THE
DUNCIAD,
IN
THREE BOOKS,
WITH
NOTES VARIORUM.
THE

DUNCIA.

BOOK the FIRST.

BOOKS and the Man I sing, the first who brings
The Smithfield Muses to the Ear of Kings.

REMARKS ON BOOK the FIRST.

* The Dunciad, Sir M. S. It may be well disputed whether this be
a right reading? Ought it not rather to be spelled Dunciad, as the
Etymology evidently demands? Dunce with an e, therefore Dunciad
with an e. That accurate and punctual Man of Letters, the Restorer
of Shakespeare, constantly observes the preservation of this very Let-
ter e, in spelling the Name of his beloved Author, and not like his
common careless Editors, with the omission of one, nay sometimes of
two e's [as Shak[peare] which is utterly unpardonable. Nor is the
neglect of a Single Letter so trivial as to some it may appear; the al-
teration whereof in a learned language is an Achievement that brings
honour to the Critic who advances it, and Dr. S. will be remember-
ed to posterity for his performances of this sort, as long as the world
shall have any Esteem for the Remains of Menander and Philoemen.

THEOBALD;

I have a just value for the Letter e, and the same affection for the
Name of this Poem, as the forecited Critic for that of his Author;
yet cannot it induce me to agree with those who would add yet ano-
other e to it, and call it the Dunciades, which being a French and
foreign
Say great Patricians! (since your selves inspire
These-owerous works; so Jove and Fate require)

REMARKS.

Foreign Termination, is no way proper to a word entirely English;
and Vernacular. One then therefore in this case is right, and two E's
wrong; yet upon the whole I shall follow the Manuscript, and print
it without any E at all; mov'd thereto by Authority, at all times
with Criticks equal if not superior to Reason. In which method of
proceeding, I can never enough praise my very good Friend, the ex-
act Mr. The. Hearne, who, if any word occur which to him and all
mankind is evidently wrong, yet keeps he it in the Text with due
reverence, and only remarks in the Margin, so M. S. In like manner
we shall not amend this error in the Title itself, but only note it obi-
ter, to convince to the learned that it was not our fault, nor any effect
of our own Ignorance or Inattention.

SCRIBERUS.

VERSE 1. Book and the Man I sing, the first who brings
The Smithfield Muses to the Ear of Kings.

Wonderful is the stupidity of all the former Criticks and Commen-
tators on this Poem! It breaks forth at the very first line. The Au-
ther of the Critique prefix'd to Samney, a Poem, p. 5. hath been so
dull as to explain The Man who brings, &c. not of the Hero of the
Piece, but of our Poet himself, as if he vanted that Kings were to be
his Readers (an Honour which tho' this Poem hath had, yet knoweth
he how to receive it with more Modesty.)

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

Arma virumq; cano, Troja qui primus ab oris,
Italianam fato prorsus, Latinam venis
Litora: melius illis & terris Æneas et alto, &c.

I cite the whole three verses, that I may by the way offer a Conjectu-
real Emendation, purely my own, upon each: First, Æneas should be read
Ænis, it being as we see Aen. 2. 513, from the alter of Jupiter Herculæus
that Æneas fled as soon as he saw Priam slain. In the second line I
would read Ætna for Ænis, since it is most clear it was by Winds that he
arrived at the Shore of Ætnæ: Æneas in the third, is surely as im-
proper apply'd to terris, as proper to alto: To say a man is soft on land,
is much as one with saying he walks at sea. Risum teneatis amici? Cor-
rect it, as I doubt not it ought to be, Venæsus.

SCRIBERUS.

VERSE 2. The Smithfield-Muses: Smithfield is the place where
Bartholomew Fair was kept, whole Shews, Machines, and Dramatic
Entertainments, formerly agreeable only to the Taste of the
Rabble, were, by the Hero of this Poem and others of equal Genius,
brought to the Theatres of Covent-Garden, Lincoln's-inn-Fields, and
the Hay-Market, to be the reigning Pleasures of the Court and
Town. This happened in the Year 1724, and continued to the Year
1728. See Book 3. Ver. 191, &c.
Book I. The Dunciad.

1 Say from what cause, in vain decry'd and curst,
   Still Dunce second reigns like Dunce the first?
   In eldest time, e'er mortals writ or read,
   E'er Pallas issued from the Thund'rs head,
   Dulness o'ez all posseiz'd her antient right.

10 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,
   She rul'd, in native Anarchy, the mind.

15 Still her old empire to confirm, she tries,
   For born a Goddes, Dulness never dies.
   O thon! whatever Title please thine ear,
   Dean, Drapier, Bickerstaff, or Gulliver!
   Whether thou chuse Cervantes' serious air,

20 Or laugh and shake in Rab'laiz easy Chair,
   Or praise the Court, or magnify Mankind,
   Or thy griev'd Country's copper chains unbind;

Remarks.

VERSE io. Daughter of Chaos, &c. The beauty of this whole Allegory being purely of the Poetical kind, we think it not our proper busines as a Scholiast, to meddle with it, but leave it (as we shall in general all such) to the Reader; remarking only, that Chaos (according to Hesiod, Θεογονία) was the Progenitor of all the Gods.

EMITATIONS.

VERSE 2. Say great Patricians (-since your selves inspire.

These wond'rous Works.] — Ovid, Met. 1.

VERSE 3. Alluding to a verse of Mr. Dryden's not in Mor. Fenn.,
   (as it is said ignorantly in the Key to the Dunciad, pag. 1.) but in his verses to Mr. Congreve.

   And Tom the Second reigns like Tom the First.
The Dunciad. Book I.

From thy Baetia tho' Her Pow'r retires,
Grieve not at ought our sister realms acquire:
Here pleas'd behold her mighty wings out-spread,
To hatch a new Saturnian age of Lead.
Where wave the tatter'd ensigns of Rag-Fair,
A yawning ruin hangs and nodes in air;
Keen, hollow winds howl thro' the bleak recess,
50 Emblem of Misery caus'd by Emptiness:
Here in one bed two shivering sisters lye,
The cave of Poverty and Poetry.

Remarks:
Verse 23. From thy Baetia] Baetia of old lay under the Kaillery
of the neighbouring Wits, as Ireland does now; tho' each of those
nations produced one of the greatest Wits, and greatest Generals,
of their age.
Age is by Poets stiled Saturnian; but in the Chymical language, Sa-
turn is Lead.
Verse 27. Where wave the tatter'd ensigns of Rag-fair.] Rag-fair is
a place near the Tower of London, where old cloaths and frippery are
sold.
Verse 28. 31. &c. A yawning ruin hangs and nodes in air.——
Here in one Bed two shivering Sisters lye,
The Cave of Poverty and Poetry.

Hear upon this place the forecasted Critic on the Dunciad: "These
lines (saith he) have no Construction, or are Nonsense. The two
shivering Sisters must be the sister caves of Poverty and Poetry,
or the Bed and Cave of Poverty and Poetry must be the same.
"(questioned) and the two Sisters the Lord knows who?
O the Construction of Grammatical Heads! Virgil writeth thus:
Aen. I.

Eranum sub adversa scopulus pendentibus antrum :
Intus aqua dulcis, vivas, sedilia sake ;
Nympharum domus. — — —

May we not say in like manner, "The Nymphs must be the Waters
and the Stones, or the Waters and the Stones must be the houses of
the Nymphs! Insults! The second line, Intus aquae, &c. is in a pa-
renthesis (as are the two lines of our Author, Keen hollow Winds, &c.)
and it is the Antrum, and the yawning Ruin, in the line before that
parenthesis, which are the Domus, and the Cave.

Let me again, I beseech thee, Reader, present thee with another
Confessional Emendation on Virgil's Scopulus pendentibus: He is here de-
scribing a place, whither the weary Mariners of Aeneas repaired to
dress their Dinner. — Foss — frugis, receptas Es sertor parum flam-
inos: What has Scopulus pendentibus here to do? Indeed the aqua dul-
cis and sedilia are something, sweet Waters to drink, and Seats to rest
on. The other is surely an error of the Copyists. Retire it, without
the least scruple, Populii prandentibus.

But for this and a thousand more, expect our Edition of Virgil; a
Specimen whereof see in the Appendix.

Scriblerus,
Book I. The Dunciad.

This, the Great Mother dearer held than all
The clubs of Quiddnunc's, or her own Guild-hall.

Here stood her Opium, here the nurs'd her Owls,
And destin'd here the imperial seat of Fools.

Hence springs each weekly Muse, the living boat
Of Curl's chaste press, and Lintot's rubric's post.

Hence hymning Tyburn's elegiac lay,

Hence the soft sing-song on Cecilia's day,
Sepulchral lyes our holy walls to grace,
And New-year Odes, and all the Grubstreet race.

Remarks.

Verse 33. The Great Mother.1 Magna Mater, here applied to Dulness. The Quiddnunc's was a name given to the ancient Members of certain political Clubs, who were constantly enquiring, Quid nunc? what news?

Verse 38. Curl's chaste press, and Lintot's rubric post.1 Two Booksellers, of whom see Book 2. The former was fined by the Court of King's-Bench for publishing obscene books.

Verse 39. Hence hymning Tyburn's elegiac lay.1 It is an ancient English custom for the Malefactors to sing a Psalm at their Execution at Tyburn; and no less customary to print Elegies on their deaths, at the same time, or before.

Verse 40 and 42. Allude to the annual Songs composed to Musick on St. Cecilia's Feast, and those made by the Poet-Laureat for the time being to be sung at Court, on every New-Year's-Day, the words of which are happily drown'd in the voices and instruments.

Verse 41. Is a just Satyr on the Flatteries and Fallacies admitted to be inscribed on the walls of Churches in Epitaphs.

I must not here omit a Reflection, which will occur perpetually through this Poem, and cannot but greatly endear the Author to every attentive Observer of it; I mean that Candour and Humanity which every where appears in him, to those unhappy Objects of the Ridicule of all mankind, the bad Poets. He here imputes all scandalous rhimes, scurrilous weekly papers, lying news, base flatteries, wretched elegies, songs, and verses (even from those sung at Court, to ballads in the streets) not so much to Malice or Servility as to Dulness; and not so much to Dulness, as to Necessity; And thus at the very commencement of his Satyr, makes an Apology for all that are to be Satyrized.

Imitations.

Verse 33. This the Great Mother, &c. An. 1.

Urbs antiqua sit —-
Quam Juno vestra terris magis omnibus umam
Pulchra coluisse Sannus; hic illius arma,
Fate currus sit: nec regnum Dea gentibus esse
(Signa fata innocentia) jam sum dormitis; suerig;

Verse 39. Hence hymning Tyburn —- Hence,
Genus unde Latinum,
Albaniae patres, atque a bella mania Roma, Vinc.
The Dunciad. Book I.

'Twas here in clouded majesty she stately;
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:
Prudence, whose glass presents the approaching day:
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,
Where nameless somethings in their causes sleep.

Remarks.

Verse 49. Who hunger, and who thirst.] This is an infamous burlesque on a Text in Scripture, which heuws the Author’s delight is Prophanes. (laid Curl upon this place.) But tis very familiar with Shakespeare to allude to Passages of Scripture. Out of a great number I’ll select a few, in which he both alludes to, and quotes the very Texts from holy Writ. In All’s well that ends well, I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, I have not much Skill in Gras. Ibid. They are for the Bowry Way that leads to the broad Gate, and the great Fire. Mat. 7. 13. Much ado about nothing: All, all, and moreover God saw him when he was hid in the Garden, Gen. 3. 8. (in a very jocose Scene.) In Love’s Labour lost, he talks of Sampson’s carrying the Gates on his back; in the Merry Wives of Windsor of Goliah and the Weavers Beam; and in Henry 4, Falstaff’s Soldiers are compared to Lazarians and the Prodigal Son, &c. The first part of this Note is Mr. Curl’s: The rest is Mr. Theobald’s. Shakespear Reltor’d Appendix. p. 144.

Imitations.

Verse 43. In clouded Majesty she stately.

Milton, lib. 4. — The Moon Rising in clouded Majesty.

Verse 46. That knows no fears of hisses, blows, or want, or loss of ears.

Quem nec pampereis, neque moris, neque vincula torrent.

Verse 53. 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 Book-sellers or the Players bid adieu to. These lines allude to the following in Garth’s Dispensary, Act. 4.

Within the chambers of the Globe they lie
The beds where sleeping Vegetables lie,
Till the glad summons of a genial ray
Upholds the Globe, and calls them out to-day.
Book I. The Dunciad.

55 Till genial Jacob, or a warm Third-day
Call forth each mast, a poem or a play.
How Hints, like spawn, scarce quick in embryo lie,
How new-born Nonsense first is taught to cry,
Maggots half-form'd, in rhyme exactly meet,

60 And learn to crawl upon poetic feet.
Here one poor Word a hundred clenches makes,
And dulcitile dulness new meanders takes;
There motley Images her fancy strike,
Figures ill-pair'd, and Similes unlike.

65 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;
How Time himself stands still at her command,

70 Realms shift their place, and Ocean turns to land.

Remarks.

Verse 61. Here one poor Word a hundred clenches makes.] It may not be amiss to give an instance or two of these Operations of Dunciad out of the Authors celebrated in the Poem. A great Critick formerly held these Clenches in such abhorrence, that he declared, "He that would Pun, would pick a Pocket." Yet Mr. Dennis's works afford us notable Examples in this kind. Alexander Pope hath lent abroad into the world as many Bulls as his Namefakes Pope "Alexander." — "Let us take the initial and final letters of his Surname, viz. A. P——E, and they give you the Idea of an Ape. Pope comes from the Latin word Popes, which signifies a little Wart, or from Poppysma, because he was continually popping out quibs of wit, or rather Popyisms, or Popisms. DENNIS, Daily-Journal June 11, 1728.

Verse 65. How Farce and Epic —— How Time himself, &c.] Allude to the Transgressions of the Unities, in the Plays of such Poets. For the Miracles wrought upon Time and Place, and the mixture of Tragedy, Comedy, Farce and Epic, See Pluto and Proserpine, Penelope, &c. as yet extant.

Imitations.

Verse 66. And dulcitile dulness.] A Parody on another in Garth's Cont. i.

How dulcitile-matter new meanders takes.

G 2.
The Dunciad. Book L

Here gay Description Egypt glads with showers;
Or gives to Zembla fruits, to Barca flowers;
Glitt'ring with ice here hoary hills are seen,
There painted vallies of eternal green,
On cold December fragrant chaplets blow,
And heavy harvests nod beneath the snow.

All these and more, the cloud-compelling Queen
Beholds thro' fogs that magnify the scene:
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 Thorold, rich and grave,
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)

Remarks.

VERSE 71. Egypt glads with Showers.] In the lower Egypt Rain is of no use, the overflowing of the Nyle being sufficient to impregnate the soil. These six verses represent the inconsistencies in the description of Poets, who heap together all glittering and gaudy Images, tho' incompatible in one season, or in one scene. See the Guardian No. 40, printed in the Appendix, Parag. 7. See also Fusden's whole Works (if to be found.)

VERSE 83. 'Twas on the Day when Thorold rich and grave.] Sir George Thorold Lord Mayor of London in the Year 1720. The Procession of a Lord Mayor is made partly by land, and partly by water.

Cimon the famous Athenian General obtained a Victory by sea, and another by land, on the same day, over the Persians and Barbarians.

VERSE 86. Glad Chains.] The Ignorance of these Moderns! This was altered in one Edition to Gold Chains, shewing more regard to the metal of which the chains of Aldermen are made, than to the beauty of the Latinism and Grecism, nay of figurative speech itself.

Latas fgeti, glad, for making glad, &c.

Imitations.

VERSE 77. The cloud-compelling Queen.] From Homer's Epithet of Jupiter, καρπαγγετα to Zeus.
Book I. The Dunciad. 77

Now Night descending, the proud scene was o'er,
But liv'd, in Settle's numbers, one day more.

Now May's and Shrieve's 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,
What City-Swans, once sung within the walls;

Much she revolves their arts, their ancient praise,
And sure succession down from Heywood's days.

She saw with joy the line immortal run,
Each fire irrest and glaring in his son;

REMARKS.

VERSE 88. But liv'd in Settle's Numbers one day more.] A beautiful manner of speaking, usual with the Poets in praise of Poetry, in which kind nothing is finer than those lines of Mr. Addison.

VERSE 88. John Heywood.] Whole Enterludes were printed in the time of Henry the eighth.

VERSE 88. But liv'd in Settle's Numbers one day more.] Settle was alive at this time, and Poet to the City of London. His office was to compose yearly panegyrics upon the Lord Mayors, and Verfes to be spoken in the Pageants: But that part of the shows being by the frugality of some Lord Mayors at length abolished, the employment of City Poet ceased; so that upon Settle's demise, there was no successor to that place. This important point of time our Poet has chosen, as the Crisis of the Kingdom of Dulaes, who thereupon decrees to remove her imperial seat from the City, and over-spread the other parts of the Town: To which great Enterprise all things being now ripe, she calls the Hero of this Poem.

Mr. Settle was once a writer in some vogue, particularly with his Party, for he was the author or publisher of many noted Pamphlets in the time of King Charles the second. He answered all Dryden's political Poems, and being cry'd up on one side, succeeded not a little in his Tragedy of the Empress of Morroco (the first that was ever printed with Cuts.) "Upon this he grew insolent, the Wits writ against his Play, he replied, and the Town judged he had the better; In short Settle was then thought a formidable Rival to Mr. Dryden, and not only the Town, but the University of Cambridge, was divided which to prefer; and in both places the younger fort inclined to Elkanah. DENNIS Pref. to Rem. on Ham.

For the latter part of his History, see the third Book, verse 238.
The Dunciad. Book I.

So watchful Bruin forms with plastic care
Each growing lump, and brings it to a Bear.
She saw old Prynn in restless Daniel shine,
And Eusden eke out Blackmore's endless line;
She saw how Philips creep like Tate's poor page;
And all the Mighty Mad in Dennis rage.

Remarks:

Verse 101. Old Prynn in restless Daniel. William Prynn and Daniel de Foë were writers of Verstes, as well as of Politicks; as appears by the Poem of the latter De iure Divino, and others, and by these lines in Cowley's Miscellanies of the former.

One lately did not fear (Without the Muse's leave) to plant Verse here;
But produced such base, rough, crabbed, hedge; Rhymes, as e'en set the bearers ears on edge;
Written by William Prynn Esquire, the Year of our Lord, six hundred thirty three.
Beare Jersey Muse, and he's for his high side Call'd to this day the Homer of the life.

Both these Authors had a resemblance in their fates as well as writings, having been a like sentenced to the Pillory.
Of Eusden and Blackmore. See Book 2. v. 254. and 300. And Philips.
See Book 3. v. 294.

Verse 104. And all the mighty Mad. This is by no means to be understood literally, as if Mr. D. were really mad. Not that we are ignorant of the Narrative of Dr. G. Norris, but it defereth no more regard than the Pop upon P, and the like idle Trash, written by James Moor, or other young and light Persons, who themselves better deserve to be blooded, scarified, or whipped, for such their ungraciously merriment with their Elders. No — it is spoken of that Excellent and Divine Madness, so often mentioned by Plato, that poetical rage and enthusiasm, with which no doubt Mr. D. hath, in his time, been highly poitified; and of those extraordinary hints and motions whereof he himself so feelingly treats in the Preface to Pr. Arch. [See Notes on Book 2. verse 256.

Verse 104. And all the mighty Mad in Dennis rage. This Verse in the surreptitious Editions read thus, And furious D——-Deam, &c., which, in that printed in Ireland, was unaccountably filled up with the great name of Dryden. Mr. Theobald in the Genor, Vol. 2. No 33. also calls him by the Name of Furius. "The modern Furius is to be look'd on as more the object of Pity, than of that which he daily provokes, laughter and contempt. Did we really know how much this poor Man (I wish that Reflection on Poverty had been spared) suffers by being contradicted, or which is the same thing in effect, by hearing another praised; we should in compassion sometimes attend to him with a silent nod, and let him go away with the triumphs of his ill-nature. — Poor Furius (again) when any one of his contemporaries are spoken well of, quitting the Ground of the present dispute, steps back a thousand years to call in the succour of the Ancients. His very Panegyric is spiteful, and he uses it for the same reason as some Ladies do their commendations of a dead Beauty.
Book I. The Dunciad.

105 In each she marks her image full express,
    But chiefly in Tibbald's monster-breeding breast.

REMARKS.

"Beauty, who never would have had their good word, but that
living one happened to be mentioned in their Company. His
plaud is not the tribute of his Heart, but the sacrifice of his Re-
venge," &c. Indeed his pieces against our Poet are somewhat of
an angry character, and as they are now scarce extant, a taste of his
style may be satisfactory to the curious. "A young squab, short
Gentleman, whose outward form though it should be that of down-
right Monkey, would not differ so much from human shape, as his
unthinking immaterial part does from human understanding.——
He is as stupid as a venemous as a hunchback Toad — A Book
through which folly and ignorance those brethren so lame and
impotent, do ridiculous look very big, and very dull, and fruit,
and hobble cheek by jowl, with their arms on kimbo, being led,
and supported, and bully-backed by that blind Hector, Impudence.

It would be unjust not to add his Reasons for this Fury, they are
so strong and so coercive. "I regard him (faith he) as an Enemy,
no so much to me, as to my King, to my Country, to my Religion,
and to that Liberty which has been the sole felicity of my life.
A vagary of fortune, who is sometimes pleased to be frolicksome,
and the epidemick Madness of the times, have given him Reputation,
and Reputation (as Hobbs says) is Power, and that has made him dan-
gerous. Therefore I look on it as my duty to King George, whose
faithful subject I am, to my Country, of which I have appeared a
constant lover, to the Laws, under whose protection I have so
long lived, and to the Liberty of my Country, more dear than life
to me, of which I have now for forty years been a constant affterer;
I look upon it as my duty, I say, to do — you shall see what —
to pull the Lions skin from this little As, which popular errors
has thrown round him; and to show, that this Author who has been
 lately so much in vogue, has neither sense in his thoughts, nor
english in his expressions. DENNIS, Rara, in Hom. Pref. P. 20
and P. 91. &c.)

Besides these publick-spirited reasons, Mr. D. had a private one
which by his manner of expressing it in page 92, appears to have
been equally strong. He was even in bodily fear of his Life, from
the machinations of the said Mr. P. "The story (says he) is too long,
to be told, but who would be acquainted with it, may hear it from
Mr. Curl my Bookseller — However, what my reason has suggested
to me, that I have with as a just confidence said, in defiance of his two
clandestine weapons, his Slander and his Payson." Which last words
of his Book plainly discover, Mr. D. his suspicion was that of being
punished, in like manner as Mr. Curl had been before him. Of which
fact see A full and true account of a horrid and barbarous revenge by
Payson on the body of Edmund Curl, printed in 1716, the year antec-
cedent to that wherein these Remarks of Mr. Dennis were published.
But what puts it beyond all question, is a passage in a very warm-
treatise in which Mr. D. was also concerned, price two pence, called
A true character of Mr. Pope and his writings, printed for S. Pembing;
1716, in the tenth page whereof he is said "to have insulted people
on those calamities and diseases, which he himself gave them by
administering Payson to them"; and is called (p. 4.) a lurking way-
slaying
The Dunciad. Book I.

Sees Gods with Demons in strange league ingage,
And earth, and heav’n, and hell her battles wage.

REMARKS.

Lying coward, and a flatterer in the dark. Which (with many other
things most lively for forth in that piece) must have render’d him a
terror, not to Mr. Dennis only, but to all Chrisitian People.

For the rest, Mr. John Dennis was the Son of a Sadler in London
born in 1617. He paid court to Mr. Dryden, and having obtained
some correspondence with Mr. Wycherly and Mr. Congreve, he imme-
diately obliged the publick with their Letters. He made himself
known to the Government by many admirable Schemes and Projects;
which the Ministry, for reasons best known to themselves, constantly
kept private. For his character as a writer, it is given us as follows.

"Mr. Dennis is excellent at pindarick writings, perfectly regular in all
his performances, and a person of sound Learning. That he is ma-
ster of a great deal of Pencration and Judgment, his Criticisms
(particularly on Prince Arthur) do sufficiently demonstrate. From
the same account it also appears, that he writ Plays "more to get
Reputation than Money": DENNIS of himself. See Jacob’s Lives of
Dram. Poets, page 68, 69, compared with page 296.

VERSE 108 But chief in Tibbald! Lewis Tibbald (as pronounced)
or Theobald (as written) was bred an Attorney, and Son to an Atto-
ney (says Mr. Jacob) of Sittenburn in Kent. He was Author of many
forgotten Plays, Poems, and other pieces, and of several anonymous
Letters in praise of them in Mf’s Journal. He was concerned in a
Paper called the Carmen, and a translation of Ovid, as we find from
Mr. Dennis’s Remarks on Pope’s Homer, p. 9, 10. "There is a no-
torious Idiot, one sight Whachum, who from an under-plum-wealther
to the Law, is become an under-frapper to the Play-house, who
has lately burled up the Metamorphoses of Ovid by a vile Transla-
tion, &c. This Fellow is concerned in an impertinent Paper cal-
led the Carmen. But notwithstanding this severe character, another
Critick says of him, "That he has given us some Pieces which met
with approbation, and that the Cave of Poverty is an excellent
Poem." Giles Jacob’s Lives of the Poets, vol. 2. p. 211. He had once
a mind to translate the Odyssey, the first Book whereof was printed
in 1717 by B. Liittolt, and probably may yet be seen at his Shop.

What is still in memory, is a piece now about a year old, it had the
arrogant Title of Shakespeare Restored: Of this he was so proud him-
sel, as to set in one of Mf’s Journals, June 8. "That to expose any
Errors in it was impracticable." And in another, April 27. "That
whatever care for the future might be taken either by Mr. P. or
any other assimilants, he would still give above 500 Emendations
that shall escape them all." During the space of two years, while
Mr. Pope was preparing his Edition of Shakespeare, and published Ad-
vertisements, requesting all lovers of the Author to contribute to a
more perfect one; this Restor (who had then some correspondence
with him, and was soliciting favours by Letters) did wholly con-
seal his design, till after its publication. Probably that proceeding
raised him to the Dignity he holds in this Poem, which he seems
to deserve no other way better than his brethren; unless we impri-
me it to the share he had in the Journals, cited among the Testimonies
of Authors prefixed to this work.

VERSE 109. Tibbald’s monster-breeding breast. See Gods with Da-
mons, &c.) This alludes to the extravagancies of the Farces of that
author. See book 2, vers. 109, &c.
Book I. The Dunciad.

She ey'd the Bard, where supperless he sate,
110 And pin'd, unconscious of his rising fate;
Studious he sate, with all his books around,
Sinking from thought to thought, a vast profound!
Plung'd for his sense, but found no bottom there;
Then writ, and flounder'd on, in mere despair.
115 He roll'd his eyes that witness'd huge dismay,
Where yet unpawn'd, much learned lumber lay,
Volumes, whose size the space exactly fill'd;
Or which fond authors were so good to gild;
Or where, by sculpture made for ever known,
120 The page admires new beauties, not its own.

REMARKS.

VERSE 109. —— Supperless be sate.] It is amazing how the sense of this line hath been mistaken by all the former Commentators, who most idly suppose it to imply, that the Hero of the Poem wanted a supper. In truth a great absurdity! Not that we are ignorant that the Hero of Homer's Odyssey is frequently in that circumstance, and therefore it can no way derogate from the grandeur of Epic Poem to represent such Hero under a Calamity, to which the greatest not only of Critics and Poets, but of Kings and Warriors, have been subject. But much more refin'd, I will venture to say, is the meaning of our author: It was to give us obliquely a curious precept, or what Bossius calls a disguised sentence, that "Temperance is the life of Study." The Language of Poesy brings all into Action, and to represent a Critic encompas'd with books, but without a supper, is a picture which lively expresseth how much the true Critic prefers the diet of the mind to that of the body, one of which he always castrates and often totally neglects, for the greater improvement of the other.

Scriblerus.

VERSE 115. He roll'd his eyes that witness'd huge dismay.] Milk, 1. —— Round he throws his eyes, That witness'd huge affliction and dismay. The progress of a bad Poet in his thoughts being (like the progress of the Devil in Milton) thro' a Chaos, might probably suggest this imitation.
VERSE 120. —— Admires new beauties not its own, Virg. Geo. 2. Mirator, frondes novas, & non sua poma.
VERSE id. & c.] This library is divided into two parts; the one (his polite learning) consists of those books which seem'd to be the models of his poetry, and are prefer'd for one of those three reasons (usual with Collectors of Libraries) that they fitted the shelves, or were gilded for show, or adorned with pictures: The other class our author calls solid Learning, old bodies of Philosophy, old Commentators, old English Printers, or old English Translations, all very voluminous, and fit to erect Altars to Dulness.
Here swells the shell with Ogilby the great:
There, stamp'd with arms, Newcastle shines compleat,
Here all his suff'ring brotherhood retire,
And 'scape the martyrdom of jakes and fire;

A Gothic Vatican! of Greece and Rome
Well-purg'd, and worthy Withers, Quarles, and Blome.

But high above, more solid Learning shone,
The Classics of an Age that heard of none;
There Caxton slept, with Wynkin at his side,

One clasps'd in wood, and one in strong cow-hide.
There sav'd by spice, like mummies, many a year,
Old Bodies of Philosophy appear.

REMARKS.

VERSE 121. — Ogilby the great.] John Ogilby was one, who
from a late initiation into literature, made such a progress as might
well stile him the Prodigy of his time! sending into the world so many
large Volumes! His translations of Homer and Virgil, done to the life,
and with such excellent Sculptures! and (what added great grace to his
works) he printed them all on special good Paper, and in a very good
Lettre. WINSTANLY, Lives of Poets.

VERSE 122. There, stamp'd with arms, Newcastle shines compleat.] The Dutchess of Newcastle was one who buried herself in the ravishing
delights of Poetry, leaving to posterity in print three ample Volumes
of her studious endeavours. WINSTANLY, ibid. Longbaine reckons
up eight Folio's of her Grace's; which were usually adored with
gilded Covers, and had her Coat of Arms upon them.

VERSE 126. — Worthy Withers, Quarles, and Blome.] It was
printed in the surreptitious Editions, W——ly, W——s, who were
Persons eminent for good life; the one wrote the Life of Christ in
verse; the other some valuable pieces in the lyric kind on pious
subjects. The line is here restored according to its Original.

George Withers was a great pretender to poetical zeal against the
times; and abused the greatest Personages in power, which brought upon him frequent correction. The Marlborough and
Newcastles were no strangers to him. WINSTANLY. Quarles was
as dull a writer, but an honester man. Blome's books are remarkable
for their cuts.

VERSE 129. Caxton.] A Printer in the time of Edw. 4, Rich. 3,
and Hen. 7. Wynkin de Word, his successor in that of Hen. 7, and 8.
The former translated into prose Virgil's Æneis as a History, of which
he speaks in his Proem in a very singular manner, as of a book hardly
known. Viz. Append. Tibbald quotes a rare passage from him in
Mist's Journal on March 16, 1728, concerning a strange and merveyl
lance beate called Sagittary, which he would have Shakespeare to mean
rather than Teucer, the Archer celebrated by Homer,
De Lyra here a dreadful front extends,
And there, the groaning shelves Philemon bends.

135 Of these twelve volumes, twelve of amplest size,
Redeem'd from tapers and defrauded pyes,
Inspir'd he seizes; These an altar raise:
An hetacomb of pure, unfully'd lays.
That altar crowns: A folio Common-place

140 Found's the whole pyle, of all his works the base;
Quarto's, Octavo's, shape the leff'ning pyre,
And laft, a little Ajax tips the Spire.

Then he. Great Tamer of all human art!
First in my care, and nearest at my heart:

145 Dulness! whose good old cause I yet defend;
With whom my Muse began, with whom shall end?
O thou, of business the direcing soul,
To human heads like byafs to the bowl,
Which as more pond'rous makes their aim more true,

150 Obliquely wading to the mark in view.
O ever gracious to perplex'd mankind!
Who spread a healing mist before the mind;
And, left we err by Wit's wild, dancing light,
Secure us kindly in our native night.

Ah! still o'er Britain stretch that peaceful wand;
Which lulls th' Helvetian and Batavian land.

REM ARKS.

VERSE 133. Nich. de Lyra, or Harpsfield, a very voluminous Com-
mentator, whose works in five vast Folio's were printed in 1472.

VERSE 134. Philemon Holland, Dr. in Physick. He translated as
many books, that a man would think he had done nothing else, infor-
much, that he might be call'd Translatur General of his age. The books
alone of his turning into English, are sufficient to make a Country-
Gentleman a compleat Library. WINSTANLY.

VERSE 142. A little Ajax.] In duodecime, translated from Sophis-
ters by Tibbald.

VERSE 146. With whom my Muse began, with whom shall end.

Ex Δις αρχῳμεθα, & εις Δια λυγης, Μεσμα.

So Horace,
Prima dite mibi, summam dicenda camana.
The Dunciad. Book I

Where rebel to thy throne if Science rise,
She does but shew her coward face and dies:
There, thy good Scholiasts with unweary'd pains

160 Make Horace flat, and humble Maro's strains;
Here studious I unlucky moderns save,
Nor sleeps one error in its father's grave,
Old puns restore, loft blunders nicely seek,
And crucify poor Shakespeare once a week.

165 For thee I dim these eyes, and stuff this head,
With all such reading as was never read;
For thee supplying, in the worst of days,
Notes to dull books, and prologues to dull plays;
For thee explain a thing till all men doubt it,

170 And write about it, Goddess, and about it;
So spins the silkworm small its slender store,
And labours, till it clouds itself all o'er.
Not that my quill to Critiques was confin'd,
My Verse gave ampler lessons to mankind;

175 So gravest precepts may successless prove,
But sad examples never fail to move.
As forc'd from wind-guns, lead itself can fly,
And pond'rous flags cut swiftly thro' the sky.

Remarks.

Verse 162. Nor sleeps one error — Old puns restore, loft blunders, &c. As where he laboured to prove Shakespeare guilty of terribde Anachronisms, or low Comedrums, which time had cover'd; and conversant in such authors as Caxton and Wynkin, rather than in Homer or Chaucer. Nay so far had he lost his reverence to this incomparable author, as to say in print, He deserved to be whipt. An influence which nothing sure can parallel; but that of Dennis, who can be proved to have declared before Company, that Shakespeare was a Rascal. O tempora! O mores!

Verse 164. And crucify poor Shakespeare once a week! For some time, once a week, for the rest, he printed in Mist's Journal several remarks or poor conjecture on some word or point of Shakespeare.

Verse 166. With all such reading as was never read.] Such as Caxton above-mentioned. The three Destructions of Troy by Wynkin, and other like classicks.

Verse 168. Notes to dull books, and prologues to dull plays.] As to Hook's Hesiod, where sometimes a note, and sometimes even half a note, are carefully owned by him; And to Moore's Comedy of the Brutal Modes, and other authors of the same rank: These were people who wrote about the year 1726.
Book I. The Dunciad.

As clocks to weight their nimble motion owe,
The wheels above urg'd by the load below;
Me, Emptiness and Dullness could inspire,
And were my Elasticity and Fire.
Had heav'n decreed such works a longer date,
Heav'n had decreed to spare the Grub-street-state.

But see great Settle to the dust descend,
And all thy cause and empire at an end!
Cou'd Troy be sav'd by any single hand,
His gray-goose-weapon must have made her stand.
But what can I? my Flaccus cast aside,
Take up th' Attorney's (once my better) Guide?
Or rob the Roman geese of all their glories,
And save the state by cackling to the Tories?

REMARKS.

VERSE 180. My Flaccus.] A familiar manner of speaking used by modern Criticks of a favourite Author. Mr. T. might as justly speak thus of Horace, as a French wit did of Tully seeing his work in a library, Ab! mon cher Ciceron! Je le connais bien: c'est le meme que M. Tulli.

VERSE 190. Take up th' Attorney's Guide.] In allusion to his first profession of an Attorney.

VERSE 191. Or rob the Roman geese, &c.] Relates to the well known story of the geese that saved the Capitol, of which Virgil, in B 8. Arg, his avaritis voluitis argentem anfer fuit, Petrus ibis laevis adventit camusat. A passage I have always suspected. Who sees not the Antithesis of avaritas and argentem to be unworthy the Virgilian Majesty? and what absurdity to say, a Goose sings? camusat? Virgil gives a contrary character of the voice of this silly bird, in Ec. 9. - argutos interfrepere anfer olorves. Read it therefore adeos crapebas. And why avaritis positibus? Does not the very verse preceding this inform us, Romuleo recens horrebat regio cui scio, is this Thatch in one line, and Gold in another, confusent? I scruple not (repugnantibus omnibus manuscriptis) to correct it, avaritas. Horace uses the same epithet in the same sense.

— Auritas fidibus canoris

Ducere quercus.

And to say, that Walls have Ears, is common even to a proverb.

SCRIBI:

IMITATIONS.

VERSE 183. Had heav'n decreed such works a longer date, &c.] Virg. En. 2.

Me si multa voluissest ducere vitam
Hab mihi servossent sedes.

VERSE 187. Cou'd Troy be sav'd. —— His gray-goose-weapon.

Verg. ibid.

— Si Pergama dextra
Defendit postum, utiam hast defensa suis Item.
Yes, to my Country I my pen consign,
Yes, from this moment, mighty Mift! am thine,
And rival, Curtius! of thy fame and zeal,
O'er head and ears plunge for the publick weal.
Adieu my children! better thus expire
Un-fall'd, unfold; thus glorious mount in fire
Fair without spot; than greas'd by grocer's hands,
Or shipp'd with Ward to ape and monkey lands,
Or wafting ginger, round the streets to go,
And visit alehouse where ye first did grow.
With that, he lifted thrice the sparkling brand,
And thrice he drop't it from his quiv'ring hand:
Then lights the structure, with averted eyes;
The rolling smoke involves the sacrifice.

REMARKS.

VERSE 194. Mighty Mift! I Nathaniel Mift was publisher of a
Famous Tory Paper (see notes on I. 3.) in which this Author was
Sometimes permitted to have a part.
VERSE 197. Adieu my Children! I This is a tender and passionate
Apostrophe to his own Works which he is going to sacrifice, agree-
able to the nature of man in great affliction, and reflecting like a
Parent, on the many miserable fates to which they would otherwise
Be subject.

Felix Priamiæ virgo!
Jussa mori: qua furritis non pertulit aetas;
Nec victis heri texit captiva cubile!
Nos patria incensa, diversa per aequa vestes, &c.

Virg. Æn. 1.

VERSE 200. Or shipp'd with Ward to ape and monkey lands.) Edward Ward, a very voluminous Poet in Hudibrasticke Verse, but
Least known by the London Spy, in Prose. He has of late Years kept a
Publick house in the City (but in a genteel way) and with his wit,
Humour, and good liquor (Ale) afforded his guests a pleasurful enten-
tainment, especially those of the High-Church party. JACOB Lives
Of Poets, vol. 2. p. 225. Great numbers of his works are yearly sold
Into the Plantations.

IMITATIONS.

VERSE 200. And visit Alehouse.) Waller on the Navy.
Those towers of Oak, o'er fertile plains may go,
And visit Mountains where they once did grow.

VERSE 203. He lifted thrice the sparkling brand, and thrice he
drops it. 1 Ovid of Althea on the like occasion, burning her Off-
spring.

Met. 8. Tum conata quass quassis insuperata torrens,
Cepha quasque tenet.
Book I. The Dunciad. 87

The opening clouds disclose each work by turns,
Now flames old Memnon, now Rodrigo burns,
In one quick flash see Proserpine expire,

And last, his own cold Æschylus took fire.

Then gush'd the tears, as from the Trojan's eyes
When the last blaze sent Ilion to the Skies.

Rowz'd by the light, old Dulness heav'd the head,
Then snatch'd a sheet of Thulé from her bed;

Sudden the flies, and whelms it o'er the pyre:
Down sink the flames, and with a hiss expire.

Remarks.

VERSE 208. Now flames old Memnon, now Rodrigo burns. In one quick flash see Proserpine expire.] — Memnon, a Hero in the Persian Princes, very apt to take fire, as appears by these lines with which he begins the Play.

By heaven it fires my frozen blood with rage,
And makes it scald my aged trunk.

Rodrigo, the chief personage of the Perfidious Brother, a play written between T. and a Watch-maker. The Rape of Proserpine, one of the Farces of this Author, in which Ceres sets fire to a Corn-field, which endangered the burning of the Play-house.

VERSE 209. And last, his own cold Æschylus took fire.] He had been (to use an expression of our Poet) about Æschylus for ten years, and had received Subscriptions for the same, but then went about other Books. The character of this tragic Poet is Fire and Boldness in a high degree; but our Author supposes it to be very much cooled by the translation; Upon sight of a specimen of it, was made this Epigram,

Alas! poor Æschylus! unlucky Dog!
Whom once a Lobster kill'd, and now a Log.

But this is a grievous error, for Æschylus was not slain by the fall of a Lobster on his head, but of a Tortoise, *Skele* Val. max. l. 9. cap. 12.

Scrib.

VERSE 214. Thulé.] An unfinished Poem of that name, of which one sheet was printed fifteen Years ago; by A. Ph. a Northern Author. It is an usual method of putting out a fire, to cast wet sheets upon it. Some Critics have been of opinion, that this sheet was of the nature of the Æsopae, which cannot be consumed by fire; but I rather think it only an allegorical allusion to the coldness and heaviness of the writing.

Imitations.

VERSE 206; Now flames old Memnon, &c.] Virg. Aen. i.

— Jam Daiphoboi dedit ampla ruinar

— Volcanus super quae, dumae, jam prevenit ardet us, algeum.
Her ample presence fills up all the place;
A veil of fogs dilates her awful face:
Great in her charms! as when on Shrives and May's
220 She looks, and breathes herself into their airs.
She bids him wait her to the sacred Dome;
Well-pleas'd he enter'd, and confess'd his Home:
So spirits ending their terrestrial race,
Ascend, and recognize their native place:
225 Raptur'd, he gazes round the dear retreat,
And in sweet numbers celebrates the feat.
Here to her Chosen all her works she shows;
Prose swell'd to verse, Verses loitering into prose;
How random Thoughts now meaning chance to find,
230 Now leave all memory of sense behind:
'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.
235 How, with less reading than makes felons scape,
Less human genius than God gives an ape,
Small thanks to France and none to Rome or Greece,
A past, vamp'd, future, old, reviv'd, new piece,

REMARKS.

VERSE 221. — The sacred Dome.] The Cave of Poverty above-mentioned, where he no sooner enters, but he Reconnosces the place of his original; as Plato says the Spirits shall do, at their entrance into the celestial Regions. His Dialogue of the Immortality of the Soul was translated by T. in the familiar modern style of Ph. Pha. and For God's sake Socrates: printed for B. Lintot, 1713.
VERSE 226. And in sweet numbers celebr:es the feat.] He write a Poem call'd the Cave of Poverty, which concludes with a very extraordinary Wish, 'That some great Genius, or man of distinguished merit may be found, in order to celebrate her power, and describe her Cave. It was printed in octavo, 1715.

IMITATIONS.

VERSE 219. Great in her charms! as when on Shrives and May's
She looks, and breathes herself into their airs.]
Alma parent: confesse Deam, qualit: videre
Causis & quam: solet
— Et latevsecus offerat honores. —— Id. Aen. 2.
Book I. The Dunciad.

Twixt Plautus, Fletcher, Congreve, and Corneille,
Can make a Cibber, Johnson, 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 H*** and Owl)

Perch'd on his crown. All hail! and hail again,
My Son! the promised land expects thy reign.
Know, Settle, cloy with custard and with praise,
Is gather'd to the Dull of antient days,
Safe, Where no critics damn, no duns molest,
Where Gildon, Banks, and high-born Howard rest.

Remarks.

Verse 240. Can make a Cibber.] Mr. Colly Cibber, an Author and
Actor; of a good share of wit, and uncommon vivacity, which are
much improved by the conversation he enjoys, which is of the best.
Jacob Lives of Dram. Poets. p. 38 Besides two Volumes of Plays in
4to, he has made up and translated several others. Mr. Jacob omitted
to remark, that he is particularly admirable in Tragedy.
Verse 244. ——Johnston.] Charles Johnston, famous for writing
a Play every season, and for being at Boston's every day. He had
probably thriven better in his Vocation had he been a small matter
leaner. He may justly be called a Martyr to obseci, and to have fallen
a victim to the roundity of his parts. CHA. of the TIMES,
printed by Curl, p. 19. Some of his Plays are, Love in a Forest
(Shakespeare's As you like it) Wife's Relief (Shirley's Gamester) Victim
(Racine's Iphigenia) The Sultaness (Racine's Bajazet) the prologue
to which abused Dr. Arbuthnot, (Mr. Pope, and Mr. Gay.) The Co-
bler of Preston, his own.
Verse 240. ——And Ozell.] Mr. John Ozell, if we credit Mr. Joc-
ald, did go to School in "Leicestershire, where somebody left
him something to live on, when he should retire from business. He
"was designed to be sent to Cambridge in order for Priesthood; but
"chose rather to be placed in an Office of accounts in the City, being
"qualified for the same by his skill in Arithmetick, and writing the
"necessary hands. He has obliged the world with many translations
Verse 244. A Bird from Switzerland.
Verse 250. Where Gildon, Banks, and high-born Howard rest.]
Charles Gildon, a writer of criticisms and libels of the last age: He
published Blount's blasphemous 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. Wycherly published by Curl, in
another called the New Rehearsal printed in 1774; in a third entitled
the compleat Art of English Poetry, in 2 Volumes, and others.
Verse 250. ——Banks.] Was author of the play of the Earl of
Macc, Ann Boleyn, &c. He followed the law as a solicitor, like
Gibbon.
The Dunciad: Book I.

I see a King! who leads my chosen sons
To lands, that flow with clutches and with puns:
"Till each fam’d Theatre my empire own,
"Till Albion, as Hibernia, bless my throne!

255 I see! I see! — Then rapt, she spoke no more.
God save King Tibradd! Grubstreet alleys roar.
So when Jove’s block descended from on high,
(As sings thy great fore-father, Ogilby.)
Loud thunder to its bottom shook the bog,

260 And the hoarse nation croak’d, God save King Log!

REMAR K S.

VERSE 256. — Eb., Edward Howard, Author of the British
Princes, and a great number of wonderful pieces, celebrated by the
late Earl of Dorset and Rochester, Duke of Buckingham, Mr. Waller,
&c.

VERSE 258. At sings thy great fore-father Ogilby.] See his Aesp.
Esth, where this excellent hasty is to be found. Our author
shows here and elsewhere, a prodigious Tenderness for a bad writer.
We see he selects the only good passage perhaps in all that ever
Ogilby write; which shows how candid and patient a reader he must
have been. What can be more kind and affectionate than these words
in the preface to his Poems 4to. 1717, where he labours to call up all
our humanity and forgiveness toward them, by the most moderate
representation of their cause that has ever been given by any Author!

Much may be said to extenuate the fault of bad Poets: What we
call a Genius is hard to be distinguished, by a man himself, from a
prevailing inclination: And if it be never to great, he can at first
discover it no other way, than by that strong propensity, which
renders him the more liable to be mistaken. He has no other me-

End of the First Book.