

THE
POETICAL . WORKS
OF
ALEXANDER POPE.

A NEW EDITION.

ADORNED WITH PLATES.

VOLUME VI.

London:

PRINTED FOR F. J. DU ROVERAY,

By T. Bensley, Bolt Court;

AND SOLD BY J. AND A. ARCH, CORNHILL; AND
E. LLOYD, HARLEY STREET.

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THE DUÑCIAD.

A LETTER TO THE PUBLISHER:
OCCASIONED BY
THE FIRST CORRECT EDITION
OF
THE DUNCIAD.

• It is with pleasure I hear that you have procured a correct copy of the *Dunciad*, which the many surreptitious ones have rendered so necessary; and it is yet with more that I am informed it will be attended with a commentary; a work so requisite, that I cannot think the author himself would have omitted it, had he approved of the first appearance of this poem.

Such notes as have occurred to me I herewith send you: you will oblige me by inserting them amongst those which are, or will be, transmitted to you by others; since not only the author's friends, but even strangers, appear engaged by humanity, to take some care of an orphan of so much genius and spirit, which its parent seems to have abandoned from the very beginning, and suffered to step into the world naked, unguarded, and unattended.

It was upon reading some of the abusive papers lately published, that my great regard to a person whose friendship I esteem as one of the chief honours of my life, and a much greater respect to truth than

to him or any man living, engaged me in enquiries of which the enclosed notes are the fruit.

I perceived that most of these authors had been (doubtless very wisely) the first aggressors. They had tried, till they were weary, what was to be got by railing at each other: no body was either concerned or surprised if this or that scribbler was proved a dunce, but every one was curious to read what could be said to prove Mr. Pope one, and was ready to pay something for such a discovery; a stratagem which, would they fairly own it, might not only reconcile them to me, but screen them from the resentment of their lawful superiors, whom they daily abuse, only (as I charitably hope) to get that *by* them, which they cannot get *from* them.

I found this was not all: ill success in that had transported them to personal abuse, either of himself, or (what I think he could less forgive) of his friends. They had called men of virtue and honour bad men, long before he had either leisure or inclination to call them bad writers; and some of them had been such old offenders, that he had quite forgotten their persons, as well as their slanders, till they were pleased to revive them.

Now what had Mr. Pope done before to incense them? He had published those works which are in the hands of every body, in which not the least mention is made of any of them. And what has he done since? He has laughed and written the Dunciad

which the public had said before, that they were dull; and what it had no sooner said, but they themselves were at great pains to procure, or even purchase, room in the prints to testify under their hands to the truth of it.

I should still have been silent, if either I had seen any inclination in my friend to be serious with such accusers, or if they had only meddled with his writings; since whoever publishes puts himself on his trial by his country: but when his moral character was attacked, and in a manner from which neither truth nor virtue can secure the most innocent; in a manner which, though it annihilates the credit of the accusation with the just and impartial, yet aggravates very much the guilt of the accusers, I mean by authors without names; then I thought, since the danger was common to all, the concern ought to be so; and that it was an act of justice to detect the authors, not only on this account, but as many of them are the same who, for several years past, have made free with the greatest names in church and state, exposed to the world the private misfortunes of families, abused all, even to women, and whose prostituted papers (for one or other party in the unhappy divisions of their country) have insulted the fallen, the friendless, the exiled, and the dead.

Besides this, which I take to be a public concern, I have already confessed I had a private one. I am one of that number who have long loved and esteemed Mr. Pope; and had often declared it was not his capa-

city or writings (which we ever thought the least valuable part of his character), but the honest, open, and beneficent man, that we most esteemed and loved in him. Now, if what these people say were believed, I must appear to all my friends either a fool or a knave; either imposed on myself, or imposing on them: so that I am as much interested in the confutation of these calumnies as he is himself.

I am no author, and consequently not to be suspected either of jealousy or resentment against any of the men, of whom scarce one is known to me by sight; and as for their writings, I have sought them (on this one occasion) in vain, in the closets and libraries of all my acquaintance. I had still been in the dark, if a gentleman had not procured me (I suppose from some of themselves, for they are generally much more dangerous friends than enemies) the passages I send you. I solemnly protest I have added nothing to the malice or absurdity of them; which it behoves me to declare, since the vouchers themselves will be so soon and so irrecoverably lost. You may, in some measure, prevent it, by preserving at least their titles*, and discovering (as far as you can depend on the truth of your information) the names of the concealed authors.

The first objection I have heard made to the poem is, that the persons are too *obscure* for satire. The persons themselves, rather than allow the objection,

* Which we have done in a list hereto subjoined.

would forgive the satire; and if one could be tempted to afford it a serious answer, were not all assassins, popular insurrections, the insolence of the rabble without doors, and of domestics within, most wrongfully chastised, if the meanness of offenders indemnified them from punishment? On the contrary, obscurity renders them more dangerous, as less thought of: law can pronounce judgment only on open facts: morality alone can pass censure on intentions of mischief; so that for secret calumny, or the arrow flying in the dark, there is no public punishment left but what a good writer inflicts.

The next objection is, that these sort of authors are *poor*. That might be pleaded as an excuse at the Old Bailey for lesser crimes than defamation (for it is the case of almost all who are tried there), but sure it can be none here: for who will pretend that the robbing another of his reputation supplies the want of it in himself? I question not but such authors are poor, and heartily wish the objection were removed by any honest livelihood; but poverty is here the accident, not the subject. He who describes malice and villany to be pale and meagre, expresses not the least anger against paleness or leanness, but against malice and villany. The apothecary in *Romeo and Juliet* is poor; but is he therefore justified in vending poison? Not but poverty itself becomes a just subject of satire, when it is the consequence of vice, prodigality, or neglect of one's lawful calling; for then it increases the public

burden, fills the streets and highways with robbers, and the garrets with clippers, coiners, and weekly journalists.

But admitting that two or three of these offend less in their morals than in their writings, must poverty make nonsense sacred? if so, the fame of bad authors would be much better consulted than that of all the good ones in the world; and not one of an hundred had ever been called by his right name.

They mistake the whole matter: it is not charity to encourage them in the way they follow, but to get them out of it; for men are not bunglers because they are poor, but they are poor because they are bunglers.

Is it not pleasant enough to hear our authors crying out on the one hand, as if their persons and characters were too sacred for satire; and the public objecting on the other, that they are too mean even for ridicule? But whether bread or fame be their end, it must be allowed our author, by and in this poem, has mercifully given them a little of both.

There are two or three who, by their rank and fortune, have no benefit from the former objections, supposing them good, and these I was sorry to see in such company: but if, without any provocation, two or three gentlemen will fall upon one, in an affair wherein his interest and reputation are equally embarked, they cannot, certainly, after they have been content to print themselves his enemies, complain of being put into the number of them.

Others, I am told, pretend to have been once his friends. Surely they are their enemies who say so, since nothing can be more odious than to treat a friend as they have done. But of this I cannot persuade myself, when I consider the constant and eternal aversion of all bad writers to a good one.

Such as claim a merit from being his admirers, I would gladly ask, if it lays him under a personal obligation? At that rate he would be the most obliged humble servant in the world. I dare swear for these in particular, he never desired them to be his admirers, nor promised, in return, to be theirs: that had truly been a sign he was of their acquaintance; but would not the malicious world have suspected such an approbation of some motive worse than ignorance, in the author of the Essay on Criticism? Be it as it will, the reasons of their admiration and of his contempt are equally subsisting, for his works and theirs are the very same that they were.

One, therefore, of their assertions I believe may be true, "That he has a contempt for their writings." And there is another which would probably be sooner allowed by himself than by any good judge beside, "That his own have found too much success with the public." But as it cannot consist with his modesty to claim this as a justice, it lies not on him, but entirely on the public, to defend its own judgment.

There remains what, in my opinion, might seem a better plea for these people than any they have made

use of: If *obscurity* or *poverty* were to exempt a man from satire, much more should *folly* or *dulness*, which are still more involuntary; nay, as much so as personal deformity. But even this will not help them: deformity becomes an object of ridicule when a man sets up for being handsome; and so must dulness, when he sets up for a wit. They are not ridiculed because ridicule in itself is, or ought to be, a pleasure; but because it is just to undeceive and vindicate the honest and unpretending part of mankind from imposition; because particular interest ought to yield to general, and a great number, who are not naturally fools, ought never to be made so, in complaisance to those who are. Accordingly we find that, in all ages, all vain pretenders, were they ever so poor, or ever so dull, have been constantly the topics of the most candid satirists, from the Codrus of Juvenal to the Damon of Boileau.

Having mentioned Boileau, the greatest poet and most judicious critic of his age and country, admirable for his talents, and yet, perhaps, more admirable for his judgment in the proper application of them, I cannot help remarking the resemblance betwixt him and our author, in qualities, fame, and fortune; in the distinctions shewn them by their superiors, in the general esteem of their equals, and in their extended reputation amongst foreigners; in the latter of which ours has met with the better fate, as he has had for his translators persons of the most eminent rank and abilities

in their respective nations^b. But the resemblance holds in nothing more than in their being equally abused by the ignorant pretenders to poetry of their times; of which not the least memory will remain but in their own writings, and in the notes made upon them. What Boileau has done in almost all his poems, our author has only in this: I dare answer for him he will do it in no more; and on this principle, of attacking few but who had slandered him, he could not have done it at all, had he been confined from censuring obscure and worthless persons; for scarce any other were his enemies. However, as the parity is so remarkable, I hope it will continue to the last; and if ever he should give us an edition of this poem himself, I may see some of them treated as gently, on their repentance or better merit, as Perrault and Quinault were at last by Boileau.

In one point I must be allowed to think the ~~che~~

^b Essay on Criticism, in French verse, by General Hamilton; the same, in verse also, by Monsieur Roboton, counsellor and privy secretary to King George I. after by the Abbé Du Resnel, in verse, with notes. Rape of the Lock, in French, by the Princess of Conti, Paris, 1728; and in Italian verse by the Abbé Conti, a noble Venetian; and by the Marquis Rangoni, envoy extraordinary from Modena to King George II. Others of his works by Salvini of Florence, &c. His Essays and Dissertations on Homer, several times translated into French. Essay on Man, by the Abbé Du Resnel, in verse: by Monsieur Silhouette, in prose, 1737; and since by others in French, Italian, and Latin.

racter of our English poet the more amiable. He has not been a follower of fortune or success; he has lived with the great without flattery; been a friend to men in power without pensions, from whom, as he asked, so he received, no favour, but what was done him in his friends. As his satires were the more just for being delayed, so were his panegyrics; bestowed only on such persons as he had familiarly known, only for such virtues as he had long observed in them, and only at such times as others cease to praise, if not begin to calumniate them—I mean when out of power, or out of fashion^c. A satire, therefore, on writers so notorious for the contrary practice, became no man so well as himself; as none, it is plain, was so little in their friendships, or so much in that of those whom they had most abused, namely, the greatest and best of all parties. Let me add a further reason, that, though engaged in their friendships, he never espoused their animosities; and can almost singly challenge this honour, not to have written a line of any man which, through guilt, through shame, or through fear, through

^c As Mr. Wycherley, at the time the town declaimed against his book of poems; Mr. Walsh, after his death; Sir William Trumbull, when he had resigned the office of secretary of state; Lord Bolingbroke, at his leaving England, after the Queen's death; Lord Oxford, in his last decline of life; Mr. Secretary Craggs, at the end of the South-sea year, and after his death. others only in Epitaphs.

variety of fortune, or change of interests, he was ever unwilling to own.

I shall conclude with remarking, what a pleasure it must be to every reader of humanity to see all along that our author, in his very laughter, is not indulging his own ill-nature, but only punishing that of others. As to his poem, those alone are capable of doing it justice who, to use the words of a great writer, know how hard it is (with regard both to his subject and his manner) *vetustis dare novitatem, obsoletis nitorem, obscuris lucem, fastiditis gratiam.* I am

Your most humble servant,

St. James's.
Dec. 22, 1728.

WILLIAM CLELAND^c.

^c This gentleman was of Scotland, and bred at the university of Utrecht with the Earl of Mar. He served in Spain under Earl Rivers. After the peace, he was made one of the commissioners of the customs in Scotland, and then of taxes in England; in which having shewn himself for twenty years diligent, punctual, and incorruptible, (though without any other assistance of fortune) he was suddenly displaced by the minister, in the sixty-eighth year of his age, and died two months after, in 1742. He was a person of universal learning, and an enlarged conversation; no man had a warmer heart for his friend, or a sincerer attachment to the constitution of his country. And yet, for all this, the public would never believe him to be the author of this Letter.

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS

HIS

PROLEGOMENA AND ILLUSTRATIONS

TO

THE DUNCIAD.

WITH THE HYPERCRITICS OF ARISTARCHUS.

DENNIS, *Remarks on Prince Arthur.*

I CANNOT but think it the most reasonable thing in the world to distinguish good writers, by discouraging the bad: nor is it an ill-natured thing, in relation even to the very persons upon whom the reflections are made. It is true, it may deprive them a little the sooner of a short profit and a transitory reputation; but then it may have a good effect, and oblige them (before it be too late) to decline that for which they are ~~very~~ unfit, and to have recourse to something in which they may be more successful.

Character of Mr. P. 1716.

The persons whom Boileau has attacked in his writings, have been for the most part authors, and most of those authors poets: and the censures he hath passed upon them have been confirmed by all Europe.

GILDON, *Preface to his New Rehearsal.*

It is the common cry of the poetasters of the town, and their fautors, that it is an ill-natured thing to ex-

pose the pretenders to wit and poetry. The judges and magistrates may with full as good reason be reproached with ill-nature for putting the laws in execution against a thief or impostor.—The same will hold in the Republic of Letters, if the critics and judges will let every ignorant pretender to scribbling pass on the world.

THEOBALD, *Letter to MIST, June 22, 1728.*

be levelled either against failures in
genius, the pretensions of writing without
one.

CONCANEN, *Ded. to the Author of the Dunciad.*

A Satire upon dulness is a thing that has been used and allowed in all ages.

*Out of thine own mouth will I judge thee, wicked
Scribbler!*

TESTIMONIES OF AUTHORS

CONCERNING

OUR POET, AND HIS WORKS.

M. SCRIBLERUS *Lectori S.*

BEFORE we present thee with our exercitations on this most delectable poem (drawn from the many volumes of our *adversaria* on modern authors), we shall here, according to the laudable usage of collect the various judgments of the learned ; our poet; various, indeed, not only of different authors, but of the same author at different seasons. Nor shall we gather only the testimonies of such eminent wits as would of course descend to posterity, and consequently be read without our collection; but we shall likewise, with incredible labour, seek out for divers others, which, ~~but~~ for this our diligence, could never, at the distance of a few months, appear to the eye of the most curious. Hereby thou mayst not only receive the delectation of variety, but also arrive at a more certain judgment, by a grave and circumspect comparison of the witnesses with each other, or of each with himself. Hence, also, thou wilt be enabled to draw reflections, not only of a critical, but a moral nature, by being let into many particulars of the person as well as genius, and of the fortune as well as merit, of our author: in which, ~~if I~~ relate some things of little concern, peradventure, to thee, and some of as little even to him, I intreat thee

to consider how minutely all true critics and commentators are wont to insist upon such, and how material they seem to themselves, if to none other. Forgive me, gentle reader, if (following learned example) I, ever and anon, become tedious; allow me to take the same pains to find whether any author were good or bad, well or ill-natured, modest or arrogant, as another whether his author was fair or brown, short or tall, or whether he wore a coat or a cassock.

We purposed to begin with his life, parentage, and education; but as to these even his contemporaries do exceedingly differ. One saith^d he was educated at home; another^e, that he was bred at St. Omer's by Jesuits; a third^f, not at St. Omer's, but at Oxford; a fourth^g, that he had no university education at all. Those who allow him to be bred at home differ as much concerning his tutor: one saith^h he was kept by his father on purpose; a secondⁱ, that he was an itinerant priest; a third^k, that he was a parson; one^l calleth him a secular clergyman of the Church of Rome; another^m, a monk. As little do they agree about his father, whomⁿ one supposeth, like the father

^d Giles Jacob's Lives of the Poets, Vol. II. in his life.

^e Dennis's Reflections on the Essay on Criticism, p. 46

^f Dunciad Dissected, p. 4. ^g Guardian, No. 400

^h Jacob's Lives, &c, Vol. II. ⁱ Dunciad Dissected, p. 4.

^k Farmer P. and his son. ^l Dunciad Dissected.

^m Character of the Times, p. 45. ⁿ Female Dunciad, p. ult.

of Hesiod, a tradesman or merchant; another ^o, a husbandman; another ^p, a hatter, &c. Nor has an author been wanting to give our poet such a father as Apuleius hath to Plato,^f Jamblichus to Pythagoras, and divers to Homer, namely, a dæmon: for thus Mr. Gildon ^q, “ Certain it is that his original is not from Adam, but the devil, and that he wanteth nothing but horns and tail to be the exact resemblance of his infernal father.” Finding, therefore, such contrariety of opinions, and (whatever be ours of this sort of generation) not being fond to enter into controversy, we shall defer writing the Life of our poet till authors can determine among themselves what parents or education he had, or whether he had any education or parents at all.

Proceed we to what is more certain, his Works, though not less uncertain the judgments concerning ~~them~~; beginning with his Essay on Criticism, of which hear first the most ancient of critics,

^o Dunciad Dissected.

^p Roome, Paraphrase on the 4th of Genesis, printed 1729.

^q Character of Mr. P. and his writings, in a letter to a friend, printed for S. Popping, 1716, p. 10. Curl, in his Key to the Dunciad, (first edit. said to be printed for A. Dodd) in the tenth page, declared Gildon to be author of that libel; though in the subsequent editions of his Key he left out this assertion, and affirmed (in the Curliad, p. 4 and 8) that it was written by Dennis only.

MR. JOHN DENNIS.

“ His precepts are false or trivial, or both; his thoughts are crude and abortive; his expressions absurd, his numbers harsh and unmusical, his rhymes trivial and common.—Instead of majesty, we have something that is very mean; instead of gravity, something that is very boyish; and instead of perspicuity and lucid order, we have but too often obscurity and confusion.” And in another place: “ What rare numbers are here! would not one swear that this youngster had espoused some antiquated muse, who had sued out a divorce from some superannuated sinner, upon account of impotence, and who being poxed by her former spouse, has got the gout in her decrepit age, which makes her hobble so damnably?”

No less peremptory is the censure of our hypercritical historian,

MR. OLDMIXON.

“ I dare not say any thing of the Essay on Criticism in verse; but if any more curious reader has discovered in it something *new*, which is not in Dryden's Prefaces, Dedications, and his Essay on Dramatic Poetry, not to mention the French critics, I should be very glad to have the benefit of the discovery.”

Reflections Critical and Satirical on a Rhapsody, called An Essay on Criticism, printed for Bernard Lintot, octavo.

* Essay on Criticism in prose, octavo, 1728, by the author of the Critical History of England.

He is followed (as in fame, so in judgment) by the modest and simple-minded

MR. LEONARD WELSTED,

who, out of great respect to our poet, not naming him, doth yet glance at his Essay, together with the Duke of Buckingham's, and the criticisms of Dryden, and of Horace, which he more openly taxeth^t: "As to the numerous treatises, essays, arts, &c. both in verse and prose, that have been written by the moderns on this groundwork, they do but hackney the same thoughts over again, making them still more trite. Most of their pieces are nothing but a pert insipid heap of common place. Horace has, even in his Art of Poetry, thrown out several things which plainly shew he thought an Art of Poetry was of no use, even while he was writing one."

To all which great authorities we can only oppose that of

MR. ADDISON.

"The Art of Criticism," saith he, "which was published some months since, is a masterpiece in its kind. The observations follow one another like those in Horace's Art of Poetry, without that methodical regularity which would have been requisite in a prose writer. They are some of them *uncommon*, but such

^t Preface to his Poems, p. 18, 53.

^u Spectator, No. 253.

as the reader must assent to, when he sees them explained with that ease and perspicuity in which they are delivered. As for those which are the most known, and the most received, they are placed in so beautiful a light, and illustrated with such apt allusions, that they have in them all the graces of novelty, and make the reader, who was before acquainted with them, still more convinced of their truth and solidity. And here give me leave to mention what Mons. Boileau has so well enlarged upon in the Preface to his Works; that wit and fine writing doth not consist so much in advancing things that are new, as in giving things that are known an agreeable turn. It is impossible for us, who live in the latter ages of the world, to make observations in criticism, morality, or any art or science, which have not been touched upon by others; we have little else left us but to represent the common sense of mankind in more strong, more beautiful, or more useful common lights. If a reader examines Horace's Art of Poetry, he will find but few precepts in it which he may not meet with in Aristotle, and which were not commonly known by all the poets of the Augustan age. His way of expressing and applying them, not his invention of them, is what we are chiefly to admire.

Longinus, in his Reflexions, has given us the same kind of sublime, which he observes in the several passages that occasioned them: I cannot but take notice

themselves." He then produces some instances of a particular beauty in the numbers, and concludes with saying, that "There are three poems in our tongue of the same nature, and each a masterpiece in its kind; the Essay on Translated Verse, the Essay on the Art of Poetry, and the Essay on Criticism."

Of Windsor-Forest, positive is the judgment of the affirmative

MR. JOHN DENNIS.

"* That it is a wretched rhapsody, impudently writ in emulation of the Cooper's Hill of Sir John Denham: the author of it is obscure, is ambiguous, is affected, is temerarious, is barbarous."

But the author of the Dispensary,

DR. GARTH,

in the Preface to his poem of Claremont, differs from this opinion: "Those who have seen these two excellent poems of Cooper's Hill and Windsor-Forest, the one written by Sir John Denham, the other by Mr. Pope, will shew a great deal of candour if they approve of this."

Of the Epistle of Eloisa, we are told by the obscure writer of a poem called Sawney, "That because Prior's Henry and Emma charmed the finest tastes, our

* Letter to B. B. at the end of the Remarks on Pope's Homer, 1717.
 y Printed 1728, p. 12.

author writ his *Eloise* in opposition to it, but forgot innocence and virtue: if you take away her tender thoughts, and her fierce desires, all the rest is of no value." In which, methinks,^a his judgment resembleth that of a French tailor on a villa and garden by the Thames: "All this is very fine; but take away the river, and it is good for nothing."

But very contrary hereunto was the opinion of

MR. PRIOR

himself, saying, in his *Alma*²,

"O Abelard! Ill-fated youth,
Thy tale will justify this truth:
But well I weet thy cruel wrong
Adorns a nobler poet's song:
Dan Pope, for thy misfortune griev'd,
With kind concern and skill has weav'd
A silken web; and ne'er shall fade
Its colours: gently has he laid
The mantle o'er thy sad distress,
And Venus shall the texture bless," &c.

Come we now to his Translation of the *Iliad*, celebrated by numerous pens; yet it shall suffice to mention the indefatigable

SIR RICHARD BLACKMORE, KNT.

who (though otherwise a severe censurer of our author) yet styleth this "A laudable Translation²." That ready writer,

² *Alma*, canto 2.
E. Curl.

² In his *Essays*, Vol. I. printed for

MR. OLDMIXON,

in his fore-mentioned Essay, frequently commends the same. And the painful

MR. LEWIS THEOBALD

thus extols it^b: "The spirit of Homer breathes all through this translation:—I am in doubt whether I should most admire the justness to the original, or the force and beauty of the language, or the sounding variety of the numbers; but when I find all these meet, it puts me in mind of what the poet says of one of his heroes, that he alone raised and flung with ease a weighty stone that two common men could not lift from the ground; just so one single person has performed, in this translation, what I once despaired to have seen done by the force of several masterly hands." Indeed the same gentleman appears to have changed his sentiment in his Essay on the Art of Sinking in Reputation, (printed in MIST'S JOURNAL, March 30, 1728,) where he says thus: "In order to sink in reputation, let him take it into his head to descend into Homer, (let the world wonder, as it will, how the devil he got there) and pretend to do him into English, & his version denotes his neglect of the manner how." Strange variation! We are told in

^b Censor, Vol. II. No. 33.

MIST'S JOURNAL, JUNE 8.

“ That this translation of the Iliad was not in all respects conformable to the fine taste of his friend Mr. Addison; insomuch that he employed a younger muse in an undertaking of this kind, which he supervised himself.” Whether Mr. Addison did find it conformable to his taste or not, best appears from his own testimony the year following its publication, in these words:

MR. ADDISON, FREEHOLDER, NO. 40.

“ When I consider myself as a British freeholder, I am in a particular manner pleased with the labours of those who have improved our language with the translations of old Greek and Latin authors.—We have already most of their historians in our own tongue, and what is more for the honour of our language, it hath been taught to express with elegance the greatest of their poets in each nation. The illiterate among our own countrymen may learn to judge from Dryden's Virgil of the most perfect epic performance; and those parts of Homer which have been published already by Mr. Pope, give us reason to think that the Iliad will appear in English with as little disadvantage to that immortal poem.”

As to the rest, there is a slight mistake; for this younger muse was an elder: nor was the gentleman

(who is a friend of our author) employed by Mr. Addison to translate it *after* him, since he saith himself that he did it *before*^c. Contrariwise, that Mr. Addison engaged our author in this work, appeareth by declaration thereof in the Preface to the Iliad, printed some time before his death, and by his own letters of October 26, and November 2, 1713, where he declares it is his opinion, that no other person was equal to it.

Next comes his Shakspeare on the stage: "Let him" (quoth one, whom I take to be

MR. THEOBALD, MIST'S JOURNAL, JUNE 8, 1729)

publish such an author as he has least studied, and forget to discharge even the dull duty of an editor. In this project let him lend the bookseller his name (for a competent sum of money) to promote the credit of an exorbitant subscription." Gentle reader, be pleased to cast thine eye on the proposal below quoted, and on what follows (some months after the former assertion) in the same Journalist of June 8: "The bookseller proposed the book by subscription, and raised some thousands of pounds for the same: I believe the gentleman did *not* share in the profits of this extravagant subscription."

"After the Iliad, he undertook (saith

^c Vide Preface to Mr. Tickel's translation of the First Book of the Iliad, 4to.

MIST'S JOURNAL, JUNE 8, 1728)

the sequel of that work, the *Odyssey*; and having secured the success by a numerous subscription, he employed some *underlings* to perform what, according to his proposals, should come from his own hands." To which heavy charge we can in truth oppose nothing but the words of

MR. POPE'S PROPOSAL FOR THE ODYSSEY,

(printed for J. Watts, Jan. 10, 1724.)

"I take this occasion to declare, that the subscription for Shakspeare belongs wholly to Mr. Tonson: and that the benefit of this proposal is not solely for my own use, but for that of two of my friends, who have assisted me in this work." But these very gentlemen are extolled above our poet himself in another of MIST'S JOURNALS, March 30, 1728, saying, "That he would not advise Mr. Pope to try the experiment again of getting a great part of a book done by assistants, lest those extraneous parts should unhappily ascend to the sublime, and retard the declension of the whole." Behold! these *underlings* are become good writers!

If any say, that before the said proposals were printed, the subscription was begun, without declaration of such assistance; verily those who set it on foot, or (as the term is) secured it, to wit, the Right Honourable the Lord Viscount Harcourt, were he living, would testify, and the Right Honourable the

Lord Bathurst, now living, doth testify, the same is a falsehood.

Sorry I am that persons professing to be learned, or of whatever rank of authors, should either falsely tax, or be falsely taxed. Yet let us, who are only reporters, be impartial in our citations, and proceed.

MIST'S JOURNAL, JUNE 8, 1728.

“ Mr. Addison raised this author from obscurity, obtained him the acquaintance and friendship of the whole body of our nobility, and transferred his powerful interests with those great men to this rising bard, who frequently levied, by that means, unusual contributions on the public.” Which surely cannot be, if, as the author of the *Dunciad Dissected* reporteth, “ Mr. Wycherley had before introduced him into a familiar acquaintance with the greatest peers and brightest wits then living.”

“ No sooner (saith the same Journalist) was his body lifeless, but this author, reviving his resentment, libelled the memory of his departed friend; and, what was still more heinous, made the scandal public.” Grievous the accusation! unknown the accuser! the person accused no witness in his own cause; the person, in whose regard accused, dead! But if these be living any one nobleman whose friendship, yea, any one gentleman whose subscription, Mr. Addison procured to our author, let him stand forth, that truth may appear! *Amicus Plato, amicus Socrates, sea*

magis amica veritas. In verity, the whole story of the libel is a lie; witness those persons of integrity who, several years before Mr. Addison's decease, did see and approve of the said verses, in no wise a libel, but a friendly rebuke, sent privately, in our author's own hand, to Mr. Addison himself, and never made public, till after their own Journals and Curl had printed the same. One name alone, which I am here authorized to declare, will sufficiently evince the truth, that of the Right Honourable the Earl of Burlington.

Next is he taxed with a crime (in the opinion of some authors, I doubt, more heinous than any in morality), to wit, plagiarism, from the inventive and quaint-conceited

JAMES MOORE SMITH, GENT.

“^d Upon reading the third volume of Pope's Miscellanies, I found five lines which I thought excellent; and happening to praise them, a gentleman produced a modern comedy (the Rival Modes) published last year, where were the same verses to a tittle.

“These gentlemen are undoubtedly the first plagiarists, that pretend to make a reputation by stealing from a man's works in his own life-time, and out of a public print.” Let us join to this what is written by the author of the Rival Modes, the said Mr. James Moore Smith, in a letter to our author himself, who

had informed him, a month before that play was acted, Jan. 27, 1726-7, "That these verses, which he had before given him leave to insert in it, would be known for his, some copies being got abroad." He desires, nevertheless, that "since the lines had been read in his Comedy to several, Mr. P. would not deprive it of them," &c. Surely if we add the testimonies of the Lord Bolingbroke, of the lady to whom the said verses were originally addressed, of Hugh Bethel, Esq. and others, who knew them as our author's long before the said gentleman composed his play, it is hoped the ingenuous, that affect not error, will rectify their opinion by the suffrage of so honourable personages.

And yet followeth another charge, insinuating no less than his enmity both to Church and State, which could come from no other informer than the said

MR. JAMES MOORE SMITH.

"• The Memoirs of a Parish Clerk was a very dull and unjust abuse of a person who wrote in defence of our religion and constitution, and who has been dead many years." This seemeth also most untrue, it being known to divers that these Memoirs were written at the seat of the Lord Harcourt, in Oxfordshire, before that excellent person's (Bishop Burnet) death, and many years before the appearance of that history of which they are pretended to be an abuse. Most true

it is that Mr. Moore had such a design, and was himself the man who pressed Dr. Arbuthnot and Mr. Pope to assist him therein; and that he borrowed those Memoirs of our author, when that history came forth, with intent to turn them to such abuse: but being able to obtain from our author but one single hint, and either changing his mind, or having more mind than ability, he contented himself to keep the said Memoirs and read them as his own to all his acquaintance. A noble person there is into whose company Mr. Pope once chanced to introduce him, who well remembereth the conversation of Mr. Moore to have turned upon the "Contempt he had for the work of that reverend prelate, and how full he was of a design he declared himself to have of exposing it." This noble person is the Earl of Peterborough.

Here, in truth, should we crave pardon of all the aforesaid Right Honourable and worthy personages, for having mentioned them in the same page with such weekly riff-raff railers and rhymers, but that we had their ever-honoured commands for the same; and that they are introduced not as witnesses in the controversy, but as witnesses that cannot be controverted; not to dispute, but to decide.

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

JOHN DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM

sums up his character in these lines :

“ f And yet so wondrous, so sublime a thing,
As the great Iliad, scarce could make me sing,
Unless I justly could at once commend
A good companion, and as firm a friend.
One moral, or a mere well-natur'd deed,
Can all desert in sciences exceed.”

So also is he deciphered by the Honourable

SIMON HARCOURT.

“ g Say, wondrous youth, what column wilt thou choose,
What laurel'd arch for thy triumphant muse?
Though each great ancient court thee to his shrine,
Though ev'ry laurel through the dome be thine—
Go to the good and just, an awfu^l train !
Thy soul's delight.”—

Recorded in like manner, for his virtuous disposition,
and gentle bearing, by the ingenious

MR. WALTER HART,

in this apostrophe :

“ h O ! ever worthy, ever crown'd with praise !
Blest in thy life, and blest in all thy lays,

f Verses to Mr. P. on his Translation of Homer.

g Poem prefixed to his Works. h In his Poems, printed
for B. Lintot.

Add, that the Sisters ev'ry thought refine,
 And e'en thy life be faultless as thy line;
 Yet Envy still with fiercer rage pursues,
 Obscures the virtue, and defames the muse.
 A soul like thine, in pain, in grief, resign'd,
 Views with just scorn the malice of mankind."

The witty and moral satirist

DR. EDWARD YOUNG,

wishing some check to the corruption and evil manners
 of the times, calleth out upon our poet to undertake a
 task so worthy of his virtue;

"Why ¹ slumbers Pope, who leads the muses' train,
 Nor hears that virtue, which he loves, complain?"

MR. MALLET,

in his Epistle on Verbal Criticism:

"Whose life, severely scan'd, transcends his lays;
 For wit supreme is but his second praise."

MR. HAMMOND,

that delicate and correct imitator of Tibullus, in his Love
 Elegies, Elegy xiv.

"Now fir'd by Pope and virtue, leave the age,
 In low pursuit of self-undoing wrong,
 And trace the author through his moral page,
 Whose blameless life still answers to his song."

¹ Universal Passion, Sat. I.

MR. THOMSON,

in his elegant and philosophical poem of the Seasons:

“ Although not sweeter his own Homer sings,
Yet is his life the more endearing song,”

To the same tune also singeth that learned clerk of
Suffolk,

MR. WILLIAM BROOME:

“ Thus ^k nobly rising in fair virtue's cause,
From thy own life transcribe th' unerring laws.”

And, to close all, hear the Reverend Dean of St. Patrick's:

“ A soul with ev'ry virtue fraught,
By patriots, priests, and poets taught
Whose filial piety excels
Whatever Grecian story tells.
A genius for each bus'ness fit,
Whose meanest talent is his wit,” &c.

Let us now recreate thee by turning to the other side, and shewing his character drawn by those with whom he never conversed, and whose countenances he could not know, though turned against him: first again commencing with the high-voiced and never-enough quoted

^k In his Poems, and at the end of the Odyssey.

MR. JOHN DENNIS;

who, in his *Reflections on the Essay on Criticism*, thus describeth him: "A little affected hypocrite, who has nothing in his mouth but candour, truth, friendship, good-nature, humanity, and magnanimity. He is so great a lover of falsehood, that whenever he has a mind to calumniate his contemporaries, he brands them with some defect which is just contrary to some good quality for which all their friends and their acquaintance commend them. He seems to have a particular pique to people of quality, and authors of that rank. He must derive his religion from St. Omer's." — But in the character of Mr. P. and his writings, (printed by S. Popping, 1716) he saith, "Though he is a professor of the worst religion, yet he laughs at it;" "but that, nevertheless, he is a virulent Papist; and yet a pillar for the Church of England." Of both which opinions

MR. LEWIS THEOBALD

seems also to be; declaring, in *MIST'S JOURNAL* of June 22, 1718, "That, if he is not shrewdly abused, he made it his business to cackle to both parties in their own sentiments." But as to his pique against people of quality, the same Journalist doth not agree, but saith, (May 8, 1728) "He had, by some means or other, the acquaintance and friendship of the whole body of our nobility."

However contradictory this may appear, Mr. Dennis and Gildon, in the character last cited, make it all plain, by assuring us, “That he is a creature that reconciles all contradictions: he is a beast, and a man; a Whig and a Tory; a writer (at one and the same time) of *Guardians* and *Examiners*¹; an assertor of liberty, and of the dispensing power of kings; a Jesuitical professor of truth; a base and a foul pretender to candour.” So that upon the whole account, we must conclude him either to have been a great hypocrite, or a very honest man; a terrible imposer upon both parties, or very moderate to either.

Be it as to the judicious reader shall seem good. Sure it is he is little favoured of certain authors whose wrath is perilous: for one declares he ought to have a price set on his head, and to be hunted down as a wild beast^m: another protests that he does not know what may happen; advises him to insure his person; says he has bitter enemies, and expressly declares it will be well if he escapes with his lifeⁿ. One desires he would cut his own throat, or hang himself^o. But Pasquin seemed rather inclined it should be done by the government, representing him engaged in grievous designs with a Lord of Parliament then under prosecution^p. Mr. Dennis himself hath written to a mi-

¹ The names of two weekly papers.

^m Theobald, Letter in *Mist's Journal*, June 22d, 1728.

ⁿ Smedley, Pref. to *Gulliveriana*, p. 14, 16.

^o *Gulliveriana*, p. 332.

^p Anno 1723.

nister, that he is one of the most dangerous persons in this kingdom^q; and assureth the public that he is an open and mortal enemy to his country; a monster that will, one day, shew as daring^r a soul as a mad Indian, who runs a-muck to kill the first Christian he meets^r. Another gives information of treason discovered in his poem^s. Mr. Curl boldly supplies an imperfect verse with kings and princesses^t; and one Matthew Concanen, yet more impudent, publishes, at length, the two most sacred names in this nation as members of the Dunciad^u!

This is prodigious! yet it is almost as strange that, in the midst of these invectives, his greatest enemies have (I know not how) borne testimony to some merit in him.

• MR. THEOBALD,

in censuring his Shakspeare, declares, “ He has so great an esteem for Mr. Pope, and so high an opinion of his

^q Anno 1729.

^r Preface to Remarks on the Rape of the Lock, p. 12, and in the last page of that treatise.

^s Page 6, 7, of the preface, by Concanen, to a book entitled, A Collection of all the Letters, Essays, Verses, and Advertisements, occasioned by Pope and Swift's Miscellanies. Printed for A. Moore, octavo, 1714.

^t Key to the Dunciad, 3d edition, p. 18.

^u A List of Persons, &c. at the end of the fore-mentioned Collection of all the Letters, Essays, &c.

genius and excellencies, that notwithstanding he professes a veneration almost rising to idolatry for the writings of this inimitable poet, he would be very loath even to do him justice, at the expence of that other gentleman's character^x."

MR. CHARLES GILDON,

after having violently attacked him in many pieces, at last came to wish from his heart, "That Mr. Pope would be prevailed upon to give us Ovid's Epistles by his hand; for it is certain we see the original of Sappho to Phaon with much more life and likeness in his version than in that of Sir Car Scrope. And this (he adds) is the more to be wished, because in the English tongue we have scarce any thing truly and naturally written upon Love^y." He also, in taxing Sir Richard Blackmore for his heterodox opinions of Homer, challenges him to answer what Mr. Pope hath said in his preface to that poet.

MR. OLDMIXON

calls him a great master of our tongue; declares "The purity and perfection of the English language to be found in his Homer; and, saying there are more good verses in Dryden's Virgil than in any other work, excepts this of our author only^z."

^x Introduction to Shakspeare Restored, in quarto, p. 3.

^y Commentary on the Duke of Buckingham's Essay, 8vo. 1721, p. 97, 98.

^z In his prose Essay on Criticism.

THE AUTHOR OF A LETTER TO MR. CIBBER

says ^a, “ Pope was so good a versifier [*once*] that his predecessor Mr. Dryden, and his contemporary Mr. Prior excepted, the harmony of his numbers *is* equal to any body’s; and that he *had* all the merit that a man can have that way.” And

MR. THOMAS COOKE,

after much blemishing our author’s Homer, crieth out,

“ But in his other works what beauties shine,
While sweetest music dwells in ev’ry line!
These he admir’d, on these he stamp’d his praise,
And bade them live to brighten future days ^b.”

So also one who takes the name of

H. STANHOPE,

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

“ ’Tis true, if finest notes alone could show
(Tun’d justly high, or regularly low)
That we should fame to these mere vocals give;
Pope more than we can offer should receive:

^a Printed by J. Roberts, 1742, p. 11.

^b Battle of Poets, folio, p. 15.

^c Printed under the title of The Progress of Dulness, duo-

For when some gliding river is his theme,
His lines run smoother than the smoothest stream," &c.

MIST'S JOURNAL, JUNE 8, 1728.

Although he says, "The smooth numbers of the Dunciad are all that recommend it, nor has it any other merit;" yet that same paper hath these words: "The author is allowed to be a perfect master of an easy and elegant versification. In all his works we find the most happy turns, and natural similies, wonderfully short, and thick sown."

The Essay on the Dunciad also owns, p. 25, it is very full of beautiful images. But the panegyric, which crowns all that can be said on this poem, is bestowed by our Laureat,

MR. COLLEY CIBBER,

who "grants it to be a better poem of its kind than ever was writ:" but adds, "it was a victory over a parcel of poor wretches, whom it was almost cowardice to conquer.—A man might as well triumph for having killed so many silly flies that offended him. Could he have let them alone, by this time, poor souls! they had all been buried in oblivion^d." Here we see our excellent Laureat allows the justice of the satire on every man in it but himself, as the great Mr. Dennis did before him.

^d Cibber's Letter to Mr. Pope, p. 9, 12.

The said

MR. DENNIS AND MR. GILDON,

in the most furious of all their works, (the forecited Character, p. 5) do in concert ^e confess, "That some men of good understanding value him for his rhymes." And (p. 17) "That he has got, like Mr. Bayes in the Rehearsal, (that is, like Mr. Dryden) a notable knack at rhyming, and writing smooth verse."

* ^e *In concert.*] Hear how Mr. Dennis hath proved our mistake in this place: "As to my writing in *concert* with Mr. Gildon, I declare upon the honour and word of a gentleman, that I never wrote so much as one line in *concert* with any one man whatsoever. And these two letters from Gildon will plainly shew that we are not writers in *concert* with each other.

Sir,

—The height of my ambition is to please men of the best judgment; and finding that I have entertained my master agreeably, I have the extent of the reward of my labour.

Sir,

I had not the opportunity of hearing of your excellent pamphlet till this day. I am infinitely satisfied and pleased with it, and hope you will meet with that encouragement your admirable performance deserves, &c.

CH. GILDON.

"Now is it not plain that any one who sends such compliments to another, has not been used to write in partnership with him to whom he sends them?" Dennis, Remarks on the Dunciad, p. 50. Mr. Dennis is therefore welcome to take this piece to himself.

Of his *Essay on Man*, numerous were the praises bestowed by his avowed enemies, in the imagination that the same was not written by him, as it was printed anonymously.

Thus sang of it even

BEZALEEL MORRIS.

“Auspicious bard! while all admire thy strain,
All but the selfish, ignorant, and vain;
I, whom no bribe to servile flatt’ry drew,
Must pay the tribute to thy merit due:
Thy muse sublime, significant, and clear,
Alike informs the soul, and charms the ear.”

And

MR. LEONARD WELSTED

thus wrote ^f to the unknown author, on the first publication of the said *Essay*; “I must own, after the reception which the vilest and most immoral ribaldry hath lately met with, I was surprised to see what I had long despaired, a performance deserving the name of a poet. Such, Sir, is your work. It is, indeed, above all commendation, and ought to have been published in an age and country more worthy of it. If my testimony be of weight any where, you are sure to have it in the amplest manner,” &c. &c. &c.

Thus ~~we~~ see every one of his works hath been extolled by one or other of his most inveterate enemies;

^f In a letter under his hand, dated March 12, 1733.

and to the success of them all they do unanimously give testimony. But it is sufficient, *instar omnium*, to behold the great critic, Mr. Dennis, sorely lamenting it, even from the Essay on Criticism to this day of the Dunciad! “A most notorious instance (quoth he) of the depravity of genius and taste, the approbation this Essay meets with^g.—I can safely affirm, that I never attacked any of these writings, unless they had success infinitely beyond their merit.—This, though an empty, has been a popular scribbler. The epidemic madness of the times has given him reputation^h.—If, after the cruel treatment so many extraordinary men (Spenser, Lord Bacon, Ben Jonson, Milton, Butler, Otway, and others) have received from this country for these last hundred years, I should shift the scene, and shew all that penury changed at once to riot and profuseness, and more squandered away upon one object than would have satisfied the greater part of those extraordinary men; the reader, to whom this one creature should be unknown, would fancy him a prodigy of art and nature; would believe that all the great qualities of these persons were centred in him alone.—But if I should venture to assure him that the people of England had made such a choice—the reader would either believe me a malicious enemy and slanderer, or

^g Dennis, Preface to his Reflections on the Essay on Criticism.

^h Preface to his Remarks on Homer.

that the reign of the last (Queen Anne's) ministry was designed by fate to encourage foolsⁱ."

But it happens that this our poet never had any place, pension, or gratuity, in any shape, from the said glorious Queen, or any of her ministers. All he owed, in the whole course of his life, to any court, was a subscription for his Homer of 200*l.* from King George I. and 100*l.* from the Prince and Princess.

However, lest we imagine our author's success was constant and universal, they acquaint us of certain works in a less degree of repute, whereof, although owned by others, yet do they assure us he is the writer. Of this sort Mr. Dennis^k ascribes to him two Farces, whose names he does not tell, but assures us that there is not one jest in them; and an imitation of Horace, whose title he does not mention, but assures us it is much more execrable than all his works^l. The DAILY JOURNAL, May 11, 1728, assures us, "He is below Tom Durfey in the drama; because (as that writer thinks) the Marriage-Hater Matched, and the Boarding-School, are better than the What-d'ye-call it;" which is not Mr. P's. but Mr. Gay's. Mr. Gildon assures us, in his New Rehearsal, p. 48, "That he was writing a play of the Lady Jane Gray;" but it afterwards proved to be Mr. Rowe's. We are assured by another, "He wrote a pamphlet called Dr. An-

ⁱ Remarks on Homer, p. 8, 9.

^k Ibid. p. 8.

^l Character of Mr. Pope, p. 7.

drew Tripe^m;" which proved to be one Dr. Wagstaff's. Mr. Theobald assures, in *MIST* of the 27th of April, "That the treatise of the Profound is very dull, and that Mr. Pope is the author of it."ⁿ The writer of *Gulliveriana* is of another opinion; and says, "The whole, or greatest part, of the merit of this treatise must and can only be ascribed to Gulliverⁿ." [Here, gentle reader! cannot I but smile at the strange blindness and positiveness of men, knowing the said treatise to appertain to none other but to me, *Martinus Scriblerus*.]

We are assured in *MIST* of June 8, "That his own plays and farces would better have adorned the *Dunciad* than those of Mr. Theobald; for he had neither genius for tragedy nor comedy." Which, whether true or not it is not easy to judge, in as much as he had attempted neither; unless we will take it for granted, with Mr. Cibber, that his being once very angry at hearing a friend's play abused, was an infallible proof the play was his own; the said Mr. Cibber thinking it impossible for a man to be much concerned for any but himself: "Now let any man judge (saith he) by this concern, who was the true mother of the child^o?"

But from all that hath been said, the discerning reader will collect, that it little availed our author, to have any candour, since, when he declared he did not write for others, it was not credited; as little to have

^m Character of Mr. Pope, p. 6.

ⁿ Gulliver, p. 336.

^o Cibber's Letter to Mr. Pope, p. 19.

any modesty, since, when he declined writing in any way himself, the presumption of others was imputed to him. If he singly enterprized one great work, he was taxed of boldness and madness to a prodigy^p: if he took assistants in another, it was complained of, and represented as a great injury to the public^q. The loftiest heroics, the lowest ballads, treatises against the state or church, satires on lords and ladies, raillery on wits and authors, squabbles with booksellers, or even full and true accounts of monsters, poisons, and murders; of any hereof was there nothing so good, nothing so bad, which had not, at one or other season, been to him ascribed. If it bore no author's name, then lay he concealed; if it did, he fathered it upon that author to be yet better concealed: if it resembled any of his styles, then was it evident; if it did not, then disguised he it on set purpose. Yea, even direct oppositions in religion, principles, and politics, have equally been supposed in him inherent. Surely a most rare and singular character! of which let the reader make what he can.

Doubtless most commentators would hence take occasion to turn all to their author's advantage, and, from the testimony of his very enemies, would affirm, that his capacity was boundless as well as his Imagi-

^p Burnet's Homerides, p. 1, of his Translation of the Iliad.

^q The London and Mist's Journals, on his undertaking the Odyssey.

nation; that he was a perfect master of all styles, and all arguments; and that there was in those times no other writer, in any kind, of any degree of excellence, save he himself. But as this is not our own sentiment, we shall determine on nothing; but leave thee, gentle reader, to steer thy judgment equally between various opinions, and to choose whether thou wilt incline to the testimonies of authors avowed, or of authors concealed; of those who knew him, or of those who knew him not. P.

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS

OF THE POEM.

THIS poem, as it celebrateth the most grave and ancient of things, Chaos, Night, and Dulness; so is it of the most grave and ancient kind. Homer (saith Aristotle) was the first who gave the form, and (saith Horace) who adapted the measure, to heroic poesy. But even before this, may be rationally presumed, from what the ancients have left written, was a piece by Homer, composed of like nature and matter with this of our poet: for of epic sort it appeareth to have been, yet of matter surely not unpleasant, witness what is reported of it by the learned Archbishop Eustathius, in Odyssey X. And accordingly Aristotle, in his Poetic, chap. iv. doth further set forth, that as the Iliad and Odyssey gave an example to tragedy, so did this poem to comedy its first idea.

From these authors also it should seem that the hero, or chief personage of it, was no less obscure, and his understanding and sentiments no less quaint and strange (if indeed not more so) than any of the actors of our poem. Margifès was the name of this personage, whom antiquity recordeth to have been Duncethe first; and surely, from what we hear of him, not unworthy to be the root of so spreading a tree, and so numerous a posterity. The poem, therefore, celebrating him, was properly and absolutely a Dunciad; which though now unhappily lost, yet is its nature

sufficiently known by the infallible tokens aforesaid. And thus it doth appear that the first Dunciad was the first epic poem, written by Homer himself, and anterior even to the Iliad or Odyssey.

Now, forasmuch as our poet hath translated those two famous works of Homer which are yet left, he did conceive it in some sort his duty to imitate that also which was lost; and was therefore induced to bestow on it the same form which Homer's is reported to have had, namely, that of epic poem, with a title also framed after the ancient Greek manner, to wit, that of Dunciad.

Wonderful it is that so few of the moderns have been stimulated to attempt some Dunciad! since, in the opinion of the multitude, it might cost less pain and toil than an imitation of the greater epic. But possible it is also that, on due reflection, the maker might find it easier to paint a Charlemagne, a Brute, or a Godfrey, with just pomp and dignity heroic, than a Margites, a Codrus, or a Fleckno.

We shall next declare the occasion and the cause which moved our poet to this particular work. He lived in those days when (after Providence had permitted the invention of printing as a scourge for the sins of the learned) paper also became so cheap, and printers so numerous, that a deluge of authors covered the land; whereby not only the peace of the honest unwriting subject was daily molested, but unmerciful demands were made of his applause, yea of his money,

by such as would neither earn the one nor deserve the other. At the same time the licence of the press was such, that it grew dangerous to refuse them either; for they would forthwith publish slanders unpunished, the authors being anonymous and skulking under the wings of publishers, a set of men who never scrupled to vend either calumny or blasphemy, as long as the town would call for it.

^r Now our author, living in those times, did conceive it an endeavour well worthy an honest satirist, to dissuade the dull, and punish the wicked, the only way there was left. In that public-spirited view he laid the plan of this poem, as the greatest service he was capable (without much hurt, or being slain) to render his dear country. First, taking things from their original, he considereth the causes creative of such authors, namely dulness and poverty; the one born with them, the other contracted by neglect of their proper talents, through self-conceit of greater abilities. This truth he wrappeth in an allegory ^s (as the construction of epic poesy requireth) and feigns that one of these goddesses had taken up her abode with the other, and that they jointly inspired all such writers and such works ^t. He proceedeth to shew the qualities they bestow on these authors, and the effects they produce ^u; then the materials, or stock, with which they furnish them ^x; and

^r Vide Bossu, *Du Poeme Epique*, chap. viii.
chap. vii.

^t Book I. ver. 32, &c.

^s Bossu,
^u Ver. 45 to 54.

^x Ver. 57 to 77.

(above all) that self-opinion^y which causeth it to seem to themselves vastly greater than it is, and is the prime motive of their setting up in this sad and sorry merchandise. The great power of these goddesses acting in alliance (whereof as the one is the mother of industry, so is the other of plodding) was to be exemplified in some one, great, and remarkable action^z: and none could be more so than that which our poet hath chosen, viz. the restoration of the reign of Chaos and Night, by the ministry of Dulness their daughter, in the removal of her imperial seat from the city to the polite world; as the action of the *Æneid* is the restoration of the empire of Troy, by the removal of the race from thence to Latium. But as Homer singing only the wrath of Achilles, yet includes in his poem the whole history of the Trojan war; in like manner our author hath drawn into this single action the whole history of Dulness and her children.

A person must next be fixed upon to support this action. This phantom, in the poet's mind, must have a name^a. He finds it to be —; and he becomes of course the hero of the poem.

The fable being thus, according to the best example, one and entire, as contained in the proposition; the machinery is a continued chain of allegories, setting forth the whole power, ministry, and empire of

^y Ver. 80.

^z Bossu, chap. vii, viii.

^a Bossu, chap. iii. Vide Aristot. Poetic. cap. ix.

Dulness, extended through her subordinate instruments, in all her various operations.

This is branched into episodes, each of which hath its moral apart, though all conducive to the main end. The crowd assembled in the second Book demonstrates the design to be more extensive than to bad poets only, and that we may expect other episodes of the patrons, encouragers, or paymasters, of such authors, as occasion shall bring them forth. And the third Book, if well considered, seemeth to embrace the whole world. Each of the games relateth to some or other vile class of writers. The first concerneth the plagiarist, to whom he giveth the name of Moore; the second the libellous novelist, whom he styleth Eliza; the third, the flattering dedicator; the fourth, the bawling critic, or noisy poet; the fifth, the dark and dirty party-writer; and so of the rest; assigning to each some proper name or other, such as he could find.

As for the characters, the public hath already acknowledged how justly they are drawn. The manners are so depicted, and the sentiments so peculiar to those to whom applied, that surely to transfer them to any other or wiser personages would be exceeding difficult: and certain it is that every person concerned, being consulted apart, hath readily owned the resemblance of every portrait, his own excepted. So Mr. Cibber calls them “a parcel of poor wretches, so many silly

flies^b;" but adds, "our author's wit is remarkably more bare and barren whenever it would fall foul on Cibber than upon any other person whatever."

The descriptions are singular, the comparisons very quaint, the narration various, yet of one colour; the purity and chastity of diction is so preserved, that in the places most suspicious, not the words, but only the images, have been censured; and yet are those images no other than have been sanctified by ancient and classical authority, (though, as was the manner of those good times, not so curiously wrapped up) yea, and commented upon by the most grave doctors and approved critics.

As it beareth the name of epic, it is thereby subjected to such severe indispensable rules as are laid on all neoterics, a strict imitation of the ancients; inso-much that any deviation, accompanied with whatever poetic beauties, hath always been censured by the sound critic. How exact that imitation hath been in this piece, appeareth not only by its general structure, but by particular allusions infinite, many whereof have escaped both the commentator and poet himself; yea divers, by his exceeding diligence, are so altered and interwoven with the rest, that several have already been, and more will be, by the ignorant abused, as altogether and originally his own.

In a word, the whole poem proveth itself to be the

^b Cibber's Letter to Mr. P. p. 9, 12, 41.

work of our author, when his faculties were in full vigour and perfection; at that exact time when years have ripened the judgment without diminishing the imagination; which, by good critics, is held to be punctually at *forty*: for at that season it was that Virgil finished his *Georgics*; and Sir Richard Blackmore, at the like age composing his *Arthurs*, declared the same to be the very *acme* and pitch of life for epic poesy; though, since, he hath altered it to *sixty*, the year in which he published his *Alfred*^c. True it is that the talents for criticism, namely smartness, quick censure, vivacity of remark, certainty of asseveration, indeed all but acerbity, seem rather the gifts of youth than of riper age; but it is far otherwise in poetry; witness the works of Mr. Rymer and Mr. Dennis, who beginning with criticism, became afterwards such poets as no age hath paralleled. With good reason, therefore, did our author choose to write his Essay on that subject at twenty, and reserve for his maturer years this great and wonderful work of *THE DUNCIAD*. P.

^c See his Essays

RICARDUS ARISTARCHUS

OF THE HERO OF THE POEM.

OF the nature of Dunciad in general, whence derived, and on what authority founded, as well as of the art and conduct of this our poem in particular, the learned and laborious Scriblerus hath, according to his manner, and with tolerable share of judgment, dissertated: but when he cometh to speak of the person of the hero fitted for such poem, in truth he miserably halts and hallucinates: for, misled by one Monsieur Bossu, a Gallic critic, he prateth of I cannot tell what phantom of a hero, only raised up to support the fable. A putid conceit! as if Homer and Virgil, like modern undertakers, who first build their house, and then seek out for a tenant, had contrived the story of a war and a wandering before they once thought either of Achilles or Æneas. We shall therefore set our good brother, and the world also, right in this particular, by assuring them that, in the greater epic, the prime intention of the muse is to exalt heroic virtue, in order to propagate the love of it among the children of men; and, consequently, that the poet's first thought must needs be turned upon a real subject meet for laud and celebration; not one whom he is to make, but one whom he may find, truly illustrious. This is the *primum mobile* of this poetic world, whence every thing is to receive life and motion: for this subject being found, he is immediately ordained, or rather acknowledged, an

hero, and put upon such action as befitteth the dignity of his character.

But the muse ceaseth not here her eagle-flight: for sometimes, satiated with the contemplation of these suns of glory, she turneth downward on her wing, and darts with Jove's lightning on the goose and serpent kind. For we apply to the muse, in her various moods, what an ancient master of wisdom affirmeth of the gods in general: "*Si Dii non irascuntur impiis et injustis, nec pios utique justosque diligunt. In rebus enim diversis, ut in utramque partem moveri necesse est, aut in neutram. Itaque qui bonos diligit et malos odit; et qui malos non odit, nec bonos diligit. Quia et diligere bonos ex odio malorum venit; et malos odisse ex bonorum caritate descendit.*" Which, in our vernacular idiom, may be thus interpreted: If the gods be not provoked at evil men, neither are they delighted with the good and just; for contrary objects must either excite contrary affections or no affections at all. So that he who loveth good men must at the same time hate the bad; and he who hateth not bad men cannot love the good; because to love good men proceedeth from an aversion to evil, and to hate evil men from a tenderness to the good. From this delicacy of the muse arose the little epic (more lively and choleric than her elder sister, whose bulk and complexion incline her to the flegmatic), and for this some notorious vehicle of vice and folly was sought out to make thereof an example; an early instance of which

(nor could it escape the accurate Scriblerus) the father himself of epic poem affordeth us. From him the practice descended to the Greek dramatic poets, his offspring; who in the composition of their tetralogy, or set of four pieces, were wont to make the last a satiric tragedy. Happily one of these ancient Dunciads (as we may well term it) is come down unto us, amongst the tragedies of the poet Euripides; and what doth the reader suppose may be the subject thereof? Why in truth, and it is worthy observation, the unequal contest of an old, dull, debauched buffoon Cyclops, with the heaven directed favourite of Minerva: who, after having quietly borne all the monster's obscene and impious ribaldry, endeth the farce in punishing him with the mark of an indelible brand in his forehead. May we not then be excused if, for the future, we consider the epics of Homer, Virgil, and Milton, together with this our poem, as a complete tetralogy, in which the last worthily holdeth the place or station of the satiric piece?

Proceed we therefore in our subject. It hath been long, and, alas for pity! still remaineth a question, whether the hero of the greater epic should be an honest man; or, as the French critics express it, *un honnête homme*^d; but it never admitted of any doubt, but

^d Si un heros poétique doit être un honnête homme. Bossu, Du Poëme Epique, liv. v. ch. 5.

that the hero of the little epic should be his very opposite. Hence, to the advantage of our Dunciad, we may observe how much juster the moral of that poem must needs be where so important a question is previously decided.

But then it is not every knave, nor (let me add) every fool, that is a fit subject for a Dunciad. There must still exist some analogy, if not resemblance, of qualities between the heroes of the two poems; and this, in order to admit what neoteric critics call the parody, one of the liveliest graces of the little epic. Thus it being agreed that the constituent qualities of the greater epic hero are *wisdom, bravery, and love*, from whence springeth heroic virtue; it followeth that those of the lesser epic hero should be *vanity, assurance, and debauchery*: from which happy assemblage resulteth heroic dulness, the never-dying subject of this our poem.

This being settled, come we now to particulars. It is the character of true wisdom to seek its chief support and confidence within itself, and to place that support in the resources which proceed from a conscious rectitude of will.—And are the advantages of vanity, when arising to the heroic standard, at all short of this self-complacence? nay, are they not, in the opinion of the enamoured owner, far beyond it? “Let the world (will such a one say) impute to me what folly or weakness they please; but till wisdom can give me

something that will make me more heartily happy, I am contented to be gazed at^e." This, we see, is vanity, according to the heroic gage or measure: not that low and ignoble species which pretendeth to virtues we have not; but the laudable ambition of being gazed at for glorying in those vices which every body knows we have. "The world may ask (says he) why I make my follies public? Why not? I have passed my time very pleasantly with them^f." In short, there is no sort of vanity such a hero would scruple to exult in but that which might go near to degrade him from his high station in this our Dunciad, namely, "Whether it would not be vanity in him to take shame to himself for not being a wise man^g?"

Bravery, the second attribute of the true hero, is courage manifesting itself in every limb; while its correspondent virtue in the mock hero is that same courage all collected into the face. And as power, when drawn together, must needs have more force and spirit than when dispersed, we generally find this kind of courage in so high and heroic a degree, that it insults not only men, but gods. Mezentius is, without doubt, the bravest character in all the *Æneis*: but how? His bravery, we know, was an high courage of blasphemy. And can we say less of this brave man's? who having told us that he placed "his *summum bonum* in those

^e Ded. to the Life of C. Cibber.

^f Life, p. 2. oct. edit.

^g Life of C. Cibber, p. 2. octavo.

follies which he was not content barely to possess, but would likewise glory in," adds, "If I am misguided, 'tis nature's fault, and I follow her^h." Nor can we be mistaken in making this happy quality a species of courage, when we consider those illustrious marks of it which made his face "more known (as he justly boasteth) than most in the kingdom;" and his language to consist of what we must allow to be the most daring figure of speech, that which is taken from the name of God.

Gentle love, the next ingredient in the true hero's composition, is a mere bird of passage, or (as Shakespeare calls it) *Summer-teeming lust*, and evaporates in the heat of youth; doubtless by that refinement it suffers in passing through those certain strainers which our poet somewhere speaketh ofⁱ; but when it is let alone to work upon the lees, it acquireth strength by old age, and becometh a lasting ornament to the little epic. It is true, indeed, there is one objection to its fitness for such an use; for not only the ignorant may think it common, but it is admitted to be so even by him who best knoweth its value. "Don't you think (argueth he) to say only a man has his whore^k, ought

^h Life of C. Cibber, p. 23.

ⁱ Lust, through some certain strainers well refin'd,
Is gentle love, and charms all womankind.

^k Alluding to these lines in the Epist. to Dr. Arbuthnot:

"And has not Colly still his lord and whore,
"His butchers Henley, and his free-mason's Moore?"

to go for little or nothing? Because, *defendit numerus*, take the first ten thousand men you meet, and, I believe, you would be no loser if you betted ten to one that every single sinner of them, one with another, had been guilty of the same frailty¹." But here he seemeth not to have done justice to himself: the man is sure enough a hero who hath his lady at fourscore. How ~~doth~~ his modesty herein lessen the merit of a whole well-spent life? not taking to himself the commendation (which Horace accounted the greatest in a theatrical character) of continuing to the very dregs the same he was from the beginning

“ ———Servetur ad imum
Qualis ab incepto processerat.”——

But here, in justice both to the poet and the hero, let us farther remark, that the calling her his whore, implieth she was his own, and not his neighbour's. Truly a commendable continence! and such as Scipio himself must have applauded: for how much self-denial was exerted not to covet his neighbour's whore! and what disorders must the coveting her have occasioned in that society, where (according to this political calculator) nine in ten of all ages have their concubines!

We have now, as briefly as we could devise, gone through the three constituent qualities of either hero:

¹ C. Cibber's Letter to Mr. P. p. 46.

but it is not in any, nor in all of these, that heroism properly or essentially resideth. It is a lucky result rather from the collision of these lively qualities against one another. Thus, as from wisdom, bravery, and love, ariseth magnanimity, the object of admiration, which is the aim of the greater epic; so from vanity, impudence, and debauchery, springeth buffoonery, the source of ridicule, that "laughing ornament," as the owner well termeth it ^m of the little epic.

He is not ashamed (God forbid he ever should be ashamed!) of this character, who deemeth that not reason, but risibility, distinguisheth the human species from the brutal. "As nature (saith this profound philosopher) distinguished our species from the mute creation by our risibility, her design must have been by that faculty as evidently to raise our happiness, as by our *os sublime* (our erected faces) to lift the dignity of our form above themⁿ." All this considered, how complete a hero must he be, as well as how happy a man, whose risibility lieth not barely in his muscles, as in the common sort, but (as himself informeth us) in his very spirits! and whose *os sublime* is not simply an erect face, but a brâzen head; as should seem by his preferring it to one of iron, said to belong to the late King of Sweden^o.

But whatever personal qualities a hero may have,

^m C. Cibber's Letter to Mr. P. p. 31.

ⁿ C. Cibber's Life, p. 23, 24.

^o Letter, p. 8.

the examples of Achilles and Æneas shew us that all these are of small avail without the constant assistance of the gods; for the subversion and erection of empires have never been adjudged the work of man. How greatly soever then we may esteem of his high talents, we can hardly conceive his personal prowess alone sufficient to restore the decayed empire of Dulness. So weighty an achievement must require the particular favour and protection of the great, who being the natural patrons and supporters of letters, as the ancient gods were of Troy, must first be drawn off, and engaged in another interest, before the total subversion of them can be accomplished. To surmount, therefore, this last and greatest difficulty, we have, in this excellent man, a professed favourite and intimado of the great. And look of what force ancient piety was to draw the gods into the party of Æneas, that, and much stronger, is modern incense to engage the great in the party of Dulness.

Thus have we essayed to pourtray or shadow out this noble imp of fame. But now the impatient reader will be apt to say, if so many and various graces go to the making up a hero, what mortal shall suffice to bear his character? Ill hath he read who seeth not, in every trace of this picture, that individual all-accomplished person, in whom these rare virtues and lucky circumstances have agreed to meet and centre, with the strongest lustre and fullest harmony.

The good Scriblerus, indeed, nay the world itself

might be imposed on, in the late spurious editions, by I cannot tell what sham-hero or phantom; but it was not so easy to impose on him whom this egregious error most of all concerned: for no sooner had the fourth Book laid open the high and swelling scene, but he recognized his own heroic acts; and when he came to the words,

“Soft on her lap her laureat son reclines,”

(though laureat imply no more than one crowned with laurel, as befiteth any associate or consort in empire) he loudly resented this indignity to violated majesty. Indeed not without cause, he being there represented as fast asleep; so misbeseeming the eye of empire, which, like that of Jove, should never doze nor slumber. “Ha! (saith he) fast asleep it seems! that is a little too strong. Pert and dull at least you might have allowed me, but as seldom asleep as any fool^p.” However, the injured laureat may comfort himself with this reflection, that though it be a sleep, yet it is not the sleep of death, but of immortality. Here he will^q live at least, though not awake, and in no worse condition than many an enchanted hero before him. The famous Durandarte, for instance, was, like him, cast into a long slumber by Merlin the British bard and necromancer; and his example, for submitting to it with a good grace, might be of service to our hero: for

^p C. Cibber's Letter, p. 53.

^q Ibid. p. 1.

that disastrous knight, being sorely pressed or driven to make his answer by several persons of quality^r, only replied with a sigh, "Patience, and shuffle the cards^s."

But now, as nothing in this world, no not the most sacred or perfect things either of religion or government, can escape the stings of envy, methinks I already hear these carpers objecting to the clearness of our hero's title.

It would never (say they) have been esteemed sufficient to make an hero for the *Iliad* or *Æneis*, that Achilles was brave enough to overturn one empire, or Æneas pious enough to raise another, had they not been goddess-born, and princes-bred. What then did this author mean by erecting a player, instead of one of his patrons, (a person "never a hero even on the stage") to this dignity of colleague in the empire of Dulness, and achiever of a work that neither old Omar, Attila, nor John of Leyden, could entirely bring to pass?

To all this we have, as we conceive, a sufficient answer from the Roman historian, *Fabrum esse suæ quemque fortunæ*: "That every man is the carver of his own fortune." The politic Florentine, Nicholas Machiavel, goeth still further, and affirmeth, that a man needeth but to believe himself a hero to be one of the worthiest that ever breathed. "Let him (saith

^r See Cibber's Letter to Mr. P.

^s Don Quixote,

Part II. Book ii. ch. 22.

^t See Cibber's Life, p. 148.

he) but fancy himself capable of high things, and he will of course be able to achieve the highest." From this principle it followeth that nothing can exceed our hero's prowess, as nothing ever equalled the greatness of his conceptions. Hear how he constantly paragon himself; at one time to Alexander the Great and Charles XII. of Sweden, for the excess and delicacy of his ambition^u; to Henry IV. of France, for honest policy^x; to the first Brutus, for love of liberty^y; and to Sir Robert Walpole, for good government while in power^z. At another time to the godlike Socrates, for his diversions and amusements^a; to Horace, Montaigne, and Sir William Temple, for an elegant vanity that maketh them for ever read and admired^b; to two Lord Chancellors for law, from whom, when confederate against him at the bar, he carried away the prize of eloquence^c; and to say all in a word, to the Right Reverend, the Lord Bishop of London himself, in the art of writing pastoral letters^d.

Nor did his actions fall short of the sublimity of his conceit. In his early youth he met the revolution^e face to face in Nottingham, at a time when other patriots contented themselves to follow her. It was here he got acquainted with old Battle-array, of whom he hath made so honourable mention in one of his immortal

^u C. Cibber's Life, p. 149. ^x Ib. p. 424. ^y Ib. p. 366.

^z Ib. p. 457. ^a Ib. p. 18. ^b Ib. p. 425.

^c P. 463, 437. ^d P. 52. ^e P. 47.

odes ^f. But he shone in courts as well as camps: he was called up when the nation fell in labour of this revolution^g; and was a gossip at her christening with the bishop and the ladies^h.

As to his birth, it is true he pretendeth no relation either to heathen god or goddess; but, what is as good, he was descended from a maker of bothⁱ. And that he did not pass himself on the world for a hero, as well by birth as education, was his own fault; for his lineage he bringeth into his life as an anecdote, and is sensible he had it in his power to be thought nobody's son at all^k: and what is that, I pray you, but coming into the world a hero?

But be it (the punctilious laws of epic poesy so requiring) that a hero of more than mortal birth must needs be procured for this achievement; even for this we have a resource. We can easily derive our hero's pedigree from a goddess of no small power and authority amongst men; and legitimate and instal him after the right classical and authentic fashion: for, like as the ancient sages found a son of Mars in a mighty warrior, a son of Neptune in a skilful seaman, a son of Phœbus in a harmonious poet; so have we here, if need be, a son of fortune in an artful gamester.

^f "Old Battle-array in confusion is fled;

And olive-rob'd peace is come in his stead," &c.

CIBBER'S Birth-day, or, New Year's Day Ode.

^g Cibber's Life, p. 57.

^h P. 58, 59.

ⁱ A Statuary.

^k Life, p. 6.

And who, I pray you, fitter than the offspring of chance to assist in restoring the empire of night and chaos?

There is, in truth, another objection of greater weight, namely, that this hero still existeth, and hath not yet finished his earthly course. For if Solon said well,

“ —ultima semper
Expectanda dies homini: dieique beatus
Ante obitum nemo supremaque funera debet:”

That no man could be called happy till his death, surely much less can any one, till then, be pronounced a hero; this species of men being far more subject than others to the caprices of fortune and humour. But to this also we have an answer, which will (we hope) be deemed decisive. It cometh from himself, who, to cut this matter short, hath solemnly protested that he will never change or amend.

With regard to his vanity, he declareth that nothing shall ever part them. “ Nature (saith he) hath amply supplied me in vanity; a pleasure which neither the pertness of wit, nor the gravity of wisdom, will ever persuade me to part with¹.” Our poet had charitably endeavoured to administer a cure to it; but he telleth us plainly, “ My superiors, perhaps, may be mended by him; but, for my part, I own myself incorrigible.

¹ C. Cibber's Life, p. 424.

I look upon my follies as the best part of my fortune^m." And with good reason: we see to what they have brought him!

Secondly, as to buffoonery, "Is it (saith he) a time of day for me to leave off these fooleries, and set up a new character? I can no more put off my follies than my skin: I have often tried, but they stick too close to me; nor am I sure my friends are displeased with them, for in this light I afford them frequent matter of mirth," &c. &c.ⁿ Having then so publickly declared himself incorrigible, he is become dead in law, (I mean the law *Epoptæian*) and devolveth upon the poet; is now his property; and may be taken and dealt with like an old Egyptian hero, that is to say, embowelled and embalmed for posterity.

Nothing therefore (we conceive) remaineth to hinder his own prophecy of himself from taking immediate effect. A rare felicity! and what few prophets have had the satisfaction to see alive! Nor can we conclude better than with that extraordinary one of his, which is conceived in these oraculous words, "My dulness will find somebody to do it right o."

*
 "Tandem Phœbus adest, morsusque inferre parentem
 Congelat, et patulos, ut erant, indurat hiatus p."

W.

^m C. Cibber's Life, p. 19.

ⁿ Ib. p. 17.

^o Ibid. p. 243. octavo edit. P Ovid, of the serpent biting at Orpheus's head.

P R E F A C E

PREFIXED TO THE
FIVE FIRST IMPERFECT EDITIONS OF THE DUNCIAD,
IN THREE BOOKS,

Printed at Dublin and London, in octavo and duodecimo, 1727.

THE PUBLISHER TO THE READER.

IT will be found a true observation, though somewhat surprising, that when any scandal is vented against a

The publisher.] Who he was is uncertain; but Edward Ward tells us, in his Preface to Dungen, "That most judges are of opinion this Preface is not of English extraction, but Hibernian," &c. He means it was written by Dr. Swift, who, whether the publisher or not, may be said, in a sort, to be author of the poem. For when he, together with Mr. Pope (for reasons specified in the Preface to their Miscellanies) determined to own the most trifling pieces in which they had any hand, and to destroy all that remained in their power, the first sketch of this poem was snatched from the fire by Dr. Swift, who persuaded his friend to proceed in it, and to him it was therefore inscribed. But the occasion of printing it was as follows:

There was published in those Miscellanies a Treatise of the Bathos, or, Art of Sinking in Poetry, in which was a chapter where the species of bad writers were ranged in classes, and initial letters of names prefixed, for the most part, at random. But such was the number of poets eminent in that art, that some one or other took every letter to himself. All fell into so violent a fury, that for half a year, or more, the common newspapers (in most of which they had some property, as being hired writers)

man of the highest distinction and character, either in the state or literature, the public in general afford it a most quiet reception, and the larger part accept it as favourably as if it were some kindness done to themselves: whereas, if a known scoundrel or blockhead but chance to be touched upon, a whole legion is up in arms, and it becomes the common cause of all scribblers, booksellers, and printers whatsoever.

Not to search too deeply into the reason hereof, I will only observe as a fact, that every week, for these two months past, the town has been persecuted with

were filled with the most abusive falsehoods and scurrilities they could possibly devise; a liberty no ways to be wondered at in those people, and in those papers, that, for many years, during the uncontrolled licence of the press, had aspersed almost all the great characters of the age; and this with impunity, their own persons and names being utterly secret and obscure. This gave Mr. Pope the thought, that he had now some opportunity of doing good, by detecting and dragging into light these common enemies of mankind; since, to invalidate this universal slander, it sufficed to shew what contemptible men were the authors of it. He was not without hopes that, by manifesting the dulness of those who had only malice to recommend them, either the booksellers would not find their account in employing them, or the men themselves, when discovered, want courage to proceed in so unlawful an occupation. This it was that gave birth to the *Dunciad*; and he thought it an happiness that, by the late flood of slander on himself, he had acquired such a peculiar right over their names as was necessary to his design.

W.

pamphlets, advertisements, letters, and weekly essays, not only against the wit and writings, but against the character and person, of Mr. Pope; and that of all those men who have received pleasure from his works, (which by modest computation may be about a hundred thousand in these kingdoms of England and Ireland, not to mention Jersey, Guernsey, the Orcades, those in the New World, and foreigners who have translated him into their languages) of all this number not a man hath stood up to say one word in his defence.

The only exception is the author of the following

Pamphlets, advertisements, &c.] See the list of those anonymous papers, with their dates, and authors annexed, inserted before the poem.

About a hundred thousand.] It is surprising with what stupidity this Preface, which is almost a continued irony, was taken by those authors. All such passages as these were understood by Curl, Cook, Cibber, and others, to be serious. Hear the Laureat, (Letter to Mr. Pope, p. 9.) "Though I grant the Dunciad a better poem of its kind than ever was writ, yet, when I read it with those *vain-glorious* incumbrances of notes and remarks upon it, &c.—it is amazing that you, who have writ with such masterly spirit upon the ruling passion, should be so blind a slave to your own, as not to see how far a *low avarice of praise*," &c. (taking it for granted that the notes of Scriblerus and others were the author's own.)

W.

The author of the following poem, &c.] A very plain irony, speaking of Mr. Pope himself.

W.

poem, who doubtless had either a better insight into the grounds of this clamour, or a better opinion of Mr. Pope's integrity, joined with a greater personal love for him than any other of his numerous friends and admirers.

Farther, that he was in his peculiar intimacy, appears from the knowledge he manifests of the most private authors of all the anonymous pieces against him, and from his having in this poem^a attacked no man living who had not before printed or published some scandal against this gentleman.

How I came possessed of it, is no concern to the reader; but it would have been a wrong to him had I detained the publication; since those names which are its chief ornaments die off daily so fast, as must render it too soon unintelligible. If it provoke the author to give us a more perfect edition, I have my end.

Who he is, I cannot say, and (which is a great pity) there is certainly nothing in his style and manner of writing which can distinguish or discover him; for if

^a The publisher, in these words, went a little too far; but it is certain whatever names the reader finds that are unknown to him are of such; and the exception is only of two or three, whose dulness, impudent scurrilities, or self-conceit, all mankind agreed to have justly entitled them to a place in the Dunciad. W

There is certainly nothing in his style, &c.] This irony had small effect in concealing the author. The Dunciad, imperfect as it was, had not been published two days, but the whole town gave it to Mr. Pope. W.

it bears any resemblance to that of Mr. Pope, it is not improbable but it might be done on purpose, with a view to have it pass for his. But by the frequency of his allusions to Virgil, and a laboured (not to say affected) shortness in imitation of him, I should think him more an admirer of the Roman poet than of the Grecian, and in that not of the same taste with his friend.

I have been well informed that this work was the labour of full six years of his life, and that he wholly retired himself from all the avocations and pleasures of the world to attend diligently to its correction and perfection; and six years more he intended to bestow upon it, as it should seem by this verse of Statius, which was cited at the head of his manuscript:—

The labour of full six years, &c.] This also was honestly and seriously believed by divers gentlemen of the Dunciad. J. Ralph, preface to Sawney: “We are told it was the labour of six years, with the utmost assiduity and application: it is no great compliment to the author’s sense to have employed so large a part of his life,” &c. So also Ward, preface to Durgin: “The Dunciad, as the publisher very wisely confesses, cost the author six years’ retirement from all the pleasures of life; though it is somewhat difficult to conceive, from either its bulk or beauty, that it could be so long in hatching,” &c. But the length of time and closeness of application were mentioned to prepossess the reader with a good opinion of it.

They just as well understood what Scriblerus said of the poem.

W.

“ Oh mihi bisseuos multum vigilata per annos,
Duncia † !”

Hence also we learn the true title of the poem; which, with the same certainty as we call that of Homer the *Iliad*, of Virgil the *Æneid*, of Camoens the *Lusiad*, we may pronounce could have been, and can be, no other than

THE DUNCIAD.

It is styled heroic, as being doubly so; not only with respect to its nature, which, according to the best rules of the ancients, and strictest ideas of the moderns, is critically such; but also with regard to the heroical disposition and high courage of the writer, who dared to stir up such a formidable, irritable, and implacable race of mortals.

There may arise some obscurity in chronology from the names in the poem, by the inevitable removal of some authors, and insertion of others in their niches: for, whoever will consider the unity of the whole design, will be sensible that the poem was not made for these authors, but these authors for the poem. I should judge that they were clapped in as they rose, fresh and fresh, and changed from day to day; in like

† The prefacer to *Curl's Key*, p. 3, took this word to be really in Statius: “ By a quibble on the word *Duncia*, the *Dunciad* is formed.” Mr. Ward also follows him in the same opinion. W.

manner as when the old boughs wither, we thrust new ones into a chimney.

I would not have the reader too much troubled or anxious if he cannot decypher them; since, when he shall have found them out, he will probably know no more of the persons than before.

Yet we judged it better to preserve them as they are, than to change them for fictitious names, by which the satire would only be multiplied, and applied to many instead of one. Had the hero, for instance, been called Codrus, how many would have affirmed him to have been Mr. T. Mr. E. Sir R. B? &c. but now all that unjust scandal is saved, by calling him by a name which, by good luck, happens to be that of a real person.

A L I S T

OF

BOOKS, PAPERS, AND VERSES,

*In which our Author was abused before the Publication
of the Dunciad; with the true names of the Authors.*

REFLECTIONS Critical and Satirical on a late Rhapsody, called An Essay on Criticism. By Mr. Dennis. Printed by B. Lintot, price 6d.

A New Rehearsal; or, Bayes the Younger; containing an Examen of Mr. Rowe's plays, and a word or two on Mr. Pope's Rape of the Lock. Anon. By Charles Gildon. Printed for J. Roberts, 1714, price 1s.

Homerides; or, A Letter to Mr. Pope, occasioned by his intended Translation of Homer. By Sir Iliad Dogrel, Tho. Burnet and G. Ducket, Esquires. Printed for W. Wilkins, 1715, price 9d.

Æsop at the Bear-Garden; a Vision, in imitation of the Temple of Fame, by Mr. Preston. Sold by John Morphew, 1715, price 6d.

The Catholic Poet; or, Protestant Barnaby's sorrowful lamentation; a Ballad about Homer's Iliad. By Mrs. Centlivre and others, 1715, price 1d.

An Epilogue to a Puppet-Show at Bath, concerning the said Iliad. By George Ducket, Esq. Printed by E. Curl.

A complete Key to the What-d'ye-call-it. Anon. By *Griffin* a player, supervised by Mr. *Th——*. Printed by J. Roberts, 1715.

A true character of Mr. P. and his writings, in a letter to a friend. Anon. *Dennis*. Printed for S. Popping, 1716, price 3d.

The Confederates, a farce. By Joseph Gay. *J. D. Breval*. Printed for R. Burleigh, 1717, price 1s. 6d.

Remarks upon Mr. Pope's Translation of Homer; with two Letters concerning the Windsor Forest, and the Temple of Fame. By Mr. *Dennis*. Printed for E. Curl, 1717, price 1s. 6d.

Satires on the Translators of Homer, Mr. P. and Mr. T. Anon. *Bes. Morris*, 1717, price 6d.

The Triumvirate; or, A Letter from Palæmon to Celia at Bath. Anon. *Leonard Welsted*, 1711, folio, price 1s.

The Battle of Poets, an heroic poem. By *Tho. Cooke*. Printed for J. Roberts, folio, 1725.

Memoirs of Lilliput. Ann. *Eliza Haywood*, octavo. Printed in 1727.

An Essay on Criticism, in prose. By the author of the Critical History of England. *J. Oldmixon*, octavo. Printed 1728.

Gulliveriana and Alexandriana; with an ample preface and critique on Swift and Pope's Miscellanies. By *Jonathan Smedley*. Printed by J. Roberts, octavo, 1728.

Characters of the Times; or, An Account of the

Writings, Characters, &c. of several gentlemen libelled by S— and P—, in a late Miscellany, octavo, 1728.

Remarks on Mr. Pope's Rape of the Lock, in Letters to a Friend. By Mr. *Dennis*; written in 1724, though not printed till 1728, octavo.

VERSES, LETTERS, ESSAYS, OR ADVERTISEMENTS,

IN THE PUBLIC PRINTS.

British Journal, Nov. 25, 1727. A Letter on Swift and Pope's Miscellanies. Written by Mr. *Concanen*.

Daily Journal, March 18, 1728. A Letter by Philomauri. *James Moore Smith*.

Idem, March 29, A Letter about Thersites, accusing the author of disaffection to the government. By *James Moore Smith*.

Mist's Weekly Journal, March 30. An Essay on the Arts of a Poet's sinking in Reputation; or, a Supplement to the Art of sinking in Poetry. Supposed by Mr. *Theobald*.

Daily Journal, April 3. A Letter under the name of Philo-ditto. By *James Moore Smith*.

Flying Post, April 4. A Letter against Gulliver and Mr. P. By Mr. *Oldmixon*.

Daily Journal, April 5. An Auction of Goods at Twickenham. By *James Moore Smith*.

The Flying Post, April 6. A Fragment of a Treatise upon Swift and Pope. By Mr. *Oldmixon*.

The Senator, April 9. On the same. By *Edward Roome*.

Daily Journal, April 8. Advertisement by *James Moore Smith*.

Flying Post, April 13. Verses against Dr. Swift, and against Mr. P——'s Homer. By *J. Oldmixon*.

Daily Journal, April 23. Letter about the Translation of the Character of Thersites in Homer. By *Thomas Cooke, &c.*

Mist's Weekly Journal, April 27. A Letter of *Lewis Theobald*.

Daily Journal, May 11. A Letter against Mr. B: at large. Anon. *John Dennis*.

All these were afterwards reprinted in a pamphlet entitled, *A Collection of all the Verses, Essays, Letters, and Advertisements occasioned by Mr. Pope and Swift's Miscellanies*, prefaced by *Concanen*. Anon. Octavo, and printed for A. Moore, 1728, price 1s. Others, of an elder date, having lain as waste paper many years, were, upon the publication of the *Dunciad*, brought out, and their authors betrayed by the mercenary booksellers, (in hopes of some possibility of vending a few) by advertising them in this manner;—"The Confederates, a farce. By Capt. *Breval* (for which he was put into the *Dunciad*). An Epilogue to *Powel's Puppet-Show*. By Col. *Ducket* (for which he was put into the *Dunciad*). Essays, &c. By Sir *Richard Blackmore*. (N. B. It was for a passage of this book that Sir Richard was put into the *Dunciad*.)" And so of others.

AFTER THE DUNCIAD, 1728.

An Essay on the Dunciad, octavo, printed for J. Roberts [In this book, p. 9, it was formally declared, "That the complaint of the aforesaid libels and advertisements was forged and untrue, that all mouths had been silent except in Mr. Pope's praise; and nothing against him published but by Mr. Theobald."]

Sawney, in blank verse, occasioned by the Dunciad; with a critique on that Poem. By *J. Ralph* [a person never mentioned in it at first, but inserted after.] Printed for J. Roberts, octavo.

A complete Key to the Dunciad. By *E. Curl*, 12mo, price 6d.

A second and third edition of the same, with additions, 12mo.

The Popiad. By *E. Curl*, extracted from J. Dennis, Sir Richard Blackmore, &c. 12mo, price 6d.

The Curliad. By the same *E. Curl*.

The Female Dunciad. Collected by the same Mr. *Curl*, 12mo, price 6d. With the Metamorphosis of P. into a stinging nettle. By Mr. *Foxton*, 12mo.

The Metamorphosis of Scriblerus into Snarlerus. By *J. Smedley*, printed for A. Moore, folio, price 6d.

The Dunciad Dissected. By *Curl* and Mrs. *Thomas*, 12mo.

An Essay on the Taste and Writings of the present times. Said to be writ by a gentleman of C. C. C. Oxon. Printed for J. Roberts, 8vo.

The Arts of Logic and Rhetoric, partly taken from Bouhours, with new reflections, &c. By *John Oldmixon*, octavo.

Remarks on the Dunciad. By Mr. *Dennis*, dedicated to Theobald, octavo.

A Supplement to the Profound. Anon. By *Matthew Concanen*, octavo.

Mist's Weekly Journal, June 8. A long Letter, signed W. A. writ by some or other of the club of *Theobald, Dennis, Moore, Concanen, Cooke*, who, for some time, held constant weekly meetings for these kind of performances.

Daily Journal, June 11. A Letter signed Philo-Scriblerus, on the name of Pope——Letter to Mr. Theobald, in verse, signed B. M. *Bexaleel Morris*, against Mr. P——. Many other little epigrams, about this time, in the same papers, by *James Moore* and others.

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

Flying Post, Aug. 8. Letter on Pope and Swift.

Daily Journal, Aug. 8. Letter charging the author of the Dunciad with treason.

Dargen: A plain Satire on a pompous Satirist. By *Edward Ward*, with a little of James Moore.

Apollo's Maggot in his Cups. By *E. Ward*.

Gulliveriana Secunda. Being a collection of many of the libels in the newspapers, like the former volume under the same title, by *Smedley*. Advertised

in the *Craftsman*, Nov. 9, 1728, with this remarkable promise, that "*Any thing which any body should send as Mr. Pope's or Dr. Swift's, should be inserted and published as theirs.*"

Pope Alexander's Supremacy and Infallibility examined, &c. By *George Duckett* and *John Dennis*, quarto.

Dean Jonathan's Paraphrase on the ivth chapter of Genesis. Writ by *E. Roome*, folio, 1729.

Labeo. A Paper of Verses by *Leonard Welsted*, which after came into *One Epistle*, and was published by *James Moore*, quarto, 1730. Another part of it came out in Welsted's own name, under the just title of *Dulness and Scandal*, folio, 1731.

THERE HAVE BEEN SINCE PUBLISHED,

Verses on the Imitator of Horace. By a Lady, or between a Lady, a Lord, and a Court-Squire. Printed for J. Roberts, folio.

An Epistle from a Nobleman to a Doctor of Divinity, from Hampton Court, Lord H—y. Printed for J. Roberts. Also folio.

A Letter from Mr. *Cibber* to Mr. Pope. Printed for W. Lewis in Covent-Garden, octavo.

ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE

FIRST EDITION WITH NOTES, QUARTO, 1729.

IT will be sufficient to say of this edition, that the reader has here a much more correct and complete copy of the *Dunciad* than has hitherto appeared. I cannot answer but some mistakes may have slipped into it, but a vast number of others will be prevented by the names being now not only set at length, but justified by the authorities and reasons given. I make no doubt the author's own motive to use real rather than feigned names, was his care to preserve the innocent from any false application; whereas, in the former editions, which had no more than the initial letters, he was made, by keys printed here, to hurt the inoffensive; and (what was worse) to abuse his friends, by an impression at Dublin.

The commentary which attend this poem was sent me from several hands, and consequently must be unequally written; yet will have one advantage over most commentaries, that it is not made upon conjectures, or at a remote distance of time: and the reader cannot but derive one pleasure from the very *obscurity* of the persons it treats of, that it partakes of the nature of a *secret*, which most people love to be let into, though the men or the things be ever so inconsiderable or trivial.

Of the *persons* it was judged proper to give some account: for since it is only in this monument that they must expect to survive, (and here survive they will, as long as the English tongue shall remain such as it was in the reigns of Queen Anne and King George) it seemed but humanity to bestow a word or two upon each, just to tell what he was, what he writ, when he lived, and when he died.

If a word or two more are added upon the chief offenders, it is only as a paper pinned upon the breast to mark the enormities for which they suffered; lest the correction only should be remembered, and the crime forgotten.

In some articles it was thought sufficient barely to transcribe from Jacob, Curl, and other writers of their own rank, who were much better acquainted with them than any of the authors of this comment can pretend to be. Most of them had drawn each other's characters on certain occasions; but the few here inserted are all that could be saved from the general destruction of such works.

Of the part of Scriblerus I need say nothing: his manner is well enough known, and approved by all but those who are too much concerned to be judges.

The imitations of the ancients are added, to gratify those who either never read, or may have forgotten them; together with some of the parodies and allusions to the most excellent of the moderns. If, from the frequency of the former, any man think the

poem too much a cento, our poet will but appear to have done the same thing in jest which Boileau did in earnest, and upon which Vida, Fracastorius, and many of the most eminent Latin poets, professedly valued themselves.

ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE FIRST EDITION OF

THE FOURTH BOOK OF THE DUNCIAD,

WHEN PRINTED SEPARATELY IN THE YEAR 1742.

WE apprehend it can be deemed no injury to the author of the three first books of the Dunciad that we publish this fourth. It was found merely by accident, in taking a survey of the library of a late eminent nobleman; but in so blotted a condition, and in so many detached pieces, as plainly shewed it to be not only *incorrect*, but *unfinished*. That the author of the three first books had a design to extend and complete his poem in this manner, appears from the dissertation prefixed to it, where it is said, that "The design is more extensive, and that we may expect other episodes to complete it;" and, from the declaration in the argument to the third book, that "The accomplishment of the prophecies therein would be the theme hereafter of a greater Dunciad." But whether or no he be the author of this we declare ourselves ignorant. If he be, we are no more to be blamed for the publication of it, than Tucca and Varius for that of the last six books of the *Æneid*, though, perhaps, inferior to the former.

If any person be possessed of a more perfect copy of this work, or of any other fragments of it, and will communicate them to the publisher, we shall make

the next edition more complete: in which we also promise to insert any criticisms that shall be published (if at all to the purpose) with the names of the authors; or any letters sent us (though not to the purpose) shall yet be printed, under the title of *Epistolæ obscurorum virorum*; which, together with some others of the same kind, formerly laid by for that end, may make no unpleasant addition to the future impressions of this poem.

ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE COMPLETE EDITION OF 1743.

I HAVE long had a design of giving some sort of notes on the works of this poet. Before I had the happiness of his acquaintance, I had written a commentary on his Essay on Man, and have since finished another on the Essay on Criticism. There was one already on the Dunciad, which had met with general approbation; but I still thought some additions were wanting (of a more serious kind) to the humorous notes of Scriblerus, and even to those written by Mr. Cleland, Dr. Arbuthnot, and others. I had lately the pleasure to pass some months with the author in the country, where I prevailed upon him to do what I had long desired, and favour me with his explanation of several passages in his works. It happened, that just at that juncture was published a ridiculous book against him, full of personal reflections, which furnished him with a lucky opportunity of improving this poem, by giving it the only thing it wanted, a more considerable hero. He was always sensible of its defect in that particular, and owned he had let it pass with the hero it had, purely for want of a better, not entertaining the least expectation that such an one was reserved for this post as has since obtained the laurel: but since that had happened, he could no longer deny this justice either to him or the Dunciad.

And yet, I will venture to say, there was another motive which had still more weight with our author: this person was one who, from every folly (not to say vice) of which another would be ashamed, has constantly derived a vanity; and therefore was the man in the world who would least be hurt by it.

W. W.

ADVERTISEMENT

PRINTED IN THE JOURNALS, 1730.

WHEREAS, upon occasion of certain pieces relating to the gentlemen of the Dunciad, some have been willing to suggest as if they had looked upon them as an abuse: we can do no less than own it is our opinion that to call these gentlemen bad authors is no sort of abuse, but a great truth. We cannot alter this opinion without some reason; but we promise to do it in respect to every person who thinks it an injury to be represented as no wit, or poet, provided he procures a certificate of his being really such from any three of his companions in the Dunciad, or from Mr. Dennis singly, who is esteemed equal to any three of the number.

PARALLEL OF THE CHARACTERS

OF

MR. DRYDEN AND MR. POPE,

As drawn by certain of their Contemporaries.

MR. DRYDEN,

HIS POLITICS, RELIGION, MORALS.

MR. DRYDEN is a mere renegado from monarchy, poetry, and good sense^a. A true republican son of monarchical church^t. A republican atheist^u. Dryden was from the beginning an ἀλλοπρόσαλλος, and I doubt not will continue so to the last^x.

In the poem called Absalom and Achitophel, are notoriously traduced the King, the Queen, the Lords and Gentlemen, not only their honourable persons exposed, but the whole nation and its representatives notoriously libelled. It is *scandalum magnatum*, yea of Majesty itself^y.

He looks upon God's gospel as a foolish fable, like the Pope, to whom he is a pitiful surveyor^z. His very Christianity may be questioned^a. He ought to expect more severity than other men, as he is most unmerciful in his reflections on others^b. With as good a right as his Holiness, he sets up for poetical infallibility^c.

^a Milburn on Dryden's Virgil, 8vo. 1698. p. 6.

^t Ib. p. 38.

^u Ib. p. 192.

^x Ib. p. 8.

^y Whip and Key, 4to, printed for R. Janeway, 1682. Pref.

^z Ibid.

^a Milbourn, p. 9.

^b Ib. p. 175.

^c Ib. p. 39.

PARALLEL OF THE CHARACTERS

OF

MR. POPE AND MR. DRYDEN,

As drawn by certain of their Contemporaries.

MR. POPE,

HIS POLITICS, RELIGION, MORALS.

MR. POPE is an open and mortal enemy to his country, and the commonwealth of learning^d. Some call him a Popish Whig, which is directly inconsistent^e. Pope, as a Papist, must be a Tory and High-flyer^f. He is both a Whig and Tory^g.

He hath made it his custom to cackle to more than one party in their own sentiments^h.

In his Miscellanies, the persons abused are the King, the Queen, his late Majesty, both Houses of Parliament, the Privy Council, the Bench of Bishops, the established Church, the present Ministry, &c. To make sense of some passages, they must be construed into royal scandalⁱ.

He is a Popish rhymster, bred up with a contempt of the Sacred Writings^k. His religion allows him to destroy heretics, not only with his pen, but with fire and sword; and such were all those unhappy wits

^d Dennis, Rem. on the Rape of the Lock, pref. p. 12.

^e *Unciad Dissected*. ^f Pref. to *Gulliveriana*. ^g Dennis, Character of Mr. P.

^h Theobald, Letter in *Mist's Journal*, June 22, 1728.

ⁱ List at the end of a Collection of Verses, Letters, Advertisements, 8vo, printed for A. Moore, 1728, and the

MR. DRYDEN ONLY A VERSIFIER.

His whole libel is all bad matter, beautified (which is all that can be said of it) with good metre^l. Mr. Dryden's genius did not appear in any thing more than his versification, and whether he is to be ennobled for that only is a question ^m.

MR. DRYDEN'S VIRGIL.

Tonson calls it Dryden's Virgil, to shew that this is not that Virgil so admired in the Augustan age, but a Virgil of another stamp, a silly, impertinent, nonsensical writerⁿ. None but a Bavius, a Mævius, or a Bathyllus, carped at Virgil; and none but such unthinking vermin admire his translator^o. It is true, soft and easy lines might become Ovid's Epistles or Art of Love—but Virgil, who is all great and majestic, &c. requires strength of lines, weight of words, and closeness of expression; not an ambling muse, running on carpet-ground, and shod as lightly as a Newmarket racer.—He has numberless faults in his author's meaning, and in propriety of expression^p.

MR. DRYDEN UNDERSTOOD NO GREEK NOR LATIN.

Mr. Dryden was once, I have heard, at Westminster-School: Dr. Bushby would have whipt him for so childish a paraphrase^q. The meanest pedant in Eng-

^l Whip and Key, Pref.^m Oldmixon, Essay on Criticism.ⁿ p. 84.ⁿ Milbourn, p. 2.^o Ib. p. 35.^p Ib.^p p. 22, and 102.^q Ib. p. 72.

whom he sacrificed to his accursed Popish principles^c. It deserved vengeance to suggest that Mr. Pope had less infallibility than his namesake at Rome^d.

MR. POPE ONLY A VERSIFIER.

The smooth numbers of the Dunciad are all that recommend it, nor has it any other merit^e. It must be owned that he hath got a notable knack of rhyming, and writing smooth verse^f.

MR. POPE'S HOMER.

The Homer which Lintot prints does not talk like Homer, but like Pope; and he who translated him, one would swear, had a hill in Tipperary for his Parnassus, and a puddle in some bog for his Hippocrene^g. He has no admirers among those that can distinguish, discern, and judge^h.

He hath a knack at smooth verse, but without either genius or good sense, or any tolerable knowledge of English. The qualities which distinguish Homer are the beauties of his diction, and the harmony of his versification.—But this little author, who is so much in vogue, has neither sense in his thoughts, nor English in his expressionⁱ.

MR. POPE UNDERSTOOD NO GREEK.

He hath undertaken to translate Homer from the Greek, of which he knows not one word, into English,

^c Preface to Gulliveriana, p. 11.

^d Dedication to the Col-

lection of Verses, Letters, &c. p. 9.

^e Mist's Journal of

June 8, 1728.

^f Character of Mr. P. and Dennis on Homer.

^g Dennis's Remarks on Pope's Homer, p. 12.

^h Ib. p. 14.

ⁱ Character of Mr. Pope, p. 17, and Remarks on Homer, p. 91.

land would whip a lubber of twelve for construing so absurdly^a. The translator is mad, every line betrays his stupidity^b. The faults are innumerable, and convince me that Mr. Dryden did not, or would not, understand his author^c. This shews how fit Mr. Dryden may be to translate Homer! A mistake in a single letter might fall on the printer well enough, but *ἐἴλω* for *ἰχὼρ*, must be the error of the author; nor had he art enough to correct it at the press^d. Mr. Dryden writes for the court ladies—He writes for the ladies, and not for use^e.

The translator puts in a little burlesque now and then into Virgil, for a ragout to his cheated subscribers^f.

MR. DRYDEN TRICKED HIS SUBSCRIBERS.

I wonder that any man, who could not but be conscious of his own unfitness for it, should go to amuse the learned world with such an undertaking! A man ought to value his reputation more than money; and not to hope that those who can read for themselves will be imposed upon merely by a partially and unseasonably celebrated name^g. *Poëtis quidlibet audendi* shall be Mr. Dryden's motto, though it should extend to picking of pockets^h.

NAMES BESTOWED ON MR. DRYDEN.

[AN APE.] A crafty ape drest up in a gaudy gown

^a Milbourn, p. 203.

^b Ib. p. 78.

^c Ib. p. 206.

^d Ib. p. 19.

of which he understands as littleⁱ. I wonder how this gentleman would look should it be discovered that he has not translated ten verses together in any book of Homer with justice to the poet; and yet he dares reproach his fellow writers with not understanding Greek^k. He has stuck so little to his original, as to have his knowledge in Greek called in question^l. I should be glad to know which it is of all Homer's excellencies which has so delighted the ladies and the gentlemen who judge like ladies^m.

But he has a notable talent at burlesque; his genius slides so naturally into it, that he hath burlesqued Homer without designing itⁿ.

MR. POPE TRICKED HIS SUBSCRIBERS.

It is indeed somewhat bold, and almost prodigious, for a single man to undertake such a work: but it is too late to dissuade, by demonstrating the madness of the project. The subscribers' expectations have been raised in proportion to what their pockets have been drained of^o. Pope has been concerned in jobs, and hired out his name to booksellers^p.

NAMES BESTOWED ON MR. POPE.

An APE.] Let us take the initial letter of his Chris-

ⁱ Dennis's Remarks on Homer, p. 12. ^k Daily Journal, April 23, 1728. ^l Suppl. to the Profoand Preface.

^m Oldmixon, Essay on Criticism, p. 66. ⁿ Dennis's Remarks, p. 28. ^o Homerides, p. 1, &c. ^p British Journal, Nov. 25, 1727.

—Whips put into an ape's paw to play pranks with

—None but apish and Papish brats will heed him^q.

An Ass.] A camel will take upon him no more burden than is sufficient for his strength, but there is another beast that crouches under all^r.

A Frog.] Poet Squab, endued with poet Maro's spirit! an ugly, croaking kind of vermin, which would swell to the bulk of an ox^s.

A Coward.] A Clinias, or a Damætus, or a man of Mr. Dryden's own courage^t.

A Knave.] Mr. Dryden has heard of Paul, the knave of Jesus Christ: and, if I mistake not, I have read somewhat of John Dryden, servant to his Majesty^u.

A Fool.] Had he not been such a self-conceited fool^x. Some great poets are positive blockheads^y.

A Thing.] So little a thing as Mr. Dryden^z.

^q Whip. and Key, pref. ^r Milbourn, p. 105. ^s Ib. p. 11.

^t Ib. p. 176. ^u Ib. p. 57. ^x Whip and Key, pref.

^y Milbourn, p. 34. ^z Ib. p. 35.

tian name, and the initial and final letters of his surname, viz. A. P. E. and they give you the same idea of an ape as his face^a, &c.

An Ass.] It is my duty to pull off the lion's skin from this little ass^b.

A Frog.] A squab short gentleman—a little creature that, like the frog in the fable, swells, and is angry that it is not allowed to be as big as an ox^c.

A Coward.] A lurking, way-laying coward^d.

A Knave.] He is one whom God and Nature have marked for want of common honesty^e.

A Fool.] Great fools will be christened by the names of great poets, and Pope will be called Homer^f.

A Thing.] A little abject thing^g.

^a Dennis's Daily Journal, May 11, 1728.

^b Dennis's

Rem. on Hom. pref.

^c Dennis's Rem. on the Rape of

the Lock, pref. p. 9.

^d Char. of Mr. P. p. 3.

^e *ib.*

^f Dennis's Rem. on Homer, p. 37.

^g *Ibid.* p. 8.



BY AUTHORITY.*

By virtue of the Authority in Us vested by the Act for subjecting Poets to the Power of a Licenser, We have revised this Piece; where finding the style and appellation of KING to have been given to a certain Pretender, Pseudo-Poet, or Phantom, of the name of TIBBALD; and apprehending the same may be deemed in some sort a Reflection on Majesty, or at least an insult on that Legal Authority which has bestowed on another Person the Crown of Poesy: We have ordered the said Pretender, Pseudo-Poet, or Phantom, utterly to vanish and evaporate out of this Work; and do declare the said Throne of Poesy from henceforth to be abdicated and vacant, unless duly and lawfully supplied by the Laureate himself. And it is hereby enacted, that no other person do presume to fill the same.

* A stroke of satire on the act for licensing plays, which was opposed with equal wit and vehemence by many of our author's friends.

BY THE AUTHOR,
A
DECLARATION.

WHEREAS certain Haberdashers of Points and Particles, being instigated by the spirit of Pride, and assuming to themselves the name of Critics and Restorers, have taken upon them to adulterate the common and current sense of our Glorious Ancestors, Poets of this Realm, by clipping, coining, defacing the images, mixing their own base alloy, or otherwise falsifying the same; which they publish, utter, and vend as genuine; the said Haberdashers having no right thereto; as neither heirs, executors, administrators, assigns, or in any sort related to such Poets, to all or any of them: Now We, having carefully revised this our Dunciad, beginning with the words *The mighty Mother*, and ending with the words *buries All*, containing the entire sum of One thousand seven hundred and fifty-four verses, declare every word, figure, point, and comma, of this impression to be authentic: and do therefore strictly enjoin and forbid any person or persons whatsoever to erase, reverse, put between hooks, or by any other means, directly or indirectly, change or mangle any of them. And we do hereby earnestly exhort all our brethren to follow this our example, which we heartily wish our great Predecessors had heretofore set, as a remedy and prevention of all such abuses. Pro-

vided always, *that nothing in this Declaration shall be construed to limit the lawful and undoubted right of every subject of this Realm to judge, censure, or condemn, in the whole, or in part, any Poem or Poet whatsoever.*

Given under our hand at London, this third Day of January,
in the year of our Lord One thousand seven hundred
thirty and two.

Declarat' cor' me,
JOHN BAREER, Mayor.

THE DUNCIAD.

TO

DR. JONATHAN SWIFT.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE Proposition, the Invocation, and the Inscription. Then the original of the great Empire of Dulness, and cause of the continuance thereof. The College of the Goddess in the City, with her private academy for poets in particular; the governors of it, and the four cardinal virtues. Then the Poem hastes into the midst of things, presenting her, on the evening of a Lord Mayor's day, revolving the long succession of her sons, and the glories past and to come. She fixes her eye on Bayes, to be the instrument of that great event which is the subject of the Poem. He is described pensive among his books, giving up the cause, and apprehending the period of her empire. After debating whether to betake himself to the church, or to gaming, or to party-writing, he raises an altar of proper books, and (making first his solemn prayer and declaration) purposes thereon to sacrifice all his unsuccessful writings. As the pile is kindled, the Goddess, beholding the flame from her seat, flies and puts it out, by casting upon it the Poem of Thulé. She forthwith reveals herself to him, transports him to her Temple, unfolds her arts, and initiates him into her mysteries; then announcing the death of Eusden, the Poet-Laureat, anoints him, carries him to Court, and proclaims him successor.



Designed by J. J. Pincher

Engraved by J. J. Pincher

BOOK I.

THE mighty mother, and her son, who brings
The Smithfield muses to the ear of kings,
I sing. Say you, her instruments, the great!
Call'd to this work by Dulness, Jove, and fate;

REMARKS.

The Dunciad.] It is an inconvenience to which writers of reputation are subject, that the justice of their resentment is not always rightly understood: for the calumnies of dull authors being soon forgotten, and those whom they aimed to injure not caring to recall to memory the particulars of false and scandalous abuse, their necessary correction is suspected of severity unprovoked. But in this case it would be but candid to estimate the chastisement on the general character of the offender, compared with that of the person injured. Let this serve with the candid reader in justification of the poet, and, on occasion, of the editor.

This Poem was written in the year 1726. In the next year an imperfect edition was published at Dublin, and reprinted at London in twelves; another at Dublin, and another at London in octavo; and three others in twelves the same year: but there was no perfect edition before that of London in quarto, which was attended with notes. We are willing to acquaint posterity, that this poem was presented to King George II. and his Queen, by the hands of Sir Robert Walpole, on the 12th of March, 1728-9. SCHOL. VET.

It was expressly confessed in the preface to the first edition, that this Poem was not published by the author himself. It was printed

You by whose care, in vain decry'd and curst, 5
 Still dunce the second reigns like dunce the first;
 Say how the goddess bade Britannia sleep,
 And pour'd her spirit o'er the land and deep.

REMARKS.

originally in a foreign country. And what foreign country? Why, one notorious for blunders; where finding blanks only instead of proper names, these blunders filled them up at their pleasure.

The very hero of the Poem hath been mistaken to this hour; so that we are obliged to open our notes with a discovery who he really was. We learn from the former editor, that this piece was presented by the hands of Sir Robert Walpole to King George II. Now the author directly tells us, his hero is the man

———who brings

The Smithfield muses to the ear of kings.

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

It appears as plainly from the apostrophe to the great in the third verse, that Tibbald could not be the person, who was never an author in fashion, or caressed by the great: whereas this single characteristic is sufficient to point out the true hero; who, above all other poets of his time, was the peculiar delight and chosen companion of the nobility of England; and wrote, as he himself tells us, certain of his works at the earnest desire of persons of quality. •

Lastly, the sixth verse affords full proof; this poet being the only

IMITATIONS.

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

“ And Tom the second reigns like Tom the first.”

In eldest time, ere mortals writ or read,
 Ere Pallas issu'd from the Thund'rer's head, 10
 Dulness o'er all possess'd her ancient right,
 Daughter of chaos and eternal night:
 Fate in their dotage this fair idiot gave,
 Gross as her sire, and as her mother grave;
 Laborious, heavy, busy, bold, and blind, 15
 She rul'd, in native anarchy, the mind.

Still her old empire to restore she tries,
 For, born a goddess, Dulness never dies.

O thou! whatever title please thine ear,
 Dean, Drapier, Bickerstaff, or Gulliver! 20
 Whether thou choose Cervantes' serious air,
 Or laugh and shake in Rab'lais' easy chair,
 Or praise the court, or magnify mankind,
 Or thy griev'd country's copper chains unbind;
 From thy Bæotia though her pow'r retires, 25
 Mourn not, my Swift! at ought our realm acquires.

REMARKS.

one who was universally known to have had a son so exactly like him, in his poetical, theatrical, political, and moral capacities, that it could justly be said of him

Still dunce the second reigns like dunce the first.

BENTLEY.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 24. Relating to the papers of the *Drapier* against the currency of Wood's copper coin in Ireland; which, upon the great discontent of the people, his Majesty was graciously pleased to recal.

W.

Here pleas'd behold her mighty wings outspread
To hatch a new Saturnian age of lead.

Close to those walls where folly holds her throne,
And laughs to think Monroe would take her down,
Where o'er the gates, by his fam'd father's hand, 31
Great Cibber's brazen, brainless brothers stand,
One cell there is, conceal'd from vulgar eye,
The cave of poverty and poetry:
Keen hollow winds howl through the bleak recess, 35
Emblem of music caus'd by emptiness:
Hence bards, like Proteus long in vain ty'd down,
Escape in monsters, and amaze the town:
Hence miscellanies spring, the weekly boast
Of Curl's chaste press, and Lintot's rubric post: 40
Hence hymning Tyburn's elegiac lines;
Hence journals, medleys, Merc'ries, magazines:

REMARKS.

Ver. 31.—*by his fam'd father's hand*] Mr. Caius-Gabriel Cibber, father of the Poet-laureate. The two statues of the lunatics over the gates of Bedlam-Hospital were done by him, and (as the son justly says of them) are no ill monuments of his fame as an artist. W.

Ver. 40. Two booksellers, of whom see Book II. The former was fined by the Court of King's Bench, for publishing obscene books; the latter usually adorn'd his shop with titles in red letters.

W.

IMITATIONS.

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

“ —Genus unde Latinum,

Albanique patres, atque altæ mœnia Romæ.”

VIRG. ÆN. I.

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

In clouded majesty here Dulness shone, 45
Four guardian virtues, round, support her throne:
Fierce champion fortitude, that knows no fears
Of hisses, blows, or want, or loss of ears:
Calm temperance, whose blessings those partake
Who hunger and who thirst for scribbling sake: 50
Prudence, whose glass presents th' approaching jail:
Poetic justice, with her lifted scale,
Where, in nice balance, truth with gold she weighs,
And solid pudding against empty praise.

Here she beholds the chaos dark and deep, 55
Where nameless somethings in their causes sleep,

IMITATIONS

Ver. 45. *In clouded majesty.*]

——“The moon

Rising in clouded majesty.”——

MILTON, B. IV.

Ver. 48. ——*that knows no fears*

Of hisses, blows, or want, or loss of ears.]

“*Quem neque pauperies, neque mors, neque vincula torrant.*”

HOR.

Ver. 55. *Here she beholds the chaos dark and deep,*

Where nameless somethings, &c.]

that is to say, unformed things, which are either made into poems,
or plays, as the booksellers or the players bid most. These lines
allude to the following in Garth's *Dispensary*, canto vi.

“Within the chambers of the globe they spy

The beds where sleeping vegetables lie,

Till the glad summons of a genial ray

Unbinds the glebe, and calls them out to day.”

W.

Till genial Jacob, or a warm third day,
 Call forth each mass, a poem or a play:
 How hints, like spawn, scarce quick in embryo lie,
 How new-born nonsense first is taught to cry, 60
 Maggots half-form'd in rhyme exactly meet,
 And learn to crawl upon poetic feet.
 Here one poor word an hundred clenches makes,
 And ductile dulness new meanders takes;
 There motley images her fancy strike, * 65
 Figures ill-pair'd, and similies unlike.
 She sees a mob of metaphors advance,
 Pleas'd with the madness of the mazy dance;
 How tragedy and comedy embrace;
 How farce and Epic get a jumbled race; 70
 How time himself stands still at her command,
 Realms shift their place, and ocean turns to land.
 Here gay description Egypt glads with show'rs,
 Or gives to Zembla fruits, to Barca flow'rs;
 Glitt'ring with ice, where hoary hills are seen, 75
 There painted vallies of eternal green,
 In cold December fragrant chaplets blow,
 And heavy harvests nod beneath the snow.

REMARKS.

Ver. 57. *Jacob Tonson*; a bookseller who did honour to his profession.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 64. *And ductile dulness, &c.*] A parody on a verse in Garth, canto i.

“How ductile matter new meanders takes.”

All these, and more, the cloud-compelling queen
 Beholds through fogs that magnify the scene. 80
 She, tinsel'd o'er in robes of varying hues,
 With self-applause her wild creation views;
 Sees momentary monsters rise and fall,
 And with her own fools-colours gilds them all.
 'Twas on the day when ** rich and grave, 85
 Like Cimon, triumph'd both on land and wave:
 (Pomps without guilt, of bloodless swords and maces,
 Glad chains, warm furs, broad banners, and broad
 faces)

Now night descending, the proud scene was o'er,
 But liv'd in Settle's numbers one day more. 90
 Now may'rs and shrieves all hush'd and satiate lay,
 Yet eat, in dreams, the custard of the day;
 While pensive poets painful vigils keep,
 Sleepless themselves to give their readers sleep.
 Much to the mindful queen the feast recalls 95
 What city swans once sung within the walls;

REMARKS

Ver. 90. *But liv'd in Settle's numbers one day more.*] Settle was poet to the City of London. His office was to compose yearly panegyrics upon the Lord Mayors, and verses to be spoken in the pageants: but that part of the shows being at length frugally abolished, the employment of City-poet ceased; so that upon Settle's demise there was no successor to that place. W.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 79. — *the cloud-compelling queen.*] From Homer's *epi-*

Much she revolves their arts, their ancient praise,
 And sure succession down from Heywood's days.
 She saw with joy the line immortal run,
 Each sire imprest and glaring in his son: 100
 So watchful Bruin forms, with plastic care,
 Each growing lump, and brings it to a bear.
 She saw old Pryn in restless Daniel shine,
 And Eusden eke out Blackmore's endless line;
 She saw slow Philips creep like Tate's poor page, 105
 And all the mighty mad in Dennis rage.

REMARKS.

Ver. 98. *John Heywood.*] Whose interludes were printed in the time of Henry VIII.

Ver. 103. — *restless Daniel.*] Daniel De Foe; a writer of considerable merit, who deserved to be placed in better company.

Ver. 104. *Eusden eke out, &c.*] Laurence Eusden, Poet-laureate. Mr. Jacob gives a catalogue of some few only of his works which are very numerous. Mr. Cooke, in his *Battle of Poets*, saith of him,

“Eusden, a laurel'd bard, by fortune rais'd,

By very few was read, by fewer prais'd.”

W.

Ver. 104. *Sir Richard Blackmore*; a most voluminous author, both in prose and verse; who, as Dryden expresses it, “writ to the rumbling of his coach's wheels.”

Ver. 105. *Like Tate's poor page.*] Nahum Tate was Poet-laureate; a cold writer, of no invention; but sometimes translated tolerably when befriended by Mr. Dryden. In his second part of *Absalom and Achitophel* are above two hundred admirable lines together of that great hand, which strongly shine through the insipidity of the rest. Something parallel may be observed of another author here mentioned.

W.

In each she marks her image full exprest,
 But chief in Bayes's monster-breeding breast;
 Bayes, form'd by nature stage and town to bless,
 And act and be a coxcomb with success, 110
 Dulness with transport eyes the lively dunce,
 Rememb'ring she herself was pertness once.
 Now (shame to fortune!) an ill run at play
 Blank'd his bold visage, and a thin third day:
 Swearing and supperless the hero sate, 115
 Blasphem'd his gods, the dice, and damn'd his fate;
 Then gnaw'd his pen, then dash'd it on the ground,
 Sinking from thought to thought, a vast profound!
 Plung'd for his sense, but found no bottom there,
 Yet wrote and flounder'd on in mere despair. 120
 Round him much embryo, much abortion lay,
 Much future ode, and abdicated play:
 Nonsense precipitate, like running leaf
 That slip'd through cracks and zigzags of the head;
 All that on folly frenzy could beget, 125
 Fruits of dull heat, and sootierkins of wit.
 Next o'er his books his eyes began to roll,
 In pleasing memory of all he stole;
 How here he sip'd, how there he plunder'd snug,
 And suck'd all o'er like an industrious bug. 130
 Here lay poor Fletcher's half-eat scenes, and here
 The frippery of crucify'd Moliere;
 There hapless Shakspeare, yet of Tibbald sore,
 Wish'd he had blotted for himself before.

The rest on outside merit but presume, 135
 Or serve (like other fools) to fill a room;
 Such with their shelves as due proportion hold,
 Or their fond parents' dress'd in red and gold;
 Or where the pictures for the page atone,
 And Quarles is sav'd by beauties not his own. 140
 Here swells the shelf with Ogilby the great;
 There, stamp'd with arms, Newcastle shines com-
 plete:
 Here all his suff'ring brotherhood retire,
 And 'scape the martyrdom of jakes and fire:
 A gothic library! o' Greece and Rome 145
 Well purg'd, and worthy Settle, Banks, and Broome.

REMARKS.

Ver. 141. *[Ogilby the great.]* "John Ogilby was one who, from a late initiation in literature, made such a progress as might well style him a prodigy of his time! sending into the world so many large volumes¹¹ His translations of Homer and Virgil done to the life, and with such excellent sculptures: and (what added great grace to his works) he printed the¹² all on special good paper, and in a very good letter." *Winstanley*, *Lives of Poets*.

Ver. 142. *[There, stamp'd with arms, Newcastle shines complete.]* "The Dutches of Newcastle was one who busied herself in the ravishing delights of poetry; leaving to posterity in print three ample volumes of her studious endeavours." *Winstanley*, *ibid.* Langbaine reckons up eight folios of her Grace's, which were usually adorned with gilded covers, and had her coat of arms upon them.

Ver. 146. —*worthy Settle, Banks, and Broome.]* The poet has mentioned these three authors in particular, as they are parallel to our hero in his three capacities: 1. Settle was his brother laureate; only indeed upon half-pay, for the City instead of the Court; but

But, high above, more solid learning shone,
 The classics of an age that heard of none;
 There Caxton slept, with Wynkyn at his side,
 One clasp'd in wood, and one in strong cow-hide; 150
 There, sav'd by spice, like mummies, many a year,
 Dry bodies of divinity appear:
 De Lyra there a dreadful front extends,
 And here the groaning shelves Philemon bends.

Of these, twelve volumes, twelve of ample size, 155
 Redeem'd from tapers and defrauded pies,

REMARKS.

equally famous for unintelligible flights in his poems on public occasions, such as shows, birth-days, &c. 2. Banks was his rival in tragedy, though more successful in one of his tragedies, the Earl of Essex, which is yet alive: Anna Boleyn, the Queen of Scots, and Cyrus the Great, are dead and gone. These he dressed in a sort of beggar's velvet, or a happy mixture of the thick tinsel and thin prosaic; exactly imitated in Perolla and Isidora, Cesar in Egypt, and the Heroic Daughter. 3. Broome was a serving-man of Ben Jonson, who once picked up a comedy from his betters, or from some cast-scenes of his masters, not entirely contemptible. W.

Ver. 149. *Caxton*.] A printer in the time of Henry IV. Rich. III. and Henry VII. *Wynkyn de Word*, his successor, in that of Henry VII. and VIII.

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

Ver. 154.] *Philemon Holland*; doctor in physic. "He translated so many books, that a man would think he had done nothing else; insomuch that he might be called Translator-General of his age. The books alone of his turning into English, are sufficient to make a country gentleman a complete library." WINSTANLEY.

Inspir'd he seizes: these an altar raise;
 An hecatomb of pure unsully'd lays
 That altar crowns; a folio common-place
 Founds the whole pile, of all his works the base: 160
 Quartos, octavos, shape the less'ning pyre,
 A twisted birth-day ode completes the spire.

Then he: great tamer of all human art!
 First in my care, and ever at my heart;
 Dulness! whose good old cause I yet defend, 165
 With whom my muse began, with whom shall end,
 E'er since Sir Fopling's periwig was praise,
 To the last honours of the Butt and Bays:
 O thou! of bus'ness the directing soul
 To this our ~~heart~~, like bias to the bowl, 170
 Which, as ~~more~~ pond'rous, made its aim more true,
 Obliquely waddling to the mark in view:
 Oh! ever ~~obtrusive~~ to perplex mankind,
 Still spread a healing mist before the mind;
 And, lest we err by wit's wild dancing light, 175
 Secure us kindly in our native night.
 Or, if to wit a coxcômb make pretence,
 Guard the sure barrier between that and sense;

IMITATIONS.

Ver 166. *With whom my muse began, with whom shall end.*

"A te principium, tibi desinet."— VIRG. Ecl. viii.

'Εκ Διὸς ἀρχώμεσθα, καὶ εἰς Δία λήγεις Μῆταί. THEOC.

"Prima dicte mihi, summa dicenda Camoena." HOR.

Or quite unravel all the reas'ning thread,
 And hang some curious cobweb in its stead! 180
 As, forc'd from wind-guns, lead itself can fly,
 And pond'rous slugs cut swiftly through the sky;
 As clocks to weight their nimble motion owe,
 The wheels above urg'd by the load below;
 Me emptiness and dulness could inspire, 185
 And were my elasticity and fire.
 Some dæmon stole my pen (fôrgive th' offence)
 And once betray'd me into common sense:
 Else all my prose and verse were much the same;
 This prose on stilts, that poetry fall'n lame. 190
 Did on the stage my fops appear confin'd?
 My life gave ampler lessons to mankind.
 Did the dead letter unsuccessful prove?
 The brisk example never fail'd to move.
 Yet sure, had heav'n decreed to save the state, 195
 Heav'n had decreed these works a longer date.
 Could Troy be sav'd by any single hand,
 This gray-goose weapon must have made her stand.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 195. —*had Heav'n decreed, &c.*]

“ Me si cœlicolæ voluissent ducere vitam,

Has mihi servassent sedes.” —

VIRG. ÆN. II.

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

“ —Si Pergama dextra

Defendi possent, etiam hac defensa fuissent.”

VIRG. *ibid.*

What can I now? my Fletcher cast aside,
 Take up the Bible, once my better guide? 200
 Or tread the path by vent'rous heroes trod,
 This box my thunder, this right hand my God?
 Or chair'd at White's amidst the doctors sit,
 Teach oaths to gamesters, and to nobles wit?
 Or bid'st thou rather party to embrace? 205
 (A friend to party thou, and all her race;
 'Tis the same rope at diff'rent ends they twist;
 To Dulness Ridpath is as dear as Mist)
 Shall I, like Curtius, desp'rate in my zeal,
 O'er head and ears plunge for the commonweal? 210
 Or rob Rome's ancient geese of all their glories,
 And cackling save the monarchy of Tories?
 Hold——to the minister I more incline;
 To serve his cause, O Queen! is serving thine.
 And see thy very Gazetteers give o'er, 215
 Even Ralph repeats, and Henley writes no more.
 What then remains? Ourselves. Still, still remain
 Cibberian forehead, and Cibberian brain.

Ver. 208. *George Ridpath*, author of a Whig paper, called the Flying Post: *Nath. Mist*, of a famous Tory journal. W.

Ver. 217. An happy parody on the famous *Moi* in Corneille's *Medea*.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 202. *This box my thunder, this right hand my God?*

“*Dextra mihi Deus, et telum quod missile libro.*”

VIRGIL, of the Gods of Mezentius.

This brazen brightness to the 'squire so dear;
 'This polish'd hardness that reflects the peer: 220
 This arch absurd, that wit and fool delights,
 This mess, toss'd up of Hockley-hole and White's;
 Where dukes and butchers join to wreath my crown,
 At once the bear and fiddle of the town.

O born in sin, and forth in folly brought! 225
 Works damn'd, or to be damn'd, (your father's fault)
 Go, purify'd by flames ascend the sky,
 My better and more Christian progeny!
 Unstain'd, untouch'd, and yet in maiden sheets,
 While all your smutty sisters walk the streets. 230
 Ye shall not beg, like gratis-given Bland,
 Sent with a pass and vagrant the land;
 Nor sail with Ward to ape-and-monkey climes,
 Where vile Mundungus trucks for water rhymes;

REMARKS.

Ver. 231. —*gratis-given Bland, — Sent with a pass.*] It was a practice to give the Daily Gazetteer, and ministerial pamphlets (in which this B. was a writer), and to send them post-free to all the towns in the kingdom. W.

Ver. 233. —*with Ward to ape-and-monkey climes.*] “Edward Ward, a very voluminous poet in Hudibrastic verse, but best known

IMITATIONS.

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

“ ——— Felix Priameia virgo!

Jussa mori: quæ sortitus non pertulit ullos,

Nec victoris heri tetigit captiva cubile!

Nos, patria incensa, diversa par æquora vectæ,” &c.

VIRG. ÆN. III.

Not sulphur-tipt, emblaze an ale-house fire! 235
 Not wrap up oranges to pelt your sire!
 O! pass more innocent, in infant state,
 To the mild limbo of our father Tate:
 Or peaceably forgot, at once be blest
 In Shadwell's bosom with eternal rest! 240
 Soon to that mass of nonsense to return,
 Where things destroy'd are swept to things unborn.
 With that, a tear (portentous sign of grace!)
 Stole from the master of the sev'nfold face;
 And thrice he lifted high the birth-day brand, 245
 And thrice he dropt it from his quiv'ring hand;
 Then lights the structure with averted eyes;
 The rolling involves the sacrifice.

REMARKS.

by the ~~London~~ py, in prose. He has of late years kept a public house in the city (but in a genteel way), and with his wit, humour, and good liquor (ale), afforded his guests a pleasurable entertainment, especially those of the High-church party." Jacob, *Lives of Poets*, Vol. II. p. 225. Great numbers of his works were yearly sold into the Plantations.—Ward, in a book called *Apollo's Maggot*, declared this account to be a great falsity, protesting that his public-house was not in the city, but in Moorfields. W.

Ver. 238, 240. —Tate—Shadwell.] Two of his predecessors in the laurel. W.

IMITATIONS.

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

"Tum conata quater flammis imponere torrem,
 Coepta quater tenuit."

The op'ning clouds disclose each work by turns,
 Now flames the Cid, and now Perolla burns; 250
 Great Cæsar roars and hisses in the fires;
 King John in silence modestly expires:
 No merit now the dear Nonjuror claims,
 Moliere's old stubble in a moment flames.
 Tears gush'd again, as from pale Priam's eyes, 255
 When the last blaze sent Ilion to the skies.

Rouz'd by the light, old Duïness heav'd the head,
 Then snatch'd a sheet of Thulé from her bed;
 Sudden she flies, and whelms it o'er the pyre:
 Down sink the flames, and with a hiss expire. 260
 Her ample presence fills up all the place;
 A veil of fogs dilates her awful face:
 Great in her charms! as when on shrieks and may'rs
 She looks, and breathes herself into their airs.

REMARKS

Ver. 258. An unfinish'd poem by A^c Philips.

IMITATIONS.

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

“ —Jam Deiphobi dedit ampla ruinam,

Vulcano superante domos; jam proximus ardet

Ucalegon.”

Ver. 263. *Great in her charms! as when on shrieks and may'rs*

She looks, and breathes herself into their airs.]

“ Alma parens confessa deam; qualisque videri

Coelicolis, et quanta solet.”

VIRG. ÆN. II.

“ Et lætos oculis afflavit honores.”

Id. ÆN. I.

She bids him wait her to her sacred dome: 265
 Well pleas'd he enter'd, and confess'd his home.
 So spirits, ending their terrestrial race,
 Ascend, and recognize their native place.
 This the great mother dearer held than all
 The clubs of quidnuncs, or her own Guildhall: 270
 Here stood her opium, here she nurs'd her owls,
 And here she plann'd th' imperial seat of fools.
 Here to her chosen all her works she shows,
 Prose swell'd to verse, verse loit'ring into prose:
 How random thoughts now meaning chance to find,
 Now leave all memory of sense behind: 276
 How prologues into prefaces decay,
 And these to notes are fritter'd quite away:
 How index-learning turns no student pale,
 Yet holds the eel of science by the tail: 280
 How ~~with~~ less reading than makes felons 'scape,
 Less human genius than God gives an ape,
 Small thanks to France, and none to Rome or Greece,
 A past, vamp'd, future, old reviv'd, new piece,

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 269. *This the great mother, &c.*]

"Urbs antiqua fuit——

Quam Juno fertur terris magis omnibus unam

Post habitā coluisse Samo: hic illius arma,

Hic currus fuit: hic regnum Dea gentibus esse

(Si qua fata sinant) jam tum tenditque fovetque."

VIRG. ÆN. I.

'Twixt Plautus, Fletcher, Shakspeare, and Cor-
neille, 285

Can make a Cibber, Tibbald, or Ozell.

The goddess then o'er his anointed head,
With mystic words, the sacred opium shed.
And, lo! her bird (a monster of a fowl,
Something betwixt a heideggre and owl) 290

REMARKS.

Ver. 286. — *Tibbald.*] Lewis Tibbald (as pronounced), or Theobald (as written), was bred an attorney, and son to an attorney (says Mr. Jacob) of Sittenburn in Kent. He was author of some forgotten plays, translations, and other pieces. He was concerned in a paper called *The Censor*, and a translation of Ovid. "There is a notorious idiot, one hight Whachum, who, from an under spur-leather to the law, is become an under-strapper to the play-house, who hath lately burlesqued the *Metamorphoses* of Ovid by a vile translation, &c. This fellow is concerned in an impertinent paper called *The Censor*." DENNIS, Rem. on Pope's *Homer*, p. 150. W.

Ver. 286. — *Ozell.*] "Mr. John Ozell (if we credit Mr. Jacob) did go to school in Leicestershire, where somebody left him something to live on, when he shall retire from business. He was designed to be sent to Cambridge, in order for priesthood; but he chose rather to be placed in an office of accounts in the City, being qualified for the same by his skill in arithmetic, and writing the necessary hands. He has obliged the world with many translations of French plays." JACOB, *Lives of Dram. Poets*, p. 198.

Mr. Jacob's character of Mr. Ozell seems vastly short of his merits, and he ought to have further justice done him, having since fully confuted all sarcasms on his learning and genius, by an advertisement of Sept. 20, 1729, in a paper called *The Weekly Medley*, &c. "As to my learning, this envious wretch knew, and every

Perch'd on his crown. "All hail! and hail again,
 My son! the promis'd land expects thy reign.
 Know Eusden thirsts no more for sack or praise;
 He sleeps among the dull of ancient days;
 Safe where no critics damn, no duns molest, 295
 Where wretched Withers, Ward, and Gildon rest,

REMARKS.

body knows, that the whole bench of bishops, not long ago, were pleased to give me a purse of guineas for discovering the erroneous translations of the Common-Prayer in Portuguese, Spanish, French, Italian, &c. As for my genius, let Mr. Cleland shew better verses in all Pope's Works than Ozell's version of Boileau's *Lutrin*, which the late Lord Halifax was so pleased with, that he complimented him with leave to dedicate it to him, &c. Let him shew better and truer poetry in the *Rape of the Lock*, than in Ozell's *Rape of the Bucket* (*La Secchia rapita*). And Mr. Toland and Mr. Gildon publicly declared Ozell's translation of Homer to be, as it was prior, so likewise ~~superior~~ prior to Pope's.—Surely, surely, every man is free to deserve well of his country."

JOHN OZELL.

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

Ver. 296. *Withers* was a great pretender to poetical zeal against the vices of the times, and abused the greatest personages in power, which brought upon him frequent correction. The Marshalsea and Newgate were no strangers to him.

WINSTANLEY.

Ver. 296. *Gildon*.] Charles Gildon, a writer of criticisms and libels, of the last age, bred at St. Omer's with the Jesuits; but renouncing popery, he published Blount's books against the divinity of Christ, the oracles of reason, &c. He signalized himself as a critic, having written some very bad plays; abused Mr. P. very scandalously in an anonymous pamphlet of the *Life of Mr. Wycherley*, printed by Curl; in another called *The New Rehearsal*, printed in

And high-born Howard, more majestic sire,
 With fool of quality completes the quire.
 Thou, Cibber! thou his laurel shalt support;
 Folly, my son, has still a friend at court. 300
 Lift up your gates, ye princes, see him come!
 Sound, sound ye viols, be the cat-call dumb!
 Bring, bring the madding bay, the drunken vine,
 The creeping, dirty, courtly ivy join.
 And thou! his aid-de-camp, lead on my sons, 305
 Light-arm'd with points, antitheses and puns.
 Let Bawdry, Billingsgate, my daughters dear,
 Support his front, and Oaths-bring up the rear:
 And under his, and under Archer's wing,
 Gaming and Grub-street skulk behind the king. 310
 Oh! when shall rise a monarch in our own,
 And I, a nursing-mother, rock the throne;

REMARKS.

1714; in a third, entitled *The Complete Art of English Poetry*, in two volumes; and others. W.

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

IMITATIONS.

V. 304. *The creeping, dirty, courtly ivy join.*]

“ — Quorum imagines lambunt

Hederæ sequaces.”

PÆR.

Ver. 311. *O! when shall rise a monarch, &c.*] Boileau, *Lutrin*, chant ii.

“ Hélas! qu'est devenu ce tems, cet heureux tems,

Où les rois s'honoroient du nom de fainéans,” &c.

Twixt prince and people close the curtain draw,
 Shade him from light, and cover him from law;
 Fatten the courtier, starve the learned band, 315
 And suckle armies, and dry-nurse the land :
 Till senates nod to lullabies divine,
 And all be sleep, as at an ode of thine ?”

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

So when Jove's block descended from on high,
 (As sings thy great forefather Ogilby)
 Loud ~~thunder~~ to its bottom shook the bog, 329
 And the hoarse nation croak'd, God save king Log!

REMARKS.

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

THE DUNCIAD.

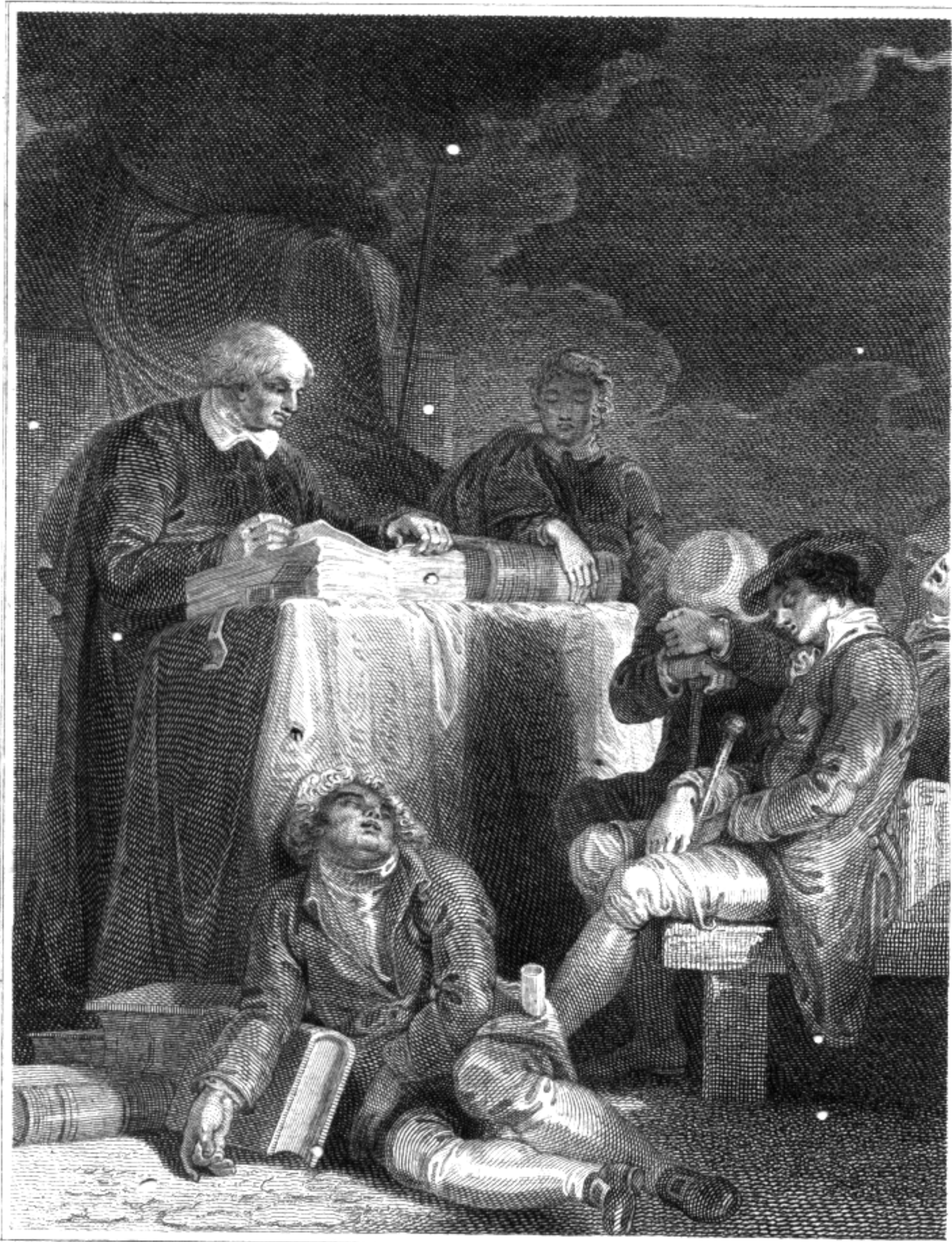
2

BOOK THE SECOND.

15

THE ARGUMENT.

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 Pithia, Isthmia, &c. were anciently said to be ordained by the gods, and as Thetis herself appearing, according to Homer, Odyssey 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, the 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.



Drawn by Jas. Thurston.

Engraved by Jas. Fidler.

BOOK II.

HIGH on a gorgeous seat, that far outshone
 Henley's gilt tub or Fleckno's Irish throne,
 Or that where on her Curls the public pours,
 All-bounteous, fragrant grains and golden show'rs,
 Great Cibber sate: 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.

REMARKS.

Ver. 2. —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 *Défaite des Bouts rimés* of Sarazin. W.

Ver. 3. Edmund Curl stood in the pillory at Charing-Cross, March 1727-8.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 1. *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 Barbaric pearl and gold,
 Satan exalted sate.”——

His peers shine round him with reflected grace,
 New edge their dulness, and new bronze their face, 10
 So from the sun's broad beam, in shallow urns, •
 Heav'n's twinkling sparks draw light, and point
 their horns.

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; 20

REMARKS.

Ver. 15. *Rome in her Capitol saw Querno sit.*] Camillo Querno was of Apulia, who, hearing the great encouragement 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*. He was ever after a constant frequenter of the Pope's table, drank abundantly, and poured forth verses without number. *Paulus Jovius, Elog. Vir. doct. cap. xxxii.* Some idea of his poetry is given by Fam. Strada in his *Prolusions*. W.

* See Life of C. C. chap. vi. p. 149.

A motley mixture! in long wigs, in bags,
 In silks, in crapes, in garters, and in rags,
 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'erlook'd the Strand,
 But now (so Anne and piety ordain)
 A church collects the saints 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.
 A poet's form she plac'd before their eyes, 35
 And bade the nimblest racer seize the prize;

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 plagiarist. 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 bookseller. W.

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. 40
 All as a partridge plump, full-fed and fair,
 She form'd this image of well-body'd air;
 With pert flat eyes she window'd well its head,
 A brain of feathers, and a heart of lead;
 And empty words she gave, and sounding strain, 45
 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

All gaze with ardour: some a poet's name,
 Others a sword-knot and lac'd sash inflame:
 But lofty Lintot in the circle rose
 "This prize is mine, who tempt it are my foes;

REMARKS.

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,

IMITATIONS.

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 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.

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. W.

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 possessed 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 Nisus; 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 convey^s 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

The race by vigour, not by vaunts, is won;
 So take the hindmost, hell," he said, and run. 60
 Swift as a bard the bailiff leaves behind,
 He left huge Lintot, and outstript the wind.

REMARKS.

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."

W.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 60. *So take the hindmost, hell.*]

"Occupet extremum scabies; mihi turpe relinqui est."

HOR. de Arte.

Ver. 61, &c.] Something like this is in Homer, Iliad X. ver. 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.

W.

As when a dab-chick waddles through 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 windmill 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,
 Which Curl's Corinna chanc'd that morn to make: 70

REMARKS.

Ver. 70.—*Curl's Corinna.*] This name, it seems, was taken by one Mrs. Thomas, 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

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 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, through 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 ev'ning eates before his neighbour's shop)
 Here fortun'd Carl to slide; loud shout the band,
 And Bernard! Bernard! rings through all the Strand.
 Obscene with filth the miscreant lies bewray'd, 75
 Fall'n in the plash his wickedness had laid:
 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.

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.

W.

Ver. 82. The Bible, Carl's sign: the Cross Keys, Lintot's.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 73. *Here fortun'd Carl to slide.*]

“Labitur infelix, cæsis ut forte juvenis

Fusus humum, viridesque super madefecerat herbas

Concidit, immundoque fimo, sacroque crurore.”

VIRG. ÆN. V. of Nisus.

Ver. 74. *And Bernard! Bernard!]*

“——Ut littus, Hyla! Hyla! omne sonaret.”

VIRG. Ecl. VI.

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 servant's call,
 From her black grottoes 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.
 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;

REMARKS.

Ver. 93. The Roman goddess of the common-sewers.

IMITATIONS.

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

“Orbe locus medio est, inter terrasque, fretumque,

Cœlestesque plagas.—

OVID. Met. xii.

Repases 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; 110
A shapeless shade, it melted from his sight,
Like forms in clouds, or visions of the night.
To seize his papers, Curl, was next thy care;
His papers light, fly diverse, toss'd in air;
Songs, sonnets, epigrams, the winds uplift, 115
And whisk 'em back to Evans, Young, and Swift.
Th' embroider'd suit at least he deem'd his prey;
That suit an unpaid tailor snatch'd away.
No rag, no scrap, of all the beau, or wit,
That once so flutter'd, and that once so writ. 120

REMARKS.

Ver. 116. *Evans, Young, and Swift.*] Some of those persons whose writings, epigrams, or jests, he had ~~owned~~^{owned} W.

IMITATIONS.

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

“ ———Faciem ostentabat, et udo

Turp a membra fimo.” ———

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, toss'd in air.*] Virgil, *Æn.* VI. of the Sibyl's leaves;

“ Carmina——

Turbata volent rapidis ludibria ventis.”

Heav'n rings with laughter: of the laughter vain,
 Dulness, good queen, repeats the jest again.
 Three wicked imps, of her own Grub-Street choir,
 She deck'd like Congreve, Addison, and Prior;
 Mears, Warner, Wilkins run: delusive thought! 125
 Breval, Bond, Besaleel, the varlets caught.
 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;

REMARKS.

Ver. 124. [*Lib. 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.—Besaleel 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. Arbuthnot, and some ladies of quality," says Curl, *Key*, p. 11. W.

Ver. 125. *Mears, Warner, Wilkins.*] Booksellers, and printers of much anonymous stuff. W.

Ver. 128. *Joseph Gay.*] A fictitious name put by Curl before several pamphlets, which made them pass with many for Mr. Gay's—The ambiguity of the word *Joseph*, which likewise signifies a loose upper coat, gives much pleasantry to the idea.

(Whence hapless Monsieur much complains at Paris
 Of wrongs from Duchesses and Lady Maries) 136
 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 Addison. 140

With that she gave him (piteous of his case,
 Yet smiling at his rueful length of face)
 A shaggy tap'stry, worthy to be spread
 On Codrus' old, or Dunton's modern bed;

REMARKS.

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 wrote notes, and half notes, which he carefully owned. W.

Ibid. — *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. W.

Ver. 144. — *Dunton's modern bed.*] John Dunton was a broken bookseller, and abusive scribbler: he writ *Neck or Nothing*, a vio-

IMITATIONS.

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

“ ——— Risit pater optimus olli. ———

Me liceat casus miserari insontis amici.

Sic fatus, tergum Gætuli immane leonis,” &c.

VIRG. *Æn.* V.

Instructive work! whose wry-mouth'd portraiture
 Display'd the fates her confessors endure. 146
 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
 Himself among the story'd chiefs he spies,
 As, from the blanket, high in air he flies,

REMARKS.

lent satire on some ministers of state; a libel on the duke of Devonshire and the Bishop of Peterborough, &c. W.

Ver. 148. *And Tutchin flagrant from the scourge.*] John Tutchin, author of some vile verses, and of a weekly paper called *The Observer*: 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. *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. W.

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 Edmund Curl, &c. in Swift and Pope's *Miscellanies*. W.

IMITATIONS.

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

“Se quoque principibus permixtum agnovit Achivis——

Constitit, et lacrymans: Quis jam locus, inquit, Achaje!

Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris?”

VIRG. *Æn.* I.

And oh ! (he cry'd) what street, what lane but knows
 Our purgings, pumpings, blanketings, and blows?
 In ev'ry loom our labours shall be seen, 155
 And the fresh vomit run for ever green !

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.

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.

REMARKS.

Ver. 157. *See in the circle next Eliza plac'd.*] 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. W.

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. W.

IMITATIONS.

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

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

Ver. 158. *Two babes of love close clinging to her waist.*]

" Cressa genus, Pholoe, geminique sub ubere nati."

VIRG. ÆN. V.

Ver. 163. —yon Juno

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

In allusion to Homer's Βούπις πόρνια Ἥρη.

This China jordan let the chief o'ercome 165
 Replenish, nowingloriously, at home."

Osborne and Curl accept the glorious strife;
 (Though this his son dissuadês, and that his wife)
 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.

REMARKS.

Ver. 167. *Osborne, Thomas.*] A bookseller in Gray's-Inn, very well qualified by his impudence to act this part; 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. W.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 165. *This China jordan.*]

"Tertius Argolica hac galea contentus abito."

VIRG. ÆN. VI.

In the games of Homer, Iliad 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 Madame Dacier is justly displeased. Mrs. H. is here treated with distinction, and acknowledged to be the more valuable of the two. W.

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

"Ille—melior motu, fretusque juvena;

Hic membris et mole valens," VIRG. ÆN. V.

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, 475
 The wild meander wash'd the artist's face;
 Thus the small jet, 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;

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 173, 174. *So Jove's bright bow*—

Sure sign]

The words of Homer, of the rainbow, in *Iliad XI*.

— ἄς τε Κρονίων

Ἐν νέφει σήριξ ἑτέρα μερόπων ἀβυσσίου

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 pinguia culta

In mare purpureum violentior effluit 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's in thine, like lesser currents lost;

Thy nobler stream shall visit Jove's abodes,

To shine among the stars, and bathe the gods.”

Through half the heav'ns he pours th' exalted urn;
His rapid waters in their passage burn.

Swift as it mounts, all follow with their eyes;
Still happy impudence obtains the prize. 186
Thou triumph'st, victor of the high-wrought day,
And the pleas'd dame, soft-smiling, lead'st away.
Osborne, through 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 jockies 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 dex'trous task commence,
And, instant, fancy feels th' imputed sense; 200
Now gentle touches wanton o'er his face,
He struts Adonis, and affects grimacé:
Rolli the feather to his ear conveys;
Then his nice taste directs our operas:

REMARKS.

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 Italian to some fine gentlemen, who affected to direct the operas. W.

Bentley his mouth with classic flatt'ry opes, 205
 And the puff'd orator bursts out in tropes.
 But Welsted most the poet's healing balm
 Strives to extract from his soft-giving palm.

REMARKS.

Ver. 205. *Bentley his mouth, &c.*] Not spoken of the famous Dr. Richard Bentley, but of one Thomas Bentley, a small critic, who aped his uncle in a *little Horace*. The great one was intended to be dedicated to the Lord Halifax, 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. W.

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 Βάθους*, 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!

Unlucky Welsted! thy unfeeling master,
The more thou ticklest, gripes his fist the faster. 210

'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
Her sister sends, her vot'ress from above. 216
As taught by Venus, Paris learnt the art
To touch Achilles' only tender part;
Secure, through her, the noble prize to carry,
He marches off his grace's secretary. 220

Now turn to diff'rent sports (the goddess cries)
And learn, my sons, the wondrous pow'r of noise,
To move, to raise, to ravish ev'ry heart.
With Shakspeare's nature, or with Jonson's art,
Let others aim: 'tis yours to shake the soul 225
With thunder rumbling from the mustard bowl;

REMARKS.

'Till lab'ring on for want of eyes,
It blunders into light, and dies."
You have him again in Book III. ver 169.

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."——

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,
 Dennis and dissonance, 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.

REMARKS.

[Ver. 238. —Norton.] See ver. 415.—*J. Durant Breval*, author
 of a very extraordinary book of travels, and some poems. W.

IMITATIONS.

[Ver. 243. —*A cat-call each shall win, &c.*]

“Non nostrum inter vos tantas componere lites,

Et vitula tu dignus, et hic.”

VIRG. Ecl. III.

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 Sir Gilbert, starting at the bray,
 From dreams of millions, and three groats to pay:
 So swells each wind-pipe; ass intones to ass,
 Harmonic twang! of leather, horn, and brass;
 Such as from lab'ring lungs th'enthusiast blows, 255
 High sound, attemper'd to the vocal nose;
 Or such as bellow from the deep divine;
 • There, Webster! peal'd thy voice, and, Whitefield!
 thine.

REMARKS.

Ver. 258. — [Webster, — and, Whitefield.] The one the writer of a newspaper 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. 247. As when the, &c.] A simile, with a long tail, in the manner of Homer.

• W.

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!
 Long Chanc'ry-Lane retentive rolls the sound,
 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.

IMITATIONS.

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

“Et vox assensu nemorum ingemiscata remugit.”

GEORGE. III.

“He hears his num'rous herds low o'er the plain,

While neighb'ring hills low back to them again.” COWLEY.

The poet here celebrated, Sir R. B. delighted much in the word *bray*, which he 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. W.

Ver. 262. *Prick all their ears up, and forget to graze!*]

“Immemor herbarum quos est mirata juvenca.”

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 sounding the horn of Alecto:

“Audiit et Triviæ longe lacus, audiit amnis

Sulphurea Nar albus aqua fontesque Velini,” &c.

W.

This labour past, by Bridewell all descend
 (As morning pray'r and flagellation end) 270
 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.
 "Here strip, my children! here at once leap in, 275
 Here prove who best can dash through thick and thin,
 And who the most in love of dirt excel,
 Or dark dexterity of groping well:
 Who slings most filth, and wide pollutes around
 The stream, be his the Weekly Journals bound; 280
 A pig of lead to him who dives the best;
 A peck of coals apiece shall glad the rest."

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

REMARKS.

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

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 273. *The king of dykes! &c.*]

"Fluviorum rex Eridanus,

— Quo non alius, per pingua culta,

In mare purpureum violentior influit amnis." VIRG.

Then sighing, thus, "And am I now threescore? 285
 "Ah, why, ye gods! should two and ~~two~~ make four?"
 He said, and climb'd a stranded lighter's height,
 Shot to the black abyss, and plung'd downright.

REMARKS.

that Mr. Addison himself writ that Tatler, No. 43, which says of his own simile, that "It is as great as ever entered into the mind of man." "In poetry he was not so happy as laborious, and is therefore characterized by the Tatler, No. 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," said 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. W.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 285, *Then sighing, 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 through all the coast.
 Then * essay'd; scarce vanish'd out of sight, 295
 He buoys up instant, and returns to light;
 He bears no tokens of the sabler streams,
 And mounts far off among the swans of Thames.

REMARKS.

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 dipped in scandal, and deeply immersed 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. v. 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. W.

Ver. 295. *Then * essay'd.*] Supposed to mean Aaron Hill, though denied by Pope.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 293. — *And call on Smedley lost, &c.*]

“ Alcides wept in vain for Hylas lost,

Hylas, in vain, resounds through all the coast.”

LORD ROSCOM. Translat. of Ecl. VI. of Virgil.

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:
 No noise, no stir, no motion canst 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.

REMARKS.

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 Profound*, 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 scribbler in the *Daily Courant*, where he poured forth much Billingsgate against the Lord Bolingbroke and others; after which this man was surprisingly promoted to administer justice and law in Jamaica.

W.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 302. *Not everlasting Blackmore.*]

"Nec bonus Eurytion prælato invidit honori," &c.

VIRG. *Æn.*

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!"

Not so bold Arnall; with a weight of scull 315
 Furious he dives, precipitately dull.
 Whirlpools and storms his circling arms invest,
 With all the might of gravitation blest.

REMARKS.

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. W.

Ver. 315. *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 intitled, *To the Genuine Blunderer, 1732*, and many others. He writ for hire, and valued himself upon it; not indeed without cause, it appearing 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, through his fury or folly, he exceeded all the bounds of his commission, and obliged his honourable patron to disavow his scurrilities. W.

No crab more active in the dirty dance,
 Downward to climb, and backward to advance, 320
 He brings up half the bottom on his head,
 And loudly claims the journals and the lead.

The plunging prelate, and his pond'rous grace,
 With holy envy gave one layman place.
 When lo! a burst of thunder shook the flood, 325
 Slow rose a form in majesty of mud;
 Shaking the horrors of his sable 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,
 Vied 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,
 That tinctur'd as it runs with Lethé's streamis,
 And wafting vapours from the land of dreams, 340

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 329. *Greater he looks and more than mortal stares* }
 Verg. *Æn.* vi. of the Sibyl.

(As under seas Alpheus' secret sluice
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 rostr,
Gave him the cassock, surcingle, and vest. 350
"Receive (he said) these robes which once were
mine,
Dulness is sacred in a sound divine."

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. W.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 347. *Thence to the banks, &c.*

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

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, or saint or damn,
Heav'n's Swiss, who fight for any god or man.

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

Rolls the black troop, and overshades the street, 360
Till show'rs of sermons, characters, essays,
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 365
A gentler exercise to close the games.

“Ye critics! in whose heads, as equal scales,
I weigh what author's heaviness prevails;
Which most conduce to soothe the soul in slumbers,
My H—ley's periods, or my Blackmore's numbers;
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 Ulysses' ear with Argus' eye;
To him we grant our amplest pow'rs to sit, 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,

The same their talents, and their tastes the same; 380
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:
The clain'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
Through 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. 390
As to soft gales top-heavy pines bow low
Their heads, and lift them as they cease to blow;
Thus oft they rear, and oft the head decline,
As breathe, or pause, by fits, the airs divine.
And now to this side, now to that they nod, 395
As verse, or prose, infuse the drowsy god.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 380, 381. *The same their talents,—Each prompt, &c.]*

“Ambo florentes ætatibus, Arcades ambo,”

Et certare pares, et respondere parati.” VIRG. Ecl. VI.

Ver. 382. *And smit with love of poesy and prate.]*

“Smit with the love of sacred song—” MILTON.

Ver. 384. *The heroes sit, the vulgar form a ring.]*

“Consedere duces, et vulgi stante corona.”

OVID. Met. XIII.

Thrice Budget aim'd to speak, but thrice suppress
 By potent Arthur, knock'd his chin and breast.
 Toland and Tindal, prompt at priests to jeer,
 Yet silent bow'd to *Christ's no kingdom here.* 400
 Who sat 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.

REMARKS.

Ver. 397. *Thrice Budget aim'd to speak.*] Famous for his speeches on many occasions about the south-sea scheme, &c. "He is a very ingenious gentleman, and hath written some excellent epilogues to plays, and one small piece on Love, which is very pretty." Jacob, *Lives of Poets*, Vol. II. p. 289. But this gentleman since made himself much more eminent, and personally well known to the greatest statesmen of all parties, as well as to all the courts of law in this nation. W.

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. W.

Ver. 400. An allusion to a famous Sermon of Bishop Hoadley's

As what a Dutchman plumps into the lakes, 405

One circle first and then a second makes;

What Dulness dropt among her sons imprest

Like motion from one circle to the rest:

So from the midmost the nutation spreads,

Round and more round, o'er all the *sea of heads*. 410

At last Centlivre felt her voice to fail;

Motteux himself unfinish'd left his tale;

Boyer the state, and Law the stage gave o'er;

Morgan and Mandeville could prate no more;

Norton, from Daniel and Ostroëa sprung, 415

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

REMARKS.

Ver. 411. —*Centlivre*.] Mrs. Susannah Centlivre, wife to Mr. Centlivre, Yeoman of the Mouth to his Majesty. She writ many plays, and a song (says Mr. Jacob, Vol. I. p. 32.) before she was seven years old. She also writ a ballad against Mr. Pope's Homer before he began it. W.

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. W.

Ver. 414. *Morgan*] A writer against religion, distinguished no otherwise from the rabble of his tribe than by the pompousness of his title, of a *Moral Philosopher*. *

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 410. *O'er all the sea of heads*.]

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

BLACKM. Job.

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:
While others, timely, to the neighb'ring Fleet
(Haunt of the muses) made their safe retreat?

REMARKS.

Ibid. — *Mandeville.*] 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.

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 sometimes the honour to be abused with his betters; and of many hired scurrilities, and daily papers, to which he never set his name.

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.”

THE DUNCIAD.

BOOK THE THIRD.

THE ARGUMENT.

AFTER the other persons are disposed in their proper places of fest, 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, inamoratoes, 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 Lethé, 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 Pisgah sight, of the future fulness of her glory, the accomplishment whereof is the subject of the fourth and last book.



Painted by H^r Singleton

Engraved by J^o Fidler A

BOOK 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 seat 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;
 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' Elysian shade.
 A slip-shod Sibyl led his steps along, 15
 In lofty madness meditating song;

IMITATIONS.

*Ver. 7, 8. Hence from the straw where Bedlam's prophet nods,
 He hears loud oracles, and talks with gods.]*

“ Êt varias audit voces, fruiturque deorum

Colloquio.”——

VIRG. *Æn.* VIII.

Ver. 15. A slip-shod 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;
 (Once swan of Thames, though now he sings no
 more)

Benlowes, propitious still to blockheads, bows; 21
 And Shadwell nods, the poppy on his brows.
 Here in a dusky vale where Lethé 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 accident: a rare example of modesty in a poet!

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

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

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. W.

Ver. 22. *And Shadwell nods, the poppy, &c.*] Shadwell took opium for many years, and died of too large a doze, in the year 1692. W.

IMITATIONS.

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

"——Videt Æneas in valle reducta

Seclusum nemus——

VING. 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 Browne and Mears unbar the gates of light,

Demand new bodies, and in calf's array

Rush to the world, impatient for the day. 30

Millions and millions on these banks he views,

Thick as the stars of night or morning dews,

REMARKS.

Ver. 24. *Old Bavius sits.*] *Bavius* was an ancient poet, celebrated by Virgil for the like cause as Bayes 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 hated and detested for his evil works: *Qui Bavius non odit?* whereas we have often had occasion to observe our poet's great good nature and mercifulness through the whole course of this poem. SCRIB.

Ver. 28. —*Browne 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. W.

IMITATIONS.

Lethæumque domos placidas qui prænatat amnem,

Hunc circum innumeræ gentes," &c. VIRG. *Æn.* VI.

Ver. 24. *Old Bavius sits to dip poetic souls*]

"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.

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

"Quam multa in sylvis autumnæ frigore primo

Lapsa cadunt folia, aut ad terram gurgite ab alto

Quam multæ glomerantur aves," &c. VIRG. *Æn.* VI.

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,
 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

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!
 Thou, yet unborn, hast touch'd this sacred shore; 45
 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 Bæotian to Bæotian roll? 50
 How many Dutchmen she vouchsaf'd to thrid?
 How many stages through old monks she rid?
 And all who since, in mild benighted days,
 Mixt the owl's ivy with the poet's bays.

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.

W.

As man's meanders to the vital spring 55

Roll all their tides, then back their circles bring;

Whirligigs, twirl'd round by skilful swain,

Suck the thread in, then yield it out again:

All nonsense this, 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, 65

And let the past and future fire thy brain.

Ascend this hill, whose cloudy point commands

Her boundless empire over seas and lands,

See, round the poles where keener spangles shine,

Where spices smoke beneath the burning line, 70

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 54. *Mix'd the owl's ivy with the poet's bays.]*

“ —Sine tempora circum

Inter victrices ederam 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.

(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 godlike monarch all that pride confounds, 75
He whose long wall the wand'ring Tartar bounds:
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
Embody'd dark, what clouds of Vandals rise!
Lo! where Mæotis sleeps, and hardly flows
The freezing Tanais through 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 Genseric! 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 soil that arts and infant letters bore)
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 gray-hair'd synods damning books unread,
 And Bacon trembling for his brazen head.
 Padua, with sighs, beholds her Livy burn, 105
 And e'en th' Antipodes Virgilius mourn.
 See the Cirque falls, th' unpillar'd temple nods,
 Streets pav'd with heroes, Tyber choak'd with gods;
 Till Peter's keys some christen'd Jove adorn,
 And Pan to Moses lends his Pagan horn: 110
 See graceless Venus to a virgin turn'd,
 Or Phidias broken, and Apelles burn'd!
 Behold yon isle, by palmers, pilgrims trod, 115
 Men bearded, bald, cowl'd, uncowl'd, shod, unshod,
 Peel'd, patch'd, and pyebald, linsey-woolsey bro-
 thers,
 Grave mummers! sleeveless some and shirtless
 others.
 That once was Britain—Happy! had she seen
 No fiercer sons, had easter never been.
 In peace great goddess ever be ador'd;
 How keen the war, if Dulness draw the sword! 120

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 117, 118. *Happy!—had easter never been.*

“Et fortunatam, si nunquam armenta fuissent.”

VIRG. Ecl. VI.

Thus visit not thy own! on this bless'd age

O 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 through fate! behold the scene she draws!

What aids, what armies, to assert her cause!

See all her progeny, illustrious sight!

Behold, and count them, as they rise to light: 130

As Berecynthia, while her offspring vie

In homage to the mother of the sky,

Surveys around her, in the bless'd abode,

An hundred sons, and ev'ry son a god:

Not with less glory mighty Dulness crown'd, 135

Shall take through Grub-Street her triumphant
round;

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 127, 129. *Now look through fate!*

See all her progeny, &c.]

“Nunc age, Dardaniam prolem quæ deinde sequatur

Gloria, qui maneat Itala de gente nepotes,

Illustres animas, nostrumque in nomen ituras,

Expeditam.”

VIRG. ÆN. VI.

Ver. 131. *As [Berecynthia, &c.]*

“Felix prole virum: qualis Berecynthia mater

Invehitur curru Phrygiæ turrita per urbes,

Lacta deûni partu, centum complexa nepotes,

Omnes cœlicolas, omnes supera alta tenentes.”

VIRG. ÆN. VI.

And her Parnassus glancing o'er at once,
Behold an hundred sons, and each a dunce.

Mark first that youth who takes^r the foremost
place,

And thrusts his person full into your face. 140

With all thy father's virtues bless'd, be born!

And a new Cibber shall the stage adorn.

A second see, by meeker manners known,
And modest as the maid that sips alone;
From the strong fate of drams if thou get free, 145
Another Durfey, Ward! shall sing in thee.
Thee shall each alehouse, thee each gillhouse mourn,
And answering ginshops sourer sighs return.

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 bless'd, 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.

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 alehouse, &c.*]

“ Te nemus Anguitiæ, vitrea te Fucinus undæ,

Te liquidi flevere lacus.”

VIRG. ÆN. VII.

Virgil again, Ecl. X.

“ —etiam lauri, etiam flevere myricæ,” &c.

Jacob, the scourge of grammar, mark with awe;
 Nor less revere him, blunderbuss of law. 150
 Lo P—p—le's brow, tremendous to the town,
 Horneck's fierce eye, and Roome's funereal frown.

REMARKS.

Ver. 149. *Jacob, the scourge of grammar, mark with awe.*] “This gentleman is a son of a considerable maltster of Romsey in Southamptonshire, and bred to the law under a very eminent attorney: who, between his more laborious studies, has diverted himself poetry. He is a great admirer of poets and their works, which has occasioned him to try his genius that way.—He has writ in prose the *Lives of the Poets*, *Essays*, and, a great many *Law books*, *Accomplished Conveyancer*, *Modern Justice*, &c.” Giles Jacob of himself, *Lives of Poets*, vol. i. He very grossly, and unprovoked, abused in that book the *Author's Friend*, Mr. Gay. W.

Ver. 152. *Horneck—Roome.*] These two were virulent party-writers, worthily coupled together, and, one would think, prophetically; since, after the publishing of this piece the former dying, the latter succeeded him in honour and employment. The first was Philip Horneck, author of a Billingsgate paper called *The High German Doctor*. Edward Roome was son of an undertaker for funerals in Fleet-Street, and writ some of the papers called *Pasquin*, where, by malicious inuendoes, 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,

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 150. —“duo fulmina belli

Scipiadas, cladem Libyæ!”

VIRG. ÆN. VI.

Lo sneering Goode, half malice and half whim,
 A fiend in glee, ridiculously grim.
 Each cygnet sweet, of Bath and Tunbridge race, 155
 Whose tuneful whistling makes the waters pass:
 Each songster, riddler, ev'ry nameless name,
 All crowd, who foremost shall be damn'd to fame.
 Some strain in rhyme: the muses, on their racks,
 Scream like the winding of ten thousand jacks: 160
 Some free from rhyme or reason, rule or check,
 Break Priscian's head, and Pegasus's neck;
 Down, down they larum, with impetuous whirl,
 The Pindars, and the Miltons of a Curl. 164

Silence, ye wolves! while Ralph to Cynthia howls,
 And makes night hideous—Answer him, ye owls!

REMARKS.

You wonder at it—This, sir, is the case,

The jest is lost unless he prints his face."

Popple was the author of some vile plays and pamphlets. He published abuses on our author in a paper called *The Prompter*. W.

Ver. 153.—*Goode*] An ill-natured critic, who writ a satire on our author, called *The Mock Æsop*, and many anonymous libels in newspapers, for hire. W.

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 alluded to a thing of his entitled *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. 17, 1728. He was wholly illi-

Sense, speech, and measure, living tongues and
dead,

Let all give way—and Morris may be read.
Flow, Welsted, flow! like thine inspirer, beer,
Though stale, not ripe, though thin, yet never clear;
So sweetly mawkish, and so smoothly dull; 171
Heady, not strong; o'erflowing, though not full.

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

Embrace, embrace, my sons! be foes no more!
Nor glad vile poets with true critics' gore.

REMARKS.

terate, 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, "Shakspeare writ without rules." He ended at last in the common sink of all such writers, a political newspaper, to which he was recommended by his friend Arnall, and received a small pittance for pay. W.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 166. *And makes night hideous.*—]

"Visit thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous."

SHAKS.

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:
Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not dull:
Strong without rage; without o'erflowing full!"

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

“ But who is he, in closet close y-pent, 185
 Of sober face, with learned dust besprent?”
 Right well mine eyes arede thy myster wight,
 On parchment scrapes y-fed, and Wormius hight.
 To future ages may thy dulness last,
 As thou preserv'st the dulness of the past! 190

There, dim in clouds, the porings scholiasts mark,
 Wits, who, like owls, see only in the dark,

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 177. *Embrace, embrace, my sons! be foes no more!*
 VIRG. ÆN. VI.

“ ———Ne tanta animis assuescite bella,
 Neu patriæ validas in viscera vertite vires.
 Tuque prior, tu parce—sanguis meus!”—

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 ÆN. V.

“ Euryalus, forma insignis viridique juvena,
 Nisus amore pio pueri.”

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.

A lumberhouse of books in ev'ry head,

For ever reading, never to be read!

But, where each science lifts its modern type, 195

Hist'ry her pot, divinity her pipe,

While proud philosophy repines to show,

Dishonest sight! his breeches rent below,

Imbrown'd with native bronze, lo! Henley stands,

Tuning his voice, and balancing his hands. 200

How fluent nonsense trickles from his tongue!

How sweet the periods, neither said nor sung!

Still break the benches, Henley! with thy strain,

While Sherlock, Hare, and Gibson preach in vain.

O great restorer of the good old stage, 205

Preacher at once, and Zany of thy age!

O worthy thou of Egypt'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; 210

And bade thee live, to crown Britannia's praise,

In Toland's, Tindal's, and in Woolston's days.

REMARKS.

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. W.

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. *

Yet, oh, my sons! a father's words attend:
 (So may the fates preserve the ears you lend)
 'Tis yours a Bacon or a Lock 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."

Thus he, for then a ray of reason stole 225
 Half through 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. 230
 His never-blushing head he turn'd aside,
 (Not half so pleas'd when Goodman prophesy'd)

REMARKS.

Ver. 212.] Of Toland and Tindal, see Book II. ver. 399. Thomas Woolston was an impious madman, who wrote, in a most insolent style, against the miracles of the Gospel. W.

IMITATIONS.

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

"Discite justitiam moniti, et non temnere divos."

VIRG.

And look'd, and saw a sable sorcerer 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 jig, 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;
 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

REMARKS.

Ver. 237. These absurdities were actually brought on the stage by Tibbald, in his *Rape of Proserpine*; but they were never encouraged by Cibber.

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.

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 controls,
 Wings the red lightning, and the thunder rolls; 256
 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. 260
 Immortal Rich! how calm he sits at ease,
 Midst snows of paper, and fierce hail of pease!

REMARKS.

Ver. 261. *Immortal Rich!*] Mr. John Rich, master of the Theatre-Royal in Covent-Garden, was the first that excelled this way. W.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 251. *Son, what thou seek'st is in thee!*]

“Quod petis in te est——

——Ne te quæsiveris extra.”

PERS.

Ver. 256. *Wings the red lightning, &c.*] Like Salmoneus in Æn. VI.

“Dum flammas Jovis, et sonitus imitatur Olympi.

——nimbos, et non imitabile fulmen,

Ære et cornipedum pulsu simularat equorum.”

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 ver. 264 is a parody on a noble one of the same author in the Campaign: and ver. 259, 260, on two sublime verses of Dr. Y. W.

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!
Booth in his cloudy tabernacle shrin'd,
On grinning dragons thou shalt mount the wind.
Dire is the conflict, dismal is the din,
Here shouts all Drury, there all Lincoln's-inn; 270
Contending theatres our empire raise,
Alike their labours, and alike their praise.

And are these wonders, son, to thee unknown?
Unknown to thee! these wonders are thy own.
These fate reserv'd to grace thy reign divine, 275
Foreseen by me, but, ah! withheld from mine.
In Lud's old walls though long I rul'd renown'd
Far as loud Bow's stupendous bells resound;
Though my own aldermen conferr'd the bays,
To me committing their eternal praise, 280
Their full-fed heroes, their pacific may'rs,
Their annual trophies, and their monthly wars:
Though 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 hiss in my own dragon.

REMARKS.

Ver. 266, 267.] Booth and Cibber were joint managers of the Theatre in Drury-Lane.

Avert it heav'n! that thou, my Cibber, e'er
 Shouldst wag a serpent-tail in Smithfield fair!
 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;
 Till rais'd from booths, to theatre, to court,
 Her seat imperial Dulness shall transport. 300
 Already opera prepares the way,
 The sure forerunner of her gentle sway:
 Let her thy heart, next drabs and dice, engage,
 The third mad passion of thy doting age.
 Teach thou the warbling Polypheme to roar, 305
 And scream thyself as none e'er scream'd before!
 To aid our cause, if heav'n thou canst 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
 Grub-sreet! thy fall should men and gods conspire,
 Thy stage shall stand, insure 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.

See, see, our own true Phœbus wears the bays!
Our Midas sits Lord Chancellor of plays!
On poets' tombs see Benson's titles writ! 325
Lo! Ambrose Philips is preferr'd for wit!

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

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, divi genus; aurea condet
Sæcula qui rursus Latio, regnata per arva
Saturno quondam”—— VIRG. *Æn.* VI.

Saturnian here relates to the age of lead, mentioned, B. I. ver. 26.

See under Ripley rise a new Whitehall,
 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
 Hibernian politics, O Swift! thy fate;
 And Pope's, ten years to comment and translate.

REMARKS.

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. W.

Sir Christopher died in 1723, at the age of 91; and was buried under his own great fabric, with four words that comprehend his merit and his fame: "Si quæras monumentum, circumspice!"

WALFORD'S Anecdotes.

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 much greater character we have of him in Mr. Gildon's complete Art of Poetry, Vol. I. 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 endeavoured to create some misunderstanding between our author and Mr. Addison, whom also soon after he abused as much. W.

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, that prodigy of fortune, the Beggar's Opera.

Proceed, great days! till learning fly the shore,
 Till Birch shall blush with noble blood no more;
 Till Thames see Eton's sons for ever play, 335
 Till Westminster's whole year be holiday;
 Till Isis' elders reel, their pupils' sport,
 And Alma Mater lie dissolv'd in port!

Enough! enough! the raptur'd monarch cries!
 And through the iv'ry gate the vision flies. 340

REMARKS.

Ver. 333. *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 license 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 through the iv'ry gate, &c.*]

“Sunt geminae somni portæ; quarum altera fertur
 Cornea, qua veris facilis datur exitus umbris;
 Altera, candenti perfecta nitens elephanto;
 Sed falsa ad cœlum mittunt insomnia manes.”

VIRG. *Æn.* VI.

THE DUNCIAD.

BOOK THE FOURTH.

THE DUNCIAD.

BOOK THE FOURTH.

THE ARGUMENT,

THE poet being, in this book, to declare the completion of the prophecies mentioned at the end of the former, makes a new invocation; as the greater poets are wont, when some high and worthy matter is to be sung. He shews the goddess coming in her majesty, to destroy order and science, and to substitute the kingdom of the Dull upon earth. How she leads captive the sciences, and silences the muses; and what they be who succeed in their stead. All her children, by a wonderful attraction, are drawn about her; and bear along with them divers others, who promote her empire by connivance, weak resistance, or discouragement of arts; such as half-wits, tasteless admirers, vain pretenders, the flatterers of dunces, or the patrons of them. All these crowd around her; one of them offering to approach her, is driven back by a rival, but she commends and encourages both. The first who speak in form are the geniuses of the schools, who assure her of their care to advance her cause by confining youth to words, and keeping them out of the way of real knowledge. Their address, and her gracious answer; with her charge to them and the universities. The universities appear by their proper deputies, and assure her that the same method is observed in the progress of education. The speech of Aristarchus on this subject. They are driven off by a band of young gentlemen returned from travel with their tutors; one of whom delivers to the goddess, in a polite oration, an account of the whole conduct and fruits of their travels; presenting to her at the same time a young nobleman perfectly accomplished. She receives him graciously, and endues him with the happy quality of want of shame. She sees loitering about her a number of indolent persons abandoning all business and duty, and dying with laziness: to these approaches the antiquary Annius, in-

treating her to make them virtuosos, and assign them over to him; but Mummius, another antiquary, complaining of his fraudulent proceeding, she finds a method to reconcile their difference. Then enter a troop of people fantastically adorned, offering her strange and exotic presents: among them, one stands forth, and demands justice on another who had deprived him of one of the greatest curiosities in nature; but he justifies himself so well, that the goddess gives them both her approbation. She recommends to them to find proper employment for the indolents before mentioned, in the study of butterflies, shells, birds-nests, moss, &c. but with particular caution not to proceed beyond trifles, to any useful or extensive views of nature, or of the Author of nature. Against the last of these apprehensions she is secured by a hearty address from the minute philosophers and free-thinkers, one of whom speaks in the name of the rest. The youth thus instructed and principled, are delivered to her in a body, by the hands of Silenus; and then admitted to taste the cup of the Magus, her high priest, which causes a total oblivion of all obligations, divine, civil, moral, or rational. To these her adepts she sends priests, attendants, and comforters, of various kinds; confers on them orders, and degrees; and then dismissing them with a speech, confirming to each his privileges, and telling what she expects from each, concludes with a yawn of extraordinary virtue: the progress and effect whereof on all orders of men, and the consummation of all, in the restoration of night and chaos, conclude the poem.



Painted by H^r Singleton

Engraved by J^d Fittler A

BOOK IV.

3

YET, yet a moment, one dim ray of light
 Indulge, dread chaos, and eternal night!
 Of darkness visible so much be lent,
 As half to shew, half veil the deep intent.
 Ye pow'rs! whose mysteries restor'd I sing, 5
 To whom time bears me on his rapid wing,
 Suspend a while your force inertly strong,
 Then take at once the poet and the song.

Now flam'd the dog-star's unpropitious ray,
 Smote ev'ry brain, and wither'd ev'ry bay; 10
 Sick was the sun, the owl forsook his bow'r,
 The moon-struck prophet felt the madding hour:
 Then rose the seed of chaos, and of night,
 To blot out order, and extinguish light,
 Of dull and venal a new world to mold, 15
 And bring Saturnian days of lead and gold.

REMARKS.

VER. 2. — *dread chaos and eternal night!*] Invoked, as the restoration of their empire is the action of the poem. P.*

VER. 14. *To blot out order, and extinguish light.*] The two great ends of her mission; the one in quality of daughter of chaos, the other as daughter of night. Order here is to be understood extensively, both as civil and moral; the distinctions between high and low in society, and true and false in individuals: light as intellectual only; wit, science, arts. P.*

She mounts the throne: her head a cloud conceal'd,
 In broad effulgence all below reveal'd,
 ('Tis thus aspiring Dulness ever shines)
 Soft on her lap her laureate son reclines. 20
 Beneath her footstool science groans in chains,
 And wit dreads exile, penalties and pains.
 There foam'd rebellious logic, gagg'd and bound;
 There, stript, fair rhet'ric languish'd on the ground;
 His blunted arms by sophistry are borne, 25
 And shameless Billingsgate her robes adorn.
 Morality, by her false guardians drawn,
 Chicane in furs, and casuistry in lawn,
 Gasps, as they straiten at each end the cord,
 And dies when Dulness gives her Page the word. 30
 Mad Mathesis alone was unconfin'd,
 Too mad for mere material chains to bind,
 Now to pure space lifts her ecstatic stare,
 Now running round the circle, finds it square.

REMARKS.

Ver. 15. *Of dull and venal*] The allegory continued; *dull* referring to the extinction of light or science; *venal* to the destruction of order and the truth of things. P.*

Ibid.—*a new world*.] In allusion to the Epicurean opinion, that from the dissolution of the natural world into night and chaos, a new one should arise; this the poet alluding to, in the production of a new world, makes it partake of its original principles. P.*

Ver. 30. There was a judge of this name, always ready to hang any man that came in his way. P.*

But held in tenfold bonds the muses lie, 35
 Watch'd both by envy's and by flatt'ry's eye:
 There to her heart sad tragedy addrest
 The dagger, wont to pierce the tyrant's breast;
 But sober history restrain'd her rage,
 And promis'd vengeance on a barb'rous age. 40
 There sunk Thalia, nerveless, cold, and dead,
 Had not her sister Satire held her head:
 Nor could'st thou, Chesterfield! a tear refuse,
 Thou wept'st, and with thee wept each gentle muse.

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

O' Càra! Càra! silence all that train;
 Joy to great chaos! let division reign:
 Chromatic tortures soon shall drive them hence, 55
 Break all their nerves, and fritter all their sense:
 One trill shall harmonize joy, grief, and rage,
 Wake the dull church, and lull the ranting stage;

IMITATIONS.

Vers 54. *Joy to great chaos!*]

“Joy to great Cæsar!”

The beginning of a famous old song.

To the same notes thy sons shall hum, or snore,
And all thy yawning daughters cry *encore*. • 60

Another Phœbus, thy own Phœbus, reigns,
Joys in my jigs, and dances in my chains.

But soon, ah soon, rebellion will commence,
If music meanly borrows aid from sense:

Strong in new arms, lo! giant Handel stands, 65
Like bold Briareus, with an hundred hands;

To stir, to rouse, to shake the soul he comes,
And Jove's own thunders follow Mars's drums.

Arrest him, empress, or you sleep no more—

She heard, and dropt him to th' Hibernian shore. 70

And now had fame's posterior trumpet blown,
And all the nations summon'd to the throne:

The young, the old, who feel her inward sway,
One instinct seizes, and transports away.

None need a guide, by sure attraction led, 75
And strong impulsive gravity of head:

None want a place, for all their centre found,
Hung to the goddess, and coher'd around.

Not closer, orb in orb, conglob'd are seen •
The buzzing bees about their dusky queen. • 80

The gath'ring number, as it moves along,
Involves a vast involuntary throng,

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

Not those alone who passive own her laws, 85
But who, weak rebels, more advance her cause:

Whate'er of dunce in college or in town
 Sneers at another, in toupee or gown;
 Whate'er of mungrel no one class admits,
 A wit with dunces, and a dunce with wits. 90

Nor absent they, no members of her state,
 Who pay her homage in her sons, the great;
 Who false to Phœbus, bow the knee to Baal,
 Or impious, preach his word without a call.
 Patrons, who sneak from living worth to dead, 95
 Withhold the pension, and set up the head;
 Or vest dull flatt'ry in the sacred gown,
 Or give from fool to fool the laurel crown;
 And (last and worst) with all the cant of wit,
 Without the soul, the muse's hypocrite. 100

There march'd the bard and blockhead side by side,
 Who rhym'd for hire, and patroniz'd for pride.
 Narcissus, prais'd with all a parson's pow'r,
 Look'd a white lily sunk beneath a show'r.
 There mov'd Montalto with superior air; 105
 His stretch'd-out arm display'd a volume fair;
 Courtiers and patriots in two ranks divide,
 Through both he pass'd, and bow'd from side to side;
 But as in graceful act, with awful eye,
 Compos'd he stood, bold Benson thrust him by: 110

REMARKS.

Ver. 103. Alluding to Dr. Middleton's laboured encomium on Lord Harvey, in his dedication of the Life of Cicero.

On two unequal crutches propt he came,
 Milton's on this, on that one Johnston's name.
 The decent knight retir'd with sober rage,
 Withdrew his hand, and clos'd the pompous page:
 But (happy for him as the times went then) 115
 Appear'd Apollo's may'r and aldermen,
 On whom three hundred gold-capt youths await,
 To lug the pond'rous volume off in state.

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

REMARKS.

Ver. 112. Benson printed elegant editions of Johnston's Psalms; and rescued his country from the disgrace of having no monument erected to the memory of Milton in Westminster-Abbey.

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

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 126. *Admire new light, &c.*

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

WALLER.

Leave not a foot of verse, a foot of stone,
 A page, a grave, that they can call their own;
 But spread, my songs, your glory thin or thick,
 On passive paper, or on solid brick. 130
 So by each bard an alderman shall sit,
 A heavy lord shall hang at ev'ry wit,
 And while on fame's triumphal car they ride,
 Some slave of mine be pinion'd to their side."

Now crowds on crowds around the goddess press,
 Each eager to present the first address. 136
 Duncce scorning duncce beholds the next advance,
 But fop shows fop superior complaisance.
 When lo! a spectre rose, whose index-hand
 Held forth the virtue of the dreadful wand; 140
 His beaver'd brow a birchen garland wears,
 Dropping with infants' blood and mothers' tears.
 O'er ev'ry vein a shudd'ring horror runs,
 Eton and Winton shake through all their sons.
 All flesh is humbled, Westminster's bold race 145
 Shrink, and confess the genius of the place:
 The pale boy-senator yet tingling stands,
 And holds his breeches close with both his hands.

Then thus: Since man from beast by words is
 known,
 Words are man's province, words we teach alone. 150

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 142. *Dropping with infants' blood, &c.*]

"First Moloch, horrid king, besmear'd with blood

Of human sacrifice and parents' tears." MILTON.

When reason doubtful, like the Samian letter,
 Points him two ways, the narrower is the better.
 Plac'd at the door of learning, youth to guide,
 We never suffer it to stand too wide.

To ask, to guess, to know, as they commence, 155

As fancy opens the quick springs of sense,

We ply the memory, we load the brain,

Bind rebel wit, and double chain on chain,

Confine the thought, to exercise the breath,

And keep them in the pale of words till death. 160

Whate'er the talents, or howe'er design'd,

We hang one jingling padlock on the mind:

A poet the first day he dips his quill; —

And what the last? a very poet still.

Pity! the charm works only in our wall, 165

Lost, lost too soon in yonder house or hall.

There truant Wyndham ev'ry muse gave o'er,

There Talbot sunk, and was a wit no more!

How sweet an Ovid, Murray was our boast!

How many Martials were in Pult'ney lost! 170

Else sure some bard, to our eternal praise,

In twice ten thousand rhyming nights and days,

Had reach'd the work, the all that mortal can,

And South beheld that masterpiece of man.

REMARKS.

Ver. 151. — *the Samian letter.*] The letter Y, used by Pythagoras as an emblem of the different roads of virtue and vice. P.*

* Ver. 174. — *that masterpiece of man.*] Viz. an Epigram. The

O (cry'd the goddess) for some pedant reign!
 Some gentle James, to bless the land again: 176
 To stick the doctor's chair into the throne,
 Give law to words, or war with words alone,
 Senates and courts with Greek and Latin rule,
 And turn the council to a grammar-school! 180
 For sure if Dulness sees a grateful day,
 'Tis in the shade of arbitrary sway.

O! if my sons may learn one earthly thing,
 Teach but that one, sufficient for a king;
 That which my priests, and mine alone, maintain, 185
 Which, as it dies, or lives, we fall, or reign:
 May you, my Cam, and Isis, preach it long!
 "The right divine of kings to govern wrong."

Prompt at the call, around the goddess roll
 Broad hats, and hoods, and caps, a sable shoal: 190
 Thick and more thick the black blockade extends,
 A hundred head of Aristotle's friends.
 Nor wert thou, Isis! wanting to the day:
 [Though Christ-Church long kept prudishly away]
 Each staunch polemic, stubborn as a rock, 195
 Each fierce logician, still expelling Locke,

REMARKS.

famous Dr. South used to declare that a perfect epigram was as difficult a performance as an epic poem. P.*

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

Came whip and spur, and dash'd through thin and
thick,

On German Crousaz, and Dutch Burgersdyck.

As many quit the streams that murmur fall
To lull the sons of Marg'ret and Clare-Hall, 200

Where Bentley late tempestuous went to sport

In troubled waters, but now sleeps in port.

Before them march'd that awful Aristarch;

Plow'd was his front with many a deep remark:

His hat, which never veil'd to human pride, 205

Walker with reverence took, and laid aside.

Low bow'd the rest: he, kingly, did but nod;

So upright quakers please both man and God.

Mistress! dismiss that rabble from your throne:

Avaunt—is Aristarchus yet unknown? 210

Thy mighty scholiast, whose unweary'd pains

Made Horace dull, and humbled Milton's strains.

Turn what they will to verse, their toil is vain,

Critics like me shall make it prose again. " 214

Roman and Greek grammarians! know your better;

Author of something yet more great than letter;

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 207. *He, kingly, did but nod.*]

" *He, kingly, from his state*

" *Declin'd not.*"—MILTON.

Ver. 210. —*is Aristarchus yet unknown?*]

" *Sic notus Ulysses?*" VIRG.

Dost thou not feel me, Rome? BEN JONSON.

While tow'ring o'er your alphabet, like Saul,
 Stands our digamma, and o'ertops them all.
 'Tis true, on words is still our whole debate,
 Dispute of *me* or *te*, of *aut* or *at*. 220
 To sound or sink in *cano*, O or A,
 Or give up Cicero to C or K.
 Let Friend affect to speak as Terence spoke,
 And Alsop never but like Horace joke:
 For me, what Virgil, Pliny, may deny, 225
 Manilius or Solinus shall supply:
 For attic phrase in Plato let them seek,
 I poach in Suidas for unlicens'd Greek.
 In ancient sense if any needs will deal,
 Be sure I give them fragments, not a meal; 230
 What Gellius or Stobæus hash'd before,
 Or chew'd by blind old scholiasts o'er and o'er,

REMARKS.

Ver. 223, 224. *Friend—Alsop.*] Dr. Robert Friend, master of Westminster-School, and canon of Christ-Church——Dr. Anthony Alsop, a happy imitator of the Horatian style. P.*

Ver. 228, &c. *Suidas, Gellius, Stobæus.*] The first a dictionary-writer of impertinent facts and barbarous words; the second a minute critic; the third a collector who gave his common-place book to the public, where we happen to find much mince-meat of good old authors. P.*

IMITATIONS.

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

“Cedite, Romani scriptores, cedite Graii!

Nescio quid majus nascitur Iliade.”

The critic eye, that microscope of wit,
 Sees hairs and pores, examines bit by bit.
 How parts relate to parts, or they to whole, 235
 The body's harmony, the beaming soul,
 Are things which Küster, Burman, Wasse shall see
 When man's whole frame is obvious to a flea.

Ah, think not, mistress! more true dulness lies
 In folly's cap, than wisdom's grave disguise. 240

Like buoys, that never sink into the flood,
 On learning's surface we but lie and nod.
 Thine is the genuine head of many a house,
 And much divinity without a Nêç.
 Nor could a Barrow work on ev'ry block, 245
 Nor has one Atterbury spoil'd the flock.
 See! still thy own, the heavy canon roll,
 And metaphysic smokes involve the pole.
 For thee we dim the eyes, and stuff the head
 With all such reading as was never read: 250
 For thee explain a thing till all men doubt it,
 And write about it, goddess, and about it:
 So spins the silk-worm small its slender store,
 And labours till it clouds itself all o'er.

REMARKS.

Ver. 245, 246. *Barrow—Atterbury.*] Isaac Barrow, Master of Trinity—Francis Atterbury, Dean of Christ-Church; both great geniuses and eloquent preachers; one more conversant in the sublime geometry, the other in classical learning; but who equally made it their care to advance the polite arts in their several societies. P.*

What though we let some better sort of fool 255
 Thrill ev'ry science, run through ev'ry school?
 Never by tumbler through the hoops was shown
 Such skill in passing all, and touching none.
 He may indeed (if sober all this time)
 Plague with dispute, or persecute with rhyme, 260
 We only furnish what he cannot use,
 Or wed to what he must divorce a muse:
 Full in the midst of Euclid dip at once,
 And petrify a genius to a dunce:
 Or set on metaphysic ground to prance, 265
 Show all his paces, not a step advance.
 With the same cement, ever sure to bind,
 We bring to one dead level ev'ry mind:
 Then take him to develope, if you can,
 And hew the block off, and get out the man. 270
 But wherefore waste I words? I see advance
 Whore, pupp, and lac'd governor from France.
 Walker! our hat——nor more he deign'd to say,
 But stern as Ajax' spectre strode away.

In flow'd at once a gay embroider'd race, 275
 And titt'ring push'd the pedants off the place:

REMARKS.

Ver. 272. Said to mean the late Duke of Kingston, and his celebrated mistress, Mad. De La Touche.

IMITATIONS.

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

“ Rideat et pulset lasciva decentius ætas.” Hor.

Some would have spoken, but the voice was drown'd
 By the French horn or by the op'ning hound.
 The first cam' forwards with an easy mien,
 As if he saw St. James's and the Queen. 280
 When thus th' attendant orator begun:
 Receive, great empress! thy accomplish'd son;
 Thine from the birth, and sacred from the rod,
 A dauntless infant! never scar'd with God.
 The sire saw, one by one, his virtues wake; 285
 The mother begg'd the blessing of a rake.
 Thou gav'st that ripeness which so soon began,
 And ceas'd so soon, he ne'er was boy nor man,
 Through school and college, thy kind cloud o'ercast,
 Safe and unseen the young Æneas past: 290
 Thence bursting glorious, all at once let down,
 Stunn'd with his giddy larum half the town.
 Intrepid then, o'er seas and lands he flew;
 Europe he saw, and Europe saw him too.
 There all thy gifts and graces we display, 295
 Thou, only thou, directing all our way!
 To where the Seine, obsequious as she runs,
 Pours at great Bourbon's feet her silken sons;
 Or Tyber, now no longer Roman, rolls,
 Vain of Italian arts, Italian souls: 300

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 284. *A dauntless infant! never scar'd with God.*

“ —sine Dîs animosus Infans.” HOR.

To happy convents, bosom'd deep in vines,
 Where slumber abbots, purple as their wines :
 To isles of fragrance, lily-silver'd vales,
 Diffusing languor in the panting gales :
 To lands of singing, or of dancing slaves, 305
 Love-whisp'ring woods, and lute-resounding waves.
 But chief her shrine where naked Venus keeps,
 And Cupids ride the lion of the deeps ;
 Where, eas'd of fleets, the Adriatic main
 Wafts the smooth eunuch and enamour'd swain. 310
 Led by my hand, he saunter'd Europe round,
 And gather'd ev'ry vice on Christian ground ;
 Saw ev'ry court, heard ev'ry king declare
 His royal sense of op'ras or the fair ;
 The stews and palace equally explor'd, 315
 Intrigu'd with glory, and with spirit whor'd ;
 Try'd all *hors-d'œuvres*, all *liqueurs* defin'd,
 Judicious drank, and greatly-daring din'd ;
 Dropt the dull lumber of the Latin store,
 Spoil'd his own language, and acquir'd no more ; 320
 All classic learning lost on classic ground ;
 And last turn'd air, the echo of a sound !

REMARKS.

Ver. 308. *And Cupids ride the lion of the deeps.*] The winged lion, the arms of Venice. This republic was heretofore the most considerable in Europe for her naval force, and the extent of her commerce ; now illustrious for her carnivals.

See now, half-cur'd, and perfectly well-bred,
 With nothing but a solo in his head;
 As much estate, and principle, and wit, 325
 As Jansen, Fleetwood, Cibber, shall think fit;
 Stol'n from a duel, follow'd by a nun,
 And, if a borough choose him, not, undone;
 See, to my country happy I restore
 This glorious youth, and add one Venus more. 330
 Her too receive, (for her my soul adores)
 So may the sons of sons of sons of whores,
 Prop thine, O empress! like each neighbour throne,
 And make a long posterity thy own.
 Pleas'd, she accepts the hero, and the dame, 335
 Wraps in her veil, and frees from sense of shame.
 Then look'd, and saw a lazy lolling sort,
 Unseen at church, at senate, or at court,
 Of ever-listless loit'ers, that attend
 No causé, no trust, no duty, and no friend. 340

REMARKS.

Ver. 326. — *Jansen, Fleetwood, Cibber.*] Three very eminent persons, all managers of plays; who, though not governors by profession, had, each in his way, concerned themselves in the education of youth, and regulated their wits, their morals, or their finances, at that period of their age which is the most important, their entrance into the polite world. Of the last of these, and his talents for this end, see Book I. ver. 199, &c. P.*

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 332. *So may the sons of sons, &c.*]

• “ Et nati natorum, et qui nascentur ab illis.” VIRG.

There too, my Paridell! she mark'd thee there,
 Stretch'd on the rack of a too easy chair,
 And heard thy everlasting yawn confess
 The pains and penalties of idleness.
 She pity'd! but her pity only shed 345
 Benigner influence on thy nodding head.

But Annius, crafty seer, with ebon wand,
 And well-dissembled emerald on his hand,
 False as his gems, and canker'd as his coins,
 Came, cram'd with capon, from where Pollio dines.
 Soft, as the vily fox is seen to creep, 351
 Where bask on sunny banks the simple sheep,
 Walk round and round, now prying here, now there,
 So he, but pious, whisper'd first his pray'r.

Grant, gracious goddess! grant me still to cheat!
 O may thy cloud still cover the deceit! 356
 Thy choicer mists on this assembly shed,
 But pour them thickest on the noble head.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 342. *Stretch'd on the rack——*

And heard, &c.]

“Sedet, æternamque sedebit!

Infelix Theseus, Phlegyasque miserrimus omnes

Admonet.”—— VIRG.

Ver. 355. —— *grant me still to cheat!*

O may thy cloud still cover the deceit!]

“—Da, pulchra Laverna,

Da mihi fallere——

Noctem peccatis et fraudibus objice nubem.” HOR.

So shall each youth, assisted by our eyes,
 See other Cæsars, other Homers rise; 360
 Through twilight ages hunt th' Athenian fowl,
 Which Chalcis gods, and mortals call an owl.

Now see an Attys, now a Cecrops clear,
 Nay, Mahomet! the pigeon at thine ear;
 Be rich in ancient brass, though not in gold, 365

And keep his lares, though his house be sold;

To headless Phœbe his fair bride postpone,
 Honour a Syrian prince above his own;
 Lord of an Otho, if I vouch it true;
 Bless'd in one Niger, till he knows of two. 370

Mummius o'erheard him; Mummius, fool-re-
 nown'd,

Who, like his Cheops, stinks above the ground,
 Fierce as a startled adder, swell'd, and said,
 Rattling an ancient sistrum at his head:

Speak'st thou of Syrian princes? traitor base!
 Mine, goddess! mine is all the horned race. 376

True, he had wit to make their value rise;
 From foolish Greeks to steal them, was as wise;
 More glorious yet, from barb'rous hands to keep,
 When Sallee rovers chas'd him on the deep. 380

Then taught by Hermes, and divinely bold,
 Down his own throat he risk'd the Grecian gold,

REMARKS.

Ver. 375. The strange story following, which may be taken for a
 fiction of the poet, is justified by a true relation in Spon's Voyages. P.*

Receiv'd each demigod, with pious care,
 Deep in his entrails—I rever'd them there,
 I bought them, shrowded in that living shrine, 385
 And, at their second birth, they issue mine.

Witness great Ammon! by whose horns I swore,
 (Reply'd soft Ammon) this our paunch before,
 Still bears them, faithful; and that thus I eat,
 Is to refund the medals with the meat. 390
 To prove me, goddess! clear of all design,
 Bid me with Pollio sup as well as dine:
 There all the learn'd shall at the labour stand,
 And Douglas lend his soft obstetric hand.

The goddess smiling seem'd to give consent; 395
 So back to Pollio hand in hand they went.
 Then thick as locusts black'ning all the ground,
 A tribe, with weeds and shells fantastic crown'd,
 Each with some wondrous gift approach'd the pow'r,
 A nest, a toad, a fungus, or a flow'r. 400

REMARKS.

Ver. 392. A physician of great learning, and no less taste; above all, curious in what related to Horace; of whom he collected every edition, translation, and comment, to the number of several hundred volumes. P.*

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 383. *Receiv'd each demigod.*]

“*Emissumque ima de sede Typhœa terræ
 Cœlitibus fecisse metum; cunctosque dedisse,
 Terga fugæ: donec fessos Egyptia tellus
 Ceperit.*”— OVID.

But far the foremost, two, with earnest zeal,
And aspect ardent, to the throne appeal.

The first thus open'd: Hear thy suppliant's call,
Great queen, and common mother of us all!

Fair from its humble bed I rear'd this flow'r, 405

Suckled, and cheer'd, with air, and sun, and show'r.

Soft on the paper ruff its leaves I spread,

Bright with the gilded button tipt its head.

Then thron'd in glass, and nam'd it Caroline.

Each maid cry'd charming! and each youth, divine!

Did nature's pencil ever blend such rays, 411

Such vary'd light in one promiscuous blaze?

Now prostrate! dead! behold that Caroline:

No maid cries charming! and no youth divine!

And lo the wretch! whose vile, whose insect lust 415

Laid this gay daughter of the spring in dust.

O punish him, or to th' Elysian shades

Dismiss my soul, where no carnation fades.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 405, &c. *Fair from its humble bed, &c.——nam'd it Caroline:*

Each maid cry'd, charming! and each youth, divine!

Now prostrate! dead! behold that Caroline:

No maid cries charming! and no youth divine!]

These verses are translated from Catullus, Epith.

“ Ut flos in septis secretus nascitur hortis,

Quam mulcent auræ, firmat Sol, educat imber,

Multi illum pueri, multæ optavere puellæ?

Idem quum tenui carptus defloruit ungui,

Nulli illum pueri, nullæ optavere puellæ,” &c.

He ceas'd, and wept. With innocence of mien
 Th'accus'd stood forth, and thus address'd the queen :
 'Of all th' enamel'd race, whose silv'ry wing 421
 Waves to the tepid zephyrs of the spring,
 Or swims along the fluid atmosphere,
 Once brightest shin'd this child of heat and air.
 I saw, and started from its vernal bow'r 425
 The rising game, and chas'd from flow'r to flow'r.
 It fled, I follow'd; now in hope, now pain;
 It stopt, I stopt; it mov'd, I mov'd again.
 At last it fix'd, 'twas on what plant it pleas'd,
 And where it fix'd, the beauteous bird I seiz'd : 430
 Rose or carnation was below my care;
 I meddlé, goddess! only in my sphere.
 I tell the naked fact without disguise,
 And, to excuse it, need but shew the prize;
 Whose spoils this paper offers to your eye, 435
 Fair e'en in death! this peerless butterfly.

My sons! (she answer'd) both have done your parts:
 Live happy both, and long promote our arts.

IMITATIONS.

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

"Of all the race of silver-winged flies
 Which do possess the empire of the air."

Ver. 427, 428. *It fled, I followed, &c.*]

"——— I started back;
 It started back; but pleas'd I soon return'd;
 Pleas'd it return'd as soon." — MILTON.

But hear a mother, when she recommends •
 To your fraternal care our sleeping friends. 440
 The common soul, of heav'n's more frugal make,
 Serves but to keep fools pert, and knaves awake.
 A drowzy watchman, that just gives a knock,
 And breaks our rest, to tell us what's a-clock.
 Yet by some object ev'ry brain is stir'd; • 445
 The dull may waken to a humming-bird;
 The most recluse, discreetly open'd, find
 Congenial matter in the cockle-kind;
 The mind, in metaphysics at a loss,
 May wander in a wilderness of moss; • 450
 The head that turns at superlunar things,
 Poiz'd with a tail, may steer on Wilkins' wings.

O! would the sons of men once think their eyes
 And reason giv'n them but to study flies!
 See nature in some partial narrow shape, 455
 And let the author of the whole escape:
 Learn but to trifle; or, who most observe,
 To wonder at their Maker, not to serve!

Be that my task (replies a gloomy clerk,
 Sworn foe to myst'ry, yet divinely dark; • 460

REMARKS.

Ver. 452. — *Wilkins' wings.*] One of the first projectors of the Royal Society, who, among many enlarged and useful notions, entertained the extravagant hope of a possibility to fly to the moon; which has put some volatile geniuses upon making wings for that Purpose.

Whose pious hope aspires to see the day
 When moral evidence shall quite decay,
 And damns implicit faith, and holy lies,
 Prompt to impose, and fond to dogmatize):
 Let others creep by timid steps, and slow, 465
 On plain experience lay foundations low,
 By common sense to common knowledge bred,
 And last, to nature's cause through nature led.
 All-seeing in thy mists, we want no guide,
 Mother of arrogance, and source of pride! 470
 We nobly take the high priori road,
 And reason downward, till we doubt of God:
 Make nature still encroach upon his plan,
 And shove him off as far as e'er we can:
 Thrust some mechanic cause into his place, 475
 Or bind in matter, or diffuse in space:
 Or, at one bound o'er-leaping all his laws,
 Make God man's image, man the final cause;
 Find virtue local, all relation scorn,
 See all in self, and but for self be born: 480
 Of nought so certain as our reason still,
 Of nought so doubtful as of soul and will.
 O hide the God still more! and make us see
 Such as Lucretius drew, a god like thee:
 Wrapt up in self, a god without a thought, 485
 Regardless of our merit or default.
 Or that bright image to our fancy draw,
 Which Theocles in raptur'd vision saw,

While through poetic scenes the genius roves,
 Or wanders wild in academic groves; 490
 That nature our society adores,
 Where Tindal dictates, and Silenus snores!

Rous'd at his name, up rose the bowzy sire,
 And shook from out his pipe the seeds of fire;
 Then snap'd his box, and stroak'd his belly down; 495
 Rosy and rev'rend, though without a gown.
 Bland and familiar to the throne he came,
 Led up the youth, and call'd the goddess dame.
 Then thus: From priestcraft happily set free,
 Lo! ev'ry finish'd son returns to thee: 500
 First slave to words, then vassal to a name,
 Then dupe to party; child and man the same;
 Bounded by nature, narrow'd still by art,
 A trifling head, and a contracted heart.
 Thus bred, thus taught, how many have I seen, 505
 Smiling on all, and smil'd on by a queen?
 Mark'd out for honours, honour'd for their birth,
 To thee the most rebellious things on earth:
 Now to thy gentle shadow all are shrunk,
 All melted down in pension or in punk! 510

REMARKS.

Ver. 492. *Silenus.*] Silenus was an Epicurean philosopher, as appears from Virgil, *Ecl. VI*, where he sings the principles of that philosophy in his drink. P.*

By Silenus was meant Mr. Thomas Gordon, who translated Tacitus in an affected, hard, manner.

So K*, so B** sneak'd into the grave,
 A monarch's half, and half a harlot's slave.
 Poor W** nipt in folly's broadest bloom,
 Who praises now? his chaplain on his tomb.
 Then take them all, O take them to thy breast! 515
 Thy Magus, goddess! shall perform the rest.

With that a wizard old his cup extends,
 Which whoso tastes, forgets his former friends,
 Sire, ancestors, himself. One casts his eyes
 Up to a star, and like Endymion dies: 520
 A feather, shooting from another's head,
 Extracts his brain, and principle is fled;
 Lost is his God, his country, ev'ry thing,
 And nothing left but homage to a king!
 The vulgar herd turn off to roll with hogs, 525
 To run with horses, or to hunt with dogs;
 But, sad example! never to escape
 Their infamy, still keep the human shape.

REMARKS.

Ver. 517. —his cup—*Which whoso tastes, &c.*] The cup of self-love, which causes a total oblivion of the obligations of friendship or honour, and of the service of God or our country; all sacrificed to vain-glory, court-worship, or the yet meaner considerations of lucre and brutal pleasures. From ver. 520 to 528. P.*

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 518. *Which whoso tastes, forgets his former friends, —Sire, &c.*] Homer of the *Nepenthe*, *Odyss.* IV.

Αὐτίκ' ἂρ' εἰς οἶνον βάλε φάρμακον, ἔνθεν ἔπιον

Νηπενθές τ' ἀχολόν τε κακῶν ἐπιληθὼν ἀπ' ἀνίστατο.

But she, good goddess, sent to ev'ry child
 Firm impudence, or stupefaction mild; 530
 And straight-succeeded, leaving shame no room,
 Cibberian forehead, or Cimmerian gloom.

Kind self-conceit to some her glass applies,
 Which no one looks in with another's eyes:
 But as the flatt'rer or dependant paint, 535
 Beholds himself a patriot, chief, or saint.

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

Others the syren sisters warble round,
 And empty heads console with empty sound.
 No more, alas! the voice of fame they hear,
 The balm of Dulness trickling in their ear.
 Great C**, H**, P**, R**, K*, 545
 Why all your toils? your sons have learn'd to sing.
 How quick ambition hastes to ridicule:
 The sire is made a peer, the son a fool.

On some, a priest succinct in amice white
 Attends; all flesh is nothing in his sight! 550
 Bees, at his touch, at once to jelly turn,
 And the huge boar is shrunk into an urn:
 The board with specious miracles he loads,
 Turns hares to larks, and pigeons into toads:
 Another (for in all what one can shine?) 555
 Explains the *seve* and *verdeur* of the vine.

What cannot copious sacrifice atone?
 Thy ruffles, Perigord! thy hams, Bayonne!
 With French libation, and Italian strain,
 Wash Bladen white, and expiate Hays's stain. 560
 Knight lifts the head; for what are crowds undone,
 To three essential partridges in one?
 Gone ev'ry blush, and silent all reproach,
 Contending princes mount them in their coach.

Next bidding all draw near on bended knees, 565
 The queen confers her titles and degrees.
 Her children first of more distinguish'd sort,
 Who study Shakspeare at the Inns of Court,
 Impale a glow-worm, or virtù profess,
 Shine in the dignity of F. R. S. 570
 Some, deep free-masons, join the silent race,
 Worthy to fill Pythagoras's place:
 Some botanists, or florists at the least,
 Or issue members of an annual feast.
 Nor past the meanest unregarded, one 575
 Rose a Gregorian, one a Gormogon.
 The last, not least in honour or applause,
 Isis and Cam made doctors of her laws.

REMARKS.

Ver. 560. — *Bladen—Hays.*] Names of gamesters. Bladen is a black man. *Robert Knight*, Cashier of the South-Sea Company, who fled from England in 1720 (afterwards pardoned in 1722.)—These lived with the utmost magnificence at Paris, and kept open tables frequented by persons of the first quality of England, and even by princes of the blood of France.

Then, blessing all, 'Go, children of my care!
 To practice now from theory repair. • 580
 All my commands are easy, short, and full:
 My sons! be proud, be selfish, and be dull.
 Guard my prerogative, assert my throne:
 This nod confirms each privilege your own.
 The cap and switch be sacred to his grace; • 585
 With staff and pumps the marquis leads the race;
 From stage to stage the licens'd earl may run,
 Pair'd with his fellow-charioteer, the sun;
 The learned baron butterflies design,
 Or draw to silk Arachne's subtile line; 590
 The judge to dance his brother serjeant call;
 The senator at cricket urge the ball;
 The bishop, stow (pontific luxury!)
 An hundred souls of turkeys in a pye;
 The sturdy squire to Gallic masters stoop, 595
 And drown his lands and manors in a soup.
 Others import yet nobler arts from France,
 Teach kings to fiddle, and make senates dance.
 Perhaps more high some daring sen may soar,
 Proud to my list to add one monarch more; • 600
 And, nobly-conscious princes are but things
 Born for first ministers, as slaves for kings,
 Tyrant supreme! shall three estates command,
And make one mighty Dunciad of the land!
 More she had spoke, but yawn'd—All nature nods:
 What mortal can resist the yawn of gods? 606

Churches and chapels instantly it reach'd;
 (St. James's first, for leaden G— preach'd)
 Then catch'd the schools; the hall scarce kept
 awake;

The convocation gap'd, but could not speak: 610
 Lost was the nation's sense, nor could be found,
 While the long solemn unison went round:
 Wide, and more wide, it spread o'er all the realm;
 E'en Palinurus nodded at the helm:
 The vapour mild o'er each committee crept; 615
 Unfinish'd treaties in each office slept;
 And chiefless armies doz'd out the campaign;
 And navies yawn'd for orders on the main.

O muse! relate, (for you can tell alone,
 Wits have short memories, and dunces none) 620
 Relate who first, who last, resign'd to rest;
 Whose heads she partly, whose completely blest;
 What charms could faction, what ambition lull,
 The venal quiet, and intrance the dull;

REMARKS.

Ver. 608. Dr. Gilbert, Bishop of Salisbury; who had in a rude manner attacked Dr. King of Oxford, whom Pope much respected.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 621. *Relate who first, who last, resign'd to rest:*

Whose heads she partly, whose completely blest]

“ *Quem telo primum, quem postremum aspera Virgo*

Dejecit? aut quot humi, morientia corpora fundis?”

VIRG.

Till drown'd was sense, and shame, and right, and
 wrong— 625

O sing, and hush the nations with thy song!

* • * * * *

In vain, in vain—the all-composing hour

Resistless falls: the muse obeys the pow'r.

She comes! she comes! the sable throne behold

Of Night primeval, and of Chaos old! 630

Before her, fancy's gilded clouds decay,

And all its varying rainbows die away.

Wit shoots in vain its momentary fires,

The meteor drops, and in a flash expires.

As one by one, at dread Medea's strain, 635

The sick'ning stars fade off th' ethereal plain;

As Argus' eyes, by Hermes' wand opprest,

Clos'd one by one to everlasting rest;

Thus at her felt approach, and secret might,

Art after art goes out, and all is night. 640

See sculking truth to her old cavern fled,

Mountains of casuistry heap'd o'er her head!

Philosophy, that lean'd on heav'n before,

Shrinks to her second cause, and is no more.

IMITATIONS.

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

“Et quamvis sopor est oculorum parte receptus,

Parte tamen vigilat—

—Vidit Cyllenius omnes

Succubuisse oculos,” &c.

OVIN, Met. II.

Physic of metaphysic begs defence, 645
 And metaphysic calls for aid on sense!
 See mystery to mathematics fly!
 In vain! they gaze, turn giddy, rave, and die.
 Religion, blushing, veils her sacred fires,
 And unawares morality expires. 650
 Nor public flame, nor private, dares to shine;
 Nor human spark is left, nor glimpse divine!
 Lo! thy dread empire, Chaos! is restor'd;
 Light dies before thy uncreating word:
 Thy hand, great Anarch! lets the curtain fall; 655
 And universal darkness buries all.

END OF THE DUNCIAD.

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CELEBRATED IN
THIS POEM AND NOTES.

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