all thy cauſe and empire at an end!
 Cou'd Troy be fav'd by any ſingle hand,
 His gray-goofe-weapon muſt have made her ſtand.
 But what can I? my Flaccus caſt aſide,
 190 Take up th' Attorney's (once my better) Guide?

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VERSE 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, *Ab! mon cher Ciceron! Je le connois bien: c'eſt le mem quem Marc Tulle.*
 VERSE 190. *Take up th' Attorney's Guide.*] In alluſion to his firſt profeſſion of an Attorney.

I M I T A T I O N S.

VERSE 183. *Had heav'n decreed ſuch works a longer date, &c.*] *Virg. Æn. 2.*
Me ſi cœlicolæ voluiſſent ducere vitam
Has mihi ſervaeſſent ſedes. —

VERSE 187. *Could Troy be ſaved. — His gray-goofe-weapon.*] *Virg. ibid.*
— Si Pergama dextra
Defendi poſſent, etiam hac deſenſa fuiſſent.

Or rob the Roman geese of all their glories,
 And save the state by cackling to the Tories?
 Yes, to my Country I my pen consign,
 Yes, from this moment, mighty Mist! am thine,
 195 And rival, Curtius! of thy fame and zeal,
 O'er head and ears plunge for the publick weal.
 Adieu my children! better thus expire
 Un-stall'd, unfold; thus glorious mount in fire
 Fair without spot; than greas'd by grocer's hands,
 200 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.

R E M A R K S.

VERSE 191. *Or rob the Roman geese, &c.* Relates to the well-known story of the geese that saved the Capitol, of which *Virgil, Æn. 8. Atq; hic auratis volitans argenteus anser Porticibus, Gallos in limine adesse canebat.* A passage I have always suspected. Who sees not the Antithesis of *auratis* and *argenteus* to be unworthy the Virgilian Majesty? and what absurdity to say, a Goose sings? *canebat?* *Virgil* gives a contrary character of the voice of this silly Bird, in *Ecl. 9. —argutos interstrepere anser olors.* Read it therefore *adesse strepebat.* And why *auratis porticibus?* Does not the very verse preceding this inform us, *Romuleo recens horrebat regio culmo.* is this *Thatch* in one line, and *Gold* in another, consistent? I scruple not (*repugnantibus omnibus manuscriptis*) to correct it, *auritis.* *Horace* uses the same epithet in the same sense,

—Auritas fidibus canoris

Ducere quercus.

And to say, that *Walls have Ears,* is common even to a proverb.

SCRIBL.

VERSE 194. *Mighty Mist!* *Nathaniel Mist* was publisher of a famous Tory Paper (see notes

on l. 3.) in which this Author was sometimes permitted to have a part.

VERSE 197. *Adieu my Children!* This is a tender and passionate Apostrophe to his own Works which he is 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.

—Felix Priamēia virgo!

Jussa mori: quæ sortitus non pertulit ullos,

Nec victoris heri tetigit captiva cubile!

Nos patriâ incensâ, diversa per æquora vela, &c.

Virg. Æn. 3.

VERSE 200. *Or shipp'd with Ward to Ape and monkey land.* *Edward Ward,* a very voluminous Poet in Hudibrastick 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 genteel way) and with his wit, humour, and good liquor (Ale) afforded his guests a pleasurable entertainment, especially those of the High-Church party. *JACOB Lives of Poets* vol. 2. p. 225. Great numbers of his works are yearly fold into the Plantations.

With that, he lifted thrice the sparkling brand,
 And thrice he dropt it from his quiv'ring hand:
 205 Then lights the structure, with averted eyes;
 The rowling smokes involve the sacrifice.
 The opening clouds disclose each work by turns,
 Now flames old Memnon, now Rodrigo burns,
 In one quick flash see Proserpine expire,
 210 And last, his own cold Æschylus took fire.
 Then gush'd the tears, as from the Trojan's eyes
 When the last blaze sent Ilion to the skies.

R E M A R K S.

VERSE 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 heav'n 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* sets fire to a Corn-field, which endangered the burning of the Play-house.

VERSE 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 to be very much cooled by the translation; Upon sight of a specimen of it, 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, *teste* Val. Max. l. 9. cap. 12.

S C R I B L.

I M I T A T I O N S.

VERSE 200. *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.*

VERSE 203. *He lifted thrice the sparkling brand, And thrice he dropt it.*] *Ovid* of *Althea* on the like occasion, burning her Offspring,

*Met. 8. Tum conata quater flammis imponens
 torrem,*

Cæpta quater tenuit.—

VERSE 208, *Now flames old Memnon, &c.*] *Virg. Æn. z.*

—*Jam Deiphibi dedit ampla ruinam*

*Vulcano superante, domus i jam proximus ardet
 Ur, alegon.*

Rowz'd by the light, old Dulness heav'd the head,
 Then snatch'd a sheet of Thulè from her bed ;
 215 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 Shrieves and May'rs
 220 She looks, and breathes her self into their airs.
 She bids him wait her 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 :
 225 Raptur'd, he gazes round the dear retreat,
 And in sweet numbers celebrates the feat.

R E M A R K S.

VERSE 214. *Thulè.*] An unfinished Poem of that name, of which one sheet was printed fifteen Years ago; by *A. Ph.* a Northern Author. It is an usual method of putting out a fire, to cast wet sheets upon it. Some Criticks have been of opinion, that this sheet was of the nature of the *Asbestos*, which cannot be consumed by fire; but I rather think it only an allegorical allusion to the coldness and heaviness of the writing.

VERSE 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 stile of *Prithee Phædo*, and *For God's sake Socrates*: printed for *B. Lintot*, 1713.

VERSE 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 distinguished merit may be starved, in order to celebrate her power, and describe her Cave. It was printed in octavo, 1715.

I M I T A T I O N S.

VERSE 219. *Great in her charms ! as when on Shrieves and May'rs She looks, and breathes herself into their airs.*]

*Alma parens confessa Deam; qualisq; videri
 Cœlicolis & quanta solet — Virg. Æ. 2.
 Et lætos oculis afflarat honores. — Id. Æn. 1.*

Here to her Chofen all her works ſhe ſhows ;
 Proſe ſwell'd to verſe, Verſe loitring into proſe ;
 How random Thoughts now meaning chance to find,
 230 Now leave all memory of ſenſe behind :
 How Prologues into Prefaces decay,
 And theſe to Notes are fritter'd quite away.
 How Index-learning turns no ſtudent pale,
 Yet holds the Eel of ſcience by the Tail.
 235 How, with leſs reading than makes felons 'ſcape,
 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,
 240 Can make a Cibber, Johnſon, or Ozell.
 The Goddeſs then, o'er his anointed head,
 With myſtic words, the ſacred Opium ſhed ;

R E M A R K S.

VERSE 240. *Can make a Cibber.*] Mr. Colly Cibber, an Author and Aſtor ; 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 2 Volumes of Plays in 4^o, he has made up and tranſlated ſeveral others. Mr. *Jacob* omitted to remark, that he is particularly admirable in Tragedy.

VERSE 244. — *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 obefity, and to have fallen a victim to the redundancy of his parts. CHA. of the TIMES, printed by CURT, pag. 19. Some of his Plays are, Love in a Forc't (*Shakeſpear's* As you like it)

Wife's Relief (*Shirley's* Gameſter) The Victim (*Racine's* Iphigenia) The Sultan's (*Racine's* Bajazet) (the prologue to which abuſed Dr. *Arbutnot*, Mr. *Pope*, and Mr. *Gay*.) The *Cobler of Preſton*, his own.

VERSE 240. — *And 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 to be placed in an *Office of accounts* in the City, being qualified for the ſame by his ſkill in *Aritbmetick*, and writing the neceſſary *hands*. He has oblig'd the world with many tranſlations of French Plays. JACOB *Lives of Dram. Poets*, p. 198.

And lo! her Bird (a monster of a fowl!

Something betwixt a H*** and Owl)

245 Perch'd on his crown. All hail! and hail again,

My Son! the promis'd 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 criticks damn, no duns molest,

250 Where Gildon, Banks, and high-born Howard rest.

I see a King! who leads my chosen sons.

To lands, that flow with clenches and with puns :

'Till each fam'd Theatre my empire own,

'Till Albion, as Hibernia, blefs my throne!

255 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,)

R E M A R K S.

VERSE 244. *AH—r.*] A strange Bird from Switzerland.

VERSE 250. *Where Gildon, Banks, and high-born Howard rest.*] *Charles Gildon*, a writer of criticisms and libels of the last age: He published *Blount's* blasphemous books against the Divinity of Christ, the Oracles of reason, &c. He signified himself as a Critic, having written some very bad plays; abused Mr. *P.* very scandalously in an anonymous Pamphlet of the Life of Mr. *Wyndham* printed by *Curl*, in another called the New Rehearsal printed in 1714, in a third entitled the compleat Art of English Poetry, in 2 Volumes, and others.

VERSE 250.—*Banks.*] Was author of the play of the Earl of Effex, Ann Boleyn, &c. He followed the law as a solicitor, like *Tibbald*.

VERSE 250.—*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.

VERSE 258. *As sings thy great fore-father Ogilby.*] See his *Æsop* Fab. where this excellent hemystic is to be found. Our author shows here and elsewhere, a prodigious Tenderness for a bad writer. We see he selects 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^o. 1717. where he labours to call up all our humanity and forgiveness toward them, by the most moderate representation of their

Loud thunder to its bottom shook the bog,

260 And the hoarse nation croak'd, God save King Log !

R E M A R K S.

<p>case that has ever been given by any Author? " Much may be said to extenuate the fault of " bad Poets: What we call a <i>Genius</i> is hard to " be distinguished, by a man himself, from a " prevalent inclination: And if it be 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 writing, and so appealing to the judgment " of others: And if he happens to write ill " (which is certainly no sin in itself) he is im-</p>	<p>mediately 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 per- " sisting, and even that may admit of alle- " viating 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 " Bookfellers are the first that inform them of.</p>
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End of the First Book.



T H E

T H E
D U N C I A D.

B O O K the S E C O N D.

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

R E M A R K S O N B O O K the S E C O N D.

Two things there are, upon 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 Critick cannot chuse but know, which it is? This being granted, whenever any 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 us'd 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 K. Log!
He has with great judgment transpos'd 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 Critick, he merits the acknowledgement of all sound Commentators.

VERSE 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 167.

VERSE 2. *Or Fleckno's Irish Throne.*] *Richard Flecknoe* 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 *Æneid* from the *Iliad*, or the *Lutrin* of *Boileau* from the *Defaite des Bouts-rimeés* of *Sarazin*.

I M I T A T I O N S.

VERSE 1. *High on a gorgeous feat.*] Parody of *Milton*, lib. 2.

*High on a throne of royal state, that far
Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,*

*Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand
Shows on her Kings barbaric pearl and gold,
Satan exalted sat,*

Or that, where on her Curlls the Public pours
 All-bounteous, fragrant grains, and golden show'rs ;
 5 Great Tibbald fate : The proud Parnassian sneer,
 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,
 10 With scarlet hats, wide waving, circled round,
 Rome in her Capitol saw Querno fit,
 Thron'd on sev'n hills, the Antichrift of Wit.

To grace this honour'd day, the Queen proclaims
 By herald hawkers, high, heroic Games.
 15 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 filks, in crapes, in garters, and in rags ;
 From drawing rooms, from colleges, from garrets,
 20 On horse, on foot, in hacks, and gilded chariots,

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VERSE 3. *Or that, where on her Curlls the Public pours.*] *Edm. Curl* stood in the Pillory at *Charing-Croft*, in *March*, 1727-8.

VERSE 11. *Rome in her Capitol saw Querno fit.*] *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 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. cb.* 82. Some idea of his Poetry is given us 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;
 25 But now, so ANNE and Piety ordain,
 A Church collects the faints 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;
 30 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, aduft and thin,
 In a dun night-gown of his own loose skin,
 35 But such a bulk as no twelve bards could raise,
 Twelve starveling bards of these degen'rate days.
 All as a partridge plump, full-fed, and fair,
 She form'd this image of well-bodied air,
 With pert flat eyes she window'd well its head,
 40 A brain of feathers, and a heart of lead,

IMITATIONS.

VERSE 31. *A Poet's Form she plac'd before
 their eyes.*] This is what *Juno* does to deceive
Turnus, *Æn.* 10.

*Tum dea nube cava, tenuem sine viribus umbram,
 In faciem Æneæ (visu mirabile monstrum)
 Dardaniis ornat telis, clypeumque jubaſque
 Divini aſſimilat capitis—Dat inania verba,
 Dat sine mente ſonum—*

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 Epifode, where such an one is
 imag'd by a phantom that deludes the grasp of
 the expecting Bookfeller.

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

Vix illud lecti bis ſex—

Qualia nunc hominum producit corpora tellus.

And empty words she gave, and founding strain,
 But senseless, lifeless! Idol void and vain!
 Never was dash'd out, at one lucky hit,
 A Fool, so just a copy of a Wit;
 45 So like, that critics said and courtiers swore,
 A wit it was, and call'd the phantom, More.

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VERSE 43. *Never was dash'd out, at one lucky bit.*] 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, dash'd his pencil in despair at the picture, and happen'd to do it by that fortunate stroke.

VERSE 46. *And call'd the phantom, More.*] *CURL* in his Key to the *Dunciad*, affirm'd this to be *James Moore Smyth*, 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 nothing." 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. Pope* the Memoirs of a Parish Clerk, which for two years he kept, and read to the 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 shown, and handed about as his own) occasion'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 castus, 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. Pitt*, *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*.

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 verses 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.

All gaze with ardour : some, a Poet's name,
 Others, a sword-knot and lac'd suit inflame.
 But lofty Lintot in the circle rose ;
 50 " 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 !

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VERSE 46. *The Phantom, More.*] It appears from hence that this is not the name of a real person, but fictitious; *More* from *more*, *stultus*, *græca*, *stultitia*, to represent the folly of a Plagiary. Thus *Erasmus*: *Admonuit me Mori cognomen tibi, quod tam ad Morix vocabulum accedit quam es ipse a re alienus.* Dedication of *Morix Encomion* to Sir *Tho. More*; the Farewell of which may be our Author's to his Plagiary. *Vale More! & Moriam tuam gnauiter defende. Adieu More, and be sure strongly to defend thy own folly.*

S C R I B L E R U S.

VERSE 49. *But lofty Lintot.*] We enter here upon the episode of the Bookfellers: 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 Bookfeller printed the *Rival Modes* above-mentioned.

VERSE 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 say of this eminent man, that he carried the Trade many lengths beyond what it ever before had arrived at, and that he was the envy and admiration of all his profession. He possess himself of a command over all authors whatever; he caus'd them to write what he pleas'd; they could not call their very names their own. He was not only famous among these; he was taken notice of by the *State*, the *Church*, and

the *Law*, and received particular marks of distinction from each.

It will be own'd that he is here introduc'd with all possible dignity: he speaks like the intrepid *Dionæd*; he runs like the swift-footed *Achilles*; if he falls, 'tis like the beloved *Nisus*; and (what *Homer* makes to be the chief of all praises) he is *favour'd of the Gods*: He says but three words, and his prayer is heard; a Goddess conveys it to the seat of *Jupiter*. Tho' he loses the prize, he gains the victory; the great Mother her self comforts him, she inspires him with expedients, she honours him with an immortal present (such as *Achilles* receives from *Thetis* and *Aneas* from *Venus*) at once instructive and prophetic: After this, he is unrival'd and triumphant.

The tribute our author here pays him, is a grateful return for several unmerited obligations: Many weighty 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 threaten'd, and afterwards punish'd, for it by Mr. *Pope*, he generously transferr'd 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

- 55 " The race by vigor, not by vaunts is won ;
 So take the hindmost Hell.—He said, and run.
 Swift as a bard the bailiff leaves behind,
 He left huge Lintot, and out-stript the wind.
 As when a dab-chick waddles thro' the copse,
 60 On feet and wings, and flies, and wades, and hops ;
 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.
 65 Full in the middle way there stood a lake,
 Which Curl's Corinna chanc'd that morn to make,

R E M A R K S.

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."

VERSE 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^o

1727. He has discover'd her to be the publisher in his *Key*, p. 111. 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.

I M I T A T I O N S.

VERSE 54, &c.] Something like this is in *Homer*, *Il.* 10. *ver.* 220. of *Dioned.* 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, picturesque, and from *rural life*. The 55th verse is likewise a literal translation of one in *Homer*.

VERSE 56. *So take the hindmost Hell.*] *Horace de Art.*

Occupet extremum scabies; mihi turpe relinqui est.

VERSE 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 steep, 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.

(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,
 70 And Bernard! Bernard! rings thro' all the Strand.
 Obscene with filth the Miscreant lies bewray'd,
 Fal'n in the plash his wickedness had lay'd;
 Then first (if Poets aught of truth declare).
 The caitiff Vaticide conceiv'd a prayer.
 75 Here Jove! whose name my bards and I adore,
 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.

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VERSE 71. *Obscene with filth, &c.*] Tho' this incident may seem too low and base for the dignity of an Epic Poem, the learned very well know it to be but a copy of *Homer* and *Virgil*; the very words *Opus* and *Fimus* 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 versification, in these two Episodes. 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 Bum*, *Whip-fish*, *Kiss my* —, &c. but our author is more grave, and (as a fine writer says of *Virgil* in his *Georgics*) *toiles 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*, *Chat'ring*, *Braying*, or *Diving*, it was no easy matter to invent such

Games as were proportion'd to the meaner degree of *Booksellers*. In *Homer* and *Virgil*, *Ajax* and *Nisus*, the persons drawn in this plight are *Heroes*; whereas here they are such, with whom it had been great impropriety to have join'd any but vile ideas; besides the natural connection there is, between *Libellers* and common *Nuſances*. 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-wenches*.

VERSE 78. *Down with the Bible, up with the Pope's Arms.*] The Bible, *Curl's sign*, the *Cross-keys*, *Lintol's*.

I M I T A T I O N S.

VERSE 69. *Here fortun'd Curl to slide.*] *Virg. Æn. 5. of Nisus.*
Labitur infelix, cæsis ut forte juvencis
Fusus humum viridescq; super madefecerat herbas—
Concidit, immundoque fimo, sacroque cruore.

VERSE 70. *And Bernard, Bernard.*] *Virg. Ecl. 6.*
 — *Ut littus, Hyla; Hylh, omne sonarets.*

A place there is, betwixt earth, air and seas,
 80 Where from Ambrosia, Jove retires for ease.
 There in his feat two spacious Vents appear,
 On this he fits, to that he leans his ear,
 And hears the various Vows of fond mankind,
 Some beg an eastern, some a western wind :
 85 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,
 90 And ministers to Jove with purest hands ;
 Forth from the heap she pick'd her Vot'ry's pray'r,
 And plac'd it next him, a distinction rare !
 Oft, as he fish'd her nether realms for wit,
 The Goddess favour'd him, and favours yet.
 95 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 stinks along,
 Re-passes Lintot, vindicates the race,
 100 Nor heeds the brown dishonours of his face.

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VERSE 79. See *Lucian's Icaro-Menippus* ;
 where this Fiction is more extended.

VERSE id. *A place there is, betwixt earth,
 air and seas.*] Ovid *Met.* 12.

*Orbe locus medio est, inter terrasq; fretamq;
 Cœlestesq; plagas —*

VERSE 88. Alludes to *Homœr, Iliad* 5.

— ῥέε δ' Ἀμβροσίον ἄμα Θεῶν,
 Ἴχῶς, οἷο περιερεῖε μακαρῶσι Θεῶσιν

*A stream of nectarous humour issuing flow'd,
 Sanguin, such as celestial Spirits may bleed.*

Milton.

VERSE 89. *Cloacina.*] *The Roman Goddess*
 of the Common-shores.

VERSE 93. *Oft as he fish'd, &c.*] See the
 Preface to *Swift and Pope's Miscellanies.*

VERSE 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.

And now the Victor stretch'd his eager hand
 Where the tall Nothing stood, or seem'd to stand;
 A shapeless shade! it melted from his sight,
 Like forms in clouds, or visions of the night!
 105 To seize his papers, Curl, was next thy care;
 His papers light, fly diverse, tost in air:
 Songs, sonnets, epigrams the winds uplift,
 And whisk 'em back to Evans, Young, and Swift.
 Th' embroider'd Suit, at least, he deem'd his prey;
 110 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,
 Dulness, good Queen, repeats the jest again.

R E M A R K S.

VERSE III. *An unpaid Taylor.*] This line has been loudly complain'd of (in *Mist*, June 8. *Dedic. to Sawney*, and others) as a most inhuman satire on the *Poverty of Poets*: but it is thought our author would be acquitted by a Jury of *Taylor*s. To me this instance seems unluckily chosen; if it be a satire on any body, it must be on a bad P A Y M A S T E R, since the per-

son they have here apply'd it to 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 asserts 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.)

I M I T A T I O N S.

VERSE 100. *Nor beads the brown disonours of his face.*] *Virg. Æn. 5.*

— faciem ostentabat, & udo
 Turpia membra fimo —

VERSE 103. *A shapeless shade, &c.*] *Virg. Æn. 6.*

— Effugit imago
 Par leuibus ventis, volucrique simillima somno,

VERSE 106. *His papers light, fly diverse, tost in air.*] *Virg. 6.* of the Sybils leaves,
 Carmina — turbata volent rapidis Ludibria
 Ventis.

The persons mentioned in the next line are some of those, whose Writings, Epigrams or Jest, he had own'd.

115 Three wicked imps of her own Grubstreet Choir
 She deck'd like Congreve, Addison, and Prior ;
 Mears, Warner, Wilkins run : Delusive thought !
 Breval, Befaleel, Bond, the Varlets caught.
 Curl stretches after Gay, but Gay is gone,

120 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 Goddess. Son ! thy grief lay down,
 And turn this whole illusion on the town.

125 As the sage dame, experienc'd in her trade,
 By names of Toasts retails each batter'd jade,
 (Whence hapless Monsieur much complains at Paris
 Of wrongs from Duchesses and Lady Mary's)

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VERSE 116. *Like Congreve, Addison, and Prior.*] These Authors being such whose names will reach posterity, we shall not give any account of them, but proceed to those of whom it is necessary. — *Befaleel Morris* was author of some Satyrs on the Translators of *Homer* (*Mr. Tickel* 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 expose *Mr. P.* *Mr. Gay*, *Dr. Arb.* and some Ladies of quality. *CURL, Key*, p. 11.

VERSE 117. *Mears, Warner, Wilkins.*] Bookfellers and Printers of much anonymous stuff.

VERSE 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 Libel 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'it depend on it no such authors ever lived : All phantoms ! SCRIBLERUS.

VERSE 120. *Joseph Gay*, a fictitious name put by *Curl* before several pamphlets, which made them pass with many for *Mr. Gay's*.

VERSE 124. *And turn this whole illusion on the town.*] It was a common practice of this Bookfeller, to publish vile pieces of obscure hands under the names of eminent authors.

Be thine, my stationer ! this magic gift ;
 130 Cook shall be Prior, and Concanen, Swift ;
 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)

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VERSE 130. Cook *shall be* Prior.] The man here specify'd was the son of a *Muggletonian*, who kept a Publick-houfe at *Braintree* in *Essex*. He writ a thing call'd *The Battle of Poets*, of which *Philips* and *Welsted* 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 *Britisht*, *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.

VERSE *ibid.* And Concanen, Swift.] *Matthew Concanen*, an *Irishman*, an anonymous slanderer, and publisher of other men's slanders, 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 *Britisht* 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*.

VERSE 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 muft 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 *Tibbald* 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 wou'd have been more immediately His concern.

VERSE 134. *Ruful length of face.*] " The decrepid person or figure of a man are no re-

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VERSE 133. ——— *piteous of his case,*
Yet smiling at his ruful length of face.
 Virg. *Æn.* 5.

———— *Risit pater optimus illi.*
Me liceat casum miserare infantis amici ———
Sic fatus, Gætuli tergum inmane Isonia, &c.

K.

135 A shaggy Tap'stry, worthy to be spread
 On Codrus' old, or Dunton's modern bed;
 Instructive work! whose wry-mouth'd portraiture
 Display'd the fates her confessors endure.

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“reflections upon 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 *ruful length of face!*” *MIST'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. Dennis* saith 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 misfortune, 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: it is 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 Devil,” &c. *DENNIS* and *GILDON*: *Charact. of Mr. P.* 8°. 1716.

It is admirably observ'd by *Mr. Dennis* against *Mr. Law*, p. 33. “That the language of *Bilingsgate* 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 provoking 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 do them prejudice with a world too apt to believe it. Therefore tho' *Mr. D.* may call another a *little ass* or a *young toad*, far be it from us to call him a *rootless 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*, *Calceatum caput*, or *Scurra in triviiis*, being phrases in good esteem, and frequent usage among the best learned: But in our mother-tongue were I to tax any Gentleman 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 preserved. SCRIBLERUS.

VERSE 135. *A shaggy Tap'stry.*] A sorry kind of Tapestry 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.

VERSE 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.

LeBus 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 trusty 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,
 Whose 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 had to boast,
 And yet poor Codrus all that nothing lost.*

Dryd.

But *Mr. C.* in his dedication of the Letters, Advertisements, &c. to the Author of the *Dunciad*, assures us, that “*Juvenal* never satyriized the poverty of *Codrus.*”

John Dunton was a broken Bookseller and abusive scribbler: he writ *Neck or Nothing*, a violent satyr on some Ministers of State; *The dan-*

Earless on high, stood un-abash'd Defoe,
 140 And Tutchin flagrant from the scourge, below;
 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,
 145 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;
 150 Two babes of love close clinging to her waste;

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ger of a death-bed repentance, a libel on the late Duke of Devonshire and on the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Peterborough, &c.

VERSE 140. *And Tutchin flagrant from the scourge.*] *John Tutchin*, author of some vile verses, and of a weekly paper call'd the *Observer*: He was sentenc'd 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*.

VERSE 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.

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

VERSE 149. *See in the circle next, Eliza plac'd.*] In this game is expos'd in the most contemptuous manner, the profligate licentiousness of those shameless scriblers (for the most part of That sex, which ought least to be capable of such malice or impudence) who in li-

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

Se quoq; principibus permixtum agnovit Achivis — Constitit & lacrymans. Quis jam locus, inquit, Achate!

Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris?

VERSE 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.*

VERSE 150. *Two babes of love close clinging to her waste.*] Virg. *Æn.* 5.

Cressa genus, Pholoe, geminiquo sub ubere natæ.

- Fair as before her works she stands confess'd,
 In flow'rs and pearls by bounteous Kirkall dress'd.
- 153 The Goddeſs then : " Who beſt can fend 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
- 158 " Replenish, not ingloriouſly, at home.
 Chetwood and Curl accept the glorious ſtrife,
 (Tho' one his ſon diſſuades, and one his wife)

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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 could not ſhow his Indignation, hath ſhew'd his Contempt as much as poſſible : having here drawn as vile a picture, as could be repreſented in the colours of Epic poeſy.

S C R I B L E R U S.

VERSE 149. *Eliza Haywood.*] This woman was authoreſs of thoſe moſt ſcandalous books, call'd *The Court of Carimania*, 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 ſhe little deſerv'd, who had celebrated his undertakings for *Reformation of Manners*, and declared her ſelf " to be ſo perfectly acquaint-

ed with the *sweetneſs of his diſpoſition*, and " that *tenderneſs with which he conſider'd the errors of his fellow-creatures* ; that tho' ſhe " ſhould find the *little inadvertencies 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.

VERSE 152. *Kirkall*, the Name of a Graver. This Lady's Works were printed in four Volumes *dead*. with her picture thus dress'd up; before them.

VERSE 159. *Chetwood* the name of a Bookſeller, whoſe Wife was ſaid to have as great an influence over her husband, as *Boileau's Perruquiere*. See *Lutrin. Cant. 2.* — *Henry Curl*, the worthy ſon of his father *Edmund*.

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VERSE 155. ——— This Juno ———
 With cow-like udders, and with ox-like eyes.]
 In alluſion to *Homer's Βοῶπις πρότυνα Ἥρα*.

VERSE 157. This China Jordan, &c.]
 Virg. *Æn.* 5.

Tertius, Argolica hac galea contentus abito.

VERSE *ibid.* This China Jordan.] In the

games of *Homer Il.* 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 *Kettle*, 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.

- This on his manly confidence relies,
That on his vigor and superior size.
- 165 First Chetwood lean'd against his letter'd post;
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,
- 170 For straining more, it flies in his own face;
Thus the small jett which hasty hands unlock,
Spirts in the gard'ners eyes who turns the cock.
Not so from shameless Curl: Impetuous spread
The stream, and smoaking, flourish'd o'er his head.
- 175 So, (fam'd like thee for turbulence and horns),
Eridanus his humble fountain scorns,
Thro' half the heav'ns he pours th' exalted urn;
His rapid waters in their passage burn.

REMARKS.

VERSE 177. *Thro' half the heavens he pours th' exalted urn.*] In a manuscript Dunciad (where are some marginal corrections of some gentlemen some time deceas'd) I have found another reading of these lines, thus,

*And lifts his urn thro' half the heav'ns to flow;
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

IMITATIONS:

VERSE 163. *This on his manly confidence relies, That on his vigor.*] Virg. *Æn.* 5.

*Ille melior motu, fretusque juvena,
Hic membris est mole valens* —

VERSE 167. So Jove's bright bow. — *Sure sign* —] The words of Homer of the Rainbow, in *Iliad* 11.

— — — — — *ὡς τὰ Κρονίου*

Ἐν νεφέλῃ σήειε, τρεῖς μέρων ἀνθρώπων.

Which Mad. Dacier thus renders, *Aras merveil leux, que le fils de Saturn à fondez dans les nues, pour etre dans tous les âges un signe à tous les mortels.*

VERSE 175. *So (fam'd like thee for turbulence and horns) Eridanus.*] Virgil mentions these two qualifications of Eridanus, *Geor.* 4.

*Et gemina auratus taurino cornua vultu,
Eridanus, quo non alius per pingua culta
In mare purpureum violentior effluit amnis.*

The Poets fabled of this River *Eridanus*, that it flow'd thro' the skies. *Denham, Cooper's Hill.*
*Heav'n her Eridanus no more shall boast,
Whose Fame like thine in lesser currents lost,
Thy nobler stream shall visit Jove's abodes,
To shine among the stars, and bathe the Gods.*

- Swift as it mounts, all follow with their eyes ;
 180 Still happy Impudence obtains the prize.
 Thou triumph'ft, victor of the high-wrought day,
 And the pleas'd dame soft-smiling leads away.
 Chetwood, thro' perfect modesty o'ercome,
 Crown'd with the Jordan, walks contented home.
 185 But now for Authors nobler palms remain :
 Room for my Lord ! three Jockeys in his train ;
 Six huntsmen with a shout precede his chair ;
 He grins, and looks broad nonsense with a stare.
 His honour'd meaning, Dulness thus exprest ;
 190 " He wins this Patron who can tickle best."
 He chinks his purse, and takes his feat of state :
 With ready quills the dedicators wait ;
 Now at his head the dext'rous task commence,
 And instant, fancy feels th' imputed sense ;
 195 Now gentle touches wanton o'er his face,
 He struts Adonis, and affects grimace :

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latter has an elegance, a *Jenesçay 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 this word *glow* in other parts of his works: To instance only in his *Homer*.

- (1.) *Iliad* 9. v. 726.—*With one resentment glows.*
- (2.) *Iliad* 11. y. 626.—*There the battle glows.*
- (3.) *Ibid.* 985.—*The closing flesh that instant ceas'd to glow.*
- (4.) *Ibid.* 12. v. 55.—*Encompass'd Hector glows.*
- (5.) *Ibid.* 475.—*His beating breast with generous ardour glows.*
- (6.) *Iliad* 18. v. 591.—*Another part glow'd with refulgent arms.*
- (7.) *Ibid.* v. 654.—*And curl'd on silver props in order glow.*

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 *beautiful 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 befall him purely by his *own fault*, but from an unhappy communication with another. *This Note is partly Mr. THEOBALD, partly*

SCRIBLERUS.

Rolli the feather to his ear conveys,
 Then his nice taste directs our Operas:
 Welsted his mouth with Claffic flat'ry opes,
 200 And the puff'd Orator burfts out in tropes.
 But Oldmixon the Poet's healing balm
 Strives to extract from his soft, giving palm;
 Unlucky Oldmixon! thy lordly master
 The more thou tickleſt, gripes his fiſt the faſter.
 205 While thus each hand promotes the pleaſing pain,
 And quick ſenſations ſkip from vein to vein,
 A youth unknown to Phœbus, in deſpair,
 Puts his laſt refuge all in Heav'n and Pray'r.

R E M A R K S.

VERSE 197. *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.

VERSE 199. *Welsted*.] See Note on verſe 295 of this Book.

VERSE 201. *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*, N^o. 62. by the name of *Omicron* the unborn Poet. *CURL*, Key to the *D.* p. 13. An unjuſt cenſurer of Mr. *Addiſon*, whom in his imitation of *Bouhours* (call'd the *Arts of Logic and Rhetoric*) he miſrepresents in plain matter of fact. In p. 45. he cites the *Spectator* as abuſing Dr. *Swift* by name, where there is not the leaſt hint of it: And in p. 304. is ſo injurious as to ſuggeſt, that Mr. *Addiſon* himſelf writ that *Tatler* N^o. 43. which ſays of his own *Simile*, that "tis as great as ever enter'd into the mind of man." This perſon wrote numbers of books which are not come to our knowledge. "Dramatick works, and a volume of Poetry, conſiſting of heroic Epi-

" ſtles, &c. ſome whereof are very well done," ſaith that great Judge Mr. *JACOB*. *Lives of Poets*, Vol. 2. p. 303.

I remember a *Poſtural* of his on the *Battle of Blenheim*; a *Critical Hiſtory of England*; *Eſſay on Criticiſm*, 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 verſes of his againſt him and Dr. *Sw*. He was all his life a hired writer for a Party, and received his reward in a ſmall place which he yet enjoys.

VERSE 207. *A youth unknown to Phœbus, &c.*] The ſatire of this *Epifode* being levelled at the baſe flatteries of authors to worthleſs wealth or greatneſs, concludeth here with an excellent leſſon to ſuch men; That altho' their pens and praifes were as exquisite as they conceit of themſelves, yet (even in their own mercenary views) a creature unlettered, who ſerveth the paſſions, or pimpeth to the pleaſures of ſuch vain, braggart, puff Nobility, ſhall with thoſe patrons be much more inward, and of them much higher rewarded.

SCRIBLERUS.

What force have pious vows? the Queen of Love
 210 His Sister sends, her vot'refs, from above.
 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.
 215 Now turn to diff'rent sports (the Goddess cries)
 And learn, my sons, the wond'rous pow'r of Noife.
 To move, to raise, to ravish ev'ry heart,
 With Shakefpear's nature, or with Johnfon's art,
 Let others aim: 'Tis yours to shake the soul
 220 With thunder rumbling from the mustard-bowl,
 With horns and trumpets now to madnes's swell,
 Now sink in sorrows with a tolling Bell.
 Such happy arts attention can command,
 When fancy flags, and sense is at a stand.
 225 Improve we these. Three cat-calls be the bribe
 Of him, whose chatt'ring flames the Monkey tribe;
 And his this Drum, whose hoarse heroic base
 Drowns the loud clarion of the braying As's.

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VERSE 220. *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 improve-
 ment, I know not; but it is certain, that being once at a Tragedy of a new Author with a friend of his, he fell into a great passion at hearing some, and cry'd, "S'death! that is my Thunder."

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VERSE 217. *To move, to raise, &c.* — Let others aim — 'Tis yours to shake, &c. —] Virgil, Æn 6.
Excudent alii spirantia mollius æra,
Credo equidem, vivos ducant e marmore vul-
tus, &c.
Tu, regere imperio populos, Romane, memento,
Hæ tibi erunt artes —

Now thousand tongues are heard in one loud din :

230 The Monkey-mimicks rush discordant in.

'Twas chatt'ring, grinning, mouthing, jabb'ring all,
And Noise, and Norton, Brangling, and Breval,
Dennis and Diffonance ; and captious Art,
And Snip-snap short, and Interruption smart.

235 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.

As when the long-ear'd milky mothers wait

240 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!

245 So swells each Windpipe ; Afs intones to Afs,
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,

250 Walls, steeples, skies, bray back to him again :

R E M A R K S.

VERSE 225. *Three Catcalls.*) Certain musical instruments used by one sort of Criticks to confound the Poets of the Theatre.

VERSE 232. *Norton.* [See verse 383. *J. Durant Breval*, Author of a very extraordinary Book of Travels, and some Poems. See before, V. 118.

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VERSE 235. — *A Catcall each shall win,* &c.] Virg. *Ecl.* 3.

*Non inter nos est tantas componere lites,
Et vitula tu dignus, & hic —*

VERSE 240.] *A Simike* with a long tail, in

the manner of *Homer*.

VERSE 250. — *bray back to him again* [A figure of speech taken from *Virgil*.

Et vox assensu nemorum ingeminata remugit.

Geor. 3.

In Tot'nam fields, the brethren with amaze
 Prick all their ears up, and forget to graze;
 Long Chanc'ry-lane retentive rolls the found,
 And courts to courts return it round and round:
 255 Thames wafts 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.

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VERSE 253. *Long Chanc'ry-lane.*] The place where the Courts of Chancery are kept: The long detention of Clients in those Courts, and the difficulty of getting out of them, is humorously allegoriz'd in these lines.

VERSE 258. *Who sings so loudly, and who sings so long.*] A just character of Sir Richard Blackmore, Kt. who (as Mr. Dryden express'd it) *Writ to the rumbling of his Coach's wheels*, and whose indefatigable Muse produced no less than six Epic poems: *Prince and King Arthur*, 20 Books; *Eliza*, 10; *Alfred*, 12; *The Redeemer*, 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 sense he is stiled afterwards, the *Everlasting Blackmore*. Notwithstanding all which, Mr. Gildon seems assured, that "this admirable author did not think himself upon the same foot with Homer." *Comp. Art of Poetry*, Vol. 1. p. 108.

But how different is the judgment of the author of *Characters of the Times?* p. 25. who

says, "Sir Richard is unfortunate in happening to mistake his proper talents, and that he has not for many years been *so much as named*, or even *thought of* among writers." Even Mr. Dennis differs greatly from his friend Mr. Gildon: "*Blackmore's* Action (saith 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 surprizing, nor pathetic. — Nay he proceeds so far as to say Sir Richard has *no Genius*; first laying down that *Genius* is caus'd by a *furiosus 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

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*He hears his num'rous herds low o'er the plain,
 While neighb'ring 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.

VERSE 252. *Prick all their ears up, and*

forget to graze.] Virg. *Ecl.* 8:

Immemor herbarum quos est mirata juvenca:

The progress of the found from place to place, and the scenery here of the bordering regions, *Tot'nam fields*, *Chancery-lane*, the *Thames*, *Westminster-hall*, and *Hungerford-stairs*, are imitated from Virg. *Æn.* 7. on the sounding the horn of *Alecto*.

Audiat & Trivra longe lacus, audiat amnis

Sulphurea Nar albus aqua, fontisque Velini, &c.

This labour past, by Bridewell all descend,
 260 (As morning-pray'r and flagellation end.)
 To where Fleet-ditch with dissembling streams
 Rolls the large tribute of dead dogs to Thames,

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“ 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 fu-
 “ stian writers. But he declares, that Sir
 “ *Richard* had neither the *Hints*, nor the *Mo-*
 “ *tions*.” *Remarks on Pr. Arth.* 8^o. 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 meer report
 from *Edm. Curl*, that he was author of a *Trave-*
stie 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^o. p. 27.)
 “ It was he who burlesqu'd the Psalm of *Da-*
 “ *vid*. It is apparent to me that Psalm was
 “ burlesqu'd by a *Popish* rhymester. Let rhy-
 “ ming 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 ano-
 “ ther *Popish* rhymester but he.” — This
 manner of argumentation is usual with Mr. *Den-*
nis ; he has employ'd the same against Sir
Richard himself in a like charge of *Impiety*
 and *Irreligion*. “ All Mr. *Blackmore's* cele-
 “ stial 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 descent of an An-
 “ gel 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 celestial 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 im-
 “ partial Clergyman to consider, &c.” *Pref-*
ace to the Remarks on Prince Arthur.

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.

VERSE 260. *As morning pray'r and flagella-*
tion end.] It is between eleven and twelve in
 the morning, after church service, that the cri-
 minals are whipp'd in *Bridewell*.—This is to
 mark punctually the Time of the day : *Homer*
 does it by the circumstance of the Judges rising
 from court, or of the Labourers dinner ; our au-
 thor by one very proper both to the *Persons*
 and the *Scene* of his Poem ; which we may re-
 member commenc'd in the evening of the Lord-
 mayor's day : The first book pass'd in that night ;
 the next morning the games begin in the *Strand*,
 thence along *Fleetstreet* (places inhabited by
 Bookfellers) then they proceed by *Bridewell* to-
 ward *Fleetditch*, and lastly thro' *Ludgate* to the
 City and the Temple of the Goddesses.

VERSE 261. *The Diving.*] This I fancy
 (says a great Enemy to the Poem) is a Game
 which no body could ever think of but the Au-
 thor : however it is work'd up admirably well,
 especially in those lines where he describes *Eusden*
 (he should say *Smedley*) rising up again. *ESSAY*
 on the DUNCIAD, p. 49.

The King of Dykes! than whom, no sluice of mud
With deeper sable blots the silver flood.

265 " 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

270 " The stream, be his the Weekly Journals, bound.

" 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,

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VERSE 266, 267, 268.] The three chief qualifications of Party-writers; to stick at nothing, to delight in flinging dirt, and to slander in the dark by guesses.

VERSE 270. *The Weekly Journals.*] Papers of news and scandal intermix'd, on different sides and parties and frequently shifting from one side to the other, call'd the *London Journal*, *Miss's Journal*, *British Journal*, *Daily Journal*, &c. the writers of which for some time were *Wellsed*, *Roome*, *M. l'oy*, *Concanen*, and others; persons never seen by our author.

VERSE 272. *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 Post is spoken of, how much our hatred to those characters is lessen'd, if they add, a *needy* Thief, a *poor* Pickpocket, a *hungry* Highwayman, a *starving* Knight of the Post, &c.

VERSE 273. *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 surprized 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 Milo senior, cum spectat inanes*

Herculeis familes, fluidos pendere lacertos;

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 strove to rend.

Lord *Rosci*.

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VERSE 263. *The King of Dykes, &c.*] *Virg.*
Eridanus, rex fluviorum.

— *quo non alius, per pinguia culia,*
In mare purpureum violentior effluit annis.

275 Then fighting, thus. " And am I now threeſcore ?
 " Ah why, ye Gods! ſhould two and two make four?
 He ſaid, and climb'd a ſtranded Lighter's height,
 Shot to the black abyſs, and plung'd down-right.
 The Senior's judgment all the crowd admire,
 280 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 ope'd no more.
 All look, all fiſh, and call on Smedley loſt;
 Smedley in vain reſounds thro' all the coaſt.
 285 Then * * try'd, but hardly ſnatch'd from fight,
 Inſtant buoys up, and riſes into light;

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VERSE 275. — *And am I now threeſcore ?*] I ſhall here, to prove my impartiality, remark a great oversight in our author as to the age of Mr. Dennis. He muſt have been ſome years above threeſcore 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-mentioned) 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.

VERSE 281. *Next Smedley div'd.*] In the ſurreptitious editions this whole Epiſode was apply'd to an initial letter E —, by whom if they meant the Laureate, nothing was more abſurd, no part agreeing with his character. The Allegory evidently demands a perſon 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 i. verſe 102. But the perſon here mention'd, an *Iriſh-*

man, was author and publiſher of many ſcurrilous pieces, a weekly *Whiteball Journal* in the year 1722, in the name of Sir James Baker, and particularly whole Volumes of Billingsgate againſt Dr. Swift and Mr. Pope, call'd *Gulliveriana* and *Alexandriana*, printed in 8°. 1728.

VERSE 285. *Then * * try'd.*] This is an inſtance of the Tenderneſs of our author. The perſon here intended writ an angry preface againſt him, grounded on a Miſtake, which he afterwards honourably acknowledg'd in another printed preface. Since when, he fell under a ſecond miſtake, 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 bombaſt. Our Poet here gives him a Panegyric inſtead of a Satire, being edify'd beyond meaſure, at this only inſtance he ever met with in his life, of one who was much a Poet; confeſſing himſelf in an Error: And has ſuppreſt his name, as thinking him capable of a ſecond repentance.

I M I T A T I O N S.

VERSE 283. — *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.

He bears no token of the fabler streams,
And mounts far off, among the swans of Thames.

True to the bottom, see Concanen creep,
290 A cold, long-winded, native of the deep!
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.
295 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,
300 Downward to climb, and backward to advance;
He brings up half the bottom on his head,
And boldly claims the Journals and the Lead.
Sudden, a burst of thunder shook the flood.
Lo Smedley rose, in majesty of mud!

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VERSE 289. *Concanen*.] In the former editions there were only Asterisks in this place; this name was since inserted merely to fill up the verse, and give ease to the ear of the reader.

VERSE 295. *Welsted*.] Leonard Welsted, author of the *Triumvirate*, or a Letter in verse from *Palæmon* 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

scurrility and fury of this writer, which may be seen, One day, in a Piece of his, call'd (as I think) *Labeo*. He writ other things which we cannot remember. *Smedley* in his *Metam. of Scrib.* mentions one, the *Hymn of a Gentleman to the Creator*. *L. W.* characteris'd in the treatise *πρὸς Βαβύλ.* 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.

I M I T A T I O N S.

VERSE 292. *Not everlasting Blackmore*.] Virg. *Æn.* 5.
Nec bonus Eurytion prælato invidit honori, &c.

VERSE 304. — *in Majesty of mud*.] Milton,
— *in majesty of darkness round*
Circled —

- 305 Shaking the horrors of his ample brows,
 And each ferocious feature grim with ooze.
 Greater he looks, and more than mortal stares ;
 Then thus the wonders of the Deep declares.
 First he relates, how sinking to the chin,
 310 Smit with his mien, the Mud-nymphs suck'd him in :
 How young Lutetia, softer than the down,
 Nigrina black, and Merdamante brown,
 Vy'd for his love in jetty bow'rs below ;
 As Hylas fair was ravish'd long ago.
 315 Then sung, how shown him by the nutbrown maids,
 A branch of Styx here rises from the Shades,
 That tinctur'd as it runs, with Lethe's streams,
 And wafting vapours from the Land of Dreams,
 (As under seas Alphæus' sacred fluice
 320 Bears Pifa's offerings to his Arethuse)

R E M A R K S.

VERSE 314. *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.*

VERSE 316, &c. *A branch of Styx, &c.*] *Homer, Il. 2. Catal.*

Ὅτι τ' ἀμὸ' ἱμερτὸν Τηλαρῆσιον εἰς ἑλέμονιο,
 ὅς ῥ' ἐς Πλωίων ποταίε καλλίρροον ὕδαρ,
 οὐδ' ὄγε Πλωίων συμμίγεται ἀργυροδίτη,
 ἀλλὰ τὲ μιν καθύπερθεν ἐπιρρέει νῦτ' ἔλαιον.
 Ὁρχυρὸ δ' εὐνῆ, Στυγὸς δ' ὕδατ' ἔστιν ἄπορρῶξ.
 Of the land of Dreams in the same region, he makes mention, *Odys. 24.* See also *Lucian's*

true History. *Lethe* and the *Land of Dreams* allegorically represent the *Stupefaction* and *visionary Madness* of Poets equally dull and extravagant. Of *Alphæus* his waters gliding secretly under the sea of *Pifa*, to mix with those of *Arethuse* in *Sicily*, *vid. Moschus Idyl. 8. Virg. Ecl. 10.*

*Sic tibi, cum fluctus subter labere Sicanos,
 Doris amara suam non intermiscet undam.*
 And again, *Æn. 3.*

— *Alphæum, fama est, buc Elidis amnem
 Occultas egisse vias, subter mare, qui nunc
 Ore Arethusa tuo, Siculis confunditur undi.*

I M I T A T I O N S.

VERSE 307. *Greater he looks, and more than mortal stares.*] *Virg. 6. of the Sybil.*

———— *majorque videri
 Nec mortale sonans* ————

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;
 325 Taylor, sweet bird of Thames, majestic bows,
 And Shadwell nods the poppy on his brows;
 While Milbourn there, deputed by the rest,
 Gave him the caffock, furingle, and vest;
 And "Take (he said) these robes which once were mine,
 330 "Dulness is sacred in a found Divine.
 He ceas'd, and show'd the robe; the crowd confess
 The rev'rend Flamen in his lengthen'd dress.
 Slow moves the Goddess from the fable flood,
 (Her Priest preceding) thro' the gates of Lud.

R E M A R K S.

VERSE 325. Taylor, *sweet bird of Thames.*] *John Taylor* the Water Poet, an honest man, who owns he 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 Poffum to Poffet,
 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 *Mr. Ward*) kept a Publick-house in *Long Acre*. He died in 1654.

VERSE 326. *And Shadwell nods the poppy.*] *Shadwell* took Opium for many years, and died of too large a dose of it, in the year 1692.

VERSE 327. *While Milbourn*] *Luke Milbourn* a Clergyman, the fairest of Criticks; who when he wrote against *Mr. Dryden's Virgil*, did him justice, in printing 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 *Dunciad* against our author, as will be seen in the Parallel of *Mr. Dryden* and him. *Append.*

VERSE 334. *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

I M I T A T I O N S.

VERSE 323. *How to the banks, &c.*] *Virg.* *Ecl.* 6.
Tum tant errantem Permess ad flumina Gallum,
Utque viro Phœbi chorus assurexerit omnis;

*Ut Linus hæc illi dicine carmine pastor,
 Floribus atque apio crines ornatus amaro,
 Dixerit, Hos tibi dant calamos, en accipe, Musæ,
 Ascrao quos ante seni ——— &c.*

335 Her Criticks there she 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,
 340 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 charm who dares defy,
 And boasts Ulysses' ear with Argus' eye;
 345 To him we grant our amplest powers to fit
 Judge of all present, past, and future wit,
 To cavi, censure, dictate, right or wrong,
 Full, and eternal privilege of tongue.

Three Cambridge Sophs and three pert Templars came,
 350 The same their talents, and their tastes the same,
 Each prompt to query, answer, and debate,
 And smit with love of Poesy and Prate.
 The pond'rous books two gentle readers bring;
 The heroes fit; the vulgar form a ring.

R E M A R K S.

“ of *Lud* and other Kings. Those images in
 “ the reign of *Edward VI.* had their heads
 “ smitten off, and were otherwise defaced by
 “ unadvised folks. *Queen Mary* did set new
 “ heads on their old bodies again. The 28th of
 “ *Q. Eliz.* the same gate was clean taken down,
 “ and newly and beautifully builded with images
 “ of *Lud* and others as afore.” *STOW'S* Sur-
 “ vey of *London*.
 VERSE 344.] See *Hom. Odyss.* 12. *Ovid, Met.* 1.

I M I T A T I O N S.

VERSE 350. *The same their talents—Each*
 prompt, &c.] *Virg. Ecl.* 7.
Ambo florentes ætatis, Arcades ambo,
Et certare parcs, Et respondere parati.
 VERSE 354. *The heroes fit; the vulgar form*
a ring.] Ovid M. 3.
Confedere duces, Et vulgi stante corona.
 VERSE 353.] *Smit with the love of sacred song—*
 Milton.

- 355 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.
- 360 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 :
- 365 And now to this side, now to that, they nod,
 As verse, or prose, infuse the drowzy God.
 Thrice Budget aim'd to speak, but thrice suppress'd
 By potent Arthur, knock'd his chin and breast.
 Toland and Tindal, prompt at Priests to jeer,
- 370 Yet silent bow'd to Christ's No kingdom here.

R E M A R K S.

VERSE 358. *Thro' the long, heavy, painful page, &c.*] All these lines very well imitate the slow drowziness 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. ESSAY on the DUNC. p. 21.

VERSE 367. *Thrice Budget aim'd to speak.*] Famous for his speeches on many occasions about the South Sea Scheme, &c. "He is a very ingenious gentleman, 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 statesmen of all parties, in this nation.

VERSE 369. *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 person 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 when he came into the Administration.

VERSE 370. *Christ's No kingdom, &c.*] This is scandalously said by CURL, *Key to Dunc.* 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*.

- Who fate 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.
- 375 At what a Dutchman plumps into the lakes,
 One circle first, and then a second makes,
 What Dulness dropt among her sons impress
 Like motion, from one circle to the rest;
 So from the mid-most the nutation spreads
- 380 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 Naso whisper'd more;

R E M A R K S.

VERSE 381. *Centlivre*.] Mrs. *Susanna Centlivre*, wife to Mr. *Centlivre*, Yeoman of the Mouth to his Majesty. She writ many Plays, and a song (says Mr. *Jacob*, vol. 1. p. 32.) before she was seven years old. She also writ a Ballad against Mr. *Pope's Homer* before he begun it.

VERSE 383. *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 Poetafter, 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 something was to be done for the Pretender. Mr. *Collier* publish'd his *Short View* when *France* declar'd for the *Chevalier*; and his *Dissuasive* just at the great Storm, when the devastation which that Hurricane wrought had amazed and astonished 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* flatter'd themselves were design'd in their favour. And as for Mr. *Bedford's Seri-*

I M I T A T I O N S.

VERSE 380. *O'er all the sea of heads*.] Blackm. Job.

*A waving sea of heads was round me spread,
 And still fresh streams the gazing deluge fed.*

385 Norton, from Daniel and Oſtrea ſprung,
 Bleſt 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,
 390 And ſtretch'd on bulks, as uſual, Poets lay.
 Why ſhou'd I ſing what bards the nightly Muſe
 Did ſlumbring viſit, and convey to ſtews?
 Who prouder march'd, with magiſtrates in ſtate,
 To ſome fam'd round-houſe, ever open gate!

395 How Laurus lay inſpir'd beſide a ſink,
 And to mere mortals ſeem'd a Prieſt in drink ?

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“ *ous 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* be-
 “ ing at *Somerſet-houſe*, or upon the late *Rebel-*
 “ *lion.*” DENNIS, Stage defended againſt Mr.
Law, pag. ult.

VERSE 385. Norton.] *Norton de Foe*, ſaid to be
 the natural offspring of the famous *Daniel. Fortes*
creantur fortibus. One of the authors of the
Flying-Post, 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*.

VERSE 395. *How Laurus lay inſpir'd beſide*
a ſink,

And to meer 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 hap-
 pen to ſee a reverend perſon in the like ſitua-
 tion, 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 fight, or illu-
 ſion of the Devil, who ſometimes takes upon

I M I T A T I O N S.

VERSE 388. *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.*

While others timely, to the neighbouring Fleet
(Haunt of the Muses) made their safe retreat.

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upon him the shape of Holy men on purpose to
cause scandal. How little the prophane author of
the *Characters of the Times* printed 8°. 1728.
regarded this admonition, appears from these
words pag. 26. (speaking of the reverend Mr.
Laurence Eusden)—"A most worthy successor of
" *Tate* in the Laureatship, a man of infu-

" rable 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!

S C R I B L E R U S.

VERSE 397.—*Fleet*.] A Prison for insolvent
Debtors on the bank of the Ditch.

End of the Second Book



THE
D U N C I A D.

BOOK the THIRD.

BUT in her Temple's last recess inclos'd,
On Dulness lap th'Anointed head repos'd.
Him close she curtain'd round with vapors blue,
And soft besprinkled with Cimmerian dew.
5 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.

VERSE 5, 6, &c.] Hereby is intimated that the following Vision is no more than the Chimera of the Dreamer's brain, and not a real or intended satire on the Present Age, doubtless more learned, more enlighten'd, and more abounding with great Genius's in Divinity, 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 this Vision, repeated this monition, saying that it all pass thro' the *Ivory gate*, which (according to the Ancients) denoteth Falsity.

SCRIBLERUS.

IMITATIONS.

VERSE 8. *Hence from the straw where Bedlam's Prophet nods,*
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,
 10 The air-built Castle, and the golden Dream,
 The Maids romantic wish, the Chymists flame,
 And Poets vision of eternal fame.

And now, on Fancy's easy wing convey'd,
 The King descended to th' Elyzian shade.

15 There, in a dusky vale where Lethe rolls,
 Old Bavius sits, to dip poetic souls,
 And blunt the sense, and fit it for a scull
 Of solid proof, impenetrably dull.

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VERSE 16. *Old Bavius sits.*] *Bavius* was an ancient Poet, celebrated by *Virgil* for the like cause as *Tibball* by our author, tho' in less christian-like manner: For heathenishly it is declared by *Virgil* of *Bavius*, that he ought to be *bated* 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 mercifulness, thro' the whole course of this Poem.

Mr. *Dennis* warmly contends that *Bavius* was no inconsiderable author; nay, that "he and *Mænius* had (even in *Augustus's* days) a very formidable Party at *Rome*, who thought them much superior to *Virgil* and *Horace*: For (saith he) "I cannot believe they would have fix'd that eternal brand upon them, if they had not been coxcombs in more than ordinary

"credit." 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 Mr. *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. *Welfsted* goes yet farther in his behalf. "Poor *Settle* was formerly the *Mighty Rival* of *Dryden*: nay, for many years, bore his Reputation above him." [Pref. to his Poems, 8^o. 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.

S C R I B L E R U S .

I M I T A T I O N S .

VERSE 15. *There in a dusky vale, &c.*] *Virg. Æn. 6.*
 — *Videt Æneas in valle reducta*
Seclusum nemus —
Lethæumque domos placidas qui prænatat am-
nem, &c.
Hunc circum innumeræ gentes, &c.

VERSE 16. *Old Bavius sits, to dip poetic souls.*] Alluding to the story of *Thetis* dipping *Achilles* to render him impenetrable.
At pater Anchises peritus convalle wrenti
Inclusas animas, superumque ad lumen ituras,
Lustrabat — *Virg. Æn. 6.*

Instant when dipt, away they wing their flight,
 20 Where Brown and Mears unbar the gates of Light,
 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,
 25 As thick as bees o'er vernal blossoms fly,
 As thick as eggs at Ward in Pillory.

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,
 30 (His only suit) for twice three years before:

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VERSE 20. Brown and Mears.] Bookfellers, Printers for *Tibbald*, Mrs. *Haywood*, or any body.—The 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.

VERSE 26. Ward in Pillory.] *John Ward* of *Hackney*, Esq; Member of Parliament, being convicted of Forgery, was first expelled the House, and then sentenc'd to the Pillory on the 17th of Febr. 1727. Mr. *Curl* looks upon the mention of such a Gentleman in a Satire, as a great act of Barbarity. *Key to the Dunc.* 3d Edit. p. 16. And another Author thus reasons upon it. *Durgen*, 8^o. 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 but being bribed to it by a great Lady,” (to whom this brave, honest, worthy Gentleman was guilty of no offence but Forgery proved in open Court, &c.)

VERSE 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 fame of the Criticks; *Dennis*, *Oldmixon*, *Welsted*, 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,

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VERSE 20. Unbar the gates of Light.] Milton.

VERSE 25. Millions and millions — Thick as the Stars, &c.] Virg. 6.

*Quam multa in sylvis autumni frigore primo
 Lapsa cadunt folia, aut ad terram gurgite ab alto
 Quam multæ glomerantur aves, &c.*

All as the vest, appear'd the wearer's frame,
 Old in new state, another yet the fame.
 Bland and familiar as in life, begun
 Thus the great Father to the greater Son.
 35 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,
 40 What mortal knows his pre-existent state?
 Who knows how long, thy transmigrating soul
 Did from Bœotian to Bœotian roll?
 How many Dutchmen she vouchsaf'd to thrid?
 How many stages thro' old Monks she rid?
 45 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;

R E M A R K S.

i

s plain, from his ranging this passage among those in which our Author was blamed for *personal Satire* on a *Man's Face* (whereof doubtless he might take the *Ear* to be a part;) So like-wife *Concanen*, *Ralph*, the *Flying-Poß*, 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.*

VERSE 42. *Did from Bœotian, &c.*] See the Remark on Book I. V. 23.

I M I T A T I O N S.

VERSE 46, *Mix'd the Owl's Ivy with the Poet's Bays.*] Virg. Ec. 8.

— sine tempora circum
Inter victrices Hædæram tibi serpere lauros.

N

Or whirligigs, twirl'd round by skilful swain,
 50 Suck the thread in, then yield it out again :
 All nonsense thus, of old or modern date,
 Shall in thee centre, from thee circulate.
 For this, our Queen unfolds to vision true
 Thy mental eye, for thou hast much to view :
 55 Old scenes of glory, times long cast behind,
 Shall first recall'd, run 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
 60 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 extreams) her sable flag display'd ;
 And all the nations cover'd in her shade !
 65 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.

R E M A R K S.

VERSE 61, 62. *See round the Poles, &c.]*
 Almost the whole Southern and Northern Con-
 tinent wrapt in Ignorance.

VERSE 65] Our Author favours the opi-
 nion that all Sciences came from the Eastern na-
 tions.

I M I T A T I O N S.

VERSE 53. *For this, our Queen unfolds to*
vision true
Thy mental eye, for thou hast much to view.]
 This has a resemblance to that passage in *Milton*,
 l. 11. where the Angel,

To nobler sights from Adam's eye remov'd
The film; then purg'd with Euphrase and Rue
*The visual nerve—*For he had much to see.
 There is a general allusion in what follows to
 that whole passage.

- Heav'ns! what a pyle? whole ages perish there:
 70 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.
 75 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 Vandals rise!
 Lo where Mæotis sleeps, and hardly flows
 80 The freezing Tanais thro' a waste of SNOWS,
 The North by myriads pours her mighty fons,
 Great nurse of Goths, of Alans, and of Huns.
 See Alaric's stern port, the martial frame
 Of Genferic! and Attila's dread name!
 85 See, the bold Ostrogoths on Latium fall;
 See, the fierce Visigoths on Spain and Gaul.
 See, where the Morning gilds the palmy shore,
 (The foil that arts and infant letters bore)
 His conqu'ring tribes th' Arabian prophet draws,
 90 And saving Ignorance enthrones by Laws.

R E M A R K S.

VERSE 69.] *Chi Ho-an-ti*, Emperor of *China*, the same who built the great wall between *China* and *Tartary*, destroyed all the books and learned men of that empire.

VERSE 73, 74.] The *Caliph*, *Omar I.* having conquer'd *Egypt*, caus'd his General to burn the *Ptolomæan* library, on the gates of which was this inscription, *Medicina Animæ, The Physick of the Soul.*

VERSE 88. *The Soil that arts and infant letters bore.*] *Phœnicia*, *Syria*, &c. where *Letters* are said to have been invented. In these Countries *Mabomet* began his Conquests.

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 ;

95 Her gray-hair'd Synods damning books unread,
And Bacon trembling for his brazen head :

Padua with sighs beholds her Livy burn ;
And ev'n th' Antipodes Vigilus mourn.

See, the Cirque falls ! th' unpillar'd Temple nods !

100 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 ;

See graceless Venus to a Virgin turn'd,

Or Phidias broken, and Apelles burn'd.

R E M A R K S.

VERSE 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 Encomium to this Pope, at the same time that he mentions one of the strangest effects of this excess of zeal in him. *Doct̄or sanctissimus ille Gregorius, qui melleo prædicationis imbre rotam rigavit & inebriavit ecclesiam, non modo Mathesin iussit ab aulâ ; sed, ut traditur a majoribus, incendio dedit probatâ lectionis scripta, Palatinus quæcunque tenebat Apollo.* And in another place : *Fertur beatus Gregorius bibliothecam combussisse gentilem ; quo divinæ pagine gratior esset locus, & major autoritas, & diligentia studiosior.* *Desiderius* 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 cantare quod nec Laico religioso conveniat, ipse considera.* He is said, among the rest, to have burn'd *Livy* ; *Quia in superstitionibus & sacris Romanorum perpetuo*

versatur. The same Pope is accused by *Vossius* and others of having caus'd the noble monuments of the old *Roman* magnificence to be destroyed, lest those who came to *Rome* shou'd give more attention to Triumphant Arches, &c. than to Holy Things. *BAYLE, Dict.*

VERSE 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 demolishing the Heathen Temples and Statues, so that the *Goths* scarce destroyed more Monuments of Antiquity out of Rage, than these out of Devotion. At length they spar'd some of the Temples by converting them to Churches, and some of the Statues, by modifying them into Images of Saints. In much later times, it was thought necessary to change the Statues of *Apollo* and *Pallas* on the tomb of *Sannazarius*, into *David* and *Judith* ; the Lyre easily became a Harp, and the Gorgon's Head turn'd to that of *Holofernes*.

- 105 Behold yon' Isle, by Palmers, Pilgrims trod,
 Men bearded, bald, cowl'd, uncowl'd, fhod, unshod,
 Peel'd, patch'd, and pyebald, linsfy-woolfey brothers,
 Grave mummers! sleeveles some, and shirtles others.
 That once was Britain — Happy! had she seen
- 110 No fiercer fons, had Easter never been.
 In peace, great Goddes! 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!
- 115 And see! my son, the hour is on its way,
 That lifts our Goddes to imperial fway:
 This fav'rite Isle, long sever'd from her reign,
 Dove-like, she gathers to her wings again.
 Now look thro' Fate! behold the scene she draws!
- 120 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,

R E M A R K S.

VERSE 110. *Happy — had Easter never been.*] Wars in *England* anciently, about the right time of celebrating *Easter*.

I M I T A T I O N S.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>VERSE 110. <i>Happy — had Easter never been.</i>] Virg. Ecl. 6.
 <i>Et fortunatam, si nunquam armenta fuissent.</i></p> <p>VERSE 119, 121. <i>Now look thro' Fate — See all her Progeny — &c.</i>] Virg. Æn. 6.
 <i>Nunc age, Dardaniam prolem quæ deinde sequatur Gloria, qui maneant Itala de gente nepotes,</i></p> | <p><i>Illustres animas, nostrumque in nomen ituras, Expediam</i></p> <p>VERSE 123. <i>As Berecynthia, &c.</i>] Virg. ib.
 <i>Felix prole virum, qualis Berecynthia mater Invebitur curru Phrygiæ turrita per urbes, Læta deum partu, centum complexa nepotes, Omnes cælicolas, omnes supera alta tenentes.</i></p> |
|---|--|

- 125 Surveys around her in the blest abode
 A hundred fons, and ev'ry fon 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,
- 130 Behold a hundred fons, and each a dunce.
 Mark first the 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.
- 135 A second see, by meeker manners known,
 And modest as the maid that sips alone:
 From the strong fate of drams if thou get free,
 Another Durfey, Ward! shall sing in thee.
 Thee shall each Ale-house, thee each Gill-house mourn,
- 140 And answ'ring Gin-shops sower sighs return!
 Lo next two slipshod Muses traipse along,
 In lofty madness, meditating song,
 With tresses staring from poetic dreams,
 And never wash'd, but in Castalia's streams:

R E M A R K S.

VERSE 138. Ward.] *Vid.* Book 1. Ver. 200.

I M I T A T I O N S.

VERSE 131. *Mark first the youth, &c.*] Virg. *Æn.* 6.

Ille vides, pura juvenis qui nititur hasta
 VERSE 133. *With all thy Father's virtues blest, be born!*] A manner of expression used by Virgil,

Nascere! praeque diem veniens, age Lucifer —
 As also that of *Patriis virtutibus.* *Ecl.* 4.

VERSE 137. *From the strong fate of drams if thou get free, &c.*] Virg. *Æn.* 6.

— *si qua fata aspera rumpas,*
Tu Marcellus eris! —

VERSE 139. *For thee each Ale-house, &c.*] Virgil again, *Ecl.* 10.

Illum etiam lauri, illum flevere myricæ, &c.

145 Haywood, Centlivre, Glories of their race !
 Lo Horneck's fierce, and Roome's funereal face;
 Lo sneering G * * de, half malice and half whim,
 A Fiend in glee, ridiculously grim.
 Jacob, the Scourge of Grammar, mark with awe,
 150 Nor less revere him, Blunderbush of Law.
 Lo Bond and Foxton, ev'ry nameless name,
 All crowd, who foremost shall be damn'd to Fame?
 Some strain in rhyme; the Muses, on their racks,
 Scream, like the winding of ten thousand Jacks:
 155 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.

R E M A R K S.

VERSE 143. *Haywood, Centlivre.*] See book 2.
 VERSE 146. *Lo Horneck's fierce and Roome's funereal face.*] This stood in one edition *And M — s ruful 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.
 VERSE 146. *Horneck and Roome.*] These two are worthily coupled, being both virulent Party-writers; and one wou'd 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 *Billinggate paper* call'd *The High German Doctor*, in the 2d Vol. of which N^o. 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 *Pasquin*, and Mr. *Ducket* others, where by malicious Innuendos, it was endeavour'd to represent him guilty of malevolent practices with a great man then under prosecution of Parliament.
 VERSE 147. *G * * de.*] An ill-natur'd Critick who writ a Satire on our Author, yet unprinted, call'd *The mock Æsop.*
 VERSE 149. *Jacob, the Scourge of Grammar, mark with awe.*] This Gentleman is Son of a considerable Master 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, Modern Justice*, &c. GILES JACOB of himself, *Lives of Poets*, Vol. 1.
 VERSE 151. *Bond and Foxton.*] Two offensive offenders against our poet; persons unknown, but by being mention'd by Mr. *Curl*.

I M I T A T I O N S.

VERSE 150.] Virg. Æn. 6.

————— *duo fulminabelli*
Scipiadas, cladem Lybiae! ———

Silence, ye Wolves! while Ralph to Cynthia howls,
160 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.

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

Ah Dennis! Gildon ah! what ill-starr'd rage
Divides a friendship, long confirm'd by age?
Blockheads with reason wicked wits abhor,
170 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!

R E M A R K S.

VERSE 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, intitled *Night a Poem*. *Shakespear*, *Hamlet*.

— *Visit thus the glimpses of the Moon,
Making Night hideous* —

This low writer constantly attended his own works with Panegyrics in the Journals, and

once in particular prais'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*.

VERSE 162. *Durgen.*] A ridiculous thing of *Ward's*.

I M I T A T I O N S.

VERSE 163. *Flow, Welsted, 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 o'erflowing, full.*

VERSE 169. *Embrace, embrace my Sons! be foes no more.*] *Virg. Æn. 6.*

— *Ne tanta animis assuescite bella,*

*Neu patriæ validas in viscera vertite vires:
Tuq; prior, tu parce — sanguis meus! —*

VERSE 145. *Behold yon pair, in strict embraces join'd.*] *Virg. Æn. 6.*

*Illæ autem paribus quas fulgere cernis in armis,
Concordes animæ —*

And in the fifth,

*Euryalus, forma insignis viridique juventa,
Nisus amore pio pueri.*

175 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 ;
 Like are their merits, like rewards they share,
 180 That shines a Consul, this Commiffioner.

R E M A R K S.

VERSE 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*, intituled *Homerides*, by Sir *Iliad Dogrel*, printed by *Wilkins* 1715. And Mr. *D.* writ an Epilogue for *Powell'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 publish'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 wou'd 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 in-

to the world, than that the Serpents should have strangled one *Hercules* in his cradle?

VERSE 174. — *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 Friendship: 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 to hear, that on no other occasion than this line, a Dedication was written to this Gentleman to induce him to think something 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 Children," — &c. [*Dedic. to Dennis Rem. on the Rape of the Lock.*] The truth is, the poor Dedicator'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 infested with a vice not fit to be nam'd. He went so far as to print upon this subject, and concludes his argument with this remark, "that he cannot 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." *DENNIS*, *Stage defended* against Mr. *Law*, p. 20. Our author has solemnly declared to me, he never heard any creature but the Dedicator mention that Vice and this Gentleman together.

“ But who is he, in closet close y-pent,
 “ Of sober face, with learned duft besprent?
 Right well mine eyes arede the myfter wight,
 On parchment scraps y-fed, and Wormius hight.

R E M A R K S.

VERSE 184. Wormius *hight*.] Let not this name, purely fictitious, be conceited to mean the learned *Olaus Wormius*; much less (as it was unwarrantably foisted into the surreptitious 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 fame: We may say not only rightly, but *wisely*, yea *excellently*, inasmuch as for the like practise the like praise 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 116th Psalm, verse 14.

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

“ Where the modern innovators, not under-
 “ standing the propriety of the word (which is
 “ *Truly English*, from the *Saxon*) have most un-
 “ warrantably alter’d it thus,

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

VERSE *ibid.*—HIGHT.] “ In *Cumberland*
 “ they say 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.*

VERSE 183. AREDE.] *Read* or *peruse*; tho’ sometimes used for *counsel*, “ READE
 “ THY READ, take thy counsaile. *Thomas Stern-*

“ *holde* in his translation of the first Psalm into
 “ *English* 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 Sing-
 “ ing Psalms the word READ is changed into
 “ *men*. I say spurious editions, because not
 “ only here, but quite throughout the whole
 “ book of Psalms, are strange alterations, all for
 “ the worse! And yet the title-page stands as
 “ it us’d to do! and all (which is abominable in
 “ any book, much more in a sacred work) is
 “ ascribed to *Thomas Sternhold*, *John Hopkins*,
 “ and others! I am confident, were *Sternhold*
 “ and *Hopkins* now living, they would proceed
 “ against the innovators as cheats — A liberty
 “ which, to say no more of their intolerable al-
 “ terations, ought by no means to be permitted
 “ or approved of, by such as are for *Unifor-*
 “ *mity*, and have any regard for the old *English*
 “ *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 Lan-
 guage, *strange*, *abominable*, and *unwarrantable*.
 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.

VERSE *ibid.* *Myfter wight*.] Uncouth mortal.

I M I T A T I O N S.

VERSE 181. *But who is he, &c.*] Virg. *Æn.* 6. questions and answers in this manner, of *Numa*,

*Quis procul ille autem ramis insignis olivæ
 Sacra ferens? — nosco crines, incanaq; menata, &c.*

185 To future ages may thy dulness last,
 As thou preserv'st the dulness of the past!
 There, dim in clouds, the poring Scholiasts mark,
 Wits, who like Owls see only in the dark,
 A Lumberhouse of Books in ev'ry head,
 190 For ever reading, never to be read.
 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;
 195 Imbrown'd with native Bronze, lo Henley stands,
 Tuning his voice, and balancing his hands.

R E M A R K S.

VERSE 188. *Wits, who like Owls, &c.*] These few lines exactly describe the right verbal Critick: He is 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 sort, 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*.

VERSE 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 occasionally did our author that honour. *WELSTED*, in *Oratory Transactions*, N^o 1. publish'd by *Henley* himself, gives the following account of him. "He was born at *Melton Mowbry* in *Leicestershire*. From his own Parish school he went to *St. John's College* in *Cambridge*. "He began there to be uneasy; for it shock'd him to find he was commanded to believe against his judgment in points of Religion, Philosophy, &c. for his genius leading him freely to dispute 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 been a writer for Bookfellers, 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 dislike 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

How fluent nonsense trickles from his tongue !
 How sweet the periods, neither said nor sung !
 Still break the benches, Henley ! with thy strain,
 200 While K **, B **, W **, preach in vain.
 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 Priest, where monkeys were the Gods !
 205 But Fate with Butchers plac'd thy priestly 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 Woolston's days.
 Thou too, great Woolston ! here exalt thy throne,
 210 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 :
 215 But O ! with one, immortal One dispense,
 The source of Newton's Light, of Bacon's Sense !

R E M A R K S.

"disputations, 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.* N^o. I.

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 wonder-
 ful 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.

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

Content, each Emanation of his fires

That beams on earth, each Virtue he inspires,

Each Art he prompts, each Charm he can create,

220 What-e'er he gives, are giv'n for You to hate.

Perfist, by all divine in Man un-aw'd,

But learn, ye Dunces! not to scorn your G O D.

Thus he, for then a ray of Reason stole

Half thro' the solid darkness of his soul;

225 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,

230 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,

235 A fire, a jig, a battle, and a ball,

Till one wide Conflagration swallows all.

R E M A R K S.

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

Discite justitiam moniti, & non temnere divos!

VERSE 229. — *a fable Sorc'rer.*] Dr. *Faustus*, 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, 27. 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.

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

- Thence a new world, to Nature's laws unknown,
 Breaks out refulgent, with a heav'n its own:
 Another Cynthia her new journey runs,
 240 And other planets circle other suns :
 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.
 245 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!
 250 Whose farcenet skirts are edg'd with flamy gold,
 A matchless youth : His nod these worlds controuls,
 Wings the red lightning, and the thunder rolls.
 Angel of Dulness, sent to scatter round
 Her magic charms o'er all unclassic ground :

R E M A R K S.

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

I M I T A T I O N S.

VERSE 240. *And other planets.*] Virg. *Æn.* 6.
 — *solemque suum, sua sidera norunt.*

VERSE 242. *Whales sport in woods, and dolphins in the skies.*] Hor.

Delphinum sylvis appingit, fluctibus aprum.

VERSE 247. *Son! what thou seek'st is in thee.*]

Quod petis in te est —

Ne te quaesiveris extra.

Perf.

VERSE 252. *Wings the red lightning, &c.*]

Like *Salmoneus* in *Æn.* 6.

Dum flammas Jovis, & sonitus imitatur olympi.

— *Nimbos, & non imitabile fulmen,*

Ære & cornipedum cursu simularat æquorum.

VERSE 254. — *o'er all unclassic ground,*]

alludes to Mr. *Addison's* verse in the praises of *Italy,*

Poetic 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.*

255 Yon stars, yon suns, he rears at pleasure higher,
 Illumes their light, and sets their flames on fire.
 Immortal Rich! how calm he sits at ease
 Mid snows of paper, and fierce hail of pease;
 And proud his mistress' orders to perform,
 260 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:

265 Dire is the conflict, dismal is the din,
 Here shouts all Drury, there all Lincoln's-Inn;
 Contending Theatres our empire raise,
 Alike their labours, and alike their praise.

And are these wonders, Son, to thee unknown?

270 Unknown to thee? These wonders are thy own.
 For works like these let deathless Journals tell,
 "None but Thy self can be thy parallel.
 These, Fate reserv'd to grace thy reign divine,
 Foreseen by me, but ah! with-held from mine.

R E M A R K S.

VERSE 257. *Immortal Rich.*] Mr. *John Rich*, Master of the Theatre in *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*, was the first that excell'd this way.

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

VERSE 272. *None but thy self 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 rising

to idolatry, might have been concealed) as for example,

Try what *Repentance* can: What can it not?
 But what can it, when one cannot repent?

→ For *Cogitation*

Resides not in the Man who does not think, &c.

M I S T ' S J O U R N.

It is granted they are all of a piece, and no man doubts but herein he is able to imitate *Shakespear*.

V. id.] The former Annotator seeming to be of opinion that the *Double Falshood* is not *Shakespear's*; it is but justice to give Mr. *Theobald's*.

275 In Lud's old walls, tho' long I rul'd renown'd,
 Far, as loud Bow's stupendous bells resound ;
 Tho' my own Aldermen conferr'd my bays,
 To me committing their eternal praise,

R E M A R K 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* Shakespear'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 Relick*.

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 sollicit the return of gold,
 To purchase certain horse that *like him well*.

This place is corrupted: the epithet *good* is a meer insignificant 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 *saieth*, shall follow hard upon,
 And whom I with the growing hours expect)
 He doth sollicit the return of gold.

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:
 With *Henriquez* of a maiden of low condition,
 objecting his high quality: What have his *Com-
 parisons* here to do? Correct it boldly,

Throw all my gay *Caparisons* aside,
 And turn my proud additions out of service.

ACT 2. SCENE I.

All the verse of this Scene is confounded with
 prose. — O that a man

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

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

ACT 4. SCENE I.

How his eyes *shake* 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 disguised* for some end.

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 *troth* —

I could shew you that very word *troth*, in *Shake-
 spear* a hundred times.

It. 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 *Shakespear* 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 call'd *Anadyphosis*. I could shew you a hundred
 just such in him, if I had nothing else to do.

SCRIBLERUS.

Their full-fed Heroes, their pacific May'rs,
 280 Their annual trophies, and their monthly wars.
 Tho' long my Party built on me their hopes,
 For writing pamphlets, and for burning Popes;
 (Diff'rent our parties, but with equal grace
 The Goddeſs ſmiles on Whig and Tory race,
 285 'Tis the ſame rope at ſev'ral ends they twiſt,
 To Dulneſs, Ridpath is as dear as Miſt.)
 Yet lo ! in me what authors have to brag on !
 Reduc'd at laſt to hiſs in my own dragon.
 Avert it, heav'n ! that thou or Cibber e'er
 290 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.

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

VERSE 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, 1680: then became a Trooper of King *James's* army at

Hounſlow-beach: After the Revolution he kept a Booth at *Bartlemew-fair*, where in his 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-houſe, and there dyed, aged about 60 years.

V. 285: *To Dulneſs, Ridpath is as dear as Miſt.*] *George Ridpath*, author for ſeveral years of the *Flying-Poſt*, a Whig-paper; *Nathaniel Miſt*, publiſher of the *Weekly Journal*, a Tory-paper.

I M I T A T I O N S:

VERSE 283-84. — With equal grace
 Our Goddeſs ſmiles on Whig and Tory race.]
 Virg. *Æn.* 10.

Tros Rutulufve fuat, nullo discrimine habets.
 — Rex Jupiter omnibus idem.

- 295 Happier thy fortunes! like a rolling stone,
 Thy giddy dulness still shall lumber on,
 Safe in its heaviness, can never stray,
 And licks up every blockhead in the way.
 Thy dragons Magistrates and Peers shall taste,
 300 And from each show rise duller than the last:
 Till rais'd from Booths to Theatre, to Court,
 Her feat imperial, Dulness shall transport.
 Already, Opera prepares the way,
 The sure fore-runner of her gentle sway.
 305 To aid her cause, if heav'n thou can'st 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.
 Grubstreet! thy fall should men and Gods conspire,
 310 Thy stage shall stand, ensure it but from Fire.

R E M A R K S.

VERSE 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 "consitent with his *allegiance*. [Pref. to a Collection of Verses, Essays, Letters, &c. against Mr. P. printed for A. Moore, pag, 6.]

VERSE 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.

VERSE 310. — *ensure 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*.

I M I T A T I O N S.

VERSE 305. — *If heav'n thou canst not bend, Hell thou shalt move —*] Virg. Æn. 7.
Fletere si nequeo superas, acheronta movebo.

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.

315 Now Bavius, take the poppy from thy brow,
 And place it here! here all ye Heroes bow!
 This, this is He, foretold by ancient rhymes,
 Th' Augustus born to bring Saturnian times:
 Beneath his reign, shall Eusden wear the bays,
 320 Cibber preside Lord-Chancellor of Plays,

R E M A R K S.

VERSE 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 crucify'd*.

VERSE 319. *Eusden wear the bays.*] *Laurence Eusden*, 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* saith of him,

Eusden, 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 *Galimatias*'s he ever met with, none comes up to some verses of this Poet, which have as much of the *Ridiculum* and the *Fustian* in 'em

as can well be jumbled together, and are of that sort of nonsense which so perfectly confounds all Ideas, that there is no distinct one left in the mind. Further he says of him, that he hath prophesy'd his own poetry shall be sweeter than *Caullus*, *Ovid*, and *Tibullus*, but we have little hope of the accomplishment of it from what he hath lately publish'd." Upon which Mr. *Oldmixon* 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 Judgment and Justice of those who bestow'd 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. *Eusden* 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 be-

I M I T A T I O N S.

VERSE 313. — Like Semeles —] See *Ovid*, *Met.* 3.

VERSE 317. *This, this is he, foretold by ancient rhymes,*

Th' Augustus, &c.] *Virg.* *Æn.* 6.

Hic vir, hic est! tibi quem promitti scæpius audis;

Augustus Cæsar, divum genus; aurea condet
Sæcula qui rursus Latine, regnata per arva

Saturno quondam —

Saturnian here relates to the age of *Lead*, mention'd book 1. ver. 26.

B * * sole Judge of Architecture fit,
 And Namby Pamby be prefer'd for Wit!
 While naked mourns the Dormitory wall,
 And Jones and Boyle's united labours fall,

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come his own brows, or any other's: It were decent to acquiesce in the opinion of the Duke of Buckingham upon this matter.

—*In ruff'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 he ne'er heard of his name.*

Session of Poets.

VERSE 321. B * * sole judge of Architecture fit.] *W—m B—n—n* (late Surveyor of the Buildings to his Majesty 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 propos'd 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—n—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 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.

VERSE 322. And Namby Pamby.] An author whose eminence in the Infantine stile obtain'd him this name. He was (saith Mr. JACOB) "one of the Wits at *Burton'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. GILDON'S *Complete Art of Poetry*, vol. 1. p. 157. "Indeed "he confesses, he dares not set him quite on the "same foot with *Virgil*, lest it should seem Flattery: but he is much mistaken if posterity "does not afford him a greater esteem than "he at present enjoys." This is said of his

Pastorals, of which see in the Appendix the *Guardian*, at large. He endeavour'd 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 meprise Cotin, n'estime point son Roy,
 Et n'a, (selon Cotin,) ni Dieu, ni Foy, ni Loy.*

VERSE 323. Dormitory wall.] The Dormitory in *Westminster* was a building intended for the lodging of the King's Scholars; toward which a sum was left by Dr. *Edw. Hanes*, the rest was rais'd by contributions procured from several eminent persons by the interest of *Francis* late Bishop of *Rochester*, and Dean of *Westminster*. 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 according to his Lordship's design, the succeeding Dean and Chapter employ'd a common builder to do the inside, which is perform'd accordingly.

VERSE 324. And Jones and Boyle's united labours fall.] At the time when this Poem was written, the Banqueting-house of *Whitehall*, the Church and Piazza of *Covent-garden*, and the Palace and Chappel of *Somerjet-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 just 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 Master and *Palladio*, as well as by many noble buildings of his own, revived the true Taste of Architecture in this Kingdom.

325 While Wren with sorrow to the grave descends,
 Gay dies un-pension'd with a hundred Friends,
 Hibernian Politicks, O Swift, thy doom,
 And Pope's, translating three whole years with Broome,
 Proceed great days! till Learning fly the shore,
 330 Till Birch shall blush with noble blood no more,

R E M A R K S.

VERSE 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^o. 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 populi arripuit, populumque tributim,
 could never be so justly applied as 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 renew'd the next season with equal applauses. 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. 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 engraved and sold in great numbers; her *Life* written; books of *Let-*

ters 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 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 hæc novimus esse nihil*.

VERSE 327. *Hibernian politicks, O Swift! thy doom.*] The Politicks of *England* and *Ireland* at this time were thought by some to be opposite or interfering with each other. Dr. *Swift* of course was in the interests of the latter.

VERSE 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 greatly mistaken. The opinion our author had of him was sufficiently shown, by his joining him in the undertaking of the *Odyssæy*: in which Mr. *Broome* having engaged 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 employ'd in Translation at all.

I M I T A T I O N S.

VERSE 329. *Proceed great days!*] *Virg. Ecl. 4.*
 — *Incipiunt magni procedere menses.*



Till Thames see Eton's sons for ever play,
 Till Westminster's whole year be holiday ;
 Till Isis' Elders reel, their Pupils sport ;
 And Alma Mater lye dissolv'd in Port !

335 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,

340 Light dies before her uncreating word :

As one by one, at dread Medæa's strain,

The sick'ning Stars fade off the a'thereal plain ;

As Argus' eyes, by Hermes wand oppress'd,

Clos'd one by one to everlasting rest ;

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VERSE 337, &c. *She comes ! the Cloud-compelling pow'r, behold ! &c.*] Here the Muse, like *Jove's Eagle*, after a sudden stoop 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 remem-

ber what the *Dutch* stories 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 by causing all this Vision to pass thro' the *Ivory Gate*, he expressly in the language of poesy declares all such imaginations to be wild, ungrounded, and fictitious.

S C R I B L E R U S.

I M I T A T I O N S:

VERSE 343. *As Argus eyes by Hermes wand oppress'd*] Ovid Met. 1.

*Et quamvis sopor est oculorum parte receptus,
 Parte tamen vigilat—Vidit Cyllenius omnes
 Succubuisse oculos, &c. ibid.*

- 345 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 casuiftry:
 Philosophy, that touch'd the Heavens before,
 350 Shrinks to her hidden cause, and is no more:
 See Physic beg the Stagyrite's defence!
 See Metaphysic call for aid on Sence!
 See Mystery to Mathematicks fly!
 In vain! they gaze, turn giddy, rave, and die.
 355 Thy hand great Dulness! lets the curtain fall,
 And univerfal Darknes covers all.
 Enough! enough! the raptur'd Monarch cries;
 And thro' the Ivory Gate the Vifion flies.

R E M A R K S.

VERSE 347. *Truth in her old cavern lye*] Alludes to the saying of *Democritus*, that Truth lay at the bottom of a deep well.

I M I T A T I O N S.

VERSE 358. *And thro' the Ivory Gate the Vifion flies*] Virg. *Æn.* 6.
Sunt geminæ somni portæ; quarum altera fertur
Cornea, qua veris facilis datur exitus umbris;
Alterâ, eandenti perfectâ nitens elephanto,
Sed falsa ad-cælum mittunt insomnia manes.

F I N I S.

M. SCRIBLERUS Lectori.

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 name of *Corruptions of the Text and false Readings*, charge them on the Editor, and judge that correcting the same is to be called *Restoring*, and an *Achievement that brings Honour to the Critic*; we have in like manner taken it upon ourselves.

Book i. Verse 8. *E'er Pallas issid from the Thund'ers bead.* *E'er* is the contraction of *ever*, but that is by no means the sense in this place: Correct it, without the least scruple. *E're*, the contraction of *or-ere*, an old *English* word for *before*. What Ignorance of our mother tongue!

Verse 6. *Still Duncel [] second reigns like Duncel the first.* Read infallibly, still Duncel the second—Want of knowledge in the very Measure!

Verse 23, 24.—*tho' her power retires, Grieve not at ought our sister realms acquire.* Read,—*our sister realm acquires.* Want of Ear even in Rhime!

Verse 38.—*Lintot's rubric's post.* Read, *rubric post.* I am aware, there is such a Substantive as *Rubric, The Rubric*; but here (I can assure the Editor) it is an Adjective.

Verse 189. Remarks. *C'est le mem quem Mare Tulle.* Correct it boldly, *le meme que Mare Tulle.* Ignorance in the *French*!

Book ii. verse 79. Imitations.—*Terrasque fretamque.* Read *fretumque*, Neut. Unskilfulness in *Latin*!

Ibid. verse 88.—*ῥέε δ' Ἀμβροτον, correct the Accents thus, ῥέε δ' Ἀμβροτον—ῥέεε, Corr. ῥέε τε.* Want of understanding in *Greek*!

Book i. verse 58. Rem. *Tenderness for a*

bad writer, read *the bad writers.* Plur. *False English*: No Relative!

Verse 197. Rem. *Incensa [.,.]* make it a plain Comma; [.,] a strange sort of Punctuation this, [.,.] invented sure by the Editor!

Verse 208. Imit. *Uc, alegon.* Monstrous Division! away with that Comma!

Book ii. verse 369. Leave out these words—*When he came into the Administration*; For these Gentlemen never write against any man *in power*. This betrays great want of knowledge in Authors!

After so shameful ignorance in *Greek, Latin, French, English*, Quantity, Accent, Rhyme, Grammar, we cannot wonder at such Errors as the following. Book i. verse 101. Rem. for 254, read 258. and for 300, read 281.—

Book ii. verse 75, for *Here r. Hear.* Verse 118.

Rem. col. 2. for *Libel*, read *silly book*, it deserves not the name of a *Libel*. Verse 258, for *Courts*

of *Chancery* r. *Offices*, for *those Courts*, r. *that Court*, and for *them* r. *it*. Verse 319. for *sacred*

r. *secret*. Book iii. verse 46. Imit. for *bederam*

r. *bederam*. Verse 56. for *run forward* r. *rush*

forward. We must also observe 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 ought constantly to have spelled it *Satire*.

In our Prolegomena likewise, pag. 12. line 6.

where it is said, 'certain Verses were never made

publick till by Curl their own Bookseller; Correct

and strengthen the passage thus, never made publick till in their own Journals, and by Curl their

own Bookseller, &c. But this, gentle reader, be so candid as to believe the Error only of the

Printer.

Vale & fruere.

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| Mr. Giles Jacob, | } | <i>Mr. Mist, Publisher of the Journal,</i> b. i. v. 106, |
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| | | <i>Flying-Post,</i> b. ii. |
| | | <i>London Journal,</i> b. ii. and iii. |
| Mr. Edm. Curl, b. i. v. 48, 240. ii. 46, 66, | | <i>Daily Journal,</i> b. i. 61. &c. |
| 116, 149, 370, 111, 26. | | <i>Mr. Jonathan Smedley,</i> b. ii. 130, 295. |
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| Mr. John Dennis, b. i. v. 61, 88, 104, 106, 162. | | <i>The Learned Martinus Scriblerus, and others.</i> passim. |



A P P E N -

APPENDIX.

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PREFACE of the Publisher, prefixed to the five imperfect Editions of the *Dunciad*, printed at *Dublin* and *London*.

A List of Books, Papers, &c. in which our Author was abused: with the Names of the (hitherto conceal'd) Writers.

WILLIAM CAXTON his Proeme to *Æneidos*.

VIRGIL RESTORED: Or a Specimen of the Errors in all the Editions of the *Æneid*, by **M. SCRIBLERUS**.

A Continuation of the **GUARDIAN** (N^o 40) on Pastoral Poetry.

A Parallel of the Characters of **Mr. DRYDEN** and **Mr. POPE**, as drawn by certain of their Cotemporary Authors.

A List of all our Authors Genuine Works hitherto published.

INDIX of Memorable things in this Book.

A P P E N D I X.

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 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 block-head chance but 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.

(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 perswaded his friend to proceed in it, and to him it was therefore Inscribed.

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 Writings (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 insight 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 particular Gentlemen.

How I became possessor 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. *P.* 'tis not improbable

(*b*) Pamphlets, Advertisements, &c.] See the List of these anonymous papers, with their dates and Authors thereunto annexed. N^o 2.

(*c*) About a hundred thousand] It is surprizing 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.

(*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*.

but it might be done on purpose, with a view to have it pass for his. But by the frequency 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 retired himself entirely 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.

Ob mihi bisseos multum vigilata per annos,
(b) *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 *Cammoens* the *Lusiad*, of *Voltaire* the *Henriad* (i), we may pronounce could have been, and can be no other, than

The D U N C I A D.

It is stiled *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 dispo-

(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 *assiduity* 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 prepossess 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 write as gravely upon 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*, 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.

fiction 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 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 decypher 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 *fictional 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 Bruyere* has thought him worthy a place in his Characters.

Voudriez vous, THEOBALDE, que je crusse que vous êtes basse? que vous n'êtes plus Poete, ni bel esprit? que vous êtes presentement aussi mauvais Juge de tout genre d'Ouvrage, que mechant Auteur? Votre air libre & presumptueux me rassure, & me persuade tout le contraire, &c. Caracteres, Vol. I. de la Societe & de la Conversation, pag. 176. Edit. Amst, 1720.

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 6 *d.*

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 Locke. Anon. [*Charles Gildon*.] Printed for *J. Roberts*, 1714. Price 1 *s.*

Homerides, or a Letter to Mr. *Pope*, occasion'd by his intended Translation of Homer. By Sir *Iliad Doggrel*. [*T. Burnet* and *G. Ducket* Esquires]. Printed for *W. Wilkins*, 1715. Price 6 *d.*

Æsop at the Bear-garden. A Vision in imitation of the Temple of Fame. By Mr. *Preston*. Sold by *John Morphew*, 1715. Price 6 *d.*

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

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. *Tb—*] Printed for *J. Roberts*, 1715.

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

The Confederates, a Farce. By *Jeseph Gay* [*J. D. Brevat*.] Printed for *R. Burleigh*, 1717. Price 1 *s.*

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 1 *s.* 6 *d.*

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

The

The Triumvirate, or a Letter from Palæmon to Celia at Bath. Anon. [*Leonard Welsted.*] Price 1 s. 1718. Folio.

The Battle of Poets, a Heroic Poem. [By *Tho. Cooke*] Printed for *J. Roberts.* Folio. 1725.

Memoirs of Lilliput, Anon. [Mrs. *Eliz. Haywood.*] 8°. Printed 1727.

An Essay on Criticism, in Prose, by the Author of the Critical History of England [*J. Oldmixon*] 8° 1728.

Gulliveriana, and Alexandriana. With an ample Preface and Critique on *Swift* and *Pope's* Miscellanies [By *Jonathan Smedley.*] Printed for *J. Roberts* 8° 1728. Advertised before the publication of the *Dunciad* in the *Daily Journal*, *April* 13. 1728.

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, 8° 1728. [C—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.

British Journal, *Nov.* 25, 1727. A Letter on *Swift* and *Pope's* Miscellanies. [Writ by *Concanen.*]

Daily Journal, *March* 18, 1728. A Letter by *Philomauri.* [*James Moore Smyth.*]

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

Mist's Weekly Journal, *March* 30. An Essay on the Arts of a Poets 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*]

Daily Journal, *April* 5. An Auction of Goods at *Twickenham*, [by *J. Moore Smyth.*]

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.*]

- Daily Journal, *April 8.* Advertisement [by *James Moore Smyth.*]
 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.*]
 Id. *April 23.* Letter about a Translation of the character of *Thersites* in
Homer, [*J.—D.—, &c.*]
Mist's Weekly Journal, *April 27.* A Letter of *Lewis Theobald.*
 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 Booksellers (in hope of some possibility of vending a few) by advertising them in this manner—*The Confederates*, a Farce, By Capt. *Breval*, (for which he is put into the *Dunciad.*) An *Epilogue to Powel's Puppetshow*, by Col. *Ducket*, (for which he is put into the *Dunciad.*) Essays, &c. by Sir *Rich. 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 aforefaid “ Pieces, Libels, and Advertisements, was forged and untrue, that all mouths “ had been silent except in Mr. *Pope's* praise, and nothing against him pub- “ lish'd, but, by Mr. THEOBALD. Price 6 d.

Sawney, in blank Verse, occasion'd by the *Dunciad*, with a Critique on that Poem. [By *J. Ralph*, a person never mention'd in it at first, but insert- ed 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 Metamorphosis of *Scriblerus* into *Suarlerus*, [by *J. Smedley*.] Printed for *A. Moore*. Folio. Price 6 *d.*

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°.

The Arts of Logic and Rhetorick, partly taken from *Bouhours*, with new Reflections, &c. [by *John Oldmixon*.] 8°.

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

Mist's Weekly Journal, June 8. A long Letter sign'd *W. A.* [*Dennis*, *Theobald*, and others.]

Daily Journal, June 11. A Letter sign'd *Philoscriberus*, 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.]

Mist's Journal, June 22. A Letter by *Lewis Theobald*.

Flying-Post, August 8. Letter on *Pope* and *Swift*.

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

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

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

Gulliveriana Secunda, Being a collection of many of the Libels in the News papers, like the former Volume under the same title, by *Smedley*. Advertised in the *Craftsman* November 9, 1728. with this remarkable promise, that “ any thing which any body shou'd send as Mr. *Pope's* or Dr. *Swift's*, shou'd “ be inserted and published as *Theirs*.”

III.

*A Copy of CAXTON's Preface to his
Translation of VIRGIL.*

AFTER dyuerse Werkes, made translated and achieved, hauyng noo werke in hande I fittyng in my studye where as laye many dyuerse paunflettes and bookys. happened that to my hande cam a lytlyl 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 *Vyrgyle*) whiche booke I sawe over and redde therein. How after the generall destruccyon of the grete *Troye*, *Eneas* departed berynge his olde fader *anchises* upon his sholdres, his lytyl son *pylas* on his hande. his wyfe wyth moche other people followyng, and how he shipped and departed wyth alle thystorye of his aduentures 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 fayr and honest termes & wordes in frenshe Whyche I neuer sawe to fore lyke. ne none so playfaunt ne so wel ordred. whiche booke as me semed sholde be moche requyfyte to noble men to see as wel for the eloquence as the historyes. How wel that many hondred yerys passed was the fayd booke of *Eneydos* wyth other workes made and lerned dayly in scolis specyally in *ytalye* and other places, whiche historye the sayd *Vyrgyle* 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 leef or tweyne, whyche I ouersawe agayn to corecte it, And whan I sawe the fayr & straunge termes therein, I doubted that it sholde not please some gentylnen whiche late blamed me sayeng that in my translacions I had ouer curyous termes whiche coude not be vnderstande of comyn peple, and desired me to vse olde and homely termes in my translacions. and fayn wolde I latysfy eury man, and so to doo toke an olde boke and redde therein,

therein, and certainly the englyſhe was ſo rude and brood that I coude not wele vnderſtande it. And alſo my lorde *Abbot of Weſtmynſter* ded do ſhewe to me late certayn euydences wryton in olde englyſhe for to reduce it in to our englyſhe now vſed, And certainly it was wryton in ſuche wyſe that it was more lyke to dutche, than englyſhe I coude not reduce ne brynge it to be vnderſtonden, And certainly our langage now vſed varyeth ferre from that whiche was vſed and ſpoken whan I was barne. For we englyſhe men, ben borne vnder the domynacyon of the mone. whiche is neuer ſtedfaſte, but euer wauerynge, wexynge one ſeaſon, and waneth & dyſcreafeth another ſeaſon, 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 ſhip in Tamyſe for to haue ſayled ouer the ſee into Zelande, and for lacke of wynde thei taryed atte forlond. and wente to lande for to reſreſhe them And one of them named *Sbeffelde* a mercer cam in to an hows and axed for mete. and ſpecyally he axyd after eggys And the goode 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 vnderſtode hym not, And thenne at laſte another ſayd that he wolde haue eyren, then the good wyf ſayd that ſhe vnderſtod hym wel, Loo what ſholde a man in thyſe dayes now wryte. egges or eyren, certainly it is harde to playſe every man, by cauſe of dyuerſite & change of langage. For in theſe dayes euery man that is in ony reputacyon in his contre. wyll vtter his comynycacyon and maters in ſuche maners & termes, that fewe men ſhall vnderſtonde them, And ſom honeſt and grete clerkes haue ben wyth me and deſired me to wryte the moſte curyous termes that I coude fynde, And thus bytwene playn rude, & curyous I ſtande abaſhed. but in my Judge-mente, the comyn termes that be dayli vſed ben lyghter to be vnderſtonde than the olde and ancyent englyſhe, And for as moche as this preſent booke is not for a rude *vplondyſhe* man to labour therein, ne rede it, but onely for a clerke & a noble gentylman that ſeeth and vnderſtondeth in faytes of armes in loue & in noble chyualrye, Therefore in a meane betwene bothe I haue reduced & translated this ſayd booke in to our englyſhe not ouer rude ne curyous but in ſuche termes as ſhall be vnderſtanden by goddys grace accordynge to my cōpye. And yf ony man wyll enter mete in redyng of hit and fyndeth ſuche termes that he can not vnderſtande late
hym

hym goo rede and lerne *Vyrgyll*, or the pyftles of *Ouyde*, and ther he shall fee and vnderftonde lyghtly all, Yf he haue a good redar & enformer, For this booke is not for euery rude and vnconnyng man to fee, but to clerkys & very gentylmen that underftande gentylnes and fcience. Thenne I praye alle theym that shall rede in this lytyl treatys to holde me for excufed for the tranflätyng of hit: For I knowleche my felfe ignoranc of connyng to enpryfe on me fo hie and noble a werke; But I praye *Mayfter John Skelton* late created poete laureate in the vnyuerfite of *Oxenforde* to ouerfee and correte this fayd booke. And t'addrefse and expowne where as shall be founde faulte to theym that shall requyre it. For hym I knowe for fufficyent to expowne and englyshe euery dyffyculte that is therein, For he hath late tranflated the epyftlys of *Tulle*, and the boke of *Dyodorus Syculus*. and diuerfe others werkes oute of latyn in to englyshe not in rude and olde langage. but in *polysshed and ornate termes* craftely, as he that hath redde *Vyrgyle*, *Ouyde*, *Tullye*, and all the other noble poetes and oratours, to me unknown: And also he hath redde the ix. mufes and vnderftande theyr muficalle fciences. and to whom of theym eche fcience is appropred. I fuppofe he hath dronken of Elycons well. Then I praye hym & fuche other to correte adde or mynyshe where as he or they shall fynde faulte, For I haue but folowed my cotype in frenshe as nygh as me is poffyble, And yf ony worde be fayd therein well, I am gläd: and yf otherwyfe I fubmytte my fayd boke to theyr corretyon, Whiche boke I prefente vnto the hie born my *toconyng* naturall & fouerayn lord *Arthur* by the grace of God Prynce of *Walys*, Duke of *Cornewayll*. & Erle of *Chefter* firft bygoten Son and heyer vnto our moft draddé naturall & fouerayn lorde & moft cryften kynge, *Henry* the vij. by the grace of God kynge of *Englonde* and of *Fraunce* & lord of *Irelonde*, byfeching his noble grace to receyve it in thanke of me his moft humble fubget & feruant, And I shall praye vnto almyghty God for his prosperous encreafyng in vertue, wyfedom, and humanityte that he may be egal wyth the moft renömed of alle his noble progenytours. And fo to lyue in this present lyf, that after this tranfitorye lyfe he and we alle may come to everlaftyng lyf in heuen, *Amen* :

At the end of the Book.

Here fynyssheth the boke of *Eneydos*, compyled by *Vyrgyle*, whiche hath 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. iij C lxxx. The fythe yere of the Regne of kyng *Henry* the feuenth.



IV.

VIRGILIUS RESTAURATUS:

S E U

MARTINI SCRIBLERI

Summi Critici

CASTIGATIONUM IN ÆNEIDEM

SPECIMEN:

ÆNEIDEM totam, Amice Lector, innumerabilibus pœnè mendis scaurientem, ad pristinum sensum revocabimus. In singulis ferè verbis spuria occurrunt lectiones, in omnibus quos unquam vidi codicibus aut vulgatis aut ineditis, ad opprobrium usque Criticorum, in hunc diem existentes. Interea adverte oculos, & his paucis frue. At si quæ sint in hisce castigationibus de quibus non satis liquet, syllabarum quantitates, *προλεψια* nostra Libro ipsi præfigenda, ut consulas, moneo.

I. SPECIMEN LIBRI PRIMI, VERS. I. (a)

ARMA Virumque cano, Trojæ qui primus ab oris
 Italiam, *flatu* profugus, Lavinaque venit
 Litora: multum ille & terris *jaçtatus* & alto,
 Vi superum——

II. VERS. 52. (b)

—Et quisquis *Numen* Junonis adoret?

(a) Arma Virumque cano, Trojæ qui primus ab
 Italiam, *flatu* profugus, *Latinaque* venit [*Aris*]
 Litora: multum ille & terris *vexatus*, & alto,
 Vi superum——

Ab *aris*, nempe Hercæi Jovis, vide lib. 2.
 vers. 512, 550.—*Flatu*, ventorum Æoli, ut sequi-

tur—*Latina* certè *litora* cum *Æneas* aderet.
Lavina non nisi postea ab ipso nominata, Lib. 12.
 vers. 193—*jaçtatus*, *terris* non convenit.

(b) ——Et quisquis *Nomen* Junonis adoret?
 Longè melius, quam ut antea, *Numen*.
 Et Procul dubiò sic Virgilius.

III. VERS. 86. (c)

—Venti velut *agmine facto*

Qua data porta ruunt—

IV. VERS. 117. (d)

Fidumque vehebat *Orontem*.

V. VERS. 119. (e)

Excutitur, pronusque *magister*

Volvitur in caput—

VI. VERS. 122. (f)

Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto

Arma virum—

VII. VERS. 151. (g)

Atque rotis *summas* leviter perlabitur *undas*.

VIII. VERS. 154. (b)

Jamque *faces* & *faxa* volant, *furor arma ministrat*.

IX. VERS. 170. (i)

Fronte sub adverſa *scopulis pendentibus* antrum,Intus aquæ dulces, vivoque *fedilia faxo*.(c) —Venti velut *aggere fracto*
Qua data porta ruunt—

Sic corrige, meo periculo.

(d) *Fortemque* vehebat *Orontem* :Non *fidum*, quia Epitheton *Achatae* notiffimum,
Oronti nunquam datur.(e) —Excutitur : pronusque magis tēr
Volvitur in caput—Aio Virgilium aliter non ſcripſiſſe, quod planē
confirmatur ex ſequentibus—*Aſt illum ter fluctus*
ibidem Torquet—(f) *Armi hominum* : Ridicule antea *Arma virum*
quæ ex ferro conflata, quomodo poſſunt *natare* ?(g) Atque rotis *ſpumas* leviter perlabitur *udas*.
Summas, & *leviter perlabere*, pleonaſmus eſt: Mi-rificè alter lectio Neptuni agilitatem & celeritatem exprimit; ſimili modo Noſter de Camilla, *Æn. 11.*—*intactæ ſegetis per ſumma volaret*, &c. hyperbolicè.(b) Jamque *faces* & *faxa* volant, *fugiuntque Miniſtri* : Uti ſolent, inſtanti periculo.—*Fæces, facibus* longe præſtant, quid enim niſi *fæces* jactarent vulgus fordidum ?(i) Fronte ſub adverſa *populis prandentibus*
[antrum.Sic malim, longe potiùs quam *ſcopulis pendentibus* : Nugæ ! Nonne vides verſu ſequenti *dulces aquas* ad potandum & *fedilia* ad diſcubitum dari ? In quorum uſum ? prandentium.

X. VERS. 188. (k)

— Tres littore *cervos*

Prospicit errantes: hos *tota armenta* sequuntur

A tergo—

XI. VERS. 748.

Arcturum pluviasque Hyades, *geminosque Triones* ;
Error gravissimus. Corrige,—*septemque Triones*.

XII. VERS. 631. (l)

Quare agite O juvenes, *testis* succedite nostris.

LIBER SECUNDUS. VERS. I. (a)

CONTICUERE omnes, intentique ora tenebant,
Inde toro *Pater Æneas* sic orsus ab alto :

VERS. 3. (b)

Infandum Regina jubes renovare dolorem.

(k) — Tres littore *corvos*

Aspiciunt errantes: hos *agmina tota* sequuntur
A tergo—*Cervi*, lectio vulgata, absurditas notissima: hæc animalia in Africa non inveniri, quis nescit? At motus & ambulandi ritus Corvorum, quis non agnovit hoc loco? Littore, locus ubi errant Corvi, uti Noster alibi,

Et sola secum sicca spaciatur arena.

Omen præclarissimum, immo et *agminibus* Militum frequentè observatum, ut patet ex Historicis.

(l) Quare agite O Juvenes, *testis* succedite nostris.

Testis potius dicebat Dido, polita magis oratione, & quæ unica voce et Torum & Mensam exprimebat: Hanc lectionem probe confirmat appellatio O *Juvenes!* Duplicem hunc sensum alibi etiam Maro lepidè innuit.

Æn. 4. vers. 19. Huic unì forsan potui succumbere *culpæ* :

Anna! fatebor enim—

Corrige, *Huic unì* [*Viro* scil.] potui succumbere; Culpas

Anna? fatebor enim, &c. Vox *succumbere* quam eleganter ambigua!

LIB. II. VERS. I. &c.

(a) *Concubere* omnes, intentèque ora tenebant; Inde toro *satur Æneas* sic orsus ab alto.

Concubere, quia toro Æneam vidimus accumbentem: quin & altera ratio, scil. *Conticuere & ora tenebant*, tautologice dictum. In Manuscripto perquam rarissimo in Patris Musæo, legitur *ore gemebant*; sed magis ingeniosè quam verè. *Satur Æneas*, quippe qui jam-jam a prandio surrexit:

Pater nihil ad rem attinet.

(b) *Infantum* regina jubes renovare dolorem. Sic haud dubito veterim codicibus scriptum fuisse: hoc satis constat ex perantiqua illa Britannorum Cantilena vocata *Chevy-Chace*, cujus autor hunc locum sibi ascivit in hæc verba,

The Child may rue that is unborn.

V E R S. 4. (c)

Trojanas ut *opes*, & lamentabile regnum:

V E R S. 5. (d)

Eruerint Danaï, Quæque ipse *miserrima* vidi
Et quorum pars magna fui.

V E R S. 7. (e)

—Quis talia *fando*
Temperet a lacrymis?

V E R S. 9. (f)

Et jam nox *humida* cœlo
Præcipitat, suadentque *cadentia* sydera somnos.
Sed si tantus amor *casus* cognoscere *nostras*, (g)
Et *breviter* Trojæ *supremum* audire laborem,
Quamquam animus meminisse horret, *luctuque* refugit, (h)
Incipiam.

(c) Trojanas ut *Oves* & lamentabile regnum *Diruerint*—Malem *oves* plusquam *opes*, quoniam in antiquissimis illis temporibus *oves* & armenta divitiarum regum fuerunt. Vel fortasse *Oves Paridis* inveniunt, quas super Idam nuperrime pascebat, & jam in vindictam pro Helenæ raptu, a Menelao, Ajace aliisque duobus, merito occisas.

(d) — Quæque ipse *miserrimus* audi, Et quorum pars magna fui.—
Omnia tam *audita* quam *visa* recta distinctione enarrare hic Æneas proficitur: Multa quorum nox ea fatalis sola conscia fuit, Vir probus & pius tanquam *visa* referre non potuit.

(e) — Quis talia *flendo*, Temperet in lacrymis?—Major enim doloris indicatio, absque modo lacrymare, quam solummodo a lacrymis non temperare?

(f) Et jam nox *lumina* cœlo Præcipitat, suadentque *latentia* sydera somnos. *Lectio, humida*, vespertinum rorem solum in-

nuere videtur: magis mi arridet *Lumina*, quæ *latentia* postquam *præcipitantur*, Auroræ adventum annunciant.

(g) Sed si tantus amor *curas* cognoscere *nostris*, Et *brevi* ter Trojæ, *superumque* audire labores. *Curæ Nostris* (scilicet Nostris Excidii Trojani) magis compendiosè (vel ut dixit ipse *breviter*) totam Belli catastropham denotat, quam diffusa illa & indeterminata lectio, *casus nostras*. *Ter* audire gratum esse Didoni, patet ex libro quarto, ubi dicitur, *Iliacosque iterum demens audire labores*. *Exposcit*: *Ter* enim pro sæpe usurpatur. *Trojæ superumque labores*, rectè, quia non tantum homines sed & Dii sese his laboribus immiscuerunt. Vide Æn. 2. vers. 610, &c.

(h) Quamquam animus meminisse horret, *luctuque* refugit. *Resurgit* multo proprius dolorem renascentem notat, quam ut hætenus, *refugit*.

VERS. 13. (i)

Fraëti bello, fatisque repulsi,
 Ductores Danaûm, tot jam labentibus annis,
 Instar montis *Equum*, divina Palladis arte,
 Ædificant——&c.

(i) *Fraëti* bello, fatisque repulsi.

Fraëti & *Repulsi*, Antithesis perpulera!

Fraëti frigide & vulgaritèr.

Equum jam *Trojanum*, (ut vulgus loquitur) adeamus; quem si *Equam Græcam* vocabis Lector, minimè pecces: Solæ enim femellæ utero gestiunt.—Uterumque *armato milite complent*—Uteroque *recuso Insonuere cavæ*—*Atque utero soritum quater arma dedere*.—*Inclusos utero Danaos*

&c. *Vox sæta* non convenit maribus,—*Scandit fatalis machina muros, Foeta armis*—Palladem Virginem, Equo mari fabricando invigilare decuisse quis putat? Incredibile profus! Quamobrem existimo veram *Equæ* lectionem passim restituendam, nisi ubi forte metri causâ, *Equum* potiusquam *Equam*, *Genus* pro *Sexu*, dixit Maro. Vale! dum hæc pauca corriges, majus opus moveo.



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 *Pastorals*, but being informed that I am taxed of Partiality in not mentioning an Author whose Eclogues are published in the same Volume with Mr. *Philips'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 Pastoral. 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 Inchantments, and introduces a Shepherd whom an inviting Precipice tempts to Self-Murder. As to the fourth, sixth, and tenth, they
 are

are given up by (a) *Heinsius*, *Salmafius*, *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* abovementioned. 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 that Particular excelled both *Theocritus* and *Virgil*.

3. As *Simplicity* is the distinguishing Characteristick 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 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*; *quoijum* for *cujum*; *volt* for *vult*, &c. as well as our Modern hath *Welladay* for *Alas*, *wbilome* for *of old*, *make mock* for *deride*, and *witlefs 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 *Thyrfs* 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

(a) See *Rapin de Carm. Past. pars 3.*

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* shews 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 slavishly 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*, *Kingcups* 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.*

Lanq. *Come Rosalind, O come; here shady Bowers
Here are cool Fountains, and here springing Flow'rs.
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 passed by,
She blush'd, 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.*

Eanq. *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, hid 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 forgets 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 bright, which girds the Welkin shewn,
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 shown 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 *Rusticity*, 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 easie 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.*

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 Mofs;
And to their cost, green years old proverbs cross.*
—*He that late lyes down, as late will rise,
And Sluggard-like, till noon-day snoring lyes.
Against Ill-Luck all cunning Fore-sight fails;
Whether we sleep or wake, it nought avails.*
—*Nor fear, from upright Sentence, wrong.*

Lastly, his *elegant Dialect*, 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 *Counties*. *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 bur God-day:
Or Diggon bur is, or I mis-say.*

Diggon answers,

*Hur was bur, while it was day-light;
But now bur 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,

entitled, *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 shouldst 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 *Shepherdes Cicily*, which she expresses as follows:

Cicily. Ah Rager, Rager, chez was zore avraid
When in yond Vield you kifs'd tha *Parsons Maid*:
Is this tha Love that once to me you zed,
When from tha Wake thou brought'st me *Gingerbread*?

Roger. *Cicily* thou charg'st me valse,—I'll zwear to thee,
Tha *Parson's Maid* is still a *Maid* for me.

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 loath to show my fondness for Antiquity so far as to prefer this ancient *British* Author to our present *English* Writers of Pastoral; but I can-

(b) That is the *Kine* or *Cows*.

not 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 P A R A L L E L
O F T H E
C H A R A C T E R S
O F

Mr. D R Y D E N and Mr. P O P E,

As drawn by certain of their Cotemporaries.

Mr. D R Y D E N.

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 *αλλοπροσαλλο*, and I doubt not will continue so to the last. (d)

In the Poem call'd *Abfalom and Achitophel* are notoriously traduced, The KING, the QUEEN, the LORDS and GENTLEMEN, not only their Honourable Persons expos'd, but the WHOLE NATION and its REPRESENTATIVES notoriously libell'd; It is *Scandalum Magnatum*, yea of MAJESTY itself. (e)

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)

(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. (f) *ibid.* (g) *Milbourn*, p. 9. (h) *ibid.* p. 175. (i) pag. 39.

VI.

A P A R A L L E L

O F T H E

C H A R A C T E R S

O F

Mr. D R Y D E N and Mr. P O P E,

Mr. P O P E.

His P O L I T I C K S, R E L I G I O N, M O R A L S.

M^{R.} *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 *Miscellanies*, the *Persons* abused are, *The KING*, the *QUEEN*, His late *MAJESTY*, both *Houses of PARLIAMENT*, the *Privy-Council*, the *Bench of Bishops*, the *Establish'd CHURCH*, the present *MINISTRY*, &c. To make sense of some passages, they must be construed into *ROYAL SCANDAL*. (f)

He is a *Popish 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 *unbappy Wits* whom he sacrificed to his *accursed Popish Principles*. (h) It deserved *Vengeance* to suggest, that *Mr. Pope* had less *Infallibility* than his *Namesake at Rome*. (i)

(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 *Mist's Journal*, June 22, 1728. (f) List, at the end of a Collection of Verses, Letters, Advertisements, 8°. 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.

Mr. DRYDEN only a Verifier.

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 Augustæan age, but a *Virgil* of another stamp, a *silly, impertinent, nonsensical* Writer. (m) None but a *Bavius*, a *Mævius*, or a *Batbyllus* carp'd at *Virgil*, and none but such unthinking Vermin *admire* his Translator. (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* running 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* wou'd have *whipt* him for so childish a Paraphrase. (p) The meanest Pedant in *England* wou'd *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 Εἰχῶς for Ἰχῶς 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)

(k) *Whip and Key*, pref. (l) *Oldmixon, Essay on Criticism*, p. 84. (m) *Milbourn*, pag. 2. (n) Pag. 35. (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.

Mr. POPE only a Verfiyer.

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 rhymeing, 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 *English*. The qualities which distinguish *Homer* are the beauties of his *Diction* 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 wou'd look should it be discover'd, 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)

(k) *Mist'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*, (o) *Character of Mr. P.* pag. 17. and *Remarks on Homer*, p. 91. (p) *Dennis's Remarks on Homer*, p. 12. (q) *Daily Journal of April 23, 1728*: (r) Supplement to the *Profund. Pref.* (s) *Oldmixon*, *Essay on Criticism*, p. 66. (t) *Dennis's Remarks*, p. 28.

Mr. DRYDEN trick'd his Subscribers.

I wonder that any man who cou'd not but be conscious of his own *unfitness* for it, shou'd go to amuse the learned world with such an *Undertaking*! A man 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 unseasonably-celebrated Name*. (x) *Poetis quidlibet audendi* shall be Mr. *Dryden's* Motto, tho' it should extend to *Picking of Pockets*. (y)

Names bestow'd on Mr. DRYDEN.

AN APE.] A crafty *Ape* drest up in a gaudy Gown—Whips put into an *Ape's* paw, to play pranks with—None but *Apish* and *Papish* Brats will heed him. *Whip and Key, Pref.*

AN ASS.] 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 FROG.] 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 COWARD.] A *Clinias* or a *Damætas*, or a man of Mr. *Dryden's* own *Courage*. Pag. 176.

A KNAVE.] Mr. *Dryden* has heard of *Paul, the Knave of Jesus Christ*: And if I mistake not, I've read somewhere of *John Dryden* *Servant to his Majesty*. Pag. 57.

A FOOL.] Had he not been such a self-conceited *Fool*—*Whip and Key, pref.* Some great Poets are positive *Blockheads*. *Milbourn*, p. 34.

A THING.] So little a *Thing* as Mr. *Dryden*. *Ibid.* pag. 35.

(x) *Milbourn*, p. 192. (y) *Ibid.* p. 125.

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 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 *Bookfellers*. (x)

Names bestow'd on Mr. POPE.

A N A P E.] 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*.

A N A S S.] It is my duty to pull off the *Lions skin* from this little *A/s*. *Dennis's Rem. on Homer*, *pref.*

A F R O G.] A *squab* short Gentleman—a little creature that like the *Frog* in the *Fable*, swells 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 C O W A R D.] A lurking, way-laying *Coward*. *Char. of Mr. P. pag. 3*.

A K N A V E.] He is one whom God and nature have mark'd for want of common *honesty*. *Ibid.*

A F O O L.] 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*.

A T H I N G.] A little, abject, *Thing*. *Ibid. p. 8*.

(u) *Burnet, Homerides. p. 1, &c.*

x *British Journal, Nov. 25, 1727.*

VII.

A

LIST

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. *Parnel'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. *Tickel'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 ILLIAD 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 SHAKESPEAR.

MISCELLANIES, by Dr. *Swift* and our Author, &c. Printed for *B. Motte*.

And some *Spectators* and *Guardians*.

I N D E X

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