



## **The Works Of Alexander Pope Esq.**

In Nine Volumes Complete. With His Last Corrections, Additions, And Improvements; As they were delivered to the Editor a little before his Death

Containing The Dunciad In Four Books

**Pope, Alexander**

**London, 1751**

Book I.

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**Nutzungsbedingungen**

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## B O O K I.

**T**HE Mighty Mother, and her Son, who brings  
The Smithfield Muses to the ear of Kings,

## V A R I A T I O N S.

VER. I. *The Mighty Mother, &c.* in the first Edd. it was thus,  
Books and the Man I sing, the first who brings  
The Smithfield Muses to the Ear of Kings.  
Say, great Patricians! since yourselves inspire  
These wond'rous works (so Jove and Fate require)  
Say, for what cause, in vain decry'd and curst,  
Still \_\_\_\_\_

## I M I T A T I O N S.

*Say, great Patricians! since yourselves inspire  
These wondrous works*

—*Dii coeptis (nam vos mutastis & illas.)* Ovid. Met. i.

## R E M A R K S.

[THE DUNCIAD.] It is an inconvenience, to which Writers of reputation are subject, that the Justice of their resentment is not always rightly understood. For the calumnies of dull Authors being soon forgotten, and those whom they aimed to injure, not caring to recall to memory the particulars of false and scandalous abuse, their necessary correction is suspected of severity unprovoked. But, in this case, it would be but candid to estimate the chastisement on the general Character of the offender, compared with that of the Person injured. Let this serve with the candid Reader, in justification of the *Poet*; and, on occasion, of the *Editor*. W.

The DUNCIAD, sic MS. It may well be disputed whether this be a right reading: Ought it not rather to be spelled *Dun-  
ceiad*, as the Etymology evidently demands? *Dunce* with an *e*,  
therefore *Dunceiad* with an *e*. That accurate and punctual  
Man of Letters, the Restorer of *Shakespeare*, constantly ob-  
serves the preservation of this very Letter *e*, in spelling the

I sing. Say you, her instruments the Great!  
Call'd to this work by Dulness, Jove, and Fate;

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Name of his beloved Author, and not like his common careless Editors, with the omission of one, nay sometimes of two *ee's*, (as *Shakspear*) which is utterly unpardonable. "Nor is the neglect of a *Single Letter* so trivial as to some it may appear; the alteration whereof in a learned language is an Achievement that brings honour to the Critic who advances it; and Dr. Bentley 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 Philemon." THEOBALD.

This is surely a slip in the learned author of the foregoing note; there having been since produced by an accurate Antiquary, an *Autograph* of *Shakspeare* himself, whereby it appears that he spelled his own name without the first *e*. And upon this authority it was, that those most Critical Curators of his Monument in Westminster Abby erased the former wrong reading, and restored the true spelling on a new piece of old Ægyptian Granite. Nor for this only do they deserve our thanks, but for exhibiting on the same Monument the first Specimen of an *Edition* of an author in *Marble*; where (as may be seen on comparing the Tomb with the Book) in the space of five lines, two Words and a whole Verse are changed, and it is to be hoped will there stand, and outlast whatever hath been hitherto done in Paper; as for the future, our Learned Sister University (the other Eye of England) is taking care to perpetuate a *Total new Shakspear*, at the Clarendon press. BENTL.

It is to be noted, that this great Critic also has omitted one circumstance; which is, that the Inscription with the Name of *Shakspeare* was intended to be placed on the Marble Scroll to which he points with his hand; instead of which it is now placed behind his back, and that Specimen of an *Edition* is put on the Scroll, which indeed *Shakspeare* hath great reason to point at.

ANON.

Though I have as just a value for the letter *E*, as any Grammarian living, and the same affection for the Name of this Poem as any Critic for that of his Author; yet cannot it induce me

You by whose care, in vain decry'd and curst, 5  
Still Dunce the second reigns like Dunce the first;

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to agree with those who would add yet another *e* to it, and call it the *Dunceiade*; which being a French and foreign termination, is no way proper to a word entirely English, and vernacular. One *e* therefore in this case is right, and two *e*'s wrong. Yet upon the whole I shall follow the Manuscript, and print it without any *e* at all; moved thereto by Authority (at all times, with Critics, equal, if not superior to Reason.) In which method of proceeding, I can never enough praise my 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 MS.* In like manner we shall not amend this error in the Title itself, but only note it *obiter*, to evince to the learned that it was not our fault, nor any effect of our ignorance or inattention.

SCRIBLERUS.

This Poem was written in the year 1726. In the next year an imperfect Edition was published at Dublin, and reprinted at London in twelves; another at Dublin, and another at London in octavo; and three others in twelves the same year. But there was no perfect Edition before that of London in quarto; which was attended with Notes. We are willing to acquaint Posterity, that this Poem was presented to King George the Second and his Queen by the hands of Sir Robert Walpole, on the 12<sup>th</sup> of March, 1728-9.

SCHOL. VET.

It was expressly confessed in the Preface to the first edition, that this poem was not published by the Author himself. It was printed originally in a foreign Country. And what foreign Country? Why, one notorious for blunders; where

## IMITATIONS.

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

*And Tom the second reigns like Tom the first.*

Say, how the Goddess bade Britannia sleep,  
And pour'd her Spirit o'er the land and deep.

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finding blanks only instead of proper names, these blunderers filled them up at their pleasure.

The very *Hero* of the Poem hath been mistaken to this hour; so that we are obliged to open our Notes with a discovery who he really was. We learn from the former Editor; that this Piece was presented by the Hands of Sir Robert Walpole to King George II. Now the author directly tells us, his *Hero* is the Man

————— *who brings*

*The Smithfield Muses to the ear of Kings.*

And it is notorious who was the person on whom this Prince conferred the honour of the *Laurel*.

It appears as plainly from the *Apostrophe* to the *Great* in the third verse, that Tibbald could not be the person, who was never an Author in fashion, or caressed by the *Great*; whereas this single characteristic is sufficient to point out the true *Hero*; who, above all other Poets of his time, was the *Peculiar Delight* and *Chosen Companion* of the Nobility of England; and wrote, as he himself tells us, certain of his Works at the *earnest Desire of Persons of Quality*.

Lastly, The sixth verse affords full proof; this Poet being the only one who was universally known to have had a *Son* so exactly like him, in his poetical, theatrical, political, and moral Capacities, that it could justly be said of him

*Still Dunce the second reign'd like Dunce the first.* BENTL.

VER. I. *The Mighty Mother, and her Son, &c.*] The Reader ought here to be cautioned, that the *Mother*, and not the *Son*, is the principal Agent of this Poem: The latter of them is only chosen as her Colleague (as was anciently the custom in Rome before some great Expedition) the main action of the Poem being by no means the Coronation of the Laureate, which is performed in the very first book, but the Restoration of the Empire of Dulness in Britain, which is not accomplished till the last. W.

Ibid.—*her Son who brings, &c.*] Wonderful is the stupidity of all the former Critics and Commentators on this work! It breaks

In eldest time, e'er mortals writ or read,  
E'er Pallas issu'd from the Thund'rer's head, 10

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forth at the very first line. The author of the Critique prefixed 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 though this Poem hath had, yet knoweth he how to receive it with more modesty.

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

*Arma virumque cano, Trojæ qui primus ab oris  
Italiam, fato profugus, Lavinaque venit  
Littora: multum ille et 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. ii. 513.* from the altar of *Jupiter Hercæus* that *Æneas* fled as soon as he saw *Priam* slain. In the second line I would read *flatu* for *fato*, since it is most clear it was by *Winds* that he arrived at the shore of Italy. *Jactatus*, in the third, is surely as improperly applied to *terris*, as proper to *alto*; to say a man is *toft 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*.

## SCRIBLERUS.

VER. 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 Reigns of King *George I.* and *II.* See *Book iii.*

VER. 4. *By Dulness, Jove, and Fate:]* i. e. By their Judgments, their Interests, and their Inclinations. W.

VER. 7. *Say how the Goddesses &c.]* The Poet ventureth to sing the *Action* of the Goddess: but the *Passion* she impresseth on her illustrious Votaries, he thinketh can be only told by themselves.

SCRIBL. W.

Dulness o'er all possess'd her ancient right,  
 Daughter of Chaos and eternal Night :  
 Fate in their dotage this fair Ideot gave,  
 Gross as her fire, and as her mother grave,  
 Laborious, heavy, busy, bold, and blind, 15  
 She rul'd, in native Anarchy, the mind,

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VER. 12. *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's* *Θεογονία*) was the Progenitor of all the Gods. SCRIBLERUS.

VER. 15. *Laborious, heavy, busy, bold, &c.*] I wonder the learned Scriblerus has omitted to advertise the Reader, at the opening of this Poem, that Dulness here is not to be taken contractedly for mere Stupidity, but in the enlarged sense of the word, for all Slowness of Apprehension, shortness of Sight, or imperfect Sense of things. It includes (as we see by the Poet's own words) Labour, Industry, and some degree of Activity and Boldness: a ruling principle not inert, but turning topsy-turvy the Understanding, and inducing an Anarchy or confused State of Mind. This remark ought to be carried along with the reader throughout the work; and without this caution he will be apt to mistake the Importance of many of the Characters, as well as of the Design of the Poet. Hence it is, that some have complained he chuses too mean a subject, and imagined he employs himself, like Domitian, in killing flies; whereas those who have the true key will find he sports with nobler quarry, and embraces a larger compass; or (as one saith, on a like occasion)

*Will see his Work, like Jacob's ladder, rise,  
 Its foot in dirt, its head amid the skies.* BENTL.

VER. 16. *She rul'd, in native Anarchy, the mind.*] The native Anarchy of the mind is that state which precedes the time of Reason's assuming the rule of the Passions. But in that state,

Still her old Empire to restore she tries,  
For, born a Goddess, Dulness never dies.

O Thou! whatever title please thine ear,  
Dean, Drapier, Bickerstaff, or Gulliver! 20  
Whether thou chuse Cervantes' serious air,  
Or laugh and shake in Rab'lais' easy chair,

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After VER. 22. in the MS.

Or in the graver Gown instruct mankind,  
Or silent let thy morals tell thy mind.

But this was to be understood, as the Poet says, *ironicè*, like the 23<sup>d</sup> Verse.

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the uncontrolled violence of the Passions would soon bring things to confusion, were it not for the intervention of DULNESS in this absence of Reason; who, though she cannot regulate them like Reason, yet blunts and deadens their Vigour, and, indeed, produces some of the good effects of it: Hence it is that *Dulness* has often the appearance of Reason. This is the only good she ever did; and the Poet takes particular care to tell it in the very introduction of his Poem. It is to be observed indeed, that this is spoken of the universal rule of Dulness in ancient days, but we may form an idea of it from her partial Government in later times. W.

VER. 17. *Still her old Empire to restore*] This Restoration makes the Completion of the Poem. *Vide* Book iv.

VER. 20. — *Drapier, Bickerstaff, or Gulliver!*] The several names and characters he assumed in his ludicrous, his spleenetic, or his party-writings; which take in all his works.

VER. 23. — *laugh and shake in Rab'lais' easy chair,*] The imagery is exquisite; and the equivoque in the last words, gives a peculiar elegance to the whole expression. The *easy chair* suits his age: *Rab'lais' chair* marks his character: and he fills and possesses it as the heir and successor of that original genius. W.



Or praise the Court, or magnify Mankind,  
 Or thy griev'd Country's copper chains unbind ;  
 From thy Bœotia tho' her Pow'r retires, 25  
 Mourn not, my SWIFT, at ought our Realm acquires.  
 Here pleas'd behold her mighty wings out-spread  
 To hatch a new Saturnian age of Lead.

Close to those walls where Folly holds her throne,  
 And laughs to think Monroe would take her down,

## VARIATIONS.

VER. 29. *Close to those walls &c.*] In the former Edd. thus,

Where wave the tatter'd ensigns of Rag-fair,  
 A yawning ruin hangs and nods in air ;  
 Keen hollow winds howl thro' the bleak recess,  
 Emblem of Music caus'd by Emptiness ;  
 Here in one bed two shiv'ring Sisters lie,  
 The Cave of Poverty and Poetry.

Var. *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.

Var. *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 Critic on the *Dunciad*.  
 “ These lines (saith he) have no construction, or are nonsense.  
 “ The two shivering Sisters must be the sister-caves of Poverty  
 “ and Poetry, or the bed and cave of Poverty and Poetry must  
 “ be the same, [*questionless, if they lie in one bed*] and the two  
 “ Sisters the lord knows who?” O the construction of gram-  
 matical heads! *Virgil* writeth thus: *Æn. i.*

*Fronte sub adversa scopulis pendentibus antrum :*

Where o'er the gates, by his fam'd father's hand, 31  
Great Cibber's brazen, brainless brothers stand ;

*Intus aquæ dulces, vivoque 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 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.—*Fessi—frugesque 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 *Virgil Restor'd*, some Specimen whereof see in the Appendix.

SCRIBLERUS.

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VER. 24. *Or praise the Court, or magnify Mankind,*] *Ironicè*, alluding to *Gulliver's* representations of both.—The next line relates to the papers of the *Drapier* against the currency of *Wood's* Copper coin in *Ireland*, which, upon the great discontent of the people, his Majesty was graciously pleas'd to recal.

VER. 26. *Mourn not, my Swift! at ought our realm acquires.*] *Ironicè iterum*. The Politics of *England* and *Ireland* were at this time by some thought to be opposite, or interfering with each other: *Dr. Swift* of course was in the interest of the latter, our Author of the former.

VER. 28. *To hatch a new Saturnian age of Lead.*] The ancient *Golden Age* is by Poets styl'd *Saturnian*, as being under

One Cell there is, conceal'd from vulgar eye,  
The Cave of Poverty and Poetry.

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the reign of Saturn: but in the Chemical language *Saturn* is Lead. She is said here only to be spreading her wings to hatch this age; which is not produced completely till the fourth book.

VER. 31. *By his fam'd father's hand*] Mr. Caius-Gabriel Cibber, father of the Poet-Laureate. The two Statues of the Lunatics over the gates of Bedlam-hospital were done by him, and (as the son justly says of them) are no ill monuments of his fame as an Artift.

VER. 33. *One Cell there is,*] The cell of poor Poetry is here very properly represented as a little *unendowed Hall* in the neighbourhood of the Magnific *College* of Bedlam; and as the surest Seminary to supply those learned walls with Professors. For there cannot be a plainer indication of madness than in mens persisting to starve themselves and offend the public by scribbling,

*Escape in Monsters, and amaze the town.*

when they might have benefited themselves and others in profitable and honest employments. The *Qualities* and *Productions* of the students of this private Academy are afterwards described in this first book; as are also their *Actions* throughout the second; by which it appears, how near allied Dulness is to Madness. This naturally prepares us for the subject of the third book, where we find them in union, and acting in conjunction to produce the Catastrophe of the fourth; a mad poetical Sibyl leading our Hero through the Regions of Vision, to animate him in the present undertaking, by a view of the past triumphs of Barbarism over Science. W.

VER. 34. *Poverty and Poetry*] I cannot here omit a remark that will greatly endear our Author to every one, who shall attentively observe that Humanity and Candor, which every where appears in him towards those unhappy objects of the ridicule of all mankind, the bad Poets. He here imputes all scandalous rhymes, scurrilous weekly papers, base flatteries, wretched ele-

Keen, hollow winds howl thro' the bleak recess, 35  
 Emblem of Music caus'd by Emptiness.  
 Hence Bards, like Proteus long in vain ty'd down,  
 Escape in Monsters, and amaze the town.

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gies, 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 Satire, makes an apology for all that are to be satirized.

VER. 37. Hence Bards, like Proteus]

*Sunt, quibus in plures jus est transire figuras :  
 Ut tibi, complexi terram maris incola, Proteu ;  
 Nunc violentus aper ; nunc, quem tetigisse timerent,  
 Anguis eras ; modo te faciebant cornua Taurum :  
 Sæpe Lapis poteras.* Ovid. Met. viii.

Neither Palæphatus, Phurnutus, nor Heraclides give us any steady light into the mythology of this mysterious fable. If I be not deceived in a part of learning which has so long exercised my pen, By *Proteus* must certainly be meant a hacknied Town-scribler; and by his Transformations, the various disguises such a one assumes, to elude the pursuit of his irreconcilable enemy, the Bailiff. And in this light, doubtless Horace understood the Fable, where, speaking of *Proteus*, he says,

*Quum rapies in jus malis ridentem alienis,  
 Fiet aper, &c.*

*Proteus* is represented as one bred of the mud and slime of Egypt, the original soil of Arts and Letters: And what is a Town-scribler, but a creature made up of the excrements of luxurious Science? By the change then into a *Boar*, is meant his character of a *furious and dirty Party-writer*; the *Snake* signifies a *Libeller*; and the *Horns of the Bull*, the *Dilemma's* of a *Polemical Answerer*. These are the three great parts he acts under; and when he has completed his circle, he sinks back again; as the last change into a *Stone* denotes, into his natural

Hence Miscellanies spring, the weekly boast  
 Of Curl's chaste press, and Lintot's rubric post: 40  
 Hence hymning Tyburn's elegiac lines,  
 Hence Journals, Medleys, Merc'ries, MAGAZINES:

## VARIATIONS.

VER. 41. in the former lines,

Hence hymning Tyburn's elegiac Lay,

Hence the soft sing-song on Cecilia's Day.

VER. 42. Alludes to the annual Songs composed to Music on St. Cecilia's Feast.

## REMARKS.

state of immoveable Stupidity. Hence it is, that the Poet, where speaking at large of all these various Metamorphoses in the second Book, describes *Mother Osborne*, the great Antitype of our Proteus, in  $\S$  312. after all her changes, as at last quite *stupified to Stone*. If I may expect thanks of the learned world for this discovery, I would by no means deprive that excellent Critic of his share, who discovered before me, that in the character of Proteus was designed *Sophistam, Magum, Politicum, præsertim rebus omnibus sese accommodantem*. Which in English is, *A Political writer, a Libeller, and a Disputer, writing indifferently for or against every party in the State, every sect in Religion, and every character in private life*. See my *Fables of Ovid explained*.

ABBE BANIER. W.

VER. 40. *Curl's chaste press, and Lintot's rubric post:*] Two Booksellers, of whom see Book ii. The former was fined by the Court of King's Bench for publishing obscene books; the latter usually adorned his shop with titles in red letters.

VER. 41. *Hence hymning Tyburn's elegiac lines,*] It is an ancient English custom for the Malefactors to sing a Psalm at

## IMITATIONS.

VER. 41, 42. *Hence hymning Tyburn's — Hence, &c.*]

— *Genus unde Latinum,*

*Albanique patres, atque altæ moenia Romæ.*

Virg. *Æn.* i.

Sepulchral Lies, our holy walls to grace,  
 And New-year Odes, and all the Grub-street race.

In clouded Majesty here Dulness shone; 45  
 Four guardian Virtues, round, support her throne:

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their execution at Tyburn; and no less customary to print Elegies on their deaths, at the same time, or before.

VER. 42. MAGAZINES:] The common name of those upstart collections in prose and verse; in which, at some times,

— new-born nonsense first is taught to cry;

at others, dead-born Scandal has its monthly funeral: where Dulness assumes all the various shapes of Folly to draw in and cajole the Rabble. The eruption of every miserable Scribler; the scum of every dirty News-paper; or Fragments of Fragments, picked up from every Dunghill, under the title of *Papers, Essays, Reflections, Confutations, Queries, Verses, Songs, Epigrams, Riddles, &c.* equally the disgrace of human Wit, Morality, Decency, and Common Sense. P. W.

VER. 43. *Sepulchral Lies,*] Is a just satire on the Flatteries and Falshoods admitted to be inscribed on the walls of Churches, in Epitaphs; which occasioned the following Epigram,

Friend! in your Epitaphs, I'm griev'd,  
 So very much is said:  
 One half will never be believ'd,  
 The Other never read.

VER. 44. *New-year Odes,*] Made by the Poet Laureate for the time being, to be sung at Court on every New-year's-day, the words of which are happily drowned in the voices and instruments. The *New-year Odes* of the Hero of this work were of a cast distinguished from all that preceded him, and made a conspicuous part of his character as a writer, which doubtless induced our Author to mention them here so particularly.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 45. *In clouded Majesty]*

— the Moon

*Rising in clouded Majesty— Milton, Book iv.*

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: 50  
 Prudence, whose glass presents th' approaching jayl;  
 Poetic Justice, with her lifted scale,

## REMARKS.

VER. 45. *In clouded Majesty here Dulness shone;*] See this Cloud removed, or rolled back, or gathered up to her head, book iv. v 17, 18. It is worth while to compare this description of the Majesty of Dulness in a state of peace and tranquillity, with that more busy scene where she mounts the throne in triumph, and is not so much supported by her own Virtues, as by the princely consciousness of having destroyed all other.

SCRIBL. W.

VER. 50. *Who hunger, and who thirst &c.*] “This is an allusion to a text in Scripture, which shews, in Mr. Pope, a “delight in prophaneness,” said Curl upon this place. But it is very familiar with Shakespear to allude to passages of Scripture. Out of a great number I will select a few, in which he not only alludes to, but quotes the very Text from holy Writ. In All’s well that ends well, *I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, I have not much skill in grass.* Ibid. *They are for the flowery way that leads to the broad gate and the great fire.* Matt. vii. 13. In Much ado about nothing, *All, all, and moreover God saw him when he was hid in the garden.* Gen. iii. 8. (in a very jocose scene.) In Love’s labour lost, he talks of Samson’s carrying the gates on his back; In the Merry wives of Windsor, of Goliath and the weaver’s beam; and in Henry IV. Falstaff’s soldiers are compared to Lazarus and the prodigal son.

The first part of this note is Mr. CURL’s, the rest is Mr. THEOBALD’s Appendix to Shakespear Restored, p. 144.

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VER. 48. ——— that knows no fears  
 Of hisses, blows, or want, or loss of ears:]

*Quem neque pauperies, neque mors, neque vincula terrent.* Hor.

Where, in nice balance, truth with gold she weighs,  
And solid pudding against empty praise.

Here she beholds the Chaos dark and deep, 55  
Where nameless Somethings in their causes sleep,  
'Till genial Jacob, or a warm Third day,  
Call forth each mass, a Poem, or a Play:  
How hints, like spawn, scarce quick in embryo lie,  
How new-born nonsense first is taught to cry, 60  
Maggots half-form'd in rhyme exactly meet,  
And learn to crawl upon poetic feet.  
Here one poor word an hundred clenches makes,  
And ductile dulness new meanders takes;

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VER. 63. *Here one poor word an hundred clenches makes,*] It may not be amiss to give an instance or two of these operations of *Dulness* out of the Works of her Sons, celebrated in the Poem. A great Critic formerly held these clenches in such abhorrence, that he declared, "he that would pun, would pick a

IMITATIONS.

VER. 55. *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. vi.

*Within the chambers of the globe they spy  
The beds where sleeping vegetables lie,  
'Till the glad summons of a genial ray  
Unbinds the glebe, and calls them out to day.*



There motley Images her fancy strike, 65  
 Figures ill pair'd, and Similies unlike.  
 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; 70  
 How Time himself stands still at her command,  
 Realms shift their place, and Ocean turns to land,  
 Here gay Description Ægypt glads with show'rs,  
 Or gives to Zembla fruits, to Barca flow'rs;

## REMARKS.

“pocket.” Yet Mr. Dennis’s works afford us notable examples in this kind: “*Alexander Pope* hath sent abroad into the world as many *Bulls* as his namesake Pope *Alexander*.—Let us take the initial and final letters of his Name, viz. *A. P—E*, and they give you the idea of an *Ape*.—*Pope* comes from the Latin word *Popa*, which signifies a little Wart; or from *poppysma*, because he was continually *popping* out squibs of wit, or rather *Popysmata*, or *Popisms*.” DENNIS ON *Hom.* and *Daily Journal*, June 11, 1728.

VER. 70. &c. *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 and Comedy, Farce and Epic, see *Pluto* and *Proserpine*, *Penelope*, &c. if yet extant.

VER. 73. *Ægypt glads with show'rs,*] In the Lower Ægypt Rain is of no use, the overflowing of the Nile being sufficient to impregnate the soil.—These six verses represent the Inconsistencies in the descriptions of poets, who heap together all glitter-

## IMITATIONS.

VER. 64. *And ductile Dulness, &c.*] A parody on a verse in *Garth*, Cant. i.

*How ductile matter new meanders takes.*

Glitt'ring with ice here hoary hills are seen, 75

There painted vallies of eternal green,

In 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. 80

She, tinsel'd o'er in robes of varying hues,

With self-applause her wild creation views ;

Sees momentary monsters rise and fall,

And with her own fools-colours gilds them all.

'Twas on the day, when \* \* rich and grave, 85

Like Cimon, triumph'd both on land and wave :

VARIATIONS.

VER. 85. in the former Editions,

'Twas on the day when Thorold, rich and grave.

Sir George Thorold, Lord Mayor of London in the year 1720.

REMARKS.

ing and gawdy images, though incompatible in one season, or in one scene.

See the Guardian, N<sup>o</sup> 40. parag. 6. See also *Enfden's* whole works, if to be found. It would not have been unpleasant to have given Examples of all these species of bad writing from these Authors, but that it is already done in our Treatise of the *Bathos*.

SCRIBL.

VER. 83. *Sees momentary monsters rise and fall, And with her own fools-colours gilds them all.*] i. e. Sets off unnatural conceptions in false and tumid expression.

W.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 79. *The cloud-compelling Queen*] From Homer's Epithet of Jupiter, *νεφελιγερέτα Ζεύς*.

(Pomps without guilt, of bloodless swords and maces,  
Glad chains, warm furs, broad banners, and broad  
faces)

Now Night descending, the proud scene was o'er,  
But liv'd, in Settle's numbers, one day more. 90  
Now May'rs and Shrieves all hush'd and fatiate lay,  
Yet eat, in dreams, the custard of the day ;

## REMARKS.

VER. 85, 86. 'Twas on the Day, when\*\* rich and grave,  
Like Cimon, triumph'd] Viz. a Lord Mayor's Day; his name the  
author had left in blanks, but most certainly could never be that  
which the Editor foisted in formerly, and which no way agrees  
with the chronology of the poem. BENTL.

The Procession of a Lord Mayor is made partly by land, and  
partly by water.—Cimon, the famous Athenian General, ob-  
tained a victory by sea, and another by land, on the same day,  
over the Persians and Barbarians.

VER. 88. *Glad chains,*] The Ignorance of these Moderns!  
This was alter'd 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 Græcism, nay of figurative  
speech itself: *Lætas segetes*, glad, for making glad, &c. SCRIBL.

VER. 90. *But liv'd, in Settle's numbers, one day more.*] A  
beautiful manner of speaking, usual with poets in praise of poe-  
try, in which kind nothing is finer than those lines of Mr. Ad-  
dison:

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

Ibid. *But liv'd, in Settle's numbers, one day more.*] Settle was  
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 at length frugally

While penfive Poets painful vigils keep,  
 Sleepless themselves, to give their readers sleep.  
 Much to the mindful Queen the feast recalls 95  
 What City Swans once sung within the walls;  
 Much she revolves their arts, their ancient praise,  
 And sure succession down from Heywood's days.  
 She saw, with joy, the line immortal run,  
 Each fire imprest and glaring in his son: 100  
 So watchful Bruin forms, with plastic care,  
 Each growing lump, and brings it to a Bear.

REMARKS.

abolished, the employment of City-poet ceased; so that upon Settle's demise there was no successor to that place.

VER. 98. *John Heywood*, whose Interludes were printed in the time of Henry VIII.

VER. 103. *Old Pryn in restless Daniel*] The first edition had it,

*She saw in Norton all his father shine:*

a great Mistake! for Daniel De Foe had parts, but Norton De Foe was a wretched writer, and never attempted Poetry. Much more justly is Daniel himself made successor to W. Pryn, both of whom wrote Verses as well as Politics; as appears by the Poem *De jure divino*, &c. of De Foe, and by these lines in Cowley's Miscellanies, on the other:

—One lately did not fear  
 (Without the Muses leave) to plant Verse here.  
 But it produced such base, rough, crabbed, hedge —  
 Rhymes, as e'en set the hearers 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 style  
 Call'd to this day the Homer of the Isle.

She saw old Pryn in restless Daniel shine,  
And Eusden eke out Blackmore's endless line;

## REMARKS.

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

VER. 104. *And Eusden eke out &c.*] 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 he ever met with, none comes up to some verses of this poet, which have as much of the Ridiculum and the Fustian in them 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." Farther he says of him, "That he hath prophesied his own poetry shall be sweeter than Catullus, Ovid, and Tibullus; but we have little hope of the accomplishment of it, from what he hath lately published." Upon which Mr. Oldmixon has not spared 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 bestowed it." *Ibid.* p. 417. But the well-known learning of that Noble Person, who was then Lord Chamberlain, might have screened him from this unmannerly reflection. Nor ought Mr. Oldmixon to complain, so long after, that the Laurel would have better become his own brows, or any others: It were more decent to acquiesce in the opinion of the Duke of Buckingham upon this matter:

*—In rish'd Eusden, and cry'd, Who shall have it,  
But I, the true Laureate, to whom the King gave it?  
Apollo beg'd pardon, and granted his claim,  
But vow'd that till then he ne'er heard of his name.*

Session of Poets.

The same plea might also serve for his successor, Mr. Cibber;

She saw slow Philips creep like Tate's poor page,  
And all the mighty Mad in Dennis rage. 106

REMARKS.

and is further strengthened in the following Epigram, made on that occasion :

In merry old England it once was a rule,  
The King had his Poet, and also his Fool :  
But now we're so frugal, I'd have you to know it,  
That Cibber can serve both for Fool and for Poet.

Of Blackmore, see Book ii. Of Philips, Book i. § 262. and Book iii. *prope fin.*

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

VER. 106. *And all the mighty Mad*] This is by no means to be understood literally, as if Mr. Dennis were really mad, according to the Narrative of Dr. Norris in Swift and Pope's Miscellanies, vol. iii. No—it is spoken of that *Excellent and Divine Madness*, so often mentioned by Plato ; that poetical rage and enthusiasm, with which Mr. D. hath, in his time, been highly possessed ; and of those *extraordinary hints and motions* whereof he himself so feelingly treats in his preface to the Rem. on Pr. Arth. [See notes on Book ii. ver. 268.]

Ibid. *And all the mighty Mad in Dennis rage.*] Mr. Theobald, in the Censor, vol. ii. N. 33. calls Mr. Dennis by the name of Furius. “ The modern Furius is to be looked upon  
“ as more an object of pity, than of that which he daily pro-  
“ vokes, laughter and contempt. Did we really know how  
“ much this poor man [*I wish that reflection on poverty had been*  
“ *spared*] “ 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.—*Poet*  
“ Furius [*again*] when any of his cotemporaries are spoken well

In each she marks her Image full exprest,  
But chief in BAYS's monster-breeding breast;

## VARIATIONS.

VER. 108. *But chief in Bays's &c.*] In the former Edd. thus,

But chief, in Tibbald's monster-breeding breast;  
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,  
And pin'd, unconscious of his rising fate;  
Studious he fate, with all his Books around,  
Sinking from thought to thought, &c. —

Var. *Tibbald*] Author of a pamphlet intitled, *Shakespear restor'd*. During two whole years while Mr. Pope was preparing his Edition of Shakespear, he publish'd Advertisements, requesting assistance, and promising satisfaction to any who could contribute to its greater perfection. But this Restorer, who was at that time soliciting favours of him by letters, did wholly conceal his design, till after its publication: (which he was since not ashamed to own, in a *Daily Journal* of Nov. 26, 1728.) And then an outcry was made in the Prints, that our Author had joined with the Bookseller to raise an *extravagant subscription*; in which he had no share, of which he had no knowledge, and against which he had publickly advertised in his own proposals for *Homer*. Probably that Proceeding elevated *Tibbald* to the dignity he holds in this Poem, which he seems to deserve no other way better than his brethren; unless we impute it to the share he had in the Journals, cited among the *Testimonies of Authors* prefixed to this work.

## REMARKS.

“ of, quitting the ground of the present dispute, steps back  
“ a thousand years to call in the succour of the Ancients. His  
“ very panegyric is spiteful, and he uses it for the same reason  
“ as some Ladies do their commendations of a dead beauty, who  
“ would never 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*.”

Bays, form'd by nature Stage and Town to bless,  
And act, and be, a Coxcomb with success. 110

## REMARKS.

Et c. Indeed his pieces against our poet are somewhat of an angry character, and as they are now scarce extant, a taste of his style may be satisfactory to the curious. "A young, squab, short gentleman, whose outward form, though it should be that of downright 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 hunch-back'd 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-back'd by that blind Hector, Impudence." Reflect. on the Essay on Criticism, p. 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 pleas'd to be frolicksome, and the epidemic *Madness of the times* have given him *Reputation*, and Reputation (as Hobbes 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 to me than life, of which I have now for forty years been a constant assertor, Et c. I look upon it as my duty, I say, to do—you shall see what—to pull the lion's skin from this little Ass, which popular error has thrown round him; and to shew that this Author, who has been lately so much in vogue, has neither sense in his thoughts, nor English in his expressions." DENNIS, Rem. on Hom. Pref. p. 2. 91, Et c.

Besides these public-spirited reasons, Mr. D. had a private one; which, by his manner of expressing it in p. 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



Dulness with transport eyes the lively Dunce,  
 Remembring she herself was Pertness once.

## REMARKS.

“ he) is too long to be told, but who would be acquainted with  
 “ it, may hear it from Mr. Curl, my bookseller.—However,  
 “ what my reason has suggested to me, that I have with a  
 “ just confidence said, in defiance of his two clandestine wea-  
 “ pons, his *Slander* and his *Poison*.” Which last words of his  
 book plainly discover Mr. D.’s suspicion was that of being *poi-  
 soned*, in like manner as Mr. Curl had been before him: of  
 which fact see *A full and true account of a horrid and barbarous  
 revenge, by poison, on the body of Edmund Curl*, printed in 1716,  
 the year antecedent to that wherein these Remarks of Mr.  
 Dennis were published. But what puts it beyond all question,  
 is a passage in a very warm treatise, in which Mr. D. was also  
 concerned, price two pence, called *A true character of Mr.  
 Pope and his writings*, printed for S. Popping, 1716; in the  
 tenth page whereof he is said “ to have insulted people on those  
 “ calamities and diseases which he himself gave them, by ad-  
 “ ministring *Poison* to them;” and is called (p. 4.) “ a lurk-  
 “ ing way-laying coward, and a stabber in the dark.” Which  
 (with many other things most lively set forth in that piece)  
 must have rendered him a terror, not to Mr. Dennis only, but  
 to all christian people. This charitable warning only provoked  
 our incorrigible Poet to write the following Epigram:

Should Dennis publish, you had stabb’d your Brother,  
 Lampon’d your Monarch, or debauch’d your Mother;  
 Say, what revenge on Dennis can be had?  
 Too dull for laughter, for reply too mad:  
 On one so poor you cannot take the Law;  
 On one so old your sword you scorn to draw:  
 Uncag’d then let the harmless monster rage,  
 Secure in dulness, madness, want, and age.

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 public with their  
 Letters. He made himself known to the Government by many  
 admirable schemes and projects; which the Ministry, for reasons

Now (shame to Fortune!) an ill Run at Play  
Blank'd his bold visage, and a thin Third day!

## REMARKS.

best known to themselves, constantly kept private. For his character, as a writer, it is given us as follows: "Mr. Dennis is excellent at Pindaric 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 writes Plays "more to get Reputation than Money." DENNIS of himself. See Giles Jacob's Lives of Dram. Poets, p. 68, 69. compared with p. 286,

VER. 109. *Bays, form'd by Nature, &c.*] It is hoped the poet here hath done full justice to his Hero's character, which it were a great mistake to imagine was wholly sunk in stupidity: he is allowed to have supported it with a wonderful mixture of Vivacity. This character is heightened according to his own desire, in a Letter he wrote to our author. "Pert and dull at least you might have allowed me. What! am I only to be dull, and dull still, and again, and for ever?" He then solemnly appealed to his own conscience, that "he could not think himself so, nor believe that our poet did; but that he spoke worse of him than he could possibly think; and concluded it must be merely to shew his *Wit*, or for some *Profit* or *Lucre* to himself." Life of C. C. chap. vii. and Letter to Mr. P. pag. 15. 40. 53. And to shew his claim to what the Poet was so unwilling to allow him, of being *pert* as well as *dull*, he declares he will have the *last word*; which occasioned the following Epigram:

Quoth Cibber to Pope, Tho' in Verse you foreclose,  
I'll have the last Word; for, by G—, I'll write prose.  
Poor Colly, thy Reas'ning is none of the strongest,  
For know, the last Word is the Word that lasts longest.

VER. 112. *Remembring she herself was Pertness once.*] The Poet had told us, v 13. that this fair daughter of *Night* and *Chaos* was got by them in their dotage; a time of life when Parents are most apt to spoil their children by too great indulgence. It is not to be thought strange therefore, that over-much

Swearing and supperless the Hero fate, 115  
 Blasphem'd his Gods, the Dice, and damn'd his Fate.  
 Then gnaw'd his pen, then dash'd it on the ground,  
 Sinking from thought to thought, a vast profound!  
 Plung'd for his sense, but found no bottom there,  
 Yet wrote and flounder'd on, in mere despair. 120

## REMARKS.

careless should make even *Dulness* herself *pert*, especially in her youth; though her own natural *Alacrity* was in sinking, or towards *Gravity*.

SCRIBL. W.

VER. 113. *shame to Fortune!*] Because she usually shews favour to persons of this Character, who have a three-fold pretence to it.

VER. 115. *supperless the Hero fate,*] It is amazing how the sense of this hath been mistaken by all the former commentators, who most idly suppose it to imply that the Hero of the poem wanted a supper. In truth a great absurdity! Not that we are ignorant that the Hero of Homer's *Odyssy* 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 Critics and Poets, but of Kings and Warriors, have been subject. But much more refined, I will venture to say, is the meaning of our author: It was to give us, obliquely, a curious precept, or, what *Boslu* calls, *a disguised sentence*, that "Temperance is the life of Study." The language of poesy brings all into action; and to represent a Critic encompassed 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.

SCRIBL.

But since the discovery of the true Hero of the poem, may we not add, that nothing was so natural, after so great a loss of Money at Dice, or of Reputation by his Play, as that the Poet should have no great stomach to eat a supper? Besides, how well has the Poet consulted his Heroic Character, in adding that he *swore* all the time?

BENTL.

Round him much Embryo, much Abortion lay,  
 Much future Ode, and abdicated Play;  
 Nonsense precipitate, like running Lead,  
 That slip'd thro' Cracks and Zig-zags of the Head;  
 All that on Folly Frenzy could beget, 125  
 Fruits of dull Heat, and Sooterkins of Wit.  
 Next, o'er his Books his eyes began to roll,  
 In pleasing memory of all he stole,  
 How here he sipp'd, how there he plunder'd snug,  
 And suck'd all o'er, like an industrious Bug. 139

VARIATIONS.

VER. 121. *Round him much Embryo &c.*] In the former Editions thus,

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,  
 The page admires new beauties not its own.  
 Here swells the shelf &c. —

IMITATIONS.

Var. *He roll'd his eyes that witness'd huge dismay.*

— round he throws his eyes,

*That witness'd huge affliction and dismay.* Milt. B. i.

The progress of a bad poet in his thoughts, being (like the progress of the Devil in Milton) through a *Chaos*, might probably suggest this imitation.

Here lay poor Fletcher's half-eat scenes, and here  
 The Frippery of crucify'd Moliere;  
 There hapless Shakespear, yet of Tibbald fore,  
 Wish'd he had blotted for himself before.  
 The rest on Out-side merit but presume, 135  
 Or serve (like other Fools) to fill a room;

## REMARKS.

VER. 131. *poor Fletcher's half-eat scenes,*] A great number of them taken out to patch up his Plays.

VER. 132. *The Frippery*] "When I fitted up an old play, "it was as a good housewife will mend old linnen, when she "has not better employment." Life, p. 217. octavo.

VER. 133. *hapless Shakespear, &c.*] It is not to be doubted but Bays was a subscriber to Tibbald's Shakespear. He was frequently liberal this way; and, as he tells us, "subscribed to "Mr. Pope's Homer, out of pure Generosity and Civility; "but when Mr. Pope did so to his Nonjuror, he concluded it "could be nothing but a joke." Letter to Mr. P. p. 24.

This Tibbald, or Theobald, published an edition of Shakespear, of which he was so proud himself as to say, in one of Mist's Journals, June 8, "That to expose any Errors in it "was impracticable." And in another, April 27, "That "whatever care might for the future be taken by any other "Editor, he would still give above five hundred Emendations, "that shall escape them all."

VER. 134. *Wish'd he had blotted*] It was a ridiculous praise which the Players gave to Shakespear, "that he never blotted "a line." Ben Johnson honestly wish'd he had blotted a thousand; and Shakespear would certainly have wished the same, if he had lived to see those alterations in his works, which, not the Actors only (and especially the daring Hero of this poem) have made on the Stage, but the presumptuous Critics of our days in their Editions.

VER. 135. *The rest on Out-side merit &c.*] This Library is divided into three parts; the first consists of those authors from whom he stole, and whose works he mangled; the second, of such as fitted the shelves, or were gilded for shew, or adorned

Such with their shelves as due proportion hold,  
 Or their fond Parents drest in red and gold;  
 Or where the pictures for the page attone,  
 And Quarles is fav'd by Beauties not his own. 140  
 Here swells the shelf with Ogilby the great;  
 There, stamp'd with arms, Newcastle shines com-  
 plete :  
 Here all his suffering brotherhood retire,  
 And 'scape the martyrdom of jakes and fire :

## REMARKS.

with pictures; the third class our author calls solid learning, old bodies of Divinity, old Commentaries, old English Printers, or old English Translations; all very voluminous, and fit to erect altars to Dulness.

VER. 141. *Ogilby the great;*] “ John Ogilby was one, who, from a late initiation into literature, made such a progress as might well style 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.*

VER. 142. *There, stamp'd with arms, Newcastle shines complete:*] “ The *Duchess of Newcastle* 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 Folios* of her *Grace's*; which were usually adorned with gilded covers, and had her coat of arms upon them.

## IMITATIONS.

VER. 140. in the former Edd.

*The page admires new beauties not it's own.*

*Miraturque novas frondes & non sua poma.* . . . Virg. *Geor. ii.*

A Gothic Library! of Greece and Rome 145  
Well purg'd, and worthy Settle, Banks, and Broome.

But, high above, more solid Learning shone,  
The Classics of an Age that heard of none;

## VARIATIONS.

VER. 146. in the first Edit. it was

Well-purg'd, and worthy W—y, W—s, and Bl—  
And in the following alter'd to Withers, Quarles, and Blome,  
on which was the following note:

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 person-  
“ages in power, which brought upon him frequent Correction.  
“The *Marshalsea* and *Newgate* were no strangers to him.” WIN-  
STANLY. Quarles was as dull a writer, but an honest man.  
*Blome's* books are remarkable for their cuts.

## REMARKS.

VER. 146. *Worthy Settle, Banks, and Broome.*] The Poet  
has mentioned these three authors in particular, as they are par-  
allel to our Hero in his three capacities: 1. Settle was his Bro-  
ther Laureate; only indeed upon half-pay, for the City instead  
of the Court; but equally famous for unintelligible flights in his  
poems on public occasions, such as Shows, Birth-days, &c.  
2. Banks was his Rival in *Tragedy* (tho' more successful) in one  
of his Tragedies, the *Earl of Essex*, which is yet alive: *Anna*  
*Boleyn*, the *Queen of Scots*, and *Cyrus the Great*, are dead and  
gone. These he dress'd in a sort of *Beggars Velvet*, or a happy  
mixture of the *thick Fustian* and *thin Prosaic*; exactly imitated  
in *Perolla and Isidora*, *Cæsar in Ægypt*, and the *Heroic Daugh-*  
*ter*. 3. Broome was a serving man of Ben. Johnson, who once  
picked up a *Comedy* from his Betters, or from some cast scenes  
of his Master, not entirely contemptible.

VER. 147. *More solid Learning*] Some have objected, that

There Caxton slept, with Wynkyn at his side, 149  
 One clasp'd in wood, and one in strong cow-hide;  
 There, sav'd by spice, like Mummies, many a year,  
 Dry Bodies of Divinity appear :

## REMARKS.

books of this sort suit not so well the library of our Bays, which they imagine consisted of Novels, Plays, and obscene books; but they are to consider, that he furnished his shelves only for ornament, and read these books no more than the *Dry bodies of Divinity*, which, no doubt, were purchased by his Father when he designed him for the Gown. See the note on *y* 200.

VER. 149. *Caxton*] A Printer in the time of Edw. IV. Rich. III. and Hen. VII; Wynkyn de Word, his successor, in that of Hen. VII and VIII. 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. "Hap-  
 " pened that to my hande cam a lytyl booke in frenche, whiche  
 " late was translated out of latyn by some noble clerke of  
 " fraunce, whiche booke is named *Eneydos* (made in latyn by  
 " that noble poete & grete clerk Vyrghyle) which booke I sawe  
 " over and redde therein, How after the generall destruccyon  
 " of the grete Troy, Eneas departed berynge his old fader an-  
 " chises upon his sholdres, his lytyl son yolas on his hande, his  
 " wyfe with moche other people followynge, and how he  
 " shipped and departed; wythe all thyforye of his adventures  
 " that he had er he cam to the atchievement of his conquest of  
 " ytalye, as all alonge shall be shewed in this present booke.  
 " In whiche booke I had grete playsyr, by cause of the fayr and  
 " honest termes & wordes in frenche, whiche I neuer sawe to  
 " fore lyke, ne none so playsaunt ne so well ordred; whiche  
 " booke as me femed sholde be moch requysite to noble men  
 " to see, as wel for the eloquence as the hystories. How wel  
 " that many hondred yerys passed was the sayd booke of Eney-  
 " dos wyth other workes made and lerned dayly in scolis, es-  
 " pecyally in ytalye and other places, which hystorye the sayd  
 " Vyrghyle made in metre." *Tibbald* quotes a rare passage from  
 him in *Mist's Journal* of March 16, 1728, concerning a *straunge*  
*and mervayllouse beaste called Sagittarye*, which he would have



De Lyra there a dreadful front extends,  
And here the groaning shelves Philemon bends.

Of these twelve volumes, twelve of amplest size,  
Redeem'd from tapers and defrauded pies, 156

Inspir'd he seizes: These an altar raise:

An hecatomb of pure, unfully'd lays

That altar crowns: A folio Common-place

Founds the whole pile, of all his works the base:

Quartos, octavos, shape the less'ning pyre; 161

A twisted Birth-day Ode completes the spire.

Then he: Great Tamer of all human art!

First in my care, and ever at my heart;

VARIATIONS.

VER. 162. *A twisted &c.*] in the former Edd.

And last, a little Ajax tips the Spire.

Var. *a little Ajax*] in *duodecimo*, translated from Sophocles by Tibbald.

REMARKS.

*Shakespear* to mean rather than *Teucer*, the archer celebrated by *Homer*.

VER. 153. *Nich de Lyra*, or Harpsfield, a very voluminous commentator, whose works, in five vast folios, were printed in 1472.

VER. 154. *Philemon Holland* Doctor in Physic. "He translated *so many books*, that a man would think he had done *nothing else*; insomuch that he might be called *Translator general of his age*. The books alone of his turning into English are sufficient to make a *Country Gentleman a complete Library*."

WINSTANLY.

Dulness! whose good old cause I yet defend, 165  
 With whom my Muse began, with whom shall end,  
 E'er since Sir Fopling's Periwig was Praise,  
 To the last honours of the Butt and Bays:  
 O thou! of Bus'ness the directing soul!  
 To this our head like byas to the bowl, 170  
 Which, as more pond'rous, made its aim more true,  
 Obliquely wadling to the mark in view:

REMARKS.

VER. 167. *E'er since Sir Fopling's Periwig*] The first visible cause of the passion of the Town for our Hero, was a fair flaxen full-bottom'd Periwig, which, he tells us, he wore in his first play of the *Fool in fashion*. It attracted, in a particular manner, the Friendship of Col. Brett, who wanted to purchase it. "Whatever contempt (says he) Philosophers may have for a fine Periwig, my friend, who was not to despise the world but to live in it; knew very well that so material an article of dress upon the head of a man of sense, if it became him, could never fail of drawing to him a more partial Regard and Benevolence, than could possibly be hoped for in an ill-made one. This, perhaps, may soften the grave censure, which so youthful a purchase might otherwise have laid upon him. In a word, he made his attack upon this Periwig, as your young fellows generally do upon a lady of pleasure, first by a few familiar praises of her person, and then a civil enquiry into the price of it; and we finished our bargain that night over a bottle." See *Life*, octavo, p. 303. This remarkable Periwig usually made its entrance upon the stage in a sedan, brought in by two chairmen, with infinite approbation of the audience.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 166. *With whom my Muse began, with whom shall end.*]

*A te principium, tibi desinet.*— Virg. Ecl. viii.

*Ἐκ Διὸς ἀρχόμεθα, καὶ εἰς Δία λόγιστε, Μῆσαί.* Theoc.

*Prima dicite mihi, summa dicende Camæna.* Hor.

O! ever gracious to perplex'd mankind,  
 Still spread a healing mist before the mind;  
 And, lest we err by Wit's wild dancing light, 175  
 Secure us kindly in our native night.  
 Or, if to Wit a coxcomb make pretence,  
 Guard the sure barrier between that and Sense;

## VARIATIONS.

VER. 177. *Or, if to Wit, &c.*] In the former Edd.

Ah! still o'er Britain stretch that peaceful wand,  
 Which lulls th' Helvetian and Batavian land;  
 Where rebel to thy throne if Science rise,  
 She does but shew her coward face and dies:  
 There thy good Scholiasts with unwear'd pains  
 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.  
 For thee supplying, in the worst of days,  
 Notes to dull books, and prologues to dull plays;  
 Not that my quill to critics was confin'd,  
 My verse gave ampler lessons to mankind;  
 So gravest precepts may successful prove,  
 But sad examples never fail to move.  
 As forc'd from wind-guns, &c.

Var. *Nor sleeps one error—Old puns restore, lost blunders, &c.*] As where he [Tibbald] laboured to prove *Shakespear* guilty of terrible *Anachronisms*, or low *Conundrums*, which Time had cover'd; and conversant in such authors as *Caxton* and *Wyntkin*, rather than in *Homer* or *Chaucer*. Nay, so far had he lost his reverence to this incomparable author, as to say in print, *He deserv'd to be whipt*. An insolence which nothing sure can parallel! but that of *Dennis*,

Or quite unravel all the reas'ning thread,  
 And hang some curious cobweb in its stead! 180  
 As, forc'd from wind-guns, lead itself can fly,  
 And pond'rous slugs cut swiftly thro' the sky;  
 As clocks to weight their nimble motion owe,  
 The wheels above urg'd by the load below:  
 Me Emptiness, and Dulness could inspire, 185  
 And were my Elasticity, and Fire.

who can be proved to have declared before company, that *Shakespeare was a Rascal*. *O tempora! O mores!* SCRIBL.

Var. *And crucify poor Shakespeare once a week.*] For some time once a week or fortnight, he printed in *Mist's Journal* a single remark or poor conjecture on some word or pointing of *Shakespeare*, either in his own name, or in letters to himself as from others without name. Upon these somebody made this Epigram,

“ 'Tis gen'rous, Tibbald! in thee and thy brothers,  
 “ To help us thus to read the works of others:  
 “ Never for this can just returns be shown;  
 “ For who will help us e'er to read thy own?”

Var. *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.

REMARKS.

VER. 178, 179. *Guard the sure barrier—Or quite unravel, &c.*] For *Wit* or *Reasoning* are never greatly hurtful to *Dulness*, but when the first is founded in *Truth*, and the other in *Usefulness*. W.

VER. 181. *As, forc'd from wind-guns, &c.*] The thought of these four verses is found in a poem of our Author's of a very early date (namely written at fourteen years old, and soon after printed) to the Author of a poem call'd *Successio*.

Some Dæmon stole my pen (forgive th'offence)  
 And once betray'd me into common sense :  
 Else all my Prose and Verse were much the same ;  
 This, prose on stilts ; that, poetry fall'n lame. 190  
 Did on the stage my Fops appear confin'd ?  
 My Life gave ampler lessons to mankind.  
 Did the dead Letter unsuccessful prove ?  
 The brisk Example never fail'd to move.  
 Yet sure had Heav'n decreed to save the State, 195  
 Heav'n had decreed these works a longer date.  
 Could Troy be sav'd by any single hand,  
 This grey-goose weapon must have made her stand,

## VARIATIONS.

VER. 195. *Yet sure had Heav'n &c.*] In the former Edd,  
 Had Heav'n decreed such works a longer date,  
 Heav'n had decreed to spare the Grubstreet-state,  
 But see great Settle to the dust descend,  
 And all thy cause and empire at an end !  
 Could Troy be sav'd &c. —————

## IMITATIONS.

VER. 195. *Had Heav'n decreed, &c.*]

*Me si cœlicolæ voluissent ducere vitam,*

*Has mihi servassent sedes.——*

Virg. Æn. ii.

VER. 197, 198. *Could Troy be sav'd—This grey-goose weapon]*

—— *Si Pergama dextra*

*Defendi possent, etiam hac defensa fuissent.* Virg. *ibid.*

What can I now ? my Fletcher cast aside,  
 Take up the Bible, once my better guide ? 200  
 Or tread the path by vent'rous Heroes trod,  
 This Box my Thunder, this right hand my God ?  
 Or chair'd at White's amidst the Doctors sit,  
 Teach Oaths to Gamesters, and to Nobles Wit ?

REMARKS.

VER. 199. *my Fletcher*] A familiar manner of speaking, used by modern Critics, of a favourite author. Bays might as justly speak thus of Fletcher, as a French Wit did of Tully, seeing his works in a library, " Ah ! mon cher Ciceron ! je le connois bien ; c'est le même que Marc Tulle." But he had a better title to call Fletcher *his own*, having made so free with him.

VER. 200. *Take up the Bible, once my better guide ?*] When, according to his Father's intention, he had been a *Clergyman*, or (as he thinks himself) a *Bishop* of the Church of England, Hear his own words : " At the time that the fate of K. James, the Prince of Orange, and Myself were on the anvil, Providence thought fit to postpone mine, 'till theirs were determined : But had my father carried me a month sooner to the University, who knows but that purer fountain might have washed my Imperfections into a capacity of writing, instead of Plays and annual *Odes*, Sermons and *Pastoral Letters* ?" Apology for his Life, chap. iii.

VER. 203. *at White's amidst the Doctors*] These Doctors had a modest and upright appearance, no air of over-bearing ; but, like true Masters of Arts, were only habited in *black* and *white* : They were justly styled *subtiles* and *graves*, but not always *irrefragabiles*, being sometimes examined, and, by a nice distinction, divided and laid open. SCRIBL. W.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 202. *This Box my Thunder, this right hand my God.*]

*Dextra mihi Deus, & telum quod missile libro.*

Virgil of the Gods of Mezentius.

Or bidst thou rather Party to embrace? 205  
 (A friend to Party thou, and all her race;  
 'Tis the same rope at diff'rent ends they twist;  
 To Dulness Ridpath is as dear as Mist.)  
 Shall I, like Curtius, desp'rate in my zeal, 209  
 O'er head and ears plunge for the Commonweal?  
 Or rob Rome's ancient geese of all their glories,  
 And cackling save the Monarchy of Tories?

## REMARKS.

This learned Critic is to be understood allegorically: The DOCTORS in this place mean no more than *false Dice*, a Cant phrase used amongst Gamesters. So the meaning of these four sonorous Lines is only this, "Shall I play fair, or foul?"

VER. 208. *Ridpath—Mist.*] George Ridpath, author of a Whig paper, called the Flying-post; Nathanael Mist, of a famous Tory Journal.

VER. 211. *Or rob Rome's ancient geese of all their glories,*] Relates to the well-known story of the geese that saved the Capitol; of which Virgil, *Æn.* viii.

*Atque 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.* ix.

— *argutos interstrepere anser olores.*

Read it, therefore, *adesse strepebat*. And why *auratis porticibus*? does not the very verse preceding this inform us,

*Romuleoque recens horrebat regia 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,

Hold—to the Minister I more incline ;  
 To serve his cause, O Queen ! is serving thine.  
 And see ! thy very Gazetteers give o'er, 215  
 Ev'n Ralph repents, and Henly writes no more.  
 What then remains ? Ourself. Still, still remain  
 Cibberian forehead, and Cibberian brain.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 213. *Hold—to the Minister—*] In the former Edd.

Yes, to my Country I my pen consign,  
 Yes, from this moment, mighty Mist ! am thine.

REMARKS.

— *Auritas fidiibus canoris  
 Ducere quercus.*

And to say that *walls have ears* is common even to a proverb.

SCRIBL.

VER. 212. *And cackling save the Monarchy of Tories ?*] Not out of any preference or affection to the Tories. For what Hobbes so ingenuously confesses of himself, is true of all Party-writers whatsoever : “ That he defends the supreme powers, as “ the *Geese* by their *cackling* defended the Romans, who held “ the Capitol ; for they favoured them no more than the Gauls, “ their Enemies, but were as ready to have defended the Gauls “ if they had been *possessed of the Capitol.*” Epist. Dedic. to the Leviathan. W.

VER. 215. *Gazetteers*] A band of ministerial writers, hired at the price mentioned in the note on book ii. ver. 316. who, on the very day their Patron quitted his post, laid down their paper, and declared they would never more meddle in Politics.

VER. 218. *Cibberian forehead*] So indeed all the MSS. read, but I make no scruple to pronounce them all wrong, the Laureate being elsewhere celebrated by our Poet for his great *Modesty—modest Cibber*—Read, therefore, at my peril, *Cerberian forehead.* This is perfectly classical, and, what is more, Ho-



This brazen Brightness, to the 'Squire so dear;  
 This polish'd Hardness, that reflects the Peer: 220  
 This arch Absurd, that wit and fool delights;  
 This Mess, tofs'd up of Hockley-hole and White's;  
 Where Dukes and Butchers join to wreath my  
 crown,

At once the Bear and Fiddle of the town.

O born in sin, and forth in folly brought! 225  
 Works damn'd, or to be damn'd! (your father's fault)

## VARIATIONS.

VER. 225. *O born in sin, &c.*] In the former Edd.

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,  
 Or shipp'd with Ward to Ape-and-monkey lands,  
 Or wasting ginger, round the streets to run,  
 And visit Ale-house, where ye first begun.  
 With that he list'd thrice the sparkling brand,  
 And thrice he dropp'd it, &c. —

## IMITATIONS.

Var. *And visit Alehouse,*] Waller on the Navy,  
*Those tow'rs of Oak o'er fertile plains may go,  
 And visit mountains where they once did grow,*

## REMARKS.

*merical*; the *Dog* was the ancient, as the *Bitch* is the modern, symbol of Impudence: (*Κυρὸς ὀμνῶν ἔχων*, says Achilles to Agamemnon) which, when in a superlative degree, may well be denominated from *Cerberus*, the *Dog with three heads*.—But as to the latter part of this verse, *Gibberian brain*, that is certainly the genuine reading. BENTL. W.

VER. 225. *O born in sin, &c.*] This is a tender and pas-

Go, purify'd by flames ascend the sky,  
 My better and more christian progeny!  
 Unstain'd, untouch'd, and yet in maiden sheets;  
 While all your smutty sisters walk the streets. 230  
 Ye shall not beg, like gratis-given Bland,  
 Sent with a Pass, and vagrant thro' the land;  
 Not sail with Ward, to Ape-and-monkey climes,  
 Where vile Mundungus trucks for viler rhymes:

REMARKS.

fionate 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.

VER. 228. *My better and more christian progeny!*] “It may be observable, that my muse and my spouse were equally prolific; that the one was seldom the mother of a Child, but in the same year the other made me the father of a Play. I think we had a dozen of each sort between us; of both which kinds some *died in their Infancy,*” &c. Life of C. C. p. 217. 8vo edit.

VER. 231. *gratis-given Bland—Sent with a Pass,*] It was a practice so to give the Daily Gazetteer and ministerial pamphlets (in which this B. was a writer) and to send them *Post-free* to all the Towns in the kingdom.

VER. 233. — *with Ward, to Ape-and-monkey climes,*] “Edward Ward, a very voluminous Poet in Hudibrastic verse, but best known by the London Spy, in prose. He has of

IMITATIONS.

VER. 229. *Unstain'd, untouch'd, &c.*]

— *Fœlix Priamœia virgo!*

*Iussa mori: quæ sortitus non pertulit ullos,*

*Nec victoris heri tetigit captiva cubile!*

*Nos, patria incensa, diversa per æquara vecta, &c.*

Virg. Æn. iii.

Not sulphur-tipt, emblaze an Ale-house fire; 235  
 Not wrap up Oranges, to pelt your fire!  
 O! pass more innocent, in infant state,  
 To the mild Limbo of our Father Tate:  
 Or peaceably forgot, at once be blest  
 In Shadwell's bosom with eternal Rest! 240  
 Soon to that mass of Nonsense to return,  
 Where things destroy'd are swept to things unborn.  
 With that, a Tear (portentous sign of Grace!)  
 Stole from the Master of the sev'nfold Face:

## REMARKS.

“late years kept a public 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. ii. p. 225. Great number of his works were yearly sold into the Plantations.—Ward, in a book called *Apollo's Maggot*, declared this account to be a great falsity, protesting that his public house was not in the *City*, but in *Moorfields*.

VER. 238, 240. *Tate—Shadwell*] Two of his predecessors in the Laurel.

VER. 243. *With that, a Tear (portentous sign of Grace!) &c.*] It is to be observed that our Poet hath made his Hero, in imitation of Virgil's, obnoxious to the tender Passions. He was indeed so given to weeping, that he tells us, when Goodman the player swore, if he did not *make a good actor, he'd be damn'd*; “the surprize of being commended by one, who had been himself so eminent on the stage, and in so positive a manner, was more than he could support. In a word (says he) it almost took away my breath, and (laugh if you please) fairly drew tears from my eyes.” P. 149. of his *Life*, octavo. W.

And thrice he lifted high the Birth-day brand; 245  
 And thrice he dropt it from his quiv'ring hand;  
 Then lights the structure, with averted eyes:  
 The rowling smokes involve the sacrifice.  
 The op'ning clouds disclose each work by turns,  
 Now flames the Cid, and now Perolla burns; 250

VARIATIONS.

VER. 250. *Now flames the Cid, &c.*] In the former Edd.

Now flames old Memnon, now Rodrigo burns,  
 In one quick flash see Proserpine expire,  
 And last, his own cold Æschylus took fire.  
 Then gush'd the tears, as from the Trojan's eyes  
 When the last blaze &c.

Var. *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 *Tibbald* and a Watchmaker.) The *Rape of Proserpine*, one of the Farces of this author, in which *Ceres* setting fire to a corn-field, endangered the burning of the Play-house.

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

“ Alas! poor Æschylus! unlucky Dog!

“ Whom once a *Lobster* kill'd, and now a *Log*.

But this is a grievous error, for Æschylus was not slain by the fall of a *Lobster* on his head, but of a *Tortoise*, *teste* Val. Max. l. ix. cap. 12.

Great Cæsar roars, and hisses in the fires ;  
 King John in silence modestly expires :  
 No merit now the dear Nonjuror claims,  
 Moliere's old stubble in a moment flames,

## REMARKS.

VER. 250. *Now flames the Cid, &c.*] In the first notes on the Dunciad it was said, that this Author was particularly excellent at Tragedy. "This (says he) is as unjust as to say I could not dance on a Rope." But certain it is that he had attempted to dance on this Rope, and fell most shamefully, having produced no less than four Tragedies (the names of which the Poet preserves in these few lines) the three first of them were fairly printed, acted, and damned; the fourth suppressed in fear of the like treatment.

VER. 253. *the dear Nonjuror—Moliere's old stubble*] A Comedy threshed out of Moliere's Tartuffe, and so much the Translator's favourite, that he assures us all our author's dislike to it could only arise from *disaffection to the Government* :

*Qui meprise Cotin, n'estime point son Roi,  
 Et n'a, selon Cotin, ni Dieu, ni foi, ni loi.* Boil.

He assures us, that "when he had the honour to kiss his Majesty's hand upon presenting his dedication of it, he was graciously pleased, out of his Royal bounty, to order him two hundred pounds for it. And this he doubts not grieved Mr. P."

## IMITATIONS.

VER. 245. *And thrice he lifted high the Birth-day brand,*] Ovid, of Althæa on a like occasion, burning her offspring :

*Tum conata quater flammis imponere torrem,  
 Cœpta quater tenuit.*

VER. 250. *Now flames the Cid, &c.*]

—*Jam Dœiphobi dedit ampla ruinam,  
 Vulcano superante demus; jam proximus ardet  
 Ucalegon.* —————

Tears gush'd again, as from pale Priam's eyes 255  
When the last blaze sent Ilion to the skies.

Rowz'd by the light, old Dulness heav'd the head,  
Then snatch'd a sheet of Thulè from her bed,  
Sudden she flies, and whelms it o'er the pyre;  
Down sink the flames, and with a hiss expire. 260

REMARKS.

VER. 256. *When the last blaze sent Ilion to the skies.*] See Virgil, *Æn.* ii. where I would advise the reader to peruse the story of Troy's destruction, rather than in Wynkyn. But I caution him alike in both to beware of a most grievous error, that of thinking it was brought about by I know not what *Trojan Horse*; there never having been any such thing. For, first, it was not *Trojan*, being made by the *Greeks*; and, secondly, it was not a *horse*, but a *mare*. This is clear from many verses in Virgil:

—— Uterumque armato milite complent. ——

Inclusos utero Danaos ——

Can a horse be said *Utero gerere*? Again,

—— Uteroque recusso,

Insonuere cavæ ——

—— Atque utero sonitum quater arma dedere.

Nay, is not expressly said

*Scandit fatalis machina muros*

*Fœta armis* ——

How is it possible the word *fœta* can agree with a *horse*? And indeed can it be conceived that the chaste and virgin Goddess *Pallas* would employ herself in forming and fashioning the Male of that species? But this shall be proved to a demonstration in our Virgil restored.

SCRIBL.

VER. 258. *Thulè*] An unfinished poem of that name, of which one sheet was printed many years ago, by Amb. Philips, a northern author. It is an usual method of putting out a fire, to cast wet sheets upon it. Some critics have been of opinion

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's  
 She looks, and breathes herself into their airs.  
 She bids him wait her to her sacred Dome: 265  
 Well pleas'd he enter'd, and confess'd his home.  
 So Spirits ending their terrestrial race,  
 Ascend, and recognize their Native Place.

## VARIATIONS.

After  $\gamma$  268. in the former Edd. followed these two lines,  
 Raptur'd, he gazes round the dear retreat,  
 And in sweet numbers celebrates the feat.

Var. *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.

## REMARKS.

that this sheet was of the nature of the Asbestos, which cannot be consumed by fire: But I rather think it an allegorical allusion to the coldness and heaviness of the writing.

VER. 265. *sacred Dome* :] Where he no sooner enters, but he reconnoitres the place of his original; as Plato says the spirits shall, at their entrance into the celestial regions.

## IMITATIONS.

V. 263. *Great in her charms! as when on Shrieves and May's  
 She looks and breathes herself into their airs.*]

*Alma parens confessa Deam; qualisque videri  
 Cœlicolis, & quanta solet—*

Virg. *Æn.* ii.

*Et lætos oculis afflavit honores.*

Id. *Æn.* i.

This the Great Mother dearer held than all 269  
 The clubs of Quidnuncs, or her own Guildhall :  
 Here stood her Opium, here she nurs'd her Owls,  
 And here she plann'd th' Imperial feat of Fools.

Here to her Chosen all her works she shews ;  
 Prose swell'd to verse, verse loit'ring into prose :  
 How random thoughts now meaning chance to find,  
 Now leave all memory of sense behind : 276  
 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 : 280  
 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,

REMARKS.

VER. 269. *Great Mother*] *Magna mater*, here applied to  
*Dulness*. The *Quidnuncs*, a name given to the ancient mem-  
 bers of certain political clubs, who were constantly enquiring  
*quid nunc?* what news?

IMITATIONS.

VER. 269. *This the Great Mother, &c.*]

*Urbs antiqua fuit* ———  
*Quam Juno fertur terris magis omnibus unam*  
*Posthabita coluisse Samo : hic illius arma,*  
*Hic currus fuit : hic regnum Dea gentibus esse*  
 (*Si qua fata sinant*) *jam tum tenditque fovetque.* Virg. *Æ. i.*



'Twixt Plautus, Fletcher, Shakespear, and Corneille,  
Can make a Cibber, Tibbald, or Ozell. 286

The Goddeſs then, o'er his anointed head,  
With myſtic words, the ſacred Opium ſhed.

## REMARKS.

VER. 286. *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 ſome forgotten Plays, Tranſlations, and other pieces. He was concerned in a paper called the Cenſor, and a Tranſlation of Ovid. "There is a notorious Idiot, one hight Wha-  
"chum, who, from an under-ſpur-leather to the Law, is be-  
"come an under-ſtrapper to the Play-houſe, who hath lately  
"burleſqued the Metamorphoſes of Ovid by a vile Tranſlation,  
" &c. This fellow is concerned in an impertinent paper called  
"the Cenſor." DENNIS Rem. on Pope's Hom. p 9, 10.  
*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 prieſt-  
"hood; but he choſe rather to be placed in an *office of ac-*  
"counts, in the City, being qualified for the ſame by his ſkill  
"in *arithmetic*, and writing the neceſſary *hands*. He has ob-  
"liged the world with many tranſlations of French Plays."  
JACOB, *Lives of Dram. Poets*, p. 198.

Mr. Jacob's character of Mr. Ozell ſeems vaſtly ſhort of his merits, and he ought to have further juſtice done him, having ſince fully confuted all Sarcaſms on his learning and genius. by an advertisement of Sept. 20, 1729. in a paper called the Weekly Medley, &c. "As to my *learning*, this envious Wretch knew,  
"and every body knows, that the *whole bench of Biſhops*, not  
"long ago, were pleaſed to give me a *purſe of guineas*, for diſ-  
"covering the erroneous tranſlations of the Common-prayer  
"in Portugueſe, Spaniſh, French, Italian, &c. As for my  
"genius, let Mr. Cleland ſhew better verſes in all Pope's  
"works, than Ozell's verſion of Boileau's *Lutrin*, which the  
"late Lord Halifax was ſo pleaſed with, that he compliment-  
"ed him with leave to dedicate it to him, &c. &c. Let him

And lo! her bird, (a monster of a fowl,  
 Something betwixt a Heideggre and owl,) 290  
 Perch'd on his crown. "All hail! and hail again,  
 My son! the promis'd land expects thy reign.  
 Know, Eusden thirsts no more for sack or praise;  
 He sleeps among the dull of ancient days;

VARIATIONS.

VER. 293. *Know, Eusden &c.*] in the former Edd.

Know, Settle cloy'd with custard, and with praise,  
 Is gather'd to the dull of ancient days,  
 Safe where no critics damn, no duns molest,  
 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, blest my throne!  
 I see! I see! — Then rapt she spoke no more,  
 God save King Tibbald! Grubstreet alleys roar.  
 So when Jove's block &c.

REMARKS.

"shew better and truer Poetry in the Rape of the Lock, than  
 "in Ozell's Rape of the Bucket (*la Secchia rapita.*) And M.  
 "Toland and Mr. Gildon publicly declared Ozell's transla-  
 "tion of Homer *to be*, as it was *prior*, so likewise *superior* to  
 "Pope's.—Surely, surely, every man is free to deserve well  
 "of his country!" JOHN OZELL.

We cannot but subscribe to such reverend testimonies, as  
 those of the *Bench of Bishops*, Mr. *Toland*, and Mr. *Gildon*.

VER. 290. *A Heideggre*] A strange bird from Switzerland,  
 and not (as some have supposed) the name of an eminent per-  
 son who was a man of parts, and, as was said of Petronius,  
*Arbiter Elegantiarum.*

Safe, where no Critics damn, no duns molest, 295  
 Where wretched Withers, Ward, and Gildon rest,  
 And high-born Howard, more majestic fire,  
 With Fool of Quality compleats the quire.  
 Thou, Cibber ! thou, his Laurel shalt support,  
 Folly, my son, has still a Friend at Court. 300  
 Lift up your Gates, ye Princes, see him come !  
 Sound, found ye Viols, be the Cat-call dumb !  
 Bring, bring the madding Bay, the drunken Vine ;  
 The creeping, dirty, courtly Ivy join.  
 And thou ! his Aid de camp, lead on my sons, 305  
 Light-arm'd with Points, Antitheses, and Puns.

## REMARKS.

VER. 296. *Withers,*] See on ver. 146.

Ibid. *Gildon*] Charles Gildon, a writer of criticisms and libels of the last age, bred at St. Omer's with the Jesuits ; but renouncing popery, he published Blount's books against the divinity of Christ, the Oracles of Reason, &c. He signalized himself as a critic, having written some very bad Plays ; abused Mr. P. very scandalously in an anonymous pamphlet of the Life of Mr. Wycherley, printed by Curl ; in another, called the New Rehearsal, printed in 1714 ; in a third, entitled the Complete Art of English Poetry, in two volumes ; and others.

VER. 297. *Howard,*] Hon. Edward Howard, author of the British Princes, and a great number of wonderful pieces, celebrated by the late Earls of Dorset and Rochester, Duke of Buckingham, Mr. Waller, &c.

## IMITATIONS.

VER. 304. *The creeping, dirty, courtly Ivy join.*]

— *Quorum Imagines lambunt,  
 Hederæ sequaces.*

Perf.

Let Bawdry, Billingsgate, my daughters dear,  
 Support his front, and Oaths bring up the rear:  
 And under his, and under Archer's wing, 309  
 Gaming and Grub-street skulk behind the King.

O! when shall rise a Monarch all our own,  
 And I, a Nursing-mother, rock the throne;  
 'Twixt Prince and People close the Curtain draw,  
 Shade him from Light, and cover him from Law;  
 Fatten the Courtier, starve the learned band, 315  
 And suckle Armies, and dry-nurse the land:

REMARKS.

VER. 309, 310. *under Archer's wing*,—*Gaming, &c.*] When the Statute against Gaming was drawn up, it was represented, that the King, by ancient custom, plays at Hazard one night in the year; and therefore a clause was inserted, with an exception as to that particular. Under this pretence, the Groom-porter had a Room appropriated to Gaming all the summer the Court was at Kensington, which his Majesty accidentally being acquainted of, with a just indignation prohibited. It is reported the same practice is yet continued wherever the Court resides, and the Hazard Table there open to all the professed Gamesters in town.

Greatest and justest SOV'REIGN! *know you this?*  
*Alas! no more, than Thames' calm head can know*  
*Whose meads his arms drown, or whose corn o'erflow.*  
 Donne to Queen Eliz.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 311. *O! when shall rise a Monarch, &c.*] Boileau, Lutrin, Chant. II.

*Helas! qu'est devenu cet tems, cet heureux tems,*  
*Où les Rois s'honoroient du nom de Fainéans: &c.*

"Till Senates nod to Lullabies divine,  
And all be sleep, as at an Ode of thine.

She ceas'd. Then swells the Chapel-royal throat:  
God save king Cibber! mounts in ev'ry note. 320  
Familiar White's, God save king Colley! cries;  
God save king Colley! Drury-lane replies:  
To Needham's quick the voice triumphal rode,  
But pious Needham dropt the name of God;  
Back to the Devil the last echoes roll, 325  
And Coll! each Butcher roars at Hockley-hole.

So when Jove's block descended from on high  
(As sings thy great forefather Ogilby)

## REMARKS.

VER. 319. *Chapel-royal*] The Voices and Instruments used in the service of the Chapel-royal being also employed in the performance of the Birth-day and New-year Odes.

VER. 324. *But pious Needham*] A Matron of great fame, and very religious in her way; whose constant prayer it was, that she might "get enough by her profession to leave it off in time, and make her peace with God." But her fate was not so happy; for being convicted, and set in the pillory, she was (to the lasting shame of all her great Friends and Votaries) so ill used by the populace, that it put an end to her days.

VER. 325. *Back to the Devil*] The Devil Tavern in Fleet-street, where these Odes are usually rehearsed before they are performed at Court. Upon which a Wit of those times made this Epigram,

When Laureates make odes, Do you ask of what sort?

Do you ask if they're good, or are evil?

You may judge—From the Devil they come to the Court,

And go from the Court to the Devil.

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

REMARKS.

VER. 328.—*Ogilby*)—*God save king Log!*] See *Ogilby's* *Æsop's Fables*, where, in the story of the Frogs and their King, this excellent hemistic is to be found.

Our Author manifests here, and elsewhere, a prodigious tenderness for the *bad writers*. We see he selects the only good passage, perhaps, in all that ever *Ogilby* writ; which shews 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, where he labours to call up all our humanity and forgiveness toward these unlucky men, by the most moderate representation of their case that has ever been given by any author? “Much may be said to extenuate the fault of bad poets: What we call a *genius* is hard to be distinguished, by a man himself, from a prevalent inclination: And if it be 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 immediately made the object of ridicule! I wish we had the humanity to reflect, that even the worst authors might endeavour to please us, and, in that endeavour, deserve something at our hands. We have no cause to quarrel with them, but for their obstinacy in persisting, and even that may admit of alleviating circumstances: For their particular friends may be either ignorant, or unsincere; and the rest of the world too well bred to shock them with a truth which generally their booksellers are the first that inform them of.”

But how much all indulgence is lost upon these people may appear from the just reflection made on their constant conduct and constant fate, in the following Epigram:

“Ye little Wits, that gleam'd a while,  
“When Pope vouchsaf'd a ray,  
“Alas! depriv'd of his kind smile,  
“How soon ye fade away!

- “ To compass Phœbus’ car about,  
“ Thus empty vapours rise;  
“ Each lends his cloud, to put him out,  
“ That rear’d him to the skies.  
“ Alas! those skies are not your sphere;  
“ There He shall ever burn:  
“ Weep, weep, and fall! for Earth ye were,  
“ And must to Earth return.

The End of the FIRST BOOK.

