



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 IV.

Nutzungsbedingungen

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B O O K I V.

YET, yet a moment, one dim Ray of Light
 Indulge, dread Chaos, and eternal Night!
 Of darkness visible so much be lent,
 As half to shew, half veil the deep Intent.
 Ye Pow'rs! whose Mysteries restor'd I sing, 5
 To whom Time bears me on his rapid wing,

REMARKS:

The DUNCIAD, Book IV.] This Book may properly be distinguished from the former, by the Name of the GREATER DUNCIAD, not so indeed in Size, but in Subject; and so far contrary to the distinction anciently made of the *Greater* and *Lesser Iliad*. But much are they mistaken who imagine this Work in any wise inferior to the former, or of any other hand than of our Poet; of which I am much more certain than that the *Iliad* itself was the Work of *Solomon*, or the *Batrachomomachia* of *Homer*, as *Barnes* hath affirmed. BENT. P. W.

VER. 1, &c.] This is an Invocation of much Piety. The Poet willing to approve himself a genuine Son, beginneth by shewing (what is ever agreeable to *Dubness*) his high respect for *Antiquity* and a *Great Family*, how dead or dark soever: Next declareth his passion for explaining Mysteries; and lastly his Impatience to be *re-united* to her. SCRIBL. P. W.

VER. 2. *dread Chaos, and eternal Night!*] Invoked, as the Restoration of their Empire is the Action of the Poem. P. W.

VER. 4. *half to shew, half veil the deep Intent.*] This is a great propriety, for a dull Poet can never express himself otherwise than by *halves*, or imperfectly. SCRIBL. P. W.

I understand it very differently; the Author in this work had indeed a *deep Intent*; there were in it *Mysteries* or *ἀπορρησία* which he durst not fully reveal, and doubtless in divers verses (according to *Milton*)

— more is meant than meets the ear. BENT. P. W.

Suspend a while your Force inertly strong,
Then take at once the Poet and the Song.

Now flam'd the Dog-star's unpropitious ray,
Smote ev'ry Brain, and wither'd ev'ry Bay; 10
Sick was the Sun, the Owl forsook his bow'r,
The moon-struck Prophet felt the madding hour:

REMARKS.

VER. 6. *To whom Time bears me on his rapid wing,*] Fair and softly, good Poet! (cries the gentle *Scriblerus* on this place.) For sure in spite of his unusual modesty, he shall not travel so fast toward Oblivion, as divers others of more Confidence have done: For when I revolve in my mind the Catalogue of those who have the most boldly promised to themselves Immortality, viz. *Pindar, Luis Gongora, Ronsard, Oldham, Lyrics; Lycophron, Stadius, Chapman, Blackmore*, Heroics; I find the one half to be already dead, and the other in utter darkness. But it becometh not us, who have taken up the office of his Commentator, to suffer our Poet thus prodigally to cast away his Life; contrariwise, the more hidden and abstruse is his work, and the more remote its beauties from common Understanding, the more is it our duty to draw forth and exalt the same, in the face of Men and Angels. Herein shall we imitate the laudable Spirit of those, who have (for this very reason) delighted to comment on *dark* and *uncouth* Authors, and even on their *darker* Fragments; preferred *Ennius* to *Virgil*, and chosen to turn the dark Lanthorn of *LYCOPHRON*, rather than to trim the everlasting Lamp of *Homer*. SCRIBL. P. W.

VER. 7. *Force inertly strong,*] Alluding to the *Vis inertiae* of *Matter*, which, tho' it really be no Power, is yet the Foundation of all the Qualities and Attributes of that sluggish Substance. P. W.

VER. 11, 12. *Sick was the Sun,—The moon-struck Prophet*] The Poet introduceth this (as all great events are supposed by sage Historians to be preceded) by an *Eclipse of the Sun*; but with a peculiar propriety, as the Sun is the *Emblem* of that intellectual light which dies before the face of Dulness. Very apposite likewise is it to make this *Eclipse*, which is occasioned by

Then rose the Seed of Chaos, and of Night,
 To blot out Order, and extinguish Light,
 Of dull and venal a new World to mold, 15
 And bring Saturnian days of Lead and Gold.

She mounts the Throne : her head a Cloud conceal'd,
 In broad Effulgence all below reveal'd,

REMARKS.

the *Moon's* predominancy, the very time when *Dulness* and *Madness* are in *Conjunction*; whose relation and influence on each other the poet hath shewn in many places, Book i. *v* 29. Book iii. *v* 5. & seq. P. W.

VER. 14. *To blot out Order, and extinguish Light,*] The two great Ends of her Mission; the one in quality of Daughter of *Chaos*, the other as Daughter of *Night*. *Order* here is to be understood extensively, both as Civil and Moral; the distinctions between high and low in Society, and true and false in Individuals: *Light*, as Intellectual only, Wit, Science, Arts. P. W.

VER. 15. *Of dull and venal*] The Allegory continued; *dull* referring to the extinction of Light or Science; *venal* to the destruction of Order, or the Truth of Things. P. W.

Ibid. a new World] In allusion to the Epicurean opinion, that from the Dissolution of the natural World into Night and Chaos a new one should arise; this the Poet alluding to, in the Production of a new moral World, makes it partake of its original Principles. P. W.

VER. 16. *Lead and Gold.*] *i. e.* dull and venal. P. W.

VER. 18. *all below reveal'd,*] It was the opinion of the Ancients, that the Divinities manifested themselves to Men by their *Back-parts*. Virg. *Æn.* i. *et avertens, rosea cervice refulsit*. But this passage may admit of another exposition.—Vet. Adag. **The higher you climb, the more you shew your A**—
 Verified in no instance more than in Dulness aspiring. Emblemized also by an Ape climbing and exposing his posteriors. SCRIBL. P. W.

(’Tis thus aspiring Dulness ever shines)

Soft on her lap her Laureat son reclines. 20

REMARKS.

VER. 20. *her Laureat son reclines.*] With great judgment it is imagined by the Poet, that such a Colleague as Dulness had elected, should sleep on the Throne, and have very little share in the Action of the Poem. Accordingly he hath done little or nothing from the day of his Anointing; having past through the second book without taking part in any thing that was transacted about him; and thro’ the third in profound Sleep. Nor ought this, well considered, to seem strange in our days, when so many *King-consorts* have done the like. SCRIBL. P. W.

This verse our excellent Laureat took so to heart, that he appealed to all mankind, “if he was not as *seldom asleep as any fool?*” But it is hoped the Poet hath not injured him, but rather verified his Prophecy (p. 243. of his own Life, 8vo. ch. ix.) where he says “*the Reader will be as much pleased to find me a Dunce in my Old Age, as he was to prove me a brisk blockhead in my Youth.*” Wherever there was any room for Briskness, or Alacrity of any sort, *even in sinking*, he hath had it allowed; but here, where there is nothing for him to do but to take his natural rest, he must permit his Historian to be silent. It is from their *actions* only that Princes have their character, and Poets from their *works*: And if in *those* he be *as much asleep as any fool*, the Poet must leave him and them to *sleep to all eternity*. BENT. P.

Ibid. *her Laureat*] “When I find my Name in the satirical works of this Poet, I never look upon it as any malice meant to me, but PROFIT to himself. For he considers that *my Face* is more known than most in the nation; and therefore a *Lick at the Laureate* will be a sure bait *ad captandum vulgus*, to catch little readers.” Life of Colley Cibber, ch. ii.

Now if it be certain, that the works of our Poet have owed their success to this ingenious expedient, we hence derive an unanswerable Argument, that this Fourth DUNCIAD, as well as the former three, hath had the Author’s last hand, and was by him intended for the Press: Or else to what purpose hath he crowned it, as we see, by this finishing stroke, the profitable *Lick at the Laureate?* BENT. P. W.

Beneath her foot-stool, *Science* groans in Chains,
 And *Wit* dreads Exile, Penalties and Pains.
 There foam'd rebellious *Logic*, gagg'd and bound,
 There, stript, fair *Rhet'ric* languish'd on the ground;
 His blunted Arms by *Sophistry* are born, 25
 And shameless *Billingsgate* her Robes adorn.
Morality, by her false Guardians drawn,
Chicane in Furs, and *Casuistry* in Lawn,
 Gasps, as they straiten at each end the cord, 29
 And dies, when *Dulness* gives her Page the word.

REMARKS.

VER. 21, 22. *Beneath her foot-stool, &c.*] We are next presented with the pictures of those whom the Goddess leads in Captivity. *Science* is only depressed and confined so as to be rendered useless; but *Wit* or *Genius*, as a more dangerous and active enemy, punished, or driven away: *Dulness* being often reconciled in some degree with Learning, but never upon any terms with *Wit*. And accordingly it will be seen that she admits something like each Science, as *Casuistry*, *Sophistry*, &c. but nothing like *Wit*, *Opera* alone supplying its place. P. W.

VER. 27. *by her false Guardians drawn,*] *Morality* is the Daughter of *Astræa*. This alludes to the Mythology of the ancient Poets; who tell us that in the *Gold* and *Silver* ages, or in the *State of Nature*, the Gods cohabited with Men here on Earth; but when by reason of human degeneracy men were forced to have recourse to a *Magistrate*, and that the Ages of *Brass* and *Iron* came on (that is, when Laws were wrote on brazen tablets enforced by the Sword of Justice) the Celestials soon retired from Earth, and *Astræa* last of all; and then it was she left this her Orphan Daughter in the hands of the *Guardians* aforesaid. SCRIBL. W.

VER. 30. *gives her Page the word.*] There was a Judge of this name, always ready to hang any man that came before him, of which he was suffered to give a hundred miserable examples

Mad *Máthefis* alone was unconfin'd,
 Too mad for mere material chains to bind,
 Now to pure Space lifts her extatic stare,
 Now running round the Circle, finds it square.
 But held in ten-fold bonds the *Muses* lie, 35
 Watch'd both by Envy's and by Flatt'ry's eye:
 There to her heart sad Tragedy addrest
 The dagger wont to pierce the Tyrant's breast;
 But sober History restrain'd her rage,
 And promis'd Vengeance on a barb'rous age, 40

REMARKS.

during a long life, even to his dotage.—Tho' the candid *Scriblerus* imagined *Page* here to mean no more than a *Page* or *Mute*, and to allude to the custom of strangling State Criminals in *Turkey* by *Mutes* or *Pages*. A practice more decent than that of *our Page*, who, before he hanged any one, loaded him with reproachful language. SCRIBL. P. W.

VER. 31. *Mad Máthefis*] Alluding to the strange Conclusions some Mathematicians have deduced from their principles, concerning the *real Quantity of Matter*, the *Reality of Space*, &c. P. W.

VER. 33. *pure Space*] i. e. pure and desecated from Matter.—*extatic Stare*, the action of men who look about with full assurance of seeing what does not exist, such as those who expect to find *Space* a real being. W.

VER. 34. *running round the Circle, finds it square.*] Regards the wild and fruitless attempts of *squaring the Circle*. P. W.

VER. 36. *Watch'd both by Envy's and by Flatt'ry's eye.*] One of the misfortunes falling on Authors, from the *Art* for subjecting *Plays* to the power of a *Licensor*, being the false representations to which they were expos'd, from such as either gratify'd their Envy to Merit, or made their Court to Greatness, by perverting general Reflections against Vice into Libels on particular Persons. P. W.

There sunk Thalia, nerveless, cold, and dead,
 Had not her Sister Satire held her head:
 Nor cou'd'st thou, CHESTERFIELD! a tear refuse,
 Thou wept'st, and with thee wept each gentle Muse.

REMARKS.

VER. 39. *But sober History*] History attends on Tragedy, Satire on Comedy, as their substitutes in the discharge of their distinct functions; the one in high life, recording the crimes and punishments of the great; the other in low, exposing the vices or follies of the common people. But it may be asked, How came *History* and *Satire* to be admitted with impunity to minister comfort to the Muses, even in the presence of the Goddesses, and in the midst of all her triumphs? A question, says *Scriblerus*, which we thus resolve: *History* was brought up in her infancy by Dulness herself; but being afterwards espoused into a noble house, she forgot (as is usual) the humility of her birth, and the cares of her early friends. This occasioned a long estrangement between her and Dulness. At length, in process of time, they met together in a Monk's Cell, were reconciled, and became better friends than ever. After this they had a second quarrel, but it held not long, and are now again on reasonable terms, and so are like to continue. This accounts for the connivance shewn to History on this occasion. But the boldness of SATIRE springs from a very different cause; for the reader ought to know, that she alone of all the sisters is unconquerable, never to be silenced, when truly inspired and animated (as should seem) from above, for this very purpose, to oppose the kingdom of Dulness to her last breath. W.

VER. 43. *Nor cou'd'st thou, &c.*] This Noble Person in the year 1737, when the Act aforesaid was brought into the House of Lords, opposed it in an excellent speech (says Mr. Cibber) "with a lively spirit, and uncommon eloquence." This speech had the honour to be answered by the said Mr. Cibber, with a lively spirit also, and in a manner very uncommon, in the 8th Chapter of his *Life and Manners*. And here, gentle Reader, would I gladly insert the other speech, whereby thou mightest judge between them: but I must defer it on account of some

When lo! a Harlot form soft sliding by, 45
 With mincing step, small voice, and languid eye:
 Foreign her air, her robe's discordant pride
 In patch-work flutt'ring, and her head aside:
 By singing Peers up-held on either hand,
 She tripp'd and laugh'd, too pretty much to stand;
 Cast on the prostrate Nine a scornful look, 51
 Then thus in quaint Recitativo spoke.

O *Cara! Cara!* silence all that train:
 Joy to great Chaos! let Division reign:

REMARKS.

differences not yet adjusted between the noble Author and myself, concerning the *True Reading* of certain passages.

BENT. P. W.

VER. 45. *When lo! a Harlot form*] The Attitude given to this Phantom represents the nature and genius of the *Italian Opera*; its affected airs, its effeminate sounds, and the practice of patching up these Operas with favourite Songs, incoherently put together. These things were supported by the subscriptions of the Nobility. This circumstance that OPERA should prepare for the opening of the grand Sessions, was prophesied of in Book iii. § 304.

*Already Opera prepares the way,
 The sure fore-runner of her gentle sway.* P. W.

VER. 54. *let Division reign:*] Alluding to the false taste of playing tricks in Music with numberless divisions, to the neglect of that harmony which conforms to the Sense, and applies to the Passions. Mr. *Handel* had introduced a great number of

IMITATIONS.

VER. 54. *Joy to great Chaos!*]

Joy to great Cæsar—The beginning of a famous old Song,

Chromatic tortures soon shall drive them hence, 55
 Break all their nerves, and fritter all their sense;
 One Trill shall harmonize joy, grief, and rage,
 Wake the dull Church, and lull the ranting Stage;
 To the same notes thy sons shall hum, or snore,
 And all thy yawning daughters cry, *encore*. 60
 Another Phœbus, thy own Phœbus, reigns,
 Joys in my jigs, and dances in my chains.
 But soon, ah soon, Rebellion will commence,
 If Music meanly borrows aid from Sense:

REMARKS.

Hands, and more variety of Instruments into the Orchestra, and employed even Drums and Cannon to make a fuller Chorus; which prov'd so much too manly for the fine Gentlemen of his age, that he was obliged to remove his Music into *Ireland*. After which they were reduced, for want of Composers, to practise the patch-work above-mentioned. P. W.

VER. 55. *Chromatic tortures*] That species of the ancient music called the *Chromatic* was a variation and embellishment, in odd irregularities, of the *Diatonic* kind. They say it was invented about the time of *Alexander*, and that the *Spartans* forbade the use of it, as languid and effeminate. W.

VER. 58. *Wake the dull Church, and lull the ranting Stage;*] i. e. Dissipate the *devotion* of the one by light and wanton airs; and subdue the *Pathos* of the other by recitative and singing. W.

VER. 59. *Thy own Phœbus reigns,*]

Tuus jam regnat Apollo.

Virg.

Not the ancient *Phœbus*, the God of Harmony, but a modern *Phœbus* of *French* extraction, married to the Princess *Galimathia*, one of the handmaids of *Dulness*, and an assistant to Opera. Of whom see *Bouhours*, and other Critics of that nation. SCRIBL. P. W.

Strong in new Arms, lo! Giant HANDEL stands,
 Like bold Briareus, with a hundred hands; 66
 To stir, to rouse, to shake the Soul he comes,
 And Jove's own Thunders follow Mars's Drums.
 Arrest him, Empress; or you sleep no more —
 She heard, and drove him to th' Hibernian shore.

And now had Fame's posterior Trumpet blown,
 And all the Nations summon'd to the Throne. 72
 The young, the old, who feel her inward sway,
 One instinct seizes, and transports away.

REMARKS.

VER. 71. *Fame's posterior Trumpet*] *Posterior*, viz. her *second* or *more certain* Report; unless we imagine this word *posterior* to relate to the position of one of her Trumpets, according to *Hudibras*:

*She blows not both with the same Wind,
 But one before and one behind;
 And therefore modern Authors name
 One good, and t'other evil Fame.*

P. W.

VER. 73. *The young, the old, who feel her inward sway, &c.*] In this new world of Dulness each of these three classes hath its appointed station, as best suits its nature, and concurs to the harmony of the System. The *first*, drawn only by the strong and *simple impulse of Attraction*, are represented as falling directly down into her; as conglobed into her substance, and resting in her centre,

— all their centre found,
 Hung to the Goddess, and coher'd around.

The *second*, tho' within the sphere of her attraction, yet having at the same time a *projectile* motion, they are carried, by the composition of these two, in *planetary revolutions* round her centre, some nearer to it, some further off:

None need a guide, by sure Attraction led, 75

And strong impulsive gravity of Head :

None want a place, for all their Centre found,

Hung to the Goddess, and coher'd around.

Not closer, orb in orb, conglob'd are seen

The buzzing Bees about their dusky Queen. 80

The gath'ring number, as it moves along,

Involves a vast involuntary throng,

Who gently drawn, and struggling less and less,

Roll in her Vortex, and her pow'r confess.

REMARKS.

*Who gently drawn, and struggling less and less,
Roll in her Vortex, and her pow'r confess.*

The *third* are properly *excentrical*, and no constant members of her state or system: sometimes at an immense distance from her influence; and sometimes again almost on the surface of her *broad effulgence*. Their use in their Perihelion, or nearest approach to Dulness, is the same in the moral World, as that of *Comets* in the natural, namely to refresh and recreate the dryness and decays of the system; in the manner marked out from y 91 to 98. W.

VER. 75. *None need a guide,—None want a place,*] The sons of Dulness want no instructors in study, nor guides in life: They are their own masters in all Sciences, and their own Heralds and Introducers into all places. P. W.

VER. 76 to 101.] It ought to be observed that here are three classes in this assembly. The first of men absolutely and avowedly dull, who naturally adhere to the Goddess, and are imaged in the simile of the Bees about their Queen. The second involuntarily drawn to her, tho' not caring to own her influence; from y 81 to 90. The third of such, as tho' not members of her state, yet advance her service by flattering Dulness, cultivating mistaken talents, patronizing vile scriblers, discou-

Not those alone who passive own her laws, 85
 But who, weak rebels, more advance her cause.
 Whate'er of dunce in College or in Town
 Sneers at another, in toupee or gown ;
 Whate'er of mungril no one class admits,
 A wit with dunces, and a dunce with wits. 90

REMARKS.

raging living merit, or setting up for wits, and Men of taste in arts they understand not ; from ν 91 to 101. P. W.

VER. 86, *weak Rebels more advance her cause*] Such as those, who affect to oppose her Government, by setting up for patrons of Letters, without knowing how to judge of merit. The consequence of which is, that, as all true merit is modest and reserved ; and the *false*, forward and presuming ; and the Judge easily imposed upon ; Fools get the rewards due to genius. For as the Poet said of one of these Patrons,

*Dryden, alone, (what wonder?) came not nigh,
 Dryden alone escap'd this judging eye.*

And thus, as he rightly observes, these weak Rebels unwittingly advance the cause of her they would be thought most to oppose.

For while no rewards are given for the encouragement of Letters, Genius will support itself on the footing of that reputation, which men of wit will always win from the Dunces. But an undue distribution of the rewards of Learning will entirely depress or disgust all true genius ; which now not only finds itself robbed of the honours it might claim from others, but defeated of that very reputation it would otherwise have won for itself. For, as the course of things is ordered, general reputation, when it comes into rivalship, is rather attendant on favour and high station, than on the simple endowments of Wit and Learning. Hence we conclude that unless the Province of encouraging Letters be wisely and faithfully administered, it were better for them that there were no encouragements at all.

Nor absent they, no members of her state,
 Who pay her homage in her sons, the Great;
 Who false to Phœbus, bow the knee to Baal;
 Or impious, preach his Word without a call.
 Patrons, who sneak from living worth to dead,
 With-hold the pension, and set up the head; 96
 Or vest dull Flatt'ry in the sacred Gown;
 Or give from fool to fool the Laurel crown.
 And (last and worst) with all the cant of wit,
 Without the soul, the Muse's Hypocrit. 100

There march'd the bard and blockhead, side by side,
 Who rhym'd for hire, and patroniz'd for pride.
 Narcissus, prais'd with all a Parson's pow'r,
 Look'd a white lilly funk beneath a show'r.

REMARKS.

VER. 93. *false to Phœbus,*] Spoken of the ancient and true *Phœbus*; not the *French Phœbus*, who hath no chosen Priests or Poets, but equally inspires any man that pleaseth to sing or preach. SCRIBL.

VER. 99, 100.

*And (last and worst) with all the cant of wit,
 Without the soul, the Muse's Hypocrit.]*

In this division are reckoned up 1. The Idolizers of Dulness in the Great — 2. Ill Judges, — 3. Ill Writers, — 4. Ill Patrons. But the *last and worst*, as he justly calls him, is the *Muse's Hypocrite*, who is, as it were, the Epitome of them all. He who thinks the only end of poetry is to amuse, and the only business of the poet to be witty; and consequently who cultivates only such trifling talents in himself, and encourages only such in others. W.

There mov'd Montalto with superior air ; 105
 His stretch'd-out arm display'd a Volume fair ;
 Courtiers and Patriots in two ranks divide,
 Thro' both he pass'd, and bow'd from side to side :
 But as in graceful act, with awful eye
 Compos'd he stood, bold Benson thrust him by :
 On two unequal crutches propt he came, 111
 Milton's on this, on that one Johnston's name.
 The decent Knight retir'd with sober rage,
 Withdrew his hand, and clos'd the pompous page.
 But (happy for him as the times went then) 115
 Appear'd Apollo's May'r and Aldermen,

VARIATIONS.

VER. 114.

“ What ! no respect, he cry'd, for SHAKESPEAR's page ? ”

REMARKS.

VER. 108. — *bow'd from side to side :*] As being of no one party. W.

VER. 110. *bold Benson*] This man endeavoured to raise himself to Fame by erecting monuments, striking coins, setting up heads, and procuring translations, of *Milton* ; and afterwards by as great passion for *Arthur Johnston*, a *Scotch* physician's Version of the *Psalms*, of which he printed many fine Editions. See more of him, Book iii. § 325. P. W.

VER. 113. *The decent Knight.*] An eminent person, who was about to publish a very pompous Edition of a great Author, at his own expence. P. W.

VER. 115, &c. These four lines were printed in a separate leaf by Mr. Pope in the last edition, which he himself gave, of the *Dunciad*, with directions to the printer, to put this leaf into its place as soon as Sir T. H's *Shakespear* should be published. B.

On whom three hundred gold-capt youths await,
To lug the pond'rous volume off in state.

When Dulness, smiling—"Thus revive the Wits!
But murder first, and mince them all to bits; 120
As erst Medea (cruel, so to save!)
A new Edition of old Æson gave;
Let standard-Authors, thus, like trophies born,
Appear more glorious as more hack'd and torn.
And you, my Critics! in the chequer'd shade, 125
Admire new light thro' holes yourselves have made.

Leave not a foot of verse, a foot of stone,
A Page, a Grave, that they can call their own;

REMARKS.

VER. 119. "*Thus revive, &c.*] The Goddess applauds the practice of tacking the obscure names of Persons not eminent in any branch of learning, to those of the most distinguished Writers; either by printing *Editions* of their works with impertinent alterations of their Text, as in the former instances; or by setting up *Monuments* disgraced with their own vile names and inscriptions, as in the latter. P. W.

VER. 122. *old Æson*] Of whom Ovid (very applicable to these restored authors)

*Æson miratur,
Diffimilemque animum subiit —* P. W.

VER. 128. *A Page, a Grave,*] For what less than a Grave can be granted to a dead author? or what less than a Page can be allow'd a living one? P. W.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 126. *Admire new light &c.*]

*The Soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
Lets in new light, through chinks that time has made.* Waller.

But spread, my sons, your glory thin or thick,
 On passive paper, or on solid brick. 130
 So by each Bard an Alderman shall fit,
 A heavy Lord shall hang at ev'ry Wit,

REMARKS.

VER. 128. *A Page,*] *Pagina*, not *Pedissequis*. A Page of a Book, not a Servant, Follower, or Attendant; no Poet having had a *Page* since the death of Mr. Thomas Durfey.

SCRIBL. P. W.

VER. 131. *So by each Bard an Alderman, &c.*] Vide the *Tombs of the Poets*, Editio Westmonasteriensis. P. W.

Ibid. — *an Alderman shall fit,*] Alluding to the monument erected for Butler by Alderman Barber.

VER. 132. *A heavy Lord shall hang at ev'ry Wit*] How unnatural an Image! and how ill supported, saith *Aristarchus*. Had it been,

A heavy Wit shall hang at ev'ry Lord,

something might have been said, in an Age so distinguished for well-judging Patrons. For LORD, then, read LOAD; that is, of Debts here, and of Commentaries hereafter. To this purpose, conspicuous is the case of the poor Author of *Hudibras*, whose *body*, long since weighed down to the grave by a *load* of debts, has lately had a more unmerciful load of Commentaries laid upon his *Spirit*; wherein the Editor has atchieved more than Virgil himself, when he turned Critic, could boast of, which was no more than, *that he had picked gold out of another man's dung*; whereas he has picked it out of his own.

SCRIBL.

Ibid. *A heavy Lord shall hang at ev'ry wit*] Which every wit cannot so well shake off as the Author of the following Epigram:

- “ My Lord complains, that Pope, stark mad with gardens,
 “ Has lopt three trees the value of three farthings:
 “ But he's my neighbour, cries the peer polite,
 “ And if he'll visit me, I'll wave my right.
 “ What? on Compulsion? and against my Will,
 “ A Lord's acquaintance? Let him file his Bill.

And while on Fame's triumphal Car they ride,
Some Slave of mine be pinion'd to their side.

Now crowds on crowds around the Goddess press,
Each eager to present the first Address. 136

Dunce scorning Dunce beholds the next advance,
But Fop shews Fop superior complaisance.

When lo! a Spectre rose, whose index-hand
Held forth the Virtue of the dreadful wand; 140

His beaver'd brow a birchen garland wears,
Dropping with Infant's blood, and Mother's tears.

O'er ev'ry vein a shudd'ring horror runs;
Eton and Winton shake thro' all their Sons.

REMARKS.

VER. 137, 138.

*Dunce scorning Dunce beholds the next advance,
But Fop shews Fop superior complaisance.]*

This is not to be ascribed so much to the different manners of a Court and College, as to the different effects which a pretence to Learning, and a pretence to Wit, have on Blockheads. For as Judgment consists in finding out the *differences* in things, and Wit in finding out their *likenesses*, so the Dunce is all discord and dissension, and constantly busied in *reproving, examining, confuting, &c.* while the Fop flourishes in peace, with Songs and Hymns of Praise, *Addresses, Characters, Epithalamiums, &c.* W.

VER. 140 *the dreadful wand;*] A Cane usually borne by Schoolmasters, which drives the poor Souls about like the wand of Mercury. SCRIB. P. W.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 142. *Dropping with infant's blood, &c.]*

*First Moloch, horrid King, besmear'd with blood
Of human Sacrifice, and parents tears.*

Milt.

All Fleish is humbled, Westminster's bold race 145
 Shrink, and confess the Genius of the place :
 The pale Boy-Senator yet tingling stands,
 And holds his breeches close with both his hands.

Then thus. Since Man from beast by Words is
 known, 149
 Words are Man's province, Words we teach alone.
 When Reason doubtful, like the Samian letter,
 Points him two ways, the narrower is the better.
 Plac'd at the door of Learning, youth to guide,
 We never suffer it to stand too wide.

REMARKS.

VER. 148. *And holds his breeches*] An effect of Fear somewhat like this, is described in the viith Æneid,

Contremuit nemus —

Et trepidæ matres pressere ad pectora natos.

nothing being so natural in any apprehension, as to lay close hold on whatever is suppos'd to be most in danger. But let it not be imagined the author would insinuate these youthful senators (tho' so lately come from school) to be under the undue influence of any *Master*. SCRIBL. P. W.

VER. 151. *like the Samian letter,*] The letter Y, used by Pythagoras as an emblem of the different roads of Virtue and Vice.

Et tibi quæ Samios diduxit litera ramos. Perf. P. W.

VER. 153. *Plac'd at the door, &c.*] This circumstance of the *Genius Loci* (with that of the Index-hand before) seems to be an allusion to the *Table of Cebes*, where the Genius of human Nature points out the road to be pursued by those entering into life. Ο ἢ γέρον ὁ ἀνωέσηκός, ἔχων χάριτιν τινὰ ἐν τῇ χειρὶ, καὶ τῇ ἑτέρᾳ ὡσαύτῃ δεικνύων τι, ἔστ' ὁ Δαίμων καλεῖται, &c. P. W.

To ask, to guess, to know, as they commence,
 As Fancy opens the quick springs of Sense, 156
 We ply the Memory, we load the brain,
 Bind rebel Wit, and double chain on chain,
 Confine the thought, to exercise the breath;
 And keep them in the pale of Words till death.
 Whate'er the talents, or howe'er design'd, 161
 We hang one jingling padlock on the mind:
 A Poet the first day, he dips his quill;
 And what the last? a very Poet still.
 Pity! the charm works only in our wall, 165
 Lost, lost too soon in yonder House or Hall.
 There truant WYNDHAM ev'ry Muse gave o'er,
 There TALBOT funk, and was a Wit no more!
 How sweet an Ovid, MURRAY was our boast!
 How many Martials were in PULT'NEY lost! 170

REMARKS.

VER. 154. — *to stand too wide*] A pleasant allusion to the description of the door of Wisdom in the *Table of Cebes*,
 Θύραν τινᾱ μινεράν. W.

VER. 159. *to exercise the breath*;) By obliging them to get the classic poets by heart, which furnishes them with endless matter for Conversation and Verbal amusement for their whole lives. P. W.

VER. 162. *We hang one jingling padlock, &c.*] For youth being used like Pack-horses and beaten on under a heavy load of Words, lest they should tire, their instructors contrive to make the Words jingle in rhyme or metre. W.

VER. 165. *in yonder House or Hall.*] Westminster-hall and the House of Commons.

Else sure some Bard, to our eternal praise,
 In twice ten thousand rhyming nights and days,
 Had reach'd the Work, the All that mortal can ;
 And South beheld that Master-piece of Man.

Oh (cry'd the Goddess) for some pedant Reign!
 Some gentle JAMES, to bless the land again ; 176

REMARKS.

VER. 174. *that Master-piece of Man.*] Viz. an *Epigram*. The famous Dr. *South* declared a perfect *Epigram* to be as difficult a performance as an *Epic Poem*. And the Critics say, “ an *Epic Poem* is the greatest work human nature is capable of.” P. W.

VER. 175. *Oh (cry'd the Goddess) &c.*] The matter under debate is how to confine men to Words for life. The instructors of youth shew how well they do their parts ; but complain that when men come into the world they are apt to forget their Learning, and turn themselves to useful Knowledge. This was an evil that wanted to be redressed. And this the Goddess assures them will need a more extensive Tyranny than that of Grammar schools. She therefore points out to them the remedy, in her wishes for *arbitrary Power* ; whose interest it being to keep men from the study of *things*, will encourage the propagation of *words* and *sounds* ; and, to make all sure, she wishes for another *Pedant Monarch*. The sooner to obtain so great a blessing, she is willing even for once to violate the fundamental principle of her politics, in having her sons taught at least *one thing* ; but that sufficient, the *Doctrine of Divine Right*.

Nothing can be juster than the observation here insinuated, that no branch of Learning thrives well under Arbitrary government but *Verbal*. The reasons are evident. It is unsafe under such Governments to cultivate the study of things of importance. Besides, when men have lost their public virtue, they naturally delight in trifles, if their private morals secure them from being vicious. Hence so great a Cloud of Scholiasts and Grammarians so soon overspread the Learning of Greece and Rome, when once those famous Communities had lost their

To stick the Doctor's Chair into the Throne,
 Give law to Words, or war with Words alone,
 Senates and Courts with Greek and Latin rule,
 And turn the Council to a Grammar School! 180
 For sure, if Dulness sees a grateful Day,
 'Tis in the shade of Arbitrary Sway.

REMARKS.

Liberties. Another reason is the *encouragement* which arbitrary governments give to the study of *words*, in order to busy and amuse active genius's, who might otherwise prove troublesome and inquisitive. So when Cardinal Richelieu had destroyed the poor remains of his Country's liberties, and made the supreme Court of Parliament merely *ministerial*, he instituted the *French Academy*. What was said upon that occasion, by a brave Magistrate, when the letters-patent of its erection came to be verified in the Parliament of Paris, deserves to be remembered: He told the assembly, that *this adventure put him in mind after what manner an Emperor of Rome once treated his Senate; who when he had deprived them of the cognizance of Public matters, sent a message to them in form for their opinion about the best Sauce for a Turbot.* W.

VER. 176. *Some gentle JAMES, &c.*] Wilson tells us that this King, *James* the first, took upon himself to teach the Latin tongue to Car, Earl of Somerset; and that Gondomar the Spanish Ambassador wou'd speak false Latin to him, on purpose to give him the pleasure of correcting it, whereby he wrought himself into his good graces.

This great Prince was the first who assumed the title of *Sacred Majesty*, which his loyal Clergy transfer'd from *God to Him*. "The principles of Passive Obedience and Non-resistance (says the Author of the Dissertation on Parties, Letter " 8.) which before his time had skulk'd perhaps in some old " Homily, were talk'd, written, and preach'd into vogue in " that inglorious reign." P. W.

VER. 181, 182. *if Dulness sees a grateful Day, 'Tis in the shade of Arbitrary Sway.*] And grateful it is in Dulness to make

O! if my sons may learn one earthly thing,
 Teach but that one, sufficient for a King;
 That which my Priests, and mine alone, maintain,
 Which as it dies, or lives, we fall, or reign: 186
 May you, may Cam, and Isis preach it long!
 "The RIGHT DIVINE of Kings to govern wrong."

REMARKS.

this confession. I will not say she alludes to that celebrated verse of Claudian,

*nunquam Libertas gratior exstat
 Quam sub Rege pio*

But this I will say, that the words *Liberty* and *Monarchy* have been frequently confounded and mistaken one for the other by the gravest authors. I should therefore conjecture, that the genuine reading of the forecited verse was thus,

*nunquam Libertas gratior exstat
 Quam sub Lege pia*

and that *Rege* was the reading only of Dulness herself: And therefore she might allude to it. SCRIBL.

I judge quite otherwise of this passage: The genuine reading is *Libertas*, and *Rege*: So Claudian gave it. But the error lies in the first verse: It should be *exit*, not *exstat*, and then the meaning will be, that Liberty was never *lost*, or *went away* with so good a grace, as under a good King: it being without doubt a tenfold shame to lose it under a bad one.

This farther leads me to animadvert upon a most grievous piece of nonsense to be found in all the Editions of the Author of the Dunciad himself. A most capital one it is, and owing to the confusion above-mentioned by Scriblerus, of the two words *Liberty* and *Monarchy*. Essay on Crit.

*Nature, like Monarchy, is but restrain'd
 By the same Laws herself at first ordain'd,*

Who sees not, it should be, *Nature, like Liberty*? Correct it therefore *repugnantibus omnibus* (even tho' the Author himself

Prompt at the call, around the Goddess roll
 Broad hats, and hoods, and caps, a fable shoal:
 Thick and more thick the black blockade extends,
 A hundred head of Aristotle's friends. 192

REMARKS.

should oppugn) in all the impressions which have been, or shall be, made of his works. BENTL. P. W.

VER. 189. *Prompt at the call,—Aristotle's Friends*] The Author, with great propriety, hath made these, who were so *prompt*, at the call of Dulness, to become preachers of the divine Right of Kings, to be the *friends of Aristotle*; for this philosopher, in his *politics*, hath laid it down as a principle, that some Men were, by nature, made to serve, and others to command. W.

VER. 192. *A hundred head of Aristotle's friends.*] The Philosophy of *Aristotle* hath suffered a long disgrace in this learned University: being first expelled by the *Cartesian*, which, in its turn, gave place to the *Newtonian*. But it had all this while some faithful followers in secret, who never bowed the knee to *Baal*, nor acknowledged any strange God in Philosophy. These, on this new appearance of the Goddess, come out like Confessors, and make an open profession of the ancient faith, in the *ipse dixit* of their Master. Thus far SCRIBLERUS.

But the learned Mr. Colley Cibber takes the matter quite otherwise; and that this *various fortune of Aristotle* relates not to his *natural*, but his *moral* Philosophy. For speaking of that University in his time, he says, *they seemed to have as implicit a Reverence for Shakespear and Johnson, as formerly for the ETHICS of Aristotle*. See his Life, p. 385. One would think this learned professor had mistaken *Ethics* for *Physics*; unless he might imagine the *Morals* too were grown into disuse, from the relaxation they admitted of during the time he mentions, *viz.* while He and the Players were at Oxford. W.

Ibid. *A hundred head &c.*] It appears by this the Goddess has been careful of keeping up a Succession, according to the rule,

*Semper enim refice: ac, ne post amissa requiras,
 Anteveni; & sobolem armento sortire quotannis.*

Nor wert thou, Isis! wanting to the day,
 [Tho' Christ-church long kept prudishly away.]
 Each staunch Polemic, stubborn as a rock, 195
 Each fierce Logician, still expelling Locke,
 Came whip and spur, and dash'd thro' thin and thick
 On German Crouzaz, and Dutch Burgersdyck.

REMARKS.

It is remarkable with what dignity the Poet here describes the friends of this ancient Philosopher. Horace does not observe the same decorum with regard to those of another sect, when he says, *Cum ridere vobis Epicuri de grege Porcum*. But the word *Drove*, *Armentum*, here understood, is a word of honour, as the most noble *Festus* the *Grammarians* assures us, *Armentum id genus pecoris appellatur, quod est idoneum opus armorum*. And alluding to the temper of this warlike breed, our poet very appositely calls them a *hundred head*. SCRIB. W.

VER. 194. [Tho' Christ-church] This line is doubtless spurious, and foisted in by the impertinence of the Editor; and accordingly we have put it between Hooks. For I affirm this College came as early as any other, by its *proper Deputies*; nor did any College pay homage to Dulness in its *whole body*. BENTL. P. W.

VER. 196. [still expelling Locke] In the year 1703 there was a meeting of the heads of the University of Oxford to censure Mr. Locke's Essay on Human Understanding, and to forbid the reading it. See his Letters in the last Edit.

VER. 198. [On German Crouzaz and Dutch Burgersdyck.] There seems to be an improbability that the Doctors and Heads of Houses should ride on horseback, who of late days, being gouty or unweildy, have kept their coaches. But these are horses of great strength, and fit to carry any weight, as their German and Dutch extraction may manifest; and very famous we may conclude, being honour'd with *Names*, as were the horses Pegasus and Bucephalus. SCRIBL. P. W.

Tho' I have the greatest deference to the penetration of this eminent scholiast, and must own that nothing can be more natural than his interpretation, or juster than that rule of criticism,

As many quit the streams that murm'ring fall
 To lull the sons of Marg'ret and Clare-hall, 200
 Where Bentley late tempestuous wont to sport
 In troubled waters, but now sleeps in Port.
 Before them march'd that awful Aristarch;
 Plow'd was his front with many a deep Remark:
 His Hat, which never vail'd to human pride, 205
 Walker with rev'rence took, and lay'd aside.

REMARKS.

which directs us to keep to the *literal* sense, when no apparent obscurity accompanies it (and sure there is no absurdity in supposing a Logician on horseback) yet still I must needs think the Hackneys here celebrated were not real Horses, nor even Centaurs, which I should rather be inclined to think if I were forced to find them four legs, but downright plain men, tho' Logicians: and only thus metamorphos'd by a rule of rhetoric, of which Cardinal Perron gives us an example, where he calls Clavius, "Un Esprit pesant, lourd, sans subtilité, in gentillesse
 "UN GROS CHEVAL D'ALLEMAGNE." ARISTAR.

Here I profess to go opposite to the whole stream of commentators. I think the poet only aimed, tho' awkwardly, at an elegant Grecism in this representation; for in that language the word ἵππῳ [Horse] was often prefixed to others, to denote greatness or strength; as ἵπποδάπαιον, ἵππόλωσον, ἵππομάραθρον, and particularly ἹΠΠΟΓΝΩΜΩΝ, a great connoisseur, which comes nearest to the case in hand. SCIP. MAFF. W.

VER. 199. *the streams*] The River Cam, running by the walls of these Colleges, which are particularly famous for their skill in Disputation. P. W.

VER. 202. *sleeps in Port.*] viz. "Now retired into harbour, "after the tempests that had long agitated his society." So *Scriblerus*. But the learned *Scipio Maffei* understands it of a certain Wine called *Port*, from *Oporto* a city of Portugal, of which this Professor invited him to drink abundantly. SCIP. MAFF. *De Computationibus Academicis*. P. W.

Low bow'd the rest : He, kingly, did but nod ;
 So upright Quakers please both Man and God.
 Mistrefs! dismiss that rabble from your throne :
 Avaunt — is Aristarchus yet unknown? 210
 Thy mighty Scholiast, whose unweary'd pains
 Made Horace dull, and humbled Milton's strains.
 Turn what they will to Verse, their toil is vain,
 Critics like me shall make it Prose again.

REMARKS.

VER. 205. *His Hat, &c.* — *So upright Quakers please both Man and God.*] The Hat-worship, as the Quakers call it, is an abomination to that sect : yet, where it is necessary to pay that respect to man (as in the Courts of Justice and Houses of Parliament) they have, to avoid offence, and yet not violate their conscience, permitted other people to uncover them. P. W.

VER. 210. *Aristarchus*] A famous Commentator, and Corrector of Homer, whose name has been frequently used to signify a complete Critic. The Compliment paid by our author to this eminent Professor, in applying to him so great a Name, was the reason that he hath omitted to comment on this part which contains his own praises. We shall therefore supply that loss to our best ability. SCRIBL. P. W.

VER. 214. *Critics like me*—] Alluding to two famous Editions of Horace and Milton ; whose richest veins of Poetry he had prodigally reduced to the poorest and most beggarly prose. — Verily the learned scholiast is grievously mistaken. Arist.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 207. — *He, kingly, did but nod ;*] Milton,
 — *He, kingly, from his State*
Declin'd not —

VER. 210. — *is Aristarchus yet unknown ?*] — *Sic notus Ulysses ?* Virg.
Dost thou not feel me, Rome ? Ben. Johnson.

Roman and Greek Grammarians! know your Better:
 Author or something yet more great than Letter;
 While tow'ring o'er your Alphabet, like Saul,
 Stands our Digamma, and o'er-tops them all.
 'Tis true, on Words is still our whole debate,
 Disputes of *Me* or *Te*, of *aut* or *at*, 220

REMARKS.

archus, in not boasting here of the *wonders* of his art in annihilating the sublime; but of the *usefulness* of it, in reducing the turgid to its proper class; the words *make it prose again*, plainly shewing that prose it was, tho' ashamed of its original, and therefore to prose it should return. Indeed, much is it to be lamented that Dulness doth not confine her critics to this useful task; and commission them to dismount all *prose on horse-back*.
 SCRIBL. W.

VER. 216. *Author of something yet more great than Letter;*] Alluding to those Grammarians, such as Palamedes and Simonides, who invented *single letters*. But Aristarchus, who had found out a *double one*, was therefore worthy of double honour.
 SCRIBL. W.

VER. 217, 218. *While tow'ring o'er your Alphabet, like Saul, — Stands our Digamma,*] Alludes to the boasted restoration of the Æolic Digamma, in his long projected Edition of Homer. He calls it *something more than Letter*, from the enormous figure it would make among the other letters, being one Gamma set upon the shoulders of another.
 P. W.

VER. 220. *of Me or Te,*] It was a serious dispute, about which the learned were much divided, and some treatises written: Had it been about *Nieum* or *Tuum* it could not be more contested, than whether at the end of the first Ode of Horace,

IMITATIONS.

VER. 215. *Roman and Greek Grammarians, &c.*] Imitated from Propertius speaking of the Æneid.

*Cedite, Romani scriptores, cedite Graii!
 Nescio quid majus nascitur Iliade.*

To found or sink in *cano*, O or A,
 Or give up Cicero to C or K.
 Let Freind affect to speak as Terence spoke,
 And Alsop never but like Horace joke :
 For me, what Virgil, Pliny may deny, 225
 Manilius or Solinus shall supply :
 For Attic Phrase in Plato let them seek,
 I poach in Suidas for unlicens'd Greek.

REMARKS.

to read, *Me doctarum hederæ præmia frontium*, or, *Te doctarum hederæ* — By this the learned scholiast would seem to insinuate that the dispute was not about *Meum* and *Tuum*, which is a mistake : For, as a venerable sage observeth, *Words are the counters of Wise-men, but the money of fools* ; so that we see their property was indeed concerned. SCRIBL. W.

VER. 222. *Or give up Cicero to C or K.*] Grammatical disputes about the manner of pronouncing Cicero's name in Greek. It is a dispute whether in Latin the name of Hermagoras should end in *as* or *a*. Quintilian quotes Cicero as writing it *Hermagora*, which Bentley rejects, and says Quintilian must be mistaken, Cicero could not write it so, and that in this case he would not believe Cicero himself. These are his very words : *Ego vero Ciceronem ita scripsisse ne Ciceroni quidem affirmanti crediderim.*—*Epist. ad Mill. in fin. Frag. Menand. et Phil.* W.

VER. 223, 224. *Freind—Alsop*] Dr. Robert Freind, master of Westminster-school, and canon of Christ-church—Dr. Anthony Alsop, a happy imitator of the Horatian style. P. W.

VER. 226. *Manilius or Solinus*] Some Critics having had it in their choice to comment either on Virgil or Manilius, Pliny or Solinus, have chosen the worse author, the more freely to display their critical capacity. P. W.

VER. 228. *Æc. Suidas, Gellius, Stobæus*] The first a Dictionary-writer, a collector of impertinent facts and barbarous words ; the second a minute Critic ; the third an author, who

In ancient Sense if any needs will deal,
 Be sure I give them Fragments, not a Meal; 230
 What Gellius or Stobæus hash'd before,
 Or chew'd by blind old Scholiasts o'er and o'er.
 The critic Eye, that microscope of Wit,
 Sees hairs and pores, examines bit by bit:
 How parts relate to parts, or they to whole, 235
 The body's harmony, the beaming soul,
 Are things which Kuster, Burman, Wasse shall see,
 When Man's whole frame is obvious to a *Flea*.

Ah, think not, Mistress! more true Dulness lies
 In Folly's Cap, than Wisdom's grave disguise. 240
 Like buoys, that never sink into the flood,
 On Learning's surface we but lie and nod.

REMARKS.

gave his Common-place book to the public, where we happen
 to find much Mince-meat of old books. P. W.

VER. 232. *Or chew'd by blind old Scholiasts o'er and o'er.*]
 These taking the same things eternally from the mouth of one
 another. P. W.

VER. 239, 240. *Ah, think not, Mistress, &c. — In Folly's
 Cap, &c.*] By this it appears the Dunces and Fops, mentioned
 § 139, 140. had a contention of rivalry for the Goddess's fa-
 vour on this great day. Thole got the start, but these make it
 up by their Spokesman in the next speech. It seems as if Arist-
 archus here first saw him advancing with his fair Pupil.

SCRIBL. W.

VER. 241, 242. *Like buoys, &c. — On Learning's surface,
 &c.*] So that the station of a *Professor* is only a kind of legal
 Noticer to inform us where the *shatter'd bulk* of Learning lies
 at anchor; which after so long unhappy navigation, and now

Thine is the genuine head of many a house,
And much Divinity without a Νῆς.

Nor could a BARROW work on ev'ry block, 245
Nor has one ATTERBURY spoil'd the flock.

See! still thy own, the heavy Canon roll,
And Metaphysic smokes involve the Pole.

REMARKS.

without either Master or Patron, we may wish, with Horace,
may lie there still.

— Nonne vides, ut
Nudum remigio latus?
— non tibi sunt integra lintea;
Non Di, quos iterum pressa voces malo,
Quamvis pontica pinus,
Sylvæ filia nobilis,

Jaçtes & genus, & nomen inutile. Hor. W.

VER. 244. *And much Divinity without a Νῆς.*] A word much affected by the learned Aristarchus in common conversation, to signify *Genius* or natural *acumen*. But this passage has a farther view: Νῆς was the Platonic term for *Mind*, or the *first cause*, and that system of Divinity is here hinted at which terminates in blind nature without a Νῆς: such as the Poet afterwards describes (speaking of the dreams of one of these later Platonists)

Or that bright Image to our Fancy draw,
Which Theocles in raptur'd Vision saw,
That Nature ——— &c.

P. W.

VER. 245, 246. *Barrow, Atterbury,*] Isaac Barrow, Master of Trinity, Francis Atterbury Dean of Christ-church, both great *Genius's* and eloquent Preachers; one more conversant in the sublime Geometry, the other in classical Learning; but who equally made it their care to advance the polite Arts in their several Societies.

P. W.

VER. 247. *the heavy Canon*] Canon here, if spoken of *Artillery*, is in the plural number; if of the *Canons of the House*, in the singular, and meant only of *one*: in which case I suspect

For thee we dim the eyes, and stuff the head
 With all such reading as was never read: 250
 For thee explain a thing till all men doubt it,
 And write about it, Goddess, and about it:
 So spins the silk-worm small its slender store,
 And labours till it clouds itself all o'er.

What tho' we let some better sort of fool 255
 Thrid ev'ry science, run thro' ev'ry school?

REMARKS.

the *Pole* to be a false reading, and that it should be the *Poll*, or *Head* of that Canon. It may be objected, that this is a mere *Paronomasia* or *Pun*. But what of that? Is any figure of Speech more apposite to our gentle Goddess, or more frequently used by her and her Children, especially of the University? Doubtless it better suits the Character of Dulness, yea of a Doctor, than that of an Angel; yet *Milton* fear'd not to put a considerable quantity into the mouths of his. It hath indeed been observed, that they were the Devil's Angels, as if he did it to suggest the Devil was the Author as well of false Wit, as of false Religion, and that the Father of Lies was also the Father of Puns. But this is idle: It must be own'd a Christian practice, used in the primitive times by some of the Fathers, and in later by most of the Sons of the Church; till the debauch'd reign of Charles the second, when the shameful Passion for *Wit* overthrew every thing: and even then the best Writers admitted it, provided it was obscene, under the name of the *Double entendre*.

SCRIBL. P. W.

VER. 248. *And Metaphysic smokes, &c.*] Here the learned Aristarchus ending the first member of his harangue in behalf of *Words*; and entering on the other half, which regards the teaching of *Things*; very artfully connects the two parts in an encomium on METAPHYSICS, a kind of *Middle nature* between words and things: communicating, in its obscurity, with *Substance*, and, in its emptiness, with *Names*. SCRIBL. W.

VER. 255 to 271. *What tho' we let some better sort of fool,*

Never by tumbler thro' the hoops was shown
 Such skill in passing all, and touching none.
 He may indeed (if sober all this time)
 Plague with Dispute, or persecute with Rhyme.

REMARKS.

&c.] Hitherto Aristarchus hath display'd the art of teaching his Pupils words, without things. He shews greater skill in what follows, which is to teach things, without profit. For with the *better sort of fool* the first expedient is, *ÿ 254 to 258*, to run him so swiftly through the circle of the Sciences that he shall stick at nothing, nor nothing stick with him; and though some little, both of words and things, should by chance be gathered up in his passage, yet he shews, *ÿ 259 to 261*, that it is never more of the one than just to enable him to *persecute with Rhyme*, or of the other than to *plague with Dispute*. But, if after all, the Pupil will needs *learn* a Science, it is then provided by his careful directors, *ÿ 261, 262*, that it shall either be such as he can never *enjoy* when he comes out into life, or such as he will be obliged to *divorce*. And to make all sure, *ÿ 263 to 267*, the useless or pernicious Sciences, thus taught, are still applied perversely; the man of Wit *petrified* in Euclid, or *trammelled* in Metaphysics; and the man of Judgment *married*, without his parents consent, to a *Muse*. Thus far the particular arts of modern Education, used partially, and diversified according to the Subject and the Occasion: But there is one general Method, with the encomium of which the great Aristarchus ends his speech, *ÿ 267 to 270*, and that is AUTHORITY, the universal CEMENT, which fills all the cracks and chasms of *lifeless* matter, shuts up all the pores of *living* substance, and brings all human minds to *one dead level*. For if Nature should chance to struggle through all the entanglements of the foregoing ingenious expedients to *bind rebel wit*, this claps upon her one sure and entire cover. So that well may Aristarchus defy all human power to *get the Man out* again from under so impenetrable a crust. The Poet alludes to this Master-piece of the Schools in *ÿ 501*, where he speaks of *Vassals to a name*.
 W.

Book IV. THE DUNCIAD. 257

We only furnish what he cannot use, 261

Or wed to what he must divorce, a Muse :

Full in the midst of Euclid dip at once,

And petrify a Genius to a Dunce :

Or set on Metaphysic ground to prance, 265

Show all his paces, not a step advance.

With the same CEMENT, ever sure to bind,

We bring to one dead level ev'ry mind.

Then take him to devellop, if you can,

And hew the Block off, and get out the Man.

But wherefore waste I words? I see advance 271

Whore, Pupil, and lac'd Governor from France.

REMARKS.

VER. 264. *petrify a Genius*] Those who have no Genius, employ'd in works of imagination; those who have, in abstract sciences. P. W.

VER. 270. *And hew the Block off,*] A notion of Aristotle, that there was originally in every block of marble, a Statue, which would appear on the removal of the superfluous parts. P. W.

VER. 272. *lac'd Governor*] Why *lac'd*? Because Gold and Silver are necessary trimming to denote the dress of a person of rank, and the Governor must be supposed so in foreign countries, to be admitted into courts and other places of fair reception. But how comes Aristarchus to know at sight that this Governor came from France? Know? Why, by the laced coat. SCRIBL. P. W.

Ibid. *Whore, Pupil, and lac'd Governor*] Some Critics have objected to the order here, being of opinion that the Governor should have the precedence before the Whore, if not before the Pupil. But were he so placed, it might be thought to insinuate that the Governor led the Pupil to the Whore: and were the Pupil placed first, he might be supposed to lead the Gover-

Walker! our hat—nor more he deign'd to say,
But, stern as Ajax' spectre, strode away.

In flow'd at once a gay embroider'd race, 275
And titt'ring push'd the Pedants off the place:
Some would have spoken, but the voice was drown'd
By the French horn, or by the op'ning hound.
The first came forwards, with as easy mien,
As if he saw St. James's and the Queen. 280
When thus th' attendant Orator begun,
Receive, great Empress! thy accomplish'd Son:

REMARKS.

nor to her. But our impartial Poet, as he is drawing their picture, represents them in the order in which they are generally seen; namely, the Pupil between the Whore and the Governor; but placeth the Whore first, as she usually governs both the other. P. W.

VER. 274. *stern as Ajax' spectre, strode away.*] See Homer Odyss. xi. where the Ghost of Ajax turns suddenly from Ulysses the Traveller, who had succeeded against him in the dispute for the arms of Achilles. There had been the same contention between the Travelling, and the University tutor, for the spoils of our young heroes, and fashion adjudged it to the former; so that this might well occasion the sullen dignity in departure, which Longinus so much admired. SCRIBL. W.

VER. 276. *And titt'ring push'd, &c.*] Hor.

Rideat & pulset lasciva decentius ætas. P. W.

VER. 279. *The first came forward, &c.*] This Forwardness or Pertness is the certain consequence, when the children of Dulness are spoiled by too great fondness of their parent. W.

VER. 280. *As if he saw St. James's*] Reflecting on the disrespectful and indecent Behaviour of several forward young persons in the presence, so offensive to all serious men, and to none more than the good Scriblerus. P. W.

Thine from the birth, and sacred from the rod,
A dauntless infant! never scar'd with God.

The Sire saw, one by one, his Virtues wake:

The Mother begg'd the blessing of a Rake. 286

REMARKS.

VER. 281. *th' attendant Orator*] The Governor abovesaid. The Poet gives him no particular name; being unwilling, I presume, to offend or do injustice to any, by celebrating one only with whom this character agrees, in preference to so many who equally deserve it. SCRIBL. P. W.

VER. 284. *A dauntless infant! never scar'd with God.*] i. e. Brought up in the enlarged principles of modern Education; whose great point is to keep the infant mind free from the prejudices of opinion, and the growing spirit unbroken by terrifying Names. Amongst the happy consequences of this reformed discipline, it is not the least, that we have never afterwards any occasion for the *Priest*, whose trade, as a modern wit informs us, is only to *finish what the Nurse began*. SCRIBL. W.

VER. 286. — *the blessing of a Rake*] Scriblerus is here much at a loss to find out what this *blessing* should be. He is sometimes tempted to imagine it might be the marrying a great fortune: but this, again, for the vulgarity of it, he rejects, as something uncommon seem'd to be prayed for. And after many strange conceits, not at all to the honour of the fair sex, he at length rests in this, that it was, that her son might pass for a wit; in which opinion he fortifies himself by γ 316. where the Orator, speaking of his pupil, says, that he

Intrigu'd with glory, and with spirit whor'd,

which seems to insinuate that her prayer was heard.—Here the good scholiast, as, indeed, every where else, lays open the very soul of modern criticism, while he makes his own ignorance of a poetical expression hold open the door to much erudition and

IMITATIONS.

VER. 284. *A dauntless infant never scar'd with God.*]

— *sine Dis animosus Infans.*

Hor.

Thou gav'st that Ripeness, which so soon began,
 And ceas'd so soon, he ne'er was Boy, nor Man,
 Thro' School and College, thy kind cloud o'ercaſt,
 Safe and unſeen the young Æneas paſt : 290
 Thence burſting glorious, all at once let down,
 Stunn'd with his giddy Larum half the town.
 Intrepid then, o'er ſeas and lands he flew :
 Europe he ſaw, and Europe ſaw him too.
 There all thy gifts and graces we diſplay, 295
 Thou, only thou, directing all our way !

REMARKS.

learned conjecture : the *bleſſing of a rake* ſignifying no more than that he might be a Rake ; the effects of a thing for the thing itſelf, a common figure. The careful mother only wiſhed her ſon might be a *Rake*, as well knowing that its attendant *Bleſſings* would follow of courſe. W.

VER. 288. *he ne'er was Boy, nor Man.*] Nature hath beſtowed on the human ſpecies two ſtates or conditions, *Infancy* and *Manhood*. Wit ſometimes makes the *fiſt* diſappear, and Folly the *latter* ; but true Dulneſs annihilates *both*. For, want of *apprehenſion* in Boys, not ſuffering that conſcious ignorance and inexperience which produce the awkward baſhfulneſs of youth, makes them *affured* ; and want of *imagination* makes them *grave*. But this *gravity* and *assurance*, which is beyond *boyhood*, being neither wiſdom nor knowledge, do never reach to *manhood*. SCRIBL. W.

VER. 290. *unſeen the young Æneas paſt : Thence burſting glorious,*] See Virg. Æn. i.

*At Venus obſcuro gradientes aëre ſepſit,
 Et multo nebulae circum Dea fudit amictu,
 Cernere ne quis eos ; — 1. neu quis contingere poſſit ;
 2. Molirive moram ; — aut 3. veniendi poſcere cauſas.*

To where the Seine, obsequious as she runs,
 Pours at great Bourbon's feet her filken sons;
 Or Tyber, now no longer Roman, rolls,
 Vain of Italian Arts, Italian Souls: 300
 To happy Convents, bosom'd deep in vines,
 Where slumber Abbots, purple as their wines:
 To Isles of fragrance, lilly-silver'd vales,
 Diffusing languor in the panting gales:
 To lands of singing, or of dancing slaves, 305
 Love-whisp'ring woods, and lute-resounding waves.
 But chief her shrine where naked Venus keeps,
 And Cupids ride the Lyon of the Deeps;
 Where, eas'd of Fleets, the Adriatic main
 Wafts the smooth Eunuch and enamour'd swain.
 Led by my hand, he faunter'd Europe round, 311
 And gather'd ev'ry Vice on Christian ground;
 Saw ev'ry Court, heard ev'ry King declare
 His royal Sense, of Op'ra's or the Fair;

REMARKS.

Where he enumerates the causes why his mother took this care of him: to wit, 1. that no-body might touch or correct him: 2. might stop or detain him: 3. examine him about the progress he had made, or so much as guess why he came there.
 P. W.

VER. 303. *lilly-silver'd vales,*] Tuberoses.
 VER. 308. *And Cupids ride the Lyon of Deeps;*] The winged Lyon, the Arms of Venice. This Republic heretofore the most considerable in Europe, for her Naval Force and the extent of her Commerce; now illustrious for her *Carnivals*.
 P. W.

The Stews and Palace equally explor'd, 315
 Intrigu'd with glory, and with spirit whor'd ;
 Try'd all *bors-d'œuvres*, all *liqueurs* defin'd,
 Judicious drank, and greatly-daring din'd ;
 Dropt the dull lumber of the Latin store,
 Spoil'd his own language, and acquir'd no more ;
 All Classic learning lost on Classic ground ; 321
 And last turn'd *Air*, the Echo of a Sound !
 See now, half-cur'd, and perfectly well-bred,
 With nothing but a Solo in his head ;
 As much Estate, and Principle, and Wit, 325
 As Jansen, Fleetwood, Cibber shall think fit ;

REMARKS.

VER. 318. *greatly-daring din'd* ;] It being indeed no small risque to eat thro' those extraordinary compositions, whose disguis'd ingredients are generally unknown to the guests, and highly inflammatory and unwholesome. P. W.

VER. 322. *And last turn'd Air, the Echo of a Sound* !] Yet less a Body than Echo itself ; for Echo reflects *Sense* or *Words* at least, this Gentleman only *Airs* and *Tunes* :

— *Sonus est, qui vivit in illo.* Ovid. Met.

So that this was not a Metamorphosis either in one or the other, but only a Resolution of the Soul into its true Principles ; its real Essence being Harmony, according to the Doctrine of Orpheus, the Inventor of Opera, who first perform'd to a select assembly of Beasts. SCRIBL. W.

VER. 324. *With nothing but a Solo in his head* ;] With nothing but a *Solo* ? Why, if it be a *Solo*, how should there be any thing else ? Palpable Tautology ! Read boldly an *Opera*, which is enough of conscience for such a head as has lost all its Latin. BENTL. P. W.

VER. 326. *Jansen, Fleetwood, Cibber,*] Three very eminent

Stol'n from a Duel, follow'd by a Nun,
 And, if a Borough chuse him, not undone;
 See, to my country happy I restore
 This glorious Youth, and add one Venus more.
 Her too receive (for her my soul adores) 231
 So may the sons of sons of sons of whores,
 Propthine, O Empress! like each neighbour Throne,
 And make a long Posterity thy own.

REMARKS.

persons, all Managers of *Plays*; who, tho' not Governors by profession, had, each in his way, concern'd themselves in the Education of Youth: and regulated their Wits, their Morals, or their Finances, at that period of their age which is the most important, their entrance into the polite world. Of the last of these, and his Talents for this end, see Book i. § 199, &c. P. W.

VER. 331. *Her too receive &c.*] This confirms what the learned Scriblerus advanced in his Note on § 272, that the Governor, as well as the Pupil, had a particular interest in this lady. P. W.

Ibid. *sons of whores,*] For such have been always esteemed the ablest supports of the Throne of *Dulness*, even by the confession of those her most *legitimate* Sons, who have unfortunately wanted that advantage. The illustrious *Vanini* in his divine encomium on our Goddess, intitled *De Admirandis Naturæ Regine Deæque mortalium Arcanis*, laments that he was not born a Bastard: *O utinam extra legitimum ac connubialem thorum essem procreatus!* &c. He expatiates on the prerogatives of a *free birth*, and on what he would have done for the *Great Mother* with those advantages; and then sorrowfully concludes, *At quia Conjugatorum sum soboles, his orbatus sum benis.* W.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 332. *So may the sons of sons &c.*]

Et nati natorum, et qui nascuntur ab illis.

Virg.

Pleas'd, she accepts the Hero, and the Dame,
Wraps in her Veil, and frees from sense of Shame.

Then look'd, and saw a lazy, lolling sort,
Unseen at Church, at Senate, or at Court,
Of ever-littlefs Loit'ers, that attend 339

No Cause, no Trust, no Duty, and no Friend.

Thee too, my Paridel! she mark'd thee there,

Stretch'd on the rack of a too easy chair,

And heard thy everlasting yawn confess

The Pains and Penalties of Idleness,

She pity'd! but her Pity only shed 345

Benigner influence on thy nodding head.

But Annius, crafty Seer, with ebon wand,

And well-diffembled em'rald on his hand,

REMARKS.

VER. 341. *Thee too, my Paridel!*] The Poet seems to speak of this young gentleman with great affection. The name is taken from Spenser, who gives it to a *wandering Courtly Squire*, that travell'd about for the same reason, for which many young Squires are now fond of travelling, and especially to *Paris*. P. W.

VER. 347. *Annius,*] The name taken from Annius the Monk of Viterbo, famous for many Impositions and Forgeries of ancient manuscripts and inscriptions, which he was prompted to

IMITATIONS.

VER. 342. *Stretch'd on the rack —
And heard &c.]*

*Sedet, æternumque sedebit,
Infelix Theseus, Phlegyasque miserrimus omnes
Admonet —* Virg.

False as his Gems, and canker'd as his Coins,
 Came, cramm'd with capon, from where Pollio
 dines. 350

Soft, as the wily Fox is seen to creep,
 Where bask on sunny banks the simple sheep,
 Walk round and round, now prying here, now there,
 So he; but pious, whisper'd first his pray'r.

Grant, gracious Goddess! grant me still to cheat,
 O may thy cloud still cover the deceit! 356

REMARKS.

by mere Vanity, but our Annus had a more substantial motive. P. W.

VER. 348. *well-dissembled em'rald on his hand*] The Poet seems here, as Wits are ever licentious, to upbraid this useful Member of Society for his *well-dissembled em'rald*; whereas in truth it was by that circumstance he should have been commended. This worthy person was, I suppose, a Factor between the poor and rich, to supply these with their imaginary wants, and to relieve those from their real ones. Now I ask how can this Factorage be carried on without well dissembling. The rich Man wants an Em'rald; his want is allowed on all hands to be imaginary. And what fitter for an imaginary want than an imaginary em'rald? For Philosophers agree, that *imagination*s are not to be cured by their contrary *realities*, but to be removed, if troublesome, by other imaginations; and these again, in their turn, by other. Consider it in another light. An Em'rald, we agree, is an imaginary want; but an Em'rald of Gol-

IMITATIONS.

VER. 355. — *grant me still to cheat!*
O may thy cloud still cover the deceit!]

— *Da, pulchra Laverna,*
Da mihi fallere —
Noctem peccatis & fraudibus objice nubem. Hor.

Thy choicer mists on this assembly shed,
 But pour them thickest on the noble head.
 So shall each youth, assisted by our eyes,
 See other Cæsars, other Homers rise ; 360
 Thro' twilight ages hunt th' Athenian fowl,
 Which Chalcis Gods, and mortals call an Owl,
 Now see an Attys, now a Cecrops clear,
 Nay, Mahomet ! the Pigeon at thine ear ;

REMARKS.

conda is much more so. Now if, in a true *Em'erald of France*, the colour, the lustre, and the bulk, be all improved, what is wanting in it, that may be thought to concur to that solid happiness, which we find an *Em'erald* is capable of giving to enlarged, and truly improved Minds ? Certainly, nothing but that Golcondical substantial form, which is neither seen, felt, nor understood ; a certain *essentiuncula*, or as we may say, *esprit folet*, with which substances had been for many ages possessed, but is lately sneaked out of matter, is no longer in nature, nor (what is more to the purpose) no longer in fashion. SCRIBL. W.

VER. 355. *still to cheat,*] Some read *skill*, but that is frivolous, for Annus hath that skill already ; or if he had not, *skill* were not wanting to cheat such persons. BENTL. P. W.

VER. 361. *hunt th' Athenian fowl,*] The Owl stamp'd on the reverse on the ancient money of Athens.

Which Chalcis Gods, and Mortals call an Owl
 is the verse by which Hobbes renders that of Homer,

Χαλκίδα κικλήσκουσι Θεοί, ἄνδρες δὲ Κύμινδιν. P. W.

VER. 363. *Attys and Cecrops.*] The first King of Athens, of whom it is hard to suppose any Coins are extant ; but not so improbable as what follows, that there should be any of Mahomet, who forbad all Images ; and the story of whose Pigeon was a monkish fable. Nevertheless one of these Annus's made

Be rich in ancient brass, tho' not in gold, 365
 And keep his Lares, tho' his house be sold;
 To headless Phœbe his fair bride postpone,
 Honour a Syrian Prince above his own;
 Lord of an Otho, if I vouch it true;
 Blest in one Niger, till he knows of two. 370

Mummius o'erheard him; Mummius, Fool-
 renown'd,
 Who like his Cheops stinks above the ground,
 Fierce as a startled Adder, swell'd, and said,
 Rattling an ancient Sistrum at his head:

REMARKS.

a counterfeit medal of that Impostor, now in the collection of a learned Nobleman. P. W.

VER. 371. *Mummius*] This name is not merely an allusion to the Mummies he was so fond of, but probably referred to the Roman General of that name, who burn'd Corinth, and committed the curious Statues to the Captain of a Ship, assuring him, "that if any were lost or broken, he should procure others to be made in their stead:" by which it should seem (whatever may be pretended) that Mummius was no Virtuoso. P. W.

VER. 370.—*Fool-renown'd*] A compound epithet in the Greek manner, *renown'd by fools*, or *renown'd for making Fools*. P.

VER. 372. *Cheops*] A King of Egypt, whose body was certainly to be known, as being buried alone in his Pyramid, and is therefore more genuine than any of the Cleopatra's. This Royal Mummy, being stolen by a wild Arab, was purchas'd by the Consul of Alexandria, and transmitted to the Museum of Mummius; for proof of which he brings a passage in Sandys's Travels, where that accurate and learned Voyager assures us that he saw the Sepulchre empty, which agrees exactly (saith he) with the time of the theft above-mention'd. But he omits to observe that Herodotus tells the same thing of it in his time. P. W.

Speak'st thou of Syrian Princes? Traitor base!
 Mine, Goddess! mine is all the horned race. 376
 True, he had wit, to make their value rise;
 From foolish Greeks to steal them, was as wise;
 More glorious yet, from barb'rous hands to keep,
 When Sallee Rovers chac'd him on the deep. 380
 Then taught by Hermes, and divinely bold,
 Down his own throat he risqu'd the Grecian gold,
 Receiv'd each Demi-God, with pious care,
 Deep in his Entrails—I rever'd them there,

REMARKS.

VER. 375. *Speak'st thou of Syrian Princes? &c.*] The strange story following, which may be taken for a fiction of the Poet, is justified by a true relation in Spon's Voyages. Vaillant (who wrote the History of the Syrian Kings as it is to be found on medals) coming from the Levant, where he had been collecting various Coins, and being pursued by a Corsaire of Sallee, swallowed down twenty gold medals. A sudden Bourasque freed him from the Rover, and he got to land with them in his belly. On his road to Avignon he met two Physicians, of whom he demanded assistance. One advis'd Purgations, the other Vomits. In this uncertainty he took neither, but pursued his way to Lyons, where he found his ancient friend, the famous Physician and Antiquary Dufour, to whom he related his adventure. Dufour first ask'd him *whether the Medals were of the higher Empire?* He assur'd him they were. Dufour was ra-

IMITATIONS.

VER. 383. *Receiv'd each Demi-God,*]

*Emissumque ima de sede Typhœa terræ
 Cœlitibus fecisse metum; cunctosque dedisse,
 Terga fugæ: donec fessos Ægyptia tellus
 Ceperit —*

Ovid.

I bought them, shrouded in that living shrine,
 And, at their second birth, they issue mine. 386

Witness great Ammon ! by whose horns I swore,
 (Reply'd soft Annius) this our paunch before
 Still bears them, faithful ; and that thus I eat,
 Is to refund the Medals with the meat. 390

To prove me, Goddesses ! clear of all design,
 Bid me with Pollio sup, as well as dine :
 There all the Learn'd shall at the labour stand,
 And Douglas lend his soft, obstetric hand.

The Goddesses smiling seem'd to give consent ;
 So back to Pollio, hand in hand, they went. 396

Then thick as Locusts black'ning all the ground,
 A tribe, with weeds and shells fantastic crown'd,

REMARKS.

wish'd with the hope of possessing such a treasure, he bargain'd with him on the spot for the most curious of them, and was to recover them at his own expence. P. W.

VER. 383. *each Demi-God,*] They are called *Θεοι* on their Coins. P. W.

VER. 387. *Witness great Ammon !*] Jupiter Ammon is call'd to witness, as the father of Alexander, to whom those Kings succeeded in the division of the Macedonian Empire, and whose *Horns* they wore on their Medals. P. W.

VER. 394. *Douglas*] A Physician of great Learning and no less Taste ; above all curious in what related to *Horace*, of whom he collected every Edition, Translation, and Comment, to the number of several hundred volumes. P. W.

VER. 397. *Then thick as locusts black'ning all the ground,*] The similitude of *Locusts* does not refer more to the numbers than to the qualities of the Virtuosi : who not only devour and lay waste

Each with some wond'rous gift approach'd the
Pow'r,

A Nest, a Toad, a Fungus, or a Flow'r. 400
But far the foremost, two, with earnest zeal,
And aspect ardent to the Throne appeal.

The first thus open'd: Hear thy suppliant's call,
Great Queen, and common Mother of us all!
Fair from its humble bed I rear'd this Flow'r, 405
Suckled, and chear'd, with air, and sun, and show'r,
Soft on the paper ruff its leaves I spread,
Bright with the gilded button tipt its head.
Then thron'd in glass, and nam'd it CAROLINE:
Each maid cry'd, Charming! and each youth, Divine!

REMARKS.

every tree, shrub, and green leaf in their *Course*, i. e. of experiments; but suffer neither a moss nor fungus to escape untouched.

SCRIBL. W.

VER. 409. *and nam'd it Caroline:*] It is a compliment which the Florists usually pay to Princes and great persons, to give

IMITATIONS.

VER. 405. *Fair from its humble bed, &c. nam'd it Caroline!*
Each Maid cry'd, charming! and each Youth, divine!
Now prostrate! dead! behold that Caroline:
No Maid cries, charming! and no Youth, divine!

These Verses are translated from Catullus, Epith.

*Ut flos in septis secretus nascitur hortis,
Quam mulcent auræ, firmat Sol, educat imber,
Multi illum pueri, multæ optavere puellæ:
Idem quum tenui carptus defloruit ungui,
Nulli illum pueri, nullæ optavere puellæ, &c.*

Did Nature's pencil ever blend such rays, 411

Such vary'd light in one promiscuous blaze?

Now prostrate! dead! behold that Caroline:

No maid cries, Charming! and no youth, Divine!

And lo the wretch! whose vile, whose insect lust

Lay'd this gay daughter of the Spring in dust. 416

Oh punish him, or to th' Elysian shades

Dismiss my soul, where no Carnation fades.

He ceas'd, and wept. With innocence of mien,

Th' Accus'd stood forth, and thus address'd the Queen.

Of all th' enamel'd race, whose silv'ry wing 421

Waves to the tepid Zephyrs of the spring,

REMARKS.

their names to the most curious Flowers of their raising: Some have been very jealous of vindicating this honour, but none more than that ambitious Gardiner, at Hammer-smith, who caused his Favourite to be painted on his Sign, with this inscription, *This is My Queen Caroline.* P. W.

VER. 418. *Dismiss my soul where no Carnation fades.*] It is a trite observation, that men have always placed the happiness of their fancied *Elysium* in something they took most delight in here. The joys of a Mahometan paradise consist in young maidens, always virgins: Our modest Votary warms his imagination only with Carnations always in bloom; which, alluding, at the same time, to the perpetual spring of the old Elysian fields,

IMITATIONS.

VER. 421. *Of all th' enamel'd race,*] The poet seems to have an eye to Spenser, *Muiopotmos.*

*Of all the race of silver-winged Flies
Which do possess the Empire of the Air.*

Or swims along the fluid atmosphere,
 Once brightest shin'd this child of Heat and Air.
 I saw, and started from its vernal bow'r, 425
 The rising game, and chac'd from flow'r to flow'r.
 It fled, I follow'd; now in hope, now pain;
 It stopt, I stopt; it mov'd, I mov'd again.
 At last it fix'd, 'twas on what plant it pleas'd,
 And where it fix'd, the beauteous bird I seiz'd:
 Rose or Carnation was below my care;
 I meddle, Goddess! only in my sphere.
 I tell the naked fact without disguise,
 And, to excuse it, need but shew the prize;
 Whose spoils this paper offers to your eye, 435
 Fair ev'n in death! this peerless *Butterfly*.

My sons! (she answer'd) both have done your parts:
 Live happy both, and long promote our arts.
 But hear a Mother, when she recommends
 To your fraternal care, our sleeping friends. 440

REMARKS.

give an inimitable pleasantry, as well as decorum, to the conclusion of his Prayer. W.

VER. 440. *our sleeping friends,*] Of whom see ν 345 above.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 427, 428. *It fled, I follow'd, &c.*]

— *I started back,
 It started back; but pleas'd I soon return'd,
 Pleas'd it return'd as soon —* Milton.

The common Soul, of Heav'n's more frugal make,
 Serves but to keep fools pert, and knaves awake:
 A drowzy Watchman, that just gives a knock,
 And breaks our rest, to tell us what's a clock.
 Yet by some object ev'ry brain is stirr'd; 445
 The dull may waken to a Humming-bird;
 The most recluse, discreetly open'd, find
 Congenial matter in the Cockle-kind;
 The mind, in Metaphysics at a loss,
 May wander in a wilderness of Moss; 450
 The head that turns at super-lunar things,
 Poiz'd with a tail, may steer on Wilkins' wings.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 441. *The common soul &c.*] in the first Edit. thus,
 Of Souls the greater part, Heav'n's common make,
 Serve but to keep fools pert, and knaves awake;
 And most but find that centinel of God,
 A drowzy Watchman in the land of Nod.

REMARKS.

VER. 444. *And breaks our rest, to tell us what's a clock.*] i. e.
 When the feast of life is just over, calls us to think of break-
 ing up; but never watches to prevent the disorders that hap-
 pen in the heat of the entertainment. W.

VER. 450. *a wilderness of Moss;*] Of which the Naturalists
 count I can't tell how many hundred species. P. W.

VER. 452. *Wilkins' wings.*] One of the first Projectors of
 the Royal Society, who, among many enlarged and useful no-
 tions, entertain'd the extravagant hope of a possibility to fly to

O! would the Sons of Men once think their Eyes
 And Reason giv'n them but to study *Flies!*
 See Nature in some partial narrow shape, 455
 And let the Author of the Whole escape:
 Learn but to trifle; or, who most observe,
 To wonder at their Maker, not to serve.

Be that my task (replies a gloomy Clerk,
 Sworn foe to Myst'ry, yet divinely dark; 460
 Whose pious hope aspires to see the day
 When Moral Evidence shall quite decay,

REMARKS.

the Moon; which has put some volatile Genius's upon making wings for that purpose. P. W.

VER. 453. *O! would the Sons of men, &c.*] This is the third speech of the Goddess to her Supplicants, and completes the whole of what she had to give in instruction on this important occasion, concerning Learning, Civil Society, and Religion. In the first speech, v 119, to her Editors and conceited Critics, she directs how to deprave Wit and discredit fine Writers. In her second, v 175, to the Educators of Youth, she shews them how all Civil Duties may be extinguish'd, in that one doctrine of divine Hereditary Right. And in this third, she charges the Investigators of Nature to amuse themselves in Trifles, and rest in Second causes, with a total disregard of the first. This being all that Dulness can wish, is all she needs to say; and we may apply to her (as the Poet hath managed it) what hath been said of true Wit, that *She neither says too little, nor too much.* P. W.

VER. 459. *a gloomy Clerk,*] The Epithet *gloomy* in this line may seem the same with that of *dark* in the next. But *gloomy* relates to the uncomfortable and disastrous condition of an irreligious Sceptic, whereas *dark* alludes only to his puzzled and embroiled Systems. P. W.

VER. 462. *When Moral Evidence shall quite decay,*] Alluding

And damns implicit faith, and holy lies,
 Prompt to impose, and fond to dogmatize :)
 Let others creep by timid steps, and flow, 465
 On plain Experience lay foundations low,
 By common sense to common knowledge bred,
 And last, to Nature's Cause thro' Nature led.
 All-seeing in thy mists, we want no guide,
 Mother of Arrogance, and Source of Pride! 470
 We nobly take the high Priori Road,
 And reason downward, till we doubt of God:

REMARKS.

to a ridiculous and absurd way of some Mathematicians, in calculating the gradual decay of Moral Evidence by mathematical proportions: according to which calculation, in about fifty years it will be no longer probable that Julius Cæsar was in Gaul, or died in the Senate House. See *Craig's Theologiæ Christianæ Principia Mathematica*. But as it seems evident, that facts of a thousand years old, for instance, are now as probable as they were five hundred years ago; it is plain that if in fifty more they quite disappear, it must be owing, not to their Arguments, but to the extraordinary Power of our Goddes; for whose help therefore they have reason to pray. P. W.

VER. 465—68. *Let others creep—thro' Nature led.*] In these lines are described the *Disposition* of the rational Inquirer; and the *means* and *end* of Knowledge. With regard to his *disposition*, the contemplation of the works of God with human faculties, must needs make a modest and sensible man timorous and fearful; and that will naturally direct him to the right *means* of acquiring the little knowledge his faculties are capable of, namely *plain and sure experience*; which tho' supporting only an humble *foundation*, and permitting only a very slow progress, yet leads, surely, to the *end*, the discovery of the *God of nature*. W.

Make Nature still incroach upon his plan ;
 And shove him off as far as e'er we can :
 Thrust some Mechanic Cause into his place ; 475
 Or bind in Matter, or diffuse in Space.
 Or, at one bound o'er-leaping all his laws,
 Make God Man's Image, Man the final Cause,

REMARKS.

VER. 471. *the high Priori Road,*] Those who, from the effects in this Visible world, deduce the Eternal Power and Godhead of the First Cause, tho' they cannot attain to an adequate idea of the Deity, yet discover so much of him, as enables them to see the End of their Creation, and the Means of their Happiness: whereas they who take this high Priori Road (such as Hobbs, Spinoza, Des Cartes, and some better Reasoners) for one that goes right, ten lose themselves in Mists, or ramble after Visions, which deprive them of all sight of their End, and mislead them in the choice of wrong means. P. W.

VER. 472. *And reason downward, till we doubt of God :*] This was in fact the case of those who, instead of reasoning from a *visible World* to an *invisible God*, took the other road; and from an *invisible God* (to whom they had given attributes agreeable to certain metaphysical principles formed out of their own imaginations) reasoned *downwards* to a *visible world* in theory, of Man's Creation; which not agreeing, as might be expected, to that of God's, they began, from their inability to account for *evil* which they saw in his world, to doubt of that God, whose Being they had admitted, and whose attributes they had deduced *a priori*, on weak and mistaken principles. W.

VER. 473. *Make Nature still*] This relates to such as, being ashamed to assert a mere Mechanic Cause, and yet unwilling to forsake it intirely, have had recourse to a certain *Plastic Nature, Elastic Fluid, Subtile Matter, &c.* P. W.

VER. 475.

*Thrust some Mechanic Cause into his place,
 Or bind in Matter, or diffuse in Space.]*

The first of these Follies is that of Des Cartes; the second of Hobbs; the third of some succeeding Philosophers. P. W.

Find Virtue local, all Relation scorn,
 See all in *Self*, and but for self be born: 480
 Of nought so certain as our *Reason* still,
 Of nought so doubtful as of *Soul* and *Will*.
 Oh hide the God still more! and make us see
 Such as Lucretius drew, a God like Thee:

REMARKS.

VER. 477. *Or, at one bound, &c.*] These words are very significant: In their Physical and Metaphysical reasonings it was a *Chain* of pretended *Demonstrations* that drew them into all these absurd conclusions. But their errors in Morals rest only on bold and impudent *Affertions*, without the least shadow of proof, in which they *o'er-leap* all the laws of Argument as well as Truth. W.

VER. 478, &c.

*Make God Man's Image, Man the final Cause,
 Find Virtue local, all Relation scorn,
 See all in Self—]*

Here the Poet from the errors relating to a Deity in Natural Philosophy, descends to those in Moral. Man was made according to *God's Image*; this false Theology, measuring his Attributes by ours, makes God after *Man's Image*. This proceeds from the imperfection of his *Reason*. The next, of imagining himself the final Cause, is the effect of his *Pride*: as the making Virtue and Vice arbitrary, and Morality the imposition of the Magistrate, is of the *Corruption* of his *heart*. Hence he centers every thing in *himself*. The Progress of Dulness herein differing from that of Madness; one ends in *seeing all in God*, the other in *seeing all in Self*. P. W.

VER. 481. *Of nought so certain as our Reason still.*] Of which we have most cause to be diffident. *Of nought so doubtful as of Soul and Will*: two things the most self-evident, the Existence of our Soul, and the Freedom of our Will. P. W.

VER. 484. *Such as Lucretius drew,*] Lib. i. v. 57.

*Omnis enim per se Divinæ natura necessest
 Immortali ævo summa cum pace fruatur,*

Wrapt up in Self, a God without a Thought, 485
 Regardless of our merit or default.
 Or that bright Image to our fancy draw,
 Which Theocles in raptur'd vision saw,

REMARKS.

*Semota ab nostris rebus, summotaque longe —
 Nec bene pro meritis capitur, nec tangitur ira.*

From whence the two verses following are translated, and wonderfully agree with the character of our Goddess. SCRIBL. P. W.

VER. 487. *Or that bright Image*] *Bright Image* was the Title given by the later Platonists to that Vision of *Nature*, which they had form'd out of their own fancy, so bright, that they call'd it Ἀὑτοπλον Ἄλασμα, or the *Self-seen Image*, i. e. seen by its own light.

This *Ignis fatuus* has in these our times appeared again in the *North*; and the writings of *Hutcheson*, *Geddes*, and their followers, are full of its wonders. For in this *lux borealis*, this *Self-seen Image*, these second-fighted philosophers see every thing else. SCRIBL. W.

VER. 487. *Or that bright Image*] i. e. Let it be either the *Chance-God* of Epicurus, or the *FATE*, of this Goddess. W.

VER. 488. *Which Theocles in raptur'd Vision saw*] Thus this Philosopher calls upon his Friend, to partake with him in these Visions:

“ To-morrow, when the Eastern Sun
 “ With his first Beams adorns the front
 “ Of yonder Hill, if you're content
 “ To wander with me in the Woods you see,
 “ We will pursue those Loves of ours,
 “ By favour of the Sylvan Nymphs:

“ and invoking first the *Genius* of the *Place*, we'll try to obtain at least some faint and distant view of the *Sovereign Genius* and *first Beauty*.” *Charact.* Vol. ii. pag. 245.

This *Genius* is thus apostrophized (pag. 345.) by the same Philosopher:

While thro' Poetic scenes the GENIUS roves,
Or wanders wild in Academic Groves; 490

That NATURE our Society adores,
Where Tindal dictates, and Silenus snores,

REMARKS.

- “ — O glorious Nature!
“ Supremely fair, and sovereignly good!
“ All-loving, and all-lovely! all divine!
“ Wise Substitute of Providence! *impow'rd*
“ *Creatress!* or *impow'ring Deity,*
“ *Supreme Creator!*
“ Thee I invoke, and thee alone adore.

Sir Isaac Newton distinguishes between these two in a very different manner. [Princ. Schol. gen. sub fin.] — *Hunc cognoscimus solummodo per proprietates suas & attributa, & per sapientissimas & optimas rerum structuras, & causas finales; veneramur autem & colimus ob dominium. Deus etenim sine dominio, providentia, & causis finalibus, nihil aliud est quam Fatum & Natura.* P. W.

VER. 489. *roves,—Or wanders wild in Academic Groves.*] “ Above all things I lov'd *Ease*, and of all Philosophers those “ who reason'd most *at their Ease*, and were never angry or “ disturb'd, as those call'd *Sceptics* never were. I look'd upon “ this kind of Philosophy as the *prettiest, agreeablest, roving Ex-* “ *ercise of the mind*, possible to be imagined.” Vol. ii. p. 206. P. W.

VER. 491. *That Nature our Society adores,*] See the *Pantheisticon*, with its liturgy and rubrics, composed by Toland. W.

VER. 492. *Where Tindal dictates and Silenus snores.*] It cannot be denied but that this fine stroke of satire against Atheism was well intended. But how must the Reader smile at our Author's officious zeal, when he is told, that at the time this was written, you might as soon have found a Wolf in England as an *Atheist*? The truth is, the whole species was exterminated. There is a trifling difference indeed concerning the Author of the *Atchievement*. Some, as Dr. Ashenhurst, gave it to Bentley's *Boylean Lectures*. And he so well convinced that great

Rous'd at his name, up rose the bowzy Sire,
 And shook from out his Pipe the seeds of fire;
 Then snapt his box, and strok'd his belly down:
 Rosy and rev'rend, tho' without a Gown.
 Bland and familiar to the throne he came,
 Led up the Youth, and call'd the Goddess *Dame*.
 Then thus. From Priest-craft happily set free,
 Lo! ev'ry finish'd Son returns to thee: 500

REMARKS.

Man of his merit, that wherever afterwards he found *Atheist*, he always read it *A Theist*. But, in spite of a claim so well made out, others give the honour of this exploit to a later *Boylean Lecturer*. A judicious Apologist for Dr. Clarke, against Mr. Whiston, says, with no less elegance, than positiveness of expression, *It is a most certain truth that the Demonstration of the being and attributes of God, has extirpated and banished Atheism out of the Christian world*, p. 18. It is much to be lamented, that the clearest truths have still their dark side. Here we see it becomes a doubt which of the two Hercules's was the Monster-queller. But what of that? Since the thing is done, and the proof of it so *certain*, there is no occasion for so nice a convassing of circumstances. SCRIBL. W.

Ibid. *Silenus*] Silenus was an Epicurean Philosopher, as appears from Virgil, *Eclog. vi.* where he sings the principles of that Philosophy in his drink. P. W.

VER. 494. *seeds of Fire*;] The Epicurean language, *Semina rerum*, or Atoms. Virg. *Eclog. vi.* *Semina ignis—semina flammæ* — P. W.

VER. 499; 500. *From Priest-craft happily set free,*
Lo! ev'ry finish'd Son returns to thee:]

The learned Scriblerus is here very whimsical. It would seem, says he, 'by this, as if the PRIESTS (who are always plotting mischief against the *Law of Nature*) had inveigled these harmless Youths from the bosom of their Mother, and kept them in

First slave to Words, then vassal to a Name,
 Then dupe to Party; child and man the same;
 Bounded by Nature, narrow'd still by Art,
 A trifling head, and a contracted heart.
 Thus bred, thus taught, how many have I seen, 505
 Smiling on all, and smil'd on by a Queen?
 Mark'd out for Honours, honour'd for their Birth,
 To thee the most rebellious things on earth:
 Now to thy gentle shadow all are shrunk,
 All melted down, in Pension, or in Punk! 510
 So K* so B** sneak'd into the grave,
 A Monarch's half, and half a Harlot's slave.
 Poor W** nipt in Folly's broadest bloom,
 Who praises now? his Chaplain on his Tomb.

REMARKS.

open Rebellion to her, till Silenus broke the charm, and restored them to her indulgent arms. But this is so singular a fancy, and at the same time so unsupported by proof, that we must in justice acquit them of all suspicions of this kind. W.

VER. 501. *First slave to Words, &c.*] A Recapitulation of the whole Course of Modern Education describ'd in this book, which confines Youth to the study of *Words* only in Schools; subjects them to the authority of *Systems* in the Universities; and deludes them with the names of *Party-distinctions* in the World. All equally concurring to narrow the Understanding, and establish Slavery and Error in Literature, Philosophy, and Politics. The whole finish'd in modern Free-thinking; the completion of whatever is vain, wrong, and destructive to the happiness of mankind, as it establishes *Self-love* for the sole Principle of Action. P. W.

VER. 506. *smil'd on by a Queen.*] i. e. This Queen or Goddess of Dulness.

Then take them all, oh take them to thy breast!
 Thy *Magus*, Goddess! shall perform the rest. 515
 With that, a WIZARD OLD his *Cup* extends;
 Which whofo tastes, forgets his former friends,

REMARKS.

VER. 517. *With that a Wizard old, &c.*] Here beginneth the celebration of the GREATER MYSTERIES of the Goddess, which the Poet in his Invocation, *ŷ* 5, promised to sing. For when now each Aspirant, as was the custom, had proved his qualification and claim to a participation, the HIGH-PRIEST of Dulness first initiateth the Assembly by the usual way of *Libation*. And then each of the Initiated, as was always required, putteth on a *new Nature*, described in *ŷ* 530. *Firm Impudence, and Stupefaction mild*, which the Ancient Writers on the *Mysteries* call, τῆς ψυχῆς ἕρμα, the great prop or fulcrum of the human mind. When the High-Priest and Goddess have thus done their parts, each of them is delivered into the hands of his Conductor, an inferior Minister or *Hierophant*, whose names are *Impudence, Stupefaction, Self-conceit, Self-interest, Pleasure, Epicurism, &c.* to lead them thro' the several apartments of her Mystic Dome or Palace. When all this is over, the sovereign Goddess, from *ŷ* 565 to 600 conferreth her *Titles and Degrees*; rewards inseparably attendant on the *participation* of the *Mysteries*; which made the ancient *Theon* say of them—καλλιζα μὲν εἶν, καὶ τῶ μεγάλων ἀγαθῶν, τὸ Μυστηρίων μελέχειν. Hence being enriched with so many various Gifts and Graces, *Initiation* into the *Mysteries* was anciently, as well as in these our times, esteemed a necessary qualification for every high office and employment, whether in Church or State. Lastly the great Mother, the *Bona Dea*, shutteth up the Solemnity with her gracious benedic-

IMITATIONS.

VER. 518. *Which whofo tastes, forgets his former friends,—Sire, &c.*] Homer of the *Nepenthe*, *Odyss.* iv.

Αὐτίκ' ἄρ' εἰς οἶνον βάλε Φάρμακον, ἔνθεν ἔπινον
 Νηπειθές τ' ἀχολόν τε, κακῶν ὑπίληθον ἀπάντων.

Sire, Ancestors, Himself. One casts his eyes
 Up to a *Star*, and like Endymion dies : 520
 A *Feather*, shooting from another's head,
 Extracts his brain; and Principle is fled;
 Lost is his God, his Country, ev'ry thing;
 And nothing left but Homage to a King!

REMARKS.

tion, which concludeth in drawing the Curtain, and laying all her Children to rest. It is to be observed that DULNESS, before this her Restoration, had her Pontiffs *in Partibus*; who from time to time held her Mysteries in secret, and with great privacy. But now, on her Re-establishment, she celebrateth them, like those of the *Cretans* (the most ancient of all Mysteries) in open day, and offereth them to the inspection of all men.

SCRIBL. W.

Ibid. *his Cup*—Which *whoso tastes*, &c.] *The Cup of Self-love*, which causes a total oblivion of the obligations of Friendship, or Honour; and of the Service of God or our Country; all sacrificed to Vain-glory, Court-worship, or the yet meaner considerations of Lucre and brutal Pleasures. From v 520 to 528.

P. W.

VER. 518. — *forgets his former Friends*,] Surely there little needed the force of charms or magic to set aside an *useless* friendship. For of all the accommodations of fashionable life, as there are none more reputable, so there are none of so little charge as friendship. It fills up the void of life with a name of dignity and respect; and at the same time is ready to give place to every passion that offers to dispute possession with it.

SCRIBL. W.

VER. 523, 524. *Lost is his God, his Country—And nothing left but Homage to a King.*] So strange as this must seem to a mere English reader, the famous Mons. de la Bruyere declares it to be the character of every good Subject in a Monarchy: “Where
 “ (says he) *there is no such thing as Love of our Country*. the
 “ Interest, the Glory, and Service of the *Prince*, supply its
 “ place.” *De la Republique*, chap. x.

The vulgar herd turn off to roll with Hogs, 525
 To run with Horses, or to hunt with Dogs;
 But, sad example! never to escape
 Their Infamy, still keep the human shape.

But she, good Goddess, sent to ev'ry child
 Firm Impudence, or Stupefaction mild; 530
 And strait succeeded, leaving shame no room,
 Cibberian forehead, or Cimmerian gloom.

REMARKS.

Of this duty another celebrated *French* Author speaks, indeed, a little more disrespectfully; which, for that reason, we shall not translate, but give in his own words, “L’Amour de la Patrie, le grand motif des premiers Heros, n’est plus regardé que comme une Chimère; l’idée du Service du Roi, étendue jusqu’à l’oubli de tout autre Principe, tient lieu de ce qu’on appelloit autrefois Grandeur d’Ame & Fidelité.” *Boulaingwilliers Hist. des Anciens Parlements de France, &c.* P. W.

VER. 528. *still keep the human shape.*] The effects of the Magus’s Cup, by which is allegorized a total corruption of heart, are just contrary to that of Circe, which only represents the sudden plunging into pleasures. Her’s, therefore, took away the shape, and left the human mind; his takes away the mind, and leaves the human shape. W.

VER. 529. *But she, good Goddess, &c.*] The only comfort people can receive, must be owing in some shape or other to Dulness; which makes some stupid, others impudent, gives Self-conceit to some, upon the Flatteries of their dependants, presents the false colours of Interest to others, and busies or amuses the rest with idle Pleasures or Sensuality, till they become easy under any infamy. Each of which species is here shadowed under Allegorical persons. P. W.

VER. 532. *Cibberian forehead, or Cimmerian gloom.*] i. e. She communicates to them of her own Virtue, or of her Royal Collegues. The *Cibberian forehead* being to fit them for Self-

Kind Self-conceit to some her glafs applies,
 Which no one looks in with another's eyes :
 But as the Fatt'rer or Dependant paint,
 Beholds himself a Patriot, Chief, or Saint.

On others Int'rest her gay liv'ry flings,
 Int'rest, that waves on Party-colour'd wings :
 Turn'd to the Sun, she casts a thousand dyes,
 And, as she turns, the colours fall or rise. 540

Others the Syren Sisters warble round,
 And empty heads console with empty sound.
 No more, alas! the voice of Fame they hear,
 The balm of Dulness trickling in their ear.
 Great C**, H**, P**, R**, K*, 545
 Why all your Toils? your Sons have learn'd to sing.

REMARKS.

conceit, Self-Interest, &c. and the *Cimmerian gloom*, for the Pleasures of Opera and the Table. SCRIBL. W.

VER. 544. *The balm of Dulness*] The true *Balm of Dulness*, called by the Greek Physicians *Κολακεία*, is a *Sovereign* remedy against Inanity, and has its poetic name from the Goddess herself. Its ancient Dispensators were *her Poets*; and for that reason our Author, Book ii. § 207. calls it, *the Poet's healing balm*: but it is now got into as many hands as Goddard's Drops or Daffy's Elixir. It is prepared by the *Clergy*, as appears from several places of this poem: And by § 534, 535, it seems as if the *Nobility* had it made up in their own houses. This, which *Opera* is here said to administer, is but a spurious sort. See my *Dissertation on the Silphium of the Antients*.

BENTL. W.

How quick Ambition hastes to ridicule!

The Sire is made a Peer, the Son a Fool.

On some, a Priest fuccinct in amice white
Attends; all flesh is nothing in his sight! 550

Beeves, at his touch, at once to jelly turn,

And the huge Boar is shrunk into an Urn:

The board with specious miracles he loads,

Turns Hares to Larks, and Pigeons into Toads.

Another (for in all what one can shine?) 555

Explains the *Seve* and *Verdeur* of the Vine.

REMARKS.

VER. 553. *The board with specious Miracles he loads, &c.* Scriblerus seems at a loss in this place. *Speciosa miracula* (says he) according to Horace, were the monstrous Fables of the Cyclops, Læstrygons, Scylla, &c. What relation have these to the transformation of Hares into Larks, or of Pigeons into Toads? I shall tell thee. The Læstrygons spitted Men upon Spears, as we do Larks upon Skewers: and the fair Pigeon turn'd to a Toad is similar to the fair Virgin Scylla ending in a filthy beast. But here is the difficulty, why Pigeons in so shocking a shape should be brought to a Table. Hares indeed might be cut into Larks at a second dressing, out of frugality: Yet that seems no probable motive, when we consider the extravagance before-mentioned, of dissolving whole Oxen and Boars into a small vial of Jelly; nay it is expressly said, that *all Flesh is nothing in his sight*. I have searched in Apicius, Pliny, and the Feast of Trimalchio, in vain: I can only resolve it into some mysterious superstitious Rite, as it is said to be done by a *Priest*, and soon after called a *Sacrifice*, attended (as all ancient sacrifices were) with *Libation* and *Song*. SCRIBL.

This good Scholiast, not being acquainted with modern Luxury, was ignorant that these were only the miracles of *French Cookery*, and that particular *Pigeons en crapeau* were a common dish.

P. W.

What cannot copious Sacrifice atone?
 Thy Treuffles, Perigord! thy Hams, Bayonne!
 With French Libation, and Italian Strain,
 Wash Bladen white, and expiate Hays's stain.
 KNIGHT lifts the head, for what are crouds un-
 done, 561
 To three essential Partridges in one?

REMARKS.

VER. 556. *Seve and Verdeur*] French Terms relating to Wines, which signify their flavour and poignancy.

*Et je gagerois que chez le Commandeur
 Villandri priseroit sa Seve & sa Verdeur.* Dépreaux.

St. Evremont has a very pathetic Letter to a Nobleman in disgrace, advising him to seek Comfort in a good Table, and particularly to be attentive to these Qualities in his Champagne.

P. W.

VER. 560. *Bladen—Hays*] Names of Gamesters. Bladen is a black man. ROBERT KNIGHT Cashier of the South-sea Company, who fled from England in 1720 (afterwards pardoned in 1742.)—These lived with the utmost magnificence at Paris, and kept open Tables frequented by persons of the first Quality of England, and even by Princes of the Blood of France.

P. W.

Ibid. Bladen, &c.] The former Note of *Bladen is a black man*, is very absurd. The Manuscript here is partly obliterated, and doubtless could only have been, *Wash Blackmoors white*, alluding to a known Proverb.

SCRIBL. P. W.

VER. 567.

*Her Children first of more distinguish'd sort,
 Who study Shakespear at the Inns of Court.*]

Ill would that Scholiast discharge his duty, who should neglect to honour those whom DULNESS has distinguished: or suffer them to lie forgotten, when their rare modesty would have left them nameless. Let us not, therefore, overlook the Services which have been done her Cause, by one Mr. Thomas

Gone ev'ry blush, and silent all reproach,
Contending Princes mount them in their Coach.

Next bidding all draw near on bended knees,
The Queen confers her *Titles* and *Degrees.* 566
Her children first of more distinguish'd sort,
Who study Shakespeare at the Inns of Court,
Impale a Glow-worm, or Vertú profess,
Shine in the dignity of F. R. S. 570

REMARKS.

EDWARDS, a *Gentleman*, as he is pleas'd to call himself, of *Lincoln's Inn*; but, in reality, a Gentleman only of the *Dunciad*; or, to speak him better, in the plain language of our honest Ancestors to such Mushrooms, *A Gentleman of the last Edition*: who nobly eluding the sollicitude of his careful Father, very early retained himself in the cause of *Dulness* against *Shakespear*, and with the wit and learning of his Ancestor *Tom Thimble* in the *Rehearsal*, and with the air of good nature and politeness of *Caliban* in the *Tempest*, hath now happily finished the *Dunce's* progress, in personal abuse. For a Libeller is nothing but a Grub-street Critic run to Seed. Lamentable is the *Dulness* of these Gentlemen of the *Dunciad*. This *Fungoso* and his friends, who are all Gentlemen, have exclaimed much against us for reflecting on his *birth*, in the words, *a Gentleman of the last Edition*, which we hereby declare concern not his *birth* but his *adoption* only: And mean no more than that he is become a *Gentleman of the last edition of the Dunciad*. Since Gentlemen, then, are so captious, we think it proper to declare, that Mr. Thomas Thimble, who is here said to be Mr. Thomas Edwards's Ancestor, is only related to him by the Muse's side. SCRIBL.

This Tribe of Men, which Scriblerus has here so well exemplified, our Poet hath elsewhere admirably characterized in that happy line,

A brain of Feathers, and a heart of Lead.

For the satire extends much further than to the person who occasioned it, and takes in the whole species of those on whom a

Some, deep Free-Masons, join the silent race
 Worthy to fill Pythagoras's place :
 Some Botanists, or Florists at the least,
 Or issue Members of an Annual feast,
 Nor past the meanest unregarded, one 575
 Rose a Gregorian, one a Gormogon.
 The last, not least in honour or applause,
 Isis and Cam made DOCTORS of her LAWS.

Then, blessing all, Go, Children of my care!
 To Practice now from Theory repair. 580
 All my commands are easy, short, and full :
 My Sons! be proud, be selfish, and be dull.

REMARKS.

good Education (to fit them for some useful and learned profession) has been bestowed in vain. That worthless Band

*Of ever listless Loit'ers, that attend
 No cause, no trust, no duty, and no Friend.*

Who, with an understanding too dissipated and futile for the offices of *civil* life ; and a heart too lumpish, narrow, and contracted for those of *social*, become fit for nothing : And so turn *Wits* and *Critics*, where sense and civility are neither required nor expected.

VER. 571. *Some, deep Free-Masons, join the silent race*] The Poet all along expresses a very particular concern for this silent Race : He has here provided, that in case they will not waken or open (as was before proposed) to a *Humming-Bird* or a *Cockle*, yet at worst they may be made Free-Masons ; where *Taciturnity* is the only essential Qualification, as it was the *chief* of the disciples of Pythagoras. P. W.

VER. 576. *a Gregorian, one a Gormogon.*] A sort of Lay-brothers, *Slips* from the Root of the Free-Masons. P. W.

Guard my Prerogative, assert my Throne :
 This Nod confirms each Privilege your own.
 The Cap and Switch be sacred to his Grace ; 585
 With Staff and Pumps the Marquis lead the Race ;

REMARKS.

VER. 581.

*All my commands are easy, short, and full :
 My Sons ! be proud, be selfish, and be dull.]*

We should be unjust to the reign of *Dulness* not to confess that her's has one advantage in it rarely to be met with in Modern Governments, which is, that the public *Education* of her Youth fits and prepares them for the observance of her *Laws*, and the exertion of those *Virtues* she recommends. For what makes men *prouder* than the empty *knowledge of Words* ; what more *selfish* than the Free-thinker's *System of Morals* ; or duller than the profession of true *Virtuosity* ? Nor are her *Institutions* less admirable in themselves, than in the fitness of these their several relations, to promote the harmony of the whole. For she tells her Sons, and with great truth, that " all her commands are *easy*, " *short*, and *full*." For is any thing in nature more *easy* than the exertion of *Pride* ; more *short* and *simple* than the principle of *Selfishness* ; or more *full* and *ample* than the sphere of *Dulness* ? Thus, Birth, Education, and wise Policy, all concurring to support the throne of our Goddess, great must be the strength thereof. SCRIBL. W.

VER. 584. *each Privilege your own, &c.]* This speech of *Dulness* to her Sons at parting may possibly fall short of the Reader's expectation ; who may imagine the Goddess might give them a Charge of more consequence, and, from such a Theory as is before delivered, incite them to the practice of something more extraordinary, than to personate Running-Footmen, Jockeys, Stage Coachmen, &c.

But if it be well consider'd, that whatever inclination they might have to do mischief, her sons are generally render'd harmless by their Inability ; and that it is the common effect of *Dulness* (even in her greatest efforts) to defeat her own design ; the Poet, I am persuaded, will be justified, and it will be allowed

From Stage to Stage the licens'd Earl may run,
 Pair'd with his Fellow-Charioteer the Sun;
 The learned Baron Butterflies design,
 Or draw to filk Arachne's subtile line; 590
 The Judge to dance his brother Sergeant call;
 The Senator at Cricket urge the Ball;
 The Bishop stow (Pontific Luxury!)
 An hundred Souls of Turkeys in a pye;
 The sturdy Squire to Gallic masters stoop, 595
 And drown his Lands and Manors in a Soupe.
 Others import yet nobler arts from France,
 Teach Kings to fiddle, and make Senates dance.

REMARKS.

that these worthy persons, in their several ranks, do as much as can be expected from them. P. W.

VER. 585. *The Cap and Switch &c.*] The Goddess's political balance of favour, in the distribution of her rewards, deserves our notice. It consists in joining with those Honours claimed by birth and high place, others more adapted to the genius and talents of the Candidates. And thus her great Fore-runner, *John of Leiden*, King of Munster, entered on his Government, by making his ancient friend and companion, *Knipperdolling*, General of his Horse and Hangman. And had but Fortune seconded his great schemes of Reformation, it is said, he would have established his whole Household on the same reasonable plan. SCRIBL. W.

VER. 590. *Arachne's subtile line;*] This is one of the most ingenious employments assigned, and therefore recommended only to Peers of Learning. Of weaving Stockings of the Webs of Spiders, see the *Phil. Trans.* P. W.

VER. 591. *The Judge to dance his brother Serjeant call;*] Alluding perhaps to that ancient and solemn Dance, intitled *A Call of Sergeants*. P. W.

Perhaps more high some daring son may soar,
 Proud to my list to add one Monarch more; 600
 And nobly conscious, Princes are but things
 Born for First Ministers, as Slaves for Kings,
 Tyrant supreme! shall three Estates command,
 And MAKE ONE MIGHTY DUNCIAD OF THE
 LAND!

More she had spoke, but yawn'd—All Nature nods:
 What Mortal can resist the Yawn of Gods? 606

REMARKS.

VER. 598. *Teach Kings to fiddle*] An ancient amusement of Sovereign Princes, (viz.) Achilles, Alexander, Nero; though despised by Themistocles, who was a Republican.—*Make Senates dance*, either after their Prince, or to Pontoise, or Siberia. P. W.

VER. 606. *What Mortal can resist the Yawn of Gods!*] This verse is truly Homerial; as is the conclusion of the Action, where the great Mother composes all, in the same manner as Minerva at the period of the *Odyssley*.—It may indeed seem a very singular Epitasis of a Poem, to end as this does, with a *Great Yawn*; but we must consider it as the *Yawn of a God*, and of powerful effects. It is not out of Nature, most long and grave counsels concluding in this very manner: Nor without Authority, the incomparable Spencer having ended one of the most considerable of his works with a *Roar*; but then it is the *Roar of a Lion*, the effects whereof are described as the Catastrophe of the Poem. P. W.

VER. 607. *Churches and Chapels, &c.*] The Progress of this Yawn is judicious, natural, and worthy to be noted. First it seizeth the Churches and Chapels; then catcheth the Schools, where, tho' the boys be unwilling to sleep, the Masters are not: Next Westminster-hall, much more hard indeed to subdue, and not totally put to silence even by the Goddess: Then the Convocation, which tho' extremely desirous to speak, yet cannot: Even the House of Commons, justly called the Sense of the Nation, is *lost* (that is to say *suspended*) during the

Churches and Chapels instantly it reach'd;
 (St. James's first, for leaden G ——— preach'd)
 Then catch'd the Schools; the Hall scarce kept
 awake;
 The Convocation gap'd, but could not speak: 610
 Lost was the Nation's Sense, nor could be found,
 While the long solemn Unison went round:
 Wide, and more wide, it spread o'er all the realm;
 Ev'n Palinurus nodded at the Helm:

REMARKS.

Yawn (far be it from our Author to suggest it could be lost any longer!) but it spreadeth at large over all the rest of the Kingdom, to such a degree, that Palinurus himself (tho' as incapable of sleeping as Jupiter) yet noddeth for a moment: the effect of which, tho' ever so momentary, could not but cause some Relaxation, for the time, in all public affairs.

SCRIBL. P. W.

VER. 610. *The Convocation gap'd, but could not speak:*] Implying a great desire so to do, as the learned Scholiast on the place rightly observes. Therefore, beware Reader, lest thou take this *Gape* for a *Yawn*, which is attended with no desire but to go to rest: by no means the disposition of the Convocation; whose melancholy case in short is this: She was, as is reported, infected with the general influence of the Goddess; and while she was yawning carelessly at her ease, a wanton Courtier took her at advantage, and in the very nick clap'd a *Gag* into her chops. Well therefore may we know her meaning by her *gaping*; and this distressful posture our poet here describes, just as she stands at this day, a sad example of the effects of Dulness and Malice unchecked and despised.

BENT. W.

The Vapour mild o'er each Committee crept; 615
 Unfinish'd Treaties in each Office slept;
 And Chiefless Armies doz'd out the Campaign;
 And Navies yawn'd for Orders on the Main.

O Muse! relate (for you can tell alone,
 Wits have short Memories, and Dunces none) 620
 Relate, who first, who last resign'd to rest;
 Whose Heads she partly, whose completely blest;
 What Charms could Faction, what Ambition lull,
 The Venal quiet, and intrance the Dull;

REMARKS.

VER. 615, 618.] These Verses were written many years ago, and may be found in the State Poems of that time. So that Scriblerus is mistaken, or whoever else have imagined this Poem of a fresher date. P. W.

VER. 620. *Wits have short Memories,*] This seems to be the reason why the Poets, whenever they give us a Catalogue, constantly call for help on the Muses, who, as the Daughters of *Memory*, are obliged not to forget any thing. So Homer, *Iliad* ii.

Πληθὺν δ' ἐκ ἂν ἐγὼ μυθήσομαι εἰδ' ὀνομήνω,
 Εἰ μὴ Ὀλυμπιάδες Μῆσαι, Διὸς αἰγιόχοιο
 Θυγαῖρες, μνησαίαθ'—

And Virgil, *Æn.* vii.

*Et meministis enim, Divæ, & memorare potestis:
 Ad nos vix tenuis famæ perlabitur aura.*

But our Poet had yet another reason for putting this Task upon the Muse, that, all besides being *asleep*, she only could relate what passed. SCRIBL. P. W.

VER. 624. *The Venal quiet, and &c.*] It were a Problem worthy the solution of the profound Mr. Upton himself (and per-

'Till drown'd was Sense, and Shame, and Right,
and Wrong —

O sing, and hush the Nations with thy Song!

* * * * *

In vain, in vain,—the all-composing Hour
Resistless falls: The Muse obeys the Pow'r.
She comes! she comes! the sable Throne behold
Of *Night* Primæval, and of *Chaos* old! 630
Before her, *Fancy's* gilded clouds decay,
And all its varying Rain-bows die away.

REMARKS.

haps not of less importance than some of those weighty questions so long disputed amongst Homer's Scholiasts) to inform us, which required the greatest effort of our Goddess's power, to *intrance the Dull*, or to *quiet the Vernal*. For tho' the *Vernal* may be more unruly than the *Dull*, yet, on the other hand, it demands a much greater expence of her Virtue to *intrance* than barely to *quiet*. SCRIBL. W.

VER. 629. *She comes! she comes! &c.*] Here the Muse, like Jove's Eagle, after a sudden stoop at ignoble game, soareth again to the skies. As Prophecy hath ever been one of the chief provinces of Poesy, our poet here foretells from what we feel, what we are to fear; and in the style of other prophets, hath used the future tense for the preterit: since what he says shall be, is already to be seen, in the writings of some even of our most adored authors, in Divinity, Philosophy, Physics, Metaphysics, &c. who are too good indeed to be named in such company.

VER. 629. *the sable Throne behold*] The sable Thrones of Night and Chaos, here represented as advancing to extinguish the light of the Sciences, in the first place blot out the Colours of *Fancy*, and damp the Fire of *Wit*, before they proceed to their work. W.

Wit shoots in vain its momentary fires,
 The meteor drops, and in a flash expires.
 As one by one, at dread *Medea's* strain, 635
 The sick'ning stars fade off th'ethereal plain;
 As *Argus's* eyes, by *Hermes's* wand oppress'd,
 Clos'd one by one to everlasting rest;
 Thus at her felt approach, and secret might,
Art after *Art* goes out, and all is Night. 640
 See skulking *Truth* to her old cavern fled,
 Mountains of *Casuistry* heap'd o'er her head!
Philosophy, that lean'd on Heav'n before,
 Shrinks to her second cause, and is no more.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 643. in the former Edd. it stood thus,
Philosophy, that reach'd the Heav'ns before,
Shrinks to her hidden cause, and is no more.

And this was intended as a censure of the Newtonian philosophy. For the poet had been misled by the prejudices of foreigners, as if that philosophy had recurred to the *occult qualities of Aristotle*. This was the idea he received of it from a man educated much abroad, who had read every thing, but every thing superficially. Had his excellent friend Dr. A. been consulted in this matter, it is certain that so unjust a reflection had never discredited so noble a satire. When I hinted to him how he had been imposed upon, he changed the lines with great pleasure into a compliment (as they now stand) on that divine genius, and a satire on the folly by which he himself had been misled.

W.

REMARKS.

VER. 641. *Truth to her old Cavern fled,*] Alluding to the saying of Democritus, That *Truth* lay at the bottom of a deep

Physic of *Metaphysic* begs defence, 645

And *Metaphysic* calls for aid on *Sense*!

REMARKS.

well, from whence he had drawn her: Though Butler says,
He first put her in, before he drew her out. W.

VER. 643. *Philosophy, that lean'd on Heav'n*] Philosophy has at length brought things to that pass, as to have it esteem'd unphilosophical to rest in the *first cause*; as if its ends were an endless indagation of cause after cause, without ever coming to the first. So that to avoid this unlearned disgrace, some of the propagators of our best philosophy have had recourse to the contrivance here hinted at. For this Philosophy, which is founded in the principle of *Gravitation*, first considered that property in matter, as something extrinsecal to it, and impressed immediately by God upon it. Which fairly and modestly coming up to the first Cause, was pushing natural enquiries as far as they should go. But this stopping, though at the extent of our ideas, and on the maxim of the great founder of this Philosophy, *Bacon*, who says, *Circa ultimates rerum frustranea est inquisitio*, was mistaken by foreign philosophers as recurring to the *occult* qualities of the *Peripatetics*.

*Pulsantes equidem vires intelligo nusquam
Occultas magicisque pares —
Sed gravitas etiam crescat, dum corpora centro
Accedunt propius. Videor mihi cernere terrâ
Emergens quidquid caliginis ac tenebrarum
Pellæi Juvénis Dôctor conjecerat olim
In Physicæ studium: solitum dare nomina rebus,
Pro causis, unaque secans problemata verbo. Anti-Lucr.*

To avoid which imaginary discredit to the new theory, it was thought proper to seek for the *cause* of *gravitation* in a certain

IMITATIONS.

VER. 637. *As Argus' eyes, &c.*]

*Et quamvis sopor est oculorum parte receptus,
Parte tamen vigilat —*

— *Vidit Cyllenius omnes*

Succubuisse oculos, &c.

Ovid. Met. ii.

See *Mystery to Mathematics* fly!
 In vain! they gaze, turn giddy, rave, and die.
Religion blushing veils her sacred fires,
 And unawares *Morality* expires. 650

REMARKS.

elastic fluid, which pervaded all body. By this means, instead of really advancing in natural enquiries, we were brought back again, by this ingenious expedient, to an unsatisfactory *second cause*: For it might still, by the same kind of objection, be asked, what was the *cause* of that *elasticity*? See this folly censured, *y* 475. W.

VER. 645, 646. *Physic of Metaphysic, &c.* — *And Metaphysic calls, &c.*] Certain writers, as Malbranche, Norris, and others, have thought it of importance, in order to secure the existence of the *soul*, to bring in question the reality of *body*; which they have attempted to do by a very refined *metaphysical* reasoning: While others of the same party, in order to persuade us of the necessity of a Revelation which promises immortality, have been as anxious to prove that those qualities which are commonly supposed to belong only to an immaterial Being, are but the result from the sensations of matter, and the soul naturally mortal. Thus between these different reasonings, they have left us neither Soul and Body; nor the Sciences of Physics and Metaphysics the least support, by making them depend upon, and go a begging to, one another. W.

VER. 647. *See Mystery to Mathematics fly!*] A sort of men, who make human Reason the adequate measure of all Truth, having pretended that whatsoever is not fully comprehended by it, is contrary to it; certain defenders of Religion, who would not be outdone in a paradox, have gone as far in the opposite folly, and attempted to shew that the mysteries of Religion may be mathematically demonstrated; as the authors of *Philosophic*, or *Astronomic Principles* of Religion, *natural* and *revealed*; who have much prided themselves on reflecting a fantastic light upon religion from the frigid subtilty of school moonshine. W.

VER. 649. *Religion blushing veils her sacred fires,*] *Blushing*, as well at the memory of the *past* overflow of dulness, when the

Nor *public* Flame, nor *private*, dares to shine;
 Nor *human* Spark is left, nor Glimpse *divine*!
 Lo! thy dread Empire, CHAOS! is restor'd;
 Light dies before thy uncreating word:
 Thy hand, great Anarch! lets the curtain fall;
 And universal Darknes buries All. 656

REMARKS.

barbarous learning of so many ages was wholly employed in corrupting the simplicity, and defiling the purity of Religion, as at the view of these her false supports in the *present*; of which it would be endless to recount the particulars. However amidst the extinction of all other Lights, she is said only to withdraw hers; as hers alone in its own nature is unextinguishable and eternal.

W.

VER. 650. *And unawares* Morality *expires*.] It appears from hence that our Poet was of very different sentiments from the Author of the Characteristics, who has written a formal treatise on Virtue, to prove it not only real but durable, without the support of Religion. The word *unawares* alludes to the confidence of those men, who suppose that Morality would flourish best without it, and consequently to the surprize such would be in (if any such there are) who indeed love Virtue, and yet do all they can to root out the Religion of their Country.

W.

F I N I S.