



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

The Dunciad: Book the Second. Argument.

Nutzungsbedingungen

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T H E
D U N C I A D :

BOOK the SECOND.

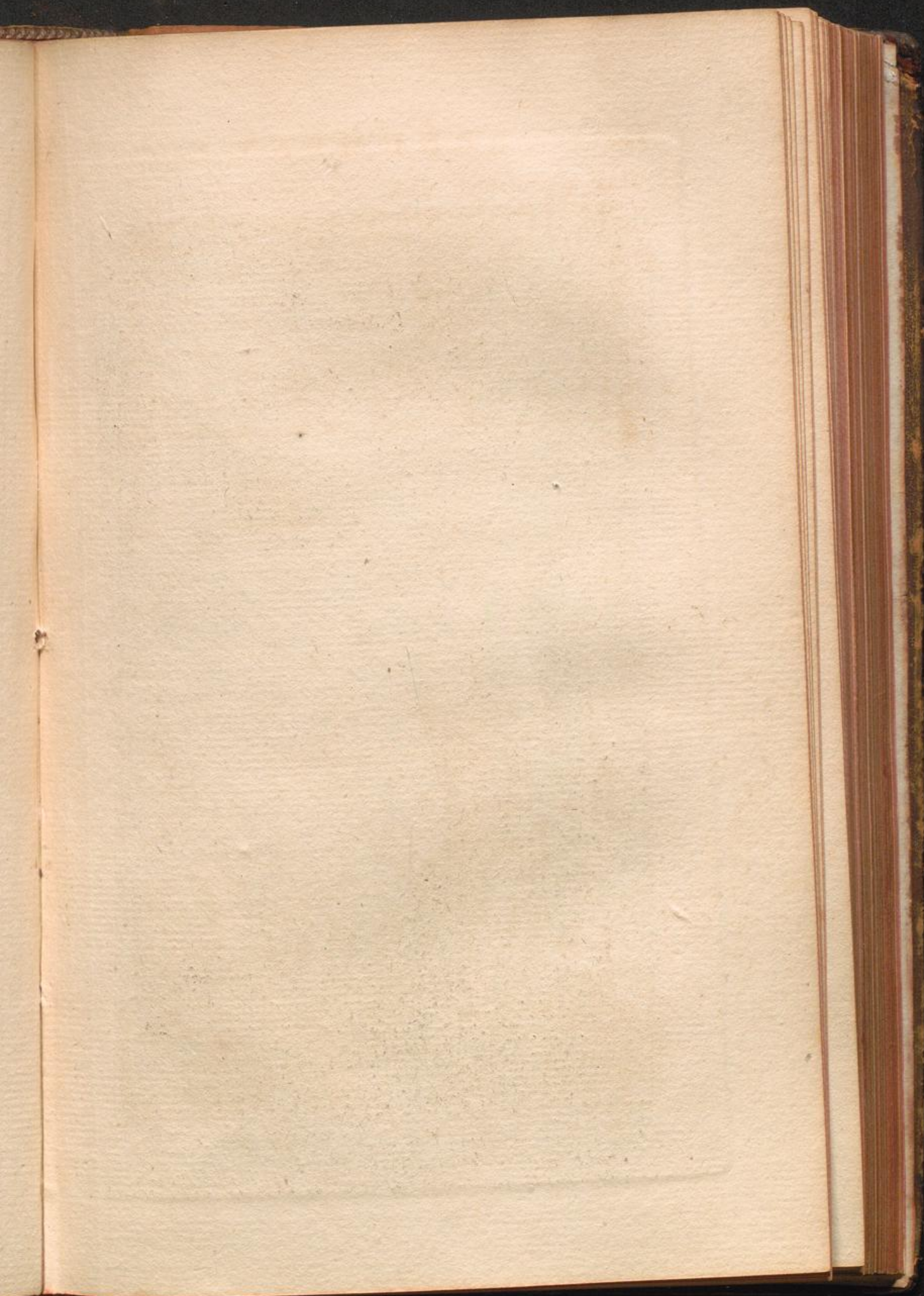
A R G U M E N T.

The King being proclaimed, the solemnity is graced with public Games and sports of various kinds; not instituted by the Hero, as by Æneas in Virgil, but for greater honour by the Goddess in person (in like manner as the games Pythia, Isthmia, &c. were anciently said to be ordained by the Gods, and as Thetis herself appearing, according to Homer, Odyss. xxiv. proposed the prizes in honour of her son Achilles.) Hither flock the Poets and Critics, attended, as is but just, with their Patrons and Booksellers. The Goddess is first pleased, for her disport, to propose games to the Booksellers, and setteth up the Phantom of a Poet, which they contend to overtake. The Races described, with their divers accidents. Next, the game for a Poetess. Then follow the Exercises for the Poets, of tickling, vociferating, diving: The first holds forth the arts and practices of Dedicators, the second of Disputants and fustian Poets, the

third of profound, dark, and dirty Party-writers. Lastly, for the Critics, the Goddess proposes (with great propriety) an Exercise, not of their parts, but their patience, in hearing the works of two voluminous Authors, one in verse, and the other in prose, deliberately read, without sleeping: The various effects of which, with the several degrees and manners of their operation, are here set forth; 'till the whole number, not of Critics only, but of spectators, actors, and all present, fall fast asleep; which naturally and necessarily ends the games.

BOOK THE SECOND

A R G U M E N T.





F. Hayman inv. et del.

C. Grignion sculp.

And now to this Side, now to that, they nod,
As Verse or Prose infuse the drowsy God.

Quinciad, Book II

B O O K II.

HIGH on a gorgeous seat, that far out-shone
Henley's gilt tub, or Fleckno's Irish throne,

REMARKS.

TWO things there are, upon the supposition of which the very basis of all verbal criticism is founded and supported: The first, that an Author could never fail to use the *best word* on every occasion; the second, that a Critic cannot chuse but know *which that is*. This being granted, whenever any word doth not fully content us, we take upon us to conclude, first, that the author could *never have used it*; and, secondly, that he must have used *that very one*, which we conjecture in its stead.

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

*Hoarse thunder to its bottom shook the bog,
And the loud nation croak'd, God save king Log.*

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

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

IMITATIONS.

VER. I. *High on a gorgeous seat*] Parody of Milton, book ii.

*High on a throne of royal state, that far
Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,
Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand
Show'rs on her Kings Barb'ric pearl and gold,
Satan exalted sate.* —

Or that where on her Curls the Public pours,
 All-bounteous, fragrant Grains and Golden show'rs,
 Great Cibber fate: The proud Parnassian sneer, 5
 The conscious simper, and the jealous leer,
 Mix on his look: All eyes direct their rays
 On him, and crowds turn Coxcombs as they gaze.
 His Peers shine round him with reflected grace,
 New edge their dulness, and new bronze their face.
 So from the Sun's broad beam, in shallow urns 11
 Heav'n's twinkling Sparks draw light, and point their
 horns.

REMARKS.

[Ibid. or *Fleckno's Irish throne*,] Richard Fleckno was an Irish priest, but had laid aside (as himself expressed it) the mechanic part of priesthood. He printed some plays, poems, letters, and travels. I doubt not our author took occasion to mention him in respect to the Poem of Mr. Dryden, to which this bears some resemblance, though of a character more different from it than that of the *Æneid* from the *Iliad*, or the *Lutrin* of Boileau from the *Defait de Bouts rimées* of Sarazin.

It may be just worth mentioning, that the Eminence from whence the ancient Sophists entertained their auditors, was called by the pompous name of a Throne; — ἐπὶ θρόνον τινοῦ ὑψηλῆ μάλα σοφιστικῶς ἢ σοδαρῶς. Themistius, Orat. i.

VER. 3. Or that where on her Curls the Public pours,] Edmund Curl stood in the pillory at Charing-cross, in March 1727-8. “This (saith Edmund Curl) is a false Assertion — I had indeed the corporal punishment of what the Gentlemen of the long Robe are pleased jocosely to call *mounting the Rostrum* for one hour: but that scene of Action was not in the month of *March*, but in *February*.” [*Curliad*, 12^{mo} p. 19.] And of the *History of his being tost in a Blanket*, he saith, “Here, *Scriblerus!* thou leesth in what thou assertest con-

Not with more glee, by hands Pontific crown'd,
 With scarlet hats wide-waving circled round,
 Rome in her Capitol saw Querno sit, 15
 Thron'd on sev'n hills, the Antichrist of wit.

And now the Queen, to glad her sons, proclaims
 By herald Hawkers, high heroic Games.
 They summon all her Race : An endless band
 Pours forth, and leaves unpeopled half the land.
 A motley mixture ! in long wigs, in bags, 21
 In silks, in crapes, in Garters, and in rags,

REMARKS.

“cerning the blanket: it was not a *blanket*, but a *rug*.” p. 25.
 Much in the same manner Mr. *Cibber* remonstrated, that his
 Brothers, at Bedlam, mentioned Book i. were not *Brazen*, but
Blocks; yet our author let it pass unaltered, as a trifle that no
 way altered the relationship.

We should think (gentle Reader) that we but ill performed
 our Part, if we corrected not as well *our own Errors* now, as
 formerly those of the *Printer*. Since what moved us to this
 Work, was solely the Love of *Truth*, not in the least any *Vain-*
glory, or *Desire* to contend with *Great Authors*. And further,
 our *Mistakes*, we conceive, will the rather be pardoned, as scarce
 possible to be avoided in writing of such Persons and Works as
 do ever shun the *Light*. However, that we may not any way
 soften or extenuate the same, we give them thee in the very
 Words of our Antagonists: not defending, but retracting them
 from our heart, and craving excuse of the Parties offended: For
 surely in this Work, it hath been above all things our desire,
 to provoke no Man. SCRIBL.

VER. 15. *Rome in her Capitol saw Querno sit.*] Camillo
 Querno was of Apulia, who hearing the great Encouragement
 VOL. V. H 6

From drawing rooms, from colleges, from garrets,
 On horse, on foot, in hacks, and gilded chariots :
 All who true Dunces in her cause appear'd, 25
 And all who knew those Dunces to reward.

Amid that area wide they took their stand,
 Where the tall may-pole once o'er-look'd the Strand,
 But now (so ANNE and Piety ordain)
 A Church collects the faints of Drury-lane. 30

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

REMARKS.

which Leo X. gave to poets, travelled to Rome with a harp in his hand, and sung to it twenty thousand verses of a poem called *Alexias*. He was introduced *as a Buffoon* to Leo, and promoted to the honour of the *Laurel*; a jest which the court of Rome and the Pope himself entered into so far, as to cause him to ride on an elephant to the Capitol, and to hold a solemn festival on his coronation; at which it is recorded the Poet himself was so transported as to *weep for joy*^a. He was ever after a constant frequenter of the Pope's table, drank abundantly, and poured fourth verses without number. PAULUS JOVIUS, Elog. Vir. doct. chap. lxxxii. Some idea of his poetry is given by Fam. Strada, in his Prolusions.

VER. 34. *And gentle Dulness ever loves a joke.*] This species of mirth called a *joke*, arising from a *Mal-entendu* may be well supposed to be the delight of *Dulness*. W:

^a See Life of C. C. chap. vi. p. 149.

A Poet's form she plac'd before their eyes, 35
 And bade the nimblest racer seize the prize;
 No meagre, muse-rid mope, adust and thin,
 In a dun night-gown of his own loose skin;
 But such a bulk as no twelve bards could raise,
 Twelve starv'ling bards of these degen'rate days.
 All as a partridge plump, full-fed; and fair, 41
 She form'd this image of well-body'd air;

REMARKS.

VER. 44. *A brain of feathers, and a heart of lead;*] i. e.

A trifling head, and a contracted heart,

as the poet, book iv. describes the *accomplished* Sons of Dulness; of whom this is only an *Image*, or Scarecrow, and so stuffed out with these corresponding materials. SCRIBL. W.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 35. *A Poet's form she plac'd before their eyes,*] This is what Juno does to deceive Turnus, Æn. x.

*Tum Dea nube cava, tenuem sine viribus umbram
 In faciem Æneæ (visu mirabile monstrum!)
 Dardaniis ornat telis, clypeumque jubaſque
 Divini assimilat capitis—*

— *Dat inania verba,
 Dat sine mente sonum—*

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

VER. 39. *But such a bulk as no twelve bards could raise,*]

Vix illud lecti bis sex —

Qualia nunc hominum producit corpora tellus. Virg. Æn. xii.

With pert flat eyes she window'd well its head ;
 A brain of feathers, and a heart of lead ; 44
 And empty words she gave, and founding strain,
 But senseless, lifeless! idol void and vain!
 Never was dash'd out, at one lucky hit,
 A fool, so just a copy of a wit ;
 So like, that critics said, and courtiers swore,
 A Wit it was, and call'd the phantom More. 50

REMARKS.

VER. 47. *Never was dash'd out, at one lucky hit,*] Our author here seems willing to give some account of the possibility of *Dulness* making a Wit (which could be done no other way than by *chance*.) The fiction is the more reconciled to probability, by the known story of Apelles, who being at a loss to express the foam of Alexander's horse, dashed his pencil in despair at the picture, and happened to do it by that fortunate stroke.

VER. 50. *and call'd the phantom More.*] CURL, in his key to the Dunciad, affirmed this to be James-More Smith esq. and it is probable (considering what is said of him in the *Testimonies*) that some might fancy our author obliged to represent this gentleman as a plagiary, or to pass for one himself. His case indeed was like that of a man I have heard of, who, as he was sitting in company, perceived his next neighbour had stolen his handkerchief. "Sir, (said the thief, finding himself detected) do not expose me, I did it for mere want; be so good but to take it privately out of my pocket again, and say nothing." The honest man did so, but the other cry'd out, "See, gentlemen, what a thief we have among us! look, he is stealing my handkerchief!"

Some time before, he had borrowed of Dr. *Arbuthnot* a paper call'd an Historico-physical account of the *South-Sea*; and of Mr. *Pope* the Memoirs of a Parish Clark, which for two years he kept, and read to the Rev Dr. *Young*,—*F. Billers*, Esq. and many others, as his own. Being applied to for them,

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

But lofty Lintot in the circle rose :

“ This prize is mine ; who tempt it are my foes ;

REMARKS.

he pretended they were lost ; but there happening to be another copy of the latter, it came out in *Swift* and *Pope's* Miscellanies. Upon this, it seems he was so far mistaken as to confess his proceeding by an endeavour to hide it : unguardedly printing (in the *Daily Journal* of Apr. 3. 1728.) “ That the contempt “ which he and others had for those pieces (which only himself had shown, and handed about as his own) “ occasion'd “ their being lost, and for that cause only not return'd.” A fact, of which as none but he could be conscious, none but he could be the publisher of it. The plagiarisms of this person gave occasion to the following Epigram :

- “ More always smiles whenever he recites ;
“ He smiles (you think) approving what he writes.
“ And yet in this no vanity is shown ;
“ A modest man may like what's not his own.

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

Hic cæstus, artemque repono.

The smaller pieces which we have heard attributed to this author, are, An Epigram on the Bridge at *Blenheim*, by Dr. *Evans* : *Cosmelia*, by Mr. *Pit*, Mr. *Jones*, &c. The Mock-marriage of

“ With me began this genius, and shall end.” 55
He spoke : and who with Lintot shall contend?

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

REMARKS.

a mad Divine, with a Cl— for a Parson, by Dr. *W.* The Saw-pit, a Simile, by a *Friend.* Certain Physical works on Sir *James Baker*; and some unown'd Letters, Advertisements, and Epigrams against our author in the *Daily Journal.*

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

VER. 50. *the phantom More.*] It appears from hence, that this is not the name of a real person, but fictitious *More* from $\mu\omega\epsilon\sigma$, *stultus*, $\mu\omega\epsilon\iota\alpha$, *stultitia*, to represent the folly of a plagiarist. Thus Erasmus, *Admonuit me Mori cognomen tibi, quod tam ad Morix vocabulum accedit quam es ipse a re alienus.* Dedication of *Morix* Encomium to Sir Tho. More; the farewell of which may be our author's to his plagiarist, *Vale, More! & moriam tuam gnaviter defende.* Adieu, More! and be sure strongly to defend thy own folly. SCRIBL.

VER. 53. *But lofty Lintot*] We enter here upon the episode of the Booksellers: Persons, whose names being more known and famous in the learned world than those of the Authors in this poem, do therefore need less explanation. The action of Mr. Lintot here imitates that of *Dares* in *Virgil*, rising just in this manner to lay hold on a *Bull.* This eminent Bookseller printed the *Rival Modes* before-mentioned.

VER. 58. *Stood dauntless Curl;*] We come now to a character of much respect, that of Mr. Edmund Curl. As a plain repetition of great actions is the best praise of them, we shall only say of this eminent man, that he carried the Trade many lengths beyond what it ever before had arrived at; and that he was the envy and admiration of all his profession. He pos-

“ The race by vigour, not by vaunts is won ;
 “ So take the hindmost Hell, (he said) and run.”

REMARKS.

essed himself of a command over all authors whatever ; he caused them to write what he pleased ; they could not call their very *Names* their own. He was not only famous among these ; he was taken notice of by the *State*, the *Church*, and the *Law*, and received particular marks of distinction from each.

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

The tribute our author here pays him is a grateful return for several unmerited obligations : Many weighty animadversions on the public affairs, and many excellent and diverting pieces on private persons, has he given to his name. If ever he owed two verses to any other, he owed Mr. Curl some thousands. He was every day extending his fame, and enlarging his Writings : Witness innumerable instances ; but it shall suffice only to mention the *Court Poems*, which he meant to publish as the work of the true writer, a Lady of quality ; but being first threatened, and afterwards punished for it by Mr. Pope, he generously transferred it from *her* to *him*, and ever since printed it in his name. The single time that ever he spoke to C. was on that affair, and to that happy incident he owed all the favours since received from him : So true is the saying of Dr. Sydenham, “ that any
 “ one shall be, at some time or other, the better or the worse,
 “ for having but *seen* or *spoken* to a good or bad man.”

IMITATIONS.

VER. 60. *So take the hindmost, Hell.]*

Occupet extremum scabies ; mihi turpe relinqui est.

1

Hor. de Arte.

Swift as a bard the bailiff leaves behind, 61
 He left huge Lintot, and out-strip'd the wind.
 As when a dab-chick waddles thro' the copse
 On feet and wings, and flies, and wades, and hops;
 So lab'ring on, with shoulders, hands, and head, 65
 Wide as a wind-mill all his figure spread,
 With arms expanded Bernard rows his state,
 And left-legg'd Jacob seems to emulate.
 Full in the middle way there stood a lake, 69
 Which Curl's Corinna chanc'd that morn to make :

IMITATIONS.

VER. 61, &c. Something like this is in Homer, Il. x. ν 220. of Diomed. Two different manners of the same author in his similes are also imitated in the two following; the first, of the Bailiff, is short, unadorned, and (as the Critics well know) from *familiar life*; the second of the Water-fowl, more extended, picturesque, and from *rural life*. The 59th verse is likewise a literal translation of one in Homer.

V. 64, 65. *On feet and wings, and flies, and wades, and hops;
 So lab'ring on, with shoulders, hands, and head,]*

— *So eagerly the Fiend*

*O'er bog, o'er steep, thro' streight, rough, dense, or rare,
 With head, hands, wings, or feet pursues his way,
 And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies.*

Milton, Book ii.

VER. 67, 68. *With arms expanded, Bernard rows his state,
 And left-legg'd Jacob seems to emulate.]*

Milton, of the motion of the Swan,

— *rows*

His state with oary feet.

And Dryden, of another's, — *With two left legs—*

(Such was her wont, at early dawn to drop
 Her evening cates before his neighbour's shop,)
 Here fortun'd Curl to slide ; loud shout the band,
 And Bernard ! Bernard ! rings thro' all the Strand.
 Obscene with filth the miscreant lies bewray'd, 75
 Fal'n in the plash his wickedness had laid :

REMARKS.

VER. 70. *Curl's Corinna*] This name, it seems, was taken by one Mrs. T——, who procured some private letters of Mr. Pope, while almost a boy, to Mr. Cromwell, and sold them without the consent of either of those Gentlemen to Curl, who printed them in 12mo, 1727. He discovered her to be the publisher, in his Key, p. 11. We only take this opportunity of mentioning the manner in which those letters got abroad, which the author was ashamed of as very trivial things, full not only of levities, but of wrong judgments of men and books, and only excusable from the youth and inexperience of the writer.

VER. 75. *Obscene with filth, &c.*] Though this incident may seem too low and base for the dignity of an Epic poem, the learned very well know it to be but a copy of Homer and Virgil; the very words *σῆμα* and *fimur* are used by them, though our poet (in compliance to modern nicety) has remarkably enriched and coloured his language, as well as raised the versification, in this Episode, and in the following one of Eliza. Mr. Dryden in *Mack-Fleckno*, has not scrupled to mention the *Morning Toast* at which the fishes bite in the Thames, *Pissing*

IMITATIONS.

VER. 73. *Here fortun'd Curl to slide;*]

*Labitur infelix, cæsis ut forte juvenis
 Fusus humum viridesque super madefecerat herbas—
 Concidit, immundoque fimo, sacroque cruore.*

Virg. Æn. v. of Nisus.

VER. 74. *And Bernard ! Bernard !]*

—Ut littus, Hyla, Hyla, omne sonaret. Virg. Ec. vi.

Then first (if Poets aught of truth declare)
The caitiff Vaticide conceiv'd a pray'r.

Hear Jove! whose name my bards and I adore,
As much at least as any God's, or more; 80
And him and his, if more devotion warms,
Down with the Bible, up with the Pope's Arms.

A place there is, betwixt earth, air, and seas,
Where, from Ambrosia, Jove retires for ease.

REMARKS.

Alley, Relicks of the Bum, &c. but our author is more grave, and (as a fine writer says of Virgil in his Georgics) *tosses about his Dung with an air of Majesty*. If we consider that the exercises of his *Authors* could with justice be no higher than *tickling, chattering, braying, or diving*, it was no easy matter to invent such games as were proportioned to the meaner degree of *Booksellers*. In Homer and Virgil, Ajax and Nisus, the persons drawn in this plight, are *Heroes*; whereas here they are such with whom it had been great impropriety to have joined any but vile ideas; besides the natural connection there is between Libellers and common Nufances. Nevertheless I have heard our author own, that this part of his Poem was (as it frequently happens) what cost him most trouble and pleased him least; but that he hoped it was excusable, since levelled at such as understand no delicate satire: Thus the politest men are sometimes obliged to *swear*, when they happen to have to do with porters and oyster-wenchers.

VER. 82. *Down with the Bible, up with the Pope's Arms.*]
The Bible, Curl's sign; the Cross-keys, Lintot's.

VER. 83. See Lucian's Icaro-Menippus; where this fiction is more extended.]

IMITATIONS.

VER. 83. *A place there is, betwixt earth, air, and seas,*]

Orbe locus medio est, inter terrasque, fretumque,

Cælestesque plagas ——— Ovid. Met. xii.

There in his seat two spacious vents appear, 85
 On this he sits, to that he leans his ear,
 And hears the various vows of fond mankind;
 Some beg an eastern, some a western wind:
 All vain petitions, mounting to the sky,
 With reams abundant this abode supply; 90
 Amus'd he reads, and then returns the bills
 Sign'd with that Ichor which from Gods distils.

In office here fair Cloacina stands,
 And ministers to Jove with purest hands.
 Forth from the heap she pick'd her Vot'ry's pray'r,
 And plac'd it next him, a distinction rare! 96
 Oft had the Goddess heard her servants call,
 From her black grottos near the Temple-wall,
 List'ning delighted to the jest unclean
 Of link-boys vile, and watermen obscene; 100
 Where as he fish'd her nether realms for Wit,
 She oft had favour'd him, and favours yet.

REMARKS.

VER. 92. Alludes to Homer, Iliad v.

— ῥέε δ' ἀμβροτον αἶμα θεοῖο,

Ἰχῶρ, ὅς τις πῆρ τε ῥέει μακάρεσσι θεοῖσιν.

*A stream of nect'rous humour issuing flow'd,
 Sanguine, such as celestial sp'rits may bleed.*

Milton.

VER. 93. *Cloacina*] The Roman Goddess of the common-fewers.

VER. 101. *Where as he fish'd &c.*] See the preface to Swift's and Pope's Miscellanies.

Renew'd by ordure's sympathetic force,
 As oil'd with magic juices for the course,
 Vig'rous he rises; from th'effluvia strong 105
 Imbibes new life, and scours and stinks along;
 Re-passes Lintot, vindicates the race,
 Nor heeds the brown dishonours of his face.

And now the victor stretch'd his eager hand
 Where the tall Nothing stood, or seem'd to stand;
 A shapeless shade, it melted from his sight, 111
 Like forms in clouds, or visions of the night.
 To seize his papers, Curl, was next thy care;
 His papers light, fly diverse, tost in air;
 Songs, sonnets, epigrams the winds uplift, 115
 And whisk 'em back to Evans, Young, and Swift.

REMARKS.

VER. 104. *As oil'd with magic juices*] Alluding to the opinion that there are ointments used by witches to enable them to fly in the air, &c.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 108. *Nor heeds the brown dishonours of his face.*]

———— *faciem ostentabat, & udo*
Turpia membra simo ————— Virg. Æn. v.

VER. 111. *A shapeless shade, &c.*]

———— *Effugit imago*
Par levibus ventis, volucrique simillima somno. Virg. Æn. vi.

VER. 114. *His papers light, fly diverse, tost in air;*
 Virgil, Æn. vi. of the Sibyl's leaves,

Carmina —————
turbata volant rapidis ludibria ventis.

Th'embroider'd suit at least he deem'd his prey;
 That suit an unpay'd taylor snatch'd away.
 No rag, no scrap, of all the beau, or wit,
 That once so flutter'd, and that once so writ. 120
 Heav'n rings with laughter: Of the laughter vain,
 Dulness, good Queen, repeats the jest again.
 Three wicked imps, of her own Grubstreet choir,
 She deck'd like Congreve, Addison, and Prior;
 Mears, Warner, Wilkins run: delusive thought!
 Breval, Bond, Befaleel, the varlets caught. 126

REMARKS.

VER. 116. *Evans, Young, and Swift.*] Some of those persons, whose writings, epigrams, or jests he had owned. See Note on v 50.

VER. 118. *an unpay'd taylor*] This line has been loudly complained of in *Mist*, June 8, Dedic. to Sawney, and others, as a most inhuman satire on the poverty of Poets: But it is thought our author would be acquitted by a jury of *Taylors*. To me this instance seems unluckily chosen; if it be a satire on any body, it must be on a bad *paymaster*, since the person to whom they have here applied it, was a man of fortune. Not but poets may well be jealous of so great a prerogative as *non-payment*; which Mr. Dennis so far asserts, as boldly to pronounce, that "if Homer himself was not in debt, it was because nobody would trust him." Pref. to Rem. on the Rape of the Lock, p. 15.

VER. 124. *like Congreve, Addison, and Prior;*] These authors being such whose names will reach posterity, we shall not give any account of them, but proceed to those of whom it is necessary.—Befaleel Morris was author of some satires on the translators of Homer, with many other things printed in newspapers.—"Bond writ a satire against Mr. P.—. Capt. Breval was author of *The Confederates*, an ingenious dramatic performance to expose Mr. P. Mr. Gay, Dr. Arb. and some ladies of quality," says CURL, Key, p. 11.

Curl stretches after Gay, but Gay is gone,
 He grasps an empty Joseph for a John :
 So Proteus, hunted in a nobler shape,
 Became, when seiz'd, a puppy, or an ape. 130

To him the Goddess : Son ! thy grief lay down,
 And turn this whole illusion on the town :
 As the sage dame, experienc'd in her trade,
 By names of Toasts retails each batter'd jade ;
 (Whence hapless Monsieur much complains at Paris
 Of wrongs from Duchesses and Lady Maries ;) 136

REMARKS.

VER. 125. *Mears, Warner, Wilkins*] Booksellers, and Printers of much anonymous stuff.

VER. 126. *Breval, Bond, Besaleel,*] I foresee it will be objected from this line, that we were in an error in our assertion on \S 50. of this book, that More was a fictitious name, since these persons are equally represented by the poet as phantoms. So at first sight it may seem ; but be not deceived, reader ; these also are not real persons. 'Tis true, Curl declares Breval, a captain, author of a piece called *The Confederates* ; but the same Curl first said it was written by Joseph Gay : Is his second assertion to be credited any more than his first ? He likewise affirms Bond to be one who writ a satire on our poet : But where is such a satire to be found ; where was such a writer ever heard of ? As for Besaleel, it carries forgery in the very name ; nor is it, as the others are, a surname. Thou may'st depend upon it, no such authors ever lived ; all phantoms. SCRIBL.

VER. 128. *Joseph Gay,* a fictitious name put by Curl before several pamphlets, which made them pass with many for Mr. Gay's.

VER. 132. *And turn this whole illusion on the town :*] It was a common practice of this bookseller to publish vile pieces of obscure hands under the names of eminent authors.

Be thine, my stationer! this magic gift;
 Cook shall be Prior, and Concanen, Swift:
 So shall each hostile name become our own,
 And we too boast our Garth and Addifon. 140

REMARKS.

VER. 137.—*this magic gift*] In verity (saith *Scriblerus*) a very bungling trick. How much better might our worthy Brethren of Grubstreet be taught as in many things they have already been) by the modern masters of Polemics? who when they make free with their neighbours, seize upon their *good works* rather than their *good name*; as knowing that those will produce a *name* of their own.

VER. 138. *Cook shall be Prior,*] The man here specified writ a thing called *The Battle of Poets*, in which Philips and Welsted were the Heroes, and Swift and Pope utterly routed. He also published some malevolent things in the *British, London, and Daily Journals*; and at the same time wrote letters to Mr. Pope, protesting his innocence. His chief work was a translation of Hesiod, to which Theobald writ notes and half-notes, which he carefully owned.

VER. 138. *and Concanen, Swift:*] In the first edition of this poem there were only asterisks in this place, but the names were since inserted, merely to fill up the verse, and give ease to the ear of the reader.

VER. 140. *And we too boast our Garth and Addifon.*] Nothing is more remarkable than our author's love of praising good writers. He has in this very poem celebrated Mr. Locke, Sir Isaac Newton, Dr. Barrow, Dr. Atterbury, Mr. Dryden, Mr. Congreve, Dr. Garth, Mr. Addifon; in a word, almost every man of his time that deserved it; even Cibber himself (presuming him to be author of the *Careless Husband*.) It was very difficult to have that pleasure in a poem on this subject, yet he has

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

REMARKS.

found means to insert their panegyric, and has made even Dulness out of her own mouth pronounce it. It must have been particularly agreeable to him to celebrate Dr. Garth; both as his constant friend, and as he was his predecessor in this kind of satire. The Dispensary attacked the whole body of Apothecaries, a much more useful one undoubtedly than that of the bad Poets; if in truth this can be a body, of which no two members ever agreed. It also did, what Mr. Theobald says is unpardonable, drew in *parts of private character*, and introduced *persons independent of his subject*. Much more would Boileau have incurred his censure, who left all subjects whatever, on all occasions, to fall upon the bad poets (which, it is to be feared, would have been more immediately his concern.) But certainly next to commending good writers, the greatest service to learning is to expose the bad, who can only that way be made of any use to it. This truth is very well set forth in these lines addressed to our author:

“ The craven Rook, and pert Jackdaw,
“ (Tho’ neither birds of moral kind)
“ Yet serve, if hang’d, or stuff’d with straw,
“ To shew us which way blows the wind.

“ Thus dirty knaves, or chatt’ring fools,
“ Strung up by dozens in thy lay,
“ Teach more by half than Dennis’ rules,
“ And point instruction ev’ry way.

“ With Ægypt’s art thy pen may strive:
“ One potent drop let this but shed,
“ And ev’ry Rogue that stunk alive,
“ Becomes a precious Mummy dead.

A shaggy Tap'stry, worthy to be spread,
On Codrus' old, or Dunton's modern bed;

REMARKS.

VER. 142. *rueful length of face*)] “The decrepid person or figure of a man are no reflections upon his *Genius*: An honest mind will love and esteem a *man of worth*, tho' he be deformed or poor. Yet the author of the *Dunciad* hath libelled a person for his *rueful length of face!*” *Mist's Journal*, June 8. This *Genius* and *man of worth*, whom an honest mind should love, is Mr. Curl. True it is, he stood in the Pillory, an incident which will lengthen the face of any man tho' it were ever so comely, therefore is no reflection on the natural beauty of Mr. Curl. But as to reflections on any man's face, or figure, Mr. Dennis saith excellently; “Natural deformity comes not by our fault; 'tis often occasioned by calamities and diseases, which a man can no more help than a monster can his deformity. There is no one misfortune, and no one disease, but what all the rest of mankind are subject to.—But the deformity of this *Author* is visible, present, lasting, unalterable, and peculiar to himself. 'Tis the mark of God and Nature upon him, to give us warning that we should hold no society with him, as a creature not of our original, nor of our species: and they who have refused to take this warning which God and nature have given them, and have, in spite, of it by a senseless presumption ventured to be familiar with him, have severely suffered, &c. 'Tis certain his original is not from Adam, but from the Devil,” &c. DENNIS, *Character of Mr. P.* octavo, 1716.

Admirably it is observed by Mr. Dennis against Mr. Law, p. 33. “That the language of Billingsgate can never be the

IMITATIONS.

VER. 141, 142. — *piteous of his case,*
Yet smiling at his rueful length of face.))]

— *Risit pater optimus illi.—*
Me liceat casum misereri insontis amici—
Sic fatus, tergum Gætuli immane leonis, &c. Virg. Æ. v.

Instructive work ! whose wry-mouth'd portraiture
Display'd the fates her confessors endure. 146

REMARKS.

“ language of charity, nor consequently of Christianity.” I should else be tempted to use the language of a Critic; for what is more provoking to a commentator, than to behold his author thus portrayed? Yet I consider it really hurts not *him*; whereas to call some others dull, might do them prejudice with a world too apt to believe it: Therefore, though Mr. D. may call another a *little ass* or a *young toad*, far be it from us to call him a *toothless lion* or an *old serpent*. Indeed, had I written these notes (as was once my intent) in the learned language, I might have given him the appellations of *balatro*, *calceatum caput*, *scurra in triviis*, being phrases in good esteem and frequent usage among the best learned: But in our mother tongue, were I to tax any gentleman of the Dunciad, surely it should be in words not to the vulgar intelligible; whereby christian charity, decency, and good accord among authors, might be preserved.

SCRIBL.

The good Scriblerus here, as on all occasions, eminently shews his humanity. But it was far otherwise with the gentlemen of the Dunciad, whose scurrilities were always personal, and of that nature which provoked every honest man but Mr. Pope; yet never to be lamented, since they occasioned the following amiable Verses:

- “ While Malice, Pope, denies thy page
“ Its own celestial fire;
“ While Critics, and while Bards in rage,
“ Admiring, won't admire:
“ While wayward pens thy worth assail,
“ And envious tongues decry;
“ These times tho' many a Friend bewail,
“ These times bewail not I.
“ But when the World's loud praise is thine,
“ And spleen no more shall blame,
“ When with thy Homer thou shalt shine
“ In one establish'd fame:

Earless on high, stood unabash'd De Foe,
 And Tutchin flagrant from the scourge below.
 There Ridpath, Roper, cudgell'd might ye view,
 The very worsted still look'd black and blue. 150

REMARKS.

“ When none shall rail, and ev'ry lay
 “ Devote a wreath to thee;
 “ That day (for come it will) that day
 “ Shall I lament to see.

VER. 143. *A shaggy Tap'stry,*] A sorry kind of Tapestry frequent in old Inns, made of worsted or some coarser stuff; like that which is spoken of by Donne—*Faces as frightful as theirs who whip Christ in old hangings.* The imagery woven in it alludes to the mantle of Cloanthus, in *Æn.* v.

VER. 144. *On Codrus' old, or Dunton's modern bed;*] Of Codrus the poet's bed, see Juvenal, describing his poverty very copiously, *Sat.* iii. *ÿ* 103, &c.

Lectus erat Codrus, &c.

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

Dryden.

But Mr. Concanen, in his dedication of the letters, advertisements, &c. to the author of the Dunciad, assures us, “ that Juvenal never satirized the Poverty of Codrus.”

John Dunton was a broken bookseller, and abusive scribler; he writ Neck or Nothing, a violent satire on some ministers of

Himself among the story'd chiefs he spies,
 As, from the blanket, high in air he flies,
 And oh! (he cry'd) what street, what lane but knows
 Our purgings, pumpings, blankettings, and blows?
 In ev'ry loom our labours shall be seen, 155
 And the fresh vomit run for ever green!

REMARKS.

state; a libel on the Duke of Devonshire and the Bishop of Peterborough, &c.

VER. 148. *And Tutchin flagrant from the scourge]* John Tutchin, author of some vile verses, and of a weekly paper called the Observator: He was sentenced to be whipped through several towns in the west of England, upon which he petitioned King James II. to be hanged. When that prince died in exile, he wrote an invective against his memory, occasioned by some humane elegies on his death. He lived to the time of Queen Anne.

VER. 149. *There Ridpath, Roper,]* Authors of the Flying-post and Post-boy, two scandalous papers on different sides, for which they equally and alternately deserved to be cudgelled, and were so.

VER. 151. *Himself among the story'd chiefs he spies,]* The history of Curl's being tossed in a blanket, and whipped by the scholars of Westminster, is well known. Of his purging and vomiting, see A full and true account of a horrid Revenge on the body of Edm. Curl, &c. in Swift and Pope's Miscell.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 151. *Himself among the story'd chiefs he spies,]*

*Se quoque principibus permixtum agnovit Achivis—
 Constitit, & lacrymans: Quis jam locus, inquit, Achate!
 Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris?* Virg. Æn. i.

VER. 156. *And the fresh vomit run for ever green!]* A parody on these lines of a late noble author:

*His bleeding arm had furnish'd all their rooms,
 And run for ever purple in the looms.*

See in the circle next, Eliza plac'd,
 Two babes of love close clinging to her waist;
 Fair as before her works she stands confess'd, 159
 In flow'rs and pearls by bounteous Kirkall dress'd.

REMARKS.

VER. 157. *See in the circle next, Eliza plac'd,*] In this game is exposed, in the most contemptuous manner, the profligate licentiousness of those shameless scriblers (for the most part of that sex, which ought least to be capable of such malice or impudence) who in libellous Memoirs and Novels, reveal the faults or misfortunes of both sexes, to the ruin of public fame, or disturbance of private happiness. Our good poet (by the whole cast of his work being obliged not to take off the Irony) where he could not shew his indignation, hath shewn his contempt, as much as possible; having here drawn as vile a picture as could be represented in the colours of Epic poesy. SCRIBL.

Ibid. *Eliza Haywood*; this woman was authoress of those most scandalous books called the court of Carimania, and the new Utopia. For the *two babes of love*, see CURL, Key, p. 22. But whatever reflection he is pleased to throw upon this Lady, surely it was what from him she little deserved, who had celebrated Curl's undertakings for *Reformation of manners*, and declared herself "to be so perfectly acquainted with the *sweetness of his disposition*, and that *tenderness with which he considered the errors of his fellow creatures*; that, though she should find the *little inadvertencies of her own life* recorded in his papers, she was certain it would be done in such a manner as she could not but approve." Mrs. HAYWOOD, Hist. of Clar. printed in the Female Dunciad, p. 18.

VER. 160. *Kirkall*, the name of an Engraver. Some of this Lady's works were printed in four volumes in 12mo, with her picture thus dressed up before them.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 158. *Two babes of love close clinging to her waist,*]
Cressa genus, Pholoë, geminique sub ubere nati. Virg. Æ. v.

The Goddess then: "Who best can send on high
 " The salient spout, far-streaming to the sky;
 " His be yon Juno of majestic size,
 " With cow-like udders, and with ox-like eyes.
 " This China Jordan let the chief o'ercome 165
 " Replenish, not ingloriously, at home."

Osborne and Curl accept the glorious strife,
 (Tho' this his Son dissuades, and that his Wife.)

REMARKS.

VER. 167. *Osborne, Thomas*] A Bookseller in Grays-Inn, very well qualified by his impudence to act this part; and therefore placed here instead of a less deserving Predecessor. This man published advertisements for a year together, pretending to sell Mr. Pope's Subscription books of Homer's Iliad at half the price: Of which books he had none, but cut to the size of them (which was Quarto) the common books in folio, without Copper-plates, on a worse paper, and never above half the value.

Upon this Advertisement the Gazetteer harangued thus, July 6, 1739. "How melancholy must it be to a Writer to be

IMITATIONS.

VER. 163. — yon Juno —

With cow-like udders, and with ox-like eyes.]

In allusion to Homer's Βοῶπις πότνια Ἥρη.

VER. 165. *This China Jordan*]

Tertius Argolica hac galea contentus abito. Virg. Æn. vi.

In the games of Homer, Il. xxiii. there are set together, as prizes, a Lady and a Kettle, as in this place Mrs. Haywood and a Jordan. But there the preference in value is given to the Kettle, at which Mad. Dacier is justly displeas'd. Mrs. H. is here treated with distinction, and acknowledged to be the more valuable of the two.

One on his manly confidence relies,
 One on his vigour and superior size. 170
 First Osborne lean'd against his letter'd post ;
 It rose, and labour'd to a curve at most.
 So Jove's bright bow displays its wat'ry round,
 (Sure sign, that no spectator shall be drown'd)
 A second effort brought but new disgrace, 175
 The wild Meander wash'd the Artist's face :

REMARKS.

“ so unhappy as to see his works hawked for sale in a man-
 “ ner so fatal to his fame ! How, with Honour to yourself, and
 “ Justice to your Subscribers, can this be done ? What an In-
 “ gratitude to be charged on the *Only honest Post* that lived in
 “ 1738 ! and than whom *Virtue* has not had a *shriller Trumpeter*
 “ for many ages ! That you were once *generally admired and*
 “ *esteemed* can be denied by none ; but that you and your
 “ works are now despised, is verified by *this fact* :” which be-
 ing utterly false, did not indeed much humble the Author, but
 drew this just chastisement on the Bookseller.

IMITATIONS.

VER 169, 170. *One on his manly confidence relies,*
One on his vigour]

Ille — melior motu, fretusque juvena ;
Hic membris & mole valens. Virg. Æn. v.

VER. 173, 174. *So Jove's bright bow ———*
(Sure sign ———)

The words of Homer, of the Rain-bow, in Iliad xi.

——— ἄς τε Κρονίων
 Ἐν νέφει σήλαξε, τέρας μερόπων ἀνθρώπων.

Que le fils de Saturn a fondex dans les nées, pour être dans tous
les âges une signe à tous les mortels. Dacier.

Thus the small jett, which hasty hands unlock,
 Spirts in the gard'ner's eyes who turns the cock.
 Not so from shameless Curl; impetuous spread
 The stream, and smoking flourish'd o'er his head.
 So (fam'd like thee for turbulence and horns) 181
 Eridanus his humble fountain scorns;
 Thro' half the heav'ns he pours th'exalted urn;
 His rapid waters in their passage burn.

REMARKS.

VER. 183. *Thro' half the heav'ns he pours th'exalted urn;*] In a manuscript Dunciad (where are some marginal corrections of some gentlemen some time deceased) I have found another reading of these lines, thus,

*And lifts his urn, thro' half the heav'ns to flow;
 His rapid waters in their passage glow.*

This I cannot but think the right: For first, though the difference between *burn* and *glow* may seem not very material to others, to me I confess the latter has an elegance, a *je ne sçay qucy*, which is much easier to be conceived than explained. Se-

IMITATIONS.

VER. 181, 182. *So (fam'd like thee for turbulence and horns)
 Eridanus]*

Virgil mentions these two qualifications of Eridanus, Georg. iv.

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

The Poets fabled of this river Eridanus, that it flowed through the skies. Denham, Cooper's Hill:

*Heav'n her Eridanus no more shall boast,
 Whose fame in thine, like lesser currents lost;
 Thy nobler stream shall visit Jove's abodes,
 To shine among the stars, and bathe the Gods.*

Swift as it mounts, all follow with their eyes :
 Still happy Impudence obtains the prize. 186
 Thou triumph'ft, Victor of the high-wrought day,
 And the pleas'd dame, foft-smiling, lead'ft away.

REMARKS.

condly, every reader of our poet must have observed how frequently he uses this word *glow* in other parts of this works : To instance only in his Homer :

- (1.) Iliad ix. † 726.—*With one resentment glows.*
- (2.) Iliad xi. † 626.—*There the battle glows.*
- (3.) Ibid. † 985.—*The closing flesh that instant ceas'd to glow.*
- (4.) Iliad xii. † 45.—*Encompass'd Hector glows.*
- (5.) Ibid. † 475.—*His beating breast with gen'rous ardour glows.*
- (6.) Iliad xviii. † 591.—*Another part glow'd with refulgent arms.*
- (7.) Ibid. † 654.—*And curl'd on silver props in order glow.*

I am afraid of growing too luxuriant in examples, or I could stretch this catalogue to a great extent; but these are enough to prove his fondness for this *beautiful word*, which, therefore, let *all future editions* replace here.

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

VER. 187. *The high-wrought day,*] Some affirm, this was originally, *well p—st day*; but the Poet's decency would not suffer it.

Here the learned Scriblerus manifests great anger; he exclaims against all such *Conjectural Emendations* in this manner :
 “ Let it suffice, O Pallas! that every noble Ancient, Greek or
 “ Roman, hath suffered the impertinent correction of every
 “ Dutch, German, and Switz Schoolmaster! Let our English
 “ at least escape, whose intrinsic is scarce of marble so solid, as

Osborne, thro' perfect modesty o'ercome,
Crown'd with the Jordan, walks contented home.

But now for Authors nobler palms remain; 191
Room for my Lord! three jockeys in his train;
Six huntsmen with a shout precede his chair:
He grins, and looks broad nonsense with a stare.
His Honour's meaning Dulness thus exprest, 195
"He wins this Patron, who can tickle best."

He chinks his purse, and takes his seat of state:
With ready quills the Dedicators wait;
Now at his head the dextrous task commence,
And, instant, fancy feels th'imputed sense; 200
Now gentle touches wanton o'er his face,
He struts Adonis, and affects grimace:
Rolli the feather to his ear conveys,
Then his nice taste directs our Operas:

REMARKS.

"not to be impaired or soiled by such rude and dirty hands.
"Suffer them to call their works their own, and after death
"at least to find rest and sanctuary from Critics! When these
"men have ceased to *rail*, let them not begin to do worse,
"to *comment*! Let them not conjecture into nonsense, correct
"out of all correctness, and restore into obscurity and confu-
"sion. Miserable fate! which can befall only the sprightliest
"wits that have written, and will befall them only from such
"dull ones as could never write!"

VER. 203. *Paolo Antonio Rolli*, an Italian Poet, and writer
of many Operas in that language, which, partly by the help of
his genius, prevailed in England near twenty years. He taught

Bentley his mouth with classic flatt'ry opes, 205
And the puff'd orator bursts out in tropes.

REMARKS.

Italian to some fine Gentlemen, who affected to direct the Operas.

VER. 205. *Bentley his mouth, &c.*] Not spoken of the famous Dr. Richard Bentley, but of one Tho. Bentley, a small critic, who aped his uncle in a *little Horace*. The great one was intended to be dedicated to the Lord Hallifax, but (on a change of the Ministry) was given to the Earl of Oxford; for which reason the little one was dedicated to his son the Lord Harley. A taste of his *Classic Elocution* may be seen in his following Panegyric on the Peace of Utrecht. *Cupimus Patrem tuum, fulgentissimum illud Orbis Anglicani jubar, adorare. O ingens Reipublicæ nostræ columen! O fortunatam tanto Heroe Britanniam! Illi tali tantoque viro DEUM per Omnia adfuisse, manumque ejus & mentem direxisse, CERTISSIMUM EST. Hujus enim Unius ferme opera, æquissimis & perhonorificis conditionibus, diuturno, heu nimium! bello, finem impositum videmus. O Diem æterna memoria dignissimam! qua terrores Patriæ omnes excidit, Pacemque diu exoptatam toti fere Europæ restituit, ille Populi Anglicani Amor, Harleius.*

Thus critically (that is, verbally) translated:

“ Thy Father, that most resplendent star of the Anglican Orb,
“ we much desire to adore! Oh mighty Column of our Re-
“ publick! Oh Britain, fortunate in such an Hero! That to
“ such and so great a Man GOD was ever present, in every
“ thing, and all along directed both his hand and his heart, is
“ a Most Absolute Certainty! For it is in a manner by the ope-
“ ration of this *Man alone*, that we behold a *War* (alas! how
“ much too long an one!) brought at length to an end, *on the*
“ *most just and most honourable Conditions*. Oh Day eternally
“ to be memorated! wherein All the Terrors of his Country
“ were ended, and a PEACE (long wish'd for by almost all
“ Europe) was restor'd by HARLEY, the Love and Delight
“ of the People of England.”

But that this Gentleman can write in a different style, may be seen in a letter he printed to Mr. Pope, wherein several Noble Lords are treated in a most extraordinary language, par-

But Welsted most the Poet's healing balm
 Strives to extract from his soft, giving palm;
 Unlucky Welsted! thy unfeeling master, 209
 The more thou ticklest, gripes his fist the faster.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 207. in the first Ed.

But Oldmixon the Poet's healing balm &c.

REMARKS.

ticularly the Lord Bolingbroke abused for that very PEACE which he here makes the *single work* of the Earl of Oxford, directed by *God Almighty*.

VER. 207. *Welsted*] Leonard Welsted, author of *The Triumvirate*, or a Letter in verse from Palæmon to Celia at Bath, which was meant for a satire on Mr. P. and some of his friends about the year 1718. He writ other things which we cannot remember. Smedley in his *Metamorphosis of Scriblerus*, mentions one, the Hymn of a *Gentleman* to his *Creator*: And there was another in praise either of a Cellar, or a Garret. L. W. characterized in the treatise *Περὶ Βάθου*, or the Art of Sinking, as a Didapper, and after as an Eel, is said to be this person, by Dennis, *Daily Journal* of May 11, 1728. He was also characterized under another animal, a Mole, by the author of the ensuing Simile, which was handed about at the same time:

“ Dear Welsted, mark, in dirty hole,
 “ That painful animal, a Mole:
 “ Above ground never born to grow;
 “ What mighty stir it keeps below?
 “ To make a Mole-hill all this strife!
 “ It digs, pokes, undermines for life.
 “ How proud a little dirt to spread;
 “ Conscious of nothing o'er its head!
 “ 'Till, lab'ring on for want of eyes,
 “ It blunders into Light—and dies.

You have him again in book iii v 169.

While thus each hand promotes the pleasing pain
 And quick sensations skip from vein to vein;
 A youth unknown to Phœbus, in despair,
 Puts his last refuge all in heav'n and pray'r.
 What force have pious vows! The Queen of Love
 His sister sends, her vot'refs, from above. 216
 As taught by Venus, Paris learnt the art
 To touch Achilles' only tender part;
 Secure, thro' her, the noble prize to carry,
 He marches off, his Grace's Secretary. 220

Now turn to different sports (the Goddess cries)
 And learn, my sons, the wond'rous pow'r of Noise.
 To move, to raise, to ravish ev'ry heart,
 With Shakespear's nature, or with Johnson's art,

REMARKS.

VER. 213. *A youth unknown to Phœbus, &c.*] The satire of this Episode being levelled at the base flatteries of authors to worthless wealth or greatness, concludes here with an excellent lesson to such men: That altho' their pens and praises were as exquisite as they conceit of themselves, yet (even in their own mercenary views) a creature unlettered, who serveth the passions, or pimpeth to the pleasures, of such vain, braggart, puff

IMITATIONS.

VER. 223, 225. *To move, to raise, &c.*

Let others aim: 'Tis yours to shake, &c.]

Excudent alii spirantia mollius æra,

Credo equidem, vivos ducent de marmore vultus, &c.

Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento,

Hæ tibi erunt artes —————

Let others aim : 'Tis yours to shake the soul 225
 With Thunder rumbling from the mustard bowl,
 With horns and trumpets now to madness swell,
 Now sink in sorrows with a tolling bell ;
 Such happy arts attention can command,
 When fancy flags, and sense is at a stand. 230
 Improve we these. Three Cat-calls be the bribe
 Of him, whose chatt'ring shames the Monkey tribe :
 And his this Drum, whose hoarse heroic base
 Drowns the loud clarion of the braying Ass.

Now thousand tongues are heard in one loud din :
 The Monkey-mimics rush discordant in ; 236
 'Twas chatt'ring, grinning, mouthing, jabb'ring all,
 And Noise and Norton, Brangling and Breval,

REMARKS.

Nobility, shall with those patrons be much more inward, and of them much higher rewarded. SCRIBL.

VER. 226. *With Thunder rumbling from the mustard bowl,*] The old way of making Thunder and Mustard were the same ; but since, it is more advantageously performed by troughs of wood with stops in them. Whether Mr. Dennis was the inventor of that improvement, I know not ; but it is certain, that being once at a Tragedy of a new author, he fell into a great passion at hearing some, and cried, " 'Sdeath ! that is my Thunder."

VER. 228. — *with a tolling bell ;*] A mechanical help to the Pathetic, not unuseful to the modern writers of Tragedy.

VER. 231. *Three Cat-calls*] Certain musical instruments used by one sort of Critics to confound the Poets of the Theatre.

VER. 238. *Norton,*] See v 417.—*J. Durant Breval,* Author of a very extraordinary Book of Travels, and some Poems. See before, Note on v 126.

Dennis and Diffonance, and captious Art,
 And Snip-snap short, and Interruption smart, 240
 And Demonstration thin, and Theses thick,
 And Major, Minor, and Conclusion quick.
 Hold (cry'd the Queen) a Cat-call each shall win;
 Equal your merits! equal is your din!
 But that this well-disputed game may end, 245
 Sound forth, my Brayers, and the welkin rend.

As when the long-ear'd milky mothers wait
 At some sick miser's triple-bolted gate,
 For their defrauded, absent foals they make
 A moan so loud, that all the guild awake; 250
 Sore sighs fir Gilbert, starting at the bray,
 From dreams of millions, and three groats to pay.
 So swells each wind-pipe; Afs intones to Afs,
 Harmonic twang! of leather, horn, and brass;
 Such as from lab'ring lungs th' Enthusiast blows,
 High Sound, attemp'ed to the vocal nose; 256
 Or such as bellow from the deep Divine;
 There, Webster! peal'd thy voice, and Whitfield!
 thine.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 243. *A Cat-call each shall win, &c.]*

*Non nostrum inter vos tantas componere lites,
 Et vitula tu dignus, & hic —* Virg. Ecl. iii.

VER. 247. *As when the &c.]* A Simile with a long tail, in the manner of Homer.

But far o'er all, sonorous Blackmore's strain;
 Walls, steeples, skies, bray back to him again. 260
 In Tot'nam fields, the brethren, with amaze,
 Prick all their ears up, and forget to graze;

REMARKS.

VER. 258. *Webster—and Whitfield*] The one the writer of a News-paper called the Weekly Miscellany, the other a Field-preacher. This thought the only means of advancing Religion was by the New-birth of spiritual madness: That, by the old death of fire and faggot: And therefore they agreed in this, though in no other earthly thing, to abuse all the sober Clergy. From the small success of these two extraordinary persons, we may learn how little hurtful *Bigotry* and *Enthusiasm* are, while the Civil Magistrate prudently forbears to lend his power to the one, in order to the employing it against the other. W.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 260. *bray back to him again.*] A figure of speech taken from Virgil:

Et vox assensu nemorum ingeminata remugit. Georg. iii.

*He hears his numerous herds low o'er the plain,
 While neighb'ring hills low back to them again.* Cowley.

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

VER. 262. *Prick all their ears up, and forget to graze;*

Inmemor herbarum quos est mirata juventa. Virg. Ecl. viii.

The progress of the sound from place to place, and the scenery here of the bordering regions, Tottenham-fields, Chancery-lane, the Thames, Westminster-hall, and Hungerford-stairs, are imitated from Virgil, *Æn. vii.* on the founding the horn of Alecto:

*Audit et Triviæ longe lacus, audit amnis
 Sulphurea Nar albus aqua, fontesque Velini, &c.*

Long Chanc'ry-lane retentive rolls the found,
 And courts to courts return it round and round;
 Thames wafts it thence to Rufus' roaring hall, 265
 And Hungerford re-echoes bawl for bawl.
 All hail him victor in both gifts of song,
 Who sings so loudly, and who sings so long.

REMARKS.

VER. 263. *Long Chanc'ry-lane*] The place where the offices of Chancery are kept. The long detention of Clients in that Court, and the difficulty of getting out, is humourously allegorized in these lines.

VER. 268. *Who sings so loudly, and who sings so long.*] A just character of Sir Richard Blackmore knight, who (as Mr. Dryden expresseth it)

Writ to the rumbling of his coach's wheels.

and whose indefatigable Muse produced no less than six Epic poems: Prince and King Arthur, twenty books; Eliza, ten; Alfred, twelve; the Redeemer, six; besides Job, in folio; the whole Book of Psalms; the Creation, seven books; Nature of Man, three books; and many more. 'Tis in this sense he is styled afterwards the *everlasting Blackmore*. Notwithstanding all which, Mr. Gildon seems assured, that "this admirable author did not think himself upon the *same foot* with *Homer*." Comp. Art of Poetry, vol. i. p. 108.

But how different is the judgment of the author of Characters of the times? p. 25. who says, "Sir Richard Blackmore is unfortunate in happening to mistake his proper talents; and that he has not for many years been *so much as named*, or *even thought of* among writers." Even Mr. Dennis differs greatly from his friend Mr. Gildon: "Blackmore's *Aëtion* (saith he) has neither unity, nor integrity, nor morality, nor universality; and consequently he can have no *Fable*, and no *Heroic Poem*: His Narration is neither probable, delightful, nor wonderful; his Characters have none of the necessary qualifications; the things contained in his Narration are neither in their own nature delightful, nor numerous enough,

This labour past, by Bridewell all descend,
 (As morning pray'r, and flagellation end) 270

REMARKS.

“nor rightly disposed, nor surprising, nor pathetic.”—Nay he proceeds so far as to say Sir Richard has *no Genius*; first laying down, that “Genius is caused by a *furious joy and pride of soul*, on the conception of an *extraordinary Hint*. Many Men (says he) have their *Hints*, without these motions of *fury and pride of soul*, because they want fire enough to agitate their spirits; and these we call cold writers. Others who have a great deal of fire, but have not excellent organs, feel the forementioned *motions*, without the *extraordinary hints*; and these we call *rustian writers*. But he declares that Sir Richard had neither the *Hints*, nor the *Motions*.” Remarks on Pr. Arth. octavo, 1696. Preface.

This gentleman in his first works abused the character of Mr. Dryden; and in his last, of Mr. Pope, accusing him in very high and sober terms of profaneness and immorality (Essay on Polite Writing, vol. ii. p. 270.) on a mere report from Edm. Curl, that he was author of a Travestie on the first Psalm. Mr. Dennis took up the same report, but with the addition of what Sir Richard had neglected, an *Argument to prove it*; which being very curious, we shall here transcribe. “It was he who burlesqued the Psalm of David. It is *apparent* to me that Psalm was burlesqued by a *Popish rhymester*. Let rhyming persons who have been brought up *Protestants* be otherwise what they will, let them be rakes, let them be scoundrels, let them be *Atheists*, yet education has made an invincible impression on them in behalf of the sacred writings. But a *Popish rhymester* has been brought up with a contempt for those sacred writings; now shew me another *Popish rhymester* but he.” This manner of argumentation is usual with Mr. Dennis; he has employed the same against Sir Richard himself, in a like charge of *Impiety and Irreligion*. “All Mr. Blackmore’s celestial Machines, as they cannot be defended so much as by common received opinion, so are they directly contrary to the doctrine of the church of England; for the visible descent of an Angel must be a miracle. Now it is the doctrine of the Church of England that miracles had ceased

To where Fleet-ditch with disemboguing streams
Rolls the large tribute of dead dogs to Thames,
The King of dykes ! than whom no sluice of mud
With deeper sable blots the silver flood. 274

“ Here strip, my children ! here at once leap in,
“ Here prove who best can dash thro’ thick and thin,

REMARKS.

“ a long time before Prince Arthur came into the world. Now
“ if the doctrine of the church of England be true, as we are
“ obliged to believe, then are all the celestial machines in Prince
“ Arthur unsufferable, as wanting not only human, but divine
“ probability. But if the machines are sufferable, that is, if
“ they have so much as divine probability, then it follows of
“ necessity that the doctrine of the Church is false. So I leave
“ it to every impartial Clergyman to consider,” &c. Preface
to the Remarks on Prince Arthur.

VER. 270. (*As morning pray’r, and flagellation end.*) It is
between eleven and twelve in the morning, after church ser-
vice, that the criminals are whipt in Bridewell.—This is to
mark punctually the *time* of the day : Homer does it by the
circumstance of the Judges rising from court, or of the Labour-
er’s dinner ; our author by one very proper both to the *Persons*
and the *Scene* of his poem, which we may remember com-
menced in the evening of the Lord-mayor’s day : The first
book passed in that *night* ; the next *morning* the games begin in
the Strand, thence along Fleet-street (places inhabited by Book-
fellers) then they proceed by Bridewell toward Fleet-ditch, and
lastly thro’ Ludgate to the City and the Temple of the Goddess.

VER. 276, 277, 278. — *dash thro’ thick and thin,—love of
dirt—dark dexterity*] The three chief qualifications of Party-

IMITATIONS.

VER. 273. *The king of dykes, &c.*]

Fluviorum rex Eridanus,

— *quo non alius, per pinguia culta,*

In mare purpureum violentior insluit amnis.

Virg.

" And who the most in love of dirt excel,
 " Or dark dexterity of groping well.
 " Who flings most filth, and wide pollutes around
 " The stream, be his the Weekly Journals bound,
 " A pig of lead to him who dives the best; 281
 " A peck of coals a-piece shall glad the rest."

In naked majesty Oldmixon stands,
 And Milo-like surveys his arms and hands;

REMARKS.

writers: to stick at nothing, to delight in flinging dirt, and to slander in the dark by guess.

VER. 280. *the Weekly Journals*] Papers of news and scandal intermixed, on different sides and parties, and frequently shifting from one side to the other, called the London Journal, British Journal, Daily Journal, &c. the concealed writers of which for some time were Oldmixon, Roome, Arnall, Concanen, and others; persons never seen by our author.

VER. 282. "*A peck of coals a-piece*] Our indulgent Poet, whenever he has spoken of any dirty or low work, constantly puts us in mind of the *Poverty* of the offenders, as the only extenuation of such practices. Let any one but remark, when a Thief, a Pick-pocket, an Highwayman, or a Knight of the post are spoken of, how much our hate to those characters is lessened, if they add a *needy* Thief, a *poor* Pick pocket, an *hungry* Highwayman, a *starving* Knight of the post, &c.

VER. 283. *In naked majesty Oldmixon stands,*] Mr. JOHN OLDMIXON, next to Mr. Dennis, the most ancient Critic of our Nation; an unjust censurer of Mr. Addison in his prose Essay on Criticism, whom also in his imitation of Bouhours (called the Arts of Logic and Rhetoric) he misrepresents in plain matter of fact; for in p. 45. he cites the Spectator as abusing Dr. Swift by name, where there is not the least hint of it; and in p. 304. is so injurious as to suggest, that Mr. Addison himself writ that Tatler, N^o 43. which says of his own Simile, that "'Tis as great as
 " ever entered into the mind of man. " In Poetry he was not

Then fighting, thus, "And am I now three-score?
 "Ah why, ye Gods! should two and two make four?
 He said, and clim'd a stranded lighter's height, 287
 Shot to the black abyss, and plung'd downright.

REMARKS.

"so happy as laborious, and therefore characterised by the Tatler N^o 62. by the name of *Omicron the Unborn Poet.*" Curl, Key, p. 13. "He writ Dramatic works, and a volume of Poetry, consisting of heroic Epistles, &c. some whereof are very well done," saith that great Judge Mr. Jacob, in his Lives of Poets, vol. ii. p. 303.

In his Essay on Criticism, and the Arts of Logic and Rhetoric, he frequently reflects on our Author. But the top of his character was a Perverter of History, in that scandalous one of the Stuarts, in folio, and his Critical History of England, two volumes, octavo. Being employed by bishop Kennet, in publishing the Historians in his Collection, he falsified Daniel's Chronicle in numberless places. Yet this very man, in the preface to the first of these books, advanced a *particular fact* to charge three eminent persons of falsifying the lord Clarendon's History; which fact has been disproved by Dr. Atterbury, late bishop of Rochester, then the only survivor of them; and the particular part he pretended to be falsified, produced since, after almost ninety years, in that noble author's original manuscript. He was all his life a virulent Party-writer for hire, and received his reward in a small place, which he enjoyed to his death.

VER. 286. "Ah why, ye Gods! should two and two make four?"] Very reasonably doth this ancient Critic complain: Without doubt it was a fault in the Constitution of things. For the *World*, as a great writer saith, *being given to man for a subject of disputation*, he might think himself mocked with a penu-

IMITATIONS.

VER. 285. *Then fighting thus, And am I now threescore? &c.]*

— *Fletque Milon senior, cum spectat inanes
 Herculeis similes, fluidos pendere lacertos.* Ovid.

The Senior's judgment all the crowd admire,
 Who but to sink the deeper, rose the higher. 290
 Next Smedley div'd; slow circles dimpled o'er
 The quaking mud, that clos'd, and op'd no more.
 All look, all sigh, and call on Smedley lost;
 Smedley in vain resounds thro' all the coast. 294
 Then * essay'd; scarce vanish'd out of sight,
 He buoys up infant, and returns to light:

REMARKS.

rious gift, were any thing made certain. Hence those superior masters of wisdom, the *Sceptics* and *Academics*, reasonably conclude that *two and two do not make four*. SCRIBL. W.

But we need not go so far, to remark what the Poet principally intended, the absurdity of complaining of *old age*, which must necessarily happen, as long as we are indulged in our desires of adding one year to another.

VER. 291. *Next Smedley div'd;*] In the surreptitious editions, this whole Episode was applied to an initial letter E—, by whom if they meant the Laureate, nothing was more absurd, no part agreeing with his character. The Allegory evidently demands a person dipp'd in scandal, and deeply immerfed in dirty work: whereas Mr. Eusden's writings rarely offended but by their length and multitude, and accordingly are taxed of nothing else in book i. y 102. But the person here mentioned, an Irishman, was author and publisher of many scurrilous pieces, a weekly Whitehall Journal, in the year 1722. in the name of Sir James Baker; and particularly whole volumes of Billingsgate against Dr. Swift and Mr. Pope, called *Gulliveriana* and *Alexandriana*, printed in octavo, 1728.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 293. *and call on Smedley lost; &c.*]

*Aleides wept in vain for Hylas lost,
 Hylas, in vain, resounds thro' all the coast.*

Lord Roscom. Translat. of Virgil's vith Ecl.

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

True to the bottom, see Concanen creep,
A cold, long-winded, native of the deep: 300
If perseverance gain the Diver's prize,
Not everlasting Blackmore this denies:

VARIATIONS.

After γ 298. in the first Edit. followed these,

Far worse unhappy D——r succeeds,
He search'd for coral, but he gather'd weeds.

REMARKS.

VER. 295. *Then * essay'd,*] A Gentleman of genius and spirit, who was secretly dipt in some papers of this kind, on whom our Poet bestows a panegyric instead of a satire, as deserving to be better employed than in Party-quarrels, and personal invectives.

VER. 299. *Concanen*] MATTHEW CONCANEN, an Irishman, bred to the law. Smedley (one of his brethren in enmity to Swift) in his *Metamorphosis of Scriblerus*, p. 7. accuses him of "having boasted of what he had not written, but "others had revised and done for him." He was author of several dull and dead scurrilities in the British and London Journals, and in a paper called the *Speculatist*. In a pamphlet, called a *Supplement to the Profund*, he dealt very unfairly with our Poet, not only frequently imputing to him Mr. Broome's verses (for which he might indeed seem in some degree accountable, having corrected what that gentleman did) but those of the duke of Buckingham, and others: To this rare piece somebody humourously caused him to take for his motto, *De profundis clamavi*. He was since a hired scribler in the *Daily Courant*, where he poured forth much Billingsgate against the

IMITATIONS.

VER. 302. *Not everlasting Blackmore*]

Nec bonus Eurytion praelato invidit honori, &c. Virg. *Æn.*

No noise, no stir, no motion can't thou make,
 Th' unconscious stream sleeps o'er thee like a lake,
 Next plung'd a feeble, but a desp'rate pack, 305
 With each a sickly brother at his back :
 Sons of a Day ! just buoyant on the flood,
 Then number'd with the puppies in the mud.
 Ask ye their names ? I could as soon disclose
 The names of these blind puppies as of those. 310
 Fast by, like Niobe (her children gone)
 Sits Mother Osborne, stupify'd to stone !
 And Monumental Brass this record bears,
 " These are,—ah no ! these were, the Gazetteers !"

REMARKS.

lord Bolingbroke, and others ; after which this man was surprisingly promoted to administer Justice and Law in Jamaica.

VER. 306, 307. *With each a sickly brother at his back : Sons of a day, &c.*] These were daily Papers, a number of which, to lessen the expence, were printed one on the back of another.

VER. 311. *like Niobe*] See the story in Ovid, Met. vii. where the miserable Petrefaction of this old Lady is pathetically described.

VER. 312. *Osborne*] A name assumed by the eldest and gravest of these writers, who at last, being ashamed of his Pupils, gave his paper over, and in his age remained silent.

VER. 314. *Gazetteers*] We ought not to suppress that a modern Critic here taxeth the Poet with an Anachronism, affirming these Gazetteers not to have lived within the time of his poem, and challenging us to produce any such paper of that date. But we may with equal assurance assert, these Gazetteers not to have lived since, and challenge all the learned world to produce one such paper at this day. Surely therefore, where

Not so bold Arnall ; with a weight of skull,
Furious he dives, precipitately dull, 316

REMARKS.

the point is so obscure, our author ought not to be censured too rashly.

SCRIBL.

Notwithstanding this affected ignorance of the good Scriblerus, the *Daily Gazetteer* was a title given very properly to certain papers, each of which lasted but a day. Into this, as a common sink, was received all the trash, which had been before dispersed in several Journals, and circulated at the public expence of the nation. The authors were the same obscure men ; though sometimes relieved by occasional essays from Statesmen, Courtiers, Bishops, Deans, and Doctors. The meaner sort were rewarded with Money ; others with Places or Benefices, from an hundred to a thousand a year. It appears from the *Report of the Secret Committee* for enquiring into the Conduct of R. Earl of O. “ That no less than *fifty-thousand, seventy-seven pounds, eighteen shillings*, were paid to Authors and “ Printers of News-papers, such as Free-Britons, Daily-Courants, Corn-Cutter’s Journals, Gazetteers, and other political “ papers, between Feb. 10, 1731. and Feb. 10, 1741.” Which shews the Benevolence of One Minister to have expended, for the current dulness of ten years in Britain, double the sum which gained Louis XIV. so much honour, in annual Pensions to Learned men all over Europe. In which, and in a much longer time, not a Pension at Court, nor Preferment in the Church or Universities, of any Consideration, was bestowed on any man distinguished for his Learning separately from Party-merit, or Pamphlet-writing.

It is worth a reflection, that of all the Panegyrics bestowed by these writers on this great Minister, not one is at this day extant or remember’d ; nor even so much credit done to his Personal character by all they have written, as by one short occasional compliment of our Author :

Seen him I have ; but in his *happier hour*
Of *social pleasure*, ill exchange’d for *Pow’r* !
Seen him, uncumber’d by the Venal Tribe,
Smile without *Art*, and *win* without a *Bribe*.

Whirlpools and storms his circling arm invest,
 With all the might of gravitation blest.
 No crab more active in the dirty dance,
 Downward to climb, and backward to advance.
 He brings up half the bottom on his head, 321
 And loudly claims the Journals and the Lead.

The plunging Prelate, and his pond'rous Grace,
 With holy envy gave one Layman place.

REMARKS.

VER. 317. *Arnall*] WILLIAM ARNALL, bred an Attorney, was a perfect Genius in this sort of work. He began under twenty with furious Party-papers; then succeeded Concanen in the British Journal. At the first publication of the Dunciad, he prevailed on the Author not to give him his due place in it, by a letter professing his detestation of such practices as his Predecessor's. But since, by the most unexampled insolence, and personal abuse of several great men, the Poet's particular friends, he most amply deserved a niche in the Temple of Infamy: Witness a paper, called the Free Briton; a Dedication intituled, To the Genuine Blunderer, 1732, and many others. He writ for hire, and valued himself upon it; not indeed without cause, it appearing by the aforesaid REPORT, that he received "for
 " Free Britons, and other writings, in the space of four years,
 " no less than ten thousand nine hundred and ninety-seven pounds,
 " six shillings, and eight pence, out of the Treasury." But frequently, thro' his fury or folly, he exceeded all the bounds of his commission, and obliged his honourable Patron to disavow his scurrilities.

VER. 323. *The plunging Prelate, &c.*] It having been invidiously insinuated that by this Title was meant a truly great Prelate, as respectable for his defence of the present balance of power in the *civil* constitution, as for his opposition to no power at all, in the *religious*; I owe so much to the memory of my deceased friend as to declare, that when, a little before his death, I informed him of this insinuation, he called it vile

When lo! a burst of thunder shook the flood, 325

Slow rose a form, in majesty of Mud;

Shaking the horrors of his fable brows,

And each ferocious feature grim with ooze.

Greater he looks, and more than mortal stares:

Then thus the wonders of the deep declares. 330

First he relates, how sinking to the chin,

Smit with his mien, the Mud-nymphs suck'd him in:

How young Lutetia, softer than the down,

Nigrina black, and Merdamante brown,

Vy'd for his love in jetty bow'rs below, 335

As Hylas fair was ravish'd long ago.

Then sung, how shown him by the Nut-brown
maids

A branch of Styx here rises from the Shades,

REMARKS.

and malicious, as any candid Man, he said, might understand, by his having paid a willing compliment to this very Prelate in another part of the Poem. W.

VER. 336. *As Hylas fair*] Who was ravished by the water-nymphs and drawn into the river. The story is told at large by Valerius Flaccus, lib. iii. Argon. See Virgil, Ecl. vi.

VER. 338. *A branch of Styx, &c.*]

Οἱ τ' ἀμφ' ἰμερτὸν Τιταρήσιον ἔργ' ἐνέμουτο,

Ὅς ῥ' ἐς Πηνειὸν ποταεὶ καλλιῖρρον ὕδωρ,

οὐδ' ὄγε Πηνειῶ (συμμίσγε) ἀργυροδίη,

Ἄλλὰ τέ μιν καθύπερθεν ὑπερρέει ἠὲ λάϊον.

Ὅρα γὰρ δαινῆ Στυγὸς ὕδατος ἐστὶν ὑπερρώξ.

Homer, Il. ii. Catal.

That tinctur'd as it runs with Lethe's streams,
 And wafting Vapours from the Land of dreams,
 (As under seas Alphæus' secret sluice 341
 Bears Pisa's off'rings to his Arethuse)

Pours into Thames : and hence the mingled wave
 Intoxicates the pert, and lulls the grave :

Here brisker vapours o'er the TEMPLE creep, 345
 There, all from Paul's to Aldgate drink and sleep.

Thence to the banks where rev'rend Bards repose,
 They led him soft ; each rev'rend Bard arose ;
 And Milbourn chief, deputed by the rest,
 Gave him the cassock, surcingle, and vest. 350

REMARKS.

Of the land of Dreams in the same region, he makes mention, Odyss. xxiv. See also Lucian's True History. *Lethe* and the *Land of Dreams* allegorically represent the *Stupefaction* and *visionary Madness* of Poets, equally dull and extravagant. Of Alphæus's waters gliding secretly under the sea of Pisa, to mix with those of Arethuse in Sicily, see Moschus, Idyll. viii. Virg. Ecl. x.

*Sic tibi, cum fluctus subter labere Sicanos,
 Doris amara suam non intermisceat undam.*

And again, Æn. iii.

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

IMITATIONS.

VER. 329. *Greater he looks, and more than mortal stares:]*
 Virg. Æn. vi. of the Sibyl :

— *majorque videri,
 Nec mortale senans —*

“ Receive (he said) these robes which once were
mine,

“ Dulness is sacred in a sound divine.”

He ceas'd, and spread the robe; the crowd confess
The rev'rend Flamen in his lengthen'd dress.

Around him wide a sable Army stand, 355

A low-born, cell-bred, selfish, servile band,

Prompt or to guard or stab, to faint or damn,

Heav'n's Swifs, who fight for any God, or Man.

REMARKS.

VER. 349. *And Milbourn*] Luke Milbourn a Clergyman, the fairest of Critics; who, when he wrote against Mr. Dryden's Virgil, did him justice in printing at the same time his own translations of him, which were intolerable. His manner of writing has a great resemblance with that of the Gentlemen of the Dunciad against our author, as will be seen in the Parallel of Mr. Dryden and him. Append.

VER. 355. *Around him wide &c.*] It is to be hoped that the satire in these lines will be understood in the confined sense in which the Author meant it, of such only of the Clergy, who, tho' solemnly engaged in the service of Religion, dedicate themselves for venal and corrupt ends to that of Ministers or Factions; and tho' educated under an entire ignorance of the world, aspire to interfere in the government of it, and consequently, to disturb and disorder it; in which they fall short only of their

IMITATIONS.

VER. 346. *Thence to the banks, &c.*]

*Tum canit errantem Permessi ad flumina Gallum,
Utque viro Phæbi chorus assurrexerit omnis;
Ut Linus hæc illi divino carmine pastor,
Floribus atque apio crines ornatus amaro,
Dixerit, Hos tibi dant calamos, en accipe, Musæ,
Ascraeo quos ante seni — — &c.*

Thro' Lud's fam'd gates, along the well-known
Fleet

Rolls the black troop, and overshades the street,
'Till show'rs of Sermons, Characters, Essays, 361
In circling fleeces whiten all the ways :
So clouds replenish'd from some bog below,
Mount in dark volumes, and descend in snow.
Here stopt the Goddess ; and in pomp proclaims
A gentler exercise to close the games. 366

“ Ye Critics ! in whose heads, as equal scales,
“ I weigh what author's heaviness prevails ;
“ Which most conduce to sooth the soul in slumbers,
“ My H--ley's periods, or my Blackmore's numbers ;

REMARKS.

Predecessors, when invested with a larger share of power and authority, which they employed indifferently (as is hinted at in the lines above) either in supporting arbitrary power, or in exciting rebellion ; in canonizing the vices of Tyrants, or in blackening the virtues of Patriots ; in corrupting religion by superstition, or betraying it by libertinism, as either was thought best to serve the ends of Policy, or flatter the follies of the Great. W.

VER. 359. *Lud's fam'd gates,*] “ King Lud repairing the
“ City, called it, after his own name, Lud's Town ; the strong
“ gate which he built in the west part, he likewise, for his own
“ honour, named Ludgate. In the year 1260. this gate was
“ beautified with images of Lud and other Kings. Those
“ images in the reign of Edward VI. had their heads smitten
“ off, and were otherwise defaced by unadvised folks. Queen
“ Mary did set new heads upon their old bodies again. The
“ 28th of Queen Elizabeth the same gate was clean taken
“ down, and newly and beautifully builded, with images of
“ Lud and others, as afore.” *Stow's Survey of London.*

“ Attend the trial we propose to make : 371
 “ If there be man, who o’er such works can wake,
 “ Sleep’s all-subduing charms who dares defy,
 “ And boasts Ulyffes’ ear with Argus’ eye ;
 “ To him we grant our amplest pow’rs to fit 375
 “ Judge of all present, past, and future wit ;
 “ To cavil, censure, dictate, right or wrong,
 “ Full and eternal privilege of tongue.”

Three College Sophs, and three pert Templars
 came, 379

The same their talents, and their tastes the same ;
 Each prompt to query, answer, and debate,
 And smit with love of Poesy and Prate.
 The pond’rous books two gentle readers bring ;
 The heroes sit, the vulgar form a ring.

REMARKS.

VER. 374. See Hom. Odyss. xii. Ovid, Met. i.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 380, 381. *The same their talents—Each prompt &c.]*
Ambo florentes ætatibus, Arcades ambo,
Et certare pares, & respondere parati. Virg. Ecl. vi.

VER. 382. *And smit with love of Poetry and Prate.]*
Smit with the love of sacred song — Milton.

VER. 384. *The heroes sit, the vulgar form a ring ;]*
Confedere duces, & vulgi stante corona. Ovid. Met. xiii.

The clam'rous crowd is hush'd with mugs of Mum,
 'Till all tun'd equal, send a gen'ral hum. 386
 Then mount the Clerks, and in one lazy tone
 Thro' the long, heavy, painful page drawl on ;
 Soft creeping, words on words, the sense compose,
 At ev'ry line they stretch, they yawn, they doze.
 As to soft gales top-heavy pines bow low 391
 Their heads, and lift them as they cease to blow :
 Thus oft they rear, and oft the head decline,
 As breathe, or pause, by fits, the airs divine.
 And now to this side, now to that they nod, 395
 As verse, or prose, infuse the drowzy God.
 Thrice Budgel aim'd to speak, but thrice suppress
 By potent Arthur, knock'd his chin and breast.

REMARKS.

VER. 388. *Thro' the long, heavy, painful page &c.*] " All
 " these lines very well imitate the slow drowziness with which
 " they proceed. It is impossible to any one, who has a poe-
 " tical ear, to read them without perceiving the heaviness that
 " lags in the verse, to imitate the action it describes. The
 " simile of the Pines is very just and well adapted to the sub-
 " ject ;" says an Enemy, in his Essay on the Dunciad, p. 21.

VER. 397. *Thrice Budgel aim'd to speak,*] Famous for his
 speeches on many occasions about the South Sea scheme, &c.
 " He is a very ingenious gentleman, and hath written some ex-
 " cellent Epilogues to Plays, and *one small* piece on Love,
 " which is very pretty." Jacob, Lives of Poets, vol. ii. p. 289.
 But this gentleman since made himself much more eminent,
 and personally well known to the greatest Statesmen of all par-
 ties, as well as to all the Courts of Law in this nation.

Toland and Tindal, prompt at priests to jeer,
 Yet silent bow'd to *Christ's No kingdom here.* 400
 Who fate the nearest, by the words o'ercome,
 Slept first; the distant nodded to the hum.
 Then down are roll'd the books; stretch'd o'er 'em
 lies
 Each gentle clerk, and mutt'ring seals his eyes.
 As what a Dutchman plumps into the lakes, 405
 One circle first, and then a second makes;

VARIATIONS.

VER. 399. in the first Edit. it was,
 Collins and Tindal, prompt at Priests to jeer.

REMARKS.

VER. 399. *Toland and Tindal,*] Two persons, not so happy as to be obscure, who writ against the Religion of their Country. *Toland*, the Author of the Atheist's liturgy, called *Pantheisticon*, was a spy, in pay to Lord Oxford. *Tindal* was author of the *Rights of the Christian Church*, and *Christianity as old as the Creation*. He also wrote an abusive pamphlet against Earl S—, which was suppressed, while yet in MS. by an eminent person, then out of the ministry, to whom he shewed it expecting his approbation: This Doctor afterwards published the same piece, *mutatis mutandis*, against that very person.

VER. 400. *Christ's No kingdom &c.*] This is said by Curl, Key to Dunc. to allude to a sermon of a reverend Bishop.

VER. 405. *As what a Dutchman &c.*] It is a common and foolish mistake, that a ludicrous parody of a grave and celebrated passage is a ridicule of that passage. The reader therefore, if he will, may call this a parody of the author's own sublime Similitude in the Essay on Man, Ep. iv.

As the small pebble, &c.

but will any body therefore suspect the one to be a ridicule of

What Dulness dropt among her sons imprest
 Like motion from one circle to the rest ;
 So from the mid-moſt the nutation ſpreads
 Round and more round, o'er all the *ſea of beads*.
 At laſt Centlivre felt her voice to fail, 411
 Motteux himſelf unfinish'd left his tale,
 Boyer the State, and Law the Stage gave o'er,
 Morgan and Mandevil could prate no more ;

VARIATIONS.

VER. 413. in the firſt Edit. it was,
 T—s and T— the Church and State gave o'er,
 Nor *** talk'd nor S—— whiſper'd more.

REMARKS.

the other? A ridicule indeed there is in every parody : but when the image is transferred from one ſubject to another, and the ſubject is not a *poem burleſqued* (which Scriblerus hopes the reader will diſtinguiſh from a *burleſque poem*) there the ridicule falls not on the thing *imitated*, but *imitating*. Thus, for inſtance, when

Old Edward's armour beams on Cibber's breaſt,

it is, without doubt, an object ridiculous enough. But I think it falls neither on old king Edward, nor his armour, but on his *armour-bearer* only. Let this be ſaid to explain our Author's Parodies (a figure that has always a good effect in a mock epic poem) either from profane or ſacred writers. W.

VER. 411. *Centlivre*] Mrs. Suſanna Centlivre, wife to Mr. Centlivre, Yeoman of the Mouth to his Maſteſty. She writ many Plays, and a Song (ſays Mr. Jacob, vol. i. p. 32.) before

IMITATIONS.

VER. 410. *o'er all the ſea of beads.*]

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

Norton, from Daniel and Ostrœa sprung, 415

Bless'd with his father's front, and mother's tongue,

REMARKS.

she was seven years old. She also writ a Ballad against Mr. Pope's Homer, before he began it.

VER. 413. *Boyer the State, and Law the Stage gave o'er,*] A. Boyer, a voluminous compiler of Annals, Political Collections, &c.—William Law A. M. wrote with great zeal against the Stage; Mr. Dennis answered with as great: Their books were printed in 1726. Mr. Law affirmed, that “The Play-house is the temple of the Devil; the peculiar pleasure of the Devil; where all they who go, yield to the Devil; where all the laughter is a laughter among Devils; and all who are there are hearing Music in the very Porch of Hell.” To which Mr. Dennis replied, that “There is every jot as much difference between a true Play, and one made by a Poetafter, as between *two religious books*, the Bible and the *Alcoran*.” Then he demonstrates, that “All those who had written against the Stage were *Jacobites* and *Non-jurors*; and did it always at a time when something was to be done for the Pretender. Mr. Collier published his Short View when France declared for the Chevalier; and his Dissuasive, just at the great storm, when the devastation which that hurricane wrought, had amazed and astonished the minds of men, and made them obnoxious to melancholy and desponding thoughts. Mr. Law took the opportunity to attack the Stage upon the great preparations he heard were making abroad, and which the *Jacobites* flatter'd themselves were designed in their favour. And as for Mr. Bedford's Serious remonstrance, though I know nothing of the time of publishing it, yet I dare to lay odds it was either upon the Duke d'Aumont's being at Somerset-house, or upon the late Rebellion.” DENNIS, Stage defended against Mr. Law, p. ult. The same Mr. Law is Author of a book, intitled, *An Appeal to all that doubt of or disbelieve the truth of the gospel*; in which he has detailed a System of the rankest Spinozism, for the most exalted Theology; and amongst other things as rare, has informed us of this, that Sir Isaac Newton stole the principles of his philosophy from one *Jacob Behman*, a German cobbler.

Hung silent down his never-blushing head ;
And all was hush'd, as Folly's self lay dead.

Thus the soft gifts of Sleep conclude the day,
And stretch'd on bulks, as usual, Poets lay. 420
Why should I sing, what bards the nightly Muse
Did slumb'ring visit, and convey to stews ;
Who prouder march'd, with magistrates in state,
To some fam'd round-house, ever open gate !
How Henley lay inspir'd beside a sink, 425
And to mere mortals seem'd a Priest in drink :

REMARKS.

VER. 414. *Morgan*] A writer against Religion, distinguished no otherwise from the rabble of his tribe, than by the pompousness of his Title ; for having stolen his Morality from Tindal, and his Philosophy from Spinoza, he calls himself, by the courtesy of England, a *Moral Philosopher*. W.

Ibid. *Mandevil*] This writer, who prided himself as much in the reputation of an *Immoral Philosopher*, was author of a famous book called *the Fable of the Bees* ; written to prove, that Moral Virtue is the invention of knaves, and Christian Virtue the imposition of fools ; and that Vice is necessary, and alone sufficient to render Society flourishing and happy. W.

VER. 415. *Norton*] Norton De Foe, offspring of the famous Daniel. *Fortes creantur fortibus*. One of the authors of the Flying Post, in which well-bred work Mr. P. had sometime the honour to be abused with his betters ; and of many hired scurrilities and daily papers, to which he never set his name.

VER. 426. *And to mere mortals seem'd a Priest in drink :*] This line presents us with an excellent moral, that we are never

IMITATIONS.

VER. 418. *And all was hush'd, as Folly's self lay dead.*] Alludes to Dryden's verse in the Indian Emperor :

All things are hush'd, as Nature's self lay dead.

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

REMARKS.

to pass judgment merely by *appearances*; a lesson to all men, who may happen to see a reverend Person in the like situation, not to determine too rashly: since not only the Poets frequently describe a Bard inspired in this posture,

(On *Cam's fair bank, where Chaucer lay inspir'd,*
 and the like) but an eminent Casuist tells us, that “if a Priest
 “be seen in any indecent action, we ought to account it a
 “deception of sight, or illusion of the Devil, who sometimes
 “takes upon him the shape of holy men on purpose to cause
 “scandal.”

SCRIBL.

VER. 427. *Fleet*] A prison for insolvent Debtors on the bank
 of the Ditch.

The End of the SECOND BOOK.