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A
N E W B O O K
O F T H E
D U N C I A D

O C C A S I O N ' D

By Mr WARBURTON'S NEW EDITION of
The *D U N C I A D* COMPLETE.

By a GENTLEMAN of one of the Inns of COURT.

With several of Mr WARBURTON'S own Notes, and likewise
Notes *Variorum*.

*A Man that hath read without Judgment, is like a Gun charged with Goose-
shot, let loose upon the Company.—He is only well furnished with Material
to expose himself, and mortify those he liveth with.*

Lord HALIFAX.

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. PAYNE and J. BOCQUET, in *Pater-noster-Row*,
In the YEAR MDCCL, (Pr. I s.)

The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions. It emphasizes that every entry should be supported by a valid receipt or invoice. This ensures transparency and allows for easy auditing of the accounts.

In the second section, the author details the various methods used to collect and analyze financial data. This includes reviewing bank statements, credit card records, and other financial statements. The goal is to identify any discrepancies or irregularities that may have occurred during the reporting period.

The third part of the document provides a comprehensive overview of the company's financial performance over the last year. It includes key metrics such as revenue, profit, and expenses, along with a comparison to the previous year's performance. This analysis helps to identify trends and areas for improvement.

Finally, the document concludes with a summary of the findings and recommendations for the future. It suggests that the company should continue to focus on improving its financial controls and reporting processes to ensure long-term success and stability.

Prepared by: [Name]

Date: [Date]

The D E S I G N.

TO do honour to a person who hath done the greatest to the cause of *Dulness*, seemeth to be the sole design of the following Piece: The style of which is such as becometh such a work, (for of the style, courteous reader, we are necessitated to speak :) but of that made use of in the notes, we can say no more than that we doubt not, 'tis excellently well adapted to the several matters it handleth: it must needs be very various, as the things, it treateth of, are so, as well as the writers, or rather annotators, who have honour'd the poem with their remarks. It was once the design of the author to have dedicated this his favourite work to the Hero; but as he conceiveth the whole work is properly dedicated to him, in character of the Hero thereof, he therefore saved himself that trouble, nothing doubting, but he shou'd equally obtain the good-will, and high opinion of his worthy and well-fung patron. *Martinus Scriblerus* hath kindly promised to write the *prolegomena*, a thing absolutely necessary in works of this kind, soon as the author publisheth a second edition, and maketh his work *complete*, which he assureth thee, friendly reader, he shall do; particularly if favour'd with the kind remarks and observations of any choice spirits, or wits of the present times. And a *great critic*, little inferior to the thundering *Ricardus Aristarchus*, hath already pen'd a choice dissertation on the Hero, (together with an account of his *life and writings*) which is a most curious piece of literature, and de-

serveth the encomiums of all the sons of true criticism: but we cannot prevail with him to supply us with it at present; he too is determined to see what success the poet hath, before he honoureth his labours with so learned and elaborate a piece. I have taken upon me, where other critics had not sufficiently explained my author, to attempt that great work myself: how I may be qualified for the grand business of a critic, I presume not to know: however shou'd I prove deficient, Mr. *Warburton's* annotations will be of singular use, who is a critic profess; and a very excellent one, as a celebrated divine witnesseth: and as he hath unquestionably shewn himself by his happy edition of *Shakespeare*. I have much more to inform thee, and that of importance, kind reader, but must wait, 'till we are better acquainted; and I sincerely promise, in my next edition, to give thee full satisfaction with regard to any point, that shall raise the least doubt with thee. Till then think well of me: and from the mighty pains I have taken, and difficulties I have found, I wou'd have the "*unlearn'd writer* be deterr'd from wantonly trifling with an art, he is a stranger to, at the expence of his own reputation, and the integrity of the text of establish'd authors,"--- as our hero (inauspiciously I wot) declareth in his Preface, and very fully proveth in his remarks on *William Shakespeare*.

Thine, &c.

J. F. SCRIBLERUS, jun.

A N T I - D E S I G N .

SCRIBLERUS, jun. is a pedant! 'Tis plain, *Luce clarius*--- he writeth this only to shew his erudition and reading. Who knoweth not *Gilbert Cooper*, Esq; first used the word *Design*? Who knoweth not in that *Design*, he speaketh of his *Style* very largely? Idle---in *Scriblerus*; why not give honour where due? Why not own from whence he borrow'd this word and method of writing? Ω χρητικων γενοσ αναιδες, Scriblerorum *frontissime Furfur*! R. Aristarchus.

ARGU-

A R G U M E N T.

OUR poet beginneth, as all writers of the greater heroic are wont, with a proposition, or the whole design in miniature, an invocation, and inscription. He then goeth on to describe the Goddess of DULNESS asleep in her cave on a couch, or sofa, composed of the works of her sons, whereof one, more favoured than the rest, maketh her pillow. In this pleasing slumber, she is interrupted by a mixt, and violent noise of her subjects ushering into her cave a new king, namely, one *W—W—*; and determined to dethrone the old monarch, *Cibber*. Four booksellers support the monarch elect, and *K * * n* presenteth to the Goddess, now awakened, the *complete edition of the DUNCIAD*, which the goddess, receiving with joy, taketh the hero in her arms, and, interrupted by tears of transport, maketh a pathetic speech to him, promising him King *Cibber's* throne, as more worthy thereof. This speech is received with so great applause, that it awakeneth *Cibber* from his sleep, who perceiving by instinct a superior genius present, runneth away, and resigneth up the throne. He scarce hath fled, ere four doughty champions come from the crowd to lead their master to the throne; which they, assisted by DULNESS, achieve*. Here he is no sooner seated, than two reverend favourites appear with his crown; the crowd acknowledge the justness of their pretensions, and they put it on his head; after which the monarch stiflcth the clamors, and maketh an elaborate harangue, promising to use his utmost endeavours in the support of his Queen's gracious authority; and concluding with a command that an altar of the most favourite pieces composed by his loving subjects, be raised and burnt; and also that a much-reverenced *bard*, well known there, ascend, and sing a coronation ode. Scarce hath he done speaking, before the *bard* ascendeth, and *K * ** hasteth to the press with the speech, and the crowd gathereth busily round to raise the pile; the several works that compos'd which, our poet desiring his *Muse* to relate, in a very interesting point endeth his first book, raising with singular judgment the expectation of the learned reader.

* We spell the word as Milton doth. See Book the 2d, ver. 21 of his *Paradise Lost*, Dr Newton's Edition.

* A NEW BOOK
OF THE
DUNCIAD

OF revolutions in that state I sing,
Where long unenvied *Cibber* slept a king,
Till, by dread *W-r-r-n* dethron'd, he run,
Confess'd the victor, and resign'd his crown.

B

Rela

* *A new Book of the Dunciad.* It hath been objected by some critics of profound learning and known abilities, that this is a misnomer, and that our poet stumbleth in the very threshold: since this, being of a nature different from the former, and celebrating another hero, is not properly another book of the *Dunciad*, but a new *Dunciad* rather: or I should conceive the poet should, in imitation of the greater poets, have given it a name from the hero, and have added the termination *ad* to his name, or something similar thereto, where he would have sufficiently distinguish'd this poem or *Dunciad* from any other.—It may be worth while to reflect on the vanity and short-sightedness of mortals, display'd in this hero of our poem, who writeth in his celebrated *D—e L—n*, amongst various other matters, the epic poem, and faith, that species being already complete, we henceforth must expect more, little deeming at that time, he was himself destin'd to be the hero of another heroic poem.

J. F. Scriblerus, jun.

IMITATIONS. The learned reader is indebted to a celebrated divine for the many choice passages he will find hereafter, collected from ancient authors, which our poet plainly imitateth; but all *Greek* we have avoided with great and diligent caution, for our own and his sake.

Line 1.] Of revolutions — plainly from *Milton* — Of man's first disobedience. B. I. L.

Relate, oh Goddess, whose inspiring aid 5
 Through *Shakespear's* mangled page thy hero led ;
 Relate what work, each former work outdone,
 To such high honour rais'd thy darling son :
 Oh! whether gladsome prompting at his side
 Through *Pope's* unhappy page his pen you guide ; 10
 Or whether, in concluding labours crost,
Moses, with thee, in long digressions lost ;
 Whether new scenes of criticism rise,
 Or future *Julians* bless your mental eyes :
 Oh! condescend a while thy aid to bring, 15
 For thy own cause, and thy own son, I sing.

And

Line 7. *Outdone.*] A poetical phrase to *outdoe his best outdoings*: this work appears line 68 to be the new edition of the *Dunciad*. See remark there.

Line 12. *In long digression.*] A thing our hero is eminent for; witnesses to which truth are those very long digressions to be found, in the work hinted at, of which only a part hath yet

appeared; the main scope whereof is well nigh lost in the multitude of other matters, *à re*, there treated of.

Line 14. *Julian.*] A curious piece so called, lately published by *W. Warburton*, equal to his other works: so true is old *Flaccus's* remark,

—*Nec imbellem feroces
Progenerant aquilæ columbam.*

I M I T A T I O N.

Line 5.] Relate, O goddess. — *Musa! mihi c ausas memora.*—*Virgil*, B. I. See too most of the beginnings of all Epic Poems.

the D U N C I A D.

And thou, O *Edwards*, envy not my lays
A theme so great as thy inspirer's praise.
What though unequal to thy pointed wit,
To thee his venom'd vengeance must submit?
What though he bids loud scandal strike the blow,
And lay at once thy hated humour low?
What though thy varied ridicule he flies,
While at each dart his reputation dies?
Yet in compassion hence the vanquish'd spare,
Lay by the victor, and refuse the war;
This, this his triumph, with thy smiles attend,
And thy kind aid to sound his praises lend:

B 2

Tho

Line 17. *Edwards*.] The author of the Supplement to Mr *Warburton's Shakespear*, commonly called the *Canons of Criticism*: "Ill would that scholiast discharge his duty, who should neglect to honour those whom *Dulness* has *distinguish'd*; or suffer them to lie forgotten when their rare modesty would have left them nameless. Let us not therefore overlook the services which have been done her cause, by one Mr *Thomas Edwards*, a Gentleman, as he is pleased to call himself, of *Lincoln's Inn*; but in reality a gentleman only of the *Dunciad*;

or to speak him better, in the language of our honest ancestors to such mushrooms, a gentleman of the last edition; who, nobly eluding the sollicitude of his careful father, very early retained himself in the cause of *Dulness* against *Shakespear*, and hath now happily finished the *Dunce's* progress in personal abuse. For *Libeller* is nothing but a *Grubstreet* critic run to seed." *Scriblerus*, or *Warburton*, in his *Dunciad Complete*. B. 4. ver. 567.

We need make no observations, or *Hypocritica*, on this curious annotation.

Thou too, assume whatever name you will,
 Or *Abraham Johnson, Richard Roe*, or * * * ;
 Thou in thy lov'd protector's cause arise,
 And crowd his blazing virtues on our eyes ;
 In syllogistic form, oh ! let them shine,
 For his that form, most meet that form is thine !

30

Long

Line 30.] A well known author, who hath favoured the world with two witty and ingenious pieces, wherein he speaketh much to our hero's commendation : and, as the text observeth, treateth right prudently his subject in syllogistical order, according to the manner of the aforesaid hero. Let him speak for himself ! " I mention that gentleman's (Mr *W-r-b-n's*) name, who now unquestionably stands foremost in the catalogue of *British* writers, with the most profound respect ; and it wou'd afford me infinite pleasure, if he wou'd give this subject a discussion in the next Vol. of his *Divine Legation*, whenever he pleases to oblige the world with that long expected work : or if, by chance, he should happen to have no room for it, being already furnished with his

complement of digressions, (see l. 11. foregoing) (and to be sure one book can hardly contain everything) still I have the vanity to expect a letter from him by the first post, to thank me, according to custom, for the honourable mention I have made of him, (see l. 171. and the annotation) and with some compliments on my performance, to make an overture of his acquaintance."—See *Lucina sine concubitu*, edit. 1. p. 26, where he hinteth at Mr *W-r-b-n's* skill in chopping logic.—And surely nothing can be imagined more pure and genuine than the applause this most judicious physician bestoweth on our hero ! never was so happy a man, as to meet with encomiums from all the learned faculties, law, physic, and divinity !
Scriblerus, junior.

I M I T A T I O N.

Line 29. *Assume, &c.*] Plainly from the author of the first *Dunciad*,

O thou whatever title please thine ear,

Dean, Drapier, Bickerstaff, or Gulliver.

The ancients address their deities in the same

manner, as might be proved by a thousand instances,

Sive tu Lucina probas vocari,

Seu genitalis. Hor. Ode 2.

Long unmolested, peaceful DULNESS lay, 35
 And slept in dead serene her days away :
 Her gracious sons benign support bestow'd,
 Whole heaps of lumber held her mighty load ;
 Heroics, odes, adventures, tales, and plays,
 To form her couch, were twin'd a thousand ways : 40
 Her pillow the *Divine Legation* made,
 Grand soporific, to compose her head :
 Two splendid tomes their swelling aid afford,
 And proudly kept a place to hold the third :

Her

Line 38.] DULNESS is well conceived by our author to be of large bulk, and he expresseth himself well by calling her carcase a mighty load ; supposing she hath much of the *vis inertiae* (as the philosophers speak) in her, which absorbeth the *divinam particulam auræ*, as saith an excellent ancient poet. *Scriblerus*. See also the design to Mr *Warburton's Dunciad*.

Line 39. *Heroics, &c.*] It may be proper to defer the particularizing these several pieces, till the account of those which compose the altar, mentioned at the end of the book, is given by the poet himself : and we hear of several other learned persons who are composing heroic poems at this present time, which it

will be my duty, as a faithful scholiast, if worthy thereof, hereafter to mention in these my observations explanatory. *Scriblerus*, sen.

Line 41.] The matter contained in these lines is so well known, that it needeth little explanation : we being determin'd, in the course of our remarks, to avoid the errors of former commentators, who are copious on well-known matters, but very sparing in such as require their assistance. But one thing it may be proper to observe, that our poet speaketh not of volumes in the common acceptation, but as parts of a work ; in which sense the passage is clear.

Her brow in sleep a smile of joy confest, 45
 While close she hugg'd slash'd *Shakespear* to her breast ;
 A work so brave made all her slumbers sweet,
 For there at length she view'd her power complete.

Thus on soft sophas in her cave reclin'd,
 Slept the fam'd goddess of the leaden mind : 50
 When thither tending, danc'd a jovial throng,
 From whom loud shouts in thund'ring vollies rung :
 " Down with King *Cibber*, was the general cry,
 " Down with King *Cibber*, all *Moorfields* reply :
 " Huzza, huzza, King *W-rb---n*'s our own, 55
 " Be he our King, be his King *Colley*'s throne."

Thus

Line 46. *Slash'd Shakespear.*] The author of the former *Dunciad*, speaking of *Tibbald's Shakespear*, has it,

There hapless Shakespear, yet of Tibbald fore.
 B. I. L. 131.

but our author calleth him *slash'd Shakespear*, and riseth as much above the expression of the former, as his hero's edition excelleth that of

Tibbald; for if poor *Shakespear* be only just fore from the one, he is slash'd, cut and hack'd all to pieces by the other. *J. F. Scriblerus, jun.*

Line 53. *Down, &c.*] All this speech of the mob is natural enough; 'tis such language as at elections, or any things of that kind, is used by them: *huzza*, is a word expressing some mode or degree of joy. *Warburton.*

I M I T A T I O N.

Line 50. *Goddess of the leaden mind.*] A common mode of expression amongst poets.— So

Thompson, — *The goddess of the fearless eye.* *Liberty*, Part 2.

Thus in old times the *Bacchanalian* crew,
 In madding fort, o'er rocks and mountains flew,
 They wav'd their *Thyrus*, while the rocks around,
 God save King *Bacchus* ! joyously rebound.

60

Rous'd at the mighty din the Queen awoke,
 Thrice yawn'd, thrice rubb'd her eyes, then snatch'd a look,
 And through their rheums dull mist in doubt beheld,
 A chair by *W * * n*'s dread grandeur fill'd
 Four brawny booksellers sustain'd the freight,
 And puff'd, and sweat beneath such learning's weight :
 The dull procession *K-----* pac'd before,
 And in his arms the *work completed* bore :

65

Which,

Line 60. *God save King Bacchus.*] Absurd:
 The poet never gave it so. Was not *Bacchus*
 a God? What — a God save a God? The
 blunder of some ignorant transcriber: The au-
 thor gave it

Oh brave King Bacchus!

Oh brave is a term expressing great exultation
 among us; the same as *Io paan* with the *Greeks*
 and *Latins*. Bentley.

Line 68. *Completed.*] Mr *Warburton* calleth
 his the *Dunciad complete*, and so in truth he hath
 made it.

I M I T A T I O N.

Line 64. *W's dread grandeur.*] A latinism
 — So *mitis sapientia Læli*, for *Lælius*, besides
 a thousand more, we cou'd quote, and, if the

reader suspecteth our learning, will hereafter;
 though every school-boy knoweth them.

Which, graceful as before the Queen he bends,
 Rapt'rous she seizes, and with glee descends,
 Th' alighted hero in her arms she took,
 Thrice clasp'd her darling, and wou'd thrice have spoke:
 But thrice big tears of transport forc'd their way,
 At length or thus she said, or seem'd to say:

“ Oh! born thy mother's glories to maintain,
 “ Last, best, support and honour of my reign;
 “ How shall my fondness all my love express,
 “ Or pay due thanks for thy well-earn'd success?
 “ How paint the blessings by thy labours won?
 “ And all thy zeal exerted for my throne? ”

75

80

Line 75. *DULNESS's speech.*] 'Twill be worth the reader's while carefully to examine this speech of the Goddess, which, by men of sound erudition, hath been adjudg'd an original of its kind, not only for the sound moral, and just politics it contains, but also for the fine and elegant encomium it bestows on the hero, and that amazingly judicious turn in it, where she triumphs over her great adversary the au-

thor of *Dunciad* the first; and where at length, willing to wrest all things (as all mankind are wont) to her own advantage, *she seems to see* his design in chusing *William Warburton* for his commentator, namely, to make her amends for all the disservice he had done her, by giving her all his works with the commentary of that chosen critic.

I M I T A T I O N.

Line 72. *Thrice, &c.*]
Thrice he assay'd, and thrice, in spite of scorn,

*Tears, such as angels weep, burst forth: at last
 Words, interwove with sighs, found out their way.*
 Milton.

the D U N C I A D.

“ Thy glorious triumph with what language hit,
“ O’er sense, o’er learning, modesty and wit?

“ Yes, yes, my foe, in triumph I survey
“ Myself sole umpire of thy every lay :
“ I joy to pardon what thy envy pen’d,
“ Nay more than pardon, I can now commend.
“ Be spit thy venom on my meaner race,
“ Since in thy fight this chosen son found grace :
“ And, matchless *Commentator*, nobly brings,
“ To me each *critick’d* piece his poet sings !

“ Deluded DULNESS---Gods! I did not see
“ Thy kind intention in that choice to me :
“ Blest foe ! nor can my soul enough admire
“ Thy kind ambition, and thy fond desire
“ To put thy friend on such a grand design,
“ As melting down thy *Shakespear* into mine.

C

Line 95. *To put, &c.*] He (Mr Pope) was desirous I should give a new edition of this poem

- “ Oh my best hopes !” --- (she adding, closely press’d,
 ’Midst tears of joy, the hero to her breast)
- “ Oh still go on with matchless Folly fraught,
 “ And nobly puzzle with thy deep no-thought : 100
 “ Still strenuous employ thy critick skill,
 “ Amend, abuse, and utter what you will ;
 “ Wide o’er the world thy own renown extend,
 “ My empire widen, and my rights defend :
 “ And lo, --- for thee what honours I design, 105
 “ That throne where *Colley* sleeps be henceforth thine !”

She spoke, and as at rustic wake or fair,
 Where crowds on crowds surround a growling bear,

If

as he tho’t that it might contribute to put a stop to a prevailing folly of altering the text of celebrated authors *without talents* or judgment. And he was willing that *his* edition should be melted down into *mine*, as it would, he said,

afford him (*so great is the modesty of an ingenious temper*) a fit opportunity of confessing his mistakes. In memory of our friendship, I have, therefore, made it our joint edition. *Warburton’s preface to Shakespear*, p. 19.

the D U N C I A D.

11

If chance Sir *Bruin's* paws some hero seize,
The culprit bellows at the brute's rough squeeze ;
And as it hugs and mumbles o'er its prize,
Mixt shouts of thousands echo through the skies,
Applauses ring, and hats ascend in air,
All praise the culprit, and all praise the bear :
So when the Goddess of her speech made end,
Eternal peals of loud applause ascend,
While tears flow copious down each friendly face,
The queen and hero clasp'd in close embrace ;
While every tongue the grateful praise bestow'd,
And *W--r--r-n* rebellow'd through the crowd.

110

115

120

C 2

Hail,

Line 109. *Hero.*] We think it should be for all, how careful we have been to preserve
spelt *hero*, without the *e*. We would have the the proper and original spelling. *Somebody.*
learned reader observe through our work, once

I M I T A T I O N.

Line 115. *So when, &c.*]

— *Cunctique fremebant* —

Cælicolæ assensu vario. — Virg. Poets ge-

nerally use families on these occasions. See
Milt. B. 2. l. 284.

“ Hail, hail, *Saturnian* days of lead restor’d,
 “ Great Duncce the fecond yields to Duncce the third :
 “ Rejoice great Queen, for now thy foes are flown,
 “ Thy own Duncce reigns : the age is all thy own.”

124

So

Line 122. *Great Duncce the fecond, &c.*] The difingenuity of poets is amazing : one may perceive how they borrow almoft all their works from others, as I have already made clear in my *Milton's imitation of the moderns* ; (which fee) “ a poet I have now reduced to his true ftandard, who appears mortal and uninfpired, and in ability little fuperior to the poets above-mentioned, (*viz. Cowley, Waller, Denham, Dryden, Prior, Pope*;) but in honefty and open dealing, the beft quality of the human mind, not inferior perhaps to the moft unlicensed plagiarift that ever wrote. (p. 160 of my work). I fay, 'tis plain how all of them borrow their works from others, (*fee p. 160 of my work*) and yet confels not, or gives the leaft intimation of their having translated or imitated from any author whatever.” In this author I could trace out innumerable paffages, which I find a great Divine hath done to my hands ; however, thefe two lines, unobferved by him, fupply us with a flagrant inftance of

it : *Hail* — is met with in *Milton* — *Hail holy light*, and in the *Latin*, *falve* or *hail*, (and I am told in the *Greek*). *Saturnian days, &c.* is from *Virgil's Pollio* — *redeunt Saturnia regna* — of *lead*, is from the former *Dunciad*, as well as almoft the whole fubfequent line,

Great Duncce the fecond yields to Duncce the third.

The firft *Dunciad*. —

Still Duncce the fecond reigns like Duncce the firft !

“ This induftrious concealment of his helps is highly ungenerous in our poet, nay, criminal to the laft degree, and abfolutely unworthy of any man of common probity and honour,” — therefore he will not be angry at my condemning it, fince

Sua quisque exempla debet æquo animo pati.

Pages 163 and 164 of my work. W. Lauder. P. T. C. See a letter concerning this my work in the Gentleman's Magazine for April 1750. p. 155.

I M I T A T I O N.

Line 124. *Thy own, &c.*]

Tuus jam regnat Apollo. Virg.

So loud they bellow'd their triumphal fong,
 That all the hollow cave refounding rung ;
 And *Cibber* rous'd, scarce look'd, ere from the throne
 Half stumbling, sleeping, yawning, he pofts down.
 A greater genius he by instinct knew,
 And skulking, trembling, from the rabble flew :
 Glad, without blood-fhed, to resign a throne,
 Gain'd by his subjects choice, and not his own.

125

130

Scarce had he fled, ere, buftling from the crowd,
 Four dauntless forms befide their *Hero* flood ;
 Whofe kindly aid in every caufe he tried,
 Each his fupport, his patron, and his guide ;

135

And

Line 129. *A greater genius, &c.*] Our poet hath here taken a thought from *Shakefpear*,— where he tells us *Anthony's* genius was ever rebuk'd by *Cæfar's*.—See *Macbeth*, and alfo *Anthony and Cleopatra* (*in my edition*). Now a person who understands *Shakefpear*, as I do,

will immediately fee, this is the very thing he hints at, when he makes *Cibber's* genius know mine by instinct, and be fo far rebuk'd by its superior excellence, as to run away ! *Warburton*.

I M I T A T I O N.

Line 125. *So loud, &c.*] *He call'd fo loud, that all the hollow deep*

Of hell refounded. ——— *Milton.*

And now to lead him to the throne they came,
His worth's best meed, the summit of his fame.

The first was *Impudence*, with dauntless eye,
With face of brass, and stare, that look'd a lye: 140

The second *Pedantry*, whose words profess
All skill, all science, and yet none possess:

The third *Scurrility*, whose envious tongue
With loud abuse, and scandal ever rung:

The fourth proud *Vanity*, puff'd up with air, 145
With glass reflecting each self-virtue clear;

But others worth, or turning to grimace,
Or strange effect --- admitting there no place.

By these conducted, and by DULNESS led,
Slow to the throne behold the monarch tread; 150

An

Line 139.] For a more full account, and lively description, nay, the very original portraits, of these champions, see all our hero's works, courteous reader, if thou can't throw away so much of thy precious time. *Scriblerus*.

An awful gloom, with philosophic grace,
Spreads its dull horrors o'er his frontless face :
And looking scorn on all the herd below,
With full complacence in his sneer-clad brow,
Conscious this due reward his worth has won,
Behold, behold him seize the promis'd throne !
His faithful friends beside him smiling stand,
Delighted DULNESS holds his dear right hand :
Her looks expressive speak her ravish'd soul,
Where future triumphs in long order roll.

155

160

And see ! e'en now those triumphs are begun ;
Two reverend favourites bow before his throne :
By their right hands a crown supported view,
Enwove with poppy, nightshade, and with yew :

Yet

Line 151.] For a complete commentary on these verses, see a Metzotinto print of Mr *W-r-t-n*, in a very curious and philosophic attitude : For we judge no method so proper to explain the poets, as applying to their sister art ; A method beautifully commended, and elegantly pursued by two very great enemies

of *Dulness* — very dreaded names in these parts, *Addison* and *Spence*.

Line 154. *Sneer-clad*.] We judge these compound epithets of great and singular excellence : several of them may be found in the life of *Socrates*, and in the poem of a certain gentleman, on the peace.

Yet on his head or ere that crown they place,
Behold their titles to so high a grace.

165

Refulgent *M * ** pleas'd the first display'd,
Yet as he look'd, he sigh'd, and shook his head :

“ Whi-

Line 167. *Refulgent M * **] As we propose to give future critics an idea what we would have all critics be, so we shall here too lay down another rule, very proper to be pursued in explaining difficult matters: namely, that of consulting contemporary authors, when the author's own context will not direct us, and seeing if from them we can throw any light on the passage in question; which we hope in the present passage we have done, as also in the next, very obscure in themselves, and of which we would not predicate any thing; only therefore will we give from two authors a short quotation or two, and if, reader, thou thence can'st draw any conclusion — it will be well for thee. “ Upon looking into the history of the works of the learned, to my regret, I found that his remarks (Mr *Warburton's* on *Milton*) were continued no farther than the three first books; and what is become of his other papers, and how they were mislaid and lost, neither *he* nor *I* can apprehend! but the *excellence* of those which remain, sufficiently evinces *the great loss we have sustained* in the others, which cannot now be recovered! He

has done me the honour too of recommending this edition to the public, in the preface to his *Shakespeare*; but nothing could have recommended it more effectually, than if it had been adorned by some more of his notes and observations.” Again — “ Mr *Warburton* has favoured me with a few other notes in manuscript: I wish there had been more of them, *for the sake of the reader*: for the loose hints of such writers, like the slight sketches of great masters in painting, are worth more than the labour'd pieces of others.” — Hear, friendly reader, what the same author thinketh of his *Shakespeare*. — “ And as, according to the old proverb, the best guesser was the best diviner, so he may be said, in some measure too, to be the best editor of *Shakespeare*, as Mr *Warburton* hath proved himself by variety of conjectures, and many of them very happy ones, upon the most difficult passages.” — See Dr *Newton's* preface to his *Milton*. Thus, 'tis hoped, some light is thrown on these four lines; our next remark proceedeth in the same way, and desireth the proemium hereto affixed, be conceived at it. *J. F. Scriblerus, jun.*

“ Whither, quoth he, ah! whither are they gone ?

“ Weep, world! with me the mighty loss bemoan.”

Prick'd with delight the second shew'd away,

The true design of *Ars poetica* :

“ Compos'd by *Flaccus*, commented by *Me*,

“ And there, great friend of *Pope*, I follow thee.”

All with one voice their just pretensions sound ;

175

They bow'd obsequious, and the monarch crown'd ;

D

They

Line 171. *Prick'd with, &c.*] “ It appear'd then to the writer of these sheets, that it might be of use, if in the opportunities of his leisure he employed some pains in clearing the sense, connecting the method, and ascertaining the scope and purpose of this admired epistle.”—Again— “ I chuse therefore to rest on the *single* authority of a great author, who hath not disdain'd to comment a like piece of a late critical poet. What was indeed the *amusement* of his pen, becomes, it must be owned, the *labour* of inferior writers. Yet on these unequal terms it can be no discredit to have aim'd at some resemblance of one of the least of those *merits*, which shed their united honours on the name of the illustrious friend and commentator of Mr *Pope*.”—See first and

last pages of the introduction to a commentary on *Horace's Art of Poetry*, by an anonymous writer, who hath been unjustly suspected, from the intrusion of one unlucky metaphysical note, to be a very judicious person, who is, we are assured, much superior to such a work. Had it not been too large, we wou'd have quoted the whole introduction, as it well deserveth a place here : the reader will see we desire him to read it all, by quoting *only* from the beginning and from the end.

J. F. Scriblerus, jun.

The hypercritica to both these notes unluckily came too late, but they shall be inserted in a future edition. — See *Abraham Johnson's Lucina sine concubitu*, p. 35, where he hinteth at this writer.

They bow'd and cried : " Your prince, blest subjects, ken !

" Where will ye light upon his like again ?"

As when a fen-man, from long piece, lets fly

'Midst various mingled lodgers of the sky ; 180

'Midst ravens, crows, kites, herons, daws, and pies,

All on the wing discordant mingle cries,

[Hoarse croaking, screeking, squawling, cawing, chattering,

The brazen welkin with their tumults battering :]

So dissonant to view their monarch crown'd, 185

And hear his praise, the subjects joys rebound :

'Twas

Line 181. 'Midst ravens, crows, &c.] A raven and a crow is the same bird of prey : the first name taken from its nature, the other from its voice : we should therefore read,

'Midst ravenous crows and kites.

Warburton in his *Shakespear*, V. 7. p. 84.

Line 183. Hoarse, &c.] Though we can-

not but commend the author's choice of words here, each being adapted to the language, the several species of birds, he characteriseth, severally speaketh ; — yet it is an improper simile for an epic poem — at least these two lines should be thrown out, and therefore we have inclosed them in unœ or hooks. *F. H.*

I M I T A T I O N S.

Line 177. *Ken*.] An old word, signifying to behold, view, or see : the next line is from *Shakespear*. —

He was a man, take him for all in all

You will not light upon his like again.

Line 184. *The brazen welkin*] is *Shakespear's* and *Milton's* : " and we have been the more willing to explain and illustrate our au-

thor by similar expressions and sentiments in *Shakespear*, not only because *Milton* was a great reader and admirer of his works, but also because we conceive *Shakespear* and *Milton* to be two of the most extraordinary genius's, and greatest poets, whom any country or any time has produc'd."

Newton's Milton.

'Twas discord all : but when in act to speak,
 His head majestic they beheld him shake,
 In universal silence round they stood,
 Not e'en a whisper murmur'd through the crowd :
 Their King with wide-mouth'd wonder they survey,
 As stare the owls, while midnight asses bray :
 But much he hem'd, and hesitated long,
 Ere he found words to suit the vulgar throng :
 For, 'midst those thousand blessings he enjoy'd,
 This, as in sport, his Goddesses had deny'd :

190

195

D 2

A

Line 190. *But much, &c.*] 'Tis worth while to observe how judiciously our poet foundeth the praise of his hero ; for, in this place, he raiseth him to such a pitch of glory, as even to make him of a species superior to mankind, of a nature elevated beyond human ; and yet he doth it so artfully, that our stomachs nothing nauseate the flattery ! I re-

member I once was told our hero, (who is a divine) refused to preach at *any* time before *any* common congregation, yea even Mr A——'s at B——, because he could not express himself so as to be understood by the vulgar, the *ὄϊ πολλοί* ! How like is he to all the great divines since our Saviour's time !—
Scriblerus, sen.

I M I T A T I O N S.

Line 189. *In universal silence.*] So *Milton*, when *Beelzebub* is about to speak, saith,

————— *His look*
Drew audience and attention still as night
Or summer's noon-tide air.—B. 2. L. 307.

Line 192. *As stare, &c.*] The hint of this simile is plainly taken from *Shakespeare* : he says,
Then nightly sings the staring owl.—
 Our poet maketh the owls cease, to hear the

musick of the asses ! These creatures, 'tis well known, are the prime ministers in the state of *Dulness*. — The author of the first *Dunciad* informs us, *Dulness* herself was the dry-nurse of her own owls.

Here she nurs't her owls —
 And in various places speaketh much to the laud of these honourable creatures, owls and asses.
Scriblerus, jun.

A gift of language level to mankind,
 Dark but to Genii, like himself refin'd.
 At length, while Silence mourn'd his speech prorogued,
 Easing her grief, his mind he disembogued. 200

“ Long has a deedless hero fill'd the throne,
 “ Renown'd for non-activity alone :
 “ But be not *overcome*, as if my Queen,
 “ Like that base *Merop's* son, I meant to stain :

Fief

Line 201. *The speech.*] To readers unacquainted with our hero's writings, the following speech will appear somewhat harsh: and therefore for their sakes it is, he hath consented his own annotations on such words or passages as have aught difficult, be added. The speech might be properly divided into three parts: his menace, contained in the first eight lines; his intention, contained in the next twelve; and his command, to the end: in

all of which the judicious reader will find little or nothing to the purpose, as it seems the poet — or speaker intended: giving hereby the judicious reader a good notion of the rest of our hero's works, which are all similar hereto! *Scriblerus.*

Line 203. *Overcome.*] *i. e.* Deceived. *Warburton.*

Line 204. *Merop's son.*] *i. e.* A bastard, base-born. *Warburton.*

I M I T A T I O N.

Line 199. *Silence, &c.*] This is prettily imagined: silence sitteth mourning the delay of his speech, and at length is eased — The poet had in his eye *Shakespear's* passage,

Like Patience on a monument

Smiling at grief.

Line 201. *Long has, &c.*]

Long has a race of heroes fill'd the stage.

Prologue to Phædra and Hippolitus.

“ Fief to her throne, that throne ill heried rule,
 “ And bravely fear-spearfe each inferior fool :
 “ More than ten thousand *Maurice*-pikes o’ercome ;
 “ And put down blockheads, as they put down mum.

“ And Queen, since *mich* I fo thy pow’r fhall spread,
 “ Myself will write, till all thy foes are fled :
 “ Those fools who boast of learning, wit and sense,
 “ I’ll yield to yon stout champion *Impudence* :
 “ And those condens’d in moonshine of the schools,
 “ Tergiverfating hebetated fools,

Scur

Line 205. *Fief*.] Fief’d is a word I have introduc’d to *Shakespear*’s acquaintance. See *Macbeth* Act. 1. Sc. 6.—*Warburton*.

Line the same. *Heried*.] *i. e.* Praised, celebrated ; the word is obsolete. *Warburton*.

Line 206. *Fear-spearfe*.] The author has not done me justice here, — my manner of reading a passage in *Shakespear* is,

Tb’ fear sperfing fife. *Othello*.

But this of our poet is much softer than I could wish. *Warburton*.

Line 207. *Maurice-pikes*.] *i. e.* Pikemen of prince *Maurice*’s army. *Warburton*. See my *Shakespear*.

Line 208. *Mum*.] *i. e.* The fattening liquor so called. So I explain it in my *Shakespear*, V. 1. p. 272. *Warburton*.

Line 209. *Mich*.] *i. e.* Much. *Warburton* *Spakespear*, V. 7. p. 378.

Line 213. *And those, &c.*] “ Indeed there was little or nothing in the work confuted (Dr *Rutherford*’s *Essay on Virtue*) but sophistical wrangling and disingenuous *tergiversation* embarrass’d by an understanding more than ordinarily *condens’d* with the frigid subtilty of *school-moonshine*.” See Remarks upon the principles and reasonings of Dr *Rutherford*’s

Essa

- “ *Scurrility* shall feize ; these, these shall fight, 215
 “ And, when not books, I prefaces will write.
 “ Myself will trempe the paper the year round,
 “ Jargon confute, and non-sense flat confound ;
 “ Hold from *December* to *November* breath,
 “ Till all, my Dulness, own, I’th’ prefence ’t’s death. 220

But

Essay on the nature and obligation of virtue : publish’d by Mr *Warburton*, with a *Preface*. From this curious preface we have taken the above, from whence the reader may judge of the rest, which we assure him is all of a piece. The work itself hath been said to be wrote by an old woman ; we believe the writer of the preface is the writer of the whole, or he had not so strongly defended it, and abused Dr *Rutherford* ; whom we would take upon us to clear from his aspersions, was not that writer’s great good-nature, and judgment, solid sense, and extensive learning, so well, so universally known and esteemed, that any applause of this kind would be as unable to assist, as any dispraise of Mr *Warburton*’s to blemish his high character. *J. F. Scriblerus, jun.*

Line 216. *I prefaces will write.*] *i. e.* I will exert my utmost endeavours to prejudice all mankind against any thing of taste or learning that would be likely to do harm to our empire, — by writing prefaces, *unask’d*, (as I am known to have done, to that hurtful

work (to us I mean) call’d *Clarissa*) and perverting the author’s meaning all I possibly can. *Warburton.*

Line 217. *Trempe.*] This is a word I have restored to *Shakespeare*, where, when the vulgar reading is *damp*, — I amend that nonsense, and read *trempe*, *i. e.* moisten. *Warburton.* V. 4. p. 97. *Jargon* and *nonsense* are words of all others most pleasing to me ; for them see almost every page of my *Shakespeare*.

Line 219. *Hold, &c.*] *i. e.* My writings shall be as long and unending as that tale from whence the plot of *Measure for Measure* is taken, which *Cymbio* begun to write on *Dec.* 8, and continued writing the whole year round till *Nov.* 5. So my friend Mr *Pope* means by his abbreviations of *Dec.* 8. *Nov.* 5. *Warburton.*

Line 220. *I’th’, &c.*] This is a manner of expression I have introduced to *Shakespeare*’s acquaintance, as a trial of skill for future players ; and whoever can speak it, I promise them,

the D U N C I A D.

- “ But hold, ’twere best, or ere I speak my will, 22
“ This day’s solemnity we straight fulfill :
“ Quick then, my Queen, thy votaries command,
“ (Thine and my loyal subjects through the land,)
“ Of all those works, in our lov’d cause they’ve pen’d, 22
“ They see an altar ’fore our throne ascend,
“ That grateful to thy Goddessship may blaze,
“ And with its fragrant smoke our nostrils please.

them, for reward, to make honourable mention of them, in some of my future commentaries on the remaining part of Mr *Pope’s* works. In *Shakespear* the text was

’Tis present death.

In mine I read it, and I assure you right,

’th’ presence ’t’s death.

Vol. 4. p. 489. *Warburton.*

Line 221.] ’Twere not unpleasing to observe how very plain the hero speaks on a matter where his honour is concerned.— There’s not one uncommon word, ’tis observable, to be found there, — except that phrase the hero’s self in the next remark taketh notice of, and which is undoubtedly foisted in by some ignorant transcriber.

Line the same. *Or ere.*] *Shakespear* has absurd expression of the same sort :

I’ll speak a prophecy or ere I go.

“ *Or ere I go,* is not *English*, and should be helped thus :

I’ll speak a prophecy or two ere I go.”

And in our poet it should be helped too thus

’Twere best, before I speak my will.

Warburton.

Line 226. *’Fore.*] i. e. *before.* We assure you, these abbreviations of words, as *’gin*, for *begin*; *’gainst*, for *against*; and the like are very usual with the best poets, — and are besides very great beauties, — I have shewn this in many of my annotations on *Shakespear*.
Warburton.

- “ And thou, O bard, (he beckon'd as he spoke)
 “ Firm friend of *Dulness*, *Muggletonian* * * ; 230
 “ O darling of my foul ! whose earth-born lays,
 “ Nor tort I been, well fuit, thy monarch's praise ;
 “ Haste, narrify my worth, my laud relate,
 “ An ode of thine deserves a theme so great :

Grate-

Line 229. *Bard.*] There is no conjecturing who this *bard* may be, there being such a number of words rhyming to *spoke* : therefore we will not take upon us to determine ought concerning this intricate point from hence. Other marks are given ; 'tis not impossible we may smell him out from these : the word *Muggletonian*, we find, is borrowed from us, in our annotations on the former *Dunciad* : See B. 2. v. 138 ; but we presume not to gather ought from hence ; however it appears, this bard is an ode-wright ; and, from the following account of his subjects, it appeareth to be that

anonymous poet, who hath favour'd us with two curious odes already, on *Beauty*, and *Martial virtue*. — *Pindarics*. See l. 245. *Scriblerus*, sen.

Line 232. *Tort.*] An old *French* word, signifying the being in the wrong, is much in use amongst our old *English* writers, which those who have not read them may collect from its being found in the etymologicon of the judicious *Skinner*. *Warburton*, V. 7. p. 267.

Line 233. *Narrify.*] *i. e.* Make my encomium. *Warburton's Shakespear*, V. 6. p. 541.

I M I T A T I O N.

Line 231. *Earth-born.*] Is a word of *Milton's*, Titanian, or earth born ; — 'tis worth while to observe how judiciously the poet

stileth these lays, earth-born, as sprung from the meanest and lowest feat, — and not like *Homer's* and *Milton's* descended from Heaven !

“ Grateful digression in thy songs admit, 235
 “ Fine the no-vowell’d frippery of wit,
 “ And by thy great example let men see,
 “ The very things I’d have my subjects be.”

Scarce had he spoke, the Goddess scarce commends,
 Ere ravish’d with his praise the *bard* ascends : 240
 While *K * * n*, wond’ring who each word devour’d,
 Strait with the speech precipitately scour’d
 To ply the press : delighted DULNESS sends
 A thousand imps to aid---and blefs *their* absent friends :
 With conscious pride the master sweeps the strings, 245
 Bids Taste fly blushing, and of Beauty fings;

E

Of

Line 235. *Grateful digression.*] See a pleasing instance of what the hero desireth in the four first stanzas of the Ode on *martial virtue*: It consisteth of 8 stanzas.

Line 236. *Fine.*] *i. e.* censure. So I would understand it in a nonsensical passage of *Shakespeare*. *Warburton*.

Line the same. *No-vowell’d.*] *i. e.* without sense: as a word without vowels is jargon, and contains no idea. See my *Shakespeare*, vol. 7. p. 398. *Warburton*.

Line 241. *While, &c.*] No wonder the bookfeller is in such haste to get the speech printed, when DULNESS has so many thousand subjects ready to receive it,—for, tho’ a famous bookfeller told me two years ago; “ Oh Sir — “ any thing of Mr *W * * n*’s will sell!” The tables are turn’d now, and his luck strangely alter’d!

Line 245.] From this and the following line, it is plain the elder *Scriblerus* is much mistaken in his conjecture concerning the *bard* here.

Of *Martial Virtue*, and of War's dread God,
 In loftier numbers swells the daring Ode :
 To DULNESS, *Bards* at his command submit,
 The Test at once and arbiter of wit. 250

While thro' the cave his strains triumphant sound,
 Behold what crowds of authors gather round ;
 Thick as autumnal leaves they press along,
 Wights dull in prose, and Wights more dull in song :
 Each emulous his favourite brat to see, 255
 Oh DULNESS ! blazing to thy Prince and thee !

---Relate,

here notified : For it cannot be the author of the Odes on *Beauty*, and *Martial Virtue*, since that learned Gentleman biddeth not *Taste* to fly, but saith it is his sole endeavour to inform us what true *Taste* is :— And for that reason, he proposeth himself to give both the precept and example at once, in a series of odes, before which he constantly intendeth to fix certain useful dissertations. See those before the Odes on *Beauty*, and *Martial Virtue*.

I M I T A T I O N.

Line 253.] *Thick as autumnal leaves.*
 So *Milton*.
Thick as autumnal leaves—&c. B. I. v. 302.
 and *Virgil*.

Quam multa in sylvis autumni frigore primo]
Lapsa cadunt foliis —
Thick as the leaves in autumn strew the woods.
 [Dryden.]