
THE
D U N C I A D,
IN
THREE BOOKS,
WITH
NOTES VARIORUM.

F 2



THE 
D U N C I A D.

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*, Sic M. S. It may be well disputed whether this be a right Reading? Ought it not rather to be spelled *Dunceiad*, as the Etymology evidently demands? *Dunce* with an *e*, therefore *Dunceiad* with an *e*. That accurate and punctual Man of Letters, the Restorer of *Shakespeare*, constantly observes the preservation of this very Letter *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 *es*'s (as *Shak'spear*) which is utterly unpardonable. Nor is the neglect of a *Single Letter* so trivial as to some it may appear, the alteration whereof in a learned language is an *Atchivement that brings Honour* to the Critick who advances it, and Dr. B. will be remembered to posterity for his performances of *this sort*, as long as the world shall have any Esteem for the Remains of *Menander* and *Philemon*.

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 another *e* to it, and call it the *Dunceiade*, which being a French and foreign

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Say great Patricians! (since your selves inspire
These wond'rous works; so Jove and Fate require)

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Foreign Termination; is no way proper to a word entirely English; and Vernacular. One *E* 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 excellent 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, *sic M. S.* In like manner we shall not amend this error in the Title itself, but only note it *obiter*, to evince to the learned that it was not our fault, nor any effect of our own Ignorance or Inattention.

SCRIBLERUS,

VERSE 1. *Books 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 Commentators on this Poem! It breaks forth at the very first line. The Author of the Critique prefix'd to *Sawney*, 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 vaunted 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 *Æneid*; assuring him, that *Virgil* there speaketh not of himself, but of *Æneas*,

*Arma virumq; cano, Troja qui primus ab oris,
Italiam fato profugus, Latinamq; venit
Litora: multum ille & terris jactatus et alto, &c.*

I cite the whole three verses, that I may by the way offer a *Conjectural Emendation*, purely my own, upon each: First, *oris* should be read *aris*, it being as we see *Æn.* 2. 513, from the altar of *Jupiter Hercæus* that *Æneas* fled as soon as he saw *Priam* slain. In the second line I would read *statu* for *fato*, since it is most clear it was by *Winds* that he arrived at the *Shore of Italy*; *jactatus* in the third, is surely as improper apply'd to *terris*, as proper to *alto*: To say a man is *soft on land*, is much at one with saying he *walks at sea*. *Risum teneatis amici?* Correct it, as I doubt not it ought to be, *Vexatus*.

SCRIBLERUS;

VERSE 2. *The Smithfield-Muses.* *Smithfield* is the place where *Bartholomew Fair* was kept, whose *Shews, Machines, and Dramatical 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 1725, and continued to the Year 1728 See Book 3. Vers. 191, &c.

5 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'ers head,
 Dulness o'er all possess'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 Goddess, Dulness never dies.
 O thou! whatever Title please thine ear,
 Dean, Drapier, Bickerstaff, or Gulliver!
 Whether thou chuse Cervantes' serious air,
 20 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;

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VERSE 10. *Daughter of Chaos, &c.* The beauty of this whole Allegory being purely of the Poetical kind, we think it not our proper business 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, *Χαοσγένεσις*) was the Progenitor of all the Gods.

SCRIBE.

I M I T A T I O N S.

VERSE 3. *Say great Patricians* (*since your selves inspire*

These wond'rous Works.) -- Ovid. Met. 1.

--- Dij captis nam vos mutastis & illas)

VERSE 6. Alluding to a verse of Mr. Dryden's not in *Mac Flecknoe*: (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.

From thy Bæotia tho' Her Pow'r retires,
 Grieve not at ought our sister realms acquire :
 25 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 nods in air ;
 Keen, hollow winds howl thro' the bleak recess,
 30 Emblem of Music caus'd by Emptiness :
 Here in one bed two shiv'ring sisters lye,
 The cave of Poverty and Poetry.

R E M A R K S.

VERSE 23. *From thy Bæotia*] *Bæotia* of old lay under the Rallery 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.

VERSE 26. *A new Saturnian Age of Lead.*] The ancient Golden Age is by Poets stiled *Saturnian*, but in the Chymical language, *Saturn* 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 nods in air, --- Here in one Bed two shiv'ring Sisters lie, The Cave of Poverty and Poetry.*

Hear upon this place the forecited Critick 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, (questionless) and the two Sisters the Lord knows who?"

O the Construction of Grammatical Heads! *Virgil* writeth thus:

Æn. 1.

*Fronte sub adverfa scopulis pendentibus antrum :
 Intus aqua dulces, vivoq; sedilia saxo,
 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? *Insulse!* The second line, *Intus aqua*, &c. is in a parenthesis (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 *Conjectural Emendation* on *Virgil's Scopulis pendentibus*: He is here describing a place, whither the weary Mariners of *Aeneas* repaired to dress their Dinner. --- *Fessi --- frugesq; receptas Et torrere parant flammis*: What has *Scopulis pendentibus* here to do? Indeed the *aqua dulces* and *sedilia* are something, *sweet Waters* to drink, and *Seats* to rest on. The other is surely an error of the Copyists. Restore it, without the least scruple, *Populis prandentibus*.

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

SCRIBLERUS,

This, the Great Mother dearer held than all
 The clubs of Quidnunc's, or her own Guild-hall.
 35 Here stood her Opium, here she nurs'd her Owls,
 And destin'd here th' imperial seat of Fools.
 Hence springs each weekly Muse, the living boast
 Of Curl's chaste press, and Lintot's rubric's post,
 Hence hymning Tyburn's elegiac lay,
 40 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:

R E M A R K S.

VERSE 33. *The Great Mother.*] *Magna Mater*, here applyed to *Dulness*. The *Quidnunc'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.*] 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*] 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-Years-Day, the words of which are happily drown'd in the voices and Instruments.

VERSE 41. Is a just Satyr on the Flatteries and Falshoods 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.

I M I T A T I O N S.

VERSE 33. *This the Great Mother, &c. Æn. 1.*

Urbs antiqua fuit ---

Quam Juno fertur terris magis omnibus unam

Posthabita coluisse Samo; hic illius arma,

Hic currus fuit: hoc regnum Dea gentibus esse

(Siqua fata sinant) jam tum tenditq; fovetq;

VERSE 39. *Hence hymning Tyburn --- Hence, &c.*

--- Genus unde Latinum,

Albaniq; patres, atq; alta mania Roma, Virg.

'Twas here in clouded majesty she shone ;
 Four guardian Virtues, round, support her Throne ;
 45 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 th' approaching jayl :
 50 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 48. *Who hunger, and who thirst.*] " This is an infamous Burlesque on a Text in Scripture, which shews the Author's delight in Prophaness," (said *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 Grass*. *Ibid*. *They are for the flowry 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 jocosè Scene.) In *Love's Labour lost*, he talks of *Sampson's* carrying the Gates on his Back ; in the *Merry Wives of Windsor* of *Goliath* and the Weavers Beam ; and in *Henry 4*, *Falstaff's* Soldiers are compared to *Lizzards* and the *Prodigal Son*, &c. The first part of this Note is *Mr. Curl's* : The rest is *Mr. Theobald's*. *Shakespear Restor'd Appendix*. p. 144.

IMITATIONS.

VERSE 43. *In clouded Majesty she shone.*]

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 neq, pauperies, neq, mors, neq, vincula terrent.

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 Bookfellers or the Players bid most. These lines allude to the following in *Garth's Dispensary*, *Cons. 6*.

Within the chambers of the Globe they spy
The beds where sleeping Vegetables lie,
'Till the glad summons of a genial ray
Unbinds the Globe, and calls them out to day

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55 '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,
 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 ductile 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.

R E M A R K S.

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 *Dulness* 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 sent abroad into the world as many *Bulls* as his Namesake 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 *Papa*, which signifies a little Wart; or from *Peppysma*, because he was continually popping out squibs of wit, or rather *Po-pysmata*, or *Po-pisms*. DENNIS. *Daily-Journal* June 11. 1728.

VERSE 68. *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.

I M I T A T I O N S.

VERSE 62. *And ductile dulness.*] A Parody on another in *Garth*, *Cent. 1.*

How ductile-matter new meanders takes.

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- Here gay Description Ægypt 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,
 75 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,
 80 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 :
 85 (Pomps without guilt, of bloodless swords and maces,
 Glad chains, warm furs, broad banners, and broad faces)

R E M A R K S.

VERSE 71. *Ægypt glads with Showers.*] In the lower Ægypt Rain is of no use, the overflowing of the Nile being sufficient to impregnate the soil. — These six verses represent the inconsistencies in the description of Poets, who heap together all glittering and gawdy Images, tho' incompatible in one season, or in one scene. — See the Guardian N^o 40. printed in the Appendix, Parag. 7. See also Eusden'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. — SC R. *Ætas segetes, glad, for making glad, &c.*

I M I T A T I O N S.

VERSE 77. *The Cloud-compelling Queen.*] From Homer's Epithet of Jupiter, *νεβριζυγέτα Ζεύς.*

Now Night descending, the proud scene was o'er,
 But liv'd, in Settle's numbers, one day more.
 Now May'rs and Shrieves all hush'd and satiate lay,
 90 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 ;
 95 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 impress'd 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.

*Sometimes misguided by the tuneful throng,
 I look for streams immortaliz'd in song,
 That left in silence and oblivion lye,
 Dumb are their fountains, and their channels dry ;
 Yet run for ever, by the Muses skill,
 And in the smooth description murmur fill.*

VERSE 96. *John Heywood.* Whose 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 Verses 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 ceas'd; 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 Dulness, who thereupon decrees to remove her imperial seat from the City, and over-spread the other parts of the Town: To which great Enterprize 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 sort inclin'd to *Elkanah*. DENNIS *Pref. to Rem. on Hom.*

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

So watchful Bruin forms with plastic care
 100 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,
 And all the Mighty Mad in Dennis rage.

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VERSE 101. *Old Pryn in restless Daniel.* William Pryn and Daniel de Foë were writers of Verses, as well as of Politicks; as appears by the Poem of the latter *De jure Divino*, and others, and by these lines in Cowley's Miscellanies of the former.

— One lately did not fear
 (Without the Muses leave) to plant Verse here:
 But he produc'd such base, rough, crabbed, hedge,
 Rhymes, as e'en set the hearers ears on edge:
 Written by William Pryn Esqui-re, the
 Year of our Lord, six hundred thirty three.
 Brave Jersey Muse! and he's for his high stile
 Call'd to this day the Homer of the Isle.

Both these Authors had a resemblance in their fates as well as writings, having been a-like sentenc'd to the Pillory.

Of Eusden and Blackmore. See Book 2. v. 254. and 300. And Philips; See Book 3. v. 274.

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. R. Norris, but it deserveth 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 ungracious merriment with their Elders. No --- it is spoken of that *Excellent* and *Divine Madnest*, so often mentioned by *Plato*, that poetical rage and enthusiasm, with which no doubt Mr. D. hath, in his time, been highly possessed; and of those *extraordinary hints* and *motions* whereof he himself so feelingly treats in the Preface to *Pr. Arith.* [See Notes on Book 2. verse 256.]

S C R I B L.

VERSE 104. *And all the mighty Mad in Dennis rage.* This Verse in the surreptitious Editions stood thus, *And furious D—— foam, &c.* which, in that printed in *Ireland*, was unaccountably filled up with the great name of *Dryden*. Mr. Theobald in the *Censor*, Vol. 2. N^o 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 spar'd*) 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 cotemporaries 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 *Panegyrick* is spiteful, and he uses it for the same reason as some Ladies do their commendations of a dead Beauty.

105 In each she marks her image full exprest,
But chief, in Tibbald's monster-breeding breast;

REMARKS.

"Beauty, who never would have had their good word, but that a living one happened to be mentioned in their Company. His applause is not the tribute of his *Heart*, but the sacrifice of his *Revenge*", &c. Indeed his pieces against our Poet are somewhat of an angry character, and as they are now scarce extant, a taste of his stile 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 and as venomous as a hunchbacked Toad — A Book through which folly and ignorance, those brethren so lame and impotent, do ridiculoussly look very big, and very dull, and strut, and hobble cheek by jowl, with their arms on kimbo, being led, and supported, and bully-backed by that blind Hector, Impudence. *Reflect. on the Essay on Crit. Page 26, 29. 30.*

It would be unjust not to add his Reasons for this Fury, they are so strong and so coercive. "I regard him (saith 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 dangerous. 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 asserter; &c. I look upon it as my duty, I say, to do — you shall see what — to pull the Lions skin from this little Ass, 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, *Rem. on Hom. Pref. p. 2 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 a just confidence said, in defiance of his two clandestine weapons, his *Slander* and his *Poyson*". Which last words of his Book plainly discover, Mr. D. his suspicion was that of being *poysoned*, 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 Poyson on the body of Edmund Curl*, printed in 1716, the year antecedent 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. Popping, 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 *Poyson* to them"; and is called (p. 4.) a *larking way-laying*.

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

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laying forward, and a stabber in the dark. Which (with many other things most lively set forth in that piece) must have render'd him a terror, not to Mr. Dennis only, but to all Christian People.

For the rest, Mr. John Dennis was the Son of a Sadler in London, born in 1657. He paid court to Mr. Dryden, and having obtained some correspondence with Mr. Wycherly and Mr. Congreve, he immediately 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 master of a great deal of Penetration 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 286.

VERSE 106 *But chief in 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 many forgotten Plays, Poems, and other pieces, and of several anonymous Letters in praise of them in *Mist's Journal*. He was concerned in a Paper called the *Censor*, and a translation of *Ovid*, as we find from Mr. Dennis's Remarks on *Pope's Homer*, p. 9, 10. "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 has lately burlesqu'd the *Metamorphoses* of *Ovid* by a vile Translation, &c. This Fellow is concerned in an impertinent Paper called the *Censor*". 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. Lintott, 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 *Shakespear Restored*: Of this he was so proud himself, as to say in one of *Mist'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 assistants, he would still give above 500 Emmendations that shall escape them all." During the space of two years, while Mr. Pope was preparing his Edition of *Shakespear*, and published Advertisements, requesting all lovers of the Author to contribute to a more perfect one; this Restorer (who had then some correspondence with him, and was soliciting favours by Letters) did wholly conceal his design, 'till after its publication. Probably that proceeding elevated him to the Dignity he holds in this Poem, which he seems to deserve no other way better than his brethren; unless we impute it to the share he had in the Journals, cited among the *Testimonies of Authors* prefixed to this work.

VERSE 108. *Tibbald's monster-breeding breast, Sees Gods with Dæmons, &c.*] This alludes to the extravagancies of the Farces of that author, See book 3, vers. 109, &c.

She ey'd the Bard, where supperless he fate,
 110 And pin'd, unconscious of his rising fate;
 Studious he fate, 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.

R E M A R K S.

VERSE 109. ——— *Supper-less he fate.*] 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 Criticks 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 *Bosius* calls a *disguis'd sentence*, that "Temperance is the life of Study." The Language of Poesy brings all into Action, and to represent a Critic encompass'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 castigates and often totally neglects, for the greater improvement of the other.

SCRIBLERUS.

VERSE 115. *He roll'd his eyes that witness'd huge dismay.*] *Milt.* l. 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.* *Miraturq; 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 shew, 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 shelf 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;
 125 A Gothick Vatican! of Greece and Rome
 Well-purg'd, and worthy Withers, Quarles, and Blome.
 But high above, more solid Learning shone,
 The Classicks of an Age that heard of none ;
 There Caxton slept, with Wynkin at his side,
 130 One clasp'd in wood, and one in strong cow-hide.
 There sav'd by spice, like mummies, many a year,
 Old Bodies of Philosophy appear.

R E M A R K S.

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 Letter*. WINSTANLY, *Lives of Poets*.

VERSE 122. *There, stamp'd with arms, Newcastle shines compleat.*] The *Dutcheß 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. WINSTANLY, *ibid.* *Langbaine* reckons up eight Folio's of her Grace's; which were usually adorn'd 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 writ the *Life of Christ* in verse; the other some valuable pieces in the lyric kind on pious subjects. The line is here restor'd according to its Original.

George 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 *Marshallsea* and *Newgate* were no strangers to him. WINSTANLY. *Quartes* was as dull a writer, but an honest 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 Aeneis* as a History; of which he speaks in his Proeme in a very singular manner, as of a book hardly known. *Vid. Append. Tibbald* quotes a rare passage from him in *Mist's Journal* of March 16, 1728. concerning a *strange and marvelous lause beaste called Sagittarye*, which he would have *Shakespear* to mean, rather than *Iscariot*, 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 Founds the whole pyle, of all his works the base;
 Quarto's, Octavo's, shape the less'ning pyre,
 And last, 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 directing soul,
 To human heads like byas to the bowl,
 Which as more pond'rous makes their aim more true,
 150 Obliquely wadling to the mark in view.
 O ever gracious to perplex'd mankind!
 Who spread a healing mist before the mind,
 And, lest we err by Wit's wild, dancing light,
 Secure us kindly in our native night.
 155 Ah! still o'er Britain stretch that peaceful wand,
 Which lulls th' Helvetian and Batavian land.

R E M A R K S.

VERSE 133. *Nich. de Lyra, or Harpsfeld, a very voluminous Commentator, whose works in five vast Folio's were printed in 1472.*

VERSE 134. *Philemon Holland, Dr. in Physick. He translated so many books, that a man would think he had done nothing else, in so much, that he might be call'd Translator 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 duodecimo, translated from Sophocles by Tibbald.*

VERSE 146. *With whom my Muse began, with whom shall end.] Virg. Ecl. 8. A te principium, tibi desinet — from Theoc.*

Ἐξ Διὸς ἀρχῶμεθα, ἔεις Δία λήγεις, Μοῦσα.

So Horace,

Prima dille mibi, summa dicenda canena.

84 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, lost blunders nicely seek,
 And crucify poor Shakespear 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 slugs cut swiftly thro' the sky.

R E M A R K S.

VERSE 162. *Nor sleeps one error* ——— *Old puns restore, lost blunders, &c.*] As where he laboured to prove *Shakespear* guilty of terrible *Anacronisms*, or low *Conundrums*, 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 insolence which nothing sure can parallel ! but that of *Dennis*, who can be proved to have declared before Company, that *Shakespear was a Rascal*. *O tempora ! O mores !* SCRIBLERUS.

VERSE 164. *And crucify poor Shakespear once a week*] For some time, once a week or fortnight, he printed in *Mist's Journal* a single remark or poor conjecture on some word or pointing of *Shakespear*.

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 *Cook's Hesiod*, where sometimes a note, and sometimes even half a note, are carefully owned by him : And to *Moore's Comedy of the Bival Modes*, and other authors of the same rank : These were people who writ about the year 1726.

As clocks to weight their nimble motion owe,
 180 The wheels above urg'd by the load below ;
 Me, Emptiness and Dulness could inspire,
 And were my Elasticity and Fire,
 Had heav'n decreed such works a longer date,
 Heav'n had decreed to spare the Grubstreet-state.
 185 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,
 190 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 ?

R E M A R K S.

VERSE 189. *My Flaccus.*] A familiar manner of speaking used by modern Critics 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 connois bien: c'est le mem quem Mare Tulle.*

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*, *Æn. 8. Atq; hic auratis volitans argenteus anser Porticibus, Gallos in limine adesse canebat.* A passage I have always suspected. Who sees not the Anitthesis of *auratus* and *argenteus* to be unworthy the Virgilian Majesty? and what absurdity to say, a Goose sings? *canebat?* *Virgil* gives a contrary character of the voice of this lilly bird, in *Ecl. 9. — argutus interstrepere anser olores.* Read it therefore *adesso strepebat.* And why *auratis porticibus?* Does not the very verse preceding this inform us, *Romuleo recens horrebat regio culmo,* is this That in one line, and *Gold* in another, consistent? I scruple not (*repugnantibus omnibus manuscriptis*) to correct it, *auritis.* *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.

SCRIBL:

I M I T A T I O N S.

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

Me si calicula voluissent ducere vitam

Has mihi servassent sedes —

VERSE 187. *Could Troy be saved. — His gray-goose-weapon* *Virg. ibid.*

— *Si Pergama dextra*

Defendi possent, etiam hac defensa fuissent.

Yes, to my Country I my pen consign,
 Yes, from this moment, mighty Mist! am thine,
 195 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-stall'd, unfold; thus glorious mount in fire
 Fair without spot; than greas'd by grocer's hands,
 200 Or shipp'd with Ward to ape and monkey lands,
 Or waisting 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 dropt it from his quiv'ring hand:
 205 Then lights the structure, with averted eyes;
 The rowling smoke involves the sacrifice.

R E M A R K S.

VERSE 194. *Mighty Mist!*] Nathaniel Mist was publisher of a famous Tory Paper (see notes on l. 3.) in which this Author was sometimes permitted to have a part.

VERSE 197. *Adieu my Children!*] This is a tender and passionate Apostrophe to his own Works which he is going to sacrifice, agreeable 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 Priameia virgo!
*Iussa mori: qua sortitus non pertulit illos;
 Nec victoris heri tetigit captiva cubile!*
Nos patria incensa, diversa per aquora veste, &c.

Virg. Æn. 3.

VERSE 200. *Or shipp'd with Ward to ape and monkey land.*] Edward Ward, a very voluminous Poet in Hudibrastick Verse, but best 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 pleasurable entertainment, 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.

I M I T A T I O N S.

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 dropt it.*] Ovid of Althea on the like occasion, burning her Offspring,

Met. 8. *Tum conata quater flammis imponere totum,
 Capta quater tenuit.*

The opening clouds disclose each work by turns,
 Now flames old Memnon, now Rodrigo burns,
 In one quick flash see Proserpine expire,
 210 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 Thulè from her bed;
 215 Sudden she flies, and whelms it o'er the pyre:
 Down sink the flames, and with a hiss expire.

R E M A R K S.

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

*By heav'n 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 220. *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*, *teste* Val. max. l. 9. cap. 12.

S C R I B L.

VERSE 214. *Thule.*] 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 Criticks have been of opinion, that this sheet was of the nature of the *Asbestos*, which cannot be consumed by fire; but I rather think it only an allegorical allusion to the coldness and heaviness of the writing.

I M I T A T I O N S.

VERSE 200. *Now flames old Memnon, &c.*] Virg. Æn. 2.

— *Jam Deiphobi dedit ampla ruinam
 Vulcano superante, domus; jam proxima gradus Ue, alogem.*

- 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'rs
 220 She looks, and breaths her self 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, Verse loitring 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 picce,

R E M A R K S.

VERSE 221. ——— *The sacred Dome.] The Cave of Poverty* above-mentioned ; where he no sooner enters, but he Reconnoitres 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 stile of *Prithes Phado*, and *For God's sake Socrates* : printed for *B. Lintot*, 1713.

VERSE 226. *And in sweet numbers celebrates the feat.]* He writ 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 starved, in order to celebrate her power, and describe her Cave. It was printed in octavo, 1715.

I M I T A T I O N S.

VERSE 219. *Great in her charms ! as when on Shrives and May'rs She looks, and breathes herself into their airs.]*

Alma parens confessa Deam, qualisq; videri

Calicolis & quanta solet ———

— *Et laesæ oculis afflatur honores,* ——— *Id. Æn. 1,*

Virg. Æ. 3.

'Twixt Plautus, Fletcher, Congreve, and Corneille,
 240 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)
 245 Perch'd on his crown. All hail! and hail again;
 My Son! the promis'd land expects thy reign.
 Know, Settle, cloy with custard and with praise,
 Is gather'd to the Dull of antient days,
 Safe, Where no criticks damn, no duns molest,
 250 Where Gildon, Banks, and high-born Howard rest.

R E M A R K S.

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. ——— *Johnson.*] Charles Johnson, famous for writing a Play every season, and for being at *Bussion'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 obesity, and to have fallen a victim to the rotundity 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. *Arbutnot*, (Mr. *Pope*, and Mr. *Gay*.) *The Cobler of Preston*, his own.

VERSE 240. ——— *And 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 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 of French Plays. JACOB *Lives of Dram. Poets*, p. 198.

VERSE 244. *A H———*] A strange 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* printed by *Curl*, in another called the *New Rehearsal* printed in 1714; 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 *Essex*, *Ann Boleyn*, &c. He followed the law as a solicitor, like *Tibbalds*.

I see a King! who leads my chosen sons
 To lands, that flow with clenches 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 Tibbald! 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!

R E M A R K S.

VERSE 256. — 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.

VERSE 258. *As sings thy great fore-father Ogilby.* See his *Æsop Fab.* where this excellent hemystic 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 writ; 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 4^o. 1717. where he labours to call up all our humanity and forgiveness toward them, by the most moderate representation of their case 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 prevalent inclination: And if it be never so 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 method but to make the experiment by writing, and so appealing to the judgment of others: And if he happens to write ill (which is certainly no sin in itself) he is immediately made the Object of Ridicule! I wish we had the humanity to reflect, that even the worst Authors might endeavour to please us, and in that endeavour, deserve something at our hands. We have no cause to quarrel with them, but for their obstinacy in persisting, and even that may admit of alleviating circumstances: For their particular friends may be either ignorant, or unsincere; and the rest of the world too well-bred, to shock them with a truth, which generally their Booksellers are the first that inform them of."

End of the First Book.