



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 Third. Argument.

Nutzungsbedingungen

[urn:nbn:de:hbz:466:1-56060](https://nbn-resolving.org/urn:nbn:de:hbz:466:1-56060)

T H E
D U N C I A D :

B O O K the T H I R D .

A R G U M E N T .

After the other persons are disposed in their proper places of rest, the Goddess transports the King to her Temple, and there lays him to slumber with his head on her lap; a position of marvellous virtue, which causes all the Visions of wild enthusiasts, projectors, politicians, inamoratos, castle-builders, chemists, and poets. He is immediately carried on the wings of Fancy, and led by a mad Poetical Sibyl, to the Elysian shade; where, on the banks of Lethe, the souls of the dull are dipped by Bavius, before their entrance into this world. There he is met by the ghost of Settle, and by him made acquainted with the wonders of the place, and with those which he himself is destined to perform. He takes him to a Mount of Vision, from whence he shews him the past triumphs of the Empire of Dulness, then the present, and lastly the future: how small a part of the world was ever conquered by Science, how soon those conquests were stopped,

and those very nations again reduced to her dominion. Then distinguishing the Island of Great Britain, shews by what aids, by what persons, and by what degrees it shall be brought to her Empire. Some of the persons he causes to pass in review before his eyes, describing each by his proper figure, character, and qualifications. On a sudden the Scene shifts, and a vast number of miracles and prodigies appear, utterly surprising and unknown to the King himself, 'till they are explained to be the wonders of his own reign now commencing. On this subject Settle breaks into a congratulation, yet not unmixed with concern, that his own times were but the types of these. He prophesies how first the nation shall be over-run with Farces, Operas, and Shows; how the throne of Dulness shall be advanced over the Theatres, and set up even at Court: then how her Sons shall preside in the seats of Arts and Sciences: giving a glimpse, or Pisgab-sight of the future Fulness of her Glory, the accomplishment whereof is the subject of the fourth and last book.

B O O K III.

BUT in her Temple's last recess inclos'd,
 On Dulness' lap th' Anointed head repos'd.
 Him close she curtains round with Vapours blue,
 And soft besprinkles with Cimmerian dew.
 Then raptures high the feat of Sense o'erflow, 5
 Which only heads refin'd from Reason know.
 Hence, from the straw where Bedlam's Prophet nods,
 He hears loud Oracles, and talks with Gods :

REMARKS.

VER. 5, 6, &c. Hereby is intimated that the following Vision is no more than the chimera of the dreamer's brain, and not a real or intended satire on the present Age, doubtless more learned, more enlightened, and more abounding with great Genius's in Divinity, Politics, and whatever arts and sciences, than all the preceding. For fear of any such mistake of our Poet's honest meaning, he hath again, at the end of the Vision, repeated this monition, saying that it all pass'd through the *Ivory gate*, which (according to the Ancients) denoteth Falsity.

SCRIBL.

How much the good Scriblerus was mistaken, may be seen from the fourth book, which, it is plain from hence, he had never seen.

BENTL.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 7, 8. Hence from the straw where Bedlam's Prophet nods,
 He hears loud Oracles, and talks with Gods :]

Et varias audit voces, fruiturque deorum

Colloquio —————

Virg. *Æn.* viii.

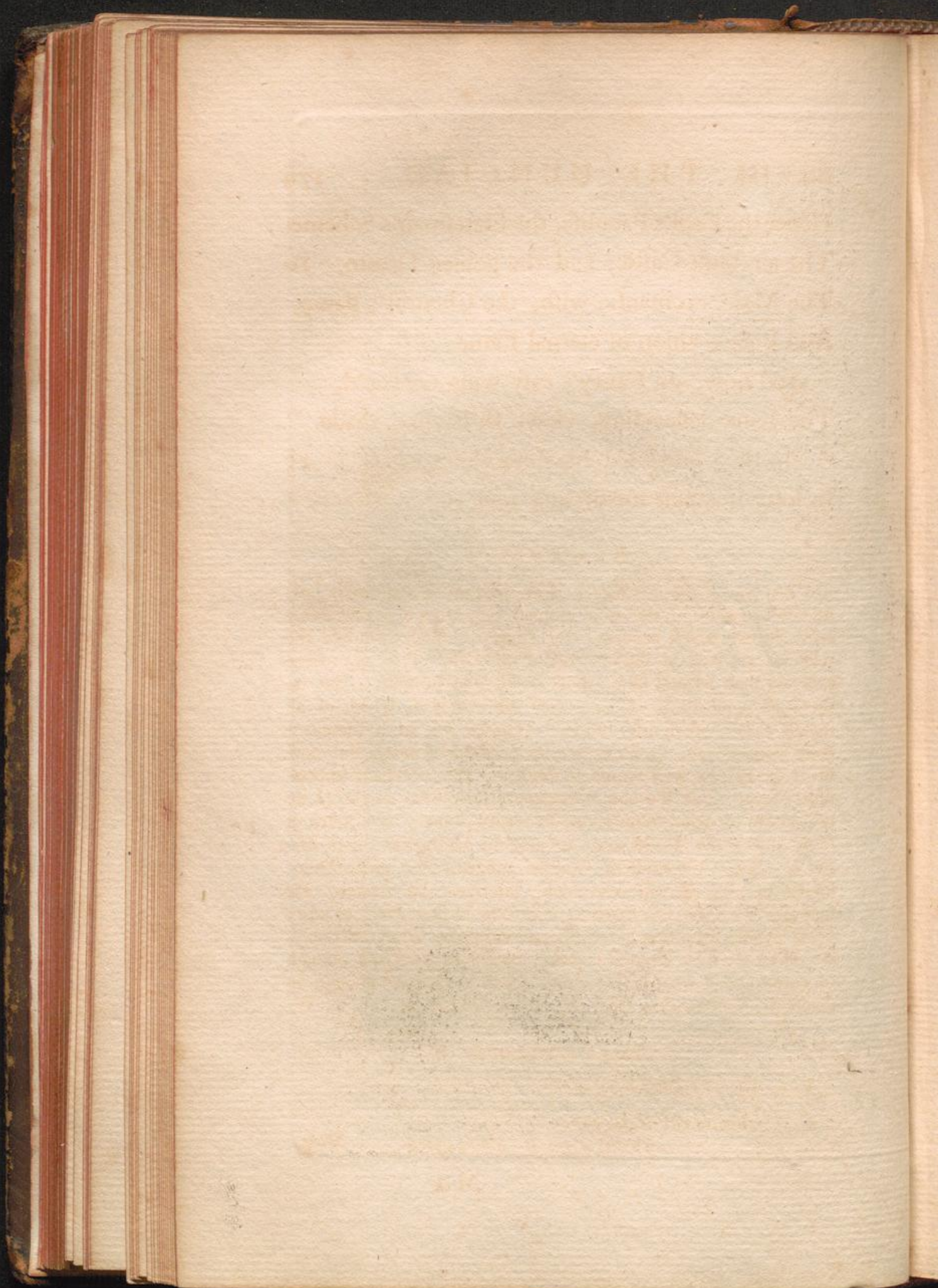


J. Hayman inv. & del.

C. Grignion sculp.

A Slipshod Sibyl led his Steps along,
In lofty Madness meditating Song.

Thuciad. Book III.



Hence the Fool's Paradise, the Statesman's Scheme,
 The air-built Castle, and the golden Dream, 10
 The Maid's romantic wish, the Chemist's flame,
 And Poet's vision of eternal Fame.

And now, on Fancy's easy wing convey'd,
 The King descending, views th'Elyfian Shade.
 A slipshod Sibyl led his steps along, 15
 In lofty madness meditating song;

REMARKS.

VER. 15. *A slipshod Sibyl*] This allegory is extremely just, no conformation of the mind so much subjecting it to real *Madness*, as that which produces real *Dulness*. Hence we find the religious (as well as the poetical) Enthusiasts of all ages were ever, in their natural state, most heavy and lumpish; but on the least application of *heat*, they run like lead, which of all metals falls quickest into fusion. Whereas *fire* in a Genius is truly Promethean, it hurts not its constituent parts, but only fits it (as it does well-tempered steel) for the necessary impressions of art. But the common people have been taught (I do not know on what foundation) to regard Lunacy as a mark of *Wit*, just as the Turks and our modern Methodists do of *Holiness*. But if the cause of Madness assigned by a great Philosopher be true, it will unavoidably fall upon the dunces. He supposes it to be the *dwelling over long on one object or idea*: Now as this attention is occasioned either by Grief or Study, it will be fixed by Dulness; which hath not quickness enough to comprehend what it seeks, nor force and vigour enough to divert the imagination from the object it laments. W.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 15. *A slipshod Sibyl &c.*]

Conclamat Vates ——

—— *furens antro se immisit aperto.*

Virg.

Her tresses staring from Poetic dreams,
 And never wash'd, but in Castalia's streams.
 Taylor, their better Charon, lends an oar, 19
 (Once swan of Thames, tho' now he sings no more.)
 Benlowes, propitious still to blockheads, bows;
 And Shadwell nods the Poppy on his brows.
 Here, in a dusky vale where Lethe rolls,
 Old Bavius sits, to dip poetic souls,

REMARKS.

VER. 19. *Taylor*] John Taylor the Water-poet, an honest man, who owns he learned not so much as the Accidence: A rare example of modesty in a Poet!

*I must confess I do want eloquence,
 And never scarce did learn my Accidence;
 For having got from possum to posset,
 I there was gravel'd, could no farther get.*

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

VER. 21. *Benlowes*,] A country gentleman, famous for his own bad Poetry, and for patronizing bad Poets, as may be seen from many Dedications of Quarles and others to him. Some of these anagram'd his name, *Benlowes* into *Benevolus*: to verify which, he spent his whole estate upon them.

VER. 22. *And Shadwell nods the Poppy &c.*] Shadwell took Opium for many years, and died of too large a dose, in the year 1692.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 23. *Here, in a dusky vale &c.*]

— *Videt Æneas in valle reducta*

Seclusum nemus —

Lethæumque domos placidas qui prænatat anmem, &c.

Hunc circum innumeræ gentes, &c. Virg. Æn. vi.

And blunt the sense, and fit it for a skull 25

Of solid proof, impenetrably dull :

Instant, when dipt, away they wing their flight,

Where Brown and Mears unbar the gates of Light,

Demand new bodies, and in Calf's array,

Rush to the world, impatient for the day. 30

REMARKS.

VER. 24. *Old Bavius sits,*] Bavius was an ancient Poet, celebrated by Virgil for the like cause as Bays by our author, though not in so christian-like a manner: For heathenishly it is declared by Virgil of Bavius, that he ought to be *bated* and *detested* for his evil works; *Qui Bavium non odit*; whereas we have often had occasion to observe our Poet's great *Good Nature* and *Mercifulness* thro' the whole course of this Poem. SCRIBL.

Mr. Dennis warmly contends, that Bavius was no inconsiderable author; nay, that "He and Mævius had (even in " Augustus's days) a very formidable party at Rome, who " thought them much superior to Virgil and Horace: For " (saith he) I cannot believe they would have fixed that eternal " brand upon them, if they had not been coxcombs in more " than ordinary credit." Rem. on Pr. Arthur, part ii. c. i. An argument which, if this poem should last, will conduce to the honour of the gentlemen of the Dunciad.

VER. 28. *Brown and Mears*] Booksellers, Printers for any body.—The allegory of the souls of the dull coming forth in the form of books, dressed in calf's leather, and being let abroad in vast numbers by Booksellers, is sufficiently intelligible.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 24. *Old Bavius sits, to dip poetic souls,*] Alluding to the story of Thetis dipping Achilles to render him impenetrable:

*At pater Anchises penitus convalle virenti
Inclusas animas, superumque ad lumen ituras,
Lustrabat —————* Virg. Æn. vi.

VER. 28. *unbar the gates of Light,*] An Hemistich of Milton.

Millions and millions on these banks he views,
 Thick as the stars of night, or morning dews,
 As thick as bees o'er vernal blossoms fly,
 As thick as eggs at Ward in Pillory. 34

Wond'ring he gaz'd : When lo! a Sage appears,
 By his broad shoulders known, and length of ears,

REMARKS.

VER. 34. *Ward in Pillory.*] John Ward of Hackney, Esq. Member of Parliament, being convicted of forgery, was first expelled the House, and then sentenced to the Pillory on the 17th of February 1727. Mr. Curl (having likewise stood there) looks upon the mention of such a Gentleman in a satire, as a *great act of barbarity*, Key to the Dunc. 3d edit. p. 16. And another author reasons thus upon it. Durgen. 8vo. p. 11, 12. "How unworthy is it of *Christian Charity* to animate the *rabble* to abuse a *worthy man* in such a situation? What could "move the Poet thus to mention a *brave sufferer*, a *gallant prisoner*, exposed to the view of all mankind! It was laying "aside his *Senses*, it was committing a *Crime*, for which the "Law is *deficient* not to punish him! nay, a *Crime* which "Man can *scarce forgive*, or *Time efface*! Nothing surely "could have induced him to it but being bribed by a great Lady, " &c." (to whom this brave, honest, worthy Gentleman was guilty of no offence but Forgery, proved in open Court.) But it is evident, this verse could not be meant of him; it being notorious, that no *Eggs* were thrown at that Gentleman. Perhaps therefore it might be intended of Mr. Edward Ward the Poet when he stood there.

VER. 36. *And length of ears,*] This is a *sophisticated* reading. I think I may venture to affirm all the Copyists are mistaken

IMITATIONS.

VER. 31, 32. *Millions and millions—Thick as the stars, &c.*]

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

Known by the band and suit which Settle wore
 (His only suit) for twice three years before :
 All as the vest, appear'd the wearer's frame,
 Old in new state, another yet the same. 40

REMARKS.

here: I believe I may say the same of the Critics; Dennis, Oldmixon, Welsted have passed it in silence. I have also stumbled at it, and wondered how an error so manifest could escape such accurate persons. I dare assert it proceeded originally from the inadvertency of some Transcriber, whose head ran on the *Pillory*, mentioned two lines before; it is therefore amazing that Mr. Curl himself should overlook it! Yet that *Scholiast* takes not the least notice hereof. That the learned Mist also read it thus, is plain from his ranging this passage among those in which our author was blamed for *personal Satire* on a *Man's face* (whereof doubtless he might take the *ear* to be a part;) so likewise Concannen, Ralph, the Flying Post, and all the herd of Commentators.—*Tota armenta sequuntur.*

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

By his broad shoulders known, and length of years.

See how easy a change; of one single letter! That Mr. Settle was old, is most certain; but he was (happily) a stranger to the *Pillory*. This note partly Mr. THEOBALD'S, partly SCRIB.

VER. 37. *Settle*] Elkannah Settle was once a Writer in vogue, as well as Cibber, both for Dramatic Poetry and Politics. Mr. Dennis tells us that "he was a formidable rival to Mr. Dryden, and that in the University of Cambridge there were those who gave him the preference." Mr. Welsted goes yet farther in his behalf: "Poor Settle was formerly the *Mighty rival* of Dryden; nay, for *many years*, bore his reputation *above* him," Pref. to his Poems, 8vo. p. 31. And Mr. Milborn cried out, "How little was Dryden able, even when his blood run high, to defend himself against Mr. Settle!" Notes on Dryd. Vir. p. 175. These are comfortable opinions! and no wonder some authors indulge them.

He was author or publisher of many noted pamphlets in the time of king Charles II. He answered all Dryden's political

Bland and familiar as in life, begun
Thus the great Father to the greater Son.

Oh born to see what none can see awake!
Behold the wonders of th' oblivious Lake. 44
Thou, yet unborn, hast touch'd this sacred shore;
The hand of Bavius drench'd thee o'er and o'er.
But blind to former as to future fate,
What mortal knows his pre-existent state?
Who knows how long thy transmigrating soul
Might from Bœotian to Bœotian roll? 50
How many Dutchmen she vouchsaf'd to thrid?
How many stages thro' old Monks she rid;
And all who since, in mild benighted days,
Mix'd the Owl's ivy with the Poet's bays.

REMARKS.

poems; and being cried up on *one side*, succeeded not a little in his Tragedy of the Empress of Morocco (the first that was ever printed with Cuts.) “ Upon this he grew insolent, the
“ Wits writ against his Play, he replied, and the Town judged
“ he had the better. In short, Settle was then thought a very
“ formidable rival to Mr. Dryden; and not only the Town
“ but the University of Cambridge was divided which to pre-
“ fer; and in both places the younger sort inclined to Elka-
“ nah.” DENNIS Pref. to Rem. on Hom.

VER. 50. *Might from Bœotian &c.*] Bœotia lay under the ridicule of the Wits formerly, as Ireland does now; tho' it produced one of the greatest Poets and one of the greatest Generals of Græce;

Bœotum crasso jurares aere natum.

Horat.

As man's Mæanders to the vital spring 55

Roll all their tides, then back their circles bring;

Or whirligigs, twirl'd round by skilful swain,

Suck the thread in, then yield it out again:

All nonsense thus, of old or modern date,

Shall in thee centre, from thee circulate. 60

For this our Queen unfolds to vision true

Thy mental eye, for thou hast much to view:

Old scenes of glory, times long cast behind

Shall, first recall'd, rush forward to thy mind:

Then stretch thy sight o'er all her rising reign,

And let the past and future fire thy brain. 66

Ascend this hill, whose cloudy point commands
Her boundless empire over seas and lands.

REMARKS.

VER. 67. *Ascend this hill, &c.*] The scenes of this vision are remarkable for the order of their appearance. First, from v 67

IMITATIONS.

VER. 54. *Mix'd the Owl's ivy with the Poet's bays,*]

— *sine tempora circum*

Inter vitricas hederam tibi serpere lauros, Virg. Ecl. viii.

VER. 61, 62. *For this our Queen unfolds to vision true*

Thy mental eye, for thou hast much to view:]

This has a resemblance to that passage in Milton, book xi. where the Angel

To noble sights from Adam's eye remov'd

The film; then purg'd with Euphrasie and Rue

The visual nerve—For he had much to see.

There is a general allusion in what follows to that whole Episode.

See, round the Poles where keener spangles shine,
 Where spices smoke beneath the burning Line, 70
 (Earth's wide extremes) her sable flag display'd,
 And all the nations cover'd in her shade!

Far eastward cast thine eye, from whence the Sun
 And orient Science their bright course begun:
 One god-like Monarch all that pride confounds, 75
 He, whose long wall the wand'ring Tartar bounds;

VARIATIONS.

VER. 73. in the former Edd.

Far eastward cast thine eye, from whence the Sun
 And orient Science *at a birth* begun.

But as this was thought to contradict that Line of the Introduction,

In eldest times, e'er Mortals writ or read,

which supposes the sun and science did not set out together, it was alter'd to *their bright course begun*. But this slip, as usual, escaped the gentlemen of the Dunciad. W.

REMARKS.

to 73. those places of the globe are shewn where Science *never* rose; then from v 74 to 83, those where she was destroyed by *Tyranny*; from v 85 to 95, by inundations of *Barbarians*; from v 96 to 106, by *Superstition*. Then Rome, the Mistress of Arts, described in her degeneracy; and lastly Britain, the scene of the action of the poem; which furnishes the occasion of drawing out the Progeny of Dulness in review. W.

VER. 69. *See round the Poles, &c.*] Almost the whole Southern and Northern Continent wrapt in ignorance.

VER. 73. Our author favours the opinion that all Sciences came from the Eastern nations.

VER. 75. Chi Ho-am-ti Emperor of China, the same who built the great wall between China and Tartary, destroyed all the books and learned men of that empire.

Heav'ns! what a pile! whole ages perish there,
 And one bright blaze turns Learning into air.

Thence to the south extend thy gladden'd eyes;
 There rival flames with equal glory rise, 80
 From shelves to shelves see greedy Vulcan roll,
 And lick up all their Physic of the Soul.

How little, mark! that portion of the ball,
 Where, faint at best, the beams of Science fall:
 Soon as they dawn, from Hyperborean skies 85
 Embod' d dark, what clouds of Vandals rise!
 Lo! where Mæotis sleeps, and hardly flows
 The freezing Tanais thro' a waste of snows,
 The North by myriads pours her mighty sons,
 Great nurse of Goths, of Alans, and of Huns! 90
 See Alaric's stern port! the martial frame
 Of Genferic! and Attila's dread name!
 See the bold Ostrogoths on Latium fall;
 See the fierce Visigoths on Spain and Gaul!
 See, where the morning gilds the palmy shore 95
 (The foil that arts and infant letters bore)

REMARKS.

VER. 81, 82. The Caliph, Omar I. having conquered Ægypt, caused his General to burn the Ptolemæan library, on the gates of which was this inscription, ΨΥΧΗΣ ΙΑΤΡΕΙΟΝ, the Physic of the Soul.

VER. 96. (*The foil that arts and infant letters bore*)] Phœnicia, Syria, &c. where Letters are said to have been invented. In these countries Mahomet began his conquests.

His conqu'ring tribes th'Arabian prophet draws,
 And saving Ignorance enthrones by Laws.
 See Christians, Jews, one heavy sabbath keep,
 And all the western world believe and sleep. 100
 Lo! Rome herself, proud mistress now no more
 Of arts, but thund'ring against heathen lore;
 Her grey-hair'd Synods damning books unread,
 And Bacon trembling for his brazen head.
 Padua, with sighs, beholds her Livy burn, 105
 And ev'n th'Antipodes Vigilus mourn.

REMARKS.

VER. 102. *thund'ring against heathen lore;*] A strong instance of this pious rage is placed to Pope Gregory's account. John of Salisbury gives a very odd encomium of this Pope, at the same time that he mentions one of the strangest effects of this excess of zeal in him: *Doct̄or sanctissimus ille Gregorius, qui melleo prædicationis imbre totam rigavit & inebriavit ecclesiam; non modo Mathesin jussit ab aula, sed, ut traditur a majoribus, incendio dedit probatæ lectionis scripta, Palatinus quæcunque tenebat Apollo.* And in another place: *Fertur beatus Gregorius bibliothecam combussisse gentilem; quo divinæ paginæ gratior esset locus, & major auctoritas, et diligentia studiosior.* Desiderius Archbishop of Vienna, was sharply reprov'd by him for teaching Grammar and Literature, and explaining the Poets; because (says this Pope) *In uno se ore cum Jovis laudibus Christi laudes non capiunt: Et quam grave nefandumque sit Episcopis canere quod nec Laico religioso conveniat, ipse considera.* He is said, among the rest, to have burn'd Livy; *Quia in superstitionibus et sacris Romanorum perpetuo versatur.* The same Pope is accus'd by Vossius, and others, of having caus'd the noble monuments of the old Roman magnificence to be destroy'd, lest those who came to Rome should give more attention to Triumphal Arches, &c. than to holy things. Bayle, Dict.

See, the Cirque falls, th' unpillar'd Temple nods,
 Streets pav'd with Heroes, Tyber choak'd with Gods:
 'Till Peter's keys some christ'ned Jove adorn,
 And Pan to Moses lends his pagan horn ; 110
 See graceless Venus to a Virgin turn'd,
 Or Phidias broken, and Apelles burn'd.

Behold yon' Isle, by Palmers, Pilgrims trod,
 Men bearded, bald, cowl'd, uncowl'd, shod, unshod,
 Peel'd, patch'd, and pyebald, linsley-wolfey brothers,
 Grave Mummers! sleeveless some, and shirtless others.
 That once was Britain—Happy! had she seen
 No fiercer sons, had Easter never been. 118

REMARKS.

VER. 109. *'Till Peter's keys some christned Jove adorn,*] After the government of Rome devolved to the Popes, their zeal was for some time exerted in demolishing the heathen Temples and Statues, so that the Goths scarce destroyed more monuments of Antiquity out of rage, than these out of devotion. At length they spared some of the Temples, by converting them to Churches; and some of the Statues, by modifying them into images of Saints. In much later times, it was thought necessary to change the statues of Apollo and Pallas, on the tomb of Sannazarius, into David and Judith; the Lyre easily became a Harp, and the Gorgon's head turned to that of Holofernes.

VER. 117, 118. *Happy! — had Easter never been!*] Wars in England anciently, about the right time of celebrating Easter.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 117, 118. *Happy! — had Easter never been!*]

Et fortunatam, si nunquam armenta fuissent.

Virg. Ecl. vi.

In peace, great Goddess, ever be ador'd ;
 How keen the war, if Dulness draw the sword !
 Thus visit not thy own ! on this blest age 121
 Oh spread thy Influence, but restrain thy Rage.
 And see, my son ! the hour is on its way,
 That lifts our Goddess to imperial sway ;
 This fav'rite Isle, long sever'd from her reign, 125
 Dove-like, she gathers to her wings again.
 Now look thro' Fate ! behold the scene she draws !
 What aids, what armies to assert her cause !
 See all her progeny, illustrious fight !
 Behold, and count them, as they rise to light. 130
 As Berecynthia, while her offspring vye
 In homage to the Mother of the sky,

REMARKS.

VER. 126. *Dove-like she gathers*] This is fulfilled in the fourth book.

VER. 128. *What aids, what armies to assert her cause !*] i. e.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 127, 129. *Now look thro' Fate !—See all her Progeny, &c.]*

*Nunc age, Dardanium prolem quæ deinde sequatur
 Gloria, qui maneant Itala de gente nepotes,
 Illustres animas, nostrumque in nomen ituras,
 Expediam.* Virg. Æn. vi.

VER. 131. *As Berecynthia, &c.]*

*Felix prole virum, qualis Berecynthia mater
 Invehitur curru Phrygiæ turrata per urbes,
 Læta deum partu, centum complexa nepotes,
 Omnes cælicolas, omnes supera alta tenentes.* Virg. Æ. vi.

Surveys around her, in the blest abode,
 An hundred sons, and ev'ry son a God :
 Not with less glory mighty Dulness crown'd, 135
 Shall take thro' Grub-street her triumphant round ;
 And her Parnassus glancing o'er at once,
 Behold an hundred sons, and each a Dunce.

Mark first that youth who takes the foremost place,
 And thrusts his person full into your face. 140
 With all thy Father's virtues blest, be born !
 And a new Cibber shall the stage adorn.

REMARKS.

Of Poets, Antiquaries, Critics, Divines, Free-thinkers. But as this Revolution is only here set on foot by the first of these Classes, the Poets, they only are here particularly celebrated, and they only properly fall under the Care and Review of this Collegue of Dulness, the Laureate. The others, who finish the great work, are reserved for the fourth book, when the Goddess herself appears in full Glory. W.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 139. *Mark first that Youth, &c.*]

*Ille vides, pura juvenis qui nititur hasta,
 Proxima sorte tenet lucis loca ———* Virg. Æn. vi.

VER. 141. *With all thy Father's virtues blest, be born!*] A manner of expression used by Virgil, Ecl. viii.

Nascere! præque diem veniens, age, Lucifer—

As also that of *patriis virtutibus*, Ecl. iv.

It was very natural to shew to the Hero, before all others, his own Son, who had already begun to emulate him in his theatrical, poetical, and even political capacities. By the attitude in which he here presents himself, the reader may be cautioned against ascribing wholly to the Father the merit of the epithet *Cibberian*, which is equally to be understood with an eye to the Son.

A second fee, by meeker manners known,
 And modest as the maid that sips alone ;
 From the strong fate of drams if thou get free,
 Another Durfey, Ward ! shall sing in thee. 146
 Thee shall each alehouse, thee each gill house mourn,
 And answ'ring gin-shops sower sighs return.

Jacob, the scourge of Grammar, mark with awe,
 Nor less revere him, blunderbus of Law. 150

VARIATIONS.

VER. 149. in the first Edit. it was,
 Woolston, the scourge of scripture, mark with awe !
 And mighty Jacob, blunderbus of Law !

REMARKS.

VER. 149. *Jacob, the scourge of Grammar, mark with awe,]*
 “ This Gentleman is son of a considerable Malster of Romsey in
 “ Southamptonshire, and bred to the Law under a very eminent
 “ Attorney : Who, between his more laborious studies, has di-
 “ verted himself with Poetry. He is a great admirer of Poets

IMITATIONS.

VER. 145. *From the strong fate of drams if thou get free,]*
 — *si qua fata aspera rumpas,*
Tu Marcellus eris ! — Virg. Æn. vi.

VER. 147. *Thee shall each ale-house &c.]*
Te nemus Angitiæ, vitrea te Fucinus unda,
Te liquidi flevere lacus. Virg. Æn. viii.

Virgil again, Ecl. x.

Illum etiam lauri, illum flevere myricæ, &c.

VER. 150. Virg. Æn. vi. — *duo fulmina belli*
Scipiadas, cladem Libyæ !

Lo P—p—le's brow, tremendous to the town,
Horneck's fierce eye, and Roome's funereal Frown.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 151. *Lo P—p—le's brow, &c.*] In the former Edd.
Haywood, Centlivre, glories of their race,
Lo Horneck's fierce, and Roome's funereal face.

REMARKS.

“ and their works, which has occasion'd him to try his genius
“ that way.—He has writ in prose the *Lives of the Poets; Es-*
“ *says*, and a great many Law-Books; *The Accomplish'd Con-*
“ *veyancer, Modern Justice, &c.*” GILES JACOB of himself,
Lives of Poets, vol. 1. He very grossly, and unprovok'd; abused
in that book the Author's Friend, Mr. Gay.

VER. 149, 150.

*Jacob, the scourge of Grammar, mark with awe;
Nor less revere him, blunderbusts of Law.*]

There may seem some error in these verses, Mr. Jacob having
proved our author to have a *Respect* for him, by this undeniable
argument. “ He had once a *Regard* for my *Judgment*; other-
“ wise he would never have subscribed *Two Guineas* to me, for
“ one small Book in octavo.” Jacob's Letter to Dennis; print-
ed in Dennis's Remarks on the Dunciad, p. 49. Therefore I
should think the appellation of *Blunderbusts* to Mr. Jacob, like
that of *Thunderbolt* to Scipio, was meant in his honour.

Mr. Dennis argues the same way. “ My writings having
“ made great impression on the minds of all sensible men, Mr.
“ P. repented, and to give proof of his *Repentance*, subscribed to
“ my two volumes of select Works, and afterward to my two
“ Volumes of Letters.” Ibid. p. 80. We should hence be-
lieve, the Name of Mr. Dennis hath also crept into this poem
by some mistake. But from hence, gentle reader! thou may'st
beware, when thou givest thy money to such Authors, not to
flatter thyself that thy motives are Good-nature or Charity.

VER. 152. *Horneck and Roome*] These two were virulent
Party-writers, worthily coupled together, and one would think
prophetically, since, after the publishing of this piece, the for-
mer dying, the latter succeeded him in *Honour* and *Employment*.
The first was Philip Horneck, Author of a Billingsgate paper

Lo sneering Goode, half malice and half whim,
 A Fiend in glee, ridiculously grim. 154
 Each Cygnet sweet, of Bath and Tunbridge race,
 Whose tuneful whistling makes the waters pass:
 Each Songster, Riddler, ev'ry nameless name,
 All crowd, who foremost shall be damn'd to Fame.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 157. *Each Songster, Riddler, &c.*] In the former Edd.
 Lo Bond and Foxton, ev'ry nameless name.

After γ 158. in the first Edit. followed,

How proud, how pale, how earnest all appear!
 How rhymes eternal gingle in their ear!

REMARKS.

call'd The High German Doctor. Edward Roome was son of an Undertaker for Funerals in Fleet-street, and writ some of the papers call'd Pasquin, where by malicious Innuendos he endeavoured to represent our Author guilty of malevolent practices with a great man then under prosecution of Parliament. Of this man was made the following Epigram:

“ You ask why Roome diverts you with his jokes,
 “ Yet if he writes, is dull as other folks?
 “ You wonder at it.—This, Sir, is the case,
 “ The jest is lost unless he prints his face.

P—le was the author of some vile Plays and Pamphlets. He published abuses on our author in a Paper called the Prompter.

VER. 153. *Goode,*] An ill-natur'd Critic, who writ a satire on our Author, call'd *The mock Æsop*, and many anonymous Libels in News-papers for hire.

VER. 156. *Whose tuneful whistling makes the waters pass:*] There were several successions of these sort of minor poets, at Tunbridge, Bath, &c. singing the praise of the Annuals flourishing for that season; whose names indeed would be nameless, and therefore the Poet flurs them over with others in general.

Some strain in rhyme; the Muses, on their racks,
 Scream like the winding of ten thousand jacks;
 Some free from rhyme or reason, rule or check,
 Break Priscian's head, and Pegafus's neck; 162
 Down, down they larum, with impetuous whirl,
 The Pindars, and the Miltons of a Curl.

Silence, ye Wolves! while Ralph to Cynthia howls,
 And makes Night hideous—Answer him, ye Owls!
 Sense, speech, and measure, living tongues and dead,
 Let all give way—and Morris may be read. 168

REMARKS.

VER. 165. *Ralph*] James Ralph, a name inserted after the first editions, not known to our author till he writ a swearing-piece called *Sawney*, very abusive of Dr. Swift, Mr. Gay, and himself. These lines allude to a thing of his, intitled, *Night*, a Poem: This low writer attended his own works with panegyrics in the Journals, and once in particular praised himself highly above Mr. Addison, in wretched remarks upon that Author's Account of *English Poets*, printed in a London Journal, Sept. 1728. He was wholly illiterate, and knew no language, not even *French*. Being advised to read the rules of dramatic poetry before he began a play, he smiled and replied, "*Shake-*
 "*spear* writ without rules." He ended at last in the common sink of all such writers, a political News-paper, to which he was recommended by his friend Arnal, and received a small pittance for pay.

VER. 168. *Morris*,] *Besaleel*, See Book ii.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 166. *And makes Night hideous*]

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

Shakesp.

Flow, Welsted, flow! like thine inspirer, Beer,
 Tho' stale, not ripe; tho' thin, yet never clear; 170
 So sweetly mawkish, and so smoothly dull;
 Heady, not strong; o'erflowing, tho' not full.

REMARKS.

VER. 169. *Flow, Welsted, &c.*] Of this Author see the Remark on Book ii. y 209. But (to be impartial) add to it the following different character of him:

Mr. *Welsted* had, in his youth, raised so great expectations of his future genius, that there was a *kind of struggle* between the most eminent in the two Universities, which should have the *honour* of his education. To *compound* this, he (*civilly*) became a member of both, and after having passed some time at the one, he removed to the other. From thence he returned to town, where he became the *darling Expectation* of all the polite Writers, whose encouragement he acknowledged in his occasional poems, in a manner that *will make no small part of the Fame* of his protectors. It also appears from his Works, that he was happy in the patronage of the most illustrious characters of the present age—Encouraged by such a *Combination* in his favour, he—published a book of poems, some in the *Ovidian*, some in the *Horatian* manner, in both which the most exquisite Judges pronounce he even *rival'd his masters*—His Love verses have rescued that way of writing from contempt—In his Translations, he has given us the very soul and spirit of his author. His Ode—his Epistle—his Verses—his Love tale—all, are the *most perfect things in all poetry*. WELSTED of *Himself*, *Char. of the Times*, 8vo, 1728. pag. 23, 24. It should not be forgot to his honour, that he received at one time the

IMITATIONS.

VER. 169. *Flow, Welsted, flow! &c.*] Parody on *Denham, Cooper's Hill*.

O could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
 My great example, as it is my theme:
 Tho' deep, yet clear; tho' gentle, yet not dull;
 Strong without rage; without o'erflowing, full!

Ah Dennis! Gildon ah! what ill-starr'd rage
 Divides a friendship long confirm'd by age?
 Blockheads with reason wicked wits abhor, 175
 But fool with fool is barb'rous civil war.

REMARKS.

sum of 500 pounds for secret service, among the other excellent authors hired to write anonymously for the Ministry. See Report of the Secret Committee, &c. in 1742.

VER. 173. *Ah Dennis! Gildon ah!*] These Men became the public scorn by a mere mistake of their talents. They would needs turn critics of their own country writers (just as Aristotle and Longinus did of theirs) and discourse upon the beauties and defects of composition:

*How parts relate to parts, and they to whole;
 The Body's harmony, the beaming soul.*

Whereas had they followed the Example of those *microscopes of wit*, Kuster, Burman, and their followers, in verbal criticism on the learned languages, their acuteness and industry might have raised them a name equal to the most famous of the Scholiasts. We cannot therefore but lament the late Apostacy of the *Prebendary of Rochester*, who beginning in so good a train, has now turned short to write comments on the *FIRE-SIDE, DREAMS* upon Shakespeare; where we find the spirit of Oldmixon, Gildon, and Dennis, all revived in his belabour'd *Observations*. SCRIBL.

Here, Scriblerus, in this affair of the *FIRE-SIDE*, I want thy usual candour. It is true Mr. Upton did write notes upon it, but with all honour and good faith. He took it to be a Panegyric on his Patron. This it is to have to do with wits; a commerce unworthy a Scholiast of so solid learning. ARIST.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 177. *Embrace, embrace, my sons! be foes no more!*]
 Virg. Æn. vi.

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

Embrace, embrace, my sons! be foes no more!
Nor glad vile Poets with true Critics gore.

Behold yon Pair, in strict embraces join'd;
How like in manners, and how like in mind! 180

REMARKS.

VER. 173. *Ab Dennis, &c.*] The reader, who has seen thro' the course of these notes, what a constant attendance Mr. Dennis paid to our Author and all his works, may perhaps wonder he should be mention'd but twice, and so slightly touch'd, in this poem. But in truth he look'd upon him with some esteem, for having (more generously than all the rest) *set his Name* to such writings. He was also a very old man at this time. By his own account of himself in Mr. *Jacob's Lives*, he must have been above threescore, and happily lived many years after. So that he was senior to Mr. *Durfey*, who hitherto of all our Poets enjoy'd the longest bodily life.

VER. 179. *Behold yon Pair, &c.*] One of these was Author of a weekly paper call'd *The Grumbler*, as the other was concerned in another call'd *Pasquin*, in which Mr. *Pope* was abused with the Duke of *Buckingham*, and Bishop of *Rochester*. They also joined in a piece against his first undertaking to translate the *Iliad*, intituled *Homerides*, by Sir *Iliad Doggrel*, printed 1715.

Of the other works of these Gentlemen the world has heard no more, than it would of Mr. *Pope's*, had their united laudable endeavours discourag'd him from pursuing his studies. How few good works had ever appear'd (since men of true merit are always the least presuming) had there been always such

IMITATIONS.

VER. 179. *Behold yon Pair, in strict embraces join'd;*]

Virg. *Æn.* vi.

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

And in the fifth,

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

Equal in wit, and equally polite,
 Shall this a Pasquin, that a Grumbler write ;
 Like are their merits, like rewards they share,
 That shines a Consul, this Commissioner.

REMARKS.

champions to stifle them in their conception? And were it not better for the publick, that a million of monsters should come into the world, which are sure to die as soon as born, than that the serpents should strangle one *Hercules* in his Cradle? C.
 The union of these two authors gave occasion to this Epigram,

“ ——— and Ducket, friends in spite,
 “ Came hissing out in verse ;
 “ Both were so forward, each would write,
 “ So dull, each hung an A—.
 “ Thus Amphiboena (I have read,)
 “ At either end assails ;
 “ None knows which leads or which is led,
 “ For both Heads are but Tails.

After many Editions of this poem, the Author thought fit to omit the names of these two persons, whose injury to him was of so old a date. In the verses he omitted, it was said that one of them had a *pious passion* for the other. It was a literal translation of *Virgil*, *Nisus amore pio pueri*—and there, as in the original, applied to Friendship: That between *Nisus* and *Euryalus* is allowed to make one of the most amiable Episodes in the world, and surely was never interpreted in a perverse sense. But it will astonish the reader to hear, that, on no other occasion than this line, a Dedication was written to that Gentleman to induce him to think something further. “ Sir, you are known
 “ to have all that affection for the beautiful part of the crea-
 “ tion which God and Nature design’d.—Sir, you have a very
 “ fine Lady—and, Sir, you have eight very fine Children,”—
&c. [*Dedic. to Dennis Rem. on the Rape of the Lock.*] The truth is, the poor Dedicator’s brain was turn’d upon this article: He had taken into his head, that ever since some books were written against the *Stage*, and since the *Italian Opera* had prevail’d, the nation was infected with a vice not fit to be

“ But who is he, in closet close y-pent, 185
 “ Of sober face, with learned dust besprent ?
 Right well mine eyes arede the myster wight,
 On parchment scraps y-fed, and Wormius hight.

REMARKS.

nam'd: He went so far as to print upon the subject, and concludes his argument with this remark, “ That he cannot help
 “ thinking the Obscenity of Plays excusable at this juncture ;
 “ since, when that execrable sin is spread so wide, it may be
 “ of use to the reducing mens minds to the natural desire of
 “ of women.” DENNIS, *Stage defended* against Mr. Law, p. 20. Our author solemnly declared, he never heard any creature but the Dedicator mention that Vice and this Gentleman together.

VER. 184. *That shines a Consul, this Commissioner.*] Such places were given at this time to such sort of Writers.

VER. 187. *arede*] *Read*, or *peruse*; though sometimes used for *counsel*. “ READE THY READ, take thy Counsaile. Thomas Sternhold, in his translation of the first Psalm into English metre, hath *wisely* made use of this word,

*The man is blest that hath not bent
 To wicked READ his ear.*

“ But in the last spurious editions of the singing Psalms the word
 “ READ is changed into *men*. I say *spurious* editions, because
 “ not only here, but quite throughout the whole book of Psalms,
 “ are *strange alterations*, all for the worse; and yet the Title-
 “ page stands as it used to do! and all (which is *abominable* in
 “ in any book, much more in a sacred work) is ascribed to
 “ Thomas Sternhold, John Hopkins, and others. I am confident,
 “ were Sternhold and Hopkins now living they would
 “ proceed against the innovators as cheats.—A liberty, which,

IMITATIONS.

VER. 185. *But who is he, &c.*] Virg. *Æn.* vi. questions and answers in this manner, of *Numa*:

*Quis procul ille autem ramis insignis olivæ,
 Sacra ferens?—nosco crines, incanaque menta, &c.*

To future ages may thy dulness last,
 As thou preserv'st the dulness of the past! 199

REMARKS.

“ to say no more of their intolerable alterations, ought by no
 “ means to be permitted or approved of by such as are for *Uni-*
 “ *formity*, and have any regard for the *old English Saxon*
 “ *tongue*” HEARNE, Gloss. on Rob. of Gloc. artic. REDE.

I do herein agree with Mr. Hearne: Little is it of avail to
 object, that such words are become *unintelligible*; since they are
truly English, men ought to understand them; and such as are
 for *Uniformity* should think all alterations in a language, *strange*,
abominable, and *unwarrantable*. Rightly therefore, I say, again,
 hath our Poet used ancient words, and poured them forth as a
 precious ointment upon good old Wormius in this place. SCRIB.

[*Ibid. myster wight*,] Uncouth mortal.

VER. 188. Wormius *hight*.] Let not this name, purely fic-
 titious, be conceited to mean the learned *Olaus Wormius*; much
 less (as it was unwarrantably foisted into the surreptitious editi-
 ons) our own Antiquary Mr. *Thomas Hearne*, who had no way
 aggrieved our Poet, but on the contrary published many curious
 tracts which he hath to his great contentment perused.

Most rightly are *ancient Words* here employed, in speaking
 of such who so greatly delight in the same. We may say not
 only rightly, but *wisely*, yea *excellently*, inasmuch as for the like
 practice the like praise is given by Mr. Hearne himself Glossar.
 to Rob. of Gloucester, Artic. BEHETT; “Others say BEHIGHT,
 “ *promised*, and so it is used *excellently well* by Thomas Nor-
 “ ton, in his translation into Metre of the cxvith Psalm, v 14.

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

“ Where the modern innovators, not understanding the pro-
 “ priety of the word (which is *truly English*, from the Saxon)
 “ have most *unwarrantably* altered it thus,

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

VER. 188. *hight*.] “ In Cumberland they say to *hight*, for to
 “ *promise*, or *vow*; but *HIGHT*, usually signifies *was called*;
 “ and so it does in the North even to this day, notwithstand-
 “ ing what is done in Cumberland.” Hearne, *ibid*.

There, dim in clouds, the poring Scholiasts mark,
 Wits, who, like owls, see only in the dark,
 A Lumberhouse of books in ev'ry head,
 For ever reading, never to be read!

But, where each Science lifts its modern type,
 Hist'ry her Pot, Divinity her Pipe, 196
 While proud Philosophy repines to show,
 Dishonest fight! his breeches rent below;
 Imbrown'd with native bronze, lo! Henley stands,
 Tuning his voice, and balancing his hands. 200

VARIATIONS.

VER. 197. in the first Edit. it was,

And proud philosophy with breeches tore,
 And English music with a dismal score.
 Fast by in darkness palpable inshrin'd
 W—s, B—r, M—n, all the poring kind.

REMARKS.

VER. 192. *Wits, who, like owls, &c.*] These few lines exactly describe the right verbal critic: The darker his author is, the better he is pleased; like the famous Quack Doctor, who put up in his bills, *he delighted in matters of difficulty*. Somebody said well of these men, that their heads were *Libraries out of order*.

VER. 199. *lo! Henley stands, &c.*] J. Henley the Orator; he preached on the Sundays upon Theological matters, and on the Wednesdays upon all other sciences. Each auditor paid one shilling. He declaimed some years against the greatest persons, and occasionally did our Author that honour. WELSTED, in *Oratory Transactions*, N. I. published by Henley himself, gives the following account of him. "He was born at Melton-Mowbray in Leicestershire. From his own Parish school he

How fluent nonsense trickles from his tongue!
 How sweet the periods, neither said, nor sung!

REMARKS.

“ went to St. John’s College in Cambridge. He began there
 “ to be uneasy; for it *shock’d* him to find he was *commanded to*
 “ *believe* against his own judgment in points of Religion, Phi-
 “ losophy, &c. for his genius leading him freely to *dispute all*
 “ *propositions*, and *call all points to account*, he was impatient un-
 “ der those fetters of the free-born mind.—Being admitted to
 “ Priest’s orders, he found the examination very short and su-
 “ perficial, and that it was not *necessary to conform to the Chri-*
 “ *stian religion*, in order either to *Deaconship*, or *Priesthood*.” He
 came to town, and, after having for some years been a writer
 for Booksellers, he had an ambition to be so for Ministers of
 state. The only reason he did not rise in the Church, we are
 told, “ was the envy of others, and a dislike entertained of
 “ him, because *he was not qualified to be a compleat Spaniel*.”
 However, he offered the service of his pen to two great men,
 of opinions and interests directly opposite; by both of whom be-
 ing rejected, he set up a new Project, and styled himself the
Restorer of ancient eloquence. He thought “ it as lawful to take
 “ a licence from the King and Parliament at one place, as an-
 “ other; at Hickes’s hall, as at Doctors commons; so set up
 “ his Oratory in Newport-market, Butcher-row. There (says
 “ his friend) he had the *assurance* to form a plan, which no
 “ mortal ever thought of; he had success against all opposi-
 “ tion; challenged his adversaries to fair disputations, and *none*
 “ *would dispute* with him; writ, read, and studied twelve hours
 “ a day; composed three dissertations a week on all subjects;
 “ undertook to teach in *one year* what schools and Universities
 “ teach in *five*; was not terrified by menaces, insults, or sa-
 “ tires, but still proceeded, matured his bold scheme, and put
 “ the *Church*, and *all that in danger*.” WELSTED, Narrative
 in Orat. Transact. N. I.

After having stood some Prosecutions, he turned his rhetoric
 to buffoonry upon all publick and private occurrences. All
 this passed in the same room; where sometimes he broke jests,
 and sometimes that bread which he called the *Primitive Eucha-*
rist.—This wonderful person struck Medals, which he dispersed
 as Tickets to his subscribers: The device, a Star rising to the

Still break the benches, Henley! with thy strain,
 While Sherlock, Hare, and Gibson preach in vain,
 Oh great Restorer of the good old Stage, 205
 Preacher at once, and Zany of thy age!
 Oh worthy thou of Ægypt's wise abodes,
 A decent priest, where monkeys were the gods!
 But fate with butchers plac'd thy priestly stall,
 Meek modern faith to murder, hack, and mawl;
 And bade thee live, to crown Britannia's praise, 211
 In Toland's, Tindal's, and in Woolston's days.

Yet oh, my sons, a father's words attend:
 (So may the fates preserve the ears you lend)

REMARKS.

meridian, with this motto, *AD SUMMA*; and below, *INVENIAM VIAM AUT FACIAM*. This man had an hundred pounds a year given him for the secret service of a weekly paper of unintelligible nonsense, called the Hyp-Doctor.

VER. 204. *Sherlock, Hare, Gibson,*] Bishops of Salisbury, Chichester, and London; whose Sermons and Pastoral Letters did honour to their country as well as stations.

VER. 212. Of *Toland* and *Tindal*, see Book ii. *Tho. Woolston* was an impious madman, who wrote in a most insolent style against the Miracles of the Gospel, in the years 1726, &c.

VER. 213. *Yet oh, my sons! &c.*] The caution against Blasphemy here given by a departed Son of Dulness to his yet existing brethren, is, as the Poet rightly intimates, not out of tenderness to the ears of others, but their own. And so we see that when that danger is removed, on the open establishment of the Goddess in the fourth book, she encourages her sons, and they beg assistance to pollute the Source of Light itself, with the same virulence they had before done the purest emanations from it.

Book III. THE DUNCIAD. 205

'Tis yours, a Bacon or a Locke to blame, 215
A Newton's genius, or a Milton's flame :
But oh ! with One, immortal One dispense,
The source of Newton's Light, of Bacon's Sense.
Content, each Emanation of his fires
That beams on earth, each Virtue he inspires, 220
Each Art he prompts, each Charm he can create,
Whate'er he gives, are giv'n for you to hate.
Persist, by all divine in Man unaw'd,
But, "Learn, ye DUNCES ! not to scorn your God."

REMARKS.

VER. 215. 'Tis yours, a Bacon or a Locke to blame,
A NEWTON'S genius, or a Milton's flame.]

Thankfully received, and freely used, is this gracious licence by the beloved disciple of that Prince of Cabalistic dunces, the tremendous Hutchinson. Hear with what honest plainness he treateth our great Geometer. "As to mathematical demonstration (saith he) founded upon the Proportions of lines and circles to each other, and the ringing of changes upon figures, these have no more to do with the greatest part of philosophy, than they have with the Man in the Moon. Indeed, the Zeal for this sort of Gibberish [*mathematical Principles*] is greatly abated of late, and though it is now upwards of twenty years that the Dagon of modern Philosophers, SIR ISAAC NEWTON, has lain with his face upon the ground before the Ark of God, *Scripture philosophy*; for so long MOSES'S PRINCIPIA have been published; and the Treatise of Power *essential and mechanical*, in which Sir Isaac Newton's Philosophy is treated with the UTMOST CONTEMPT, has been published a dozen years; yet is there not one of the whole Society who hath had the COURAGE to attempt to raise him up. And so let him lye."—*The Philosophical principles of Moses asserted*, &c. p. 2. by JULIUS BATE, A. M. Chaplain

Thus he, for then a ray of Reason stole 225
 Half thro' the solid darkness of his soul;
 But soon the cloud return'd—and thus the Sire:
 See now, what Dulness and her sons admire?
 See what the charms, that smite the simple heart
 Not touch'd by Nature, and not reach'd by Art.

His never-blushing head he turn'd aside, 231
 (Not half so pleas'd when Goodman prophesy'd)

REMARKS.

to the Right Honourable the Earl of Harrington. Lond. 1744,
 octavo. SCRIBL.

VER. 224. *But, "Learn, ye Dunces! not to scorn your God."*] The hardest lesson a *Dunce* can learn. For being bred to *scorn* what he does not understand, that which he understands least he will be apt to *scorn* most. Of which, to the disgrace of all Government, and (in the Poet's opinion) even of that of DULNESS herself, we have had a late example in a book intitled, *Philosophical Essays concerning human Understanding*.

VER. 224. "*not to scorn your God*"] See this subject pursued in Book iv.

VER. 232. (*Not half so pleas'd when Goodman prophesy'd*)] Mr. Cibber tells us, in his *Life*, p. 149. that Goodman being at the rehearsal of a play, in which he had a part, clapped him on the shoulder, and cried, "If he does not make a good actor, I'll be d—d. — And (says Mr. Cibber) I make it a question, whether Alexander himself, or Charles the twelfth of Sweden, when at the head of their first victorious armies, could feel a greater transport in their bosoms than I did in mine."

IMITATIONS.

VER. 224. — *Learn, ye Dunces! not to scorn your God.*]

Discite justitiam moniti, & non temere divos. Virg.

And look'd, and saw a fable Sorc'rer rise,
 Swift to whose hand a winged volume flies :
 All sudden, Gorgons hiss, and Dragons glare, 235
 And ten-horn'd fiends and Giants rush to war.
 Hell rises, Heav'n descends, and dance on Earth :
 Gods, imps, and monsters, music, rage, and mirth,
 A fire, a jugg, a battle, and a ball,
 'Till one wide conflagration swallows all. 240

Thence a new world to Nature's laws unknown,
 Breaks out refulgent, with a heav'n its own :
 Another Cynthia her new journey runs,
 And other planets circle other suns.
 The forests dance, the rivers upward rise, 245
 Whales sport in woods, and dolphins in the skies ;

REMARKS.

VER. 233. *a fable Sorc'rer*] Dr. Faustus, the subject of a set of Farces, which lasted in vogue two or three seasons, in which both Playhouses strove to outdo each other for some years. All the extravagancies in the sixteen lines following were introduced on the Stage, and frequented by persons of the first quality in England, to the twentieth and thirtieth time.

VER. 237. *Hell rises, Heav'n descends, and dance on Earth :*] This monstrous absurdity was actually represented in Tibbald's Rape of Proserpine.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 244. *And other planets*]

— *solemque suum, sua sidera norunt* — Virg. Æn. vi.

VER. 246. *Whales sport in woods, and dolphins in the skies ;*]

Delphinum sylvis appingit, fluctibus aprum. Hor.

And last, to give the whole creation grace,
Lo! one vast Egg produces human race.

Joy fills his soul, joy innocent of thought;
What pow'r, he cries, what pow'r these wonders
wrought? 250

Son; what thou seek'st is in thee! Look, and find
Each Monster meets his likeness in thy mind.
Yet would'st thou more? In yonder cloud behold,
Whose sarsenet skirts are edg'd with flamy gold,
A matchless Youth! his nod these worlds controuls,
Wings the red lightning, and the thunder rolls.
Angel of Dulness, sent to scatter round
Her magic charms o'er all unclassic ground:
Yon stars, yon suns, he rears at pleasure higher,
Illumes their light, and sets their flames on fire.

REMARKS.

VER. 248. *Lo! one vast Egg*] In another of these Farces Harlequin is hatched upon the stage, out of a large Egg.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 251. *Son? what thou seek'st is in thee :]*

Quod petis in te est —

— Ne te quæsieris extra.

Perf.

VER. 256. *Wings the red light'ning, &c.]* Like Salmoneus in *Æn.* vi.

Dum flammæ Jovis, & sonitus imitatur Olympi

— nimbos, & non imitabile fulmen,

Ære & cornipedum cursu simularat equorum:

Immortal Rich! how calm he sits at ease 261

'Mid snows of paper, and fierce hail of pease;
And proud his Mistress' orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm.

But lo! to dark encounter in mid air 265
New wizards rise; I see my Cibber there!

REMARKS.

VER. 261. *Immortal Rich!*] Mr. John Rich, Master of the Theatre Royal in Covent-garden, was the first that excelled this way.

VER. 266. *I see my Cibber there!*] The history of the foregoing absurdities is verified by himself, in these words (Life, chap. xv.) "Then sprung forth that succession of monstrous medleys that have so long infested the stage, which arose up on one another alternately at both houses, out-vying each other in expence." He then proceeds to excuse his own part in them, as follows: "If I am asked why I assented? I have no better excuse for my error than to confess I did it against my conscience, and had not virtue enough to starve. Had Henry IV. of France a better for changing his Religion? I was still in my heart, as much as he could be, on the side of Truth and Sense; but with this difference, that I had their leave to quit them when they could not support me. —But let the question go which way it will, Harry IVth has *always been allowed a great man.*" This must be confess'd a full answer, only the question still seems to be, 1. How the doing a thing against one's conscience is an excuse for it? and, 2dly, It will be hard to prove how he got the leave of Truth and Sense to quit their service, unless he can produce a Certificate that he ever was in it.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 258.—*o'er all unclassic ground:*] Alludes to Mr. Addison's verse, in the praises of Italy:

*Poetic fields encompass me around,
And still I seem to tread on classic ground.*

As \S 264. is a parody on a noble one of the same author in *The Campaign*; and \S 259, 260. on two sublime verses of Dr. Y.

Booth in his cloudy tabernacle shrin'd,
 On grinning dragons thou shalt mount the wind.
 Dire is the conflict, dismal is the dinn,
 Here shouts all Drury, there all Lincoln's-inn;
 Contending Theatres our empire raise, 271
 Alike their labours, and alike their praise.

And are these wonders, Son, to thee unknown?
 Unknown to thee? These wonders are thy own.

VARIATIONS.

After ψ 274. in the former Edd. followed,

For works like these let deathless Journals tell
 "None but thyself can be thy parallel."

Var. *None but thyself can be thy parallel.*] A marvellous line of *Theobald*; unless the Play call'd the *Double Falshood* be (as he would have it believed) *Shakespeare's*: But whether this line be his or not, he proves *Shakespeare* to have written as bad, (which, methinks in an author, for whom he has a Veneration almost *rising to idolatry*, might have been concealed) as for example,

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

—— For *Cogitation*

Resides not in the man who does not *think*, &c.

MIST'S JOURN.

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

Var. id. The former Annotator seeming to be of opinion that the *Double Falshood* is not *Shakespeare's*; it is but justice to give Mr. *Theobald's* Arguments to the contrary: First, that the MS. was above sixty years old: Secondly, that once Mr. *Betterton* had it, or he hath heard so: Thirdly, that some-body told him the author gave it to a bastard-daughter of his: but Fourthly, and above all, "That he has a *great mind* every thing that is "good in our tongue *should be Shakespeare's*" I allow these

These Fate reserv'd to grace thy reign divine, 275
Foreseen by me, but ah! with-held from mine.

VARIATIONS.

reasons to be truly critical; but what I am infinitely concern'd at is, that so many Errors have escaped the learned Editor: a few whereof we shall here amend, out of a much greater number, as an instance of our regard to this *dear relick*.

ACT I. SCENE I.

I have his letters of a modern date,
Wherein by *Julio*, *good Camillo's son*
(Who as he says, [] shall follow hard upon,
And whom I with the growing hour [] expect)
He doth sollicit the return of gold,
To purchase certain horse that *like him well*.

This place is corrupted: the epithet *good* is a meer insignificant expletive, but the alteration of that single word restores a clear light to the whole context, thus,

I have his letters of a modern date,
Wherein, by *July*, (by *Camillo's son*,
Who, as he *saith*, shall follow hard upon,
And whom I with the growing hours expect)
He doth sollicit the return of gold.

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

— Horse, that *he likes well*.

ACT I. at the End.

— I must stoop to gain her,
Throw all my gay *Comparisons* aside,
And turn my proud additions out of service:

saith Henriquez of a maiden of low condition, objecting his high quality: What have his *Comparisons* here to do? Correct it boldly,

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

In Lud's old walls tho' long I rul'd, renown'd
Far as loud Bow's stupendous bells resound ;

VARIATIONS.

ACT II. SCENE I.

All the verse of this Scene is confounded with prose :

— O that a man

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

Read — this *fervor* of the blood,
Then *Julio*, I might be in *deed* thy friend.

marking the just opposition of deeds and words.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

How his eyes *shake* fire ! — said by *Violante*, observing how
the lustful shepherd looks at her. It must be, as the sense plain-
ly demands,

— How his eyes *take* fire !

And measure every piece of youth about me !

Ibid. That, tho' I *wore disguises* for some ends.

She had but one disguise, and wore it but for one end. Restore
it, with the alteration but of two letters,

That, tho' I *were disguised* for some end.

ACT IV. SCENE II.

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

False Grammar I'm sure. *Both* can relate but to *two* things :
and see ! how easy a change sets it right ?

To tears, to vows, false *troth* —

I could shew you that very word *Troth*, in *Shakespear*, a hun-
dred times.

Ibid. For there is nothing left thee now to look for,
That can bring *comfort*, but a *quiet grave*.

This I fear is of a piece with *None but itself can be its parallel* :
for the grave *puts an end* to all sorrow, it can then need no *com-
fort*. Yet let us vindicate *Shakespear* where we can : I make no
doubt he wrote thus,

Tho' my own Aldermen confer'd the bays,
 To me committing their eternal praise, 280
 Their full-fed Heroes, their pacific May'ts,
 Their annual trophies, and their monthly wars:
 Tho' long my Party built on me their hopes,
 For writing Pamphlets, and for roasting Popes;
 Yet lo! in me what authors have to brag on! 285
 Reduc'd at last to his in my own dragon.
 Avert it Heav'n! that thou, my Cibber, e'er
 Should'st wag a serpent-tail in Smithfield fair!

VARIATIONS.

For there is nothing left thee now to look for,
Nothing that can bring *quiet*, but the grave.

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

After *ν* 284. in the former Edd. followed,
 Diff'rent our parties, but with equal grace
 The Goddess smiles on Whig and Tory race.

REMARKS.

VER. 266, 267. *Booth* and *Cibber* were joint managers of the Theatre in Drury-lane.

VER. 268. *On grinning dragons thou shalt mount the wind.*] In his Letter to Mr. P. Mr. C. solemnly declares this not to be *literally true*. We hope therefore the reader will understand it *allegorically* only.

VER. 282. *Annual trophies*, on the Lord-mayor's day; and *monthly wars* in the Artillery-ground.

VER. 283. *Tho' long my Party*] *Settle*, like most Party-writers, was very uncertain in his political principles. He was employed to hold the pen in the *Character* of a *popish successor*, but afterwards printed his *Narrative* on the other side. He had

Like the vile straw that's blown about the streets,
 The needy Poet sticks to all he meets, 290
 Coach'd, carted, trod upon, now loose, now fast,
 And carry'd off in some Dog's tail at last.
 Happier thy fortunes! like a rolling stone,
 Thy giddy dulness still shall lumber on,
 Safe in its heaviness, shall never stray, 295
 But lick up ev'ry blockhead in the way.
 Thee shall the Patriot, thee the Courtier taste,
 And ev'ry year be duller than the last.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 295. *Safe in its heaviness &c.*] in the former Edd,
 Too safe in inborn heaviness to stray;
 And lick up ev'ry blockhead in the way.
 Thy Dragons, Magistrates, and Peers shall taste,
 And from each shew rise duller than the last.
 Till rais'd from booths, &c.

REMARKS.

managed the ceremony of a famous Pope-burning on Nov. 17, 1680. then became a trooper in King James's army, at Hounslow-heath. After the Revolution he kept a booth at Bartholomew-fair, where, in the droll called *St. George for England*, he acted in his old age in a Dragon of green leather of his own invention; he was at last taken into the Charter-house, and there died, aged sixty years.

VER. 297. *Thee shall the Patriot, thee the Courtier taste,*] It stood in the first edition with blanks, ** and **. Concanen was sure " they must needs mean no body but King GEORGE " and Queen CAROLINE; and said he would insist it was so, " till the poet cleared himself by filling up the blanks otherwise, agreeably to the context, and consistent with his alle-

'Till rais'd from booths, to Theatre, to Court,
 Her feat imperial Dulness shall transport. 300
 Already Opera prepares the way,
 The sure fore-runner of her gentle sway:
 Let her thy heart, next Drabs and Dice, engage,
 The third mad passion of thy doting age.
 Teach thou the warb'ling Polypheme to roar, 305
 And scream thyself as none e'er scream'd before!
 To aid our cause, if Heav'n thou can'st not bend,
 Hell thou shalt move; for Faustus is our friend:
 Pluto with Cato thou for this shalt join,
 And link the Mourning Bride to Proserpine. 310

REMARKS.

“*giance.*” Pref. to a Collection of verses, essays, letters, &c. against Mr. P. printed for A. Moor, p. 6.

VER. 305. *Polypheme*] He translated the Italian Opera of *Polypheme*; but unfortunately lost the whole jest of the story. The Cyclops asks Ulysses his *name*, who tells him his name is *Noman*: After his eye is put out, he roars and calls the Brother Cyclops to his aid: They enquire *who has hurt him?* he answers *Noman*; whereupon they all go away again. Our ingenious Translator made Ulysses answer, *I take no name*, whereby all that follow'd became unintelligible. Hence it appears that Mr. Cibber (who values himself on subscribing to the English Translation of Homer's *Iliad*) had not that merit with respect to the *Odyssey*, or he might have been better instructed in the Greek *Pun-nology*.

VER. 308, 309, *Faustus, Pluto, &c.*] Names of miserable Farces, which it was the custom to act at the end of the best Tragedies, to spoil the digestion of the audience.

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

Another Æschylus appears! prepare
For new abortions, all ye pregnant fair!

In flames, like Semele's, be brought to bed, 315
While op'ning Hell spouts wild-fire at your head.

Now Bavius take the poppy from thy brow,
And place it here! here all ye Heroes bow!

This, this is he, foretold by ancient rhymes:

Th' Augustus born to bring Saturnian times. 320

Signs following signs lead on the mighty year!

See! the dull stars roll round and re-appear.

REMARKS.

VER. 312. *ensure it but from Fire.*] In Tibbald's farce of Proserpine, a corn-field was set on fire: whereupon the other play-house had a barn burnt down for the recreation of the spectators. They also rival'd each other in showing the burnings of hell-fire, in Dr. Faustus.

VER. 313. *Another Æschylus appears!*] It is reported of Æschylus, that when his tragedy of the Furies was acted, the audience were so terrified that the children fell into fits, and the big-bellied women miscarried.

VER. 315. *like Semele's,*] See Ovid. Met. iii.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 319, 320. *This, this is he, foretold by ancient rhymes,
Th' Augustus, &c.*]

*Hic vir, hic est! tibi quem promitti sæpius audis,
Augustus Cæsar, divum genus; aurea condet
Secula qui rursus Latio, regnata per arva
Saturno quondam —*

Virg. Æn. vi.

Saturnian here relates to the age of *Lead*, mentioned book i. y 26.

See, see, our own true Phœbus wears the bays!
 Our Midas fits Lord Chancellor of Plays!
 On Poets Tombs see Benson's titles writ! 325
 Lo! Ambrose Philips is prefer'd for Wit!

VARIATIONS.

VER. 323. *See, see, our own &c.*] in the former Edd.

Beneath his reign, shall Eusden wear the bays,
 Cibber preside Lord Chancellor of plays,
 Benson sole Judge of Architecture fit,
 And Namby Pamby be prefer'd for Wit!
 I see th' unfinish'd Dormitory wall,
 I see the Savoy totter to her fall;
 Hibernian Politics, O Swift! thy doom,
 And Pope's, translating three whole years with Broome.
 Proceed great days, &c.

REMARKS.

VER. 325. *On Poets Tombs see Benson's titles writ;*] W—m Benson (Surveyor of the Buildings to his Majesty King George I.) gave in a report to the Lords, that their House and the Painted-chamber adjoining were in immediate danger of falling. Whereupon the Lords met in a committee to appoint some other place to sit in, while the house should be taken down. But it being proposed to cause some other builders first to inspect it, they found it in very good condition. The Lords, upon this, were going upon an address to the King against Benson, for such a misrepresentation; but the Earl of Sunderland, then secretary, gave them an assurance that his Majesty would remove him, which was done accordingly. In favour of this man, the famous Sir Christopher Wren, who had been Architect to the crown for above fifty years, who built most of the Churches in London, laid the first stone of St. Paul's, and lived to finish it, had been displaced from his employment at the age of near ninety years.

VER. 326. *Ambrose Philips*] “He was (saith Mr. JACOB,) “one of the wits at Button's, and a justice of the peace;” But he hath since met with higher preferment in Ireland: and a

See under Ripley rise a new White-hall,
 While Jones' and Boyle's united labours fall :
 While Wren with sorrow to the grave descends,
 Gay dies unpension'd with a hundred friends, 330

REMARKS.

much greater character we have of him in Mr. Gildon's Complete Art of Poetry, vol. 1. p. 157. " Indeed he confesses, he " dares not set him *quite on the same foot with Virgil*, lest it " should seem flattery ; but he is much mistaken if posterity " does not afford him a *greater esteem than he at present enjoys.*" He endeavour'd to create some misunderstanding between our author and Mr. Addison, whom also soon after he abused as much. His constant cry was, that Mr. P. was an *Enemy to the government* ; and in particular he was the avowed author of a report very industriously spread, that he had a hand in a party-paper call'd the *Examiner* : A falsehood well known to those yet living, who had the direction and publication of it.

VER. 328. *While Jones' and Boyle's united labours fall :*] At the time when this poem was written, the banquetting-house of White-hall, the church and piazza of Covent-garden, and the palace and chapel of Somerset-house, the works of the famous Inigo Jones, had been for many years so neglected, as to be in danger of ruin. The portico of Covent-garden church had been just then restor'd and beautified at the expence of the Earl of Burlington ; who, at the same time, by his publication of the designs of that great Master and Palladio, as well as by many noble buildings of his own, revived the true taste of Architecture in this Kingdom.

VER. 330. *Gay dies unpension'd, &c.*] See Mr. Gay's fable of the *Hare and many Friends*. This gentleman was early in the friendship of our author, which continued to his death. He wrote several works of humour with great success, the *Shepherd's Week*, *Trivia*, the *What-d'ye-call-it*, *Fables* ; and lastly, the celebrated *Beggar's Opera* ; a piece of a satire which hit all tastes and degrees of men, from those of the highest quality to the very rabble : That verse of Horace

Primores populi arripuit, populumque tributim,

Hibernian Politics, O Swift! thy fate;
 And Pope's, ten years to comment and translate.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 331. in the former Editions thus,

— O Swift! thy doom,

And Pope's, translating ten whole years with Bloome.

On which was the following Note, “ He concludes his irony
 “ with a stroke upon himself: for whoever imagines this a far-
 “ cast on the other ingenious person, is surely mistaken. The
 “ opinion our Author had of him was sufficiently shewn by his
 “ joining him in the undertaking of the *Odysssey*; in which
 “ Mr. Broome having engaged without any previous agree-
 “ ment, discharged his part so much to Mr. Pope's satisfaction,
 “ that he gratified him with the full sum of *Five hundred pounds*,
 “ and a present of all those books for which his own interest
 “ could procure him subscribers, to the value of *One hundred*
 “ *more*. The author only seems to lament, that he was employ-
 “ ed in Translation at all.”

REMARKS.

could never be so justly applied as to this. The vast success of it was unprecedented, and almost incredible: What is related of the wonderful effects of the ancient music or tragedy hardly came up to it: Sophocles and Euripides were less followed and famous. It was acted in London sixty-three days, uninterrupted; and renew'd the next season with equal applauses. It spread into all the great towns of England, was play'd in many places to the thirtieth and fortieth time, at Bath and Bristol fifty, &c. It made its progress into Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, where it was performed twenty four days together: It was last acted in Minorca. The fame of it was not confined to the author only; the ladies carried about with them the favourite songs of it in fans; and houses were furnished with it in screens. The person who acted Polly, till then obscure, became all at once the favourite of the town; her pictures were engraved, and sold in great numbers; her life written, books of letters and verses to her, published; and pamphlets made even of her sayings and jests.

Proceed, great days! 'till Learning fly the shore,
 'Till Birch shall blush with noble blood no more,
 'Till Thames see Eaton's sons for ever play, 335
 'Till Westminster's whole year be holiday,

REMARKS.

Furthermore, it drove out of England, for that season, the Italian Opera, which had carried all before it for ten years. That idol of the Nobility and people, which the great Critic Mr. Dennis by the labours and outcries of a whole life could not overthrow, was demolished by a single stroke of this gentleman's pen. This happened in the Year 1728. Yet so great was his modesty, that he constantly prefixed to all the editions of it this motto, *Nos hæc novimus esse nihil.*

VER. 331. *Hibernian Politics, O Swift! thy fate;*] See Book i. ver. 26.

VER. 332. *And Pope's, ten years to comment and translate.*] The author here plainly laments that he was so long employed in translating and commenting. He began the Iliad in 1713, and finished it in 1719. The Edition of Shakespear (which he undertook merely because no body else would) took up near two years more in the drudgery of comparing impressions, rectifying the Scenery, &c. and the Translation of half the Odyssey employed him from that time to 1725.

VER. 333. *Proceed, great days! &c.*] It may perhaps seem incredible, that so great a Revolution in Learning as is here prophesied, should be brought about by such *weak Instruments* as have been [hitherto] described in our poem: But do not thou, gentle reader, rest too secure in thy contempt of these Instruments. Remember what the Dutch stories somewhere relate, that a great part of their Provinces was once overflowed, by a small opening made in one of their dykes by a single *Water-Rat.*

However, that such is not seriously the judgment of our Poet, but that he conceiveth better hopes from the Diligence of our Schools, from the Regularity of our Universities, the Discernment of our Great men, the Accomplishments of our Nobility, the Encouragement of our Patrons, and the Genius of our Writers in all kinds (notwithstanding some few exceptions in

'Till Isis' Elders reel, their pupils sport,
And Alma mater lie dissolv'd in Port?

Enough! enough! the raptur'd Monarch cries;
And thro' the Iv'ry Gate the Vision flies.

VARIATIONS.

After y 338. in the first Edit. were the following lines,
Then when these signs declare the mighty year,
When the dull stars roll round and re-appear;
Let there be darkness! (the dread Pow'r shall say)
All shall be darkness, as it ne'er were day;
To their first Chaos Wit's vain works shall fall,
And universal darkness cover all.

REMARKS.

each) may plainly be seen from his conclusion; where causing all this vision to pass through the Ivory Gate, he expressly, in the language of Poesy, declares all such imaginations to be wild, ungrounded, and fictitious. SCRIBL.

Ibid. *Proceed great days! &c. 'Till Birch shall blush &c.]*
Another great prophet of Dulness, on this side Styx, promiseth those days to be near at hand. *The Devil* (saith he) *licensed Bishops to licence Masters of Schools to instruct youth in the knowledge of the heathen Gods, their religion, &c. The Schools and Universities will soon be tired and ashamed of Classics and such trumpery.* HUTCHINSON'S *Use of Reason recovered.* SCRIBL.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 340. *And thro' the Iv'ry Gate, &c.]*

*Sunt geminae Somni portae; quarum altera fertur
Cornea, qua veris facilis datur exitus umbris;
Alter a candenti perfecta nitens elephanto,
Sed falsa ad caelum mittunt insomnia manes.* Virg. *Aen. vi.*

The End of the THIRD BOOK.