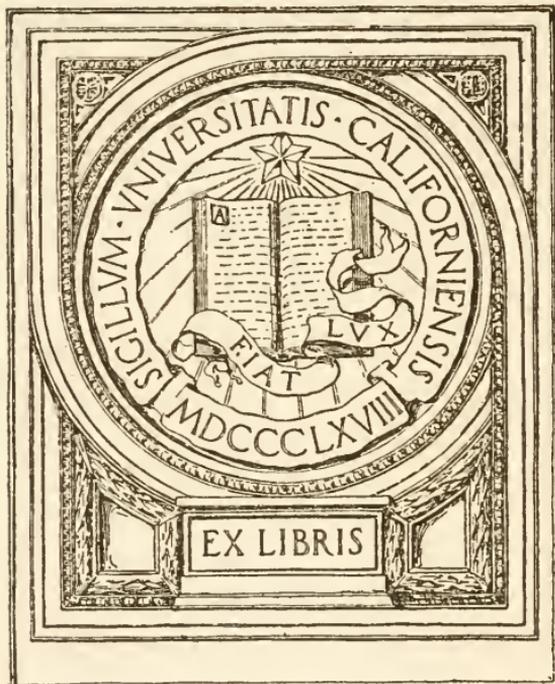
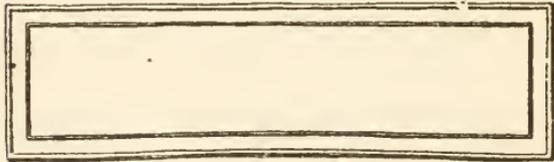


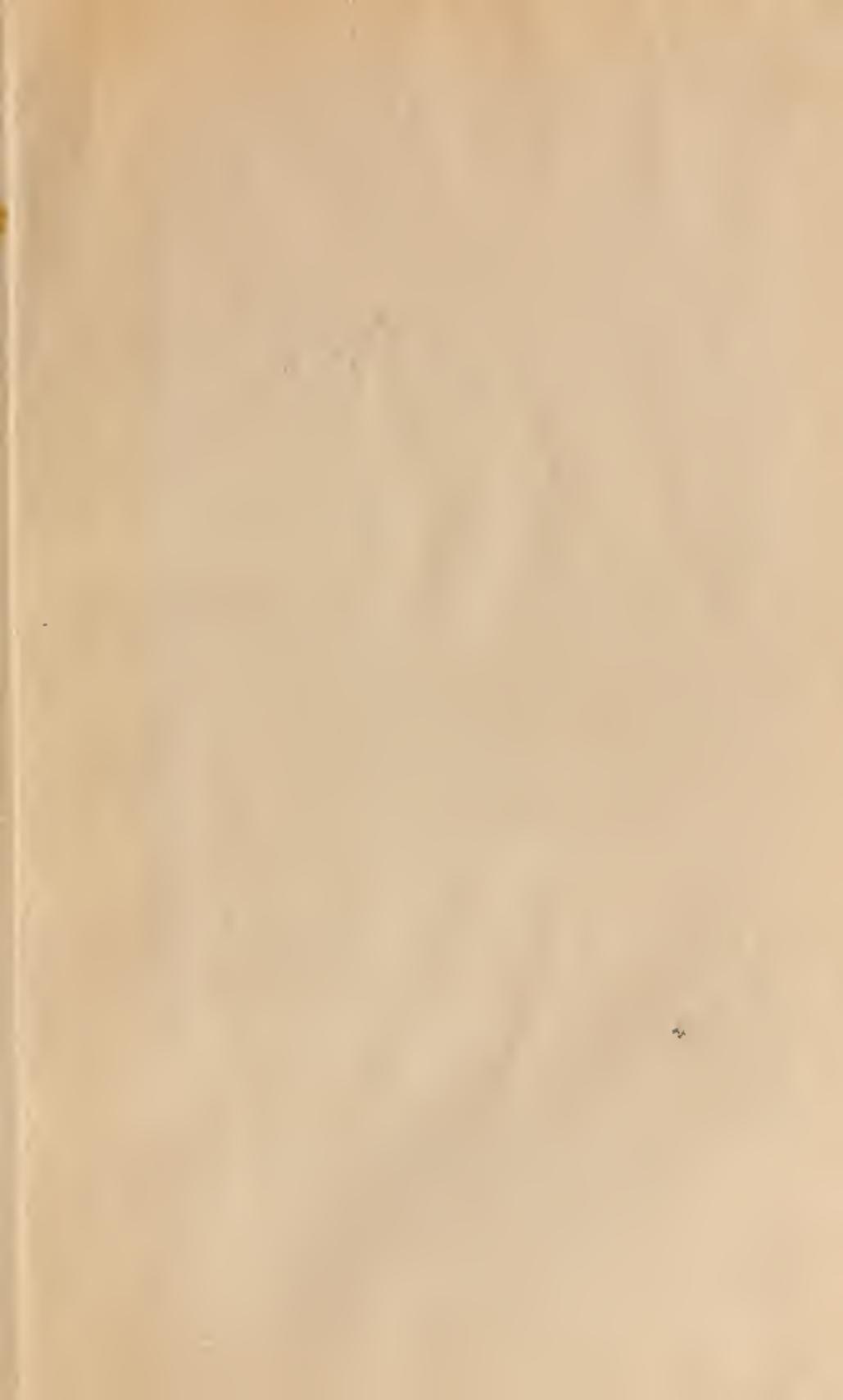
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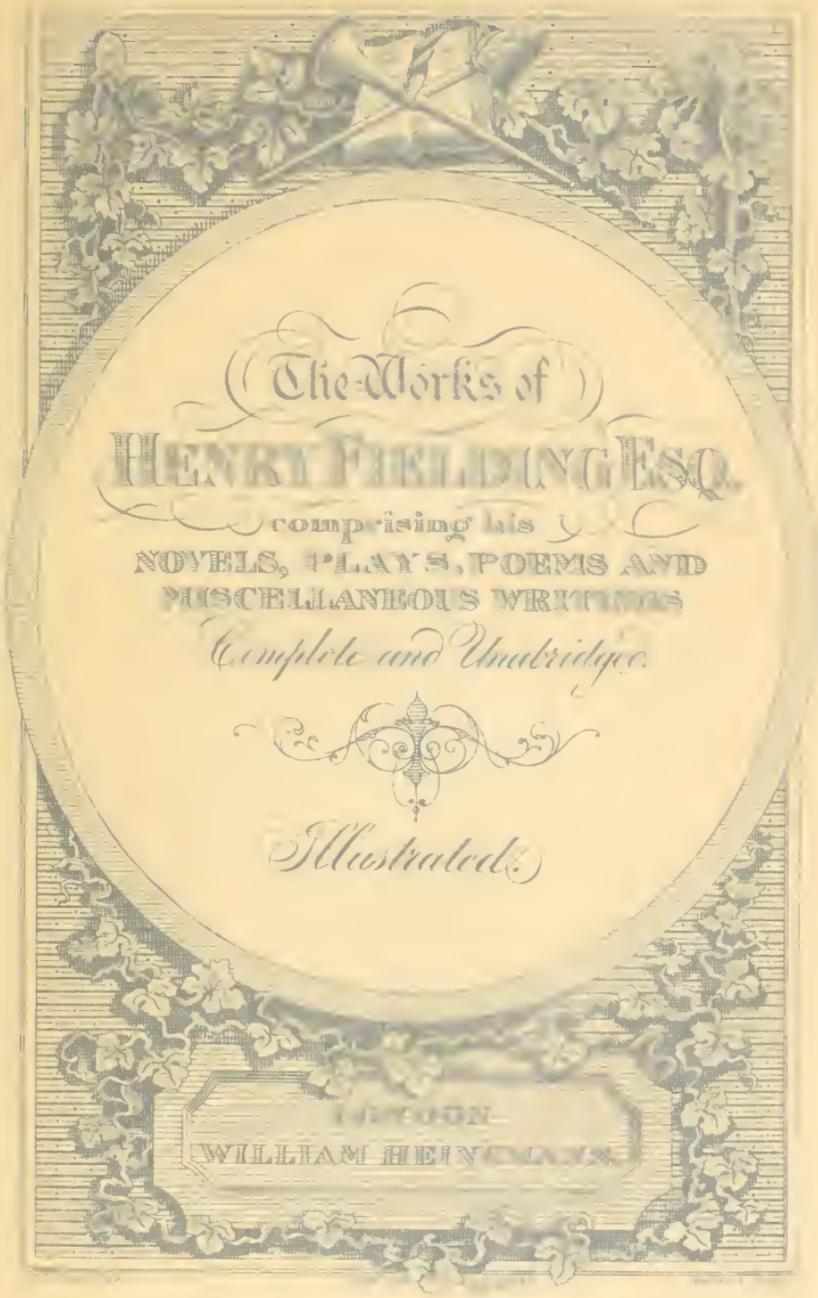
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Sarah Jennings, Duchess of Marlborough (1660-1744).

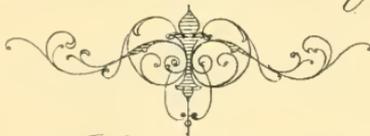
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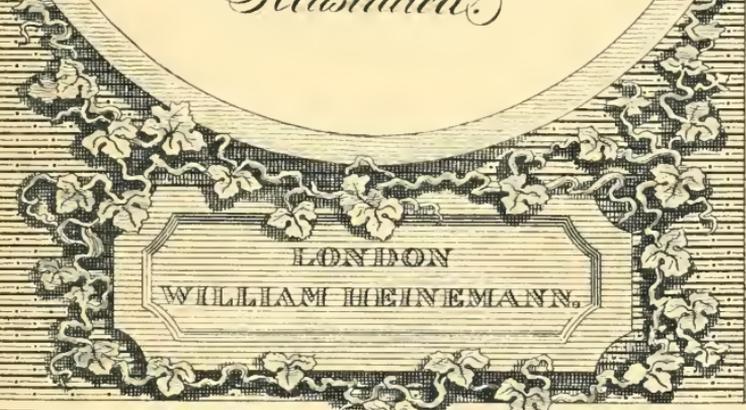
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## MISCELLANEOUS WRITINGS, VOL. II.

SARAH JENNINGS, DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH (1660-1744)

*Frontispiece*

*From an original portrait by Sir Godfrey Kneller in the Gallery at Althorp.*

The first Duchess of that name and the wife of the great military commander. She was a woman of splendid mental attainments, but headstrong, imperious and apparently shrewish. Her career was marked by bitter quarrels with various statesmen and party leaders. In 1742 an article appeared, attributed to Samuel Johnson, attacking the "Terrible Old Sarah," which among other rejoinders evoked a "Vindication" by Fielding. The latter's friendship may have been sincerely enlisted for her because of his father's military services under the Duke. But their personal relations are only a matter of surmise.

ADMIRAL EDWARD VERNON (1684-1757) . . . . . 40

*From an Old Engraving.*

A famous admiral, the second son of James Vernon, Secretary of State under William III. He entered the navy in his sixteenth year, becoming lieutenant at eighteen. As vice-admiral in 1739, he commanded an expedition to the West Indies, against Spain. With a fleet of only six ships he captured Porto Bello, which victory made him a popular idol. This victory prompted the publications of the *Vernoniad*, an anonymous burlesque Epic, later proven to be Fielding's. Vernon was elected to Parliament, but continued his naval operations until disputes with the land commanders led him to resign in 1745.

BEN JONSON (1573-1637) . . . . . 224

Eminent English dramatist and friend of Shakespeare. In youth he was a brickmaker. As a young man he served with distinction in the campaign in the Low Countries. His schooling was irregular, but on returning from the wars he became connected with the stage. *Every Man in His Humor* was acted in 1598. *Volpone* and *The Alchemist* are among his best plays. He strove for classic models and for the expulsion of romanticism. He became poet-laureate and was pensioned in 1616.



A FULL VINDICATION  
OF  
HER GRACE  
THE DUCHESS DOWAGER  
OF  
MARLBOROUGH



A FULL VINDICATION  
OF  
HER GRACE THE DUCHESS DOWAGER  
OF  
MARLBOROUGH

---

MY LORD,

Whether the piece I shall endeavour to answer was your own performance, or whether it was written on your command, by one of that scribbling gang, which the disbanding Mr. P——ton's late regiment of gazetteers hath cast destitute on the public, I need not determine? In either case, you are entitled to my answer; which, however, you have not so much reason to be startled at, as you may justly apprehend: for I do not intend to imitate you in invective, and shall abstain from any other reflections than those I shall make on your remarks, and which are necessary to refute the groundless slanders you endeavour to throw on an innocent and injured character.

The observation with which you set out is strictly true; nay your whole letter is one continued flagrant example of it. You say,

“It has been often observed that it is extremely hard to form a just notion of the characters of mankind, from those who are personally interested in either justifying or blackening them. In this country, where party is so prevalent, that no person can be supposed to be indifferent with regard to public characters and transactions, this observation holds perhaps more strictly just than any other; and time alone must

discover the motives of many actions, and the true colours of many characters, which are now seen through the false glare that passion or prejudice throws upon them."

It was from this party-prejudice you mention, and the falsehood it daily propagates, that the Duchess of Marlborough was induced to publish an apology for a conduct, which appears so truly great and worthy the highest applause; and it is this prejudice alone which could instigate any one to attempt to sully and blacken a character, which that apology hath placed in so amiable a light, that a very impartial reader declared to me on perusing it; "Why, if this be true, the Duchess of Marlborough is one of the best as well as greatest women ever born."

If the course of her own justification hath unavoidably led her grace to expose some others in disadvantageous colours, I am convinced she was sorry for it; but sure it is a new doctrine, and something unreasonable, that the innocent must suffer, rather than the guilty should be blamed. I am certain she hath nowhere departed from delicacy, as you accuse her; and I am as well convinced, she had not deviated from truth. Her facts appear most of them in letters from the parties themselves; which hath been always accounted the best and most certain kind of history; and which, while the originals remain, must be always allowed to be undeniable evidence.

But indeed your opinion of history is pretty singular; for you say, "Even the high station and character of the authoress ought to give an alarm to your lordship's caution; for the greater opportunities her grace had of knowing, the more deeply must we suppose her to be interested in acting, and therefore the more solicitous in vindicating or blaming, according as it may set her own conduct in the fairest, and that of her enemies in the most disadvantageous light."

So that it seems the higher any person's station and character is, the lower is their credit, and the more they know of any transaction, the less capable are they of recording it.

Your lordship is pleased to proceed thus: As to the first reason of her grace's ascendancy over the Princess of Den-

mark, (viz. their playing together when at school) “it entirely rests upon her grace’s own word, that the daughter of Mrs. J——gs, who, if we believe the common report \* \* \* had but a \* \* \* very narrow fortune, was admitted to so much familiarity with a princess of so strict and delicate an education, as that which Princess Anne received.”

What you would have the reader supply in the place of these asterisks, I cannot guess. You are pleased to call her grace’s veracity in question; and, if I mistake not, would insinuate that Miss Jennings had some levity in her character, which rendered her unfit for the company of so strict and delicate a princess; indeed the same reason is given a little afterwards, for Lady Clarendon’s dislike to her. Black and detestable malice! Why did you not assert that her grace was never her lady of the bed-chamber? A fact not less notorious, and which the same false insinuations would have better supported, unless the princess had very early quitted that strictness and delicacy of her education: for surely the same blemishes which would have rendered Miss Jennings, when a girl, an improper companion for the princess, would have made her, when a woman, very unfit to fill the post of a lady of the bedchamber; nor would the prudent Countess of Clarendon, then first lady of the bedchamber, have consented to her admission. But this is indeed the first time, that any enemy of her grace hath had the impudence to insinuate the least hint of such a nature.

As to the characters of Lady Clarendon, and the Princess of Denmark, I have nothing to say. Her grace seems to draw a lively picture of the former; and the latter hath, in her letters, drawn her own.

But your lordship seems to have forgotten some passages in the book you are criticising on, when you affirm, that “As her grace has been pleased to give us no manner of insight into that part of the character of her royal mistress, which wrought this prodigious alteration in her confidence, and no other account of the fact, but that she was wormed out by an upstart favourite, who was in every respect infinitely below

her grace; the world is at liberty to make its own conjectures."

Surely, my lord, this is not the only account we have from the duchess, who hath shewn us her disgrace (if an honest, upright and faithful servant dismissed, may be said to be disgraced) was owing to the arts of a designing politician, a great master of his profession, assisted (if you please) by an upstart favourite, the more dangerous as the least suspected; to her mistress's violent inclination to the Tories, perhaps Jacobites, and in favour of some schemes not necessary here to mention, as some of their effects have been too fatally felt, and the intention of others plainly and undeniably known.

I shall take no other notice of that on which your lordship hath been pleased to throw away so much of your time and paper, I mean the duchess's assertion concerning my Lord Clarendon, than that, what the bishop says on his proposing to have King James send to Breda, agrees better with her grace's account of his having advised the sending him to the tower, than with the reasons for which you have it believed impossible for any man in his senses to have given such advice. Your words are "It is sufficient to observe, that the consultation which her grace mentions to have been held at Windsor, was held at so critical a time that no man in his senses could be supposed to have given such an advice. For King James by that time had returned to London for Feversham, and remained at Whitehall. And to use Bishop Burnet's own words, "All the indignation which the people of London had formerly conceived against him was turned into pity and compassion. Even the privy-council, in whose hands the executive part of the government appears at that time to<sup>1</sup> have been looked upon him to be as much their king as ever; and, continues the bishop, as he came back through the city he was welcomed with signs of joy by great numbers. The Earl of Clarendon then must be supposed to have been void of common sense, if while this disposition of

<sup>1</sup> Burnet's Hist. of His Own Times, Vol. I, p. 799.

the people continued, he advised of sending the king to the tower of London."

Now, surely, this was as good a reason, why no man of common sense should propose sending the king to Breda, as why he should not propose sending him to the tower. But what says the bishop; "because it might raise too much compassion, and perhaps some disorder, that the king should be kept in restraint within the kingdoms; therefore the sending him to Breda was proposed. The Earl of Clarendon pressed this vehemently, on account of the Irish Protestants, as the king himself told me; for those that gave their opinion in this matter did it secretly, and in confidence to the prince. The prince said he could not deny but that this might be good and wise advice." Can any thing be more congruous, at least, less repugnant than these two accounts? The prince, whom his enemies can send to one place, may be by them sent to any other; and indeed, both these proposals might very reasonably, in the same debate, be supposed to have come from the same person, who finding the proposal of sending the king to the tower rejected for the reasons the bishop gives, might advance or second that of sending him to Breda; so that here is no such flat contradiction, as your lordship hath been pleased to observe.

I am come now to a most notable paragraph indeed, wherein I may hope to show your lordship as flat a contradiction as is to be found in any writer whatever. It will be necessary to transcribe a good part of the passage. Your lordship after giving us Bishop Burnet's opinion of King William's designs, and some anecdotes out of that right reverend author, of the king's behaviour before the establishment of the crown, proceeds thus:

"Admitting this to be a true and genuine account of what passed upon this important occasion. it amounts to no more than that the Prince of Orange acted a very fair and open part. by telling them he expected to be king, which he did not at all wish for, or that he would do a thing that every wise man ought to do if he was disappointed; which was to retire,

and do all the service he could in his own station to his native country. But if one take her grace's account of this transaction, the prince had no other motive for coming over to England, but mere ambition of wearing a crown.<sup>1</sup> Having never read, continues her grace, nor employed my time in anything, but playing at cards, and having no ambition myself, I imagined that the Prince of Orange's sole design, was to provide for the safety of his own country, by obliging King James to keep the laws of ours. And that he would get back as soon as he had made us all happy; and that there was no sort of difficulty in the execution of this design, and that to do so much good would be a greater pleasure to him than to be king of any country upon earth. I was soon taught to know the world better. I say, one who reads these words, will be apt to conclude that King William, even upon the first concert of his expedition to England, was determined at all events to dethrone his father-in-law, though I am unwilling to believe that this was the case; I will only observe, that it was this, it is extremely improbable that her grace, notwithstanding all her professions of sincerity, was ignorant of the design upon this occasion. I cannot help laying before your lordship a fact, which I had from the late E. of N——m, of a near relation of your lordship, who was very deep in the concert, and too worthy a man to impose either upon me or the world. He told me, that immediately upon the Prince of Orange's landing, there was a visible boldness and backwardness in the nobility and gentry, to declare in his favour; upon which, the prince called a meeting of those he could most depend upon, and told them in plain terms, that as he had ventured so far, to support them, it was not to be expected, he was to do it for nothing, and that he never would have been so mad to have exposed himself and his country to unavoidable ruin, had he not had very strong assurances from England before he set out, that he should be supported even to the utmost. That upon this he produced an instrument signed by the most eminent persons, who afterwards declared most eminently for the revolution; in which they engage

<sup>1</sup> Account, p. 21.

themselves to support his highness in forming that very plan of government, by which the crown was settled upon the abdication of King James. That the names not only of the subscribers themselves were signed to this instrument, but of those whom they engaged to bring over to the prince; and that amongst others he saw that of the Lord Churchill, who by means of his lady engaged to bring over the Prince and Princess of Denmark. If this is fact, it is highly improbable, nay it is impossible, but that her grace, considering the ascendancy she always had over her husband, should be so vastly surprised as she now affects to be at the news of the Prince of Orange accepting of the crown."

In the first place, I do not see, that whoever read the words, I was soon taught to know the world better, "will be apt to conclude, that King William, even upon the first concert of his expedition to England, was determined at all events to dethrone his father-in-law." This is such a conclusion, as Dr. South says, which may well be said to be drawn from the words, since I am sure it never would follow—but to the fact itself, which is to impeach her grace's veracity. The late E. of N—— told somebody that told your lordship, that somebody had told the earl (for he was not then present) that King William immediately upon his landing called a meeting of the nobility and gentry, &c.

First. Until long after his landing, he had no nobility nor gentry with him.

Secondly, It is very improbable, indeed almost impossible to conceive, that a man of King William's phlegmatick and cool temper should expose an instrument of this nature, which, if he had been successful in his expedition, as he had then some reason to doubt, would have hanged every one of those friends who had set their hands to it: for anger itself could not move the hottest mind to such a step; (and King William is by this writer truly represented as slow in taking revenge) since it was not the gentlemen of the country of whose backwardness alone he could complain, whom he was to expose to the vengeance of King James, but of his friends above, who could not possibly have joined him so soon; and from

most of whom, he was too good a politician to expect so open and hasty a declaration in his favour, though he was assured of their private services.

Thirdly, If the Prince of Orange was so desirous to conceal his original intentions of aiming at the crown (admitting he had such) he cannot be supposed, without an entire subversion of his character, to expose an instrument so openly and rashly, in which it was engaged to support his royal highness in forming that very plan of government, by which the crown was settled on the abdication of King James.

Fourthly, If he had taken so rash and all-advised a step, he would never afterwards have been guilty of so preposterous a conduct. as with the most manifest chicanery to deny a design he had publicly and openly avowed, and which, (if what this somebody relates had been true) his enemies could have so incontestably proved against him.

Fifthly, Bishop Burnet, who was present, would hardly have omitted such a notable fact; or if it should be said, he omitted it from his friendship to King William, a motive which will, I believe, hardly gain credit against so impartial an historian; surely those who have written against King William, both at home and abroad, would have mentioned a fact, which, if true, must have been so generally known.

But lastly, If you really believe this to be fact, how can you assert, as you do in the preceding page, that you believe he had no design of procuring the crown at the first concert of his expedition? How can your lordship assert in one page (I say) that you believe he had concerted no such design, and in the next, that he came over on these express terms. This sure, my lord, is very near a round, if not a flat contradiction.

I shall not enter on the character of King William; her grace knew him better than I, nor is there any reason to suspect her partiality: but here your lordship is singular in an opinion that harsh treatment obliges us to conceal the faults of an enemy. This is indeed an extraordinary flight of Christianity.

The next remark I shall trouble your lordship with, is on your conclusion in page 19, which is likewise so lame, that your whole strength is required to draw it. Your quotation is as follows :

“I confess, says her grace, had I been in her place, the Princess of Denmark, I should have thought it more for my honour to be easy in this matter than to show an impatience to get possession of a crown that had been wrested from my father. I believe nobody ever either spoke or wrote in this manner, but with a design of accusing the person in whose stead they wish themselves to be. And as it ought, continues her grace, to have been a great trouble to the children of King James to be forced to act the part they did against him, so it seemed to me that she who discovered the less ambition would have the more amiable character. There it is very plain that by the expression, and as it ought to have been, &c. her grace implies, that the thing was not; therefore her grace speaking in the plural, must mean that both the children of King James viz. Queen Mary and the Princess of Denmark, did show an impatience to get possession of a crown that was wrested from their father.”

I own, indeed, we are taught to confess that we have done those things we ought not to have done, and left undone those things we ought to have done; but to say that this is an eternal obligation on our nature, to affirm that the bare supposing a thing ought to have been done, is consequentially affirming that it was not; this is to be a very strong advocate for the necessity of human actions. I shall make no reflection on the character of Queen Mary; but why the silence of the Jacobites or the reverence of the Whigs, should deter the duchess from attacking her, I cannot no more see, than I can think the obligations which she had to Queen Anne (which her own faithful conduct, and the immortal and barbarously and ungratefully returned services of her glorious husband so well and nobly deserved) incapable of being obliterated by any future ill treatment: Or why any attachment to the characters of these princesses should restrain her from a just vindication of her own. Your arguments

are indeed very curious, if not strong. I will therefore quote the whole passage, as well as that of the inscription, with your observations on it. You say, it would be decent in the duchess to conceal any thing which might cast a reflection on Queen Mary, because her character "has never yet been attacked by the most bigoted Jacobite, and has always been had in great veneration by the greatest Whigs. As to that of Queen Anne, her grace lies under so many obligations to support and defend it, against all attempts to blacken it, that it is the height of imprudence, to call it by no worse a name, to attack it in the manner her grace does in the above passages. But the matter does not rest here; for we find that what her grace insinuates, or rather asserts here, is directly in contradiction to that solemn inscription which her grace consigned to marble, signed by herself, as the character of Queen Anne, upon the pedestal of the statue erected to her memory at Blenheim. We therefore see instead of showing her impatience to get possession of her father's crown, she looked with the greatest indifference upon that of her brother-in-law, though he wore it in prejudice of her own right. What are her words?

"Queen Anne—was religious without affectation; she always meant well; she had no false ambition; which appeared by her never complaining at King William's being preferred to the crown before her, when it was taken from the king her father, for following such counsels and pursuing such measures as made the revolution necessary. It was her greatest affliction to be forced to act against him, even for security.

"If any impartial person should compare these lines with the above quotations from the account of her conduct, would he not draw one of these two conclusions; either that the character is not drawn for the same person, or that it was not the same person who drew it?"

The character her grace hath been pleased to inscribe on her monument, erected to the memory of Queen Anne, is an instance of the goodness and gratitude of her temper; and though perhaps these have inclined her to carry truth

as far as possible, yet is there nothing on this marble inconsistent with what her grace hath since committed to paper: She hath not taxed her with ambition, she hath not denied that it was her greatest affliction to be forced to act against her father; and so far from questioning her religion, she hath imputed many of her actions to a fondness for even the shadow of it, the church.

Your lordship is facetious about parsons and old women; nor can I think you much in earnest, when you represent the revolution to be no instance of the people's electing a king. If my lords of Clarendon and Rochester advised the princess to give up her right of blood in order to defend it, they were, I think, no great logicians. I am sure they were no great lawyers, if they imagined preferring King William to a joint estate in the crown, and afterwards to the reversion of the whole before Queen Anne, was not an instance of their using the right of election. As such it was understood by all who wrote on the subject on both sides; and if a precedent could establish a right, I think that right of election could never hereafter be called in question.

Whether my Lord Marlborough's disgrace in King William's time was owing to his being husband to Lady Marlborough, as you say, I know not: but certain I am, that the merits of her illustrious husband should have protected the duchess from any disgrace in Queen Anne's time, and should have endeared her to the whole nation. If the wives and widows of great men have been esteemed in all countries: if I have seen in a very public assembly a respect paid to the wife of a man, who lately took an undefended town in the West Indies; what honours should be paid to the comfort of that glorious man, who carried the honour of our arms so high, and by such a series of courage, conduct and success, preserved the liberties of Europe?

As your lordship is pleased to bring in Bishop Burnet, confirming almost every thing which her grace hath said relating to the quarrel between the two sisters, I will likewise repeat his words once more to you:

“The Princess of Denmark, says that prelate, thought

herself too much neglected by the king, whose cold way towards her was soon observed. After the king was on the throne no propositions were made to her of a settlement, nor any advances of money. So she thinking she was to be kept in a necessitous dependence on the court, got some to move in the House of Commons in the year 1698; when they were in the debate concerning the revenue, that she should have assignments suitable to her dignity. This both king and queen took amiss from her.——The act passed, allowing her a settlement of fifty thousand pounds. But upon this a boldness followed between not only the king, but even the queen and princess. And the blame of this motion was cast upon the Countess of Marlborough, as most in favour with the princess: And this had contributed much to alienate the king from her husband, and had disposed him to receive ill impressions of him.”

It is impossible to give a stronger confirmation of the truth of her grace’s account.

Let us survey the next paragraph, which hath anything material in it. In page 25 is the following:

“As to the different character of the two sisters, I believe your lordship, upon reflecting a little upon the nature of the fair sex in general, will agree with me, that no such disagreement could ever have happened from the causes assigned by her grace.<sup>1</sup> It was impossible, says her grace, that they should ever be very agreeable companions together, because Queen Mary grew weary of any body who would not talk a great deal, and the princess was so silent that she rarely spoke more than was necessary to answer a question. I believe the world will allow, that Bishop Burnet was at least as good a judge of Queen Mary’s private character, as ever her grace was, who, as would appear, had scarcely any opportunity of knowing it. But she gives her a character, that with regard to her quality, if I am not quite out of my judgment as to woman-kind, is quite the reverse of that given by her grace. For the prelate says, that Queen Mary loved to talk a great deal: Now I may venture to appeal to all the

<sup>1</sup> Account, p. 24.

experience of that sex, if there was ever found a woman who loved to talk a great deal herself, and yet at the same time grew weary of every body who did not talk a great deal too. Admitting Bishop Burnet's character of Queen Mary in this respect to be the true one, because he knew her best; and likewise the character which her grace gives of the Princess of Denmark to be a true one too, viz.<sup>1</sup> That the princess was so silent that she rarely spoke more than was necessary to answer a question: I say, admitting these two characters to be true in both respects, we have the very best reason in the world for wondering why a perpetual harmony did not subsist betwixt the two sisters; since no person in the world can be so agreeable to a woman who loves to talk a great deal, as another who loves to talk a very little."

Sure your lordship hath too much insight into the fair sex, and into human nature in general, to be in earnest. Indeed, it is true, that talkative women, and talkative men too, are sometimes fond of one who will be *auditor tantum*; but this listening must be with the greatest attention, must be accompanied with frequent assenting nods, smiles, and words too, and is what no one ever finds but amongst inferiors and dependents, and not in an equal of a solemn and sullen disposition, and of a different way of thinking; who would be very absent in attention, and would not fail of betraying in looks and gestures sufficient marks of dislike, and perhaps contempt; which silent people generally have for those of a loquacious temper. Besides, doth not common experience teach us, that gossips always affect one another's company? Nor is there the least inconvenience, since a dozen women can talk all together, without the least interruption or disturbance one to another.

As to Queen Mary's behaviour, as the duchess relates it, on her first coming to White-Hall, I apprehend any spectator of humanity would have formed the same conclusions with her grace from it. If it proceeded from the prince's orders, as Bishop Burnet tells us, it doth indeed in some measure

<sup>1</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 25.

justify the queen; but lays no imputation on the duchess, who knew not of those orders.

In page 28, you proceed as follows: “<sup>1</sup> Her grace next relates upon hearsay, an angry conversation that passed between the two royal sisters, upon the subject of the princess’s settlement, which went so well in the House of Commons, that their friends being encouraged to propose a much larger revenue, the king, in order to prevent it, prorogued the parliament. But her grace, though she takes care to let us know that the whole of this affair lay upon herself, leaves us entirely in doubt by what means it happened, that the intention of augmenting the settlement was defeated. All we can learn is, the king thought proper to compound the matter with the princess’s friends; at the same time we don’t learn by her grace’s account that the princess had any other friend but herself; nay, it would appear from the <sup>2</sup> applications made to her by my Lady Fitzharding, and my Lord Shrewsbury, the two persons of the greatest credit at court, that she was considered as the manager of the whole on the side of the princess. I shall therefore offer an insinuation which I have heard made to the disadvantage of her grace by the Tories, who certainly were at that time strong enough in parliament to have carried a large settlement for the princess, and were heartily inclined to have done it, had they not been deceived by a secret collusion betwixt the courts and those in whom the princess put her chief confidence.”

This your lordship justly indeed calls an insinuation, you might have added a cruel one; for you found it only on the common report of the Tories, who, on your own principles, are not to be received as very credible witnesses against her grace; but as the affirmative is not supported by any proof or pretence of proof whatever, so I will venture to say the negative may be demonstrated by all the evidence of reason and common sense. For, can we suppose, if her grace could be prevailed on to betray the interest of the princess to the king and queen, that they would have desired her

<sup>1</sup> Account, p. 27.

<sup>2</sup> Account, p. 29.

(as the bishop, the world, and your lordship agree they did) to part with a servant who was so effectually their spy and tool? Or if he had afterwards disobliged them, might not this have been used as the certain means of destroying her with her mistress. I omit the handsome reflection cast on a brother and sister, who would be base enough to corrupt the sister's servant to betray her interest. But can any thing equal your lordship's saying, that her grace hath left us entirely in doubt by what means the defeat happened, when she plainly and expressly tells us, it happened from the king's purposely proroguing the parliament.

The reason given by the duchess why the Prince of Denmark preferred the sea to the land-service, is a good and substantial one, and not to be overthrown by your lordship's asserting, "You cannot conceive why his highness should have a passion for going to sea, merely because the king could not suffer him to go in a coach with him in Ireland." A neglect to which, I believe, few princes so nearly affianced would submit.

You will pardon me, my lord, if I censure your remark in the next paragraph, as deficient in that candour which becomes a generous adversary, especially a writer who pretends to know more than an enquiry after truth, or a reputation of falsehood. You say, "You shall make no other remark upon the letter which her grace has given us from Queen Mary to her sister, than that is plain, that the queen thought that my Lord M—— had given his majesty more cause of displeasure than what appears to the world, and that she had informed the princess of it before. This appears from the following passage: "I need not repeat, says the queen, the cause he has given the king to do what he has done, nor his unwillingness at all times to come to such extremities, though people do deserve it."

Now, my lord, the sense you here put upon the word repeat, is what it will not in common usage bear; for I will appeal to your lordship's reflection, and to the whole world, whether this word in all epistolary correspondence is not used to mean the inserting something in a letter which

hath happened, though not related by the person who writes to the correspondent. For instance: I will not repeat to you what happened at such a place, or what was said by such a person, &c. And this in writers, of much greater accuracy than quens can generally be supposed. Queen Mary therefore means here by the word repeat, no more than if she had writ, I need not tell you: for indeed if the queen had communicated this before, I see no reason why she should even mention it again, unless with a desire of insulting her sister; a censure I am unwilling to cast upon her.

I come now to the most notable paragraph of all; to introduce which, indeed all the rest seems chiefly written; and yet pompous as this is, it is no more than the repetition of an old thread-bare falsehood, invented by the Jacobites, and long since disbelieved and laughed out of the world. Let us see the whole paragraph:

“But, in justice to the memory of this princess, I cannot avoid acquainting your lordship with a fact which I had from a person of the greatest consideration in that of the succeeding reign; who told me, upon my seeming surprised at the motives that could induce King William to treat my Lord M—— with the severity he did; that it was wholly owing to the indiscretion of a lady, whom I am unwilling to name, but whom your lordship and the world will easily guess at. He said, that a French engineer, who had received some disgust from his officers, had come over at that time from France, and had laid before King William a plan by which Dunkirk might be surprised. That the plan was examined and approved of by King William, who admitted nobody into the secret but Bentthink, Zulestein, and my Lord M——; but that before the execution of the design such orders came from the French court, and such a number of forces were poured into Dunkirk, as plainly showed that the design was discovered. He said, that King William immediately suspected my Lord M——, but was unwilling to discover his suspicions till he could have proofs, which he soon had by means of a spy from the court of St. Germain, who was seized here, and confessed that he was employed as

an agent betwixt my Lady Tyreconnel and King James's queen. And that this person, upon hopes not only of pardon but reward, directed the government to a packet from France, which discovered that my Lady Tyreconnel, by means of a certain lady who gave her all her confidence, and to whom my Lord M—— was so weak as to discover the design. That the king upon this sent for Lord ——, and reproached him with his easiness; upon which the latter confessed the whole. This incident accounts pretty well for the insinuation which is dropped by Queen Mary in this letter, and it was no wonder afterwards if the king was a little too susceptible of a prejudice against the earl when he was committed to the tower."

Here is an insinuation of the blackest and most heinous kind, against a person of the highest dignity, thrown out without an author, or any sort of proof whatever. Her grace's high station and character surely require, that the name or title of this person of consideration should be mentioned at least, and even then we may doubt whether it came from him, or whether he spoke truth if it did: Though, by the way, admitting all true that is here asserted, the duchess may nevertheless be innocent: Here were three more persons, to wit, Benthink, Zulestein, and the engineer himself in this secret; and why none of them as capable of discovering it as the Earl of Marlborough? But can we believe, that if this had been the reason of the king's prejudice against the earl, as is asserted, that he would have concealed this reason? or if the discovery could have been brought home to the duchess, that the king and queen, whom (as is confessed on all hands) were her enemies, would have kept this treachery in her a secret? or that her other enemies, (of which I believe then as well as since, envy and malice had created her many) would not have promulgated, with the utmost diligence, a story which would not only have justified their resentment, but would have rendered it indecent even for the princess to retain her longer in her service. These things, I say, would almost inevitably follow the belief of this pretended fact; which, had it been true, it is impossible to

conceive, should in so short a time be obliged to subsist only in a report which a nameless author had from a nameless person; a kind of evidence which would not be admitted to blacken the character of the lowest of creatures, but which is admirably calculated to spread what Cicero calls *contumelia*; it is a bow to shoot those arrows of detraction from, which (according to an excellent writer of our church) are always flying about in the dark, and against which no power but of that God who sees and knows all things, can defend the greatest and best characters.

You are pleased, my lord, to say you will make no remarks on the difference "that happened betwixt the queen and the princess, on account of the latter being obstinate in keeping my Lady C—— about her person: Her grace (you say) has prevented me in this,<sup>1</sup> by vindicating her conduct, with regard to the important points, that of the succession, and that of the pension, and that of the prince's going to sea." You are right in avoiding any such remarks; the account her grace hath given is satisfactory to every impartial reader, and is and will be unimpeached by the malice of party and prejudice.

Your lordship says, "But with regard to the two letters given us from the Princess of Orange to her grace, I think nothing more can be said, but that there was a time when the Princess of Orange thought very well of my Lady C——, and a time when Queen Mary thought ill of her. A case that happens every day in private life." Yes my lord, something more may be said; and it is, That there was a time when the princess was Princess of Orange; and a time when she was Queen Mary: and then what follows will be truly a case that happens every day.

Your lordship's next fling, agreeable to the malice of the party, is at the duke.

"Her grace, in apologising for her own and her husband's conduct, says, that, everyone knows that my Lord Marlborough had great employments under King James, and might have hoped to be as great a favourite as anybody——"

<sup>1</sup> Account, p. 49.

It was highly improbable therefore that he who had done so much, and sacrificed so much for the preservation of the religion and liberty of his country, should on a sudden engage in a conspiracy to destroy them. But this is, according to what her grace herself seems to own, but a poor compliment to the integrity and disinterestedness of the Earl of M——; for it seems to be not only the opinion of her grace, but of the world, that the designs of King James were so weakly laid, and so foolishly carried on, that for a man to have embarked in them, was to involve himself into unavoidable ruin.”

The colours which your lordship throws on my Lord of Marlborough’s conduct, in leaving King James, and adhering to the Prince of Orange, are what may be, and generally are applied to every great action, which those who are strangers to the motives of true greatness and virtue, always impute to mean, private, and mercenary designs. It is easy to see into consequences, when they have happened; but I believe many then alive apprehended more danger in the success of those weak measures than your lordship seems to think they threatened: Nay, even at last, it hath been made a doubt by many, if King James had not deserted the crown, whether it would have been taken from him: and if he had retained it, let the restraints under which he had been laid been what they will, the Duke of Marlborough could have expected no forgiveness, nor restoration to his favour.

You are pleased to say you will make no other remark on those warm friendly letters from the Princess of Denmark to her grace, than what your lordship hath made on those of Queen Mary; to which therefore I shall give the same answer: You then ask a question; “But is there anything wonderful, anything unaccountable, anything criminal in one’s altering their opinion of woman kind! Or are princes obliged to give the world an account of the motives that induce them to do it?” Perhaps indeed, there is nothing wonderful in the alteration of one’s opinion of another; but surely the dismissal of an old faithful servant,

after a long continued execution of the greatest trust with integrity, conceiving a sudden dislike after the highest friendship and familiarity with an inferior for many years, removing and displacing such a servant from her office and trust without any visible reason, or condescending, even when ardently desired to assign any; sure such conduct is not so perfectly accountable, if clear from being criminal, as you would imagine. And if princes are not obliged to give the world an account of the motives that induce them to such extraordinary actions, surely the lowest subjects, much more the highest, are at liberty to justify themselves if the malicious part of the world lays the blame on their misconduct.

I am desirous with the utmost caution to avoid reflections on any person's character. I shall therefore take no more notice of what you say concerning my Lord Rochester, than to observe, that if he had the queen wholly in his hands at the time of the order being sent by Lord Nott——m to the simple Mayor of Bath, the duchess in imputing it to Lord Rochester, deals no harder with his lordship, than hath been ever done with all favourites and ministers, who must be contented to bear the blame and burthen of whatever is done, not only by their sovereigns themselves, but by all their inferiours in office. Nor is it likely that any one without orders from the queen, or from him who governed the queen, would have dared to attempt such a measure with such a person; nor indeed doth it appear that Lord Nottingham himself had any motive for so doing: to which I shall beg leave to add the duchess's own words:

“The king being abroad when this letter was written, and the queen being at that time wholly in my Lord Rochester's hands, everybody concluded, that it was done by his advice: And I am myself the more fully persuaded of it, for the fondness he discovered for such sort of pageantry, when (in the beginning of Queen Anne's reign) he made his progress in those parts, and took pains in begging treats, and speeches from such sort of people. But it must be owned, that his lordship had a singular taste for trifling ceremonies.”

The character which her grace gives the Earl of Godolphin,

your lordship says requires notice, and I readily agree with you it does: for it is an extraordinary and a true one. The passage you quote is as follows:

“The princess, after this, continued at Berkley-House, in a very quiet way; for there was nothing more to be done, unless they would stop her revenue, which doubtless they would have attempted, had they thought it practicable; but my Lord Godolphin was then first commissioner of the treasury, a man esteemed very useful to the service, and who they knew would quit upon any orders; and they could not easily have found a person with qualities fit for that employment.”

You are pleased to say: “It is very surprising that one who knows the world so well as her grace does, should write in this manner. Upon the terms in which she represents the Princess of Denmark to have stood with King William and Queen Mary, can it be imagined that had these two princes inclined to have stopped the revenue of the princess, they would have been frightened from the attempt, merely because they conceived that one of their own servants would oppose it? Is this agreeable to that positive determined conduct for which King William was always remarkable?”

To be apprehensive of an opposition from a great, able, and honest minister, may stagger a prince of King William’s understanding, and may well deter him from a step of so extraordinary a nature.

As to the account of the queen’s behaviour related by Bishop Burnet, and that given us by her grace, I cannot observe any such disagreement or contradiction, as your lordship mentions. Indeed, that of the duchess is fuller and more particular, as she had undoubtedly more opportunity of knowing the whole. The bishop says, “That the queen when she was dying had received a kind letter from, and had sent a reconciling message to the princess; and so that breach was made up. It is true, the sisters did not meet, it was thought, that might throw the queen into too great a commotion; so it was put off till it was too late.”

Her grace gives us the following relation: “As I knew,

says she, that several people, and even one of the prince's own family, were allowed to see the queen, I was fully persuaded, that the deferring the princess's coming, was only to leave room for continuing the quarrel in case the queen should chance to recover, or for reconciliation with the king, (if that should be thought convenient) in case of the queen's death. During all the time of the queen's illness, to her decease, the princess sent every day to enquire how she did; and once I am sure her majesty heard of it, because my Lady Fitzharding, who was charged with her message, and who had more desire than ordinary to see the queen, broke in whether they would or not, and delivered it to her, endeavouring to express in how much concern the princess was; to which the queen returned no other answer but a cold thanks: Nor, though she received the Sacrament in her illness, did she ever send the least message to the princess, except that in my Lady Derby's letter, which perhaps her majesty knew nothing of."

What incongruity? The bishop is a confirmation of all the duchess says, and both agree in the material points, that the queen sent but one message, and that she died without seeing her sister.

I come now to the most wonderful discovery indeed, no less, than that Lord Marlborough and his lady were the two staunchest Tories in the kingdom.

The proofs of this are:

1. That at Queen Anne's coming to the crown, notwithstanding the favour in which the duchess then stood, she put herself (as the duchess complains) entirely into the hands of the Tories. This is represented as a contradiction, viz. that a prince should act contrary to the opinion of her favourite.

2. The disfavour this lord and lady were in at court, during all the time that King William employed the Whigs. Though this disfavour hath been accounted for, so many other ways already.

3. The Earls of Marlborough and Godolphin were continued in their posts, and caressed and followed by the Tories.

4. Were believed to be such by the queen.
5. Were educated in those principles.

It may indeed be probable, that the Tories at the beginning of the queen's reign, perceiving that her love for the church had not yet wormed my Lady Marlborough out of her affections, and that it would be difficult to displace the two earls in whom she placed so deserved a confidence, might content themselves to unite with persons who had no violence of party, nor were extremely zealous, unless in what they imagined to be the true interest of their country. This I say is probable: for we have seen Whigs and Tories of later days, unite and agree in place very well together, nay farther, it is probable that the earls, to engage the favour of the queen and to serve her effectually, as they afterwards did, in the highest degree, might, by their conversation and intimacy with some men, give the Tories, who are good-natured politicians, reasons to imagine they were better Tories in their hearts, than they afterwards found them: But if they were really so, whence the Whig ministry, under which those glorious victories, the defence and preservation of Europe's liberties, were obtained? whence the cry of the church in danger? whence that opposition to those earls, which ended in their being turned out, after all their faithful and eminent services? A black spot in the history of that reign, which your lordship will never be able to whiten.

Your lordship is pleased to say, that the pains her grace is at in vindicating her conduct from the imputation of private view, is very studied: I do not know what you would be understood to mean by studied; if you would say, her grace hath taken the trouble to write several sheets, containing, an account of matters of fact, attested by the strongest and most undeniable evidence, (letters and public accounts of the nature of records,) to convince the world that she was a faithful, honest, upright and thrifty servant to her mistress, both before and after she was queen; I shall agree with you, and so will the world. But I cannot so readily own, that truth and sincerity will always speak for themselves, and requires no other advocates but their own

good effects. Daily experience must convince the blindest of us of the blots which malice, envy and ingratitude can throw on the whitest name. Nay, I wish that the very paper now under my consideration, did not afford marks of this kind; your lordship will pardon me if the sneers in the following paragraph savour to me of one of those principles. I will quote the whole.

“In p. 136. we find a most exalted sketch of her grace’s character, both as a Christian and a politician. She could have forgiven even the Earl of Rochester, if she had thought that he would have followed the queen’s true interest; and she was a Whig, only because the principles of the Tories appeared gibberish, and those of the Whigs rational, and no ways to the prejudice of the church as by law established. Having thus discussed her religious and political character, we have in some page a specimen of her national one; that so not one of all the circle of amiable qualities may be wanting in her composition. As this,” says her grace, “was really my way of thinking concerning the two parties, it would have been contrary to the frankness of my temper, and to the obligation of that friendship with which the queen honoured me, not to have told her my sentiments without reserve.”

These sneers are not, I think, agreeable either to the sex or the dignity of the person, who is the subject of them.

I am as unwilling as your lordship to detract from Sir George Rook’s character. He was a brave man, and his victory a signal one; but that the taking Gibraltar doth as much credit to Queen Anne’s reign, as any action that happened in it, I can no more concede than I can that his present M—— of P—— is as great a soldier as Charles XII. of Sweden. That we have indeed little to show for all those glorious victories, which will render the Duke of Marlborough’s name equal to that of the greatest commanders of antiquity, besides the torn colours in Westminster-Hall, I am sorry to allow; but I believe no one will impute this to his grace.

What your lordship says of Mr. Harley shall not be controverted by me. I shall only observe, that what her grace says both of him and others, will require more ink, more eloquence, more art and more proofs too, to set aside, than your lordship hath been pleased to employ at present.

I shall now proceed to take notice of those general slanders which, though your lordship hath been pleased to disperse through the whole letter, I shall endeavour to collect together. Page 8. Was not the character of her grace's mildness and disinterestedness so well established, it would be natural to think that there must have been some secret mismanagement; some instances of flagrant insolence and rapaciousness, that could effect this wonderful change. Page 9. The lye oblique is given. Page 12. She is accused of downright affectation. Page 15. The lye oblique. Page 19. She is upbraided with the little capacity which age and infirmities have left her for enjoyments. Page 29, her grace's doubt and backwardness about receiving a pension of a thousand a year, is so very agreeable to her known aversion to money, that your lordship can make no doubt of the fact. Page 33. The lye semidirect. Page 34. A fresh instance of her grace's known disinterestedness and generosity. *Ibid.* Her grace's exaggerated account of her own merits. Page 37. Her forgiving temper ironically. Page 39. Charged with treating King William with indecency. Page 46. Charged with spite. Page 48. With ingratitude. *Ibid.* With cant. *Ibid.* With insolence. Page 49. She is represented as a tyrant passion, charged with ill-nature and governing her husband.

Will any man say, my lord, that this is a proper manner of treating a woman of her grace's exalted station and character, one of her age, who hath lived upon such an intimate footing with her sovereign, and who is the widow of so great a man, one to whom this nation in particular, and all Europe in general, are so much obliged.

Many, indeed most of these slanders are such as do no injury, but to the person who vents them. I shall only remark one, in Page 8, her grace is obliquely charged with

rapaciousness; as in another place, with inordinate love of money.

That her grace is rich, is most undoubtedly certain. It is impossible to be otherwise; extravagance itself, without other vices, could not have prevented it. The many great and lucrative employments, with which both her grace and the late duke were so long invested, and the vast settlement on the family by act of parliament, sufficiently account for it.

But that her grace discharged her trust with fidelity, and that she saved the queen vast sums of money, which she might have visibly sunk into her own pocket; that she never submitted to any mean or dishonest arts of enriching herself, are facts not asserted only, but proved, in the account she hath been pleased to give of her own conduct.

Nor do I remember to have ever heard her accused of any public rapaciousness or private exaction.

She is indeed rich, and if her enemies accuse her of that, I believe she must plead guilty, at least I have nothing to say in her vindication.

But, perhaps it may be some alleviation even of this, that this wealth was got in the greatest and most eminent service of her country; and of the tears of widows and orphans of those who were in open arms against this kingdom.

Secondly. That the influence and power, which her grace from her great fortune enjoys, hath been constantly exerted in defence of the liberties of her country against the highest, most powerful, and most insolent invaders of it. Had the weight of the duchess of Marlborough been lately thrown into the scale of corruption, the nation must have sunk under it: But, on the contrary, her whole power hath been employed in defence of our liberties, and to this power we in a very great measure owe their protection; and this, the barbarous and inhuman exultations of the corruptor and his chief friends last winter expressed on her grace's dangerous illness, and their eager expectation of her death, which they declared would do their business, sufficiently testify. So that

this nation may be truly said to have been twice saved within forty years by the glorious conduct of this illustrious pair; and whoever considers this in a just light, must acknowledge, that no name ought to be so dear to the people of England, as that of the Duchess of Marlborough.

Lastly, To this fortune many private persons and families, who have been relieved by her grace's generosity, owe their preservation. Nor do I believe any person in her time hath equalled her donations of this kind: So your lordship hath, I think, chosen a very improper subject for so much calumny, which, unless we could suppose this nation to deserve a character of the blackest ingratitude, must be very distasteful to us all, when thrown on one, to whom so many in particular, and the whole people in general, are so greatly obliged.

But, before I quit this glorious woman, whose character I have never contemplated but with admiration, I shall just mention a reflection interspersed through this mighty performance, and which is agreeable to what hath been always reported by the lowest and most ignorant of her grace's enemies; I mean, the representing her as a woman of great pride and haughtiness. That her grace is superior to all meanness, that she knows her own great consequence, that her vast abilities are no more hid from herself, than from those who have the honour of her conversation, I agree readily. That these have produced an elevation of mind which can with scorn look down on the pitiful arts of her adversaries, is as true. But, I suppose, your lordship meant not this. Do you not rather mean, that greatness of mind with which the duchess hath asserted her dignity to those who would falsely flatter themselves with the imagination of being her superiours, or as vainly pretend to be her equals. I can truly affirm no such pride hath been ever shown to those who have acknowledged themselves to be her inferiors, to whom none can equal her in affability and condescension.

I shall now take leave of your lordship for this time, and I hope for ever; but if you should think proper to keep your word (which I hardly think you will) in laying open those

particulars in the latter part of Queen Anne's reign, which you say are of a different nature from the facts represented by her grace, you may depend on a second letter, though perhaps differing somewhat in gentleness with this, from

Your Lordship's

Most Obedient Humble Servant.

THE VERNONIAD



## THE VERNONIAD<sup>1</sup>

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Arms and the man I sing, who greatly bore  
Augusta's <sup>2</sup> flag to Porto Bello's <sup>3</sup> shore,  
On sea and land much suffering, e're he won,  
With six ships only,<sup>4</sup> the predestined town;  
Whence a long train of victories shall flow,  
And future laurels for Augusta grow.

<sup>1</sup>This poem is certainly of very great antiquity, and there is sufficient reason to believe it no other, than the Cercopes of Homer, which hath been for so many ages imagined entirely lost. The design of it seems exactly to correspond with the account given us by Mr. Pope in his Essay on Homer, of this latter, which was, says he, a satirical work, levelled against the vices of men, and founded on the old fable of the Cercopes, a nation, who were turned into monkies for their frauds and impostures. These Cercopes were the inhabitants of an island called Inarime; Suidas records two brothers among them, who were particularly eminent for their impostures, and were called Candidus and Atlas. The story of their transfiguration is likewise told in Ovid, *Metam.* 14 *Fab.* 3. Several of the ancients have been beholden to this poem, particularly Virgil, who hence borrowed the first part of his *Æneid*, and not from the *Iliad*, as is generally supposed by persons ignorant of the art of taking from an author, which is properly transcribing whole sentences and pages, not a single line or hint.

<sup>2</sup>Augusta, the capital of Inarime was so called.

<sup>3</sup>Porto Bello, an island in the *Ægean* Sea, since swallowed up.

<sup>4</sup>Six ships only. Homer alludes to this in his *Iliad*, where *Tlepolemus* says, that *Hercules* took *Ilium* with six ships only and few men. 5 *Il.* 641.

*Ἐξ οἷης σὺν νηυσὶ καὶ ἀνδράσι παυροτέροισιν  
Ἰλίου ἐξαλάπαξε πόλιν.*

"Oh Muse!<sup>5</sup> the causes and the crimes relate,  
 What dæmon was provoked and whence his hate;  
 For what offence the wrath of hell began  
 To persecute so brave, so just a man;  
 Involved his anxious life in endless cares,  
 Exposed to wants, and unsupplied in wars.  
 Can even dæmons such resentment show  
 And exercise their spite in human woe?"  
 Within the mouth of Thames,<sup>6</sup> an antient town  
 Long flourished, blest and plenty and renown;  
 A Trojan colony;<sup>7</sup> the people made  
 Sturdy<sup>8</sup> to foes and studious of their trade;  
 Augusta was her name, whom Satan<sup>9</sup> more  
 Detested, than the once delightful shore  
 Of blooming Eden, whence the dæmon<sup>10</sup> drove  
 The first blessed pair from paradise and love.  
 For he had heard an antient rumour tell,  
 (Long cited by the inhabitants of hell)  
 That times to come should see the Augustan race  
 That proud insulting monarchy<sup>11</sup> deface;

<sup>5</sup>The translator here, and in several other places, imitates Dryden's *Æneid* in the modern way.

<sup>6</sup>Thames. A river of Inarime, mentioned by several writers, whose works are lost.

<sup>7</sup>Trojan Colony. Planted by Brutus, the son of Sylvius, and grandson of *Æneas*, nineteen years two months and eleven days after the taking of Troy, according to several modern historians; but this poem is the only ancient authority now extant, which makes any mention of this matter.

<sup>8</sup>Sturdy. The Greek is,

*Στυρδαῖοι βέγαρες μὲν ὀμηγερέες τ' ἐγένοντο :*

in Latin *Sturdi Begares, &c.*, which we can't render in English.

<sup>9</sup>Satan. The name of this evil spirit, and what follows in the succeeding lines, is a sufficient proof that Homer was imitated in the Mysteries of the Jewish Religion.

<sup>10</sup>Though our first parents were driven out of paradise by an angel, yet, as Satan, who tempted them to sin, was the occasion of it, he is not improperly said by Homer, to have driven them out.

<sup>11</sup>Insulting Monarchy. Iberia; a country of Asia, near Armenia.

Where in a dark, deep, dismal dungeon stood  
 His chariot made of ebony's black wood;  
 Mounted on which, he keeps his dreadful courts  
 Of inquisition,<sup>12</sup> and in horreur sports;  
 Bidding his flames their bodies to devour,<sup>13</sup>  
 Whose souls he knows will soar beyond his power;  
 Besides, long causes working in his mind  
 And secret seeds of rancour lay behind.  
 Deep graven in his heart the doom remained  
 Of partial Harry and his Pope disdained;<sup>14</sup>  
 The love bestowed on beauteous Bullen's face,  
 Eliza's glories, and great Brunswick's race.  
 "Each was a cause alone, and all combined  
 To kindle vengeance, in his haughty mind."

Scarce had the Augustan fleet unfurled her sails,  
 And spread their bosoms to the eastern gales;  
 When floating ghastly<sup>15</sup> on the infernal brook,  
 Despair and rage contending in his look,  
 The imperial spirit roared his hoarse voice<sup>16</sup> forth,  
 Which, like a blast fierce rushing from the north,

<sup>12</sup> Inquisition. Hence the Lacedæmonians took their *Κεάδαζ* which is mentioned in Pausanias's *Messen*. Hence likewise our good Christians have borrowed their Inquisition.

<sup>13</sup> The devil is here represented bringing his flames from hell, to burn the bodies of those good men whose zeal inspires them to suffer for their religion; from a consciousness, that he should have no power to hurt them hereafter.

<sup>14</sup> The original here being very obscure, the translator hath ventured on an anachronism, to pay a compliment to his own country.

<sup>15</sup> Floating ghastly. Milton seems to have had this in his eye, where he describes Satan in the same posture;

————— his other parts beside,  
 Prone on the flood, extended long and large,  
 Lay floating many a rood.

<sup>16</sup> His hoarse voice. Hoarseness is admirably imitated by the sound of the verse in the original, which, it would almost make one hoarse to repeat. Something like it is attempted by the translator.

Dispersed the gloom <sup>17</sup> of hell. Mammon he calls,  
 His voice burst through the adamantine walls.  
 Within a long recess, <sup>18</sup> where never ray  
 Of light ethereal scares the fiends with day,  
 But fainting tapers glimmering pale around,  
 With darkness, their sulphureous steams confound,  
 The dome of Mammon rose, aloft in air,  
 Reflecting through the gloom a golden glare.  
 Here horroure reigns, still miserably great  
 In solemn melancholy pomp of state.

<sup>17</sup> Dispersed the gloom. So Horace,

Albus ut obscuro deterget nubila cœlo  
 Sæpe notus —————

And Homer himself in another place gives the epithet of *ἀθηρογενής* to Boreas. Il. O. xv. 171. The comparison of the breath of the infernal spirit to a northern blast, is so truly Homeric, that it leaves no room to doubt who was the author of this poem. Thus Homer compares the glittering of Diomede to the Dog-Star; on which occasion I cannot help observing, Mr. Pope gives too hasty a preference to Virgil, who hath only expressed what is sufficiently implied with greater brevity, and perhaps dignity, in his master. The very mention of the *Ἰδούλιος* was sufficient to convey the idea of its malign influence, especially to the ancients, who were so terrified at its appearance, that the inhabitants of Cos were wont to sacrifice to this star, in order to avert his rage. Hector in the 11th Iliad, and Achilles in the 22d, are in the same manner compared to this star.

<sup>18</sup> Within a long recess. Hence Virgil,

Est in secessu longo locus.

which the commentators, not having seen this poem, imagine he copied from the 13th Odyssey. This description of Mammon's Palace will hardly strike the reader with so dreadful an image, as it did the translator. I can not forbear mentioning the propriety of these two epithets, huge and dark, applied to the lantern; the former of which expresses the ostentation, and the latter the uselessness of riches: nor can the reader be presented with an idea so capable of inspiring him with a contempt of over-grown wealth, as that of a huge lantern never lighted.



EDWARD VERNON ESQ.  
Admiral of the White Squadron

Admiral Edward Vernon (1684-1757.)

*From an old engraving.*

Dispers'd the gloom of hell. Manna he calls,  
 His voice have rung the adamantine walls.  
 Within a long recess, <sup>18</sup> where never ray  
 Of light e'er came, scarce did he breathe with day,  
 But faintly lights surrounding him around,  
 With <sup>19</sup> *est in secessu longo locus* profound,  
 The <sup>20</sup> *Albus ut obscuro deterget nubila cælo*  
 Hallowing himself the <sup>21</sup> *Sape notus* *—————*  
 Here, <sup>22</sup> *Albus ut obscuro deterget nubila cælo*  
 In <sup>23</sup> *Sape notus* *—————* *—————*

<sup>18</sup> *Est in secessu longo locus* — *in Hæcæe,*

*Albus ut obscuro deterget nubila cælo*  
*Sape notus —————*

And Homer himself in another place gives the epithet of *ἀιθρηγενής* to Boreas. Il. O. xv. 171. The comparison of the breath of the infernal spirit to a northern blast, is so truly Homeric, that it leaves no room to doubt who was the author of this poem. Thus Homer compares the glittering of Eumele to the Dog-Star; on which occasion I cannot help observing, Mr. Pope gives too hasty a preference to Virgil, who had only expressed what is sufficiently implied with greater brevity, and perhaps dignity in his master. The very mention of the *ἄστὴρ Ἰσίδωρος* was sufficient to convey the idea of its malign influence, especially to the ancients, who were so terrified at the appearance, that the inhabitants of Cos were wont to sacrifice in that way, in order to avert its rage. Hæctor in the 11th Iliad, and Achilles in the 22d, are in the same manner compared to this star.

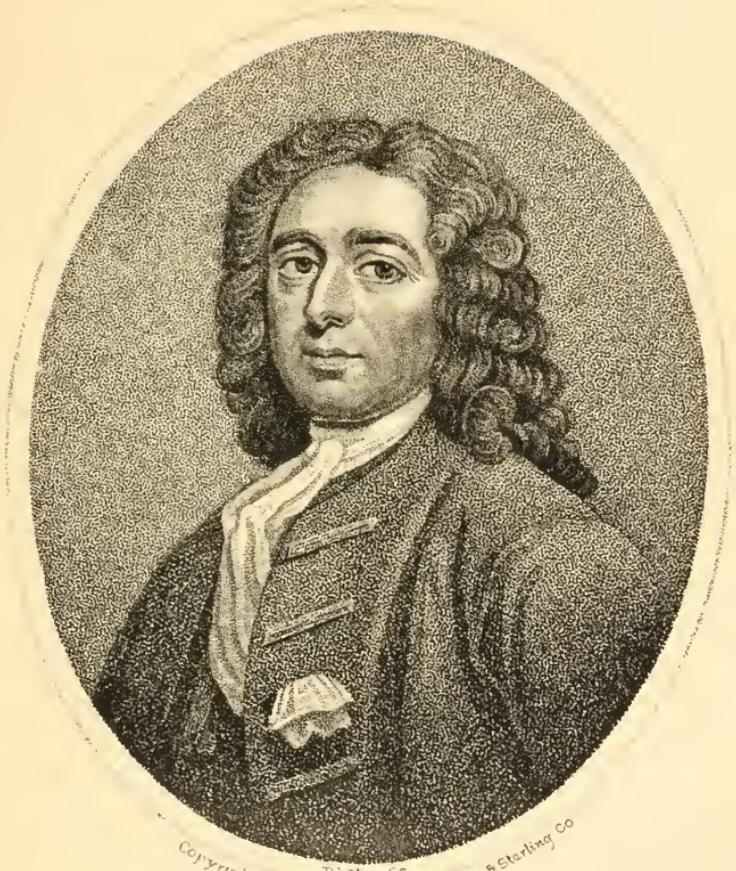
<sup>18</sup> Within a long recess. Hence Virgil,

*Est in secessu longo locus*

which the commentators, not having seen this poem, imagine he copied from the 13th Odyssey. The description of Manna's Palace will hardly strike the reader with so successful an image, as it did our Translator. I was not however considering the propriety of these two epithets, long and dark, applied to the lantern; the former of them expresses the situation, and the latter the uselessness of it: you see the reader be presented with an idea so capable of inspiring him with a contempt of overgrown wealth, as that of a huge lantern never lighted.

( 721 ) *Admiral Edward Vernon (1717)*

*—————*



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EDWARD VERNON ESQ<sup>R</sup>



Admiral of the White Squadron



A huge dark lantern hung up in his hall,  
And heaps of ill-got pictures<sup>19</sup> hid the wall.

<sup>19</sup> Ill-got pictures hid. Ill-got may here be understood of the pictures themselves, or the method of obtaining them. Indeed by the latter part of the verse, where they are represented as of no other use but to hide the wall, I should rather prefer the former sense; and as our poet everywhere attempts to inculcate a contempt of riches, I apprehend he here endeavours to satirise the clumsiness and want of taste, which is so often apparent in the expenses of great men. There is a passage in Virgil, which I have long suspected, and which, if rightly cured, will carry a strong savour of our author. The line I point at is the 486th of the first Æneid. All the copies I have ever seen, read it thus:

——Animum pictura pascit inani.

Insulse! Why inani? Do we believe this was an imaginary, not a real picture? Correct it thus:

——Animum pictura pascit inanem,

He pleased his empty scull with staring at the pictures. Thus Horace,

——Tollens vacuum plus nimio gloria verticem.

Carm. Lib. I, Ode 17.

But this reading is farther corroborated by Virgil himself in the 498th and 499th verses of the same book.

Hæc dum Dardanio Æneæ miranda videntur,  
Dum stupet, obtutuque hæret defixus in uno:

where that noble poet hath drawn a stupid fellow, staring at the picture, and that in the strongest colours. This passage gives me an idea, which I cannot well set down on paper; nor is it possible to convey it better to the reader than by desiring him to imagine some rich man, without the least taste, having purchased a picture at an immense price, lifting up his eyes at it with wonder and astonishment, without being able to discover wherein its true merit lies; according to the image in Mr. Dryden's Cymon and Iphigenia.

The fool of nature, stood with stupid eyes  
And gaping mouth that testified surprise.

We hope the pictures we have drawn in this note will strike some great connoisseurs.

"Mammon, least hateful of all fiends below  
 To me; to man the greatest deadliest foe,<sup>20</sup>  
 Shall we thus smoothly see the ages run,<sup>21</sup>  
 And view triumphant whom we wish undone?  
 What strange new clemency our morals taints!  
 How our hate slumbers, and our fierceness faints!  
 No more our Lewis<sup>22</sup> spreads the iron chain,  
 For Europe's<sup>23</sup> neck which Marlborough<sup>24</sup> cut in  
 twain;

<sup>20</sup>To man the greatest foe. Here we have the reason given us why Satan fixed on Mammon for this enterprise. We are told, he was of all infernal spirits the greatest foe to man; Milton calls him the least erect of all the fallen angels, saying, that he was of so abject a nature, that he admired nothing in heaven but the golden pavement. The poet, under this odious character, represents to us the great power and various evils of riches; and indeed, the only objection of any weight which hath been raised against believing Homer to have been the author of this poem, is, that the description of riches in it seems to have been drawn by one better acquainted with them than we have reason to suppose him to have been: But even this will be by no means conclusive; for not to mention the poet, whom my friend Hogarth, the exactest copier of nature, hath introduced treating of riches, in no very rich situation. I believe it may be asserted that the power and weight of wealth is best felt by poverty, which most rich men endeavour to insult and crush.

<sup>21</sup>Shall we thus, &c. So Claudian in *Rusinum*, Lib. I.

Siccine tranquillo produci sæcula cursu?  
 Sic fortunatas patiemur vivere gentes?  
 Quæ nova corruptit nostros elementia mores?  
 Quo rabies innata perit?

<sup>22</sup>Lewis in the original. *Λῶνις* King of Thrace, great grandfather by the mother side to Lyncurgus.

<sup>23</sup>Europe, that part of it bordered on Thrace.

<sup>24</sup>Marlborough. *Μαλβορθ* in the Greek, who is by some thought to have been the same with Hercules. Dr. B. will have it derived from *μαλα* valde, and *βορὰ* cibis; quasi discret, Qui Martem multo cibo satiabat. Whether he has been rightly confounded with Hercules, I will not determine; certain it is that

Charles,<sup>25</sup> who their bowels from vast empires tore,  
 Now sleeps, and plagues the northern world no more.  
 Iberia now alone asserts our reign,  
 Inspired by us, she launches on the main;  
 In peace she plunders, in cold blood can kill,  
 And even emulates ourselves in ill.  
 But see, at length, Augusta's navy arms,  
 And her foes tremble with her just alarms;  
 Haste, Mammon, haste, ascend thy glittering bar,  
 Haste, and obstruct the progress of the war."  
 He ceased, and sunk his head within the flood  
 Sulphureous hissed,<sup>26</sup> and quaked the molten mud,

his labours were at least equal to that hero's, and that he engaged a monster as fierce as the hydra; but this could not be the hydra conquered by Hercules: for, in the first place, the monster which our *Μαλβοροθ* attacked had indeed many thousands of hands, but no more than one head. Secondly, he did not slay him, he only cut off his hands, which after the death of *Μαλβοροθ* all grew again, and the monster recovered his former strength, by the assistance of a certain magician called *ὄσονος* or *ῥσονος* or according to the Laconians. *ῥσονορ* in Latin Hishonor. This magician is said to have invented a certain aurum potable, by which he could turn men into swine or asses, whence some think he had his name *ῥς* signifying a swine, and *οκορ* Laconice *ὄνορ* an ass. Sanchoniathon. Pherecydes in lib. amiss. &c.

<sup>25</sup> Charles who, &c. The Greek is *Χαριλαος* a name of which Plutarch in the Life of Lyncurgus gives us this etymology, viz.: *Χαιρω* Gaudeo, and *Λαδς* Populus; insinuating, that all people rejoiced at his birth; which, as he was born to plunder them, is very probable. This inclination of theirs, the honours in all ages paid to conquerors (alias robbers) tyrants (alias murderers) and prime ministers (alias plunderers) sufficiently testify. The *Χαριλαθ* mentioned by Plutarch was the nephew of the Lacedemonian Lyncurgus; who this *Χαριλαθ* was is not so certain; neither is his country: Dr. B—— places him on one side of the Caspian Sea, and Burman on the other.

<sup>26</sup> Sulphureous hissed. So Ovid, 5 Metam. 405.

Perque lacus sacros et olentia sulphuro fertur stagna.

And Milton. Fiery gulph. Fiery waves. Burning lake, &c.

Back to his Dome, obedient Mammon flies,  
 And from his hoard a mighty bag supplies  
 With that allpowerful metal, whose command  
 We neither dare to fly from, nor withstand.  
 Detain it, hell, and send us in its room,  
 Fever, pale-faced,<sup>27</sup> or plague with spotted plume;  
 Around us flutter famine's<sup>28</sup> meagre shade;  
 Let earthquakes shake us, or the sword invade.  
 In vain with steel the foe alarms our isle,  
 Secure we find a bulwark in A——<sup>29</sup>  
 But gold, though blest with him, we may bemoan,  
 His virtue there secures himself alone.  
 Augusta's fleet now, entring on the main,  
 Ploughed frothy furrows on the liquid plain,  
 When perched upon a rock old Mammon sate,  
 And thus in indignation did debate:  
 " Shall I submit to those whom I despise,  
 And quit my schemes as B—— did<sup>30</sup> his E——?

<sup>27</sup> Fever pale-faced. Horace in imitation perhaps of our author hath personified the same malady.

——nova Febrium  
 Ferris incubuit Cohors.

And Virgil and Claudian have done the same by decess itself.

——Primis in faucibus Orci  
 Pallentes habitant Morbi——  
 Impatiensque sui Morbus, &c.

<sup>28</sup> Around us flutter famine. Hence Virgil,

Nox atra cava circumvolat Umbra.

<sup>29</sup> A——. We here follow the original strictly, nor have put the name at length, since he must be egregiously ignorant of history who cannot fill it up. Homer perhaps writ in this manner whilst the hero was alive, for fear of offending him, who never gave any other reason to his great intimates to suspect he liked praise, than by continually deserving it.

<sup>30</sup> As B——, &c. This word, as well as that at the end of the verse being likewise easy to be filled up, we shall leave the original to our reader as we found it.

Shall I this fleet permit to scour the sea?  
 And then excuse myself by Fates decree?  
 Shall I let merchants triumph, and no more  
 See their rich ships made booty on their shore?  
 Merchants! <sup>31</sup> whom I must envy; for their wealth  
 Is by just means acquired, but mine by stealth;  
 And while I'm cursed for every groat, their pains  
 Are honoured most, when most returned with gains."<sup>32</sup>  
 Could Buckin <sup>32</sup> \* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* \* \*

But I who—I who—am—or look thus big,  
 (Then strutted he about and set his wig.)  
 With one poor city this long strife maintain;

<sup>31</sup> Merchants! &c. It may be asked why Mammon should have an animosity against merchants, since it may be imagined their wealth should rather recommend them to him? To which I answer, first, that poverty, which is so detestable in Mammon's sight, is the mother of industry, on which all trade and merchandise is founded.

Secondly, It is the nature of trade to circulate and spread riches universally, whereas the delight of Mammon is to engross and amass them into one private heap. Thirdly, Mammon as the God of Riches, must be supposed likewise ambitious of power; it is therefore reasonable to conceive the cause of his antipathy to a set of men, who from an honest pride which attends riches, when the effects of merit and procured by industry might be more sparing of their sacrifices, and less humble to his honour than those wretches, who (their wealth however great not being equal to their luxury) would submit at any rate to receive his riches and his bounty. Our author therefore hath no where copied nature with more exactness and penetration than by making Mammon express an hatred for merchants

<sup>32</sup> I have presented this passage to the reader, as it stands in the original. Some antiquaries imagine these were originally Greek characters, something resembling those on the *Βεζροφιδον* but much older. One antiquary lost his eyes, and another his understanding, in endeavouring to decypher them.

What will ever kiss my—again;<sup>33</sup>  
 Will flatter, cringe or bend his body low?  
 Sure little Billy<sup>34</sup> will forget to bow:

<sup>33</sup> Kiss my—again. This hiatus is indeed highly to be lamented. It is doubtless a place of great obscurity. A hole (says one) which the devil would not attempt to stop. Dr. B. calls it, not without a sneer, *Ditis spiraculum*; whence I imagine he smells the true reading: however I shall venture to offer a conjecture in opposition to those who would supply the word *σῶμα* (mouth) in the original, being (say they) the only seat of kissing. But, first, Aristophanes shows us, that the Corinthian ladies were wont to present another part to their lovers.

*Τὸν προκτὸν ἀντὰς ἐυθὺς ὡς τῆτον τρέπων.*—Plut. 153.

And this too it seems was a very particular favour, and conferred only on their rich favourites. Venus was so liberal of the same part that she obtained the epithet of *καλλιπογοῖ*. Nor was this a sign of wantonness; for when Homer describes the chaste Andromache taking leave of her husband, he says she did it *εντροπαλιζουμένη*, a word which hath been misunderstood by all his modern commentators. Virgil, who truly comprehends his meaning, renders this word by *avertens*,

*Dixit et avertens rosea cervice refulsit.*

Whence we may observe, that Æneas did not know his own mother until she turned that part to him which he had been used to kiss, and immediately he adds,

*Et vera incesso patuit Dea*——

I shall take no notice of the *divinum odorem spiravere*, nor need I mention that after he had paid his compliments to her, then again:

*Pedes vestis defluxit ad imas.*

I might conclude that our better sort of people retain this certain mark of their Trojan antiquity to this day, and when they intend to make you a very high compliment, it is by saying, *kiss my*—a phrase which a certain great person uses so frequently, that a wit once said of him, that like the snake in the almanack, he always carried his tail in his mouth. But what puts this out of all doubt, is an ancient coin which hath been lately republished, where a great man presents this amiable part to be saluted by his visitants.

<sup>34</sup> Little Billy, some insignificant fellow whom history takes no notice of.

Even he will dare to look upwards, scorn my ease,  
 And fearless lift his nostrils to my face.  
 Thus he with voice indignant roared and streight  
 His chariot mounts, which bended with his weight.  
 So on the stage, as nimble and as light  
 Into the basket <sup>35</sup> leaps the doughty knight.  
 And now he bids his charioteer resort  
 With swiftest pace to th' Æolian court.  
 Down in a vale the Æolian palace stands,  
 The mighty master-piece of mortal hands;  
 A hollow pile, whose marble front displays  
 To Sol its whiteness, and reflects his rays;  
 Within all dark, impervious to the sight,<sup>36</sup>  
 The mimick windows <sup>37</sup> ne'er admitting light.  
 Below, a thousand subterraneous cells,<sup>38</sup>  
 Where each rough wind in separate lodgings dwells:  
 Eternal murmurs thro' the cave abound;  
 Aloft sits Æolus, and puffs around;<sup>39</sup>

<sup>35</sup> Into a basket. This shows the stage is much ancients than is commonly imagined, as well as the great antiquity of the basket, which is universally known to have been in use in the times of Aristophanes; and it is apprehended (had not a wholesome law prevented it) would by this time have been in use again, and another fat knight might have been exposed in it.

<sup>36</sup> Impervious to the sight. Ovid had imitated this in his palace of sheep.

Quo nunquam Radiis, oriens mediusve cadensve.  
 Phæbus adire potest.

<sup>37</sup> Mimick windows. This fashion of building sham windows exists at this day.

<sup>38</sup> Hence Garth,

Winds lay hushed in subterranean beds,  
 Dispens. Canto II.

<sup>39</sup> Puffs around. The Greek is,

— Γνᾶθὺς ψύσῃσε παχείας.

<sup>40</sup> He puffed out his bloated cheeks. Though this, if understood literally, gives us a very good picture of the God of Winds, I am

Here o'er his treasury of winds presides,  
Their motions governs,<sup>40</sup> and their breathing guides,

rather inclined to believe Homer had here in his eye some empty, conceited fellow of his time, whom he lashes here in the character of Æolus, as he hath again in his *Batrachomomachia*, where he gives the epithet of *φυσίγναθ* to *Βάτραχ*, *i. e.* a puffed up toad. And Aristophanes uses the verb *ψύσασ* in the same sense in his *Thesmophoriazousai*.

*Εν. Γεωαῖος εἶ,  
κάθιζε, ψύσα τὴν γνάθον τὴν δεξιάν*

Which may be thus translated. "Sir you are a great man; will your honour be pleased to sit down? Come puff me up your right cheek, and that will convince us all of your greatness." In the same manner Platus uses the verb *Sufflo* in his *Stichus*, where one servant bids the other puff up his cheeks like a venomous serpent. The same author likewise in another play, introduces a very extraordinary puffer, who is complimented by his parasite with having puffed away whole armies, like so many leaves of a tree. In this metaphorical sense we now use the word puff, which as well as the thing itself, is at present in great vogue.

<sup>40</sup>Their motions governs, &c. Æolus is here introduced at the head of his winds, with the same absolute authority which Jupiter in the beginning of the 8th *Iliad* exerts over the rest of the gods, with a literal translation of which I shall present the reader:

"Hark ye me, all you Gods, and all you Goddesses; I will tell you what the wrath in my stomach prompts me to: Let not one Deity among you, whether male or female, attempt to invalidate my motion; but, nemine contradicente, go all of you into it, that I may quickly accomplish the work I am upon. For if I shall perceive any one of you withdraw himself from me, and assist the Trojans or Greeks, he shall not get back to the Olympick House without the marks of my resentment; or I will cast him out into tartarean obscurity, into a deep dungeon with iron gates and brazen thresholds, as far below hell as heaven is from earth. I'll make the rascal sensible, how much superior I am in power to all the rest of the Gods. But come on and make one experiment for your satisfaction. Bring forth a golden chain, enter into a confederacy, and hang yourselves all on it; you shall not be able to pull down from his seat Jupiter the chief counsellor; no, though you do your utmost. But if I undertake to draw, at one tug away comes earth and sea along with it. Then would I fasten the chain to the top of Olympus, and

Now bids them all be silent, and now blow,  
 While all submissive watch his ay or no.<sup>41</sup>  
 Which did he not, their unresisted sway  
 Would sweep the world before 'em in their way.  
 In vain would travellers resist their force;  
 The greatest man their fury would unhorse,<sup>42</sup>  
 Hurl from his saddle, and dash forth his brains,  
 Regardless of his spurs, or golden reins.  
 In vain long artful puzzling schemes of power  
 The minister would lay; when in an hour  
 The work of ages would be overthrown,  
 And all the Babel project tumbled down.<sup>43</sup>  
 But Jupiter, who wisely this foresaw,  
 Restrained their fury by a bribing awe;

leave the whole universe dangling at the end of it. So much am I superior to Gods and mortals."

"There is another picture of arbitrary power in the Iliad worth observing."

*Ἄλλ' ὄδ' ἀνὴρ θέλει περὶ πάντων ἔμμεναι ἄλλων  
 πάντων μὲν κρατέειν θέλει, παντεσσι δ' ἀνάσσειν  
 πᾶσι δὲ σημαίνειν.—Il. I. 287.*

But that imperious, the unconquered soul,  
 No laws can limit, no respect controul:  
 Before his pride must his superiors fall,  
 His word the law, and he the lord of all?

POPE.

<sup>41</sup> Ay or no. It is impossible that Homer here by the winds intended to show the insignificance of inferiors in an absolute government. This brings to my mind a passage in Aulus Gellius: *Non pauci sunt qui opinantur Pedarios Senatores appellatos, qui sententiam in Senatu non verbis dicerent, sed in alienam sententiam pedibus irent.*

Lib III. c 18.

<sup>42</sup> Thus Cato describes the force of the wind Cereius. His words are *quum loquare, Buccam implet, Armatum Hominem, plaustrum oneratum percellit.*

Gell. Lib. II. cap. 22.

<sup>43</sup> This is a little obscure, but Homer's meaning is, that it would be in vain for any man to lay schemes in order to procure vast sums of money and build fine houses which the winds would blow down again.

Made Æolus, dispenser of their meat;  
 (Ev'n winds subsist not long,<sup>44</sup> unless they eat,)  
 Gave them moreover vanity and pride,<sup>45</sup>  
 To be by Æolus, alone, supply'd.  
 Hence he rewards the wind that bellows best  
 With a rich cell adorned beyond the rest.  
 But Boreas should he dare unbid to roar,  
 Would be turned out and be a wind no more.  
 Whilst some poor breeze, of some ignoble race  
 'Til then unheard of, would supply his place.  
 Thus Æolus with arbitrary sway  
 Lords it aloft, and all the winds obey.  
 Here Mammon came, and at the palace gate  
 Alighting, saw the winds in order wait,  
 Bowing he passed forgetful of his pride,  
 And as he passed, he touched<sup>46</sup> on every side.  
 At length, into the ruler's presence led,  
 Thus with his wonted eloquence<sup>47</sup> he said.

<sup>44</sup> Winds subsist not, &c. This is strictly agreeable to philosophy, and finely touched upon by Milton. Paradise Lost, V. 417.

<sup>45</sup> Vanity and pride. The passions are rightly ascribed to the winds, which as Dr. Trapp observes, in his learned notes on the first Georgic, proceed from vapours. When we impute them to men, we are obliged to borrow our metaphors from the winds; thus we say, He is blown up with vanity, puffed up with pride, &c.

<sup>46</sup> Touched, *i. e.* bribed. Perfectly in the character of Mammon. To touch is metaphorically used in this sense, for man is represented as a touch-stone; and his rejecting gold when offered him is understood as an indication that it is not true gold.

<sup>47</sup> Wonted eloquence. Bribery. Thus Euripides,

*Χρυσὸς δὲ κρείσσων μυρίων λόγων Βρότοις.*

Gold hath more eloquence in the ears of men than ten thousand harangues. But it seems it is not only able to inspire men to speak; it can also oblige them to hold their tongues; of which Plutarch in the Life of Demosthenes, tells us the following story: Harpalus flying from Alexander to the Athenians besought their protection, which, the other public orators having their eyes dazzled *ἐποφθαλμιάζαντες* with his gold, persuaded the people to accord

“Æolus! for to thee the king of heaven  
 The power of tempests, and of winds has given;  
 Thy force alone their fury can restrain  
 And smooth the waves, and swell the troubled main.

him: but Demosthenes (not having yet touched) insisted on his dismission, that they might not involve themselves in an unnecessary war. A few days afterwards Harpalus observing Demosthenes much pleased with the royal cup, and examining the sculpture and beauty of its fashion, desired him to handle it, and consider the weight of the gold; Demosthenes being surprised with its heaviness, and asking what it would bring *πόσον ἄγει* which is a pun in the original; Harpalus answered with a smile, twenty talents: and the next night sent it him with that sum, for Harpalus had a shrewd knack at discovering a man's passion for gold by the blinking of his eyes. Demosthenes could not hold out, but being smitten with the bribe, like a town that hath received a garrison into it, came over to Harpalus; and the next day, having carefully wrapped up his neck with wool and swathes, came forth into the assembly of the people; and when they called on him to stand up and speak, he made signs, as one who had a total impediment in his speech; upon which the wits in derision cried out: His throat is not stopped with a squinzy, but with money. The original is *γὰρ ἀπὸ συνάγκης* (or rather *κυνάττης*) ἀλλὰ ἀπ' ἀργυραγωγῶς a quibble which it is impossible to translate. The same story is told in Aulus Gellius, Lib. XI. cap. 9. I shall here (since I am speaking of the force of money) add a quotation from this last author in his next succeeding chapter. Caius Gracchus in his speech against the Aufeian law, thus addresses the Romans.

“For you, gentlemen, if you please to employ your wisdom in the enquiry, will find no man comes hither, without a bribe. All we, who open our mouths, aim at some reward; nor doth any one appear before you, but in order to carry something away from you. Even I, who am persuading you to increase your tributes, that you may the better conduct your own affairs and the republics, do not make my appearance gratis, though I aim not at your money, but your good opinion and esteem; those, who would dissuade this law, seek not your esteem, but the money of Nicodemus.”

I shall conclude this note with the tag of an old song:

Sing tantararara, bribe all, bribe all,  
 Sing tantararara b—bs all.

A race of sturdy slaves <sup>48</sup> abhorred by me,  
 With prosperous passage cut the British sea,  
 Their course to my Iberia's court they steer,  
 Iberia for her wealth to me so dear;  
 Rouze western blasts and stop their full career.  
 'Tis not my way to ask a boon for nought;  
 Thy favours shall at any price be bought.  
 If beauty's charms be most thy darling care,  
 My gold, which none resist, shall buy the fair;  
 Another Sh——bury <sup>49</sup> if the land afford  
 (She is, alas! not venal, nor her lord)  
 But find another with those charms divine,  
 Maid, wife or widow, she is surely thine;  
 Else her and hers in poverty I'll souse,<sup>50</sup>  
 Down goes the noble and the virtuous house.  
 Or, in thy thoughts, if ornaments excell,  
 (And sure a briban <sup>51</sup> would become thee well)  
 These thou shalt have, or if,——within your ear,  
 Assure it to thyself, my power is clear,  
 If all these, singly, in thine eyes seem small,  
 Here, take my purse, and that will buy them all.  
 For doubting, sure, thou canst have no pretence;  
 To shun a bribe must argue want of sense.  
 A wise man's conscience always hath a price:  
 Those that are dear are called by blockheads nice.

<sup>48</sup> Sturdy slaves. *σδρδαλοι βεγαρες μὲν* vide *suprà*.

<sup>49</sup> Sh——bury, in the original *Χαρτων μία*, *i. e.* one of the graces. Homer hath a passage in his 14 Il. v. 267, very similar to this; which Virgil hath finely imitated.

<sup>50</sup> Souse. This word is rather too burlesque for an epick poem, but I could find no other strong enough.

<sup>51</sup> Briban *Ἄ Β ζιβων* in MS. a word which I can by no means arrive at the true meaning, or indeed any meaning, at all of. Some will read it *τριβων* but why Mammon should present Æolus with an old cloak is not so easily to be conceived. Others contend that *Βριβων* is a compound of *Βρι* valde and *Βων* Dor. pro. *Byv*, nummus, and here signifies a large sum of money. Others again will have

Nature 'twixt men no other bounds hath set  
 Than that of sums—the little and the great.  
 Nor is it reckoned scandalous, to be  
 A rogue. The scandal lies in the degree;  
 A little robber meets my disregard,  
 A great one my embraces and reward;  
 And laws the little rogues alone pursue,  
 As floods drown those not able to swim thro'.  
 If then, above my offered price you soar,  
 Send forth your winds—and then demand me more.  
 But sure, no virtue holds your fearful hands:  
 Nor love nor pity, nor great Jove's commands;  
 Virtue's a name a bubble or a fart,<sup>52</sup>  
 And starves the belly where it rules the heart.  
 Virtue as distant from our interest lies<sup>53</sup>  
 As fire from water, or from earth the skies:  
 A fleeting shadow of a substance dead;  
 And as for Jove, he troubles not his head;  
 But on his throne sips nectar, and then nods,  
 And leaves the earth to us, his demy-gods:  
 Cares not the affairs of wretched men to know,  
 Indifferent where I plunder, or you blow,

it to be a corruption of *Ἀρραβῶν* which signifies an earnest; and this reading they say may be restored by joining the A to the word, and by the changing only two letters; and some pretend to have seen a copy where the letter B is omitted. Judices, Lector erudite, I can't omit however the reading which a facetious friend of mine hath offered in the translation, viz. A bribe on; *i. e.* it would become thee as a badge to show all the world thou art bribed, agreeable to the doctrine before laid down by Mammon.

<sup>52</sup> This disregard to virtue and nobility, is highly suitable to the character of Mammon.

<sup>53</sup> Virtue as distant, &c. Lucan hath imitated this speech of Mammon, particularly in these two lines, which he puts into the mouth of Pothinus.

———— Sidera Terra

Ut distant et flamma mari, sic utile recto.

Pharsal. Lib. viii.

As some rapacious heir,<sup>54</sup> with eager eyes  
 Sees on the board the golden heaps arise."  
 The careful miser oft recounts it o'er,  
 And, though for gain, reluctant quits the store;

<sup>54</sup> This simile is truly of the epick, and agrees with an observation which have somewhere met with, on the similes of the three great epick poets, viz. that though they do not affect with a glaring resemblance at first, yet these great masters never leave the simile, till they have struck out something which conveys a beautiful or noble idea to the reader. Thus the two first lines of this simile scarce affect us at all. And in the four last, the images rise gradually above each other. Here we see first the caution with which the wages of corruption are distributed, and the great care used lest any of the scandalous receivers should be over-paid. Secondly. The reluctance with which such seeming favours are bestowed, in order to wipe off all colour of generosity from them. Thirdly. The eagerness with which they are swallowed by vicious minds. And fourthly, the curse of attending them. Lest these beauties should be overlooked by any ordinary reader, I have been thus particular in their explanation. And indeed it is to be wished that some little pains were taken in pointing out the beauties of modern poets, who with half the labour which hath been thrown away on the ancient might, I doubt not, be proved greatly to excell the said Antients; and certainly it will not be said, that the moderns are less obscure; for though Persius be the most obscure of all the Latin authors, and Lycophron of all the Greek, yet they are, notwithstanding the great distance of time, to be understood even by foreigners; whereas many of the moderns are not intelligible even to their own countrymen, without the help of some commentator, who with infinite pains, and long travelling through strange books, at last by accident, rather than any thing else, arrives at their meaning. Of this we have an instance in the prosaick works of our Laureate, several parts of which till explained by the herculean labours of Captain Vinegar, were by no means to be comprehended. I shall attempt an example in his poeticks.

Lord of the main, the British power looks round,  
 But finds no glorious foe that would be found;  
 War-bound in ports the frightened spoilers lie,  
 Nor dare to swell a sail in Britain's eye.

Ode, Birth-Day. Col. Cib. Sq.; Po. La. 1740.

The youth, at last, of present pleasure fond,  
 Snatches the gold, regardless of the bond;  
 So Æolus long wishfull eyed the purse,  
 Then grasped it fast, nor feared Jove's future curse.  
 " 'Tis yours,<sup>55</sup> he cry'd, all beings to command,  
 The nerves of power are glittering in your hand.  
 Virtue and honour wisely you contemn,  
 In value both capricious as a gem.  
 All were by Roman virtue overcome,  
 For virtue was the money of old Rome.  
 Beauty for gems<sup>56</sup> is in Augusta sold,  
 For in Augusta gems are bought with gold;

He that can understand this without a comment, shall by my consent be critic Laureate, whereas by making found and bound change places, what is easier? Then the sense runs, Britain finds no foe glorious enough to venture being bound in her chains: for war being found out (alluding to the situation of affairs during the twelve years preceding our declaration of war, when it was impossible to say whether he had war or peace) the frightened spoilers lie, &c. I shall conclude this note, which had sprung into an unusual length, by observing that if Dr. Bentley had never given us his comment on Milton, it is more than possible few of us would have understood that poet in the same surprisngly fine manner with that great critic.

<sup>55</sup> 'Tis yours, &c. The address of Æolus in flattering Mammon with the great force of money, will be remarked by a judicious reader; his comparing virtue to a jewel, and considering both as receiving their value from money, may be perhaps aimed at that extravagant flattery which one would imagine should raise a blush in the receiver as well as the giver. Perhaps by putting flattery into the mouth of Æolus, Homer would insinuate, that all unjust praise is to be regarded only as mere empty wind.

<sup>56</sup> Beauty for gems. Tradition tells us, the people of this island were so corrupt, that it was common for husbands to prostitute their wives, and parents their children for money; nay, it is affirmed that many made a public livelihood of this infamous trade; and were neither ashamed of it themselves, or upbraided for it by others.

Should wanton fashion your great steps pursue,  
 And scorn all gems, as virtue's scorned by you;<sup>57</sup>  
 Both jewels would be held alike at nought;  
 B——ps would frown, and D——rds<sup>58</sup> not lend a  
 groat.

As all things lay in one great chaos hurled,  
 'Till lucid order<sup>59</sup> first had formed the world:  
 So from one common mass you call things forth,  
 And at your pleasure give each atom worth.<sup>60</sup>  
 A toy so simple, that with proud disdain  
 The rural nymph rejects it from her swain:  
 Past through your hands,<sup>61</sup> receives another name,  
 And is preferred to virtue, honour, fame.  
 All things in colours, as you bid them, glow,  
 Virtue looks black,<sup>62</sup> and vice resembles snow.

<sup>57</sup> Virtues scorned by you. Those who are acquainted with the character of Mammon, will highly taste this passage.

<sup>58</sup> B——ps and D——rds. These two words are imperfect in the Greek. I suppose they were both proper names, the former probably dealt in virtue, and the latter in jewels. Such kind of traders as we read in scripture were driven out of the temple.

<sup>59</sup> Lucid order. *Lucidus ordo*, Horace.

<sup>60</sup> At your pleasure give each atom worth. In the same light Mammon or Plutus is described by Aristophanes.

*Μονωτάτθ γὰρ εἶ σὺ πάντων αἰτιθ  
 καὶ τ' κακῶν καὶ τ' αγαθῶν*

Plut. 182. 3.

Thou art the onliest cause of all good or evil.

<sup>61</sup> Passed through your hands. Alluding to gilding, or washing with gold. The rest of this speech represents the various power of riches.

<sup>62</sup> Virtue looks black. This is meant (says one) of the clergy only, who always appear in black, and cannot be extended to the law, which is very often in black in the morning, and in lace and embroidery in the afternoon. But with submission, I apprehend this is not meant particularly of either: for why should the blackness in the beginning of the line be rather applied to their gowns, than the whiteness at the end of it to their surplices. The meaning of the poet in these four lines, is no more than that riches often

Pale honour sickens with a yellow mien,  
 And infamy in scarlet robes is seen.  
 Nature turns back and shudders at my reign,  
 And fate at last laments his broken chain.  
 Dulness and ignorance though thee preserve,<sup>63</sup>  
 Their faint weak works, while wit and learning starve.  
 Nor things inanimate alone obey,  
 Submissive men yield to thy sway.  
 The world's thy puppet-shew,<sup>64</sup> and human things<sup>65</sup>  
 Dance, or hang by, as thou dost touch the strings.

give those honours to vice which are due to virtue, and that disgrace to virtue which is the just portion of vice. So Hesiod.

πλύτω δ' ἀρετῇ κί κῦδθ, ὀπηδεῖ

Virtue and honour always attend riches,

Ovid in his *Fastorum*.

————— Dat Census Honores.

I shall add Garth in his *Dispensary*.

————— Gold makes a patrician of a slave,  
 A dwarf an Atlas, a Thersites brave:  
 It cancels all defects, and in their places,  
 Finds sense in B————, &c.

Dispens. Canto. II.

<sup>63</sup> Dullness and ignorance preserve their works, &c. The poet alludes to those books which are well bound and gilt. Mr. Pope in his *Dunciad* introduces this thought very prettily, by ascribing it to the care which the author himself takes for the preservation of his offspring.

————— which fond authors were so good to gild.

Others imagine this is a sneer at rich and injudicious patrons, who encourage the writings of blockheads, while Homer himself starved.

<sup>64</sup> The world's thy puppet-show. Puppet-shows are of great antiquity. Lucian *De Dea Syria* mentions a puppet-show which was played in honour of Bacchus, in that antient temple, which he built to Juno in Syria. He describes the puppets to have been little men

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<sup>65</sup> Human things. Men.

In gay and solemn characters they shine,  
 In robes or rags: for all the skill is thine.  
 Behind the curtain in a various note,  
 Thou bawlest or thou squeakest through each throat.  
 Each puppet's drest, as to thy will seems good,  
 The robes thou giv'st them—and the rest is wood.  
 "Enough, enough," cried Mammon, "all is true,  
 This purse already for your praise is due.  
 Men in my favour nought unfeed will say:  
 Sure praise is justly mine,<sup>66</sup> for which I pay.

made of wood, *μεγάλα αἰδοῖα ἔχονται*, and one, I suppose the Punch, was, he tells us, made of brass. This fellow, it seems, took the right hand of every body with the same assurance as he doth at this day. Aristotle, in his Chapter de Mundo, seems to have taken his description of a puppet-show from our author; whence Apuleius hath borrowed his. The words of Apuleius are these: *Illi qui in Ligneclis hominum figuris gestus movent, quando Filum Membri quod agitare solent traxerint, torquebitur Cervix, mutabit Caput, oculi vibrabunt, Manus ad Ministerium præsto erunt, &c.* Those who dance the wooden figures of men, when they draw the string of that particular member which they would move, presently, according to the string which is touched, the neck is twisted, the head nods, the eyes roll, or the hands perform the ministerial purpose.

Horace compares a man who is a slave to his passions, to a puppet which moves not of itself, but receives its motion from something else.

*Duceris ut nervis alienis mobile Lignum.*

Where I should agree with Dr. Bentley in substituting *Signum*, was not my assent withheld by that proverbial expression of a sorry stick of wood, which was originally derived from hence, and is applied to a good-for-nothing fellow, who is a slave to his own passions, or perhaps by them a slave to the passions and purposes of another. Aulus Gellius in his ridicule on astrology, at the beginning of the fourteenth book, represents men under the influence of the stars in the same light. Such are, say he, not to be regarded as men or reasonable animals, but as ludicrous and ridiculous puppets.

<sup>66</sup> Sure praise is justly mine, &c. So martial:

———— quod ernis possis dicere jure tuum.

But now the winds to my request assign,  
 Another purse, a larger shall be thine.”  
 The Æolian monarch bowed,—and quick the West  
 Rushed forth, the other winds were lulled to rest.  
 From where its bounds the palace garden ends,<sup>67</sup>  
 A long canal its silver waves extends,  
 On either bank, thick planted in a row,  
 The spreading elms in beauteous order grow.  
 The avenue to winds: through which they throng,  
 Pass and repass, and roll and roar along.  
 Here swiftly rushing, zephyr to the shore  
 Black blasts and hideous howling tempests bore.  
 Behind he leaves those breezes which devour  
 In June’s fair night, the sweetness of the flower:  
 Or which in sultry noons, when Cœlia lies  
 Far from the shade, exposed to scorching skies,  
 On sunny banks, the charmer lulls to rest,  
 Plays round and wantons on her glowing breast;  
 Fans her loose robes, but fans with gentle care,  
 Lest any rival shepherd should be near.  
 These he, nor any of his own bore forth,  
 But rough blasts borrowed from the bellowing north.<sup>68</sup>  
 Swift hurricanes o’er vast territories sweep,  
 Whistle in air, and bellow in the deep.  
 Augusta’s fleet hears the big billows roar,  
 And floating mountains dash the distant shore;

<sup>67</sup> From where, &c. This description cannot fail of presenting a picture to the reader.

<sup>68</sup> Blasts borrowed, &c. So Homer represents Zephyrus, raging with the blasts of Notus. A passage misunderstood by all the commentators from Eustathius downwards: but Homer by his simile intends to illustrate the assistance which Hector received from Jupiter, and his words are:

—ὡς ὁπότε Ζέφυρος νέψεμα στυψεγίξῃ  
 ἀργεῖταιο κοτοῖο βαθὲν λαίλαπι τύπτων.

His meaning is, that Hector raged with the force of Jupiter, as Zephyrus with the blasts of Notus.

Nor long now pursues the liquid way  
 But strikes her sails, and seeks the peaceful bay.  
 Mammon returns to hell, with transports blest  
 And in his palace keeps a three weeks' feast <sup>69</sup>  
 With roaring fiends the vaulted roofs rebound,  
 And in each cup Augusta's curse goes round.

<sup>69</sup>Three weeks feast. This number was (if I may so call it) sacred to the Heathen Hell; thus there are in hell three judges, three destinies, three furies. The dog Cerberus hath three heads, &c. therefore in all magical mysteries this number was constantly used. Thus Virgil,

Ternæ tibi hæc primum triplici diversa colore,  
 Licia circumdo, terque hæc altaria circum,  
 Effigiem duco Ecl. 8.

Plautus in his *Pseudolus*, perhaps sneers at this superstition.

Quæro qui ter trina triplicia, tribus modes, tria Gaudia,  
 Artibus tribus ter demeritas dem Lætitiâs, de tribus,  
 Fraude partas, per Malitiam, & per Dolum & Fallaciam.

Which three last substantives seem very applicable to the place where the feast is here supposed to be kept.

PHILOSOPHICAL  
TRANSACTIONS

FOR THE

YEAR 1742-3

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THE CONTENTS

SEVERAL PAPERS RELATING TO THE TERRESTRIAL  
CHRYSIPUS, GOLDEN-FOOT OR GUINEA, AN INSECT OR  
VEGETABLE, WHICH HAS THIS SURPRISING PROPERTY, THAT  
BEING CUT INTO SEVERAL PIECES, EACH PIECE LIVES,  
AND IN A SHORT TIME BECOMES AS PERFECT AN  
INSECT, OR VEGETABLE, AS THAT OF WHICH  
IT WAS ORIGINALLY ONLY A PART.



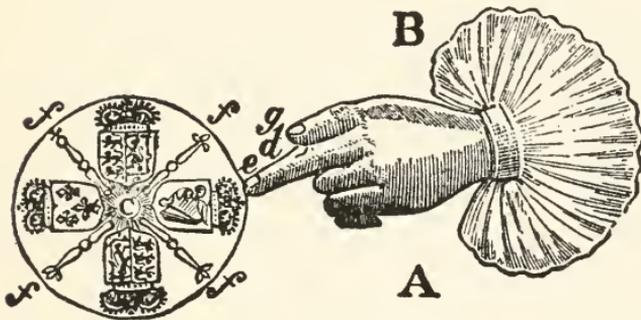
ABSTRACT OF PART OF A LETTER FROM THE HEER ROTTEN-  
SCRACH, IN GERMANY, COMMUNICATING OBSERVATIONS ON  
THE CHRYSIPUS.

SIR,—Some time since died here of old age, one Petrus Gualterus, a man well known in the learned world, and famous for nothing so much as for an extraordinary collection which he had made of the Chrysipi, an animal or vegetable; of which I doubt not but there are still some to be found in England: however, if that should be difficult, it may be easy to send some over to you; as they are at present very plentiful in these parts. I can answer for the truth of the facts contained in the paper I send you, as there is not one of them but what I have seen repeated above twenty times; and I wish others may be encouraged to try the experiments over again, and satisfy themselves of the truth by their own eyes. The accounts of the Chrysipi, as well as the collection itself, were found in the cabinet of the above-mentioned Petrus, after his death; for he could never be prevailed on to communicate a sight of either while alive.

I am, sir,  
&c.



THE FIGURE  
OF  
THE TERRESTRIAL CHRYSIPUS  
STICKING TO A FINGER



OBSERVATIONS AND EXPERIMENTS UPON THE TERRESTRIAL  
CHRYSIPUS, OR GUINEA, BY MYNHEER PETRUS GUALTERUS

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH BY P. H. I. Z. C. G. S.

THE animal in question is a terrestrial vegetable or insect, of which mention is made in the Philosophical Transactions for several years, as may be seen in N<sup>o</sup> 000. Art. 0000. and N<sup>o</sup> 00. Art. 002. and N<sup>o</sup> — Art. 18.

This animal or vegetable is of a rotund, orbicular, or round form, as represented in the figure annexed; in which A, denotes the ruffle; B, the hand; *g*, the thumb of that hand; *d*, the finger; *e*, the part of that finger to which the CHRYSI-

PUS sticks: *f, f, f, f*, four tubes, representing the Πέος,<sup>1</sup> or *man's staff*, mentioned by Galen in his Treatise *de Usu Partium*; and by Aristotle, in that little book called his Ἀρχιβιβλίον, or *Master-piece*. The τὸ θηλύκον, or *woman's pipe*, an oblong perforated substance, to which the said Πέη directly tend, is represented by the letter c. *The mouth of the Chrysipus is in this anterior middle, it opens into the stomach, which takes up the whole length of the body.* The whole body forms but one pipe, a sort of gut, which can be opened but at one end, *i.e.* at letter c.

The size of the body of a Chrysipus varies according to its different species.

I know two species only, differing in extent almost one-half; which for distinction sake, I call the *whole Chrysipus*, and the *hemi-Chrysipus*. The latter of these is by no means so valuable as the former. The length of the Πέη differs likewise in proportion to the different size or extension of these two.

The Πέη of those of a modern growth are so imperfect and invisible to the naked eye, that it is much to be feared the species will soon be entirely lost among us; and, indeed, in England, they are observed of late to be much rarer than formerly, especially in the country, where at present there are very few of them to be found; but at the same time it is remarked, that in some places of the Continent, particularly in a certain part of Germany, they are much plentier; being to be found in great numbers, where formerly there were scarce any to be met with.

I have not, after the minutest observation, been able to settle with any degree of certainty, whether this be really an animal or vegetable, or whether it be not strictly neither, or rather both. For as I have, by the help of my microscope, discovered some of its parts to resemble those of a lion; I have at other times taken notice of something not unlike the *Flower-de-luce*. Not to repeat those parts above mentioned, which bear great analogy to the Ἀἶδοια of the human body. On their extremities (if they are not very old) may be seen

<sup>1</sup> See Philos. Transact. concerning the *arbor vitæ*, anno 1732.

certain letters forming the names of several of our kings; whence I have been almost inclined to conclude, that these are the flowers mentioned by Virgil, and which appear to have been so extremely scarce in his time.

“*Dic quibus in terris inscripti nomina regum  
Nascuntur flores.*”

Particularly as he adds,

—“*Et Phyllida solus habeto.*”

Of which we shall take notice hereafter, when we come to speak of his properties. What hath principally dissuaded me from an opinion of its being an animal, is, that I could never observe any symptoms of voluntary motion; but indeed the same may be said of an oyster, which I think is not yet settled by the learned to be *absolutely* a vegetable.

But though it hath not, or seems not to have any progressive motion of its own, yet is it very easy to communicate a motion to it. Indeed some persons have made them fly all over the town with great velocity.

What is said of the *Polypus*, in a late excellent paper communicated to the Royal Society, is likewise applicable to the *Chrysipus*.

“They make use of their progressive motion, when communicated to them, to place themselves conveniently, so as to catch their prey. They are voracious animals; their  $\text{II}\epsilon\eta$  are so many snares which they set for numbers of small *insects*. As soon as any of them touches one of the  $\text{II}\epsilon\eta$ , it is caught.”

But then it differs from the *Polypus* in the consequence; for instead of making the *insect* its prey, it becomes itself a prey to it, and instead of conveying an *insect* twice as large as its own mouth into it, in imitation of the *Polypus*, the poor *Chrysipus* is itself conveyed into the *Loculus* or pouch of an *insect* a thousand times as large as itself. Notwithstanding which, this wretched animal (for so I think we may be allowed to call it) is so eager after its prey, that if the *insect* (which seldom happens) makes any resistance,

it summons other *Chrysipi* to its aid, which in the end hardly ever fail of subduing it, and getting into its pouch.

The learned *Gualterus* goes on in these words: “A *Chrysi-  
pus*, by the simple contact of my own finger, has so closely attached itself to my hand, that by the joint and indefatigable labour of several of my friends, it could by no means be severed, or made to quit its hold.”

As to the generation of the *Chrysi-  
pus*, it differs from all other animals or vegetables whatever; for though it seems the best supplied for this natural function, nature having provided each female part with four male ones, which one would think sufficient; yet it may be said, as of the *Polypus*, they have no distinguished place by which they bring forth their young.

*Gualterus* judiciously remarks:<sup>1</sup> “I have” (says he) “some of them, that have greatly *multiplied under my eyes*, and of which I might almost say, that they have produced young ones from all the exterior parts of their body.

“I have learned by a *continual attention* to the two species of them, that all the individuals of these species produce young ones.

“I have for sixty years had under my eye thousands of them; and though I have OBSERVED THEM CONSTANTLY, and with ATTENTION, so as to watch them night and day, I never observed any thing like the common animal copulation.

“I tried at first two of them; but these I found would not produce a complete *Chrysi-  
pus*; at least I had reason to think the operation would be so slow that I must have waited some years for its completion. Upon this, I tried a hundred of them together, by whose marvellous union (whether it be, that they mix total, like those heavenly spirits mentioned by Milton, or by any other process not yet revealed to human wit) they were found in the year’s end to produce three, four, and sometimes five complete *Chrysi-  
pi*. I have indeed often made them in that space produce ten or twenty; but this hath been by some held a dangerous experiment, not only to the parent *Chrysi-  
pi* themselves, which have by these means been

<sup>1</sup> Vide Remarks on the *Polypus*, p. 6.

utterly lost and destroyed, but even to the philosopher who hath attempted it; for as some curious persons have, by hermetic experiments, endangered the loss of their teeth, so we, by a too intense application to this *Chrysipean* philosophy, have been sometimes found to endanger our ears." He then proceeds thus:

<sup>1</sup> "Another fact, which I have observed, has proved to me, that they have the faculty of multiplying, before they are severed from their parent. I have seen a *Chrysipus*, still adhering, bring forth young ones; and those young ones themselves have also brought forth others. Upon supposition, that perhaps there was some *copulation between the parent and young ones*, whilst they were yet united; or between the young ones coming from the body of the same parent; I made divers experiments to be sure of the fact; but not one of those experiments ever led me to any thing that could give the idea of a copulation."

I now proceed to the singularities resulting from the operation I have tried upon them.

A *Chrysipus* of the larger kind may be divided into one-and-twenty substances (whether animal or vegetable we determine not), every substance being at least as large as the original *Chrysipus*. These may again be subdivided, each of them into twenty-four; and what is very remarkable, every one of these parts is heavier, and rather larger than the first *Chrysipus*. The only difference in this change, is that of the colour; for the first sort are yellow, the second white, and the third resemble the complexion and substance of many human faces.

These subdivided parts are by some observed to lose in a great degree their adherescent quality; notwithstanding which, *Gualterus* writes, that, from the minutest observations upon his own experience, they all adhered with equal tenacity to his own fingers.

The manner of dividing a *Chrysipus* differs, however, greatly from that of the *Polypus*; for whereas we are taught in that excellent treatise above-mentioned, that

<sup>1</sup> Remarks, p. 7.

<sup>1</sup> “If the body of a *Polypus* is cut into two parts transversely, each of those parts becomes a complete *Polypus*; on the very day of the operation, the first part or anterior end of the *Polypus*, that is, the head, the mouth, and the arms: this part, I say, lengthens itself, it creeps, and eats.

“The second part, *which has no head, gets one*; a mouth forms itself at the anterior end; and shoots forth arms. This reproduction comes about more or less quickly, according as the weather is more or less warm. In summer, I have seen arms begin to sprout out twenty-four hours after the operation, and *the new head perfected in every respect in a few days*.

“Each of those parts thus becomes a perfect *Polypus*, performs absolutely all its functions. It creeps, it eats, it grows, and it multiplies; *and all that*, as much as a *Polypus* which never had been cut.

“In whatever place the body of a *Polypus* is cut, whether in the middle, or more or less near the head, or the posterior part, the experiment has always the same success.

“If a *Polypus* is cut transversely at the same moment, into three or four parts, they all equally become so many complete ones.

“The animal is too small to be cut at the same time into a great number of parts; *I therefore did it successively*. I first cut a *Polypus* into four parts, and let them grow; next, I cut those quarters again; and at this rate I proceeded, *till I had made 50 out of one single one*: and here I stopped, for there would have been *no end of the experiment*.

“I have now actually by me several parts of the same *Polypus* cut into pieces above a year ago; since which time they have produced a great number of young ones.

“*A Polypus may also be cut in two, lengthways. Beginning by the head, one first splits the said head, and afterwards the stomach*: the *Polypus* being in the form of a pipe, each half of what is thus cut lengthways forms a half pipe: the anterior extremity of which is terminated by the half of the head, the half of the mouth, edges of those half-pipes close after the operation; they and part of the arms. It is

<sup>1</sup> See *Polypus*, pp. 8, 9, 10.

not long before the two generally begin at the posterior part, and close up by degrees to the anterior part. *Then each half-pipe becomes a whole one complete: a stomach is formed, in which nothing is wanting; and out of each half mouth a whole one is formed also.*

“I have seen all this done in less than an hour; and that the *Polypus* produced from each of those halves, at the end of that time, did not differ from the whole ones, except that it had fewer arms; but in a few days more grew out.

“I have cut a *Polypus* lengthways, between seven and eight in the morning; and between two and three in the afternoon, *each of the parts has been able to eat a worm as long as itself.*

“If a *Polypus* is cut lengthways, beginning at the head, and the section is not carried quite through; the result is, a *Polypus* with two bodies, two heads, and one tail. Some of those bodies and heads may again be cut lengthways soon after. In this manner I have produced a *Polypus* that had several bodies, as many heads, and one tail. I afterwards at once cut off the seven heads of this new *Hydra*: seven others grew again; and the heads that were cut off, became each a complete *Polypus*.

“I cut a *Polypus*, transversely, into two parts: I put these two parts close to each other again, and they reunited where they had been cut. The *Polypus*, thus reunited, eat the day after it had undergone this operation; it is since grown, and has multiplied.

“I took the posterior part of one *Polypus*, and the anterior of another, and I have brought them to reunite in the same manner as the foregoing. Next day, the *Polypus*, that resulted, eat. It has continued well these two months since the operation: it is grown, and has put forth young ones from each of the parts of which it was formed. The two foregoing experiments do not always succeed; it often happens, that the two parts will not join again.

“In order to comprehend the experiment I am now going to speak of, one should recollect, that the whole body of a *Polypus* forms only one pipe, a sort of gut, or pouch.

“I have been able to turn that pouch, that body of the Polypus, INSIDE-OUTWARDS; AS ONE MAY TURN A STOCKING.

“I have several by me, that have remained turned in this manner; THEIR INSIDE IS BECOME THEIR OUTSIDE, AND THEIR OUTSIDE THEIR INSIDE: they eat, they grow, and they multiply, as if they had never been turned.”

Now, in the division and subdivision of our *Chrysipus*, we are forced to proceed in quite a different manner; namely, by the metabolic or mutative, not by the schystic or divisive. Some have indeed attempted this latter method; but like that great philosopher the elder Pliny, they have perished in their disquisitions, as he did, by suffocation. Indeed, there is a method called the *Kleptistic*, which hath been preferred to the metabolic; but this is too dangerous; the ingenious Gualterus never carried it farther than the metabolic, contenting himself sometimes to divide the original *Chrysipus* into twenty-two parts, and again to subdivide these into twenty-five; but this requires great art.

It can't be doubted but that Mr. Trembley will, in the work he is pleased to promise us, give some account of the longevity of the *Polypus*. As to the age of the *Chrysipus*, it differs extremely; some being of equal duration with the life of man, and some of scarce a moment's existence. The best method of preserving them is, I believe, in bags or chests, in large numbers; for they seldom live long when they are alone. The great Gualterus says he thought he could never put enough of them together. If you carry them in your pockets singly, or in pairs, as some do, they will last a very little while, and in some pockets not a day.

<sup>1</sup> We are told of the *Polypus*, “That they are to be looked for in such ditches whose water is stocked with small insects. Pieces of wood, leaves, aquatic plants, in short, every thing is to be taken out of the water, that is met with at the bottom, or on the surface of the water, on the edges, and in the middle of the ditches. What is thus taken out, must be put into a glass of clear water, and these insects, if there are any, will soon discover themselves; especially if the glass is let stand

<sup>1</sup> *Polypus*, pp. 1, 2.

a little, without moving it: for thus the insects, which contract themselves when they are first taken out, will again extend themselves when they are at rest, and become thereby so much the more remarkable.”

The *Chrysis* is to be looked for in scrutoires, and behind wainscots in old houses. In searching for them, particular regard is to be had to the persons who inhabit, or have inhabited in the same houses, by observing which rule, you may often prevent throwing away your labour. They love to be rather with old than young persons, and detest finery so much, that they are seldom to be found in the pockets of laced clothes, and hardly ever in gilded palaces. They are sometimes very difficult to be met with, even though you know where they are, by reason of *pieces of wood, iron, &c.*, which must be removed away before you can come at them. There are, however, several sure methods of procuring them, which are all ascertained in a treatise on that subject, composed by Petrus Gualterus, which, now he is dead, will shortly see the light.

I come now, in the last place, to speak of the virtues of the *Chrysis*: In these it exceeds not only the *Polypus*, of which not one single virtue is recorded, but all other animals and vegetables whatever. Indeed, I intend here only to set down some of its chief qualities; for to enumerate all, would require a large volume.

First, then, A single *Chrysis* stuck on to the finger, will make a man talk for a full hour, nay, will make him say whatever the person who sticks it on desires: and again, if you desire silence, it will as effectually stop the most loquacious tongue. Sometimes, indeed, one or two, or even twenty, are not sufficient; but if you apply the proper number, they seldom or never fail of success. It will likewise make men blind or deaf, as you think proper; and all this without doing the least injury to the several organs.

Secondly, It hath a most miraculous quality of turning black into white, or white into black. Indeed it hath the powers of the prismatic glass, and can, from any object, reflect what colour it pleases.

Thirdly, It is the strongest love-powder in the world, and hath such efficacy on the female sex, that it hath often produced love in the finest woman to the most worthless and ugly, old and decrepit of our sex.

To give the strongest idea in one instance, of the salubrious quality of the *Chrysipus*: it is a medicine which the physicians are so fond of taking themselves, that few of them care to visit a patient, without swallowing a dose of it.

To conclude, *facts like these I have related, to be admitted*, require the most convincing proofs. *I venture to say, I am able to produce such proofs.* In the mean time, I refer my curious reader to the treatise I have above mentioned, which is not yet published, and perhaps never may.

#### POSTSCRIPT.

Since I composed the above treatise, I have been informed, that these animals swarm in England all over the country, like the locusts, once in SEVEN years; and like them too, they generally cause much mischief, and greatly ruin the country in which they have swarmed.

ARTICLES  
IN  
THE CHAMPION  
WRITTEN BY  
HENRY FIELDING



ARTICLES  
IN  
THE CHAMPION

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TUESDAY, *November 27, 1739.*

—“*Nescis dominæ fastidia Romæ:  
Crede mihi, nimium martia turba sapit.  
Majores nusquam ronchi: juvenesque, senesque,  
Et pueri nasum rhinocerotis habent.*”—MART.

THERE are two sorts of persons, who may, in some sense, be said to feed on the breath which goeth out of the mouth of man; namely, the soldier and the author. But here I would not be understood to mean, by soldier, such wise military men, who justly despising this thin diet, are content to receive from five hundred to two thousand pounds a year, for appearing now and then in a red coat with a sash, in the parks and market-places of this kingdom, and who never saw an enemy, unless the old officers and soldiers of their own regiments, who disdain to have such commanders at their head; nor, by authors, would I be supposed to cast any reflection on such as have found a method by panegyric, to cram themselves with more substantial food. The kind of persons here hinted at may be seen in St. James's Park in a foggy morning in shabby red and black coats, with open mouths

eagerly devouring the fog for breakfast. Such soldiers as an acquaintance of mine, who, after he had served many campaigns in Flanders, and been wounded in Spain, with a generous heart and an empty pocket died in the King's Bench; and such authors as Butler, who, after he had published his inimitable Hudibras, was starved to death in a garret.

Now what did these obtain, or what can their followers promise themselves besides fame, which is but the breath of man? A dainty, however unsubstantial, on which Horace assures us a poet will grow extremely fat.

*"Palma negata macrum donata reducit opimum."*

Here I am aware, it will be objected, that I confer this reward too soon, and the same epistle of Horace, with Dr. Bentley's *Ingentia Fata*, will be produced against me, and many other authorities, to prove that they taste not this delicacy till after their death: for which reason it may be told me I should have imitated the style of the author of *Tom Thumb*,<sup>1</sup> and asserted that there were the ghosts of two sorts of persons, &c., who fed on the breath of man. To which I only answer, that though envy, which, according to Ovid, only preys on the living, may have robbed some of their just fame during their lives; yet several instances may be produced to the contrary. That verse of the poet:

*"Præsenti tibi maturos largimur honores."*

may have been applied to many more than him for whom it was first intended. But those who do not care to allow any praise to a living author, may if they please consider him as feeding on the hopes of it; the one being almost as substantial as the other.

Indeed the soldier is in this point happier than the poet, as he generally receives his portion of fame sooner. Alexander had the immediate honours of his victories, and perhaps much more than they deserved; but poor Homer was,

<sup>1</sup> An author who dealt so much in ghosts, that he is said to have spoiled the Haymarket stage, by cutting it all into trap-doors.

during his life, reputed little better than a ballad-singer; and Plutarch, in the Life of Lyncurgus, tells us, that his poems were scarce heard of in Greece till many years after his death. Yet the poet hath some advantage in his turn; for his works, if not his name, will outlive the others; to which we may add Sir William Temple's observation, that the world hath produced a thousand equal to Alexander, but scarce one capable of writing an Iliad.

But to drop the soldier, with whom we have no more to do at present, and stick to the author. If fame be, as I have said, his food (and perhaps in a literal sense it may be often so called), how cruel must they be, who rashly, inconsiderately, and often wantonly take the bread out of his mouth, since it seldom happens that they are such as can ever put it into their own?

This is a cruelty of which all the good writers, from the days of Horace to the present time, have complained, and for which bad authors have in all ages been stigmatized; some of whom, like the wretch who burnt the temple at Ephesus, have been immortalised for their infamy, and owed such their immortality, to those very poets whom they have traduced. Thus Virgil hath recorded the names of Mævius and Bavius; and thus Pope (whose works will be coeval with the language in which they are writ) hath condescended to transmit to posterity many heroical persons, who, without his kind assistance, would have never been known to have dared hit their pens against the greatest poet of his time. Bad writers therefore seem to have a sort of prescriptive privilege to abuse good ones; in which I the rather indulge them for the great inoffensiveness thereof; such calumny being seldom read, and never believed.

Leaving, therefore, all such as utterly incorrigible, I shall here address myself only to those who never have nor ever intend to write, and consequently can propose no interest in ruining the reputation of those who do. I would recommend to all persons (except bad writers) to be extremely cautious in the use of the words "low, dull, stupid, sad stuff, Grub Street, &c.," which, with some few more, I wish heartily

were banished out of our language, and that it was reckoned as certain a mark of folly to use them, as it would be of indecency to use some others. Though I must own at the same time, this might be as fatal to criticism, as the banishment of indecent words hath been to gallantry; and that some persons of admired judgment would be as hard put to it to talk critically without the one, as some noted beaux are to talk wantonly without the other.

I should be sorry to think there was in mankind the principle pointed at in the following lines, which I have taken from a poem not yet communicated to the public—

“Nor in the tiger’s cave, nor lion’s den,  
Dwells our malignity. For selfish men,  
The gift of fame like that of money deem;  
And think they lose, whene’er they give esteem.”

I rather impute unjust censure to ignorance than malice, and very sincerely believe men when they say “I don’t understand a word of all this;” which they may probably say with great truth of the whole Iliad. And one may apply to these persons what Dacier said of a French critic, who abused the last mentioned poem, “That he found it more easy to censure him than to read him.”

However, as it is certain they are not always understood in this light, and that the emptiest fellows have sometimes done harm (as my bookseller terms it) to the sale of a work, I shall, as a terror to all such persons, as well as an information to those who have been abused by them, communicate to the public the opinion of Mr. Counsellor Vinegar, on the following case.

*Q.* If a man says of an author that he is dull, or hath no wit (seeing that wit is his property, according to a noble lord who hath more of that property than any man), will not an action lie for the said author?

*Noy* semble quod si ascun dit de J. S. eteant un poete quod est dull. Action bien bolt guser et le resolution de le case, 1 R. A. 55 S. 16. Bien agree obe ces ubiacion fuit port per un apprentice del ley et plt declaz.

quod deest aboit dit de lug quod est dunce, and will get nothing by the law. Et le opinion del court, fuit quod action bien gist, car home goet este hecbe et nemy tam pregnant come ascuns auters sont et encore un bon lawyer. Mes quia il aboit dit que il ne boet get ascun chose per la ley. Action gist. Sic icy car si poete soit hecbit ou dull non bolt gett ascun chose en le world.

WIL. VINEGAR.

But, in the mean time, as such action may not be soon brought or soon decided, it may be proper to put some immediate stop to the present currency of criticism. In order thereto, having consulted with the elders of my family, I have determined, by virtue of that authority with which I have invested myself, to lay down some qualifications, without which no person shall henceforth presume to censure any performance whatever.

And here he, who shall consider the derivation of this word criticism, which is from a Greek word, implying no less than judgment, or shall reflect on the vast abilities which have been possess'd by the professors of this art, and what hath been required by those who have given rules for it, particularly Mr. Pope in his most excellent essay thereon:

“Let those teach others who themselves excell,  
And censure freely who have written well.”

And in many other places of that charming poem, he I say, who will weigh all these particulars, will doubtless think me extremely reasonable in the following particulars.

*First.* I expect henceforward, that no person whatever, be his qualifications what they will, presume to give his opinion against any literary production, without having first read one word of it.

*Secondly.* That no man under the age of fourteen, shall be entitled to give a definite opinion (unless in the play-house).

*Thirdly.* That no person shall be allowed to be a perfect judge in any work of learning, who hath not advanced as far as the end of the accidence; unless at the coffee-houses

west of Charing Cross, where such deficiencies shall be supplied by a proper quantity of lace and embroidery.)

As to prejudice, I mention it not, seeing that the only persons in whom we can suspect so base a motive, are either those authors before-mentioned, who have my leave to abuse me or any one else as much as they please, or such as are sworn enemies to all literature in general, and have entered into bonds among themselves, to give no encouragement to any genius whatever. Of some of whom I have lately heard, and may possibly describe to the public, that whatever they hereafter say may go for nothing.

*Lastly,* It being well known that some men have a way of communicating their critical sentiments by winks, nods, smiles, frowns, and other signs and tokens, without the assistance of speech; and having heard of a certain person in this kingdom, whose nod could convey more meaning than the most significant words of any other, I prohibit all people of no consequence from using any of these signs, and do expressly forbid any man hereafter to shake his head, who is universally known among his acquaintance to have nothing in it.

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TUESDAY, *December 4, 1739.*

*"Ploravere suis non respondere favorem speratum meritis."*—HOR.

AT my return home last night, I was surprised to find the following memorial from my bookseller:

TO CAPTAIN HERCULES VINEGAR.

MAY it please your mightiness,—Humbly complaining, showeth unto your mightiness, your bookseller, A. Moore, of — near St. Paul's, in the city of London: That, notwithstanding your late order, in your *Champion*, No. 6, several evil-minded persons calling themselves critics (though by no means qualified according to the rules you have been pleased

to lay down), continue to villify and asperse the writings of your mightiness, and to apply to them certain forbidden words, which your bookseller dares not repeat. And first, your bookseller humbly represents, that he did on Thursday last hear one critical person (not qualified as above) openly declare in a certain coffee-house, where the *Champion* lay on the table: That the essay therein was stolen from the *Spectator*, and he farther represents that he did hear one other critical person at the same time affirm, that the said essay was stolen from the *Tatler*; and one other critical person very scornfully assert, that the said essay was dull, and that nothing so sad was ever writ before, or words to that effect. And farther, your bookseller humbly represents to your mightiness, that your said paper had been treated with more contempt than a *Gazetteer*, particularly at a certain coffee-house near *Charing Cross*, where it was refused to be received gratis, and scornfully thrown out of the door; fearing, as your bookseller apprehends, lest some person of good sense, who frequented the house, might insist on its being taken in hereafter. And farther, your bookseller represents, that an universal objection is made to your title, by such as allow a great deal of merit to your paper, and he humbly hopes to be pardoned when he represents to your mightiness that some dislike the word *Champion*, some *Hercules Vinegar*, and some *Hockley in the Hole*; and your bookseller farther showeth, that he hath seen several persons shake their heads (who by your late order are by no means entitled to make any such motion) and to hint that your mightiness is not bold enough. On which account he humbly begs leave to suggest to your mightiness, that you would take this last objection into your consideration, seeing that he can assure you from experience, that wit and humour are too luscious, and will pall the appetite without a little of the acid mixt with them. And he begs leave to declare, that he would not have engaged in this undertaking, had he not promised to himself that your mightiness would lay about you without fear or favour. In order to which, he hath ordered his printer to provide himself with great quantities of dashes to keep the first and

last letter of proper names and other words asunder, as R——t M——r; and a large fund of Italian character. As for instance, *He farther begs leave (as an encouragement) to represent to you the great lenity of the administration, who have never punished any libels against them, unless by breaking the press to pieces, pillory, fine, and imprisonment;* the three last of which he apprehends to be very lawful methods, and (one of them at least) invented, as he conceives, for the benefit and advantage of booksellers, whose copies never fail to sell well, when they have been advertised in the pillory; and he would be very sorry it could with probability be insinuated among those of his profession, that he stood in any fear thereof, or ashamed to follow the steps of those glorious heroes, whose works have been published in that manner. He therefore humbly begs, that your mightiness would infuse gall in your ink, and, instead of morality, wit, and humour, deal forth private slander and abuse, on which account,

Your Petitioner,  
As in duty bound,  
Shall ever pray.

I shall subjoin two letters, which seem to agree with the allegations above mentioned.

TO CAPTAIN VINEGAR.

SIR,—It is very hard upon me to be obliged by my customers to take in your paper, having before been at the constant expense (beside the Craftsman and Common Sense; for which a man does not grudge his money) of the Universal Spectator, the Weekly Miscellany, the London Evening Post, the St. James's Evening Post, the Whitehall Evening Post, the Daily Advertiser, the London Daily Post, Daily Post, &c. &c. I therefore desire you would either write no more, or write away all the rest.

I am,  
Your Humble Servant,  
TOM COFFEE.

## TO THE AUTHOR OF THE BRITISH MERCURY.

SIR,—Though I disliked your first setting out with a description of a set of low characters, yet, as I have since discovered something more in you than is to be found in those heaps of rubbish the daily newspapers, I have ordered you to be admitted into my house, and have banished all the other papers (except the *Craftsman* and *Common Sense*) for ever from my doors. I am much pleased with your method of ranging your domestic matters under certain heads, by which we are informed what degree of credit to afford each particular. As to your essays, I should like them better if they were less ludicrous. But why *Champion* and *Vinegar*, and stuff? If you will not acquaint us with your own name, why not subscribe *Alg. Sidney*, or *Osborne*, or *Walsingham*, or some other grave man's which might avoid the least appearance of a jest. I hate all wit and humour, and such nonsense. I love to be grave and wise. Retain therefore the simple title only to which I have directed this letter, and you will oblige

Your Humble Servant,  
PAUL SERIOUS.

Plutarch, in the *Life of Lysander*, records of Plato, that when a certain poet of his time, named *Antimachus*, expressed some concern at not having been rewarded according to his merits, that philosopher endeavoured to comfort him, by representing the neglect to be a less misfortune to the poet, than ignorance was to his judges, who did not understand him enough to taste his perfections.

Horace is so far from fearing the censure of the illiterate rabble, that he esteemed it laudable not to endeavour to please them, but rather to be content with a few readers; and declares himself of the same opinion with the Roman actress, who was satisfied with the applause of one polite judge in opposition to the hisses of the whole house beside. To which I shall add what *Madame Dacier* used to say among her

acquaintance, namely, that she writ only to a dozen people in France; the reason of the contempt, which these great writers had for popular fame, seems to be given by St. Evremont, in his Observations of Taste. "Seeing (says he) that good judges are as scarce as good authors, and that discernment is as rarely found in the one, as genius in the other, each person endeavouring to cry up what pleases him; it comes to pass, that the multitude give a reputation to such compositions as suit with their bad taste or mean capacity." And a little after he adds, "That the ignorant and prepossessed multitude stifles the small number of real and good judges." I shall conclude this head with these beautiful lines of Mr. Pope, where envy is represented attending merit, as necessarily as the shadow does the substance:

"Pride, malice, folly against Dryden rose,  
 In various shapes of parsons, critics, beaux.  
 But sense survived, when merry jests were past,  
 For rising merit will buoy up at last.  
 Might he return and bless once more our eyes,  
 New Blackmore's and new Milbourne's must arise.  
 Nay, should great Homer lift his awful head,  
 Zoilus again would start up from the dead.  
 Envy will merit, as its shade pursue,  
 But, like a shadow, proves the substance true."

As to the objection made to my title, which is hinted at in my bookseller's memorial, as well as by Mr. Paul Serious, it seems to betray such an inclination to cavil, and is at the same time so absurd, that it scarce deserves an answer. It is methinks of a piece with the surliness of those angry gentlemen, who once infested this town, and were wont to take a dislike to a man's face; or to the antipathy of that whimsical person, who sickened at a tavern, because there was a cat painted on a sign. If these cavillers were much acquainted with history, they would know many instances where great talents have been concealed under mean and contemptible appearances; perhaps (as Livy says of Junius Brutus, that he was *longe alius ingenio quam cujus simula-*

*tionem induerat*). I am a person of more consequence than I appear to be, and may have dated these papers from Hockley in the Hole, as a propitiation to that beautiful goddess of envy, whom I have before mentioned (as the ancients sacrificed to Nemesis, another deity of the same family) that the humbleness of my situation might lessen the malevolence which might attend my abilities; nay, perhaps, I may have deeper reasons still, which, as I shall not yet discover, it will be in vain for any one, who can't cast a figure, to trouble his head about.

The objection of Tom Coffee is of more weight. The great expense of such a variety of newspapers is certainly an intolerable burthen to those of his trade. But no body expects them to take in these wares by the gross. No, let them only make their choice with judgment, and their customers will be pleased, their expense will be moderate, and the Champion will have no reason to court their favour.

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THURSDAY, *December 6, 1739.*

*“Omnium vocibus fortuna sola invocatur, una accusatur, una laudatur, sola arguitur, et cum conviciis colitur. Cæca etiam, et inconstans, et indignorum, faultrix existimata, in tōta ratione mortalium sola utramque paginam facit.”—PLIN. l. 2, c. 7.*

PLATO, in his Commonwealth, pays such a religious respect to chance or fortune, that he would institute a method of marrying by lottery; and declares for breeding up no other children, on the public account, than such as were begot in this manner; imagining, I suppose, that fortune would especially preside over that genial bed which she herself had constituted. I shall not hear comment on this opinion, which to some may appear ridiculous enough, but it is certain the ancients held this deity in much greater estimation than we at present do. The Romans consecrated a temple to this

goddess: and it was represented as most impious blasphemy in that general, who, being unwilling to share the glory of a victory, very confidently affirmed that fortune had nothing to do in it; after which the historian observes, he never succeeded in any future action.

I have often thought it a blemish in the works of Tacitus, that he ascribes so little to the interposition of this invincible being; but, on the contrary, makes the event of almost every scheme to depend on a wise design, and proper measures taken to accomplish it; by which means I am much deceived, if he hath not given more foresight to the politics of Tiberius, than that prince really had: most of the later political writers have inclined to his opinion; and the great Richelieu held it in so extravagant a degree, that it is well known he struck the word "unfortunate" out of his dictionary, affirming that every man succeeded well or ill, according as his conduct was right or wrong.

For my own part, I differ so entirely from these great men, that I imagine wisdom to be of very little consequence in the affairs of this world: human life appears to me to resemble the game of hazard, much more than that of chess; in which latter, among good players, one false step must infallibly lose the game; whereas, in the former, the worst that can happen is to have the odds against you, which are never more than two to one; and we often see a blundering fellow, who scarce knows on which side the odds are, dribble out his bad chance upon the table, and sweep the whole board; while the wisest players, and those who stick close to the rule, lift up their eyes and curse the dice.

Machiavelli tells us, that men are not much to be blamed or praised for their adversity or prosperity, it being frequently seen that some are driven into ruin, and others promoted to great honour by the impulse of their fate; and wisdom is as little able to prevent the misfortune of the one, as folly is the advancement and happiness of the other.

Frequent instances must occur to every man's memory, who hath had the least experience in life of the wonderful effects of chance; the best physicians will own, that, after a disease

hath eluded all their efforts, an old woman, or a quack, have sometimes restor'd the patient; nay, the sick man himself hath procured his recovery, by means which the whole faculty would have judged must have necessarily produced his immediate dissolution. Dr. Baynard, in his treatise on cold baths, gives an account of a person who, in a light-headed fit of a fever, escaped from his nurse, and plunged himself into a horse-pond; and by this strange method saved his life, when he had been given over by his doctors.

The great judge Jeffries, (following I suppose the opinion of Plato) is reported on his return from the west, where he had left several hundred wretches under condemnation, to put the decision of their guilt on chance, and to have determined which were the proper objects of his mercy, by the casting of dice; a custom which, they say, still prevails in martial executions; it being usual where two or more are sentenced to die, and one only is to be made an example, for the prisoners to decide by lots which most deserves to be shot; and this method of trial (however absurd it may seem) was derived, I apprehend, from our Saxon ancestors, of whom we read that they used to decide all controversies by lots; (the method whereof the curious may see in the description of Germany, given by Tacitus) a custom which seems to be preserved in an old English play, or gambol, celebrated yearly on the Epiphany, or Twelfth Day, wherein a king, a queen, a knave, and a fool are created by blind chance.

But as Juvenal says,

—“*Ex humili magna ad fastidia rerum  
Extollit, quoties voluit fortuna jocari.*”

Fortune often picks a great man, in jest, out of the lowest of the people. Men have often acquired greatness and riches, by ways visibly leading to disgrace and ruin: the famous Blood promoted himself to the favour of King Charles II. by stealing his crown; an instance not so astonishing to one well read in the ancient English history, where it seems the constant doctrine of royal favourites to deserve their master's affection, by rendering him jealous of, and odious to his peo-

ple. Methods, which have been more effectual than Blood's was, to steal away his crown!

Whoever considers the former part of the life of Oliver Cromwell, may perceive a much greater probability of his ending his days in a gaol, than in a palace at the head of the nation. He is reported, in his youth, to have ruined his paternal estate by his vicious and disorderly courses; nor did he, at his first appearance in parliament, make any extraordinary figure, nor discover any of those talents, which generally gain applause, and work on the affections of the hearers: the first apothegm, which is recorded of him carries no great weight with it; namely, to a discourse with Sir Thomas Chichley, and Mr. Warwick, he is said to have uttered these words, "I can tell you, sirs, what I would not have, though I cannot tell what I would;" and, perhaps, he, at that time, knew no more the one than the other. He certainly had very little hand in procuring the war, of which he afterwards made so glorious a use; indeed, he seems to have had a wonderful address in turning the wise schemes and actions of others to his own honour and advantage; but as these could not be attributed to his own foresight, so might chance have favoured him in those opportunities of working his own ends out of them. As to the great victories obtained by Blake, they are, as Mr. Cowley well observes, to be ascribed rather to that admiral, than to the protector; that over the Dutch especially, the greatest of them all: for my Lord Clarendon tells us that Cromwell had no inclination to that quarrel, which was rather St. John's than Cromwell's war: besides, as that author adds, "He well discerned that all parties, friends and foes, Presbyterians, Independents, Levellers, were all united as to the carrying on the war, which he thought could proceed from nothing but that the excess of the expense might make it necessary to disband a great part of the land army, of which there appeared no use, to support the navy, which they could not now be without; so that, I think, his greatest admirers could not fix any of the laurels, gained in this naval war, on him."

I own, indeed, he arrived at a greater pitch of power than

the kings of this realm lawfully enjoy; that he had, as Mr. Echard writes, "The estates and lives of three kingdoms, as much at his disposal as was the little inheritance of his father, and that he was as noble and liberal in spending of them." But still, I say, he owed all this principally to chance; namely, to the death of those great men whom the long continuance of the Civil War had exhausted; those who begun that war against the crown for the sake of their liberties and properties, and would have disdained to have seen the nation enslaved to the absolute will of a subject, in rank very little above the common level. Can we think a Pym, or a Hampden would have tamely submitted to see this usurper and his shabby relations and creatures, such as Desborough, Flectwood, Whaley, &c., at the head of the Parliament (I mean Barebone's Parliament, and that in 1656) the army, and (as Mr. Echard says above) the estates and lives of three kingdoms? No, these men were no more, and those who remained were a set of scoundrels and cowards, who were either bribed or frightened out of their liberties; such they were, that I think we of the present age are obliged to Mr. Voltaire, for representing us as greatly unlike them. To conclude, whoever looks on Cromwell to be that person whom I have here represented (and what I have here said, are facts transcribed from the historians of those times), must agree that he was the child of fortune; and, as Mr. Cowley seems to think, an object rather of our surprise than admiration.

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*From my dining-room in Pall-Mall, being the first night of my arrival from Hockley in the Hole.*

MONDAY, *December 10, 1739.*

THE late act regulating the Stage, notwithstanding the objections of poets, players, and other idle people, gave great satisfaction to all of the graver sort. The licentiousness of

some modern performances favouring too much of the old comedy, and attacking several persons, whose character, from their high station, ought to be dear to every Englishman, made wife and thinking men wish for some reformation therein; which, if the legislator had, not provided, it is not easy to guess how far the jest might have been carried before this time; since I have been assured that a very large black-basket was bespoken for the use of the little house in the Haymarket; and several masques, drawn to the life, were provided, one of which would have made a certain person ashamed to shew his face, who never yet could be put out of countenance.

Since the legislative power, hath provided so good a remedy against this growing evil, I think the executive ought to perform their parts with the utmost vigilance, and to take the most effectual care that no infringements be made in so invaluable a law. I am concerned, therefore that I am obliged to remind them of their duty, and more especially as I shall be necessitated to attack the character of one of the most considerable persons, whom this age sees in a public light: I mean Mr. Theophilus Cibber, who, in the character of Bays, hath introduced several new pieces of wit, of a most excellent kind indeed; but contrary, as I am informed by Mr. Councillor Vinegar, to the provisions of the above mentioned act.

As I write this, only as a caution to that excellent young man, who seems to succeed his great father in the talent of writing as well as acting and to promise the world a future Laureate, as a Lord Foppington, I shall not enumerate many particulars.

How just his insinuation is, that there is no wit at the Bedford coffee-house, (a place famous I apprehend for the resort of men of wit) or that there is a great deal at Tom's because he goes there himself, as does likewise his father, I shall not determine: but I wish he had omitted, or would, for the future omit that sarcasm with which he made his last exit, viz. that he will carry his play to the other house, for that the master of the house will give money for anything: if he means the master of Drury Lane Theatre, I should be little

concerned about it, seeing that I account the slandering of the character of a private gentleman to be of no great consequence; and I apprehend, he may himself know some instance of that gentleman's parting too easily with his money: but as he here speaks in the character of an Author, I don't know whether it may be justly applied to him, as I have never heard of his giving money for any performance whatever; the constant custom being, I imagine, to give an Author benefits and not money. I am therefore fearful, lest that speech should be applied to another person, who is known to have given money for any thing; who hath given money to suppress abuses against himself, and afterwards with as great truth as modesty, after many breaches of his word, hath accused the person who received it of ingratitude for exposing him.

I know not whether the scenery be properly a part of the play, or whether the ingenious person, I have mentioned, be concerned therein: but I own that battle of Hobby-Horse, as it is at present performed, gives me some uneasiness; the march of the cavalry presents to me a very lively idea of a procession I once saw. We know the writers, in the opposition, have applied themselves with great industry to ridicule our Army, particularly an essay published some years ago, representing them of no more use than so many waxen babies; I would not methinks, willingly afford these jokes any handle for their wit to take hold on. There certainly never was any army less the subject of mirth, to a true Englishman, than the present; but it is the property of wit, which those writers are justly abused by the Gazetteers for having to set things forth in false glosses and colours; and who knows what jokes they may extract out of an Army of Hobby-Horses, under the command of such an Author, representing a ridiculous sham fight to the people.

In short I hope to hear no more of these misdemeanors on the Theatres, or they will hear from me.

TUESDAY, *December 11, 1739.*

*"Fronti nulla fides."*—JUV. sat. 2.

THOSE authors, who have set human nature in a very vile and detestable light, however right or wrong such their sentiments may be, or whatever success they may have met with in the world, have often succeeded in establishing an infamous character to themselves: for, though they observe, with the utmost accuracy, the outward behaviour of others, they will seldom be able to draw any inferences which can lead them to the springs or causes of those actions; they must therefore receive all their information from within. At least, those who deduce actions, apparently good, from evil causes, can trace them only through the windings of their own hearts; and while they attempt to draw an ugly picture of human nature, they must of necessity copy the deformity from their own minds.

The only ways by which we can come at any knowledge of what passes in the minds of others, are their words and actions; the latter of which, hath by the wiser part of mankind been chiefly depended on, as the surer and more infallible guide. As to the doctrine of physiognomy, it being somewhat unfortunate in these latter ages, I shall say nothing of it.

It was doubtless the wish of a very honest man, that he had a window in his breast, through which all his thoughts might be plainly discerned; but, however, it is certain (whatever are her reasons to the contrary) nature hath given us no such light. (Perhaps it might not have been of universal advantage; for, though I am unwilling to look on human nature as a mere sink of iniquity, I am far from insinuating that it is a state of perfection.) No, there are too many, I am afraid, of the same kind with the writer of the following letter, which I received a few days ago; and who, if he was to write an essay on human nature, would, I am pretty con-

fidest, set it out in such colours, as those authors I hinted at above :

TO CAPTAIN HERCULES VINEGAR.

SIR,—I am one of those people whom the world call hypocrites, that is, one who, by keeping up a constant appearance of what I am not, have gained a reputation, to which I have really no title. As to religion, I am an arrant sceptic; yet, as I have been a constant frequenter of the church, and a loud exclaimer against infidelity, I am, I thank God (as the saying is), reputed the most pious person in my neighbourhood. My temper is so far from being inclined to good nature, that I always triumph in other people's misfortunes, yet, at the expense of a little verbal pity, which I have the satisfaction of knowing will do no real good to any one, I pass for a very good-natured person: this too is attended with several good consequences; for I often, under the pretence of commiserating, take an opportunity of reviving the sense of any past misfortune, which hath befallen another; or the shame of any forgotten weakness, which they have been guilty of: you already, I believe, conclude that I have a heart not too charitably disposed; and yet I am the only person of my acquaintance who will tell you that I am not the most charitable creature alive; for though I never give any thing myself, yet I always abuse others for not giving more. I am as proud as Lucifer, and yet I have so happy a knack of concealing it, that I pass for one of great humility; by wearing the appearances of which, I find more opportunity of secretly satisfying my pride, than the contrary behaviour would afford me; for, such is the emulation of mankind, that every one contends to outdo you in your own way. Wherefore, as I have the character of condescension, I meet with as many rivals in that, as a stiff carriage would procure me in the other. Revenge is my darling, and by professing an aversion to it, I obtain my ends in the same manner as in pride; for I at once gain the reputation of a very forgiving temper, and allure the person, outwardly forgiven, to afford me an easier opportunity of re-

venging myself than a profession of enmity would allow. I believe, sir, I need entertain you with no more of my perfections; for you are by this time, I make no doubt, fully satisfied that I am a very sorry, good-for-nothing fellow, though I pass in the street where I live for a man of quite a different disposition.

Believe me, it is a great comfort to me, to unburthen myself thus, without any possibility of being discovered. And, perhaps, I shall take future occasions of giving myself vent in the same manner; for to a man who lives under such a continual constraint as myself, these evacuations must be extremely pleasant. I have been great part of this day in company with a gentleman, from whom I imagine myself some time since to have received a slight; and have just now made up a dose of poison, which I shall give his greyhound to-morrow in my way to church.

I am, Sir,

(Though I care not if you was hanged)

Your most obedient humble servant.

This ingenious correspondent of mine seems to be ignorant that, at the same time that he hath found out so excellent an art of imposing on the world, he is all the while deceiving himself: he may be well assured, that he is not so very bad as he would appear in his letter, and that he would be much happier, was he really as good as he hath hitherto appeared to the world.

I shall conclude, with observing that though the certain existence of such sort of persons, as my correspondent, may justify us in some degree of suspicion and caution in our dealing with mankind; yet should it by no means incline us to their opinions, who have represented human nature as utterly bad and depraved: such thoughts as these can arise, as I have observed in the beginning of this paper, from no other spring than our finding the seeds of such depravity in our own natures. And 'tis the worst abuse of the press to propagate doctrines that visibly tend to the entire extirpation of all society, all morality, and all religion.

THURSDAY, *December 13, 1739.*

—————"Somnia vera."—HORACE. lib. I. sat. 10.

MR. CHAMPION,—I am surprised that you have been now a whole month in the world, without having been once asleep, or, at least, without acquainting your readers with it. You cannot be ignorant that your predecessors used both to sleep and dream, and diverted the town as much this way as when they were awake. You will be pleased, perhaps to hear, that I myself have dreamt in the Spectator in my youth, and that I have continued to dream occasionally ever since; but, for want of a proper vehicle to make those visionary scenes public, have been obliged to nod over them by myself. It was no small pleasure to me, therefore, to hear of the Champion, which, not being totally devoted to politics, allows room, now and then, for such miscellaneous pieces, as may arise in such a twilight imagination as mine, of which, if you think proper, be pleased to entertain your readers with the following specimen:

Methought I found myself in the most beautiful plain I ever beheld. The soil was covered with a verdure scarce to be equalled by colours, or conceived by imagination. A vast quantity of flowers of different sorts variegated the scene, and perfumed the air with the most delicious odours. In the midst of this plain stood a mountain, not much unlike a mitre; which was of great height, but withal so free from all incumbrances of trees or briars, that I could, from the bottom of the hill, very plainly discern all such as ascended, or endeavoured to ascend. On one of the summits of this hill sat nine girls, whose names I learnt to be Miss Cally, Miss Cly, Miss Raty, Miss Thally, Miss Pomy, Miss Psicky, Miss Terpy, Miss Polly, Miss Any; they were very indifferently dressed, but so extremely beautiful, that the rents in their garments, which discovered some parts of their charming limbs, would have been ill supplied by the richest brocade.

MISC. WRITINGS II—7

A little man who lay in the lap of one, with his head in the bosom of another, playing with his hands with the neck of a third, gave me an idea of a certain colonel, who formerly used to lie in state in this town. I could by no means learn the name of this happy man, though I asked several, who all returned me indirect answers. One swore, if he could come at him, he would soon kick him down the hill; another, that he had no right to be there; a third (a very grave man) shook his head and said, he did not understand Greek. But what surprised me the most, was, that several persons, instead of telling me his name, ventured to contradict my senses, and to assure me I was mistaken, for that the little gentleman was not where I saw him: while I stood shocked with the assurance of this declaration, I observed a pretty tall man tumbling down the hill with great precipitation; upon applying my glass, I thought I had seen him somewhere before; and was told, that he had ascended a good part of the mountain in disguise, and had passed several of the guards (which I now took notice, watched carefully at equal distances on the ascent) under counterfeit names. My friend had scarce ended, when the aforesaid person past by me, and with an air of indignation cried out, "Keep your Helican, and be paxed! A cup of sack is a better thing, stap my vitals! and since those young ladies will not let me up the hill, I will never introduce one of them to court, split me!" He then began to hum a song—I could hear some few words only, as "Sing and Liberty," "Sing and War," and "Sing and Peace." I remarked, the faster he sung, the faster he walked, or rather ran from the hill, so that he was soon out of sight, which he scarce was, when I heard a vast noise at the bottom of the hill; indeed it was so loud, and of so strange a kind, that I despair of giving my reader an adequate idea of it. Nor do I believe he can form a juster, than by imaging a discordant chorus of all the vociferous animals in the world; for, besides the human organs, which were here diversified into all the different kinds of vocal music, such as whistling, yawning, hollaing, hooting, groaning, etc., there were several animals (not chosen, as it seems, for the sweetness of their pipes),

such as asses, owls, and cats conjoined. While I was wondering at this hideous outcry, one who stood near me, said, "Oh! they are hunting an author."

Nor can I help mentioning, that the little gentleman on the top of the hill, put on a kind of smile, which I thought unbecoming at so brutal an entertainment. I was diverted from inquiring farther into the meaning of this pastime, by a number of persons who brushed by me; some of whom I thought I had seen before, and heard them often mention the "encouragement of learning," as they past along: I was informed these did not attempt to climb themselves, but only to recommend others, whom I did not observe to ascend: at the same time, I remarked a very loud laugh among those who guarded the avenues; soon after which the said crowd returned back, among whom I heard it muttered, "It was very hard a man can't be allowed a little judgment for his money." They were just gone, when a fat, well-dressed man came up, somewhat out of breath with the hastiness of his travelling. He was refused to pass, but received a pretty large sum of money at the gate, with which he seemed to return very well contented. Immediately after him arrived a grave gentleman in black, who marched on with a very solemn pace: I observed he passed the first gate; soon after which, I heard the hideous outcry I mentioned above, repeated for a considerable time; at last, I was pleased to find the black gentleman had escaped them, whom I saw ascending the hill, though they had torn all his clothes off from his back. My eyes were no sooner taken from him, than they were accosted by a well-dressed young man, with a good deal of fierceness in his countenance; the guards did not open the gate to him on his producing the first passport, on which I could plainly read the word "dunces;" but on his producing a second, he was immediately admitted into the first gate, and I could neither see nor hear what became of him afterwards. A large number of people began now to advance, some in very fine, and some in very shabby dresses; they were all refused, the guards assuring them, they would let no one pass without telling his name, if required. As soon as they were departed, I was told,

on inquiry, that they were anonymous satirists, most of them very scurrilous, and all very dull. We were no sooner rid of this company, than a couple approached, who, though their persons did not much agree (the one being of the taller kind, and thin, the other shorter and fatter), yet their minds seemed to be more of a piece, they seemed to walk together with great friendship and affection: the gates were instantly opened to them, and they walked on, without any interruption, to the top of the hill; where the little gentleman, and the nine young ladies saluted them. They no sooner showed themselves there, than a parcel of asses, who were grazing at the bottom, set up the most execrable bray I ever heard: this I was informed, by one of the guards, was the nature of the beasts whenever they beheld any figure on the top of the mountain. Upon my asking who those two gentlemen were, the same person replied, "The shorter of them is the excellent author of Leonidas. He was introduced here many years ago by Milton and Homer; nor is he dearer to those great poets, than to several Spartan and Roman heroes. He is thought, by long intimacy with those two, to have learnt the majestic air of Homer, while he dresses himself like Milton, though others believe both to be natural to him. As for the other gentleman, he was very fond of one or two of those ladies you see yonder, in his youth, and they as warmly returned his passion; but of late, there hath grown a coldness of his side; and graver studies, in which he hath nobly distinguished himself, have made him less frequent in their embraces." He was proceeding, when several persons came up, the first of which had, I observed, a great club in his hand. The gate was immediately opened to them; and as soon as they had entered, the guard whispered in my ear, "They are the family of the Vinegars; he at the head is the great Captain Hercules." If you will give me leave, captain, your club seemed to strike such a terror, that I am in some doubt, whether you did not owe your admission to it: I no sooner turned about than I observed a huge overgrown fellow, with a large rabble at his heels, who huzza'd him all along as he went. He had a smile, or rather a sneer in his countenance,

and shook most people by the hand as he past; on each side of him walked three persons, with cloths and brushes in their hands, who were continually employed in rubbing off mire from him; and really he travelled through such a quantity of dirt, that it was as much as they could possibly do to keep him from being covered. I was informed that a certain person, calling himself a hyp-doctor, walked after him, but he was invisible to me. As soon as he came to the gate, he whispered to the guard, and then shook him by the hand; upon which the gate was opened, but as the guard was going to shut it on the rest, the huge man turned about, and cried, "Sir, I pay for self and company;" upon which it was flung wide open, and the whole crew entered in, and marched on without the least interruption through the several passes; the huge man shaking all those who should have kept them by the hand. You will not wonder at my curiosity in asking, who, or what this man was; I was answered, "That he was a great magician, and with a gentle squeeze by the hand, could bring any person whatever to think, and speak, and do what he himself desired, and that it was very difficult to avoid his touch; for if you came but in his reach, he infallibly had you by the fist; that there was only one way to be secure against him, and that was by keeping your hand shut, for then his touch had no power;" but indeed, this method of security I did not perceive any one to put in practice. The company, with their leader, were now advanced a considerable way up the hill, when the ladies applied to the little gentleman to defend them; but he, to the great surprise of every body, crept under one of their petticoats upon which I heard one behind me cry out, "Ay, ay, he hath been touched before I warrant you." The two gentlemen, whom I mentioned to walk up the hill together, advanced bravely to the brow, and put themselves in a posture of defence, with a seeming resolution to oppose the whole posse. And now every one was in full expectation of the issue; when (eagerly pressing too forward) I came within the reach of the huge man, who gave me such a squeeze by the hand, that it put an end to my dream, and instead of those flowery landscapes which I painted in the beginning of my

letter, I found myself three pair of stairs in the Inner Temple.

If you find any thing in this worth your notice, the next time I dream at all to the purpose, you shall hear from me again. I am,

Sir, your humble servant

INNER TEMPLE, December 7.

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SATURDAY, December 15, 1739.

*"Haud secus ac vitreas sollers piscator ad undas,  
Ore levem patulo texens de vimine nassam,  
Cautius interiora ligat, mediamque per alvum  
Sensim fastigans compressa cacumina nectit,  
Ac fraude arctati remeare foraminis arcet  
Introitu facilem, quem traxit ab œquore pisces."*

SILIUS ITALICUS, lib. 5.

THE great variety which is found in the nature of man, hath extremely perplexed those writers who have endeavoured to reduce the knowledge of him to a certain science, and may perhaps have been the reason, why the philosopher in his definition of man, doth not include any of his passions or habits, but only his outward figure.

"Man differs more from man, than man from beast,"

says one of our poets. And, indeed, not to launch out into that variety, which the difference of climates, customs, religions, education, laws, &c., have introduced into human nature, we shall find, between persons of the same age, complexion, religion, and education, sufficient reason to approve this his observation.

I am surprised, that Machiavelli, who, in several places, hath taken notice, that the same measures have often produced different events, hath no where assigned this as the cause; for it is the business of the politician, as well as the

physician, to study the constitution of his patient; for the same dose will not have the same effect on all minds, any more than on all bodies.

This diversity in human nature hath been the greatest stumbling-block in the way of politicians, who have found it very difficult to adapt their bait to the various palates of man. Experience teaches these gentlemen, that he who will fly from one bribe, will as greedily swallow another, and that every different man is to be taken a different way. On which account Dr. South represents that eminent politician; the devil, very cautiously suiting his bait to the particular disposition of him whom he endeavours to take: "He offers," saith he, "riches to the avaricious, power to the ambitious, honours to the vain, pleasures to the voluptuous," &c.

The art of politics is not unlike the art of fishing. Indeed a politician may very properly be called a fisher of men: I shall therefore consider him in this light; and, as the chief excellency of both consists in choosing proper baits, I shall lay down some instructions, whereby the politician may know how to bait his hook as well as the fisherman: and herein, I shall follow the style and method of those authors who have treated the art of angling; and first, I shall take notice of the definition which James Saunders, Esq., a most inimitable writer, in his *Compleat Fisherman*, gives of the angler: "Who is (says he) a person under some eminent circumstances, which allow a perfect description of him; for he is a very particular person indeed, nor is every man qualified for the work, or, as it is justly called, not a work, but a sport." This learned gentleman also refutes two opinions, viz. first, "That he who has nothing else to show for his being a gentleman, will find it hard to make his title good in the herald's book."—And afterwards, he observes, "that some say an angler must be a man of no thinking; whereas (says he) he must have his passions all at command, he must govern his temper with an absolute sway, and be able to sustain his mind under the greatest disappointments;" which being allowed of the angler, I think it will not be needful

to prove the resemblance he bears to the politician: for he may not only make himself a gentleman, but all of his family, nay, his footman also; and as to the government of his temper, it is so necessary, that the art of grinning with a heavy heart is the very greatest qualification of a statesman.

It is a rule laid down for the angler, not to go too near the river side, especially when he would take a carp, or more cautious fish; but rather hide himself behind some bulk or block.—The same should be observed by the politician; for as the fish will not bite if he sees the angler no more will the man, if he suppose any other see him.

One caution I shall here premise, as necessary for the politician, which I have not observed given to the angler; which is, carefully to avoid hooking a fish too potent for him to deal with; if he does, to let go his hold immediately, lest he be pulled into the water, instead of pulling the fish out.

I shall proceed now to show the several kinds of fish which a politician is to angle for, and the baits with which they are to be taken.—And first the carp, of which the aforesaid Mr. Saunders says, “That he is a very subtle fish, not easily surprised, and therefore not undeservedly called the water-fox; he will not come near to any place, where he finds the water put into a violent motion; he being to be taken by the stillest and quietest methods, nothing that ruffles the water in the least must be done: for as the carp is the water-fox, so he must be as subtle as a fox who takes him.”—From hence we may gather, the great folly of those who attempt to take this fish in troubled or muddy water; and, indeed, as there requires much art to take him, in like manner as much more is necessary to hold him, for, after he is hooked, he often carries off your tackle.—And lastly, when taken, he is very bony and dangerous in devouring, that, I think, it is our politician’s most prudent way to let him alone, and as much as possible avoid him: for the political carp hath a peculiar quality, which is, that, when he is not fished for himself, he will often, by striking down into the bottom, raise the sand, and spoil the politician’s sport. On which account, some have taken all methods, both fair and foul, to rid ponds of

those fish. Indeed, the political carp proves often very dangerous, and sometimes fatal to our angler: for which reason, one of the most ingenious anglers I ever knew, shunned him with the utmost caution; giving out at the same time, that a chub was a fish of a much better savour.

The second fish I shall mention is the pike; a very voracious fish, as all who write of him allow. I shall here set down some rules, which Mr. Saunders gives, for taking this fish.—As first, that the largest bait is not the best, for though he may bite sooner at the large bait than the small one, yet the angler will oftener miss taking him; for he does not gorge the large bait so soon as the small.—Secondly, that it were well if you could pull your line perpendicular, if that may be, by which means you might have him safe.—Thirdly, he seems to prefer snapping, to trowling after this fish. Nor can I omit one observation of his, that his throat is the grave of all the small fish in the river.

The political pike differs little from the other, save in the first observation of Mr. Saunders; for this will gorge the largest bait full as soon as the smallest, and bite as soon at the small, as at the large bait. Scotland and Cornwall are thought to send up very good fish of this kind: they all bite very greedily, and require little nicety in the baiting. As soon as he is hooked, you may draw him up and down, or from one side to the other of the river, as you please, and he will yield you most excellent sport. I shall add only one thing more, viz., that I think lines properer than rods for taking this fish.

I am now to treat of the chub, of whom Mr. Saunders says, that he is not so much esteemed for the flesh, as the sport of fishing for him.—The political chub however, differs in one thing from the finny, in that the head of the latter is the most excellent part; whereas that of the former is not quite so good; but then it agrees so well with this description of Mr. Saunders, that one would think it was meant of it, viz. “The chubs are none of the best principled people; for if they like any particular place in the river, let the former inhabitants be what they will, trout, barbel, perch,

or any thing but the pike; they make no conscience of driving them out, and taking possession for themselves. Hence it often happens, that in a place long famous for trouts, you shall find chubs; and when once you find a chub there, you may spare your labour of fishing there for any more trouts, for you are certain to find none; the chub having routed them all out; the latter being the stronger and more violent fish by far."—He says of him afterwards, "That he will bite at any thing, either natural or artificial, indeed any thing that is either soft or sweet, and that will hang on the hook." The political chub seems to agree so well with this description, that it is needless to say any thing particular of him; for it is well known, that where chubs are, carps will have nothing to do; I shall only remark, that there is scarce a carp left in the Thames, which is at present almost full of chubs.

The fish which yields the politician the best sport is the gudgeon: the greedy nature of this fish is known to almost every school-boy, and its readiness to bite at any thing, hath grown into a proverb. The political and other gudgeons are so much alike, that they need no particular description. I shall only remark, that as the red worm is the best bait for the latter, so a piece of red riband is a fine bait for the former.

Most of the kind of fish which compose a politician's sport, may be reduced to some of these afore-mentioned heads; so that by following these very short rules, he will easily know how to deal with them: but he is deceived, if he thinks his trouble over when he has secured the fish: he ought also then to be instructed what to do with him. A politician ought to be a good cook, as well as a good angler; but at the same time, not to rely so much on his cookery, or on any disguise of sauce, as to impose a chub upon the world for a carp.

## INDEX OF THE TIMES.

SATURDAY, *December 15, 1739.*

As the play house, since some ingenious, young gentlemen have turned it into a Bear Garden falls naturally within my province, I shall think proper to animadvert on such occurrences there, as occasionally happens: it would be therefore unjust, to take no notice of a most excellent device made use of the other night, where some one observing that Brutus says of Cæsar, "The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow."

Equipped the said Cæsar with a large painted spot over his eye. Such decorations as these are of great use to an Author, as they greatly heighten a poetical image, and at the same time help the audience to understand it: for as Horace says, "Nothing makes so quick an impression on the mind as, *Qua sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus.*"

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SATURDAY, *December 18, 1739.*

*"Urbem quam dicunt romam, melibæa, putavi  
Stultus ego huic nostræ similem."*—VIRG.

THOUGH it was not, at first, my intention to deal much in serious politics in this paper, the following letter, which I received last week, is written with so elegant and proper a spirit; and the matter it treats, of such moment, that I hope the reader will receive it with as much favour as he would something of a more humorous kind, and that he will forgive me the not striking out the first part of it, for which I return thanks to the author.

SIR—Though a vein of wit hath discovered itself in your papers, which the town hath not, lately, seen any thing equal to, I am afraid you have not yet met with the success which

your writings deserve, and which I not only wish, but promise you on your perseverance; nor would I have you discouraged, that you are not received with that immediate applause, which some of your predecessors have met with on their first appearance; but rather account for it with me, these two ways: first, that the people have been so long crammed with nonsense and dulness, that, like children, who have been tormented with physic, they are grown suspicious, and must be brought with some pains and difficulty, to receive agreeable and wholesome food. Secondly, that wise and thoughtful men, who are indeed the only true judges of wit, are scarce in a temper at present to be entertained. An immense fleet, a vast army, a decayed, sinking trade, an impoverished, indebted, and corrupt nation, must raise ideas in every mind more suitable to that ensuing solemn fast, which his majesty hath with great piety proclaimed, than to any thing of mirth and festivity. I have sent you therefore the following letter, or address to the citizens of London, which may possibly procure you more readers at this season, than if Addison was to arise from the dead, and write you an epistle from Sir Roger de Coverley.

TO THE CITIZENS OF LONDON.

GENTLEMEN,—You must be sensible in what light your late behaviour on the election of your principal magistrate hath been regarded by the whole nation; that spirit of liberty, that zeal for the trade and honour of this kingdom, which distinguished themselves amongst you on this occasion, have rendered your names the objects of love and respect throughout Great Britain, and will transmit them in those amiable colours to posterity.

The great esteem and regard which the people of England have ever shown to the conduct of their metropolis. (looking up to this great city always as to their *Alma Mater*) shine forth in your chronicles, but brighter in no age than in this. Many instances are needless to prove, that we direct our measures by the standard of yours. The excise and convention (those eternal monuments of your glory) are of them-

selves sufficient evidence of this truth. Thus while you direct our actions, being at the same time the great reservoir of what must be styled the blood of the political body, you are at once the head and heart of the nation.

If your example hath been able in this corrupt age to influence and excite men to the defence of liberty, how prevalent must it be, when, coinciding with the depravity of our natures, and the baseness of the times, it should lead them to venality and prostitution? Corruption, which hath for many years been creeping upon us, and working its way imperceptibly under ground, will, if it once finds an entrance into your gates, rush downwards like a torrent, and overwhelm the nation; for who can stem it, if the citizens of London yield to its force? Or where shall it meet with a dam, if your walls are none? Can we suppose, that those who are able to bribe the richest city in the universe, will not be capable of succeeding in a beggarly borough? Or can we expect, that a poor country shopkeeper, who can scarce drive away famine with his labour, shall have virtue enough to refuse what is even necessary to his livelihood, whilst the opulent tradesman or merchant of London, avariciously, or perhaps, wantonly gives up his conscience, his country, nay, his own real interest to hire? Thus the most impudent scheme ever attempted (for surely to attempt to bribe the city of London, must be so) may in the end prove the wisest, and the whole people may be corrupted, as Caligula would have beheaded them, at once.

I would not be understood to insinuate that this is the case. I am far from fearing this ever will be the case. No, I rather wish to impute those slanders, spread abroad, to the desires, than the hopes of your enemies: for who can believe that this great and wealthy city, many of whose members could once, singly, furnish out more money in one day, than the whole opulent city of Amsterdam in several.<sup>1</sup> A city! whose favour, in all eras of our history, hath been solicitously courted by every administration, of such weight hitherto in our constitution, that, in all contentions, it hath turned the balance by its own weight to which side it pleased. Who

<sup>1</sup> See the third volume of Clarendon's History.

can, I say, believe that this city is to be purchased? Who can believe that the city of London will submit to be bribed? Will stoop to low, mean, and pitiful bribes? Will give itself up a prostitute to the hire of those who have made it their maxim, and the constant business both of themselves and their creatures, to villify and depreciate her citizens; to treat those rich, powerful, and most useful members of the commonwealth, as knaves and beggars, who have affected in all their conversations that contempt—I repeat the word—that *contempt* for you, which this base prostitution could only give them in reality?

If then there be any among you, whom you justly suspect to be tainted with this pestilence, shun them as you would a contagion, drive them from your society as wounded deer, or rather infected lepers. Let the judgment annexed to the conviction be perpetual infamy. Let no man speak to, no man deal with, such a person. Let him not only bring shame, (which is a small punishment to a mind thoroughly polluted) but ruin on himself and family.

I am warm, gentlemen, and it becomes you to be so too. The honour of your city is at stake; you have been treated with rapine and injustice, but never with contempt till now. This is the first period in our annals, which hath seen you the object of scorn and ridicule. The first time that it hath been said of you, “that you might be had, but are not worth having;” on which I will observe, that if the first part of the sentence is true, the latter is undoubtedly true also.

The constitution of the city of London, resembles that of Great Britain in general: indeed all the corporations of England are so many little wheels comprehended in one great one, whose form they represent in miniature. You have a mayor, an upper and a lower house; in the last of which, as in a House of Commons, lies the security of your liberties, as long as honest and upright men are elected into it; whereas, on the contrary, if you depute base and corrupt members to that office, that which should be your security, will be only a security to your enemies in betraying you.

It may perhaps be asked how you shall be certain to choose an incorrupt person? to which I answer, that though corruption (cursed be the villains who projected it) hath so insinuated itself amongst us, that it is almost impossible to tell who is not infected; there is however a certain mark by which you may discover who is. He who is upheld by the purses of those who are known enemies of the city, or the known creatures of those enemies, may be depended on as one who will work their ends and his own interest at the expense of the welfare and honour of the city.

This is the man you are to esteem corrupt. This is the man for whom you are not to vote, but to shun, detest, and abhor all those who do.

The day is now at hand, which is to give a defeat, or a triumph to your enemies. A day! which I regard as of the utmost consequence to British liberty; since it must appear, on this day, to all the world, whether the city of London is, or is not to be bribed, and drank, and laughed out of her integrity; whether her citizens resemble the ancient or the modern inhabitants of Rome. In a word, whether they are a body of brave, free, incorrupt Englishmen, or a banditti of slaves and sturdy beggars.

Exert yourselves then on this occasion, show the world your integrity in disdaining a bribe, your bravery and freedom in a steady opposition to those who have laid or promoted schemes of slavery and oppression, and your resentment in kicking out such from among you as herd with men, who have dared with as much folly as impudence to treat you with disrespect. Show your enemies that you have these virtues, and they will soon court your favour in an open and an honourable manner, who now attempt secretly to undermine you, whilst they openly affect to ridicule and despise you.

SATURDAY, *December 22, 1739.*

*"Judicantem vidimus Æacum."*—HORACE.

WHEN I first undertook the office of Champion, I appointed a general council, or assembly of my family, to meet every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday evening, to examine into ways and means for the improvement and diversion of my countrymen; and it hath been likewise usual with me on all emergencies to convene a council extraordinary, and sometimes to order the attendance of any particular person of my family, in whose province the enormity hath happened, whom I have commanded to draw up a remonstrance, or case for my own satisfaction, to be perused or not by the public, as I have thought proper.

I have also determined to erect a court of judicature, wherein I shall sit myself as sole judge, and before which I shall summon and try at my pleasure, all manner of persons and things in this kingdom, assigning to the parties such counsel out of my own family, as to me appears meet. This court I shall hold more or less often at my own will, and as occasion requires; and shall sentence such as I think guilty, entirely according to my pleasure, without any regard had to the laws now in being. These my sentences, trusty officers shall be appointed to execute on the reputations of all offenders, which said reputations they will be fully empowered to abuse, post, pillor, whip, and hang up accordingly to my several sentences.

With the transactions of this court, I shall acquaint my readers, as often as I think they can turn to their diversion or emolument, concealing or exposing the names of the offenders, as they give me more or less hopes of their amendment.

How useful, and indeed how necessary this bench must be, will not be doubted by any who consider that our laws are not sufficient to restrain or correct half the enormities which spring up in this fruitful soil. The man who murders, robs, or ravishes, is indeed punished with death. But there are

invaders and destroyers of our lives and fortunes, and of the persons and honour of our women, whom no laws in being can any way come at.

Nor would it be enough that those greater crimes should be punished, the covetous, the prodigal, the ambitious, the voluptuous, the bully, the vain, the hypocrite, the flatterer, the slanderer, call aloud for the champion's vengeance. (In short, whatever is wicked, hateful, absurd, or ridiculous, must be exposed and punished before this nation is brought to that height of purity and good manners to which I wish to see it exalted. )

It will be, no doubt, a great satisfaction to my honest countrymen, that they are to appear before a judge whom no partiality can incline, no bribe allure, nor no threats frighten to acquit the guilty, or convict the innocent. A judge, before whom no one will be too great or too mean to receive justice. At the same time it must give no small alarm to several who have thought themselves, and their ill-acquired possessions safe from all inquisition of the laws, to find themselves liable to the sentence of so terrible and impartial a bench of justice.

The methods which I have taken in erecting this court of judicature, must give great entertainment to the readers.

I have set apart a large room in my own house, at the upper end of which is a great elbow-chair, raised on several steps, with a desk and cushion before it. In this chair, I shall sit in judgment; below is a table, at which my family are to be placed as counsel: behind is the bar, where the prisoners are to be arraigned, and on one side is a stool for the evidence. As for juries, I have no need of them, as I reserve to myself the full power of convicting or acquitting as I think just.

I was, at first, at no small loss to imagine a prison large enough to contain the great number of offenders, and began to entertain some thoughts of building one by subscription (a method in which I shall pursue all my schemes), till I bethought myself of setting apart those rooms, where the convocation was formerly held to this purpose, at least till

the convening that reverend body, by which time I may possibly find out some other place to detain my prisoners in.

As I have observed the good people of England to be great lovers of all executions; and as I have often heard it lamented, that there are not proper conveniencies for our women of fashion to be present at these spectacles, I have appointed the stage in Drury Lane to be the scene of all punishments, which are to be there executed between the second and third music. This, I think, cannot fail of drawing larger audiences, than at present frequent our theatres; and may likewise give the pit and galleries such an opportunity of venting their spleen and ill-nature before the curtain rises, as may enable them to suffer the players to proceed without any interruption.

There being yet no more than one officer of this court appointed, I shall here acquaint the public with the several offices which I have thought fit to constitute, and the qualifications required to enable any man to possess them; that whoever shall think himself duly entitled, may appear before us, next council day, at eleven in the forenoon, and put in his claim, where he may be assured of being admitted or rejected according to his merit.

First, six tipstaves, two of which are to give constant attendance, and be relieved weekly: their business will be to seize all such persons, as they shall be thereto empowered by warrant under my hand and seal, and convey them to the prison aforesaid. These I shall choose out of such officers, not above the degree of a captain, as shall have given sufficient marks of their prowess: I mean, not abroad, with which I have little to do; but at home, in open defiance of their own laws and countrymen.

Secondly, one head, and four under-gaolers. The first must give proof of having confined a young wife, who gave him a good fortune, in some lonely house in the country, for at least ten years; while he has spent her money in this town, without suffering her to enjoy the least share in it. As for the others, it will be sufficient that they have been bailiffs, informing constables, or some others who have made

a livelihood of the miseries and misfortunes of their fellow creatures.

Thirdly, three clerks, viz. clerk of the court, clerk of the indictments, and clerk of the arraigns. These to be chosen out of such gentlemen of the Inns of Court, as having had too high parts to confine themselves to the dull crabbed study of the law, have spent so much of their youthful days in dress, amour, and other diversions, that they get a very uncomfortable subsistence at the bar; and from their want of other employment, are generally to be seen in the coffee-houses about the Temple and the theatre.

Fourthly, though I shall not hang any of my convicts, yet as I shall deal with them in such a manner, that it may be presumed they will hang themselves; I have therefore appointed ordinaries or chaplains of every religion now current. And whereas, it is modestly supposed, that great part of my convicts will be people of no religion at all, I shall appoint two grave men out of the body of Free-thinkers; the one a professed atheist (if one can be found), the other a deist, to strengthen and confirm the condemned prisoners, that they may retire to a state of nonentity, and calmly and quietly dissolve into nothing, without any perturbations of mind, or being terrified by priests, at their last hours, into notions, with which their whole lives have been utterly unacquainted. Reserving, however, to all such persons a full power of recanting, at their own particular desire, and embracing any religion they shall think convenient.

Fifthly, the office of a crier is conferred on a great orator.

And sixthly, as to counsel, I have reserved that office entirely to my own family.

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TUESDAY, *December 25, 1739.*

—“*Quid studium prosit?*”—HORACE.

NOTWITHSTANDING the great terror in which I keep my family, and the great respect which I sincerely believe them

all to entertain for my natural parts, and personal strength and intrepidity; I have often a suspicion that they have all round a thorough contempt of my learning: this my father, brother, and one or two of my sons, have not scrupled to acquaint me with, as they know it is a point on which I am far from valuing myself: but I was not a little surprised the other day, to hear my wife, in whom I never suspected that pre-eminence, on some controversy that happened, answer me very flatly, that she wondered I should dispute those things with her, when I might know very well, that she was so much a better scholar than myself.

I was at first a little ruffled with this assertion, till on reflection, I soon resolved my anger into that contempt I have always had for a qualification, which I look on as effeminate and intended only for women; an opinion I think, plainly intimated in the habits which all nations distinguish their professors of learning by, nearly resembling that of females, and to whom we give the name of the long-robed; or as I have somewhere heard, the petticoat gentry, including the female and learned world under one general appellation.

While I was meditating on this matter, I happened accidentally to open my father's commonplace book, where I found much good reading under the title learning, not a little to my satisfaction.

It is there observed, that this word learning implies the same as knowledge, which was that forbidden fruit our first father tasted, and to which we owe all the evil and miseries to which our nature is now subject; and here I was pleased to corroborate my above-mentioned opinion of the effeminacy of learning, by remarking that it was first introduced into the world by a woman.

The Chinese, a very wise, polite, and well regulated people, and whose ordinary institutes of life seem far superior to the Europeans, have very little learning among them, more than is immediately necessary to mechanics and other useful arts. Their philosophy, poetry, history, and other ornamental branches of learning are very superficial; and it is well known, that the Turks, a very warlike and great people, are such

declared enemies to it, they would not till lately admit the art of printing to be cultivated among them.

The Romans maintained their greatness little longer than they retained their ignorance; and our own annals (notwithstanding the glorious reign of Queen Anne) show us at least that we were able to conquer as well in our darker as more enlightened ages.

I would by no means be here understood to be an enemy to all good learning, a competency of which (I mean to write and read, an height to which I myself have arrived) may possibly be necessary to all such as are bred to divinity, law, or physic. The utmost I contend for, being to banish from among us those dead tongues which are not only useless, but, as I am informed, have much contributed to introduce the religion of the ancients as well as their language.

I question not, but many of my good readers will abundantly stare at a proposal of banishing learning from those learned professions before mentioned; but as I think I can prove it not only useless, but very pernicious to all of them, I shall not be hastily afraid nor ashamed of my assertion.

And first as to divinity, I think Peter Burman in his *Oratio contra Studia Humanitatis*, hath plainly proved the reading those profane authors who have writ in Greek or Latin, to be utterly inconsistent with the study of divinity; as the whole oration is excellent, and exhausts all that can be said on this head; and as I have seen a translation of it in English, I shall refer my curious reader to it. As for certain authors called fathers, which writ in those languages, and which were formerly supposed conducive to this study, I apprehend they are not at present extant, having to my knowledge never seen any in the libraries of our divines.

The study of Divinity, I apprehend may properly be divided into three branches, viz. the *Credenda*, the *Agenda*, and the *Habenda*.

As to the *Credenda*, or matters of faith, regarding doctrinal and ceremonial points, I cannot much recommend the Scriptures (little hereof being to be found therein); but as I apprehend we have about six waggon-loads of books on this head

in our language, I cannot see any reason for our student to go farther. I shall observe these books are generally very cheap (considering their excellence), and a young divine may purchase a very handsome library for a trifle.

Concerning the Agenda, or matters of morality, I know some persons have thought that the excellent and divine Sermon on the Mount, contains all that can be said or thought on this subject; that that inimitable short system of morality, which is alone a sufficient proof of the divine mission of its Author, comprehends all that is useful or profitable, or meritorious to ourselves and others; and that, at the same time, it is so concise and yet so full, it is also plain, that no law ever less needed a comment; notwithstanding which, there is scarce one word which hath not been explained in more pages than have been written on all the abstruse and dark passages of the ancient philosophers, all which excellent explanations are now extant in our own language under the title of sermons.

As to the third, viz. the Habenda or tithes, I apprehend, as very little of this occurs in the ancient Greek or Roman authors, so a complete knowledge may be acquired thereof by Bohun's Complete Law of Tithes, and a swinging folio called Parson's Law.

I think on this short survey, it appears how useless Greek and Latin must be to the study of divinity, and as to the perniciousness thereof, I think loss of time only would be a sufficient argument, seeing that a very long life, and very good eyes, are requisite to the perusal of those necessary books above mentioned; but numberless other reasons are given by the said Peter Burman.

As to the law, I know it may be objected that Cicero hath affirmed a complete knowledge of all arts and sciences to be necessary to the formation of a perfect orator; and my Lord Coke, in his Comments on Littleton, insinuates that an academic education is the proper introduction to the study of law. But these will have little weight, if we consider the difference between the Roman and English laws; in the latter of which, oratory is by most thought utterly useless; and

secondly, that my Lord Coke himself is (I am told) at present generally esteemed (especially by all those good judges who have never read a syllable of him) to be a very stupid, dull fellow, who would have made a very indifferent figure in Westminster Hall in this age. I am assured by my son Tim Vinegar, who hath been a student in Lincoln's Inn these five years, that a very competent knowledge of the law is to be met with in Jacob's Dictionary, and the other legal works of that learned author. Nay, he very confidently asserts, that nothing is more hurtful to a perfect knowledge of the law than reading it; for (says he) it is common in our books to meet with controverted opinions, which mightily confound and distract the mind of the student, who will be much more likely to be in the right, if he adheres to his own judgment assisted with those books above-mentioned; he confirms this with the example of some old plodders, who have lost themselves in the wood, without ever finding the road to business; and ludicrously says, the best advice to a student is not to outlaw himself.

Lastly, with regard to physie, I apprehend it will be objected that as this science hath been almost totally delivered in the learned languages, some of its best books being (as I am informed) written in Greek, a smattering, even of that language, would not be entirely useless to the student. Nay, perhaps, it will be insisted on that without a small share of Latin, he will not be able to write a prescription. To this I answer, that old physie is as obsolete as old divinity or old law; that most of these books are translated into French; (that hackney-vehicle of learning) that the hospitals have rendered the universities useless; for here a great quantity of human bodies are daily prepared to be hacked and dosed just as the doctors please; so that a man may learn to be a good physician mechanically, as he may to write a good hand; for as the rule is *scribendo disces scribere*, so *purgando disces purgare*. Besides, an intimate acquaintance with Galen and Hippocrates, may render a man obstinate in adhering to their opinions, which may possibly contradict the reigning mode, or medicines in fashion. I shall omit an obvious conclusion

from the eminent success of some quacks, who have pilled the nation in a very extraordinary manner, without any assistance from either Latin or Greek; and the ill success of some physicians who have carried these two languages in their heads, and been notwithstanding obliged to walk on foot all their days.

As to the matter of writing prescriptions, a very small proportion of Latin will be sufficient; not more, I believe, than three dozen of words, such as *sumat, bibat repetat*, &c. which, with a long wig and a cane, I look upon as a complete furniture for a physician.

I think, I have made it appear that learning is not of such consequence, as it is vulgarly imagined. And, if it be once allowed, as it surely must, that it is useless in these three professions, no one will, I conceive, contend for the necessity of it in any of the other callings of life. The law supposes a nobleman to be utterly void of it, for it provides that he shall have his clergy, even though he can't read. Nor doth it seem to expect much from a gentleman; for it gives this reason for allowing the verbal order of a sheriff to his ministers; namely, ——— It may be the sheriff can't write. Indeed true orthography, or the art of spelling, hath been ever thought inconsistent with the character of a gentleman, as carrying with it too pedantic an air; and though, perhaps, it may be at present fashionable for a gentleman to be barely able to write, yet I conceive it will be of great use to him, that no body should be able to read his writing. Those genteel accomplishments which have been foolishly thought to ask the assistance of learning, have lately been discovered to require none at all. Poetry, for instance, stands so little in need of it, that the poet of our age, most cherished at court, never pretended to more than to read. I know it may be objected, that the English Apollo, the prince of poets, the great Laureate abounds with such a redundancy of Greek and Latin, that not contented with the vulgar affectation of a motto to a play, he hath prefixed a Latin motto to every act of his Cæsar in Egypt; some of which, as appears by the said mottos, he had no temptation, but his aforesaid redund-

ancy, to place there; and in one other of his plays, he hath introduced a footman talking Greek. So that one may say of him with Hudibras,

——“ He could speak Greek,  
As naturally as pigs squeak;  
For Latin 'twas no more difficil,  
Than for a blackbird 'tis to whistle.”

Nay, his learning is thought to extend to the oriental tongues, and I myself heard a gentleman reading one of his Odes, cry out, “ Why this is all Hebrew.” I shall only answer, *exceptio probat regulam*; at least, it would be a very unfair conclusion, that because we have one poet who is a man of infinite learning, therefore great learning is necessary to every poet. The same reasoning might conclude, because we have one great man with a great head, that it is therefore necessary to every great man to have a great head; especially, since I can produce such a number of very pretty poets, and judicious critics, who owe their excellence to vast abilities alone, without the least assistance from human literature; and are living instances of the falsehood of that assertion of one Horace, which I found in my father's commonplace book,

——“ *Non rude quid possit video ingenium.*”

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THURSDAY, December 27, 1739.

———“ *Quid avarus?  
Stultus et infanus.*”—HORACE.

QUEVEDO calls a covetous rich man one who knows where a treasure is hid. A sentiment, which, I think, sets this person in a most just and ridiculous light. If there be any vice, which carries with it a more especial mark of madness than all the rest, it is this. The devil may be said to deal with the covetous man, as Dr. South tells us he does with

the swearer, to cheat him of his soul without giving him any thing for it.

Plautus, and from him several modern writers have exposed this covetous man with great extravagance and redundancy of humour; nor do I know any character, which is received both on the French and English stage, with so general a satisfaction. The spectators always showing a very visible pleasure in all the disappointments which he meets with through the whole comedy.

Mr. Nehemiah Vinegar hath communicated to me a dream, or vision, of his, which, he imagines to have been occasioned by being a spectator the other night at the comedy of the Miser, and which I shall give the public without any farther preface.

Methought, says he, I was conveyed into a large plain, at the upper end of which stood a huge, old fabric, of the Gothic kind: its outside seemed all of pure gold, and by the reflection of the sunbeams made the most charming appearance I ever beheld. As I stood some time still, admiring this stupendous structure, which seemed capable of receiving an infinite number of inhabitants, I observed several passengers pass by me in all manner of vehicles, and some on foot, who all made directly to it. Most of the foot passengers were heavy laden, and some were scarce able to stand under their burthen. They seemed also to show great apprehension of one another, scarce two being in company together, and often looking round them with great caution, lest any one approached too near them. My curiosity increasing to know whither all those persons could be going, I took an opportunity of joining one, whose countenance appeared less forbidding than the rest, and asked him the name of the place, which he and so many others were approaching. Instead of returning me a direct answer, he replied with a piteous tone, "Ah! sir, I am afraid I never shall get thither: I am not the man the world takes me for. Before the South Sea indeed I had some hopes, but that gave me such a pull back, that I am afraid I never shall recover it. I have been travelling night and day ever since, and yet am not so far

as I was before that curst year." As I saw he was mending his pace, and desired to leave me, I turned about from him, and found myself overtaken by a grave, old gentleman, whose journey was considerably retarded by a well dressed young fellow of about five and twenty; this latter was continually pulling him by the sleeve, and desiring him to stop, for that he had gone far enough of all conscience: to which the other answered, "That he should be undone, he could not support him; that if it had not been for lugging him along, he should have been at the palace long since; that he had sometimes dragged him farther back in a day, than he had been able to recover in a month." I had just time to recollect the faces of both, and knew them to be a very rich citizen and his son—when I beheld a jolly plain-dressed man with a pack on his shoulders, which almost bent him to the ground. He was followed by a very comely personage in embroidery, who bowed to him every three steps, and begged that he might ease him of that burthen, which he promised to deliver to him again at the palace gate. This, however, the other refused; and I heard him say, "My lord, this burthen is not so heavy as you imagine, nor is it my own, wherefore I can by no means trust it from my shoulders, to which it is indeed so fast sewed that it will be difficult to separate them." This couple had no sooner past me, than there came up a coach and pair, in which was a tall, thin man of a very meagre aspect, who seemed in great haste, and was continually calling to his coachman to drive a pair of skeleton horses as fast as he could. He had scarce reached me, when he was overtaken by a very beautiful young lady on horseback, who stopped his coach, and talked to him some time. I was near enough to hear several amorous expressions, and a frequent repetition of the words settlement and honourable design. At last, the young lady alighted from her horse, and got into the coach, which was immediately ordered to turn about, and I observed drove back with much greater precipitancy than it had advanced, so that it was soon out of sight. I now resolved to lose no more time, but to hasten to the palace. In my way thither I overtook several, and was overtaken by

others; I could hear, as I passed, frequent mutterings of the words poverty, undone; nor must I omit several melancholy objects which appeared on the road, such as racks and gibbets, on which were bestowed the bodies of several malefactors. I saw, too, several who by overtravelling, without allowing themselves time sufficiently to refresh themselves, fainted on the journey, whose burthens were immediately taken up by others. Some of whom carried on towards the palace, and others hurried them back again over the plain. For which purposes, it was common enough to see an elderly person followed by half a dozen people, who all waited to take up the burthen, when he who carried it sunk under it; and sometimes I observed them quarrelling and disputing to whom it belonged; which contests were rarely decided, till the whole was torn to pieces. These pieces were usually gathered up by two grave men in black gowns, with green bags in their hands, who drove each of them a very large cart, into which they loaded all the fragments. These gentlemen would often wrangle very severely on those occasions, and dispute into whose cart the said fragments should be put; but I observed them always very good friends at the end of the contest, and overheard an agreement between them to make an equal division of the booty. Amongst the multitude of my fellow travellers, I took particular notice of a very complaisant person, who bowed, smiled, and whispered to every one he passed by; upon which I saw several persons take from their own burthens, and heap on him, till he became as heavy laden as any on the road, though at first his sack appeared quite empty. I was surprised to hear him tell a very ugly fellow just before me, "That he was the most agreeable figure he had ever seen, and that he knew a young lady who was enamoured with his person to the last degree." Upon his passing by me without taking any notice, though he had been particularly civil to every one else: I was a little piqued, till I considered it might possibly happen from my being the only person there without a pack at my back. I had scarcely taken my eyes from this object, when I beheld a man in a full bottomed wig, who travelled with great speed,

and overthrew great numbers of people as he passed, several of whom were unable to rise again. I was curious to inquire who this person was; and was informed that he was a physician in great vogue.

As I now approached very near to the palace, I observed the crowd to thicken on me, which I at first wondered at, but soon perceived it was occasioned by a great number of persons who were denied entrance at the palace gates; where I was informed no one could be admitted till his burthen became of such a particular weight. It is impossible to describe the dejection which appeared in the faces of those who were repelled; some few of these I observed to turn back again, others to go off a little to a road which they told me led to the Castle of Content: but the far greatest part immediately applied themselves to filling up their bags by all manner of means till they became weight.

Upon my arrival at the gates of the palace, which I was now told was the Palace of Wealth, I was asked by the porter in a hoarse voice, what was the name of him who had the impudence to attempt entering there, without a packet on his shoulders; to which I confidently answered, that my name was Nehemiah Vinegar. "How sir," said the porter, a little mollified, "a relation to Captain Hercules Vinegar?" To which I had no sooner answered in the affirmative, but the doors were thrown wide open, and I was not a little pleased to find the respect which is every where paid to the important name of my formidable son.

*The conclusion of this vision is in our next.*

SATURDAY, *December 29, 1739.*

*“Non possidentem multa vocaveris  
Rectè beatum. Rectius occupat.*

*Nomen beati, qui decorum*

*Muneribus sapienter uti.*

*Duramque callet pauperiem pati.”—HOBACE.*

*The continuation of the vision in our last.*

AT my first entrance into this vast palace, which was so beautiful and resplendent without, I found myself in a vast large hall, whose walls were all over adorned with the richest ornaments in sculpture, paintings, precious stones, gold, and silver; in short, every thing noble, rich, and magnificent; at the upper end of which sat, on a throne infinitely more glorious than those of the richest monarchs of the east, a very beautiful young lady, whose person was set off with all the nicety of art, and a vast profusion of shining ornaments. As I attempted to approach the throne, I was interrupted by one of her guards, who told me that none was ever suffered to come beyond those steps, to which I was then advanced, that the beautiful person whom I beheld was the goddess of wealth, that I might feast my eyes as long as I pleased at that distance; but that the goddess, who was a pure virgin, and had never been enjoyed by any, never admitted the greatest of her votaries to approach nearer. As I was admiring the profound solemnity of the place, and the great distance at which the deity kept all her attendants, I observed several of those, whom I had before seen without the palace, to enter the hall, and having paid their respects to the goddess, to pass on to other apartments. My curiosity soon persuaded me to follow them, and they led me into a vast gallery, which surrounded a huge pit so vastly deep, that it almost made me giddy to look to the bottom. This, as I afterwards found, was the cave of poverty. There were very high and strong rails, which prevented any possibility of the spectator's falling from the gallery to the bottom of the cave, and yet I

observed a great tremor and paleness to seize every one who durst venture to cast their eyes downwards; notwithstanding which, it was very remarkable, that not one of the company could prevail on himself to abstain from surveying the abyss. I had not been here long, when I perceived an old gentleman, whose face I thought I had somewhere seen before, to raise himself with great agility to the top of the rail, whence endeavouring to lay hold on something a little out of his reach, it gave way, and he tumbled down backwards into the cave. Not long after, I saw a very grave man, standing on the top of the rail, attempting to lift others up, whose packs he had before received, tumbling down into the cave, and pulling all those whom he had laid his hands on down with him. Upon this I heard several mutter to themselves, "Ay, ay, I warrant he will not hurt himself, we shall see him soon again;" and indeed, I soon perceived they were in the right, for I shortly after found him in the gallery, looking much fresher and plumper than before; though the same did not, as I saw, happen to any of those whom he pulled down with him. This made me instantly conceive, that there was some very easy way of ascent from the bottom of this deep cave to the gallery whereon I stood. But I was soon delivered from this error, and informed, that from the bottom of the cave it was almost impossible for any one to ascend again, but that there was a resting-place in the descent, from whence issued a pair of private stairs up to the gallery; that the gentleman I had observed to fall, had a very particular knack of lighting on this place, this being the third time he had performed in this manner; and that he was so far from being hurt, that he grew visibly more lusty from each fall. This feat of agility, they informed me was called breaking. I had scarce taken my eyes from this object, when one whom I had before observed to look with great horror in the cave, fell backwards into the gallery and expired, as I was afterwards told, with mere dread of tumbling down. I likewise learnt this to be no uncommon fate here, and indeed I heard, with great contempt of their extreme cowardice, the lamentations which the far greater part of the company continually made

of their apprehension of falling, where there was not the least danger. Several told me, "Oh! sir, if I could but get to that place of safety yonder, I should be easy, I should be content." Some of whom ventured and enjoyed their wish, but were still as uneasy and terrified as before, still climbing to places which appeared to them of greater safety; some of these fell back into the gallery, and others into the cave. While I stood thus amazed with the great magnificence and beauty of the building, and the meagre aspects and wretched appearances of its inhabitants, most of whom were little better dressed than beggars; I was alarmed with a very loud laugh ascending from the cave, upon which casting my eyes downwards, I could just perceive, by the dim light of a very small candle, several persons dancing to the sound of a scraping fiddle; and not far from them, a set of the merriest countenances I had ever seen, sitting round a table, and feeding, as appeared, very heartily on some dish, which I could not at that great distance distinguish. I could, however, very plainly discern there was no more than one dish on the table. This sight, together with the tedious time, as it seemed to me, which I had spent in no very agreeable company, made me ask one who stood near me, if he could procure any thing to eat. He answered, that he would have been glad of my company to dinner, but that he had at that time nothing worth asking me to; his family being so very small, that they were two days in consuming one joint of meat, and that he was to make his repast on the relics of yesterday. Upon my afterwards applying to a second and a third, I received excuses of much the same nature; my hunger at length growing very powerful, I endeavoured to lay hold on a small piece of bread, which I saw in a window near me, when the owner caught it from me with such violence, that the surprise waked me, and delivered me from a place which appeared to me the most miserable I had ever been in.

As soon as I came to myself, I could not avoid some reflections on my vision, which may possibly arise in the minds of most of my readers. It appeared to me, that wealth is of all worldly blessings the most imaginary; that avarice is at

once the greatest tyrant, and the greatest object of compassion; and that the acquisition of over-grown fortunes, seldom brings the acquirer more, than the care of preserving them, and the fear of losing them.

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SATURDAY, *December 29, 1739.*

TO THE CHAMPION.

SIR,—From the present exorbitant price of tickets in the lottery, which is now advanced to £7, tho' their value is very little, if any thing, higher than at first: I think we may draw these just conclusions. First that the people are extremely silly; and secondly, that they are extremely poor.

I shall not carry this melancholly speculation farther, and consider the consequences which a politician may suggest from this reflection; nor shall there animadvert on the tendency of lotteries in general; but I must observe the late act for suppressing of gaming—and a future to make that more effectual, will be still deficient, while a few harpies have a liberty left them of preying in this manner, on the necessities and follies of the people.

What will it avail to shut up the shops of the Christian dealers at pharaoh and basset, or, the operators at hazard and passage; while a way remains open to a set of Jews to plunder thousands, in this public and outrageous manner.

If we should therefore have any more lotteries, as no doubt we shall, would it not be advisable, by some restrictive clause, to confine the price of tickets, that since this is the only lawful method of gaming left, and will be consequently embraced with great greediness, it may not be in the power of such vultures to draw in thoughtless and simple people to their ruin.

I shall hope to see this clause, unless some projector can prove that there is material difference between a man's being

ruined by one sort of gaming and another; or, that is of worse consequence, that he should be cheated in Covent Garden then in Exchange Alley.

I am yours &c.,

PUBLICUS.

TUESDAY, *January 1, 1739-40.*

———“*Audetque viris concurrere virgo.*”—VIRGIL.

NOTHING, in my opinion, deserves more the present attention of the public, than that paper war which hath lately broke out between the two sexes. This storm hath been long brooding in these northern parts, and is at length burst into an open rupture. How fatal the consequence of this must be, unless immediately put a stop to, cannot be doubted; since not a petty island, or a kingdom's fate, is to be determined; but an entire dissolution of the world, a sudden period to the race of mankind, are threatened thereby.

Thinking men have long since seen these clouds gathering at a distance, even as long ago as that notorious insult made on the fair part of the species, by the detachment of a small party of books into the world, under the name of *None but Fools Marry*; or, *The Bachelor's Estimate*. This was such a provocation, that the whole world, at that time, were greatly surprised to see it pass over in silence. However, as it hath been observed, that the greatest heroes are the backwardest to revenge, the ladies treated this effort with scorn and contempt; and indeed they seemed to have some reason for their conduct: for, in a very short time, a pestilential distemper, called the moths, (occasioned, I have heard, by too much repose on the bookseller's shelf) began to rage among the said books, which in a very short time destroyed them all.

These had not disappeared long, before a second body, under the command of a parson, or at least one in a parson's habit, began their march, or (to talk a little more intelli-

gibly) made their appearance in a sermon, called, "Reasons against Coition," on this text: "It were good for a man not to touch a woman. Art thou loosed from a wife, seek not a wife." Said to be delivered before a private congregation, by the Rev. ———, chaplain to the Earl of ———, where 'tis remarkable, that the patron, the parson, and the congregation, took great care (as they had great reason) to conceal themselves. This was such a striking at the root, such a bare-faced, impudent affront to the whole sex, and in so tender a part, that no one could believe they would be passive any longer. However, contrary to the opinions of the wisest and most learned politicians, they yet maintained their former silence and contempt, and had the pleasure to see this second body share the fate of the former, and soon sink into neglect and oblivion.

Whether this long forbearance in the ladies arose from that timorous disposition, which they will not be offended at my ascribing to them, or whether it be a maxim in female politics, that gentle methods are the wisest, and most properly applied to an insolent enemy, I will not determine. Certain it is, that this pacific conduct, far from mollifying, served only to encourage the enemy, who now threw off the mask entirely, and sent forth a pamphlet, declaring at once, in a very plain and magisterial manner, that "Man was superior to woman."

The absurdity of this declaration shocked many even of the male kind, but raised a universal uproar among the females. They now found they had stifled their resentment too long; a general cry began among them (as that of the Church formerly) that the "Sex was in danger." Flambeaux were lighted, chairs called, horses put to, and every thing transacted as in times of the greatest calamity. A great assembly was held at Lady Townley's, where the eloquent Belinda spoke in the following manner.

"MY DEARS,—I am very glad to see so much good company assembled together, though I believe every lady here is extremely shocked at the occasion. I cannot sufficiently com-

mend the silent scorn with which you have all treated those infamous pamphlets that were written, concerning what I will not name, and for which we have all so perfect a contempt. Odious thing! (at which words a general elevation of fans ensued), no, my dears, such stuff (as it must have come only from some worn-out beau, or disappointed wretch) would have been beneath our notice; but when a point, on which the liberty of the sex depends, which we have so nobly defended at the expense of our breath, our sighs, our tears, our fits, and whatsoever else is near and dear to us, when this point is not only brought again on the carpet, but the creatures have the confidence (I'll assure them) to assert that superiority over us as a matter of right and certainty, which we have been hitherto so far from giving up, that it hath been always yielded to us both in public and private contests, I repeat (and so did all the company), when this is the case, our longer forbearance would be as worthy of reproach, as hitherto it hath been of commendation. Let it not terrify us, that they take an opportunity of defying us, while they have a vast fleet and a vast army at their command. As to their fleet, great part of it is gone we know not where, and for their army most of the chief officers being fine gentlemen, and pretty fellows, will be at our devotion; but were they not, why should we fear them? Did not the great Thomyris beat the victorious Persians? Boadicea the Romans? and Joan of Orleans the English?

“And shall *we* fear an army, which cannot well have conquered any enemy yet, for it hath seen none, but ourselves, from whom they seldom come off victorious in any of their encounters? No, surely: for what have they terrifying about them? Nothing, but their dress; and that we have long rivalled them in: nay, at the same time, that we have mounted our horses in male apparel, with fierce-cocked hats, they have curled their hair, and spread their skirts in imitation of hoop-petticoats; so that, perhaps, the appearance of fierceness, if it has any weight, is on our side. I fear I seem too long, my dears, in arguing on a supposition ridiculous in itself; for I doubt not, but we shall shortly see our army employed in more

glorious wars, and all the fears of malcontents shown to be absurd and groundless. However, we cannot be too watchful, too jealous of our liberty, and, as a pendulum, the higher it is lifted on one side, the farther it flies back on the other; so let these attempts on our privileges, drive us not only to defend ourselves from future, but to recover past encroachments. Let us consider not only what power we now enjoy, but what we ought to enjoy. And here, my dears, to omit the odious preference in inheritance, which the law gives to sons before daughters, nothing surely was ever equal to their treatment of married women, who are in a manner annihilated, and considered as mere nonentities absolutely *sub posse* <sup>1</sup> *vir*, under the absolute power of the husband (at which there was a great laugh). Now, whence can this arise, but from our being the only part of this kingdom, who are bound by laws, without giving our assent to them? A cobbler is represented in the legislature, but a duchess is not. This is the evil, and this is the cause; where then is the remedy?

———Why truly, by convening an assembly, or convocation, or parliament of women, which may enact such laws as may be necessary for the better governance of our affairs, and have a watchful eye over all encroachments made on any of our rights and privileges, by the he-part of the creation. I therefore move it to this good company, that such an assembly of women be immediately called together.”

Belinda ceased, and a debate immediately arose on the election, but as they all spake together, it was impossible to know their several opinions, and consequently to come to any fixt resolution: for which reason, after much time spent in talking, they adjourned till Saturday next, at ten o'clock in the evening.

<sup>1</sup> Potestate, I suppose is intended.

THURSDAY, January 3, 1739-40.

—“*Pugnacem sciret sapiente minorem  
Esse, nec indomitæ deberi præmia dextræ.*”—OVID.

THERE are certain qualities, which, notwithstanding the admiration of the world hath been pleased to allow them, are, in themselves, quite indifferent, and may enable a man to be either virtuous or vicious, according to the manner in which they are exerted; or, to speak more philosophically, according to the other qualities with which they are blended in the mind. Valour and wit in a good-natured man are truly amiable, and justly entitle him to the esteem of mankind; but, when they meet with a different disposition, only render the possessor capable of doing greater mischief, and make him a more dangerous enemy to society than he could otherwise have been.

Those who would rank valour among the cardinal virtues, will often find themselves obliged to give the title of virtuous to the vilest and most depraved of men. The greatest tyrants, murderers, and robbers upon earth, have been possessed of this quality, and some of them in an eminent degree. The devil, as he is described in Milton, appears to be the bravest spirit in the universe.

Nor, shall we do righter in giving too hasty commendation to wit, without having due regard to the manner in which it is exerted. When religion, virtue, honour, modesty or innocence, are attacked by this weapon, it becomes a sword in a madman's hand, and, instead of deserving our praise, is really an object of utter detestation and horror.

And yet, as clear a truth as this may seem, the practice of the world is notoriously against it. Whoever frequents the execution of malefactors, must have observed, that such as die with bravery and intrepidity never fail of meeting pity, and even some degree of esteem among the spectators. Whereas, the contrary behaviour would on those occasions be much more decent and commendable. It is very well known, that the

man who will receive no injury, is by the generality of mankind much more highly esteemed than the man who will do none; nor have I seldom seen in the world, men of the loosest and vilest principles, whose actions have sufficiently showed that their hearts were void of all manner of virtue, by this quality alone recommend themselves to the favour and affection of their acquaintance.

The ladies, whose voice hath no inconsiderable weight in our constitution, universally declare on the side of valour. Their great passion for this quality visibly appears in that preference which they always give to a military lover. I have also observed on our theatres, that the intrepidity of Lothario and Morat gained Mr. Booth no small number of fair admirers, notwithstanding all the vices with which those characters are drawn. The celebrated Macheath from his resolution only, is known to have been so great a favourite with our countrywomen, that the picture of the person that represented him, had the honour to hang in the chambers of some of our greatest beauties. The comic poets seem so sensible of this, that the hero, who is, in the last act, to be rewarded with the fine lady of the play, is generally set out with no other good quality.

Wit, though the character of it be held of infinitely less value than the other, is however generally commended, without any regard to the uses whereto it is applied. Religion hath of late years been the subject of much wit and ridicule, and that in writing as well as discourse. Virtue and true honour have suffered the same insults from this unruly weapon. Nothing affords so frequent triumph to wit as modesty. It is common to see a man of worth, by being possessed of this quality, made ridiculous and uneasy in company, by the jests and sneers of an impudent witty fellow. I have often heard it said, "It is true, indeed, Mr. Such-a-one has a great deal of ill-nature, but I easily forgive it him, for he has a vast deal of wit."

For my part, when I hear a man called a witty or a brave man, I entertain neither a good nor bad opinion of him from such appellation. Catiline and Thersites were possessed of

these qualities. But when the defence of one's country, or friend, hath flowed from valour; or when wit hath been used, like that of Addison or Steele, to propagatè virtue and morality; when, like that of Swift, to expose vice and folly; it is then only, that these become commendable, and truly worthy of our praise and admiration.

I do not know a better general definition of virtue, than that it is a delight in doing good; how far, therefore, must they come short of deserving that admiration which is due to virtue alone, who are only possessed of qualities that enable them to prove hurtful and prejudicial to mankind.

I have often considered, with some pleasure, what a great benefit it hath been to the world, that nature, when she was so exceeding liberal of these commonly supposed excellences to my ancestors, took so much care to infuse with them such a profusion of humanity and benevolence, as have distinguished themselves in the several heroes of our family. What a curse must our great wit and resolution, our vast strength both of body and mind have been, had they, instead of the purest and warmest philanthropy, been grafted on ill-nature and cruelty? What a destructive wolf, must the mighty Hercules have proved in society, had he possessed any of those vile and pernicious qualities, which infested the hearts of those tyrants and monsters whom he destroyed?

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THURSDAY, *January 3, 1739-40.*

TO THE CHAMPION.

SIR,—I do not know how you can give your readers a better idea of the present adventures in lottery, than by inserting the following letter sent by a footman in this town, to a mistress of his in the country.

TO MRS. EALCE PARETREE, living with SQUIRE BOOFER, at Hoge Morton in Somersetshire.

DERE EALCE.

Hopping that you are wel as I ham at present rit in, this cum for to let you no that Mr. Fifa the Aturney wass mistakum about the lutturi, when he zad that it was dree to one, but that we lost our muny because that were dree blaunks to a priaze. Now, I have vound out a man that sells all praizes and no blaunks and I are boght twenty vortietth pearte of twenty tickets and one may get by one £250—so that by the whol one may get £5000, vor I ave cast it up bat mayhaps zum o'um may not cum up, zu great praize, that it may not hapen bee above half so much. Nu body can tell yet, how-sumdever, I would ave you enquire of Mr. Fifa whether that little varm be zuold yet or nu, vor I must ave verri bade lock if I dunt get enuff to bi that. Nu body can tell yet. Tom Wilson has a vorthieth peart of ten pounds and he swears he is out of pucket but you nu Dere Ealce there be zum volk that wul never be contented. Meary Bearns and Joan Haycock had a whul ticket betwixt um and thic is cum up a blaunk, but they did unt bi un of the seam man as I dud. I wish you a mery christmas and a happy new yere, and a grete manny. I wuld zend you zumthing to remember me but I has lade out all that I ham worth in the lutturi and vorced to zell mi zilver wash in the bargin. Dunt vere my dere Ealce that muny shall ever meake me valse-hearted, vor if I get the two ten thousand pound, and two dree vive thousand, and the two dree thousand, and dree two thousand, and that I have bin tuld nut impossible. Dunt mean the whul ticket but vortietth peart a um. I give it ale to thee; vor if I wass to be meade the gratest squaire in ale the wurd, I shuld never be hapy without my dere Ealce. Zu with zarvice to ale my frinds and love to brother Joo and Zister Betty and Veather, I rest my dere Ealce's true lover till death. JOHN BULLUCK.

POSESCRIP.

As zun as I gut but o' the ten thousand pounds I intend to give measter varning.

SATURDAY, January 5, 1739-40.

“*Dein fustibus.*”—HORACE.

AMONG the sciences (of all which, I thank heaven, I am entirely ignorant) I have been always the greatest enemy to the metaphysics. A science I cannot help imagining to have been invented with a design rather to puzzle and darken truth, than to explain and enlighten it.

There is no word in the English language, for which I have so great a contempt as for the word reasoning, which my son Oliver informs me is much used in the metaphysics; nay, is indeed its very being. I have always looked on this sort of contention, as mean and unmanly, and have therefore, on all occasions, chose to decide my disputes by the *argumentum baculinum*.

It is not without great pleasure, that I observe our young nobility and gentry, at present, choose rather to frequent those academies for their education where this argument prevails (I mean the amphitheatres), than the sophistical schools of the universities, where men are taught to defend the whimsical systems of philosophers, but not their own persons or purses.

The ancient method of proving truth by combat in known use among our ancestors, was a way of arguing truly worthy a brave and warlike people, who chose rather to spend their blood than their breath, in defence of their assertions. Whence this manner of trial was originally derived is not easy to determine, but it seems to be as ancient as the state of nature, when wild men and wild beasts lived together. It still subsists among the lower rank, such who have least degenerated from that state, with whom it is at present no more than a word and a blow. Nor hath it been ever so much laid aside among the politer sort, but that, when propositions have been flatly denied, by the assertion of a little negative monosyllable which gives great offence to military ears, it hath been always esteemed, among men of honour, as the only method proper to convince an obstinate antagonist.

It must also appear to the reputation of the *baculinum argumentum*, that it hath been always the favourite of princes: the titles of the greatest potentates of the world have been decided by it. And when the reasonings of commissaries and plenipotentiaries have been found ineffectual to the conviction of either party, this argument hath in a short time, put the most intricate matters beyond all possibility of dispute: nor is this used by absolute princes amongst each other only, it also serves very commodiously to settle certain difficult points, which sometimes arise between them and their own subjects; when any claims have been laid to liberty or property, or clamours raised against oppression and such ridiculous things, an application to the *argumentum baculinum* hath immediately quieted all doubts, and given perfect satisfaction in the most perplexing cases.

I have often heard, with the utmost contempt, an insinuation that law is built on reason; whereas, it is plain, that, was you to withdraw this mighty argument, all the reason in the world would not be able to support it. On which account, the wisest lawgivers have always subjoined this as the last and surest method of convincing stubborn minds.

I might add, that this is the most general, as well as most speedy method of conviction. It instructs the dullest, as soon as the quickest capacity. Indeed there are some persons who are to be argued with in no other manner, of whom it is generally said, You must have every thing beat into you. This those excellent reasoners, the authors of the *Gazetteer*, are so sensible of, that after an infinite deal of paper wasted to prove the necessity and usefulness of the present army, they have been observed at last to declare to their antagonists, that if they will be still deaf to their arguments, they shall be shortly compelled to resort to the pillory and cart's tail. The latter of which is, I apprehend, a species of the *argumentum baculinum*, which hath not been used in politics since the reign of James II.

If to silence an antagonist be any praise to a disputant, I am sure the knock-down argument hath the greatest pretence to it. Alexander and Nero more effectually silenced their

opposers than Aristotle or Seneca; and, notwithstanding the great honour which the peripatetic schools so long paid to the *ipse dixit* of Aristotle, I am mightily deceived if that of Alexander had not once a much greater sway: I fancy we shall be puzzled to account for that mighty respect which most countries in Europe pay to that enforcing form of words at the end of an edict, "For such is our pleasure," without considering it to be always backed with the *argumentum baculinum*.

Having thus shown the antiquity, the dignity, and the efficacy of this argument, I shall proceed to mention some few (out of the many) good consequences which will arise from a frequent or constant use thereof.

First, this is the fairest way of reasoning, as it is equally adapted to all capacities.

Secondly, It is the only argument a very large part of mankind are any wise susceptible of, it being impossible to convey truth to several sturdy understandings in any other manner, than by beating it into them.

Thirdly, I conceive this will be the likeliest means that can possibly be invented to make all men of one mind, to which all other methods of arguing have been so far from conducing, that they seem rather to have propagated and established differences in opinion.

Lastly, as reason is not always on the side of power, and is of no consequence when against it, but to raise the indignation of the wiser part of the people, by letting them see their misery without being able to help themselves; and consequently, to aggravate their grief; now the *argumentum baculinum*, on the contrary, will always stick close to that party which is uppermost; and, being properly handled by them, will not fail soon to remove all rancour and uneasiness in the multitude, and bring them without murmuring to submit to whatever burthen their betters shall, in their great wisdom, think fit to lay upon them. I know it will be answered, that such heart-burnings and grumbling are of no consequence, but are thoroughly laughed at and contemned by all great men. To which I reply, I am not writing in

favour of the powers, but of the people of the universe, whom I should rather see well threshed, than gulled, or tricked, and cheated, and laughed out of their liberties. I might add, that this would utterly render the *argumentum pecuniarium* useless, which may sometimes be called in to the assistance of reason; nay, and perhaps, dealt forth under her name: whereas, the *argumentum baculinum* is of itself sufficient, scorning all other support; nor do I believe, that any person (unless the Gazetteers) ever attempted to defend it by reason.

For my part, I can foresee but one objection which can possibly be made to this scheme; namely, that the duties arising from the Stamp Office will be considerably lessened. This may be obviated two ways, either by advancing a round sum in lieu of those duties, or by suffering no person to make use of such argumentation, without being supplied with a head from the Government: for which purpose, a very large parcel of carved, wooden heads may be provided, which being joined on to proper sticks, may be dispersed through the several nations of Europe, in what quantities the several persons in power shall think fit.

I should not have recommended this way of arguing so strenuously, had not I seen the excellence of it in my own family; in which, very violent disputes were wont formerly to arise, tending only, as I observed, to create animosities between the parties, who, on these occasions, always departed more confirmed in their own opinions; on which account, I introduced this argument, and have been often obliged to apply it with great force on both sides the question: but, at present, my whole family are so perfectly well acquainted with its weight, that, the warmest dispute, on whatever subject, or however far advanced, on my bare pointing to the argument, which I have formerly informed my reader hangs over my chimney-piece, ceases in an instant, every thing subsiding and being hushed, as the tempest in the first *Æneid* at the voice of Neptune.

TUESDAY, *January 8, 1739-40.*

*“Unum pro multis dabitur caput.”—VIRGIL.*

HIS Majesty having been pleased to set apart to-morrow as a day of solemn fast, in order to implore the blessings of Heaven on the British arms: I have thought it becoming me, as a good Englishman, to throw in my mite, and dedicate a paper to the same cause; in which I shall cautiously avoid the least stroke of wit or humour, it being far from my intention to give any thing savoury to my readers on this occasion. I shall, therefore, in a very dry manner, endeavour to instruct the people how to execute their duty rightly at this season, and render his majesty's pious intention as effectual as possible: for I would by no means have them think that they have discharged themselves towards their country when they have barely fasted for it, which perhaps many of us may, at present, find much more easy than to eat for it.

It is something difficult, from natural reason only, to account for the merit of abstaining from the moderate use of those good things which the Almighty bounty hath bestowed on us: and accordingly among those unenlightened nations, who walked only by the law of nature, without the assistance of revelation, we meet with no such practice; and therefore, the learned Mr. Boughton, in his excellent historical dictionary, lately published; when he says, “Such solemnities have been observed in all nations;” is not to be understood strictly of fasting, but of sacrifice and atonement for crimes, of which we meet numberless instances in profane, as well as sacred writers.

“The earliest account of fasting,” says that gentleman, “properly so called, was on the solemn day of expiation instituted by Moses, who yet,” says he, “enjoin'd no other fast.” Nor indeed do I find any express order for fasting in the text, on which this solemnity was founded; the words are these, “Also on the tenth day of this seventh month there

shall be a day of atonement, it shall be a holy convocation unto you, and ye shall afflict your souls, and offer an offering made by fire unto the Lord." However, as the inspired interpreter thought proper to constitute fasting as one of the ceremonies on that day, this particular manner of atonement was not only continued on a yearly celebration of the tenth of the month Tisri, but was likewise practised on many occasions both public and private, and became an essential part of the Jewish religion; whence it was afterwards received into the Christian, and hath been since stolen by Mahomet, and interwoven with his impostures.

But whatever idea later ages may have annexed to this atonement, it was certainly intended by Moses as a mode only of that affliction of soul, which was expressly commanded in the text cited above; now, in this light, it may be considered as a species of that general custom of expiation or atonement in times of public calamity, which (as Mr. Broughton observes) hath been common to all ages and nations.

Whoever considers it in this view; namely, as a means to afflict the mind, cannot, I think, easily imagine that this duty consists merely in abstinence from beef and mutton, or any other flesh, while they riot in all the delicacies which fish and vegetables can afford them; no, though they should give an entire holiday to the cooks, and refuse all manner of sustenance, during twenty-four hours, I would not have them hope such abstinence will be acceptable, unless it be accompanied with minds truly and thoroughly afflicted; for otherwise they will have no more merit than the ostentatious Pharisee in the Gospel, to whom (though he fasted twice a week) the sincere Publican was preferred.

To afflict the mind, then, being our duty on this occasion, every thing which conduces to this end will be properly pursued by all. And though abstinence, even from delicacies, may in this luxurious age be a considerable mortification to those of a higher degree, yet it is by no means sufficient. Every manner of mortification must be practised, in order to render our minds perfectly afflicted. Such particular methods therefore as occur to me, I will here set down, and

leave it to every individual reader to supply as many more as he can suggest to himself.

It hath, in the first place, been customary in all nations, in times of public calamity, to manifest the affliction of the mind by outward dress and behaviour. The Jews carried it so far, that even their finest ladies drest themselves in sackcloth, and carried ashes on their heads at these seasons. These were acts of humility, which I should be glad to see imitated by our women of quality. How beautiful would they appear in this *deshabille!* How much to their honour would redound a procession of ladies of distinction to the several churches, in robes of sackcloth, with ashes on their head! but if they decline this extraordinary act of zeal, at least, I hope, no silver, nor gold, nor jewels will be worn on this day.

A total forbearance of all diversions will be likewise insisted on, not only of public entertainments, which will not be permitted by the Government, but all private parties, as cards, dancing, or any other merriment. The practice of such virtues, as are most disagreeable to polite dispositions, as it must tend towards mortification, will be certainly very proper. As first, Honesty. I earnestly recommend to all persons (particularly to such as are very able and very unwilling) immediately on the sight hereof, to discharge all such debts as have been long due, and which they may perhaps have it in their power to withhold from the poor tradesman till he is undone. Secondly, Charity. I apprehend, in this time of scarcity and stagnation of trade, when the excessive prices of all the necessaries of life, added to the extreme poverty of the people, fill our streets and newspapers with numberless instances of want and misery, at such a time, I say, it would be as meritorious in the few amongst us, who have wealth, to relieve the poor from their long fast, as to fast themselves. Thirdly, Justice, I do not here mean the exact distribution of *meum* and *tuum*, already mentioned under the name of honesty; but that justice in a civil society, which requires that every man should be rewarded and punished according to the laws of his country.

This virtue may, perhaps, be understood to belong only to

those few who act in a magisterial or judicial capacity; whereas, the truth is indeed far otherwise, and this justice may be practised by every private man: but as my notion may appear, at first, somewhat too refined to the corrupt eye of the present age, I will endeavour to explain it in as clear a manner as I am able.

It hath likewise been customary to all nations, in times of public calamity, or after some high offence committed by any of their great men, to make use of some atonement or expiation, in order to avert the anger of the gods, which, when kindled by human wickedness, they thought was only to be melted into pity by human sufferings. The gods were therefore to be appeased by a sacrifice; no matter whether of the person guilty or no, provided it was one of some consequence, and of the same family or race, or kingdom. Thus Iphigenia was to suffer for the crime of her father, and the innocent lives of Curtius and the Decii, were accepted as a propitiation for their country.

Now, though the sacrifice of innocent blood for the redemption of the guilty was an expiation adapted only to the palates of the ridiculous, heathen deities, and must be abhorred by the only true, great Ruler of the universe, who is a Being of infinite justice; yet this same attribute, which must detest the punishment of the innocent, must at the same time look with satisfaction on that of the guilty; and therefore, these lines of the tragic poet

“When by just vengeance guilty mortals perish,  
The gods behold their punishment with pleasure,  
And lay th’ uplifted thunder-bolt aside,”

found as well in the mouth of a Christian as of a heathen.

I do, therefore, recommend this strict justice to all His Majesty’s subjects, and do earnestly entreat any person, who in his own mind is convinced that he ought to be hanged, though the law cannot reach him, to deliver himself immediately into the hands of justice, that speedy and due methods of execution may be taken.

Was it not that I cautiously avoid (as much as possible) quotations from Scripture, I could prove that such a sacrifice as this would be truly acceptable to the Supreme Being. This I am sure of, such an example, would, by human methods, procure all imaginable success to our arms, and Britain should once more walk forth terrible among the nations.

How eagerly would such an opportunity have been embraced by an ancient Roman? of how little consideration would such an action have appeared in the eyes of a Decius, a Curtius, a Posthumus, a Regulus, or any other of those heroes who did, or were ready to sacrifice themselves as the victims of Rome? If it be objected that this is not only death, but death with shame: I answer, did not Horatius Cocles pass under the gallows, lest his country should pay the forfeiture of his crime? It is not being hanged, but deserving to be hanged, that is infamous; and it is more than probable, that, if there be any such person as I have hinted at, his neighbours know he deserves to be hanged, though they can't bring it about: but was the death of never so infamous a nature, which of those Romans I have mentioned, instead of declining it, would not have cried out,

—————“What a pity is it  
We can be *hanged* but once to serve our country?”

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THURSDAY, *January 10*, 1739-40.

———“*Quæ non viribus istis  
Munera conveniant.*”—OVID'S METAM.

I CONSIDER my paper as a sort of stage coach, a vehicle in which every one hath a right to take a place. If any letter therefore should hereafter appear in it, which may give offence to particular persons, they can have no more anger to me on that account, than they would show to the master of a stage, who had brought their enemy to town. This I

assure them, if any thing be sent to me containing gross reflections on a private character, I shall always answer, My paper is full. I likewise promise to observe a strict impartiality, and to carry forth into the world the works of any party, provided they are writ with decency and common sense. This declaration will doubtless be a comfort to certain persons, who may by these means have something read as well as writ on their side: but if nothing of this kind should hereafter appear in my paper, the public may possibly conclude nothing can be said for them.

I know not how I can give the world livelier hopes of my future impartiality, than by printing a very severe letter on myself, which I have just received.

CAPTAIN VINEGAR,—I have read your late advertisement, which you would do well to insert in your next collection of puffs. I mean from the style only; for I am far from doubting but you have met with opposition, nay, I declare I myself have been, and will still be your opposer; nor would I have you flatter yourself, though I think you have sailed in the teeth of opposition (as the poet terms it) to about No. 20, you will be able either by huffing or puffing to carry it much farther. I would therefore advise you to lay down in time, and if you think you shall be ashamed or afraid to show your head afterwards, lest people should fall upon you for your abuses in the course of your writings, even shoot the pit, and march off as your betters have done before you.

Who are you? What are you? that have set yourself up for a dictator in this manner? That you came from Hockley in the Hole must be confest, and do you think your creeping nearer the court will alter the manners of Hockley, into those at St. James's; when it is notorious, that none but your old Hockleyan acquaintance resort to you, fellows who were never seen in a polite part of the town until your arrival there?

It is not, friend, as you would insinuate in your advertisement, out of any private spleen or pique against you that you are opposed; nor are your opposers such as desire themselves to establish the characters of authors, or set up a paper.

No, friend, it is that you should not debauch nor corrupt the taste and manners of the people, nor expose the character of the English genius (hitherto famous) by your vile works. It is from a contempt of your parts, from knowing you to be utterly disqualified for the office you have taken upon you. An office too great for any one man to execute, and which hath formerly employed the best heads in the nations, such as Addison, Steele, and many others. How ridiculous must it seem then, to see a fellow of a low capacity, and a mean behaviour, investing himself with this office, placing his family over all the professions, and shaking a club at the whole nation. Have you really had the modesty to set up your family as men of genius, and to dispose such parts of your undertaking to their province as require great abilities? or is your family as chimerical as your club, and you the only person who is to dictate to the people? Have you taken on yourself to domineer over all professions, as well as the army, which you have with great modesty set yourself at the head of?

Would it not have been wiser in you to have joined your little forces with men of real capacity, to have disposed the several parts in your undertaking to men of suitable qualifications? Thus to have given the political part of your paper to such writers as those of the *Craftsman* and *Common Sense*. The poetical, to Pope or Young, the critical to Bentley, and so of the rest: I know you will, or at least, you may answer that such writers as these will not appear in a paper, which hath your name at the head of it.

As to your foreign affairs, no one who had ever the assurance to take upon him your office, hath executed this branch in so wretched and bungling a manner. Insomuch, that the whole town complain of your extreme ignorance, and are so far from believing you to have any private correspondence abroad, as you have insinuated, that they rather believe you are unacquainted with even the geography of the several countries.

Domestic matters are what you most shine, or, rather, are least deficient, in. Yet here it is notorious, that you are the

greatest plunderer who ever dealt in them; at the same time, that you have the confidence to abuse all those from whom you steal. I do, indeed, acknowledge you handle them in a new manner; but I apprehend this will be little to your advantage, when it is confest that you have jumbled them together in such a confusion, that none of us know what to rely on. What do you mean by your *Journal of a War*? Do you think people will pay their money for such stuff? If you go on with this journal in the manner you have begun for one half year, what an idea must the whole raise in the reader? Do you imagine any thing equal to it was ever published in any language? Would you even aim at the approbation of the public, tell us what our fleets are doing in America, the Mediterranean, the Atlantic Ocean, or the Channel. Believe me, friend, unless you do something of this kind shortly, we shall all treat you with that contempt you deserve, and shall not be always amused with your accounts of victualling ships and raising marines. Will any sober man believe that such articles as these are the *Journal of a War*, begun by the brave and great nation, at the unanimous request of the whole people, in vindication of their usurped rights and revenge of the most inhuman, as well as insolent behaviour, in her enemies; a war, the vigorous support of which hath been resolved by the whole legislative power, and begun by raising a strong army, and fitting out a fleet capable of conquering all the maritime force on the whole globe; for which the people, though labouring in the utmost poverty and distress, are ready to contribute their last shilling: and lastly, upon which his majesty hath thought fit to implore, in the most solemn manner, the divine blessing.

Give me leave to ask you one serious question, Do you really think the people of England have entirely lost their understanding, or have worked up yourself into a belief that they will be terrified by the shaking of your club? If you are persuaded of these things, be assured, you are mistaken; let me, therefore, advise you either to leave off, or get some good assistance, if such will consort themselves with you, and accept of a share in the undertaking equal to your capacity;

with the force of which, if you are not sufficiently acquainted, give me leave to recommend the office of collecting the puffs.

I am,

Your best friend,

PHILALETHES.

SATURDAY, *January 12, 1739-40.*

*"Quid placet, aut odio est, quod non mutabile credas?"—HORACE.*

SEVERAL words, in all languages, very harmless in themselves, have, with great injustice been wrested and perverted to ill meanings, and, by long use and corruption, been brought to convey ideas foreign to their original signification; such was the Greek word for tyrant, which originally signified no more than king; and such are in our language the words knave, villain, &c., words which have been once used in a much better sense than they at present enjoy.

The word turn-coat is an instance of this injustice. This is a compound word, intended to express what we generally call good housewifery. The Turn-coats were no others than certain prudent persons, who, as soon as their coat was sufficiently soiled on one side, were wont to order it to the right about, and make a very handsome and decent figure with the other side.

Hence this term became afterwards metaphorically applied to those gentlemen, who, perhaps, from much the same reasons, turned from one party to the other; changing their opinions, as the other did their coats, to the very reverse of what they formerly were.

But, however unhappy this word may be in the opinion of the world, who are apt to express a very great detestation to it, I can by no means see any just cause for these censures; on the contrary, I think it hath a very strong title to those frugal honours which it originally received, and to which I hope these my labours may again restore it.

It must be granted, that no man is so good a judge of the

true merits of a cause, as he who hath been on both sides of it. It is not sufficient to say, that this knowledge may be acquired by a strict examination into them: it is notorious, that, while a man is attached to one party, he is always partial in this inquiry; nor is he indeed able to search to the bottom, there being certain secrets at the bottom of all parties, which no one discovers but to men of the same principles. So that, throughly to understand which side of the question hath the greatest right, it is perfectly necessary for a man to have declared himself on both.

Besides, a man, who will rigidly adhere to one set of politic principles, must sometimes unavoidably fall under the severest censure of the law. What is loyalty in one reign, is high-treason in the next. In James the Second's time, a man would have been hanged for not doing, what in the next reign he would have been hanged for doing. In the civil wars between Charles I. and his Parliament, this was more notorious. It was necessary then for any one who would sleep in a whole skin, to change his party as often as his linen.

Reproach, though fixed to the name of Turn-coat, is however often avoided by that practice. I knew a gentleman, who, in his travels through Europe, was well received every where, by having travelled through as many religions as he did countries, and very wisely recommended himself when he came home, by throwing off all.

Good fellowship ought to be cultivated every where, but it will be impossible for any gentleman to live in any tolerable share of it with his neighbours, without this virtue. He must be with one of his neighbours a Whig, with the other a Tory. Indeed, this is only to be done by men moderate in their principles, and will be by no means practicable to such as have signalised themselves very particularly on either side. Such men, whenever the majority is on the opposite side to what they have hitherto taken, must entirely relinquish all their former friends, must positively deny all they have formerly asserted; in short, they must turn their coat through-out.

It may perhaps be asked, and is a question not easy to

answer, How often a man may be allowed to change his sides? Surely he who hath been on both sides the question, may, when he finds his former principles the justest, revert to these principles; nor do I see why, on very weighty considerations, he may not take a fourth trip also.

As for the reasons which may justify these changes they are so many and various, that I cannot be expected to assign them all here. Surely a man is no more obliged to stick to his principles, when they disappoint him, than to his friends. Any ill usage from his party, any refusal of what he thinks himself entitled to, no doubt sufficiently justify this exchange. How much indeed a good large offer from the other party, when he hath nothing to complain of from his own, may speak in his own behalf, I cannot say; but surely, such is the weakness of human nature, that it ought to be considered in his favour, and will, no doubt, if not sufficiently justify him, very considerably lessen his fault.

If we look into antiquity, we shall find several of the most eminent heroes glorious examples of this practice, Alcibiades and Themistocles, and others among the Greeks; Coriolanus, &c. among the Latins. Indeed our own country affords very few instances, Colonel Hurry in the civil wars, I think makes the chief figure among the Turn-coats of our countrymen.

I know it hath been laid down, as a maxim of good policy, by one of no inconsiderable reputation, to stand firm to your principles, inasmuch as you may be assured that the party you adhere to will one time or other get the ascendant. But,

*“Vita summa brevis, spem nos vitat inchoare longam.”*

Put not off until to-morrow what you can do to-day; you may die before you attain that by a change in the government, which you may perhaps get now by a change in your own principles.

TUESDAY, *January 15, 1739-40.*

*“Homines in tantis rebus, ut aut contemnant, aut metuant, aut oderint, aut ament, opinione non minus famæ, quàm aliquâ certâ ratione commoveri.”—CICERO PRO LEGE MANIL.*

OF all the words, which our language hath borrowed from the Latin, I know not one to which we have applied an idea so unequal and inferior to what it gives us in its original tongue, as the word Authority. This we use in the same sense with power, and signify by it the capacity or ability of doing such and such things; whereas, the Latins by *auctoritas* intend to convey the idea of that awe and respect, which the opinion of power and virtue created in others; in this sense, Cicero every where uses it, particularly in his oration Pro Lege Manilia, where he introduces it at the end of his climax in the character of Pompey, and endeavours from this chiefly to recommend him to the Romans. I shall give my readers a literal translation of one sentence.

“Since authority (says he) hath so much weight in the administration of war and military discipline, no man can doubt the prevalence of this general in this particular. And who is ignorant of what mighty consequence the opinion which your enemies or allies entertain of your generals, will be to the success of your wars, since we know that mankind, in these weighty matters, are not less actuated to contempt or fear, love or hatred, by common opinion, than by any certainty of reason.”

By authority, then, I understand, that weight which one man bears in the mind of another, resulting from an opinion of any extraordinary qualities or virtues inherent in him, which prepares the latter to receive the most favourable impression from all the words and actions of the person thus esteemed: this opinion, when it becomes general of any man, constitutes what we call popularity, which whoever hath attained, may with great facility procure any thing which it is in the power of the people to confer on him, may persuade

them to, or dissuade them from any purposes. Whatever he affirms, they will believe; whatever he affects they will hope; whatever he commands, they will execute. In this light, Virgil introduces a man of authority pacifying a tumult, one of the finest pictures in the whole *Æneid*,

*“Ac veluti magno in populo cum sæpe coorta est  
Seditio, sævitque animis ignobile vulgus.  
Jamque faces et saxa volant. Furor arma ministrat.  
Tum pietate gravem, et meritis si forte virum quem  
Conspexère silent, erectisque auribus astant.  
Ille regit dictis animos et temperat iras.”*

“As when in tumults rise th’ ignoble crowd,  
Mad are their motions, and their tongues are loud;  
And stones and brands in rattling volleys fly,  
And all the rustic arms that fury can supply:  
If then some grave and pious man appear,  
They hush their noise, and lend a list’ning ear;  
He sooths with sober words their angry mood,  
And quenches their innate desire of blood.”—DRYDEN.

Or, as another hath translated two of the lines more ludicrous;

“If in their tumults a grave man appears,  
All’s whist, and nothing stirring but their ears.”

We read in Machiavel, that when the Florentines in a violent commotion had slain Pogolantonio Soderini, and ran in a tumult to his house with intention to plunder it, his brother Francisco, Bishop of Volterra, who was accidentally there, marching out into the crowd in his episcopal robes, by the majesty of his person, and the dignity of his behaviour, restrained them from farther outrage, and prevailed with them to return peaceably home. And in another place, the same writer observes, that Hannibal could have kept so vast an army of different nations in such exact discipline, and free from mutiny and desertion, by his great reputation and authority only.

Nor is this force of authority less prevalent in civil, than in military, in the lowest, than in the highest affairs. It presides in all assemblies, especially such where there is any degree of freedom. Plutarch, in the life of Phocion, remarks, that the least gesture, the least nod or token of a man held in public estimation, will be more regarded than the elaborate orations of those of no character. The most private life must afford instances of this truth. In every club, or meeting of men, there are some who command the attention of the rest, whenever they please to open their mouths, whilst others may talk themselves hoarse without any notice taken of them. Hence, I apprehend, arose that common phrase of being well or ill heard; the consequence hereof must be sensibly felt by every person who speaks in company, much more in a public assembly.

Whence this authority accrues, is not necessary to discuss. In public characters, I believe, it is generally the attendant on merit, though I confess that sometimes here, and often in private life, we owe esteem and contempt, to accidental, indirect, and sometimes ridiculous circumstances; of which I shall give this flagrant instance, that until my removal to a polite part of the town, the world paid very little respect to those excellent discourses with which I obliged them, possessing themselves with an opinion, that nothing worth their reading, could possibly come from Hockley in the Hole.

But from whatever causes the good or ill opinion of the people proceeds, the consequences of these will be the same; of the former I have sufficiently spoke already; I shall, therefore, in the remaining part of this paper, endeavour to show, that the universal ill opinion of a people, renders a man utterly incapable of executing any public office, either military or civil. Secondly, I shall point out some of the general springs whence this flows. And thirdly, I shall give a few hints, by which any person, labouring under this calamity, may distinguish the symptoms thereof.

The first of those hath been inclusively spoken to already, for if authority or popularity be of that vast consequence, that it almost always procures success, a reverse of these must

have been a contrary effect, for though some men, who have been hated and despised by their country, may have comforted themselves that they have been less guilty than others, who have shared the same fate, they could not think themselves less unfortunate; the same incapacity of serving their country, of effecting any great or glorious action, will pursue them, whether they are despised, or hated, right or wrong. This being too plain to require the proof of an example, I shall proceed, secondly, to the causes of this ill opinion, which, though perhaps an instance or two may be shown to the contrary, is generally too well founded.

This universal ill opinion, when in the utmost perfection, is a mixture of hatred and contempt; whatever therefore produces either of these, may be truly called one of the ingredients in this composition. Now, I believe, the original of popular hatred and contempt, may be found in some of the following aphorisms.

The people hate their enemies.

They hate all those whose interests are incompatible with their own.

They hate all such as pursue interests different from their own.

They hate their oppressors.

They hate all the devisers and promoters of laws, restrictive of their liberties.

They hate the inventors of schemes prejudicial to their properties.

They despise those whose abilities are known to be in no wise equal to their offices.

They despise and hate those who have been raised from very low to very high degrees, without public merit and services.

They despise men in high station, whose persons are clumsy, whose behaviour is awkward, and whose manners are low and mean.

They hate all subjects in power, who dispose of preferments without any regard to merit or capacity.

Lastly, they hate those from whom they apprehend their

destruction, and by how much the more they despise such, by so much the more they hate them.

These are the most general causes of ill opinion, to which, perhaps, some more may be added. Now the symptoms, by which a universal disregard may be discovered, seem to be chiefly these.

The inward suggestion of a man's own mind, that he deserves to be heartily hated by his fellow subjects; and an apprehension arising thence of the free voice of the people; with a self-conviction that he hath taken all base methods to secure himself from this fear.

A dreadful experience, that all men of great abilities decline his cause, his friendship, and his acquaintance. That none will do him the least service without pay, which those, who are most capable of serving him, will not accept. That he hath no friend who is not his dependant, and hated for being such by all others. That no one will say or hear, write or read any thing in his favour; while every person and thing attempting to villify and ridicule him, are caressed and esteemed by the public.

Though more might be added (being perhaps particular branches from these general roots) it may be needless to enumerate them, seeing that whoever finds the least appearance of any of the before mentioned may conclude the symptoms are on him; and whoever shall perceive that he is clear of all these, may as safely acquit himself.

I conclude with observing, that we have had no person in whom all these symptoms have met, since Buckingham, and I heartily hope we shall never see such another.

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THURSDAY, *January 17, 1739-40.*

*“Sæpe et multum hoc mecum cogitavi, bonine an mali plus attulerit hominibus et civitatibus copia dicendi.”—CICERO, DE INVENT.*

THE use of speech hath by some been represented as an essential mark, which distinguishes man from the other in-

habitants of this creation. I suppose these persons mean the power of conveying ideas to each other by speech, for that of articulating sounds we may observe in several others.

Nor, perhaps, will the observation hold extremely true with regard to the other quality. Inasmuch as I see great reason to believe all animals have a sort of language, whereby they converse with one another. Though perhaps they have not a faculty of modulating sounds with as great a variety as man, having, perhaps, a less variety of ideas; yet, whoever has been at all conversant with them, cannot, I think doubt their power of communicating some necessary hints. For my part, I am sufficiently assured, they have no sound, but what hath its proper meaning, and is well understood among themselves: for, not to argue from the opinion, that nature hath made nothing in vain, whoever hath observed a rook alarm his neighbours on the apprehension of danger; or the different sounds made use of by the hen when she would summon her chickens to their food, or warn them to shun an approaching hawk, must conclude that they have sufficient methods to convey the ideas of delight and terror to each other, nay, and to those of our own species, who live much among them, and (if I may be allowed the phrase) converse intimately with them. The experienced huntsman knows, by the different notes of his dogs, whether the game be fox or hare which they pursue. In short, a man who should be thrown among a nation of people, whose language he understood not one word of, might full as rationally conclude, that they had none, and all that seemed such in them, was nothing more than certain inarticulate, accidental sounds without any meaning, as he might those of the beasts to be so from the same reason.

But though the very gift of speech itself, doth not essentially distinguish us from our fellow inhabitants of this globe, yet the manner in which we employ it, I think, does; or, in other words, though the use of speech be not peculiar to man, I believe the abuse of it is.

Mr. Locke, in his chapter of the remedies of the abuse of words, says, "That whoever shall consider the errors and obscurity, the mistakes and confusion, that are spread in the

world by an ill use of words, will find some reason to doubt, whether language, as it has been employed, has contributed more to the improvement or hindrance of knowledge amongst mankind."

I am inclined to believe, that if we could, by a kind of chemical operation, separate those parts of our ordinary conversation, which either leave any idea in the mind of the speaker, or convey any to that of the hearer, from those which do not, the former would be found scarce to bear the proportion of a tenth part to the latter.

To instance, first, in compliments, among the civilised part of mankind, what a number of words hath the introduction of this custom stripped of their ideas, and in a manner annihilated? What idea hath any man in his head, when he says to another, "Sir, I am your most obedient humble servant, I am heartily glad to see you. How does your good family? I am heartily sorry to hear of the death of your father, &c." I believe there is scarce any well bred man, but hath thrown away half the words of his language in this manner. Nor is there any man either weak enough to intend, or to receive flattery by this method; when one gentleman tells another he is, "His most obedient servant," it signifies no more, nor is any more meant or understood by it, than if he had said Barababatha, or any other sound, which in no language, that we know of, has any meaning.

A second way of squandering words in conversation, is the art of adorning your speech (as some imagine the ancient Greeks to have done their language) with expletives. This is a faculty which I have known some men possess in so eminent a degree, that they might themselves be properly called expletives in conversation.

A third way, and less innocent than any of the former is that of swearing on every flight, and sometimes on no occasion. If an oath conveyed to the mind of a Christian, the terrible sense it properly signifies, it would be impossible for him to be so weak as to use it; besides, considering the present flourishing state of infidelity, we may often be assured an oath is a sound without any idea belonging to it;

for what idea can the atheist have in his mind, when he swears by his creator, or a deist, who swears by any of the articles of the Christian faith?

There are several other methods too tedious to mention, in which particular men very happily succeed; an argument or a story often carry off some thousands of words, and leave no person the wiser; not to mention certain phrases which have by long custom arrived at meaning nothing, though often used; such as, it is very early, very late; very hot, very cold; a very good, a very bad play or opera; the best in the world, the worst in the world, and several others.

But besides many other species of word-squandering which are generally practised, every particular profession seems to have laid violent hands on some certain syllables which they use *ad libitum* without conveying any idea whatsoever.

I need not mention that custom so notorious among gentlemen of the law, of taking away from substantives, the power given them by Mr. Lilly of standing by themselves, and joining two or three more substantives to show their signification; I mean the noble art of tautology, which is one kind of extravagance in the use of words. They have also several words, or rather sounds peculiar to themselves without any meaning, such as learned in the law, despatch, reasonable, and many others.

Physicians seem to have so carefully avoided this extravagance, that in their prescriptions they use no words at all, conveying their meaning to the apothecary, by certain strange figures, which some think to have a very mystical, and even magical force in them; and yet these gentlemen have some words in use among them, to which it will be very difficult to assign any certain idea. Such are out of danger, safe prescription, infallible method, &c. Nay, I have been told, that physician itself, is a word of very little, if any signification.

The mercantile world, may at first sight, from their writings be supposed to spare all superfluity of language, and use no more than the needful, and yet notwithstanding their frequent banishment of the first person out of their epistles,

we shall find in their mouths several words and phrases of as little meaning as any before mentioned. Such are, very cheap, lowest price, get nothing by it, fair trader, as I have a soul to be saved, this cost me, &c.

There are also several ways at first used to distinguish particular degrees of men, but by time immemorial stript of all ideas whatever.

Such are captain, doctor, esquire, honourable, and right honourable, the two last of which signifies no more than if you should pronounce the above mentioned word Barababatha.

Great men have peculiar phrases, which some persons imagine to have a meaning among themselves, but give no more idea to others, than any of those unintelligible sounds which the beasts utter; such are, upon my honour, believe me, depend on me, I'll certainly serve you another time, this is promised, I wish you had spoke sooner; and some hundred others of this kind, very frequent in the mouths of the said great men.

I shall enumerate no more out of many instances which might be brought of our using sounds, without ideas; but from what has been said, I am persuaded the use of speech appears of no such universal advantage as some may think it, and that we may not consider the distinction which speech has set between us and the brute creation (if it hath set any) so much to our honour, nor make so ill a use of it, as to upbraid them with what if nature hath granted to us, we have so barbarously and scandalously abused.

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TUESDAY, *January 22, 1739-40.*

*“ Continuo sontes ultrix accinta flagello  
Tisiphone quatit insultans, torrosque sinistrâ  
Intentans Angues vocat agmina sæva sororum.”—VIRGIL.*

THERE is a set of philosophers who have, it seems, in direct opposition to that ancient tenet of the Stoic school, that virtue is the greatest good found out, that virtue is the

greatest evil, and that the surest and indeed only way to human happiness is utterly to pluck up by the roots that useless and pernicious weed, which every where obstructs men in all desirable pursuits.

As it was the aim and earnest endeavour of the Stoics, and other sects of the ancient writers, to raise and elevate human nature to the highest pitch of goodness and virtue; these philosophers have, with no less pains, laboured to degrade and debase it to the lowest sink of iniquity and vice. As the former had before them the pattern of divine perfection, the imitation of which they assiduously preached up to their disciples and followers, the whole course of their labours visibly tending to bring mankind as near as possible to the excellence of the Deity; so the latter have not scrupled to set before their readers the imitation of an infernal demon, and drudged as heartily to level us with him.

What advantage these political philosophers propose to themselves or the world from the propagation of this doctrine, is not easy to determine; or why they should so strenuously endeavour to prove that true which they must at the same time own, is highly our interest to wish false, I cannot imagine. Was human nature really as depraved, and totally bad as they represent it, surely the discovery is of the same kind with his, who with great pains persuaded his friend that a wife, who had agreeably deceived him, and with whom he lived extremely happy, was false to him. A man, upon whom such unwelcome discoveries are intruded, may say with him in Horace,

—————“*Pol me occidistis, amici,  
Non servastis, ait, cui sic extorta voluptas  
Et demptus per vim mentis gratissimus error.*”

An evil which admits of no remedy, a wise man would surely wish to remain in ignorance of. Surely a person violently deformed in his features, would have little reason to thank one who officiously held a glass to him; nor is he more obliged to another, who tells him he is undoubtedly a rogue in his nature.

These philosophers have carried on their war against virtue two ways. They have first, as much as in them lay, endeavoured to ridicule and extirpate all our expectations of any future reward in another life; and secondly, they have represented it as directly incompatible with our happiness and advancement in this. While one part of this tribe have been kicking our religion out of doors, another have as strenuously applied themselves to send our morals after. We have seen religion represented as a grievance, and vices very modestly called the chief benefits to a nation.

I shall not here enter into the discussion of points of so great consequence, and which have been so often and so well proved as the immortality of the soul, and the certainty of a future state. The reader will find in Tillotson and Clerk, sufficient demonstrations of this truth, sufficient antidotes against all such writings as I have above mentioned. The scope of this paper is to prove, that these writers would do a real dis-service to mankind, even supposing these allegations were true, and religion as false as they would have it imagined.

Was there no future state, it would be surely the interest of every virtuous man to wish there was one; and supposing it certain, every wise man must naturally become virtuous. How finely does the Stoic argue,

—————“ If there's a Power above us,  
And that there is, all nature cries aloud  
In all her works, he must delight in virtue;  
And that which he delights in must be happy.”

What a glorious, what a rapturous consideration must it be to the heart of man to think the goodness of the great God of nature concerned in his happiness? How must it elevate him in his own opinion? How transported must he be with himself? What ecstasie pleasure must he feel in his mind, when he presumes that his ways are pleasing to the all-powerful Creator of the universe? How transporting must be the thought that he is looked on with favour by the mighty Being, in whose will is all goodness and benevolence,

and in whose power is all existence and all happiness? If this be a dream, it is such a one as infinitely exceeds all the paltry enjoyments this life can afford. It is such a delusion as he who undeceived you might be well said *occidere et non servare*, to destroy, not preserve. How cruel would it be in a physician to wake his patient from dreams of purling streams, and shady groves, to a state of pain and misery? How much more cruel then is this pretended physician of the mind, who destroys in you those delightful hopes, which, however vain, would afford such a spring of pleasure during the whole course of your life?

And supposing that the deist, nay, the atheist, could carry his point, supposing that the belief of a future state, nay, of a very Deity, could be rooted out of the world, and men could be brought to believe that this vast regular frame of the universe, and all the artful and cunning machines therein were the effects of chance, of an irregular dance of atoms. Suppose the atheist could establish his creed (a creed abounding with many greater difficulties to human understanding than any religious one whatever), nay, suppose the deist could establish his, that we could believe the Deity a lazy, unactive being, regardless of the affairs of this world, that the soul of man, when his body dieth, lives no more, but returns to common matter with that of the brute creation, where would be the advantage accruing to us? What misery would be banished out of the world? Would men be the happier or better for this knowledge? What would be the consequence of this? Why then mankind might be left to pursue their desires, their appetites, their lusts, in a full swing and without control. The ambitious, the voluptuous, the covetous, the revengeful, the malicious, steering clear of human laws only, without any fear of being called to a future account, might feast and glut their several passions with the most delicious repasts they could procure. How little productive of happiness this would be, I shall hereafter inquire; but let us, for the present, grant with the deist that the Almighty slumbers on His throne, that the soul of man is as mortal as his body, nay, is a part of his body, or what-

ever else he pleases to have it. Nay, further, let us give to the atheist himself that creating power which he denies any where else, let him make his hero, and endow him with beauty, health, and vigour, let him form him for the utmost delights with women, and gratify him with the finest dainties that the gardens, or the shambles of Venus can produce; let him, if he please, compliment him with all the other passions in the same perfection, and glut him with the same luxury; yet will he, I am afraid, be forced to own all his pleasures infinitely inferior to those exquisite raptures which the coolest enthusiast in religion enjoys.

What advantage therefore to mankind can the deist propose, by endeavouring to rob him of these delights, however ill-grounded they may be, nay, what amends can he make us for so doing?

But suppose, as Dr. South observes, the contrary should be the case and religion not that mere bugbear some represent it.

What will be the case then? How innocent have been the swords of the conquerors and destroyers, the heroic murderers and butchers of mankind, in comparison with a profligate pen? How wholesome are the most poisonous drugs and venom of serpents compared to his ink? What applause, what reward can attend his labours, but the dreadful consideration

“To glad all hell with numbers he has damn’d?”

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THURSDAY, *January 24, 1739-40.*

—“*Vis rectè vivere? Quis non?*

*Si virtus hoc una potest dare, fortis omissis*

*Hoc age deliciis.*”—HORACE.

I do not remember a more noble sentiment preserved to us in the records of all antiquity, than what is contained in a short sentence of Plato, which I have often seen quoted.

“That could mankind behold virtue naked, they would all be in love with her.”

Several of the philosophers, as well as primitive fathers, and some modern divines, have dressed her up in such disagreeable colours, have represented her to be of so rigid a nature, and so difficult to be attained, that they have frightened the weaker and more indolent part of mankind from her embraces, while these have either despaired of success in the pursuit, or fancied such intolerable penances, as they were unable to undergo in her possession.

A certain sect, whom I mentioned in my last paper, taking advantage of this frightful figure, in which virtue was set forth, turned the arms of ridicule upon her, and endeavoured to persuade mankind, that this outwardly disagreeable mistress had as few charms within. That, however ugly she appeared in that dress, wherein her advocates had exhibited her, she had really put on her best face; that those hidden beauties which they talked so much of, were nothing more than chimeras of their own brains, or at least forgeries only devised to impose upon and cheat the multitude. In opposition to whom, they tricked out and adorned with all possible show and splendour, a very fine, young lady, who they assured the world was full as charming within as without, and ten times a more valuable conquest than that mistress for whom they had sighed so long.

Some of these gentlemen acted in a more disguised manner, never telling the name of this mistress they so commended, while others grew bolder, threw off her mask, and were not ashamed to declare, that vice, to every wise man, was infinitely preferable to virtue. That every man who intended to advance himself in the world, or to be great and happy, must make his addresses to the former; that thirst and hunger, whips and chains, were the only boons which virtue bestowed on her admirers. That her favour was the sure road to misery, and that those in whom she most delighted, she made most unhappy.

In consequence of this, several treatises were written showing how men might attain the full possession of the former

lady; or, to drop the allegory, rules were prescribed to make us complete rogues.

And yet, if we examine this matter thoroughly, if we strip virtue and vice of all their outward ornaments and appearances, and view them both naked, and in their pure, native simplicity, we shall, I trust, find virtue to have in her every thing that is truly valuable, to be a constant mistress, a faithful friend, and a pleasant companion; while vice will appear a tawdry, painted harlot, within, all foul and impure, enticing only at a distance, the possession of her certainly attended with uneasiness, pain, disease, poverty, and dishonour.

Virtue is not that coy, nor that cruel mistress she is represented. Nor is she of that morose and rigid nature, which some mistake her to be. If she loves retirement, and is more safely preserved there, still she will accompany you in cities, in courts, and in camps. Ambition itself, if moderate, she will countenance, she will not indeed permit you, by all means whatever, to rise and advance yourself; yet she has been known to raise some to the highest dignities in the State, in the Army, and in the Law. So that we find virtue and interest are not, according to Photinus in Lucan, as repugnant as fire and water. Besides how much more desirable is preferment acquired by virtuous than that obtained by vicious means. The virtuous man, for the most part however, enjoys his preferment with a security of mind, with safety, and with honour. Whereas the man, who by base and dishonest means hath raised himself to power, stands as it were on a pinnacle, exposed to every wind, fearful and disquieted within, hated and pursued without. His power seldom lasting, always uncertain, and generally sure to end in ruin and dishonour.

Nor hath the virtuous man less advantage in the ways of pleasure. Virtue forbids not the satisfying our appetites, virtue forbids us only to glut and destroy them. The temperate man tastes and relishes pleasure in a degree infinitely superior to that of the voluptuous. The body of the voluptuous man soon becomes impaired, his palate soon loses its

taste, his nerves become soon unbraced and unfit to perform their office: whereas, the temperate body is still preserved in health, its nerves retain their full tone and vigour, and convey to the mind the most exquisite sensations. The sot soon ceases to enjoy his wine, the glutton his dainties, and the libertine his women. The temperate man enjoys all in the highest degree, and indeed with the greatest variety: for human nature will not suffice for an excess in every passion, and wherever one runs away with a man, we may generally observe him sacrificing all the rest to the enjoyment of that alone. The virtuous and temperate man only hath inclination, hath strength; and (if I may be indulged in the expression), hath opportunity to enjoy all his passions.

Poverty is so far from being enjoined us by virtue, that parsimony, which she expressly prescribes, is a certain way to wealth. Indeeds she suffers us not by any base or mean arts, by imposing or preying on others, to rush, as it were, into immense fortunes. The consequences of which, we may observe, to be always either spending them again in a manner as detestable as they were amassed, or forfeiting them to that justice which we injured in the getting them, or becoming absolute slaves to them. The last of which is of all circumstances the most miserable. There is scarce any trade, any profession in life, which will not abundantly supply the industrious professor. If we search to the bottom, we shall find the moderate acquisitions of industry and honesty more productive of happiness, than all the plunder with which fraud, rapine, or violence can enrich us.

It is needless to run through any other instance, we shall find in all, that virtue indulges us in the use, and preserves us from the abuse of our passions. That it is always the result of wisdom, as happiness will be always the result of virtue.

Vice cheats us with the appearances of good, while virtue only gives it us in reality. Honour, pleasure, wealth, are only found under her conduct. Vice plays the courtier with us, it flatters, and promises, and deceives. Virtue is more reserved, less liberal to us on a slender acquaintance; but

when we prove ourselves worthy her favours, she is always profuse in bestowing them.

And this is she that hath been represented in so rigid and odious a light by some of her own advocates. That hath been pictured as such a tyrant, requiring things almost impossible to be performed, and forbidding us other things from which it is as difficult to abstain. This is that virtue which wanton wits have strove to ridicule, and wicked sophisters have argued to be so contrary to our worldly interest; whereas, her commands are most easy, and her burthens light; she commands us no more than to be happy, and forbids us nothing but destruction. In short, her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.

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SATURDAY, *January 26, 1739-40.*

*"Dixero quid si fortè jocosius, hoc mihi juris  
Cum venia dabis."*—HORACE.

TO CAPTAIN HERCULES VINEGAR.

SIR,—You have lately surprised the world by two very elaborate (not to say dull,) essays upon virtue. Who would have expected, or who indeed can bear such pious and moral declamations from the mouth of Captain Vinegar?

*"Quis tulcrit Gracchos de seditione querentes."*

It would have been much more consonant with your former character, to have taken the other side, and have given a final kick to this lady, whose nudities, it seems, Plato was so delighted with. I know not whether she may be so fond of appearing naked in these colder climates, but I am sure she will always leave her followers so.

My Lord Bacon, somewhat a greater philosopher I think than yourself, was so far from attempting to establish real virtue (and let me tell you she had then a little better foot-

ing than at present), that he only endeavoured to recommend her shadow. He advised men only to wear the mask of those virtues which were nearest allied to their vices; the covetous man to affect thriftiness; the prodigal liberality; the coward humility; the rash man valour; and so of the rest.

This is indeed arguing like a wise man, like a man who understands the world, and the way of living in it. This is such philosophical diet as a man may grow fat by feeding on. No chimerical system, which hath starved all its professors, which savours of the romantic tub of Diogenes, and would soon reduce us to be glad of a tub to live in.

I shall not here attack the former part of your apology for virtue, where you speak of another world. That subject, I hope, hath been pretty satisfactorily handled already by some modern free thinkers. I cannot, however, help observing, how aptly you use the word "dream" on this occasion. And if you have a desire to dream on, or to talk in your sleep, as we are well convinced you did in the before mentioned essay, far be it from me to wake you. Dose yourself as you please, good captain, but distribute not your opiates through the nation; for when you do, I shall always apply proper antidotes. I shall not be afraid of your club, whose ridiculous and miraculous power, *credat Judæus Apella, non ego.*

I come now to the second part of your apology, where virtue is very modestly asserted to be not only consistent with, but necessary to worldly interest. Here you set out very bravely indeed, noble captain, with showing us how considerable a prop she is to ambition, how necessary to the acquiring or keeping preferments. As you have not been so good as to tell us what preferments you mean, I will suppose in your favour, they may be at court. Indeed, if we consider the characters and conduct of those gentlemen among us, who are, at present, so happy to possess these, we may be, perhaps, inclined to come into your opinion. Yet it is certain, that several writers of your own side have thought courts a soil wherein this plant of virtue seldom grows to any great height. I must own, indeed, that as few of these

writers have appeared lately, the court soil may have been improved since the times of the Stoics, and virtue may flourish better there now than formerly it did. But whether this plant, like some others, may not change a little of its nature with its soil; whether the virtue that is necessary to court-preferments, be not another sort of virtue from that which Plato was in love with; whether there be not some particular virtue proper for a gentleman, as king Charles II. said of religion; or whether, as Horace tells us, that as vice often puts on the mask of virtue, so virtue may not sometimes put on the appearance of vice, I shall not determine. Perhaps, certain qualities and actions may be virtues in a courtier, which are vices in any other; we know shedding blood is accounted laudable in a soldier, as it is his profession; forgetfulness of promises, treachery, etc., may therefore have the same title to be praiseworthy in the courtier. Lastly, which I think the strongest argument of all, as it is a maxim in law, that the fountain and head of a court can do no wrong, this incapacity of doing wrong may probably descend to all who belong to a court; and thus a vicious person can never be preferred there, because he is no longer vicious than until he is preferred.

But I shall dwell no longer on this article, since I think I can easily confute you on the other heads. And if I can once prove the court to be the only place where virtue thrives, if I can drive her to that retreat, I shall leave her in that good company with all my heart.

You have asserted, that pleasure consists in temperance. But, I suppose, you will agree that it has no great affection for hunger, or thirst, or cold: and these, sir, are misfortunes which virtue can in no wise hinder you from. Virtue is a sort of cash, unknown to the butcher, the baker, the draper, the tailor. If a man carries nothing but virtue to market, he will, I am afraid, carry nothing else from it. Nor are the virtuous pleasures which you allow us with women to be purchased by this coin. The gravest parent would listen very little to the catalogue of a man's virtues, if he brought no rent-roll with him; nor would he easily prevail with the

young lady to run away with him, by any such charms. If Plato, and an ensign of the Foot Guards were to be competitors for a wife, the philosopher would stand as ill a chance in the lady's eye, as he would in her father's, was a rich country squire, or city alderman, his rival. Money must purchase him pleasure, and virtue will scarce purchase him money. A very virtuous man may starve in Westminster Hall, or among the fair traders in the city, while the gentleman who would take fees in any cause, or sometimes on both sides of the same cause; and the trader who swears solemnly that he gets nothing by his silk at a crown a yard, and sells it afterwards for four shillings, will be pretty sure of growing rich. And riches are the way to honour as well as pleasure. Nay, the very titles, which are peculiar to virtue itself, are usurped by riches. What is the meaning of a good man in the city, but a rich man; or a bad man, but a poor one? Will not riches, even at court itself, procure a man a title, and does not a title endow him and his successors with honour? Human happiness is surely placed in being rich, and riches are not procured by virtue. How they are procured, I shall show you in a future letter. You may as well publish these my lucubrations yourself; for, if you do not, I shall carry on the controversy in some other paper; and I know one very fit for my purpose: for whatever paper is carried on for the support of corruption, will not stick at proclaiming war against virtue.

I am, &c.

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TUESDAY, *January 29*, 1739-40.

*"Aude aliquid brevibus gyaris et carcere dignum,  
Si vis esse aliquis."*—JUVENAL.

TO CAPTAIN HERCULES VINEGAR.

SIR,—As I have, I think, in my former letter, sufficiently overthrown all your arguments in defence of virtue, which I

therein proved entirely incompatible with our worldly interest, I here send you, according to my promise, some instructions whereby a man may arrive at that pitch of grandeur and honour in the world, which you so falsely suggested to be attainable in the roads of virtue.

The first quality which every man ought to be possessed of, who promises himself to make any figure in this hemisphere, is the art of lying. This word, as it regards our interest, however it came to be scandalous I will not determine, comprehends flattery and scandal, a false defence of ourselves, and a false accusation of other people.

It hath been laid down as a maxim, that a liar ought to have a good memory. This I take to be a blessing, which if not born with a man, is not easily attained. Such as think it is, I shall recommend to that excellent treatise called *Memoria Technica*, and other books which they may find of the same nature.

First, a lie ought never to be improbable; several liars, who might have made a very creditable figure in their country, have been blown up at once, and destroyed by one too bold stroke. I have seen more fail in this profession from too great forwardness, than the contrary excess: for in this calling, as in no other, a man should avoid a reputation of excelling in it if he would turn it to any advantage. There are some persons so famous for this art, that their very mention of a story is sufficient to destroy the credit of it. These can only scandalize by praising. It will be proper always to have some regard to public notoriety, A—gyle's valour and dignity, Ch—ld's wit, or D—ton's politeness, will not be so judiciously called in question. Such lies as these should, if possible, be avoided. But this regards only the lie scandalous; if you come to the lie panegyric you need set no bounds.

“It matters not how false or forc'd,  
So the best things be said o' th' worst.”

Here the assent of the world is of no consequence to you; your patron believes himself, and that is sufficient. You

may lay on honour and beauty, and all manner of virtues as thick as you please, you are not to consider what he is, but what he should be, or what he would be thought. Those are the perfections you are to compliment him with, and you will scarce ever fail of success.

But, however fearless a liar may be of being contradicted by others, he should always take especial care not to contradict himself. Indeed, in being of both sides the question, he must quit his occupation, and dabble in truth to which he ought always to be a professed enemy. Yes, if he sees it for his interest, provided there be some tolerable intervention of time (not less than three months at least), he may abuse the same man for vices which he has not, whom he had before complimented with virtues that he had not. But this requires great caution.

In spreading false news, especially defamation, care should be taken in laying the scene. Thus he may, with great intrepidity, at London, report any adventures from any place a hundred miles distant. If he confines himself to this town, he should at least lay the scene of his action at one part, and report it in the other.

A fourth and last precept, which I shall here lay down, is never to publish any lie in the presence of one who knows the falsehood of it. This, besides its rendering it of no effect, may possibly lead the liar into some inconveniences.

The second quality which equips a man out for preferment is impudence, some indeed have called it the first. This quality, or some degree of it at least, should be born with a man, but as many are so unfortunate as to bring a very slender share into the world with them, I shall communicate such measures as are most proper to be taken in order to the attaining it.

And first, as a neighbouring nation, how justly I will not affirm, are famous for this excellence, it would not be amiss to have the child suckled by an Irish nurse, whence it may very regularly be conveyed to a French schoolmaster. At the age of twelve at farthest, let him be put to some attorney, or rather solicitor. As the place of his education ought to

be in this town, let him go at all leisure times to the play-house, especially when some of noted assurance act; if he could have the liberty of going behind the scenes, it were better, where he might have an opportunity of conversing with the actresses, who are generally great mistresses in this science. On Sundays he should be sure to frequent the oratory. After he has been about two years with an attorney, it were good to make him a page at court, or ensign of the Foot Guards, he may here perform his exercises at the play-house and oratory as before. It may be proper also for him to frequent a French ordinary, and if he paid now and then a visit or two to Westminster Hall in term time, it were not amiss. Particular care should be taken to keep him out of the way of all manner of learning, which hath been found too apt to render men modest. Persons who know the most, being always most diffident of themselves. The only schools he should therefore frequent are the French school as above, a dancing school, and that celebrated school of Mr. James Figg, where he will meet with the best and properest company. I believe, if these rules were strictly observed, we should see very few fail of arriving at this excellence, which how necessary it is to our preferment need not be here explained. It is that with which no man can fail, and without which no one can succeed. So true is that of Hudibras,

“For he that has but impudence,  
To all things has a just pretence.”

How many persons have we seen make considerable figures in the world by this endowment only?

But it is possible for a person to be too impudent, at least to be improperly so. When a man is once sure of being thoroughly an adept in this science, that is, of having utterly banished all shame, he may then trust himself with the affectation of modesty; for he is most truly and happily impudent, who is so without appearing so. The impudent person, as well as the liar, must succeed under the disguise, the one of truth, and the other of modesty. It may indeed be

sometimes proper to throw off this mask, but then great care is to be taken to whom he is impudent. If he carries it no farther than putting a modest young lady out of countenance in a public assembly, provided she has no one by to defend her, or to the roasting a man of real merit without assurance; to mix, without any invitation, in the company of men infinitely his superiors, or bear off, or, as others call it, put a good face on his own notorious rogueries, I think it may be allowed him; but he must take care not to mistake his man, or even his woman. I have known the impudentest of all fellows put to shame by a pretty repartee from a fair lady, whom he had attempted to confound; and the same person very severely used by one of his own sex, for exerting that talent on him. In short, impudence is a horse, to which, if you give the reins too loosely, he will be apt to run away with you; but being well ordered and governed, will never fail of carrying you to the top of your wishes.

A third ingredient in our politician must be ingratitude. He must know no other tie but his interest, to which he must at any time be ready to sacrifice his party or his friend. He is to consider all the world as a set of designing rogues, and all obligations conferred on him as done with a view to the doer's own benefit, and that his was the least consulted in them; but if any obligation should appear to be of such a nature, that it is impossible to attribute it to any of these vices, he is then to look on the person who conferred it as a simple fellow, to ascribe it to his weakness, and instead of valuing, to despise him for it. This a man must have the seeds of in himself, and cultivate by conversation in the world. There are some men of such milky natures, as Lady Macbeth says in Shakespeare, that it will be difficult to bring them to this height of perfection; but such men I reject, as utterly incapable of ever coming to any thing, and proper only to be your disciples.

A man once thoroughly indued with these three qualities of lying, impudence, and ingratitude, will, I believe, scarce want any other titles to preferment and grandeur. As for bravery, though some have succeeded well with it, who have

had no other virtues, as it may lead him into scrapes and inconveniences he had better be without it; let him stick close to these I have prescribed, and I fear not but he will soon look down on all those who pursue such romantic schemes as you have advanced. I am,

Sir,  
Yours, &c.

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SATURDAY, *February, 2, 1739-40.*

*“Totum in eo est, ut imperes tibi.”—Cic. Tusc. Q. lib. 2.*

THE conquest of one's self is justly preferred by wise men to that of armies and kingdoms. This is that courage which is so ardently recommended in our religion, and which, however passive it may be in regard to others, is extremely active with respect to one's self. Whoever carefully surveys his own mind, will find sufficient enemies to combat within; an army of obstinate passions that will hold him in tight play, will often force his reason to retreat; and if they are at length subdued, it will not be without much labour and resolution.

This is a war, which cannot fail, I think, of affording great pleasure to the victorious, but is attended with infinite danger to the conquered. We have seen empires and kingdoms raising themselves again after the most entire defeats. Rome soon retrieved her loss at Cannæ, and France hath repaired the rout of Hockstet. But in this war of the mind, if reason once lose a battle, once suffer an absolute overthrow, we seldom, if ever, see her exert herself again. A triumphant passion is an active conqueror, never failing to improve the victory, nor stopping, until it hath perfectly subdued and rendered itself absolute master of the mind.

And, since we have seen such dreadful instances of the tyranny of these victorious passions, what severe tribute they exact, how cruelly they torture those who submit to their yoke, it will be, I am persuaded, found our interest to stand

to the battle manfully, to give no ground to the assailant, nor quarter to the retreating. We can be guilty of no cruelty in the pursuit of these enemies; forasmuch, as we are certain they omit none when the fight inclines to their side. The severest slavery imposed by men on one another is light, in comparison of that under an overbearing passion.

Seeing, therefore, that this contention is so absolutely necessary, and at the same time so difficult, it is well worth our while to fortify ourselves against such attacks, to consider by what means we may best resist the impulse of these dangerous enemies, and arrive at that perfection which hath been recommended by the wisest of antiquity, and fulfil that glorious precept *vince teipsum*.

As it behoveth every prince, before he enters into a war, to examine his own force, and strengthen himself with the best and most powerful alliances, so it is the interest of this our warrior to study well the strength of his own mind, and to borrow all the assistance which philosophy can lend him on this occasion.

I have been often surprised, that among all the divines and philosophers, who have declaimed on this subject, few or none have laid down any good rules for the attaining so desirable a conquest. The former have ascribed all to grace, and the latter to that consummate virtue of the Stoics, which was able to do all things. They have both trumpeted out much on this head, and sufficiently demonstrated the great glory of our self-conquest. But, by their leave, this is acting little unlike to a physician who should sing forth the praises of health, when he should prescribe men the method of attaining it; or a guide, who instead of showing him the way to London, should entertain a traveller with the great beauty and magnificence of the place.

I shall therefore attempt here to lay down some rules whereby we may proceed to the attaining what I think needs no recommendation to the pursuit of.

The economy of the body hath been often compared to that of the state, so may also that of the mind; as a just

balance of power can only support any degree of liberty in a political constitution, so must the exact balance of the passions preserve order and regularity in the mind. It is therefore the business of every man, carefully to consider to what side the scale leans, otherwise he will be hurried away before he is aware, and perhaps, while he comforts himself that he is neither hurtful, nor covetous, nor cruel, pride is imperceptibly getting the ascendant over him, and laying such a foundation for universal empire in his mind, as it will be afterwards difficult for him to destroy.

This self-examination is by no means easy to be well executed: a man may be thoroughly acquainted with the policies of the world, may be a perfect master of the interests and designs of all the princes in Europe, and yet an utter stranger to what is doing in that little state within his own breast. It is a knowledge perhaps of all the most difficultly attained. Our passions are subtle politicians, and when they find the man on his guard, will act in the most cunning and disguised manner. It hath been observed, that we often mistake the actions of others, as good or evil, from not knowing the springs whence those actions proceed: but what if we are as great strangers to the springs of even our own actions! If we mistake avarice for parsimony, profuseness for liberality, pride for honour, and so of the rest! This is a deceit which our passions often put upon the most cautious, and against which we ought to be daily on our guard.

When the enemy is thus discovered, we must not be lazy or backward in opposing him. It is easier to obstruct a foe in his landing, than to attack him when drawn up in battle array, or to drive him successfully out of the first trench than out of the last. Every inch of ground gives fresh courage to him that advances, and takes it from him that retreats. It is well said, "He that looketh on a woman, so as to lust after her, hath already committed adultery with her in his heart." For, not to understand this, according to the generally supposed meaning, that the least degree of vice gives a taint to the mind, it will be always found much easier to resist the first impression of evil, than to root it out

when it hath got the least footing. No passion attacks us at first with that violence, which it afterwards assumes. It steals imperceptibly into our minds, and seldom declares itself until certain of the victory.

Nothing can conduce more effectually to our defence against these invasions, than a right knowledge of the methods which our passions take in attacking us. The most usual way is, I believe, to dazzle our eyes by the immediate glare of the object before us, so as to hurry us on to action, without giving our understanding leisure to consider and weigh the consequence. Lust especially acts in this way. I have heard the most abandoned libertines, when they have been drawn into the least cool consideration, confess their folly, and condemn themselves. Indeed, if a man would set before his eyes the ideas of pain, disease, dishonour, poverty, death, and all the frightful ideas of those miseries, which the least indulgence of this passion will almost certainly bring upon him, he must be very fool-hardy to give way to it; but he is allured and charmed with the hopes of the immediate possession of a desirable object, with the satisfaction of the most violent of all desires; he looks not beyond the present moment which promises him perfect happiness. Could his reason say to him,

*“Aspice, namque oculis quæ nunc obducta tuenti  
Mortales hebetat visus, clauditque videre  
—— Nubem eripiam,”*

he would scarce fall into the snare.— Did a man, when first attacked by avarice, consider the eternal watchings, care, fear, heart-aches, all the pains and terrors which that passion must infallibly bring upon him, he would be safe from its dominion; but his passions have dazzled his reason, with showing the beautiful objects near and in a full blaze, while the other ideas are kept at a distance, and out of his sight. Revenge, which Dr. South calls, “The most delicious morsel that the devil ever dropped into the mouth of a sinner,” works strongly in this way. If a man once dare consider and make use of his reason, this passion, unless in very depraved

natures, loses all its force. Pride, which is a subtle and alluring flatterer, is of all the most necessitated to this way of proceeding. Pride indeed is not only obliged to hide from us the evils which attend her, she must also hide a man from himself; for did he once consider his own mind, and the wretchedness of his condition; did he compare himself with others; nay, with the very beasts of the field; I believe, most of us would laugh this ridiculous passion out of our minds. I shall mention but one more, which acts in a contrary manner from all the rest. They strive to allure and flatter us into compliance, but fear is a blustering bully, and endeavours to frighten and terrify us into obedience. And this, however, by methods as vain and as deceitful as the rest; and which requires us only to exert our reason to subdue: for, if we examine thoroughly the evils with which it threatens us, and those it certainly brings upon us, we shall find the latter to be much the heavier and greater of the two.

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TUESDAY, *February 5*, 1739-40.

*"Jurgatur verbis."*—HOR.

I WAS waked this morning by a very great noise, which, in my first confusion, I imagined to have been thunder; but, recollecting it was a season of the year when that rarely happens, I began to think the great guns were firing on some public solemnity; till at last, I was very much surprised, and I believe the reader will be so too, to understand that this dreadful hurricane was nothing more than my wife Joan, who was laying about her with great vigour, and exercising her lungs on a maid-servant for the benefit of my family.

This good woman is one of those notable house-wives, whom the careless part of the world distinguish by the name of a scold. This musical talent of hers, when we were first married, did not so well agree with me. I have often

thought myself in the cave of Æolus, or perhaps wished myself there on account of this wind-music; but it is now become so habitual to me, that I am little more alarmed at it, than a garrison at the tattoo or reveille; indeed, I have, I thank God, for these thirty years last past, seldom laid myself down, or rose up without it; all the capitulations I have made are, that she would keep the garrison-hours, and not disturb my repose by such her performances.

It hath been remarked by some naturalists, that Nature hath given all creatures some arms for their defence; some are armed with horns, some with tusks, some with claws, some with strength, others with swiftness, and the tongue may, I think, be properly said to be the arms which Nature has bestowed on a woman.

This weapon, however harmless it may appear, is generally found sufficient, as well for all offensive as defensive purposes. I think it is the wisest of men that says, "Beware of an evil tongue." A scold is very often dreaded by her whole neighbourhood, and I much question whether my wife's tongue be not as great a terror to all her acquaintance as my cudgel can be.

The wisdom of our legislature seems so sensible of the danger of this weapon when wantonly used, being indeed little less than a sword in a madman's hands; that, in certain districts, they have erected over canals a wooden stool, wherein, the offender being placed, is to be very severely ducked; which kind of punishment, as it stops the mouth of the scold, so it also seems to intimate the violence of this weapon, whose force, like that of fire, can only be extinguished by water.

Dr. Plot, in his Natural History of Staffordshire, gives the following account of the method of curing scolds at Newcastle and Walsall, "Which method (says he) so effectually, and so very safely does it, that I look upon it as much to be preferred to the ducking-stool, which not only endangers the health of the party, but also gives the tongue liberty 'twixt every dip; to neither of which this is at all liable; it being such a bridle for the tongue, as not only quite deprives

them of speech, but brings shame for the transgression, and humility thereupon, before 'tis taken off. Which being an instrument scarce heard of, much less seen, I have here presented it to the reader's view, Tab. 32. Fig. 9, as it was taken from the original one, made of iron, at Newcastle-under-Lyme. Wherein the letter *a*, shows the jointed collar that comes round the neck; *b*, *c*, the loops and staples, to let it out and in, according to the bigness and slenderness of the neck; *d*, the jointed semi-circle that comes over the head, made forked at one end to let through the nose; and *e*, the plate of iron that is put into the mouth, and keeps down the tongue. Which being put upon the offender by order of the magistrate, and fastened with a padlock behind, she is led round the town by an officer to her shame; nor is it taken off, until after the party begins to show all external signs imaginable of humiliation and amendment." I am very sorry I have not an opportunity to give my fair readers, and particularly my own wife, a representation of the figure referred to, in this paper, but shall advise all who may be any wise concerned to consult it in the doctor's book, as I apprehend it may tend very much to edification.

A certain ingenious and learned gentleman, some years since, published a very elaborate treatise on *The Art of Altercation or Scolding*, wherein he proved, much to its honour, that the gods, goddesses, and heroes of the ancients, were great proficient therein, and produced several passages from Homer and others, where Juno, Venus, Pallas, &c., fight (to express myself in a proper language on this occasion) very handsome bouts thereat.

For my own part, I cannot help thinking that several very good effects are produced from this practice. My wife Joan tells me, that, on going into any family, we may easily see, by the regularity and order of affairs, whether the mistress of the house be a scold or not; to which perhaps the old adage concerning the best mustard may allude.

A very ingenious clergyman of the Church of England hath assured me, that he found a very sensible alteration (for the better) in his parishioners, upon the settlement of a

very excellent scold among them. Whatever vice or enormity any in the parish were guilty of, they were very sure of hearing it, as the proverb says, "On both sides of their ears," by this good woman; who, the doctor very pleasantly assured me, did more towards the preservation of good manners by these daily lectures which she exhibited gratis in the streets, than he could by all his sermons in the pulpit.

I believe it hath been often found, that men, whom the preservation of their healths and fortunes, nay, even the very terror of the laws could not restrain from extravagancy, have owed their reformation to a curtain-lecture. I do remember, when I was a young fellow, to have heard a man excuse himself for retiring early from his debauched companions, by saying, "Gentlemen, you know I have a wife at home."

Nor is this practice as it hath been represented, confined within the precincts of Billingsgate, or the lower orb of people only. There are scolds of all ranks and degrees, and I have known a Right Honourable, who could be heard all over a large palace to her praise with great facility.

Notwithstanding what has been here said, it is very certain, that this, as well as other customs, however good in itself, hath sometimes been used to evil purposes, and that a too sonorous tongue hath often made a pretty face a very disagreeable companion. On such occasions, I have known several devices practised with good success, nor do I think I can sufficiently applaud the ingenuity of a certain gentleman, who used to accompany his wife's voice with a violin, thereby turning what another would have esteemed a harsh entertainment into a very agreeable concert.

THURSDAY, *February 7, 1739-40.*

——— “*Veniunt a dote sagittæ.*”—JUVENAL.

TO MRS. JOAN VINEGAR.

MADAM,—I know not any one person to whom the unhappy and injured of your sex may more properly apply for relief, than to yourself. The interest you must be supposed to have in that invincible champion Captain Hercules Vinegar, who seems resolved, with his victorious pen, to lash mankind into humanity, hath thrown it happily into your power to contribute to the redressing all the injuries we suffer from mankind; whom nothing will so effectually reform, as that dread which they have of your husband, when he hath once declared himself our champion. I beg, therefore, madam, you would be so good as to represent to him my unfortunate case. About six years ago, I was left a widow in the thirtieth year of my age; and, as I think, the prime of my life, in the possession of a jointure of about 800*l.* a year, and a considerable sum of ready money in my pocket. This, after the shock which I really bore at the loss of none of the best of husbands, made my estate pretty comfortable, and I began to be esteemed in as happy condition as any woman in the country. The time being once past, wherein decency obliges us to distinguish ourselves by the outward dress of mourning, I soon received several offers from the neighbouring country gentlemen, who seemed to think the situation of my estates so convenient for them, that they were willing to purchase at the rate of maintaining a wife at a very moderate expense out of them. My fortune was too easy already to make me listen to any match, merely on the account of riches, and as these lovers did not attack me with any other baits, I found it no very great difficulty to withstand them. Besides, madam, I will own to you, I had that foolish desire which too frequently prevails among us, of making a blaze in the world, and enjoying the triumph

of a crowd of well-dressed admirers, the certain portion of every young widow who is tolerably handsome, and can support any figure in the town. With this foolish ambition I came up to London, where I insensibly fell into the full possession of what I desired. I became the general mark of admiration among the men, and envy among the women. I received the bows, the sighs, the ogles of the beaux, as so much homage due to my beauty, which made me still more sensible of my own merit, but gave me no impression of theirs. My heart remained quite free and unengaged, Oh! that it had still done so! but alas! it was my fate to be acquainted with that too false, too artful, and too agreeable Bellarmine. He soon made me perceive that my heart had held out unhurt against many attacks, not so much from the invincible strength of the fortress, as from the weakness of the assailants. Bellarmine is possessed of a talent, against which few women can be secure, of making you pleased with him, by persuading you that he has a sincere passion for you; at the same time that he makes you more pleased with yourself, for possessing those many excellences, which he insinuates could only make an impression on a heart, hitherto so secure from the charms of the whole sex. To this, with a most agreeable person he joined the most vigilant assiduity. I could scarce cast my eyes any where but I saw him. At court, assembly, opera, play, park, still Bellarmine was before me, still entertaining me. In short, I was soon convinced that he was the most agreeable man in the world, and had the sincerest passion for me. This warmed my heart to a generous disregard of his circumstances; I considered only his merit, and thought of nothing more than how to reward it. I married him. To prevent the foolish ceremonies of visits on this occasion, and to enjoy one another's conversations undisturbed, we retired immediately into the country. Here his behaviour to me was so full of fondness, his conversation so full of tenderness, his looks, his words, his actions, so kind and so obliging, that I began to think myself the happiest woman upon earth. All ridiculous notions of power and triumph vanished from my mind,

and my whole thoughts were bent on nothing but how to add continually to his happiness who was so entirely the cause of mine. But how many years do you think, madam this scene continued? Truly no longer than three months. At the end of which, he told me a journey to London would be very requisite to settle some affairs there. As he said his stay would be short, I did not solicit to be taken with him, though I proposed to myself no other pleasure till his return, than what the daily expectation of it could afford me. The tender sentiments which he had so often expressed to me, while we were together, still survived in his letters; but alas! these grew less and less frequent, as the length of his absence made the uneasiness of my mind more and more require their consolation. When I pressed his return, he grew cool, and answered that business must be preferred to pleasure; with other invidious reflections of the same nature, which are the severest insults on a passionate affection. Six months had now past, when he returned; alas! who returned? Not the fond, the tender Bellarmine. No, a cold, peevish, cruel husband; nothing that I could say or do had power to please him. All the little efforts of fondness, which had once so many charms in his eye, were pished at and termed folly. He found fault with every thing. His dinners were always ill-contrived and ill-dressed; happy was the man who married a good housewife. When I had spent a whole morning at my toilet to please him, lord, I was the awkwardest creature; such a thing was ungenteel; I looked wretchedly; and a thousand other upbraidings, which ill-nature generally couches under the name of advice, though they are really said with no other design than of giving pain to the person they are spoken to. But alas! this lasted not long neither; for, in one fortnight, business called him away again, and he left me big with child, and in the company of an old aunt, who was every day throwing in my teeth, the folly I had committed in so disadvantageous a match. In vain I solicited him to suffer me to go to town. No, such journeys were expensive, we were young and likely to have a great family, and must take care not to starve our

children.—It was now that my eyes began to be opened, that I looked with horror on my dreadful condition, that I repented that giddy fondness which had thrown myself and my fortune into the power of a man who now hated and despised me. It will be more easy than pleasant for a good-natured reader to guess how I passed my time till my lying-in was over. During which time, though near two months distance, I received no more than two letters from Bellarmine, one of which I shall here transcribe.

MADAM,—I received your letter, in which you say, the melancholy of your mind is no very good physic for your present unhappy condition. Your condition is such as all wives must expect, and I think the trouble you bear of bringing children into the world is a slight balance of what we bear in providing for them. I am surprised you should want money again so soon, and wish you would lessen your expenses. I cannot help saying, that the keeping a mid-wife in the house is a monstrous extravagance. I laugh at your telling me, that some wives, in your case, would come to London without leave; you very wisely add, that nothing, but the last extremity, shall force you to such measures. As for my leaving this town; at present it is impossible, nor do I see of any service I can be to you.—I shall always do what I think my duty. But the foolish fondness of a wife shall never over-rule the reason of,

Madam,

Your affectionate husband,

And humble servant,

BELLARMINE.

Guess, dear madam, for pity's sake guess, the terrible effect this letter had on me, written from a man for whom I had done all in my power; to whom I had given my person, fortune, all; sent to me at such a time, in such circumstances; but I will not try to aggravate them.—I recovered from that danger, to which nature has rendered our sex only liable; but alas! to what did I recover, but

to experience greater scenes of misery, continual fresh instances of Bellarmine's cruelty and ingratitude: for I have certain information, that, while I am supporting here a miserable life without company, without conveniences, nay, almost without the necessaries of life, my husband is wasting my fortune in the arms of a strumpet. My aunt, who has the Captain's papers constantly sent to her, has advised me of this application to you. For heaven's sake try if you can prevail on the Captain, with whom you have such visible power, to attempt something in my favour. A word or two of his may do much, and since the publishing this letter in his paper may have some effect, I hope that will not be denied to

Madam,

Your most obedient,

And humble servant,

AMANDA.

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SATURDAY, *February 9, 1739-40.*

—“*Quæcunque viris, vobis quoque dicta, puellæ,  
Credite.*”—OVID. REM. AMOR.

MRS. JOAN VINEGAR, GREETING.

OUR whole family was highly alarmed this morning by the Captain having, with a very angry voice, commanded the cudgel to be taken down. As I am the only one who dare look him in the face on these occasions, I, in a very humble manner, and with tears in my eyes, begged him to tell me the cause of all that passion with which he appeared to be so inflamed; or why he had ordered the cudgel to be unchained. At first, his eyes seemed to chide me for being so inquisitive, but, having taken two or three turns, and cooled himself, as is his custom, with a huge dram of brandy, he took me tenderly by the hand, and spoke thus: “Will you wonder, my dear, at the cause of my ordering down the

cudgel, when you hear that I have read the letter you had so just a reason to desire to publish? Can you imagine that I am insensible to poor Amanda's wrongs, or that I will suffer such a villain as her husband to pass unpunished? It was, Mrs. Vinegar, for the correction of such offences as these, which our imperfect laws have provided no remedy against, that I entered upon that office, with which I have honoured myself, and which I have hitherto, with such glory, executed. Besides, when I first declared myself a Champion, I had an especial regard to the defence of the beautiful part of our species, whose weakness is too often injured by the usurped power of our sex. Believe me, they shall never be oppressed with impunity while Captain Vinegar lives.—Bring me the cudgel."—At that word, I threw myself at his feet, and entreated him to suspend, at least, the execution of his wrath. I told him, I was far from trying to excuse the crimes of Amanda's husband, but that I feared the zeal which he had always shown for our sex might hurry him too far, that we ourselves were often highly deficient in matrimonial duties; and lastly, I begged him, before he took that terrible weapon in his hand, to read the following letter, which I delivered to him, and, at last, prevailed with him to run through.

TO MRS. JOAN VINEGAR.

MADAM,—I am a young woman, very few months more than five and twenty, and am married to a man several years older than myself. This, madam, you must know, I consented to contrary to my inclinations; I cannot say I was forced, having been entirely mistress of myself; but can affirm, that I was over-persuaded by my acquaintance, who all urged the vast advantage which would accrue to me by his infinitely superior fortune. Now, madam, as I married him entirely on that account, I think it is very reasonable I should enjoy it; but alas! I might as well have been tied to the poorest wretch on earth, for any benefit which arises to me from his riches. He confines me, almost nine months in the year, in the country, where, at least two whole days

in the week, I have not one human creature, besides himself, to converse with. We have been miserable these six years, and in all that time would you believe it, dear Mrs. Vinegar, I have been but twice at Tunbridge, and three times at the Bath, though it is very well known, that he has an estate of 1,200*l.* a year, and there is a widow lady, whose seat is in our neighbourhood, who, with a jointure of half that sum, goes regularly every season from London to Tunbridge, from Tunbridge to Bath, and from thence to London again. In short, she has not spent three months at her seat since I have been her neighbour. Not long ago, on my complaining to him of the dull, stupid life we led, he had the assurance to tell me, he thought a woman might spend some part of her time amongst her children (for I have had four by the odious creature); and yet, notwithstanding, I think it very plain by this ill usage, that he hates me entirely, and I assure you, I am not one bit behind-hand with him; such are our laws, that it is impossible for me to obtain a divorce. What shall I do? Dear Mrs. Vinegar, order the Captain to cudgel him soundly, and I assure you, any favour in my power shall be granted him in return, by  
His and your humble servant,

FLANTINELLA.

P.S.—He need not bring his cudgel with him, for I can supply him with one.

Having read this letter, he stood for some time silent, but, at last, recovering his former countenance, "Well, child," says he, "I own you have here a convincing proof, that wives have their faults as well as husbands; but sure, you will not say, that the foibles of Flantinella excuse the crimes of Bellarmine."—"No, my dear," replied I, "but I may be allowed to think, that the foibles, as you gently term them, of Flantinella, reach very near to those of Bellarmine, and perhaps that they do not exceed them is not her fault. I find her every way a libertine to the utmost of her power; or, am I certain that Bellarmine is not in some light the less

culpable? From the confession of Amanda we may conclude, that her husband had at her marriage a real passion for her, though it afterwards changed to another object; whereas, Flantinella never appears to have had any liking to her husband either before or after their marriage; she frankly owns that his riches were the only incitements to her consent. Indeed, they are in the end both equally criminal, both ungrateful to their benefactors, both working the misery of those to whom they owe all their happiness. And, I think, it were to be wished, that there were some law to punish the fortune hunters of both sexes, who seek to advance themselves by marriage without any regard to the happiness of the person through whom they effect it. I would inform Bellarmine, that when the charming Amanda preferred him to her crowd of admirers, and threw herself and fortune, all into his power, without any other view, than what I think a very reasonable one in any who confers a benefit, of meeting a return of her affection for him, I say, I would inform Mr. Bellarmine, that he received at that time at her hands, almost the greatest obligation which it is in the power of human nature to bestow. What then must his ingratitude be, who is the cause of making this creature, to whom he is so infinitely obliged, the most miserable of her species? But then you will own, my dear, that the pretty Flantinella has been no less obliged, nor is she less guilty of ingratitude. Wherefore, I humbly beseech you, that if you are resolved to cudgel Bellarmine, I may apply the same to Flantinella. Though if I might be permitted to advise, as all severe proceedings only leave wider these wounds: (for when love must be the remedy, harsh methods must be in the highest degree hurtful:) leave them a while to ponder on what has been here said; which, with your permission, I will to-morrow give the public. Perhaps, a review of their vices, together with the terror of your arms, may reclaim them; at least, it will not be too late, should these methods fail, to apply force at last; for severity loses not its strength by delay." The Captain, upon this, smiled, and embracing me affectionately, said, "My dearest

Joan, who art an instance of the truth of that excellent proverb of the wise Solomon, 'Whoso findeth a wife, findeth a good thing, and obtaineth favour from the Lord.' Heaven was industrious for my happiness, when, to allay the vast impetuosity of my temper, it gave me the prudent coolness of thine; I will suffer myself to be over-ruled by your reasons;" and immediately he gave orders to have the cudgel chained up again.

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TUESDAY, *February* 12, 1739-40.

"*Tu, quid ego et mecum populus desideret, audi.*"—HORACE.

TO CAPTAIN HERCULES VINEGAR.

SIR,—Nothing is a greater proof of the general fondness in mankind for scandal, than their readiness to extend any censure which may be justly incurred by a particular member of a profession to the profession itself. Hence it is, that we so often hear general invectives thrown out against three learned bodies, to whom the care of our property, and of our wealth, both spiritual and temporal, is committed; for amongst such numbers of men, it will be impossible to prevent the intervening of some of depraved inclinations, even amongst those who are more especially set apart for the service of the Divine Being, who are indeed called to that holy office, and consequently are endowed with a double portion of His spirit, by whatsoever names or titles they may be dignified or distinguished.

For this reason, good men have sometimes rather chosen to conceal the crimes of individuals, than to be the innocent occasion of bringing aspersions on a whole society of men; and, as, amongst those three professions, the law hath more especially experienced this love of calumny, I thought it necessary to premise somewhat before the following accusation of an unworthy brother of that class, for which I

have so unfeigned and so well-merited an esteem, whose name however I shall yet conceal; in hopes, if possible, of his amendment.

Without farther preface, I am a freeholder of a manor, in that part of Great Britain called England, the lord of which is a man of an unexceptionable good character, and heartily desirous of protecting his tenants in all their immunities; but, as he hath so large an estate, that it is impossible for him personally to inspect all parts of it, he is obliged to retain a steward, and, unhappily for his poor tenants, hath fixed on an attorney for that purpose, who, as it hath since turned out, proves not only deficient in the knowledge of his business, but also labours under a suspicion of too familiar a correspondence with some neighbouring lords.

In one of the adjacent manors there stands a coppice, by the side of which our lord's tenants have an undoubted right to pass, and, for time out of mind, have passed and repassed to and from market with waggons and other convenient carriages. It hath been reported, that some idle fellows of our parish have taken an opportunity, as they returned home late, to cut and carry away certain logs of wood out of this coppice; whether this be true or no I will not determine, but, be that as it will, I will venture to say nothing was ever more unjustifiable than the measures which that lord took to defend himself, by seizing our waggons, under a pretence that they were made of his wood; and impounding our horses, as taken *damage-faisant* in his own manor, where they were very barbarously used, and had their ears cropped.

Upon these outrages, wherein I was a very particular sufferer, I applied to the steward, and desired him to bring an action against the lord of the manor: his answer was, that the lord was his intimate acquaintance, and that he doubted not but he should procure me ample reparation without having recourse to law, which he said was a very precarious and expensive remedy, that he would negotiate matters with his steward, and did not fear success; especially

as he had a good correspondence with the lord's wife, who governed her husband. This satisfied me for some time, till, hearing nothing from him, and the like violences being daily repeated on me, I renewed my application. He now altered his tone, and shaking his head, told me, he was afraid I was one of the fellows who cut the wood; and, for bringing a replevin, he added with a sneer, that, since my horses' ears were cut off, it would be impracticable for me to recover them, since they were now no longer horses in the eye of the law; for that one, Littleton (I think that was the man's name), says, That a horse is an entire thing, and not capable of being severed.

He added more to the same purpose, till I lost all patience, and, after having asserted my innocence, I positively insisted that he should follow my instructions, or I would employ another attorney; this startled him, when, changing his voice a little, he said: If I would go to law, I should go to law, and bidding me take notice, it was no law-suit of his, which he hoped I would remember when his bill of costs come to be paid, he promised to send for a writ.

Several months past before I could hear of any arrest being made, or any writ served on the defendant, who still persisted in his injurious behaviour with additional insolence, while I was laughed at by all the neighbouring parishes, as one who did not dare to do himself justice. Upon this, I made such vigorous applications to the attorney, that he thought proper to delay the affair no longer; indeed, he now set about it like a man who was in earnest: I am not well versed in law proceedings, but, soon after he had taken out a writ, he made a thing, which they call, I think, a declaration, in which there was a set of words sufficient to frighten a man, not over-timorous, out of his wits, swords, staves, and knives, were, I remember, therein mentioned: to this the defendant, as my attorney informed me, put in what he called a special plea, justifying all his insults, and making me the aggressor, pretending that he had a right to seize all waggons which passed too near the hedges of his coppice, to which my said attorney advised me to demur;

but, on consulting the Dictionary of Law put forth by Mr. Giles Jacob, I conceived this was only intended to delay my cause: I therefore insisted on having it brought to a speedy trial; on which my attorney, being resolved to put me to as much expense as possible, fell to work like a madman, and subpoenaed half the parish, at the same time distributing fees to all manner of council, and to some, who, as I have heard, would never have been employed by any other. I now thought my affairs would have been decided, and I should have obtained some satisfaction of the defendant, to whom he had given notice of trial; but, to my great surprise, meeting several of my evidence, whom he had to my great cost, brought up to town, walking idly about St. James's Park, and acquainting them that my cause would certainly come on in a day or two, one of them told me, that my said attorney talked of bringing matters to a reference. This incensed me to such a degree, that I went directly to him, and, after a severe reprimand, told him that I was resolved to rely on the merits of my cause, the strength of my evidence, and the verdict of an English jury: he then whispered in my ear, that if I proceeded, I should certainly bring the Lord Paramount on my back, who had been heard to say, that the defendant was in the right, and that I had better be quiet; I hastily answered, a f——t for my Lord Paramount, if my cause be just, we have a good lord of our own, who will stand by his tenants, and I am determined to go to trial. Well, says he, you shall go to trial then, and the next day down he sent a new set of subpoenas, which method he repeated as often as I insisted on bringing the matter to a decision. In short, he has now subpoenaed almost the whole parish, who are all in town at my expense, scarce people enough being left behind to carry on the daily labours of husbandry: notwithstanding which, I see no likelihood of any trial, though, at the same time, the defendant is playing the devil with me, and laughs at my law-suit, while my attorney says, it is all of my own seeking, that I would not be advised by him, that he was always against my going to law, that the Lord Paramount

is going to fall upon me, for all which I may thank myself; nay I am told, he shakes his sides among his clerks, and asks in derision, if I have had enough of law already, which I was so very eager to enter into? and that if I have not, he'll give me enough of it, with other sarcasms of this kind.

But what vexes me more than all is, that if I, or the other tenants offer to complain, he says we fly in the face of the lord, for whom we have all of us the most perfect love and respect; and I am certain, if he did but know how his steward has used us, he would discard him; and, indeed, it would be very much his interest so to do, for, when his tenants are ruined, his manor will be little worth, but alas! the steward has his ear, and we have not: however, I am now assured, that my cause will be brought on soon, and that I shall recover damages: if the contrary should happen, I hope the attorney will not take it ill, when I move the court to have my papers taken out of his hands; for I have been lately told, that though he manage matters well enough at the sessions, and hath an admirable knack at settling rates, his knowledge in the law is very superficial, and he is no ways equal to the conducting an action.

I shall conclude as I begun, by desiring you or your readers not to apply what I have here said to all attorneys in general, several of whom undoubtedly behave with great honour to their clients, nay, I myself know some, into whose hands if I had put my affairs, they would have long since brought the defendant to reason; but, at present, my affairs are in such confusion, that I am afraid I shall get no one to undertake them.

I am, Sir,  
Yours, &c.

THURSDAY, February 14, 1739-40.

—“*Tractant fabrilia fabri.*”—HORACE.

MR. NEHEMIAH VINEGAR, GREETING.

I HAVE lately received several hints from my correspondents, earnestly entreating me to apply myself to politics, though they assign different reasons. One part of them telling me, that if I had any love for my country, I should not be still at this season, when poverty like a deluge seems breaking in on the whole nation, when trade is almost at a stand, and our manufactures at an end; when the poor are a greater burthen than the land tax was last year on our estates, and yet are but scantily provided for. When luxury hath insinuated itself amongst all ranks of people, and introduced her daughter corruption along with her. When the poor, slavish, racked tenant, with all industry and success, can scarce pay his rent, and waits but a year of general plenty or dearth to be undone, when his landlord languishes for quarter-day, to pay his hungry tradesman, who is as impatiently solicited by his merchant; the two last of which live as much beyond their gains, as the gentleman beyond his estate, when a prodigious debt, a useless army, an immense fleet, and dreadful taxes to support them, when a dilatory war, formidable enemies, and suspicious allies hover over us. When <sup>1</sup> \* \* \* \* \* when \* \* \* \* \* and when \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* at this time these writers tell me, if I had any public spirit, I should call it forth, and not amuse the town with essays of virtue and vice, words which have lost their ideas a great while.

Another set of my correspondents assert, that a more favourable opportunity was never given for panegyric than the present, that we have as strong fleets as heart could

<sup>1</sup> This part of the letter was writ so eagerly, and with such zeal, that it was not legible.

wish, and as fine an army as a man would desire to see on a summer's day, which we shortly are to see encamped, without going a great way for the sight, that every thing is in the most flourishing condition, and never greater plenty of all kinds of provisions, both for man and beast, and all owing to those who have been abused by a set of infamous, base, false,<sup>1</sup> \* \* \* \* fellows, who only want to be what they are not, cannot, shall not, will not, ever be.

As these two parties assign different reasons, so they offer different rewards; one of them reputation, honour, fame, and the like; the other ask me, if I have no love for my family, and talk of vacancies, good things, snug places, &c. One Mr. Forage, particularly says, Do, do, do, Mr. Vinegar, write, write, write, and I'll warrant you<sup>2</sup> \* \* as soon as it happens \* \* let me see but \* \* ay that will do \* \* depend \* \* but then \* \* through thick and thin \* \* my interest; by which last word I imagine him a man of consequence: there are likewise some instructions to abuse certain persons whose names I dare not insert even the first letters of, for fear of having my paper sentenced by the common voice, to be burnt by the hands of the common hangman.

Though I have as great contempt for the promises of Mr. Forage as any man living can have, and have therefore, instead of abusing any person according to his desire, absolutely concealed the least hint of their names; yet, on the other side, I have some regard likewise for the advice of a very sensible writer as he seems, who signs himself *Cavendum est*; for, I do not know many parts of my body, for which I have a greater respect than my ears; nor is there, I apprehend, any reason for writing more on politics at this time, when matters seem perfectly to be settled and concluded; besides, there are such a vast number of able heads employed in that excellent political paper, called the *Gazetteer*, which is published every day, and distributed

<sup>1</sup> This part savoured too much of Billingsgate to be inserted.

<sup>2</sup> All these hiatuses are illegible.

gratis over the kingdom, at the expense, as some imagine, of the authors, who are not content to club their wits, but club their purses also, for the good and instruction of their country; besides which, I have heard it whispered as a secret, that there hath been published for these three or four years, a certain piece of paper, entitled the Hyp-doctor, treating, as the newspapers inform us, on political subjects, so that there is really no room, not to say occasion, for any other writer; nay, some have asserted, that a great deal of that excellent doctrine in the Gazetteers themselves, passes directly to a certain part of the human body, which was never understood to be the seat of politics, without being first perused in common with other fundamental treatises.

Lastly, which is indeed a very satisfactory answer of itself, I find I am no politician. It is true, I have read most of the ancient and modern historians, as well as the most celebrated writers on government, but alas, *non omnia possumus omnes*. I find this is a study beyond my reach. A man must be born a politician as well as a poet, or else *omnis effusus labor*. Mr. Bayle tells us that some of the rabbis, who agree that Adam, at his creation, contained all the other learning and knoweldge of the world, assert that he was no politician. I know some have thought that Eve was the first versed in this art, which she is thought to have learnt of the devil; an opinion confirmed by Dr. South, who deduces it from the same fountain, and affirms the devil to be a very eminent politician. Others derive politics from Pandora's box; but I think the most probable opinion is, that it came first into the world at the building of Babel; the attempting to build a tower up to heaven, bearing an exact resemblance to most political schemes; the builders of this tower have by the best critics been thought no other than a set of ministers, which I suppose to have been collected from their confounding one another by their language, a circumstance in which all their successors have imitated them, it being the chief excellence, and earnest endeavour of a minister to avoid being understood by any of his fraternity. And though some few of them have been

such wretched bunglers in their art, that all their schemes have been seen through and defeated by their contemporary ministers, yet have these very bunglers been able to confound and amuse all others, and oftentimes many of their countrymen, who have been infinitely wiser than themselves.

Nor indeed can it happen otherwise, for whatever was the original of politics, it must certainly be allowed to be a mystery; *i. e.*, according to the learned Mr. Bailey, a thing concealed, a secret not easy to be apprehended: which etymology is so true, that all arts, sciences, and professions, have laid hold on this word to signify those arcana in their several professions, &c., which are reserved only for the adepts in them; thus divinity, law, and physic, contain mysteries which are understood by divines, lawyers, and physicians, though they have no manner of idea to any who have not been initiated into them; on which account it may not be improper to observe, that the Greek word for initiating is immediately derived from that which signifies mystery in that language. Why then should politics, which is certainly as mysterious as any of these, be imagined to require less initiating into it than the rest? And, since no one expects of me that I should answer queries in any of the three above-mentioned professions, I hope they will not solicit me hereafter to satisfy their political doubts, when I assure them I know nothing of the matter.

I hope I shall not be troubled to open any more letters, inquiring, what our fleets are doing in the Mediterranean, the ocean, and the channel? Since I answer once for all, that I cannot tell; nor vexed with any more questions concerning our army, what is the intention of keeping up so large land-forces? What is the design of our encampments? When and where our marines are going? In what ships? Whom do we apprehend an invasion from? Where are the ships which are to bring our invaders over? How long we shall maintain all these forces by sea and land? What we shall do with them? How we shall pay them? To all which I answer, I don't know, I can't tell; I leave all these things to my betters.

I desire the citizens would trouble me with no more of their letters concerning trade, nor any of the following questions, viz., what will become of the customs when we have no trade? How will that branch of the revenue be supplied? How shall we breed our sailors for the future without trade? How shall we keep the dominions of the seas without sailors? Will not those sailors, who cannot find employment at home, seek it elsewhere? Will trade, if once turned out of our channel, be easily brought back? Is it not to trade that we owed the figure which we have supported in Europe? Our affluence at home? The provision for great part of our people? How will we provide for them without it? Is not this declined? Why is it declined? Is it recoverable? Why not recovered? What will become of us if it is not recovered? With many others of this kind: to all which I answer, I cannot tell.

I desire likewise to receive no more inquiries out of the country, why methods are not taken to re-establish our woollen manufacture? What methods we can invent to maintain our poor without it? Why gentlemen have of late years converted their whole estates into tillage? What hath preserved our tenants of late years, besides the exportation of corn? What must become of them in a year of plenty or dearth, without any exportation? What is the bottom of all this evil? If universal luxury, why is not some stop put to it? Why gentlemen forsake the country, whence they draw all their money to town? What do they come up for? What becomes of their money here? What will be the consequence of it in the country? With many others of this kind, to all which I answer, as I have done before, I cannot tell.

I therefore, once for all, desire my correspondents for the future to look on this as a miscellaneous, not a merely political paper; to ask me questions concerning virtue, wit, gallantry, love, poetry, and such like, and to consult others in politics; since I declare for my part, I am so far from knowing, I cannot even guess what we are about, what we intend to do, or what we shall be able to do.

SATURDAY, *February 16, 1739-40.*

———“*Mentem mortalia tangunt.*”—VIRGIL.

DIFFERENT ages, as well as nations, distinguish themselves by certain characteristics from each other. Fashions are as peculiar to a particular age, as customs are to a particular country. The coarsest observer must take notice of the differences in building, furniture, dress, equipage, and others of this kind; but a more delicate eye may carry the speculation much farther, may perceive on a very short consideration, somewhat of this characteristic in our minds, and will, I believe, see sufficient reason to conclude, that we think, as well as act by fashion.

This I apprehend to be meant by historians and critics, when they distinguish several ages by certain characteristic epithets, as learned age, devout age, martial age, inquisitive age, dark age, &c., to which likewise seems to allude, that expression which frequently occurs in polemical writers, viz.. this was a way of thinking in fashion at that time. Indeed it is known, that particular systems have been admired at one time, and decried at another, or, in other words, have been sometimes in and sometimes out of fashion. I have heard, that an author having writ a play, in which there was a ghost, a friend whose advice he asked, having observed the little respect shown by the present audiences to those unsubstantial characters, desired him to cut it out, alleging that ghosts were out of fashion.

No nation under the sun can give more pregnant instances of this force of fashion on the mind, than our own. Our ancestors make as various a figure in their ways of thinking to a curious reader of our history, as their persons do in a gallery of family pictures. Particular virtues and vices have been as generally in vogue at certain seasons as the farthingale, the ruff, the hoop, the broad brim, the narrow brim, or any other singularities of dress have been among us.

I shall not descend to particulars in former ages, writers

who lived in former times have recorded them: I shall therefore perform my part to my own time, which I hasten to the more eagerly, as I have the pleasure to observe, that the amiable characteristic of the present age is charity.

The numberless and I believe unequalled<sup>1</sup> instances of charity, which we have carefully collected, as far as they have come to our knowledge, do (as we have often observed) a real honour to our age and nation, and this is a truly Christian virtue, nay, I will venture to say, the most Christian virtue: it is this, which, in the Scripture language, "covers a multitude of sins"; without which, to speak with the tongues of men and angels, is but as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal; without which, prophecy, knowledge and faith are represented as nothing. This virtue hath shone forth brighter in our time, than at any period which I remember in our annals. Since, therefore, so noble a spirit is raised among us, every man must wish to see it conducted in a manner which may render it as extensively beneficial as possible, to which purpose I shall likewise throw in my mite of charity, and give a little of my ink (which is all that I have to give) on this occasion; by the help of which, I shall endeavour to point out the properest objects, as they appear to me, of this virtue.

But first I shall observe a fault which some persons have been guilty of, in the exercise of their charity, who, to avoid ostentation, while they have bestowed with great liberality, have carefully concealed their names; an error which the whole body almost of the clergy have unwarily fallen into on this occasion, contrary to that express precept, "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works": but whoever considers the force of example or of fashion, as I have said above, must think that he who is publicly charitable, is doubly charitable, and that a great man, by giving examples of goodness, may, in some measure, draw to himself the merit of that of others; besides, considering the little honour which is, at

<sup>1</sup> Alluding to the distributions made to the poor during last year's severe winter.

present, paid to virtue, it may be questioned whether a man does not conceal his virtue rather from fear of shame than of glory.

Having premised this little, I shall proceed to show what persons I apprehend to be the greatest objects of charity among us; which are certainly not to be met with in our streets; whose begging inhabitants deserve punishment more than relief, and are a shame not to the legislative but the executive power of our laws. However, as I may possibly dedicate a whole paper to the provision of the poor, I shall say no more of them here.

There are so few things absolutely necessary to the sustenance of life, that very few labour under a want of them: distressed circumstances are, not being able to support the character in which men have been bred, and the want of conveniences to which they have been accustomed, and therefore the first and chief objects of our charity are such persons as, having been educated in genteel life, with moderate fortunes, partly through want of resolution to quit the character in which they were bred, and partly for want of duly considering the consequences of their expenses, have, by following their superiors into luxury, in order to support, as they call it, the figure of gentlemen, reduced themselves to distress and poverty.

Secondly, such younger brothers, sons, collateral relations and persons unhappily of the same name with those who have wickedly and foolishly opposed the measures of a minister, and very unjustifiably stood up in defence of a certain seditious word, called liberty, by which means such younger brothers, &c., have with great abilities been refused those provisions civil and military, which seem to have been intended only for them.

Thirdly, persons in all professions and occupations, who have, by misfortunes and unavoidable accidents, been reduced from an affluency to want, and, having long tasted the sweets, are, without any faults of their own, obliged to experience the bitterest potions of life, and this often with that great curse of thinking they have educated children in a condition

of life far beyond what they will afterwards be able to support, and must consequently foresee them obliged to struggle with the greatest difficulties and misfortunes incident to human nature.

A fourth object of charity may be those who, for want of reputation, friends or money, may apply themselves in vain with great industry and ability to any art or science, of which we have had numberless instances through the envy, pride, ill-nature, and ill-judgment of mankind, which four qualities make up that which we generally call ill-fortune.

Lastly, and perhaps chiefly, such as sometimes by inadvertency, sometimes by misfortunes, and sometimes by the noblest acts of friendship, and through the rapaciousness, impatience, and unmercifulness of creditors, more savage than wolves, and the impious severity of our laws, are snatched away from their poor families, from the little comforts of the conversation of their relations and acquaintance, from a possibility of employing their faculties for the service of themselves, their wives or their children, from the benefit of wholesome air in common with the brute creation; stript of all the poor, little supports of wretchedness, and even that last and greatest, hope itself, and carried to dungeons where no conveniency of life is to be had, where even the necessaries of it are dearer than the conveniences elsewhere, where they are confined together with the vilest of criminals, who are indeed much happier, as a judge is shortly to deliver them either to liberty, or, what is better than their dungeon, to the gallows.

These I think are the chief objects of our compassion, on account of their circumstances, amongst whom great regard is to be had to the several merits of the sufferer, and the occasion of his sufferings. I own I am one of those who think there is some merit in misfortunes, especially when they are not balanced with guilt, I look on indiscretion with pity, not abhorrence, and on no indiscretion with so much pity as that of extravagance, which as it may bring men into the greatest calamities of this life; so may it arise from the goodness, the openness, and the generosity of the heart; qualities

which naturally enlarge in every man's eye the idea of his possessions, as avarice lessens it.

But perhaps it will be asked me, whether I would raise a fund large enough to pay off the debt of the nation, or whether I would impoverish all the rich to enrich the poor? I own (to speak in the language of a certain gentleman, whom I have in my eye) I have a fund in view for that purpose, and could heartily wish to see a law, by which all ill-gotten estates should be applied to so good an end; and indeed, this would be no more than *lex talionis*, to make these estates repair, in their dissolution, the mischiefs they had occasioned in their creation; and to convert a fund, which hath been amassed by preying on the miseries of mankind to the relief of those miseries. In short, all estates which have been gotten by plunder, cheating, or extortion, which would include most prime ministers, scriveners, pawnbrokers, stockjobbers and petty attorneys, should be applied to this use.

But however desirable such a law would be, as it will scarce pass this sessions, or perhaps the next, and as (being coercive) it doth not fall under the head of charity, I shall say no more of it, it being my present purpose by charity only to apply a balm to those wounds which I have above opened: but as I have not room here for all which I intend to say on that head, I must defer it to my next Champion.

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TUESDAY, *February* 19, 1739-40.

*"Non ignara mali, miseris succurrere disco."*—VIRGIL.

IN my last paper I traced the several objects of charity from the first distress in their circumstances to a gaol, the last and most miserable of all human calamities. I there attempted to show that the chief source of our distresses was the attempt to preserve appearances beyond our circumstances, and that this was chiefly occasioned by the irruption

which luxury hath made of late years into this island. I shall therefore in this, wherein I intend to propose to all well-inclined persons, the most effectual, best, and cheapest methods of exerting their charity, set out from the same beginning.

It were heartily to be wished, that those few among us who have vast, overgrown estates, would, for the good of their country, put a stop to the reigning luxury in building, furniture, equipage, tables, dress, &c.

But if they cannot bring themselves to so much public spirit, it might be expected that, instead of decoying such as are not able to support them, into these expenses, they would, to their utmost, discountenance their entering into them; that, whenever they condescend to visit men of equal or superior birth, but infinitely their inferiors in fortune, they would not throw out certain hints, that particular parts of the town (where rents are cheap) lie too distant, that old houses are cold and inconvenient, that they did not know there was any such place in town. I likewise insist that they never mention the word pictures, nor even (during the frost) insinuate that carpets make a room warm, that one cannot set his wig without a glass, or that small grates waste coal. I likewise earnestly recommend to all grandees, never, in the company of their inferiors, to wonder how people can walk the streets; and do positively forbid any person, of what quality soever, unless he be a professed wit, to condemn port wine. I desire, moreover, that no man with a mourning sword on, may be asked who he is in mourning for? and do declare, that henceforth, a hole in a man's stocking shall make no flaw in his reputation, unless the stocking be a very fine one, or the wearer rides in a chair. I do, likewise, in the humblest manner, address myself to all ladies of quality, entreating them that their ladyships would be pleased never in the presence of any of their sex, who are not of quality, to admire at the rustic constitutions of persons who can get up early in the morning, nor ever to mention such words as clerks of the kitchen, bills of fare, pyramids of desserts, rich wines, or any of the necessaries

of great tables, nor condemn the beastliness of hackney-chairs, rose-diamonds, paste necklaces, coarse lace, thin edgings, coloured stockings, frippery lustrings, or any other plain ornaments of beauty. I do farther entreat them, that they would maintain a proper regard for their quality, and not submit to game with their inferiors.

I should be likewise obliged to that eloquent orator, Mr. Cock, in his next auction of old china, or any other useless and expensive furniture, if he would prevent common gentlemen from sitting before their betters, and if he would handle his hammer with proper respect to the quality and riches of the person who bids.

Mr. Heydegger is also desired to insert at the bottom of his next masquerade bill, that there is nothing more to be seen there than a set of figures in strange and ridiculous dresses, most of them dressed out of character, but without any humour; that the few women of fashion, who go thither, herd only among themselves, and know one another as well as if their masks were off, and that the greatest part of the beautiful shepherdesses, nuns, and innocent country lasses, are to be seen every other day in the week in the balconies at the theatres, and the chocolate houses near Covent Garden. I should be farther obliged to him, for informing the town in the advertisement of his *ridottos*, that all the best part of the company may be seen for a very little at the play-houses, and at court or in the park for nothing; and that all women who are not particularly distinguished by beauty, fashion, or fortune, are of no more consequence at a *ridotto* than, according to the elegant author of *Hurlothrumbo*, a cow in an opera. Lastly, that a pretty creature, neatly and plainly dressed, walking in the park in the morning, and giving an instance of the bloom and health of her constitution in the face of the sun, will be apter to make a useful impression on a sensible young fellow, than any town complexion at a midnight assembly, with the assistance of paint, candles, or any other aid.

Having thus slightly passed over the principal heads of extravagance, I follow the method of my last paper, which

brings me to the second evil; namely, the leaving the younger brothers, &c., of families, unprovided for, for the reasons there mentioned.

Though it must be confessed, that all men in power will naturally first provide for their own relations, yet it might be expected that this preference should not extend itself to the most distant affinity by marriage of those relations; nay, even to their very menial dependants, that it would be sufficient to provide for a brother, a son, or at farthest a cousin, in places they were not fit for, without carrying it to almost as ridiculous a degree as the Roman emperor, who made his horse a consul, by conferring genteel places, those of profit and even of trust on the lowest of servants, without any regard to birth, education, or capacity; as this is a second source to public distress, so it is the business of public charity to remove it. I therefore hope shortly to see all employments whatever, bestowed with regard to the three qualities I just now mentioned, whatever political principles (as long as they are consistent with our constitution) the relations of such persons, or even they themselves, may be remarked for. I hope, particularly, that it will be no objection to any one of merit that his family is poor, and has no interest, circumstances which should rather produce charity than restrain it; and any person or persons, who, by a contrary preceding, are the cause of innumerable distresses in gentlemen's families, make a very bad amends for their behaviour by scattering a few pieces among the mob.

As to third and fourth branches of distress, namely, the ruin of persons who have succeeded either in trade or the professions, and the inability of others to procure it; as they are occasioned often by the same causes, so I shall join the cure of them in one article; and here I recommend it to all persons, when they are to employ any one in their business, not to be blindly led by fashion, and absolutely persuaded that none can do it for them, but those who have so much business that in reality they do none at all well. This false opinion prevails so universally in law and physics, that there is scarce a medium in either, between starv-

ing in the professions, or being a slave to them. Wycherly, in his *Plain Dealer*, says of a lawyer in vogue, "that by being in everybody's cause he is really in none." I know not whether I shall be allowed to say that a physician, by feeling everybody's pulse feels none; but this I will affirm, that twenty patients would have more advantage of their physician's skill than two hundred can; it may be asked, shall not every man employ the most skilful in his affairs? Doubtless; but I am afraid there is less of preference in judgment than of whim, fancy, fashion, pride, &c., in the case; all which, I hope, will for the future be charitably laid aside.

In the case of trade, this partiality and the pride which occasions it are most apparent. Do we not every day confess that we give advanced prices for the names of particular tradesmen who have the assurance to exact larger prices for their commodities than their brethren, only because they are richer, and might consequently afford to sell cheaper? (I know one in particular in this kingdom, who, if he does not mend his manners, will hear more of us, that has sold his name for infinitely more than his head is worth, and who, by his familiarity with them, seems to have bought the names of several persons of great fashion in return.) This refusal to lay out our money with any others than those who don't want it, as if we carefully avoided doing good, even when it costs us nothing, nay, when it is to our advantage, betrays want of sense as well as want of charity, nay, and want of spirit too. For what can be meaner than to support the insolent, and shun the submissive? I, therefore hope, that, for the future, no one will pass by a shop because it does not stand in such a particular place, because it is not Mr. Such-a-one's, because the owner is a young beginner, or, in the polite phrase, because no body buys there. Seeing that such a behaviour very plainly tends to the discouragement of all industry among us.

I come now to consider men in the last and greatest of distresses, which can arise from circumstances, or which it is in the power of charity to relieve, I mean those wretches who are in gaol for debts which they cannot pay. There is not,

perhaps, a more shocking reflection than that of the numbers who are confined on this account, in all manner of misery in the several gaols of this kingdom; and more, I believe, than are to be found on the same occasion in all the prisons in Europe. How agreeable the making such numbers of subjects not only useless to, but a burden on the community, may be to a wise or a polite nation, or the inflicting such misery on so many for sometimes no offence, may be to a humane or a Christian people, I will not determine. The wisdom and goodness of our common law suffered this only in cases of violent trespasses, or for debts due to the king, till the devil found means by slow degrees, and by several<sup>1</sup> statutes, which gave this satisfaction, as it is called, first in account, afterwards in debt, &c., to introduce this prototype of hell more generally: and it is the same infernal spirit, who, in one of our law-books,<sup>2</sup> speaks through the mouth of a good servant of his, a judge in Queen Elizabeth's reign, who compares a man in gaol to a beast in a pound; and says, "That the sheriff or the plaintiff are no more obliged to give victuals or drink to the prisoner, than the distrainer is to the cattle impounded; for that he is to live upon his own goods, if he hath any; if not, on the charity of others; and if others will give him nothing, let him starve," says he, "in God's name, (or rather the devil's), and thank himself for it."

However, it is certain, that the laws, at present (how wisely, or justly, or righteously I won't say), do put in the power of every proud, ill-natured, cruel, rapacious creditor to satisfy his revenge, his malice, or his avarice this way on any person who owes him a few shillings more than he can pay him; but let a Christian take care how he uses it, and remember that as surely as he forgives not his neighbour his trespasses, so surely will his Father in heaven deny to forgive him his; nor do I know any crime in this world which can appear to a finite understanding to deserve infinite punishment, so much as that cursed and rancorous disposition which could bring a man to cause the destruction of a family,

<sup>1</sup> Marib. cap. 23. Westm. 2 cap. 11. 25 Ed. 3 cap. 17.

<sup>2</sup> Plowd. Com.

or the confinement of a human creature in misery during his life, for any debt whatever, unless the contracting it be attended with great circumstances of villainy.

I shall conclude with recommending to a particular person who may have some interest to endeavour the reformation of the law on this head, such an act may gain him some real friends while alive, and some admirers after his death. Sure I am, that no age ever called so loudly for it as the present, when we must shortly either make an alteration in our law herein, or a very large one in our gaols.

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THURSDAY, *February* 21, 1739-40.

—“*Quisnam igitur sanus? Qui non stultus.*”—HORACE.

AMONGST other species of charity, for which this age is justly celebrated, there is one which shines forth in a very particular manner, I mean that of founding hospitals; a most commendable and useful branch of this virtue, and in which we have so well distinguished ourselves of late, that within these three years, or thereabouts, we have seen the rise of three hospitals, one at Hyde Park Corner, another at the Bath, and lastly that (for foundlings) which does honour not only to the noble propagators of it, but to our very age and nation, and leaves us only to wonder, how it was possible, through stupidity or barbarity, to have been delayed so long.

An ingenious gentleman this last winter, having, I suppose, observed this present bent of our genius, and that most of the calamities with which our minds or bodies were visited, had cures provided for them in this way, thought proper to give us a useful hint of erecting an hospital, without which I own I have often thought that noble structure in Moorsfields deficient, namely, an hospital for fools. This hint was conveyed into the world from the theatre, by a dramatic composition under that name.

Most persons imagined this piece would not be licensed; and some, who, I am sure, knew nothing more of it than the title, asserted that there must certainly be reflections in it on some people; however, contrary to their expectation, it came on the stage, where to their no less surprise it met with an ill reception.

I was myself present on the first night of its representation, and do scarce remember to have seen any thing equal to the horror which appeared in the faces of the whole pit; nor can any of my readers have an idea of it, unless such as have observed the countenances of a set of children at a story of raw-head and bloody-bones: for really (to imitate the language used on such occasions), they seemed to think the poet was come for them all. Nay, so terribly were they frightened, that I have been told they all got up in a cluster together, and did not dare stir out of the house till twelve o'clock at night, when one of the actors came on the stage, and told them there was no danger, and that they might be assured they should never hear any more of it.

For my part I was dissatisfied with the treatment of this piece, in which I thought there was merit, though an old gentleman who sat by me, and did not join in the tumult, was of a different opinion: he often shook his head, and said it was ill-timed, that there was very few of those sort of people at present, with many criticisms of the like kind, and at last concluded that he was glad the farce was damned; for that he was sure the author was an ill-natured fellow, by his wanting to confine such inoffensive people as fools were.

But, notwithstanding this old gentleman's censure, I am still of the author's side; not only from the performance, but the intention of his piece, being visibly to recommend such an hospital as I have mentioned.

I cannot help imagining the ancient custom of keeping fools to have had something of this provision for them in view. By this custom every man of fashion was in a manner obliged to have at least one fool in his family. This was equal, if not superior, to a general hospital for them, and

would have continued to this day, had not the fools become ungrateful to their benefactors, and made so ill a use of their goodness, as at last to take upon them to be wits: for which reason, they were all soon turned out of doors; but since that time, to show the revolution of human affairs, wit hath been in fashion, and several fools have found means to introduce themselves into great families under the disguise of wits, and have never been discovered by their masters.

But though great numbers of persons, and some whom I could name, have kept fools for this reason; yet this practice is not so general as formerly, and numberless fools are daily to be seen in all the parts of this town, without any body to take care of them; or, as it appears by some late moving instances, without knowing where to go: for to omit the great numbers who have been seen dancing, &c., on the Thames, and who ran about the town last Monday night in antic dresses, such hath been lately the distress of these poor creatures, that I am credibly informed, several fools, not knowing where to thrust their heads, publicly offered the other night crowns a-piece, beyond the already advanced price, for seats in the first gallery at Covent Garden Theatre; when Orpheus and Eurydice was first represented.

After these instances, I am sure no one can think it other than an act of charity to the fools themselves to confine them; besides they are far from being such inoffensive creatures as the old gentleman hath represented them; nay, I could almost venture to assert, that there is scarce any mischief done, in which fools are not concerned.

Is any mischief ever made among friends and relations without a fool concerned in it? Should we ever hear of a separation, or even a quarrel between a husband and wife, unless one or both of them were fools? How comes it that servants get at the secrets of families? How do lawyers get possession of men's writings? Priests of their minds, and physicians of their bodies, and by these means all four of their purses? How happens it that horses are killed, wheels worn out, and time thrown away to spread little, paltry, dirty, mean, malicious scandal? Why doth one man attempt to

frustrate the schemes, or one woman to hinder the amours of another, which do not interfere with their own? In a word, how comes it that any one suffers an injury by which the person who does it reaps no advantage, but that fools walk abroad?

Or, to make use of higher instances, Why have a whole people often lost their liberties, or indeed why have kings desired to take them away (since the greater and nobler, and braver a people are, so much the greater is the monarch who reigns over them) but for the above reason?—And to bring it home, how can we account for the tame sufferance of some invasions on our rights in former times, but by saying, *that fools were then in the land?*

It would be needless, since, though I am writing for the sake of fools, I am not writing to them, to enumerate any more instances to prove so plain an assertion, as that fools ought to be shut up as well as madmen.

And where is the ill-nature of this proposal? What inconvenience, nay, even what loss of amusement would arise to them from hence, supposing they were confined in a large and wholesome hospital? Could not the beau dress himself, the coquette play before the glass, or the prude screw up her face as well here as any where? For since they only admire themselves, cannot they do it by themselves? Cannot a poet here wonder at his own bad verses, or a critic abuse good ones? Cannot a projector lay his schemes, and all the different sorts of fools, play over their different sorts of follies? Nay, we will allow them all the amusements they have at present, and fling them, in a heap, all their music-masters, dancing-masters, fiddlers, operas, puppet-shows, raree-shows, pantomimes, dexterity of hand, and a complete set gratis of Gazetteers; in short, all they have or that they desire to have; nor do I know any thing they will be debarred from, but the conversation of men of sense, which can be no misfortune to them, as these are a particular sort of odd people, for whom the said fools have always had a most uninterrupted contempt: so that in reality this will be not so properly the hospital as the paradise of fools.

Indeed, I am aware but of two objections which can be possibly made to this charity: the first is that trite one which hath been so often objected, viz., the great expense of so large a building; but this may be easily obviated by only a change of places, that is, by our bringing the fools all together into one; for which purpose, to avoid the greater confusion, it may be convenient to assign that situation for the hospital where the greatest part and the most eminent already reside: but, for particular reasons, the public will excuse my pointing out the quarter, till the scheme is farther advanced, and some of the most powerful fools secured.

The second, which seems indeed at first sight of greater weight, is that a very large and useful body of the community, who are vulgarly called knaves, may be injured thereby. This scheme being little less than to take from them the means of subsisting on those creatures, who are, by some learned men, thought to have been created for no other purpose, than for the food and convenience of the said knaves. This would, I own, have great force, if it was absolutely true, or at least if without remedy: for I am neither so romantic a writer, nor one of so little public spirit, as to conceive that any reparation could be made for so great a loss to society: but I am very confident, that by this means no knaves would be deprived of subsistence, but such as would be entitled to a provision in the hospital. Honest and undesigning men of very good understanding would be always liable to the attacks of cunning and artful knaves, into whose snares we are as often seduced by the openness and goodness of the heart, as by the weakness of the head. True wisdom is commonly attended with a simplicity of manners, which betrays a worthy man to a tricking shuffler, of a much inferior capacity. Besides, knaves have the quality with pikes, when they can find no other game, of preying on one another; and a great, subtle knave, and such it is the main business of a well-ordered commonwealth to support, will no more fail of his prey while any little ones are within his reach, than an overgrown pike will want food while there are any smaller pikes in the same pond.

TUESDAY, *February* 26, 1739-40.

*“ Auream quisquis Mediocritatem  
Diligit tutus, caret obsoleti  
Sordibus tecti, caret invidenda  
Sobrius Aula.”*—HORACE.

THE unequal distribution of the good things of this world hath been represented as one excellent argument of a future state. The disparity between the lots of men hath been thought no otherwise reconcilable with the goodness of the Almighty Being, than by considering this world as a short state of probation only, and our happiness here of very little account in the divine eye: for, as the best parents, during the infancy of their children, give sometimes the finest toys to this or that child, and think it sufficient to provide equally for them in their main settlement in life; so this our great Parent, regardless of the different shares which we possess of the toys of this world, is only careful to provide an equality of bliss for such as do not forfeit it in our lasting settlement hereafter.

But though health of body and strength of mind, being possessed by some in a very superior degree to that which falls to the lot of others, do really introduce the greatest disparity of worldly happiness; this is not so certainly the consequence of the unequal distribution of power and riches, and notwithstanding the disdain with which the great and fine world look down on a middle state, notwithstanding contemptuous phrases, as low people; fellows that nobody knows; strange creatures; mean company; nobodies; what-dyecallums; dirt; scroff,<sup>1</sup> &c.; notwithstanding all this, I am convinced that happiness does not always sit on the pinnacle of power, or lie in a bed of state; but is rather to be found in that golden mean which Horace prescribes in the motto of my paper, where it is seldom missed, unless by such

<sup>1</sup> A word in great use, but in no dictionary; perhaps it should be written scruff, but we have here followed the general pronunciation.

as, through too great humility, dare not invite happiness to their humble dwellings, but foolishly put off the hopes of entertaining this guest, till they can make themselves masters of stately rooms and splendid furniture to receive it.

Philosophers and moralists have already filled so many thousand pages with their declamations on this head, that I shall add no more to them, especially since examples convince us more speedily than precepts; and the two following pictures, which are taken from life, and the latter without the least embellishment, must satisfy the reader, that there are such things as splendid misery and humble happiness.

The first of these pictures I shall present the reader with as it was drawn by my son Jack, who, as I have said in my first paper, wears fine clothes, and keeps the best company.

Jack was invited to dinner at the house of a certain person of great distinction, whither he repaired at the fashionable hour of four. As soon as the door was opened, he entered into a large hall, at the head of which was a magnificent staircase, adorned with most beautiful paintings. Here were several persons with disconsolate countenances, amongst whom he knew one to be a jeweller and another a laceman; whilst he was rubbing his shoes on the mat, he heard several repetitions of the words very hard, long time due, make up a sum, &c. He was conducted hence through several fine apartments into the eating-room, where was a noble side-board set off with a profusion of carved plate: as the company was not yet come, Jack desired leave to wait on the lady, who admitted him to her toilette. She had been risen about half an hour, and was at breakfast when my son entered her dressing-room. On a table lay the bills of several mantua-makers, milliners, mercers, and others, without any receipts to them. "Mr. Vinegar," says she, "I never was more rejoiced to see you; for I am horribly in the spleen, I had the most terrible run at cards last night——would you think it? I lost nine rubbers following." Jack had scarcetime to answer her, when her husband came in; after a short conversation and a whisper or two, she told him in a louder voice, and with much eagerness: "It is never the near, for I must positively have it:"

her husband replied, "You cannot, for it is impossible." My son, who is perfectly well-bred, seeing a dispute arising, immediately withdrew and returned to the eating-room, where four or five gentlemen were now assembled. In about a quarter of an hour, the master of the house came to them, with great dejection in his countenance, which was not at all lessened during an hour's conversation while we waited for the lady, which turned on the miseries of matrimony, with frequent exclamations about the dinner: at last the lady came as pale as death, with the tears not so well wiped off from her eyes, but that very visible marks remained. Dinner was now served, which consisted of dishes so disguised, that nothing more was to be known of them, but that they were spoiled with waiting too long. The husband and wife ate little, and employed themselves only in casting malevolent glances on each other, with now and then some sighs and secret hints which seemed not only understood at the table, but by the gentlemen who stood behind our chairs. Several rich wines were reckoned up, most of which were far from being excellent in their kind; nor indeed did they infuse any air of cheerfulness into the conversation, which was ceremonial, and mostly turned on cookery. With the dessert were introduced three children, or rather skeletons, with very sickly complexions, whose wit and beauty were much admired by all the company. At length, a servant informing the lady that her chair was at the door, every thing was removed, and the bottles put on the table, which the master of the house took care should not go round too fast. In about an hour afterwards, Jack retired with one of the gentlemen through a row of servants, who seemed to look on their vails as a surer subsistence than their wages; his companion, as they went, abused the master of the house, his wife, his entertainment, his economy, and informed my son that he kept an extravagant and disagreeable mistress, hinting at the same time something of the lady, which he was tender of repeating.

Instead of making any reflections, I shall oppose to this scene, one, of which I was really a spectator.

Some time since I went with my wife to pay a visit to a country clergyman, who had a living of somewhat above 100*l.* a year. In his youth he had sacrificed a fellowship in one of the universities, to marry a very agreeable woman, who with a small fortune had had a very good education. Soon after his marriage he was presented to the living, of which he is now incumbent. Since his coming hither, he hath improved the parsonage-house and garden, both which are now in the neatest order. At our arrival we were met at the gate by the clergyman and two of his sons. After telling us with the most cheerful voice and countenance that he was extremely glad to see us, he took my wife down in his arms, and committing our two horses to the care of his sons he conducted us into a little neat parlour, where a table was spread for our entertainment. Here the good woman and her eldest daughter received us with many hearty expressions of kindness, and very earnest desires that we would take something to refresh ourselves before dinner. Upon this a bottle of mead was produced, which was of their own making, and very good in its kind. Dinner soon followed, being a gammon of bacon and some chickens, with a most excellent apple pie. My friend excused himself from not treating me with a roasted pig (a dish I am particularly fond of) by telling us that as times were hard, he had relinquished those titles to his parishioners. Our liquors were the aforesaid mead, elder wine, with strong beer, ale, &c., all perfectly good, and which our friend exprest great pleasure at our drinking and liking. After a meal spent with the utmost cheerfulness, we walked into a little, neat garden, where we passed the afternoon with the gayest and most innocent mirth, the good man and good woman, their sons and daughters, all vying with one another, who should show us the greatest signs of respect, and of their forwardness to help us to any thing they had.

The economy of these good people may be instructive to some, as well as entertaining to all my readers.

The clergyman, who is an excellent scholar, is himself the schoolmaster to his boys (which are three in number). As

soon as the hours appointed for their studies are over, the master and all the scholars employ themselves at work either in the garden, or some other labour about the house, while the little woman is no less industrious in her sphere with her two daughters within. Thus the furniture of their house, their garden, their table, and their cellar, are almost all the work of their own hands; and the sons grow at once robust and learned, while the daughters become housewives, at the same time they learn of their mother several of the genteeler accomplishments.

Love and friendship were never in greater purity than between this good couple, and as they both have the utmost tenderness for their children, so they meet with the greatest returns of gratitude and respect from them. Nay the whole parish is by their example the family of love, of which they daily receive instances from their spiritual guide, and which hath such an effect on them, that I believe—*communibus annis*, he receives voluntarily from his parishioners more than his due, though not half so much as he deserves.

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SATURDAY, *March 1*, 1739-40.

—“*Heu plebes scelerata et prava favoris?*”—SILIUS ITALICUS.

I HAVE, in a former paper, remarked the partiality by which we are governed in our dealings with trades and professions, and showed that we are led entirely by fashion to prefer this or that individual member to all the rest of his calling. This hath given rise to a common expression of getting a name, and to the common custom of hanging out names on a sign, by which we are sometimes not only informed where Mr. A. B. now lives, but likewise of the place from whence he came. There is one of these names in Fleet Street, which seems to be hung out as the rival of St. Dunstan's clock.

This partiality arises from one or both of these amiable

originals, viz., pride and ignorance; for as there are several wise people who are vain of being the bubbles of eminent men, so there are others, who, though they are very pretty gentlemen and very fine ladies, are unluckily so ignorant, that they do not know when they are imposed on.

As pride and ignorance reign the most absolute in the learned world, so this prejudice is felt more severely by us authors than by any other set of men. I believe of the present encouragers and advancers of wit and learning not one in twenty hath ever been at school, and of those who have, very few have brought away any other marks but those of the rod with them. So that what Horace says of writers, "that the learned and unlearned become such indifferently," may be more properly applied to readers of whom, according to Mr. Pope,

"Ten censure wrong to one who writes amiss."

But pride hath at least an equal share with ignorance in the matter. Writing seems to be understood as an arrogating to yourself a superiority (which of all others will be granted with the greatest reluctance) of the understanding. In which, as the pre-eminence is not so apparent as in beauty or riches, pride is often able in our own minds a long while to maintain the weaker side of the argument. The understanding, like the eye (says Mr. Locke), whilst it makes us see and perceive all other things, takes no notice of itself; and it requires art and pains to set it at a distance and make it its own object. This comparison, fine as it is, is inadequate: for the eye can contemplate itself in a glass, but no Narcissus hath hitherto discovered any mirror for the understanding, no knowledge of which is to be obtained but by the means Mr. Locke prescribes, which as it requires art and pains, or in other words, a very good understanding to execute, it generally happens that the superiority in it is a cause tried on very dark and presumptive evidence, and a verdict commonly found by self love for ourselves.

But, to pursue this philosophical inquiry no farther, it is certain that a man nowhere meets with such opposition as

in an attempt to acquire reputation by writing, which the world always withholds from him as long as it is able, and seldom allows him till he is past the enjoyment of it. The laurel, like the cypress, being generally thrown into the grave.

This malignancy hath given rise to several inventions among authors, to get themselves and their works a name. And has introduced that famous art called puffing, which, as it is brought to great perfection in this age, affords us a constant article in one column of our paper.

It would be endless to run through the several branches of this art, by which we are informed that certain works have been very much admired by persons of great distinction and judgment, or at other times of their great usefulness, and often that they are prohibited at certain places, the author run away, or banished, or hanged, all which are thought to give an additional value to his works.

But the chief art of book-puffing is that which may be very properly called getting a name to a book, I mean that method which hath flourished much of late of borrowing a name for its author.

Numberless are the arts which the street-walking-muses make use of to lay their bastards at the doors of their betters, or in other words, by which booksellers and their bad authors endeavour to steal the names of good ones. This stratagem hath been long practised on the dead, and since the restoration of learning, and the invention of printing, most of the celebrated authors of antiquity have been forced to adopt as their own, the offspring not only of several ages beyond them, but even of such as have not had the least affinity to them. I remember about twelve years ago, upon the success of a new play of Shakespeare's, said to have been found somewhere by somebody, the craft set themselves to searching, and soon after I heard that several more plays of Shakespeare, Beaumont and Fletcher, and Ben Jonson were found, and the town to be entertained with them; but the players, for I know not what reason, discouraging this practice, it hath since ceased.



Ben Jonson (1573-1637).

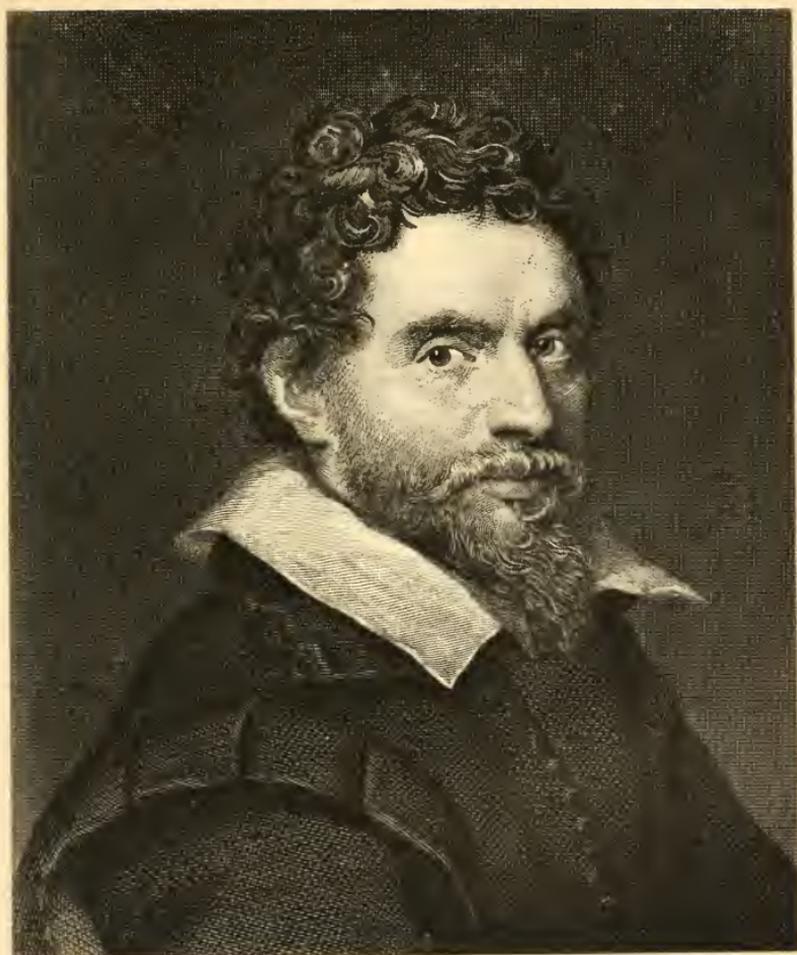
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Numberless are the arts which the street-walking-muses make use of to get their tracts at the doors of their betters, or at other ways, by which book-sellers and their bad authors endeavour to reach the eyes of good ones. This stratagem hath been long common in the church, and since the restoration of learning, and the invention of printing, most of the celebrated authors of antiquity have been forced to adopt it even here, the offspring not only of several ages beyond them, but even of such as have not had the least affinity to them. I remember about twelve years ago, upon the success of a new play of Shakespeare's, said to have been found somewhere by somebody, the craft set themselves to searching, and soon after I heard that several more plays of Shakespeare, Beaumont and Fletcher, and Ben Jonson were found, and allowed to be entertained with them; but the players, for I know not what reason, discouraging this practice, it hath since ceased.



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But the great improvement of this art is said to be the growth of the present age; namely, the borrowing the name of an author while he is alive, which is done several ways.

One bookseller is reported to have maintained certain writers in his garret, because they had the same names with some of their eminent contemporaries. Others have contented themselves with concealing the name of the author in the title-page, and only spreading whispers through the coffee-houses, that he is a very considerable person, my lord, or Mr. Such-a-one, which the whisperer hath discovered by his style, or been credibly informed of by some who have seen the manuscript. But the most usual way is to throw out certain hints in the advertisements, such as by a lady of quality. By a celebrated physician. By D—r S—t. By a certain Dean, &c. By all which means a very spurious issue are propagated in the learned world. Thus Gay becomes Dull, Addison publishes B—y Poems, and D—n S—t hath writ more nonsense than C—y C—r.

But the most remarkable piece of ingenuity, if it had been done by design, was exhibited this winter, in which a poem was published with the following title-page, printed in the same manner as it is here inserted.

SEVENTEEN HUNDRED THIRTY NINE,

BEING THE SEQUEL OF

SEVENTEEN HUNDRED THIRTY EIGHT,

WRITTEN BY MR. POPE.

If this had been published by any other bookseller but Mr. C—l, we should have believed that it was intended to impose the year nine on the world as a work of Mr. Pope's, who is I think avowedly the author of the year eight; but the said Mr. C—l is too well known to have any such attempt suspected, both from the nicety of his conscience and his judgment, which could not suffer him to hope that

MISC. WRITINGS II—15

he should be able to exhibit the pop of a pistol for the fire of a cannon.

I have been often desired by my bookseller to give a name (as he calls it) to this paper: for which purpose, he hath drawn up several advertisements. One signifying, that the late Mr. Addison left a large quantity of papers behind him, some of which were entitled *Essays on Several Subjects*. Another importing that the author of this paper was in Wales at the time that Sir Richard Steele died. Or suppose (says he) it should be insinuated that you was lately come from Ireland. Ah! you might have thrown in a hint about *Lais's Wash*. Or else if you should say you had a lodging near Twickenham last summer. Any of these things would do. Nay, he hath carried it so far as to desire me to go to several coffee-houses where I am little known, and assert roundly that my Lord B——ke was the author of the *Champion*, assuring me that he would whisper it to every one who came into his shop; and he was sure it would do: for that the same scheme had been successfully tried by another.

In short, it would be tedious to run through the several persons which by hints, tokens, and initial letters, he would have intimated to be the authors of the *Champion*, indeed almost every one that the present age hath ever read with admiration. Nor did he confine himself to single persons, he was desirous to insinuate that some papers were composed by the C——ge of Ph——ns, others by the R——al Soc——ty, and others by that admired body the Soc——ty for Advancement of L——.

I answered him, that I scorned to impose false colours on the world, that if my paper could not succeed by the merit, it should not owe its success to the roguery of the author. In short, that, like some tender parents, I had such a fondness for my offspring, that I would not part with them to another even for their own advantage.

However, to pacify him, I was forced to condescend to agree, that in order to make my paper appear like a *Spectator*, it

should for the future be adorned with a capital letter at the end, as well as a motto at the beginning.

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TUESDAY, *March 4*, 1739-40.

*"Fallit enim vitium specie virtutis et umbrâ."*—HORACE.

THERE can be nothing so discouraging from the pursuit of reputation as a reflection, which we too often see occasion to make, that it is the prize of the undeserving. Men are apt, and with some seeming justice, to despise a reward which they observe to be promiscuously bestowed on vice and virtue, wisdom and folly. Reputation, which, were she always constant to merit, would engage all mankind to be rivals for obtaining her, becomes a common harlot; and by being often possessed by those who do not deserve her, is the contempt of those that do.

Shakespeare says in his *Othello*, "That reputation is an idle and most false imposition, oft got without merit, and lost without deserving."

Human life everywhere abounds with instances of the justness of this observation; nothing is commoner than to hear men applauded and extolled for virtues and perfections, which they are sometimes utterly devoid of.

But though men have been sometimes known to purchase false praise at the expense of their treasure; and have, for particular reasons, found methods to bestow it as unworthily on their creatures, yet are we more rarely bribed than deceived into our wrong applauses.

Though virtue and wisdom be in reality the opposites to folly and vice, they are not so in appearance. Indeed, it requires a nicer eye to distinguish them, than is commonly believed. The two latter are continually industrious to disguise themselves, and wear the habits of the former. They know their native deformity and endeavour to conceal it;

which the world, always judging by the outside, easily suffers them to accomplish. Actions of the worst nature have, by the assistance of false glosses, been accompanied with honour, and men have often arrived at the highest fame by deserving the highest infamy; which, when we consider the general incapacity of mankind, we shall be so far from being astonished at, that we shall rather think it matter of wonder, that they have ever judged right. True virtue is of a retired and quiet nature, content with herself, not at all busied in courting the acclamations of the crowd; she is plain and sober in her habit, sure of her innate worth, and therefore neglects to adorn herself with those gaudy colours, which catch the eyes of the giddy multitude. Vice, on the contrary, is of a noisy and boisterous disposition, despising herself, and jealous of the contempt of others, always meditating how she may acquire the applause of the world, gay and fluttering in her appearance, certain of her own ill features, and therefore careful by all the tricks of art to impose on and engage the affections of her beholders.—Thus accomplished, how can the latter fail to please, and the former to be slighted!

It hath been observed, that a lover will find it more difficult to succeed in a real than a counterfeit passion. The true lover, conscious of his affection, will neglect a thousand little methods, which the counterfeit is eternally seeking after to persuade his mistress of his sincerity. In like manner, it happens to the candidates for reputation. There is a consciousness in true merit, which renders a man careless of the reception it meets with. He disdains to fly to little arts to inform the world of what it wants only judgment to discover of itself. He is rather studious to deserve than acquire praise. Whereas, the man of a contrary character is always forward to acquaint others with his deserts. He is not desirous of virtue itself, but only the reputation of it, therefore is more solicitous to carry virtue in his countenance than in his heart; whence it often comes to pass, that the worst of men have imposed on the world, and enjoyed the highest degree of reputation, while those of the greatest worth have been slighted and despised.

It is with virtue and vice, as with nature and art. The works of nature are in themselves infinitely superior to all the little quackery and impotent imitation of art: but as the latter ever applies herself to the humours and tempers of men, as she is ever employed in tricking and decking herself out, with a view of catching the eyes of her beholder, we often see her meanest performances preferred by the generality of mankind, to the noblest productions of nature.

But reputation is not always the fruit of design; chance hath in this, as in all other worldly affairs, a very considerable dominion. Reputation often courts those most who regard her the least. Actions have sometimes been attended with fame, which were undertaken in defiance of it. Jonathan Wild himself had for many years no small share of it in this kingdom.

Reputation is ever the companion of success; had Tyler or Straw succeeded in their attempts, they might have probably rivalled the fame of Martel or Cromwell. Had Alexander been entirely defeated in his first battle in Asia, he would have been called only a robber by posterity.

Had Solon, Lycurgus, Numa, Mahomet, or any other law-givers been successful in their attempts, they had been universally contemned as fools, madmen, or impostors.

Besides all these reasons, there are, as Horace observes in the motto of this paper, so narrow bounds between some virtues and vices, that it is very difficult to distinguish between them. Covetousness and thrift, profuseness and liberality, cowardice and caution, rashness and bravery, praise and adulation have been all very often mistaken for one another. To which imposition, not only the deceit of the person himself contributes; every man, who labours under the same vice, is, for his own sake, willing to give it the gentlest appellation in another. The covetous man will call his covetous brother thrifty, and so of the rest.

These, I think, are the chief springs from which false praise hath arisen; and these are certainly great discouragements from the pursuit of it, in the road of virtue. Notwithstanding all which we shall find, to consider the argu-

ment in another light, sufficient incentives to all our endeavours after this most invaluable blessing.

First, the real value of the thing itself. Upon the possession of which all joys, all happiness and comfort depend. Loss of reputation, says the *Cit* in the comedy, may tend to loss of money. In short, we can arrive at no one valuable acquisition in life without it.

Secondly, though reputation may be purchased without merit, yet is that essentially different from what we attain worthily. It is attended with continual fears of losing it, seldom waits a man to his grave, and hardly ever outlives him, whereas the man who really deserves this reward, hugs himself securely in the possession of it. This not only sticks to him while he lives, but is scarce ever known to forsake his name.

A third, and indeed a glorious consideration to the virtuous man, is that he may rejoice even in the never attaining that which he so well deserves, since it furnishes him with a noble argument for the certainty of a future state. As it is inconsistent with the justice of a supremely wise and good being, to suffer his honest and worthy endeavours to go unrewarded, can the heart of man be warmed with a more ecstatic imagination, than that the most excellent attribute of the great Creator of the universe is concerned in rewarding him? Such a consideration as this may well make him despise the false, short-lived honours, he sees unjustly bestowed on others, and keep him constant and steady in the ways of virtue, at the same time that he thoroughly despises all the rewards within the power of man.

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THURSDAY, *March* 6, 1739-40.

*“Ut bene loquatur sentiatque mamerus  
Efficere nullis, aule, moribus possis.”—MARTIAL.*

THE wisest legislators seem to have imagined that mankind in general set no greater value on any human reward

than on reputation, nor fear any punishment equal with infamy: for which reason, as honours have been constituted for the rewards of the noblest actions, so infamy hath been added as the last and greatest increase of punishment which can be inflicted on villainy.

In my last paper I considered the unjust bestowing of praise as a perversion of this reward, and a means which might remove this incentive to virtue. I shall therefore, in my present, animadvert on those methods which may work the like effect on infamy, and tend as visibly to withdraw from us all horror of that word, as the former do to lessen our value for reputation. I mean slander or calumny.

The reader may, perhaps, be surprised at seeing this represented in so new a light, nor would I insinuate that slanders are often (if ever) spread with this view, which have indeed generally no other than the immediate satisfaction of private malice or revenge: but that the consequence I have mentioned may be hereby produced, will be easily granted on reflection; nay, nothing is commoner than for good men, who have been oppressed in this manner, to comfort themselves, that they only share a fate to which virtue is the most liable. In which opinion, the moral writers have endeavoured to support them.

Plato recommends a law for the punishment of this vice, and the Romans had very severe ones for that purpose; "Which stood them (says Machiavel) in good stead, and which the Florentines have considerably suffered by neglecting." The same author, in another place, comparing calumny with accusation, goes on, "Men are legally accused no where but before the magistrate or the people, but they are calumniated every where, within doors and without, in the streets and in the market-place."

The laws of England are little severe against slander, unless it be against the great: for as to that action which may be brought for words, as it is founded on the supposal of a trespass, or real injury committed, so juries have so little consideration of any other injury besides what is done to the pocket; that since the statute of 21 James I. cap. 16, which

limits costs, it is rarely worth any man's while to bring an action for words, unless he can prove special damages. Besides, there are several words which cruelly injure a character for which the law gives no remedy.

Slander arises from several evil passions or dispositions in the mind. The chief of which are, first, revenge; and which it is a manner of exerting as inconsistent with honour as Christianity: for as the latter teaches us to forgive an enemy, so the former restrains us to an open and generous manner of punishing him; whereas, slander may be properly compared to a poisoned weapon, or a stab in the back, and is indeed never used but by such base persons as would use these also. Dr. South expresses himself warmly, but not improperly on the subject. "It is," says he, "that killing poisonous arrow drawn out of the devil's quiver, which is always flying about, and doing execution in the dark, against which no virtue is a defence, no innocence a security. It is a weapon forged in hell, and invented by that prime artificer and engineer the devil; and none but that great God who knows all things and can do all things can protect the best of men against it."

A second spring from whence this vice flows is malice. A passion which the Greeks and Latins seem to have an adequate idea of, by assigning it a name immediately derived from those words which signify evil, intimating that this disposition, as the principal species thereof, is the most worthy to borrow the name of the genus itself. Nay, one of the Platonists expressly affirms, that it is the token of the very worst of men, and of a mind thoroughly polluted with all manner of vice. And as malice is the basest of all passions, so slander is the meanest of all the manner in which it displays itself. But, as it would be absurd to represent the baseness of an action, with a view of dissuading such corrupted minds from its pursuits; I shall therefore address myself only to those who, from less criminal principles, assist these persons in spreading their calumnies, and, being moved perhaps by a little envy or spleen, or wantonness, content themselves that they were not the original authors

of the slander, which they use their utmost diligence in promoting. To such, as they are not totally abandoned, though very far from being innocent, it may not be improper to represent this vice in its natural, odious colours, and of which the reporter is guilty, though not in so detestable a degree as the first inventor.

As this vice, except from the malignity of our natures, allures us with no temptation, so it is softened by no excuse. Other robbers, while they do less mischief, if they cannot plead necessity, may at least allege the desire of profit, or of pleasure, in their favour; whereas, this pitiful thief, who steals away our reputation, can say nothing in his defence; his motive, which is a delight in mischief, is even more odious than the act he commits; and while he doth the most sensible and barbarous injury to another, he is so far from acquiring any benefit by it, that he often endangers his own reputation in endeavouring to take away his neighbour's. This is finely expressed in the following lines of Shakespeare, which at the same time assert the inestimable value of the possessing, and consequently the injury of being deprived of a good character:

“ Good name in man or woman, dear my lord,  
Is the immediate jewel of their souls:  
Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;  
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and hath been slave to thousands;  
But he that filches from me my good name  
Robs me of that which not enriches him  
And makes me poor indeed.”

Let him who finds a libel, says a great lawyer, immediately burn it. My advice to him who hears a scandalous story is to suppress it, at least until he is certain of its truth; and even then he would do well to weigh the guilt of it with candour, and to examine whether any good consequences to others will attend the discovery. A scandalous story should be heard with reluctance, believed with difficulty, and published with deliberation: for in this particular, that of Horace is most true, *nescit vox missa reverti*. When

we have once set forth the calumny, we can recall it no more, nor can we ever make any amends to the injured party, if we are mistaken; the tongue of the slanderer being like the sword of the murderer, and the loss of reputation almost as irretrievable as that of life.

So far from hastily publishing a slander, a Christian ought not hastily to believe it. We are well advised to take care in judging him with whom we have nothing to do; for that we judge one way, and God and truth another; how then shall we appear before that dreadful tribunal, where it will not be enough to say that I thought this, or I heard that, and where no man's mistake will warrant an unjust surmise, and much less justify a false censure?

But if every private scandal be of so flagitious a kind, how much more heinous must be that which is thrown on a whole body of men, especially that body, which as it ought to be the most secure from, is the most exposed to scandal? And this is a vice into which we could not fall if we considered first, that they are ambassadors from above, and that an affront to them is an affront to their Principal. Secondly, that it is very unlikely, if not incredible, that a body gifted with a double portion of the divine spirit, should be more frail than others, who pretend to no such inspiration. Thirdly, if we considered what a prejudice we, by these means, give to religion in the minds of the vulgar, who never regard precept when it is opposed by example. Let us therefore take care how we represent these as a body of men industriously separating themselves and their interests from the laity, ambitious of power, and covetous of wealth; sparing no means, and refusing no conditions to come at either; who have nothing of a scholar, but the pedantry; of a gentleman, but the pride; and of a Christian, but the pretence: who are ever slow to commend or reward, but have as great an alacrity in censure or punishment, and who are so little the followers of their blessed Master, that as He bore the contempt of all, and despised none; so these, while they are the most impatient of it themselves, are of all men the pronest to the contempt of others. Lastly, whose care of our souls appears

only in this candid interpretation of their actions; that, to recommend us to apply our thoughts to another world, they attempt, by impoverishing and enslaving us, to make this not worth our care.

Such suggestions as these have been too industriously spread, but to what purpose? if they were true, they would be greatly to be lamented; but if false (as undoubtedly they are) what can the inventors and spreaders of them expect less than that punishment which is allotted to the devil, the father of lies, and his children?

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TUESDAY, *March* 11, 1739-40.

—“*Stultus honores  
Sæpe dat indignis, et famæ servit ineptus;  
Qui stupet in titulis et imaginibus* —.”—HORACE.

MY proposal for erecting an hospital for fools hath brought me a great number of letters in very different styles. This, like all other new projects, meets with a various reception, some of my correspondents seem so delighted with it that they do not scruple to assure me, in a kind of rapture, that if I can bring my scheme to perfection, I shall merit more of mankind than all the discoverers of arts and sciences, none of which will be of so universal benefit, being equally calculated for the good of wise men and fools.

On the other hand, this project is treated by some as wild and romantic. I am asked, whether the whole world are to be shut up for the sake of a few odd fellows? One asserts that government being made for the sake of fools, a politic people should employ no other in their administration. My Lord Shaftesbury<sup>1</sup> is cited, where that noble author says, “It was formerly the wisdom of wise governments to let men be fools as much as they pleased.” And the example

<sup>1</sup> Characterist, vol. i. p. 13.

of one Crates<sup>1</sup> is produced; who left his money in the hands of a banker with this condition: "That if his children were fools, he should then give it them; if witty, he should then distribute it amongst the greatest fools of the people." I am farther reminded that Erasmus writ in the praise of folly, and that no one, but myself, had ever been fool enough to write against it. Several wits hint that I have myself a very good title to be admitted into the hospital; and B. T. advises me, if I can get in any subscriptions, to do at least one wise thing in my life, and run away with the money.

I have been likewise solicited to be more explicit, and to fix the degrees of folly, which may be necessary to admit men, on which point there is much dissension. A gentleman, who signs Dapperwit, and dates from St. James's, advises me to shut up all but persons of a fine understanding and polite taste; whilst another, calling himself Timidus, hopes that it will be sufficient to avoid any danger of the hospital, that he knows his right hand from his left; and adds, in a postscript, that he had but one ticket in the last lottery.

There are some in a threatening strain, particularly from one Mr. Ca-sa, who often repeats that there are very good laws against false imprisonment; and my former correspondent, Mr. Forage, advises me not to call him a fool; and concludes, with asking me, if he should be so, what I must think of the whole nation? I am also complimented by a patriot, with having contrived a method of accomplishing what the whole body of patriots have so long endeavoured in vain; and at the same time am thanked, by one Philo-Forage, for providing a proper recess for the men only.

Besides all these, great interest is made for offices in the hospital, particularly for that of physician. Indeed, by the vast number of candidates, it seems they think very little business will be left for the faculty without doors. Several tell me, that, as I shall certainly shut up all their patients, they hope at least that they may be allowed to attend them; and one hath the assurance to say, that he is qualified to be physician in chief, as he is a very silly fellow, and though

<sup>1</sup> Montaigne, book 3, chap. 9.

he hath much business doth not know any thing of the matter; but I must observe, this gentleman hath mistaken my design, and seems to look on my hospital as intended for rogues and not fools.

The following letter, which I shall give the reader at large, proposes another way to be taken with them:—

SIR,—Your project of providing for fools in an hospital is laughed at by grave men, as very wild and ridiculous. For who can hear of shutting up so vast a number of your people? Or, who shall be appointed to keep them up against their will? And to what purpose, since I do not find you propose any cure for their folly? Beside, is it imagined that persons are of no use without any understanding? Surely they are, though in an inferior degree, capable of bodily labour as well as the four-footed part of the creation.

The source of all the evil which is done by these sort of people, and perhaps of the greatest mischiefs attending society, is that mistake which is sometimes made of wise men for fools, or (what more frequently happens) of fools for wise men; and this may be prevented in a much easier and clearer way; namely, by setting some outward badge or mark on folly, by which we may be cautioned not to trust our own affairs, or those of the public in improper hands.

The late Czar of Muscovy, who is known to have greatly laboured in civilising a set of human animals, very little superior to the brutes, seems to have hit on this distinction; the author of his memoirs hath inserted the following observation: “The czar’s fools are of a different kind from those whom we find in other courts, who are commonly persons of no consequence: whereas, the czar hath several persons of distinction among them, whom his majesty hath condemned for some crime to be fools their whole lives, degrading them thus from humanity whose portion is reason. By this new kind of punishment, very sensibly felt by men of spirit, he kept his nobles in great awe.”

There is perhaps something very ridiculous in condemning a man to be a fool, and I am aware that one of the ob-

jections which I have made to the hospital will be retorted on me; and I shall be asked where I intend to find persons to execute such judgment, and oblige so many to put on the badge.

To obviate which, I propose that, instead of condemning men, they may be preferred to be fools. That they may be allured to put on the badge, as children are by a sugar-plum to take a potion. In order to which, I would have the badge itself made of a very glittering tinsel, with an honorary motto, as, *In Laudem Stultitiæ*, or *Stultorum Gloria*, or *Stultitia Possidebimus Astra*, or something of that kind. That it should be said to be bestowed on them for their merit, not inflicted on them as a punishment: for if there was a long catalogue of titles or honours fixed to it, while the word *Stultitia* or folly is visible, there is no danger of imposing on any man of sense; nor will it be of the least ill consequence to those, nor cause any mistake or confusion among them, that the person who is so adorned hath been eagerly solicitous of the ridiculous ornament, that it is called an honour, and given him as a reward: for let him strut never so proudly in his tinsel-glory, the badge to every man of sense will discover the folly of the wearer.

Solomon, who is the first champion who had ever the boldness to enter the list with fools, is by some thought to have meant nothing more than this badge by that rod which he recommends for their back; in defence of which opinion they allege that it is unlikely so wise a man should ordain any punishment for those who are unfortunate rather than guilty; but others, who have less tenderness for persons of this denomination, assert that Solomon by the word fool, means every where a wicked man or a rogue; nay, they insist that the words rogue and fool are convertible terms; and they argue thus: what can be greater symptom of folly than for a man to attempt any thing by means which directly tend to destroy his aim; now, as ambition, which is nothing more than a desire of fame or esteem in the minds of men, is the chief motive to all great villainy (for avarice itself hath ambition in view) and as villainy is the certain road to

infamy, how does a great rogue differ from the folly of a child who is industrious to destroy its own plaything? And can any one deny but that the greatest rogue is the greatest fool in the kingdom? A truth which, however strange it may be to our ears, I hope will shortly be acknowledged by all among us who have no badge on.

Those who have travelled in the west of England, know that there are certain extraordinary edifices, which though they do indeed discover the excellent taste of the architects, are by the ignorant vulgar distinguished by the name of Mr. Such-a-one's Folly; in like manner, when we see a stately house, or fine pictures, or a splendid equipage, which we know to have been the purchase of any base and scandalous measures, and for which the owner hath either sold his conscience or his country, instead of gratifying him with our admiration, let us only cry with contempt, that is Mr. Such-a-one's Folly. Thus the wages of iniquity, if not death, would at least be shame.

This will be easily brought about when we have once established the badge, but as that may take some time, so that the fools may perhaps carry on their affairs in triumph a year or two longer: I recommend it to you, Mr. Champion, in the mean time to find out some figurative badge (a province in which you are pretty eminent) to distinguish them by; at least, those of most consequence, and who are most capable of doing mischief. Believe me, you will in this do a very great and very seasonable service to your country; (in which all who are not candidates for the badge must approve and encourage your labours) for I will tell a great rogue this, however he may affect a contempt for men of wits and parts, there is nothing so repugnant to his roguery, or so dangerous to himself, as to have it universally known that he is a fool.

THURSDAY, *March* 13, 1739-40.

———“*Torrere parant*———.”—VIRGIL.

THERE is a certain diversion called roasting, which, notwithstanding it is in some vogue with the polite part of the world, I have no notion of. This term is well known to be taken from cookery, from whence those who are great adepts in the art, borrow also several others; such as putting the person to be roasted on the spit, turning him round till he is done enough, &c.

But though this, as I have said before, is thought a very delicate entertainment by some people of good taste, yet, as it is attended with great pain and torment to the poor wretch who is thus roasted alive, I have always thought it too barbarous a sacrifice to luxury. Nor have I ever more willingly given in to it, than in to those cruelties which are executed on particular animals in order to heighten their flavour; I am an utter enemy to all roasting alive, from this which is performed on one of our own species to that which is practised on a lobster.

It hath been thought, that this custom of man-roasting was originally introduced among us from some nation of cannibals: it is indeed more than probable that our savage ancestors used to eat the flesh of their enemies roasted in this manner; though this latter custom hath been so long left off, that we find no traces thereof in our annals.

A learned antiquarian of my acquaintance does not carry the original of this custom so high: he derives it only from the roasting of heretics, in use among the Roman Church, and fancies it an unextirpated remain of that barbarous execution. He brings, as a strengthener of this his opinion, the choice which we make of an odd creature, or in his own words, a heretic to the common forms of behaviour to perform it on. He is a great enemy to this practice, being as he thinks, more consistent with the principles of Jesuitism than true Christianity.

But, for my part, I imagine this term of roasting to have been given to this diversion, from the torments which the person spitted is supposed to endure in his mind, even equal to those bodily pains which he would undergo, was he to be roasted alive.

Now the pleasure which we take in such amusements as this, must arise either from a great depravity of nature, which delights in the miseries and misfortunes of mankind, or from a pride which we take in comparing the blemishes of others with our own perfections.

As for the first, my Lord Shaftesbury says, "There is an affection nearly related to inhumanity, which is a gay and frolicsome delight in what is injurious to others, a sort of wanton mischievousness and pleasure in what is destructive, a passion, which, instead of being restrained, is encouraged in children, so that it is indeed no wonder if the effects of it are very unfortunately felt in the world: for it will be hard, perhaps, for any one to give a reason, why that temper, which was used to delight in disorder, and ravage when in a nursery, should not afterwards find delight in other disturbances, and be the occasion of equal mischiefs in families among friends, and in the public." I advise all parents to whip this spirit out of their children, the doing which may be truly called a wholesome severity.

And, surely, if we thoroughly searched the bottom of our own minds, few of us would have frequent cause of triumph in these comparisons. Perhaps, indeed, we are without that particular blemish which we ridicule in another; but at the same time, let us carefully consider whether we have not as great imperfections of another kind. I have often observed in life, the person roasted to be infinitely superior to those who (to use a word of their own) have enjoyed him. To say the truth, the least oddity in behaviour, the most inoffensive peculiarity often exposes a man of sense and virtue, to the ridicule of those who are in every degree his inferiors. These seem to lie in weight for, and catch at every opportunity to pull down a man, whom nature hath placed so far above them.

But, though the generality of roasters be of this kind, and the buffoons they use such as may be very aptly called turnspits, the lowest and most despicable of their kind, yet I have known some of sense and good-nature too forwardly give in to this diversion. Men, who would by no means have consented to do any other injury, reputing this innocent and harmless. These, did they consider the nature and consequence of their pursuing this amusement, would, I believe, soon condemn it.

If a man be wholly insensible of his being the jest and scorn of the company, if he be so unaffected with it, as to be quite easy and contented, and satisfied with himself this while, such a person can be little more than a direct idiot, and is a melancholy, not a pleasant spectacle: for my part, I have always shunned the sight of a monster, an abortion or imperfection in nature. I consider myself as a son of this great and general mother, I feel a kind of filial pity, and can by no means be delighted with any of her monstrous births. And surely a human creature without understanding, is a more horrible object than one born without arms, legs, or any other of its members. Such a one is the object of pity, not of scoff and merriment; nor should I entertain a good opinion of him, who could go to Bedlam, and divert himself with the dreadful frenzies, and monstrous absurdities, of the wretches there.

But, if we conceive the subject of our ridicule to be of a more sensible composition, that he sees in himself the deformity, or, perhaps, incurable oddity which renders him the object of contempt; it will be difficult to illustrate his misery by any lively comparison. Contempt is, I believe, of all things the most uneasily to be endured by the generality of men. It gnaws and preys on our very vitals, and by how much less the person so affected discovers it, by so much he often feels it the more acutely. I have seen a man in the highest agony, and even in a cold sweat, from being displayed by some ridiculous buffoon, who hath at the same time, as they call it, played him off with such nicety, that it was impossible for the other to take hold of any thing for which

he might call him to an account. I am always apt, at such times, to pity the person who is thus turned into ridicule, and seldom or never join the laugh against him. Nay, it is not unusual with me, to attack the turnspit himself, in which I have been often so successful, that I have turned the whole current of laughter that way. I cannot but observe, with great pleasure, the double delight of the company on these occasions: for nothing ever roasts so kindly as a turnspit.

Some persons have fallen into this way, in order to establish a reputation for wit, though with great absurdity: for nothing is so sure a sign of wanting it, as flying to these mean resources to appear to have it. A roaster gives me as low an idea of his wit, as a bully does of his courage. These beautiful qualities, where they are, will always appear. They are the fool and the coward, who are continually searching out weak objects on whom to display their mock talents with safety. And it is generally in the dullest company that this most abounds.

If we consider this diversion in the worst light, it will appear to be no other than a delight in seeing the miseries, misfortunes, and frailties of mankind displayed; and a pleasure and joy conceived in their sufferings therein. A pleasure, perhaps, as inhuman, and which must arise from a nature as thoroughly corrupt and diabolical, as can possibly pollute the mind of man.

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SATURDAY, *March 15, 1739-40.*

*“Excessit medicina modum.”*—LUCAN.

IT will be found, I believe, a pretty just observation, that many more vices and follies arrive in the world through excess than neglect. Passion hurries ten beyond the mark, for one whom indolence holds short of it. As there never was a better rule for the conduct of human life than what is conveyed in that excellent short sentence—*Ne quid nimis*—so there is none so seldom observed. No character is oftener represented

on the stage of the world than that of Justice Overdo in the nest of fools; men often become ridiculous or odious by over-acting even a laudable part: for Virtue itself, by growing too exuberant, and (if I may be allowed a metaphor) by running to seed changes its very nature, and becomes a most pernicious weed of a most beautiful flower.

Nothing can be more becoming than modesty in women. Indeed, she who wants it is a kind of monster in nature, a sort of frightful prodigy; yet even this amiable quality may be carried too far, may be distorted into affectation and prudery, and make a woman what Sir Richard Steele calls *outrageously virtuous*.

Civility or complacency is a quality entirely necessary to the humanising mankind, without which they would degenerate into brutes and savages; yet this, when too extravagant, renders the possessor ridiculous in himself and troublesome to others. I have known two men catch cold, by contending which should go last out of the rain; and have seen an elegant dish spoiled at an entertainment, while the well bred guests have been shifting it from one to t'other. This troublesome overdoing in civility proceeds generally from a well-inclined temper, encouraged by a narrow education, and is entirely abandoned by all the well-bred people of our age.

Friendship and love, in persons who want delicacy, become often nauseous and distasteful. We have a vulgar phrase, by which we express our contempt for excess in the latter, by saying, such a man pins himself to his wife's girdle. I have known some couples so extravagantly fond of each other, that their whole acquaintance have been witnesses of their tenderest endearments: but I must remark here, that as this excess is not very common, so it seldom lasts long.

Most professions lose their merit, and become useless or hurtful to mankind by this talent in their professors.

Physicians have dosed more people out of the world than have ever died for want of medicines. The apothecary in Garth, tells the doctor,

“Your ink descends in such excessive show'rs,  
’Tis plain you can regard no health but ours.”

Molière, who was the severest enemy to this faculty, hath levelled his sharpest satire against this part of their character.

Religion and laws have been adulterated with so many needless and impertinent ceremonies, that they have been too often drawn into doubt and obscurity. Some divines and lawyers have by one faculty of overdoing contributed as much as in them lay to deprive mankind of the benefit arising from those invaluable blessings. The liberal arts have suffered from the same cause.

Cicero tells us, that Apelles imputed the faults of most of the painters of his time to their overdoing. *Pictores eos errare dicebat qui non sentirent quid esset satis.*

Few have deserved that praise which Pliny gives to a certain painter named Timai. In all whose works (says he) there is more to be understood than is expressed.

Homer, who hath been styled the prince of poets, is too often inclined to overdoing. He is too prolix in his narrations, and much too frequent in his repetitions; insomuch, that a very excellent critic accuses him of an intemperance of words. This was a fault from which Virgil was entirely clear, and yet Augustus, in his orders to Tucca and Varius concerning the edition of his works, gives them full leave to retrench any superfluities therein, but by no means to insert any addition. Such an esteem had that polite prince of conciseness, and such a detestation of all redundancy in writing.

Ovid hath been justly censured for his exuberance of fancy, he hath been guilty of the same multiplication of ideas which Homer hath of words. In his *Metamorphoses* he is always unwilling to quit his subject. His description of the flood of Deucalion is a perfect chaos of images. It is the glaring blemish in that admirable work, wherein there is scarce a page but what abounds with instances of this nature.

Young authors, and all those who have more imagination than judgment, are continually guilty of this vice. They think they have never said enough on a subject, and are apt to heap idea on idea till they have tired and confused their readers.

That laborious tribe the commentators, are to a man full of this overdoing quality. They ever

“Explain a thing till all men doubt it,  
And write about it, goddess, and about it,”

which is so just an observation that the mind of a reader, who should examine the commentaries on Virgil or Horace, would be in as perplexed a condition as that of Judge Gripus, who very humorously complains that every new evidence only tends to darken and embarrass a case which was plain enough before.

It hath been the tenet of some philosophers, that the original matter of the whole universe might be reduced within the compass of a nutshell. I shall not assert into what narrow bounds all that is truly excellent in authors might be reduced, but I am confident the very best might be retrenched within much fewer pages than they at present consist of. We may, I believe, notwithstanding what I have observed before of the *Æneid*, conclude, that had Virgil lived to the completing it, it would have been not a little shorter than it now is. It was well answered by Archbishop Tillotson to King William, when he complained of the shortness of his sermon: “Sir,” said the bishop, “could I have bestowed more time on it, it would not have been so long.”

Horace, in his *Art of Poetry*, particularly recommends an exact and severe defalcation of all superfluous members in poetry. He himself practises this rule every where with the greatest exactness; so much dreading the contrary, that in one of his epistles, when he apprehends himself in danger of running into too great a length, he stops short, and ends in almost an abrupt manner,

—“*Ne me verbosi scrinia lippi  
Compilasse putes—verbum non amplius addam.*”

Juvenal reprehends this vice as the very first in his *Codrus* ———

“*Impune diem consumpserit ingens  
Scriptus et in tergo nec dum finitus Orestes.*”

This will be eternally found in all bad authors.

That I may not be guilty of the vice I am declaiming against, I shall end this torrent of quotations, into which I have been unavoidably drawn, by recommending this golden rule of conciseness, or as it is somewhere called the golden mean, to all my readers. Since it is certain, that by the contrary method, whatever is truly excellent loses half its praise, and whatever is ridiculous or odious receives double the aggravation.

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THURSDAY, *March 20*, 1739-40.

—“*Mors hominum multorum vidit.*”—HORACE.

THERE are a sort of men so sceptical in their opinions, that they are unwilling to believe any thing which they do not see. I know a gentleman of good sense in the country, who hath never been farther than to the assizes which are held in his own country, who does not believe that there are any such diversions as masquerades or Italian Operas; he gives very little faith likewise to the accounts of entertainments at the play-houses, the custom of visiting, and several others; nay, upon my once telling him it was usual for lusty young fellows to give two men a shilling for carrying them in a thing called a chair, from one street to the other, he shook his head with a disdainful sneer, and cried, “Ay, persuade me to that if you can.”

This infidelity hath been much complained of by travellers, who, if they advance any thing foreign to the habits and customs of our own country, have often the lie secretly given them by their home-bred hearers; which want of faith is so general, that it hath given rise to a proverb; and when a man would give you gently to understand that your story meets with no credit from the company, it is usual to desire you, *not to put the traveller upon them.*

Those who have obliged the world with written accounts of their voyages have very severely experienced this temper,

more especially those who have treated of remoter countries, and such as few people know any thing of besides themselves. Several excellent accounts of Asia and Africa have been looked on as little better than fabulous romances. But, if a traveller hath the good fortune to satisfy his curiosity by the discovery of any new countries, any islands never before known, his reader allows him no more credit than is given to the adventures of Cassandra, or the celebrated Countess Danois's fairy tales. To omit Robinson Crusoe, and other grave writers, the facetious Captain Gulliver is more admired, I believe, for his wit than his truth; and I have been informed, that several ignorant people doubt at this day whether there be really any such places as Lilliput, Laputa, &c.

Notwithstanding this discouragement, I shall venture to give the reader some extracts from the voyages of one of my ancestors, and if I find they are well received by the public, may very probably, some time or other, present them with the whole collection. I shall communicate them in the words of my ancestor.

SOME EXTRACTS  
OUT OF THE VOYAGES OF MR. JOB VINEGAR.

BOOK V. CHAPTER III.

*Of the Government, Manners, Habits, &c., of the  
PTFGHSIUMGSKI, or the INCONSTANTS.*

EVERY town in this country hath an independent government, nor doth any appeal lie from one court to another. As the history of the known world doth not produce any thing resembling their polity, it will be impossible for me to reduce it to any of those general heads under which our several species of government have been defined by political writers. One of their learned men, after I had informed him of those which we commonly know, told me he could give no better

name to theirs, than that of *Stlto-Frtocy*, a word very difficult to translate. These wise people have two methods of electing their magistrates, which are by weight and measure; for which purpose every town hath a large chair erected, and near it a pair of scales. No man can be admitted to the magistracy till he is of such an exact weight, and likewise fills the chair: for which reason, they have two phrases to express their highest opinion of their countrymen, viz: *He fills his post with great ability*, or, *He is a man of great weight in his country*. By this method they preserve an exact symmetry among their magistrates, who are called a *Crpus*, or one body, which rule being likewise observed in their dress, by them called *Ick-Pddng*, strikes a very great awe into the eyes of the beholders of their processions.

The magistrates frequently summon certain councils, the better to maintain good order and sobriety. These the natives call *Drkn-Bts*, and they sometimes continue fourteen hours together.

Every one of these towns keeps a calf's skin in a box, which they preserve with the utmost care and veneration. This inspired some of our sailors with an imagination that these people drew their religion from the worship of the golden calf: but, besides that, there is no reason to believe that the Bible, or indeed any part of either the Jewish or Christian religion, was ever heard of in this country; so it is certain that what the sailors, who never learnt a word of their language, looked on as religion and law were nothing more than the public shows or diversions of these people.

For the representation of those shows, which our crew fancied to have something of religious worship in them, there are in every town one or more large edifices or theatres, which are maintained at the public expense: in the largest of these they generally perform their operas; for which, besides a large number of voices, they maintain likewise several grave persons at a more considerable stipend, only to beat time. Their other theatrical representations are confined to so few characters, that they are rather like lectures than comedies. And I have been told by several of the natives, that some of them

contain very excellent lessons of morality. The magistrates go to them in form, where, as it is often the only vacations they have from the above-mentioned councils, they all go to sleep; which, together with the behaviour of most of the other spectators, assures me there is nothing religious in their meetings; for, indeed, the behaviour of the performers would otherwise incline me to the contrary opinion.

As to that part of their public diversions which our men mistook for law, it is a game unlike any thing practised in Europe, and may be played by one or two, or sometimes ten of a side. There are two balls, one of which they call *Plt*, and the other *Dft*. The gamesters are furnished with rackets called *Brfs*, with which they beat the two balls from one to the other; young, robust gamesters sometimes strike them away immediately, but those who are more experienced will keep them up till they are beaten to pieces. As this is the most consummate perfection in the game, so they are reckoned the most dexterous gamesters who strike the ball in such a manner to the adversary, as he may be capable of returning it. There is sometimes one, and sometimes four umpires of this game; and if well played, it affords excellent sport to the spectators.

The reader will not wonder that the sailors, who, as I have said before, did not understand their language, should mistake those pompous exhibitions above-mentioned for their religion, since indeed they are the only signs which they discover of any; for these good people invert hypocrisy, and deny their deity with their tongues, whilst they worship him in their hearts. They are, perhaps, the only people in the world who pretend to less religion than they really have, in which particularity they are so eminent, that I never met with one who would confess he had any, though I was afterwards well assured from the nicest observation, that a general zeal ran through the whole country.

The name of their deity is *Mney*, which our chaplain, who had formerly heard something of Greek, would have derived from *μνήσις*, memory: but besides that it is unlikely that this language should have ever come to their ears, those

learned men whom I conversed with (some of whom were members of their Ryl Sety) not understanding one word of it, and expressing, at the same time, a very great contempt for it, there is not any reason for that conjecture.

This deity they all worship in the most private manner imaginable, concealing their respect to him from each other, with the utmost caution; which is done by them, as I at last discovered, to gain the ascendant in his favour, every one being desirous, if possible, to have him all to themselves, which indeed, they stick at no pains nor labour to accomplish.

They imagine that all things are in the power of Mney. (I mean all things in this world; for as to the immortality of the soul, they believe nothing of it; nay, the greatest uneasiness some of them have at death, is that they must part with their dear Mney.) To Mney they attribute all honour and respect, and value those most, who (to use their country idiom) have most Mney. I have sometimes expressed a surprise at seeing the great adoration they have shown to some who appeared to me in every particular inferior to the rest of their countrymen; on which occasion, instead of removing my objection, ah! sir, said they, such-a-one hath a great deal of Mney; nor can I omit, that being once very much amazed at observing the neglect which was generally shown to one of the best and wisest among them, they told me he was an Extrvgnt fellow, and had not taken sufficient care of his Mney: for as they all love their deity well enough to eat him, so they always speak of him as their own, mine, his, &c.

Nothing can more show the true piety and goodness of these people, than the great care they take of educating their youth.

Their children are very early nourished in the principles of their religion. They are instructed by their parents, to keep Mney in their pocket. That if they have Mney there, they will have credit in the world, &c. As some nations have proposed to instruct children in virtue, honour, love of their country; so these people take all possible care to instil into tender minds a violent zeal for Mney; in which they succeed so well, that I have seen a child of twelve years old very

plainly discover that he was capable of doing as much for Mney as his parents; who, though they were very good people, would have cut the throats of half their countrymen if they could have gained Mney by it.

While I resided among them there prevailed a very violent schism in their Church. A small number, about three hundred, I think, with Hum Clum their high priest, at their head, pretended to keep Mney entirely to themselves, and that nobody should have any Mney, but those who pleased Hum Clum. But as my paper is growing into length my reader must suspend his further curiosity till another time.

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SATURDAY, *March 22, 1739-40.*

*"Gaudet equis."*—HORACE.

STANDING the other day, in Fleet Street, with my son the Templar, and being prevented from crossing the way by what they call a stop of coaches, I observed, with great indignation, an ill-looking fellow most cruelly lashing a pair of starved horses, who laboured to the utmost of their power to drag on a heavy burthen. And, as they were prevented from making greater haste, even had they been able, by the coaches which were before them, this gentleman must have exercised his arm thus for nothing more than his own innocent diversion, at the expense of the skins of these poor unhappy beasts.

As I look on myself to have been sent into the world as a general blessing, that I am endowed with so much strength and resolution to redress all grievances whatsoever, and to defend and protect the brute creation, as well as my own species from all manner of insult and barbarity, which, however exercised, is, after the several severe edicts I have published, no less than a most impudent opposition to my authority, I had certainly pulled the fellow from his box, and

laid my little finger on him, had not my son interposed, and begged me not to raise a disturbance, by punishing him there: for that he had marked his number, and that I might find him at my leisure. Whether the fellow saw my brows knit at him, a sight very few people are able to endure, I can't tell, but he began to withhold his whipping, and suffered me to be persuaded by my son, especially as there were some ladies in his coach, whom I would by no means have ventured to frighten by such an execution.

My son Tom told me, as we pursued our walk, that he had a facetious acquaintance in the Temple, who professed the Pythagorean principles, and affirms that he believes the transmigration of souls. This gentleman, as Tom informed me, comforts himself on all such occasions with a persuasion that the beasts he sees thus abused have formerly been themselves hackney coachmen; and that the soul of the then driver will in his turn pass into the horse, and suffer the same punishment which he so barbarously inflicts on others.

But to pass by such whimsical opinions, I have often thought that the wisdom of the legislature would not have been unworthily employed in contriving some law to prevent those barbarities which we so often see practised on these domestic creatures. A boy should, in my opinion, be more severely punished for exercising cruelty on a dog or a cat, or any other animal, than for stealing a few pence or shillings, or any of those lesser crimes which our courts of justice take notice of.

The Bannians, a people of East India, carry their friendship to all manner of animals to the highest degree of excess. Some of these dedicate their whole lives and fortunes to the care and service of particular creatures, even the lowest and most despicable. They will hire men to be tied down in certain places, in order to give a repast to fleas, lice, and other vermin that prey on human blood; and buy the liberty of a captive sparrow at a great price from our young factors, who turn this temper of theirs to a considerable advantage. How ridiculous soever this superstition may appear, it hath nothing odious in it, and is highly preferable to that cruelty

which the Europeans practise without incurring any blame or censure for it.

But I shall confine myself, at present, to that animal which gave rise to this essay; and which, though it seems to deserve our most especial regard, is often treated by us with the most detestable cruelty.

I have been often pleased with the opinion which the poor wretches, whom the Spaniards conquered in America, entertained of this noble animal, to which they offered great part of the treasure they brought to the Spaniards at their petitioning for peace. Looking on them, says my author, to be of a nature superior to themselves, and fancying their neighing to be tokens of concord and goodwill, in a language not understood by them.

Several writers, who have undertaken to degrade human understanding to the level of brutes, have insisted much on the great wisdom and sagacity of a horse; and though I would by no means enlist myself in the number of these writers, I must confess I have often made comparisons between a man and his horse, not much to the advantage of the rider.

The history of a hero hath been scarce thought complete without some description of his horse; the horses of Alexander and Cæsar are consecrated to fame with their riders. It is reported of the latter, that he would stoop to take up his master, though he would condescend to admit no other on his back. Indeed, I have known a horse, who hath not belonged to a hero, who would be rid by none but his own master.

Romance generally acquaints us with the name and virtues of the horse as well as the hero. Thus the famous Cid's horse was called Balicca, and that great and renowned knight Don Quixote thus expresses himself in favour of Rozinante:—"Thou wise enchanter, whoever thou art, who shall chronicle these my achievements, I desire thee not to forget my good horse Rozinante, mine eternal and inseparable companion in all my travels and adventures." Nor do I think it possible to read that excellent history without conceiving a very great affection for that renowned beast.

The honours which Caligula conferred on his horse, are too well known to need any expatiating on here; and I think it may be observed to their reputation, that all great personages ancient and modern, have chose to communicate their graces to posterity by equestrian statues.

There have not been wanting some generous spirits among us, who have exerted themselves in defence of this noble animal. A celebrated Recorder of London is reported in his condemnation of a highwayman to have taken notice of a slain horse, whose innocent blood called for vengeance on its murtherer. Nor is it a little to the honour of a horse, that he is, till very lately, the only animal which it was felony without benefit of clergy to steal.

It may likewise show some respect to this creature, that the continuation of his health is thought of that superior importance, that several professors of medicine, to whom we give the degree or title of doctor, get a livelihood by it. Nay, I have heard it asserted, that greater learning and capacity is required in these horse-doctors than in any others. Inasmuch as a horse is unable to tell his distemper to his physician, which other patients can; and though he can put out his tongue, it is very difficult to feel his pulse.

Moreover, there are some of our own countrymen, who may seem to rival even the Bannians, in their fondness for this creature, and make no scruple of spending great part of their fortunes upon them. And we have, likewise, several country gentlemen, who are so amused with the conversation of their horses, that they spend great part of their time in the stable.

The affection which our ladies bear to this noble brute, is not less remarkable. It is common for a woman to prefer one lover to another, for keeping four horses more than his rival. Indeed, some good women in this town are so fond of them, that they are never easy but when they have them before their eyes.

And whether we observe the great beauty of this animal, its swiftness, its strength, the obedience which it pays to man, with its great usefulness on all occasions, how much it

contributes to health, to business, to diversion; and lastly, how often the lives of men have been preserved by the remedies which the swiftness of the horse hath timely conveyed to them, we shall see great reason for the utmost affection we can show them in return.

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THURSDAY, March 27, 1740.

“*Naturâ propensi sumus ad diligendos homines.*”—CICERO DE LEG.

WHATEVER sour ideas may be annexed to the name of Vinegar, no family hath been more remarked for sweetness of temper than ours; and as for myself, those who know me thoroughly, agree in calling me the best natured man in the world.

It hath been remarked by some learned men that this word can be expressed in no other language than the English, by which I suppose they mean the Latins never used *bona natura*, or the Greeks φύσις ἀλαθή, for surely they do not intend that they had no such idea as we convey by that word: for besides φιλανθρωπία and the verbs φιλανθρωπέω and φιλανθρωπέομαι which we have no single verb to answer, what are εὐμένεια and many others, besides φιλόφρων, φιλοφροσύνη and ξιλοφρονέομαι, words which require a long periphrasis in our language to express them? Or what idea do we conceive from *comitas*, *benignitas*, *benevolentia*, *humanitas*, &c.? Indeed, the ancients seem to have looked on what we call good-nature as a quality almost inseparable from nature itself, as appears in the motto of this paper, and several other passages of the same and other authors, particularly in that famous Stoic rant (as a modern writer calls it) wherein ill-nature is represented *magis contrâ naturam quam mors quam paupertas quam cætera omnia*, &c. And whoever reads the works of Plato will be very little inclined to imagine that the ancients either wanted the idea of good nature, or words to express it.

No virtue or quality in the mind of man hath met with

so various a reception as this. Whilst some few have held it in the most sacred esteem, several wise men have considered it as a mark of folly and weakness, and several brave men have despised it as a certain indication of cowardice or pusillanimity.

I am apt to suspect, when I see sensible men totally differ in opinion concerning any general word, that the complex idea in their several minds which this word represents is compounded of very different simples. "Those gross and confused conceptions (says Mr. Locke) which men ordinarily have, and to which they apply the common words of their language may serve them well enough in their ordinary discourses and affairs; but this is not sufficient for philosophical inquirers." And a little lower in the same page this great man declares, that the most he "can find in all the volumes and varieties of controversies with which the world is distracted, is, that the contending learned men of different parties do, in their arguings with one another, speak different languages." I will venture to illustrate this by a familiar instance: suppose an apothecary (as perhaps they often do) after mixing up a most pleasant cordial, and a most nauseous potion for different patients, should write the same hard word (*Haustipotiferous Draught*, for example,) on each of the bottles, would not these two patients ever after conceive very different ideas of *Haustipotiferous*, and would not they stare equally at each other, when the one commended the pleasantness, and the other exclaimed against the nauseousness of the draught?

This I apprehend may be the case in good-nature; for the common use of the words, without certain and fixed ideas annexed to them, will not at all mend the matter. I shall therefore endeavour to ascertain the idea of a good-natured man, for which purpose, I shall take these different ideas to pieces, and reduce them according to Aristotle's method into the *ελάχιστα μόρια*, or their simple parts: for, as Cicero hints in the same treatise from whence I have taken my motto, error generally arises *cum non bene provisā nec satis diligenter explorata Principia ponuntur*.

And this is really no more than to show first what good-nature really is, and secondly, what it is not.

Good-nature is a delight in the happiness of mankind, and a concern at their misery, with a desire, as much as possible, to procure the former, and avert the latter; and this, with a constant regard to desert.

Good-nature is not that weakness which, without distinction, affects both the virtuous and the base, and equally laments the punishment of villainy, with the disappointment of merit; for as this admirable quality respects the whole, so it must give up the particular, to the good of the general.

It is not that cowardice which prevents us from repelling or resenting an injury; for it doth not divest us of humanity, and like charity, though it doth not end, may at least begin at home.

From these propositions, the truth of which will not, I believe, be denied, unless, for the sake of argument, I draw the following conclusions:

That those who include folly and cowardice, as the certain ingredients of good-nature, compound their idea of good-nature of very different simples from those who exclude them.

That as good-nature requires a distinguishing faculty, which is another word for judgment, and is perhaps the sole boundary between wisdom and folly; it is impossible for a fool, who hath no distinguishing faculty, to be good-natured.

That as good-nature, which is the chief if not only quality in the mind of man in the least tending that way, doth not forbid the avenging an injury, Christianity hath taught us something beyond what the religion of nature and philosophy could arrive at; and consequently, that it is not as old as the creation, nor is revelation useless with regard to morality, if it had taught us no more than this excellent doctrine, which, if generally followed, would make mankind much happier, as well as better than they are.

That to be averse to, and repine at the punishment of vice and villainy, is not the mark of good-nature but folly; on the contrary, to bring a real and great criminal to justice, is, perhaps, the best natured office we can perform to society,

and the prosecutor, the juryman, the judge, and the hangman himself may do their duty without injuring this character; nay, the last office, if properly employed, may be in truth the best natured, as well as the highest post of honour in the kingdom.

That there is no paradox or repugnancy in that character given of the excellent Earl of Dorset: that he was the best good man with the worst natured muse. For satire on vice or vicious men, though never so pointed, is no more a sign of ill-nature than it would be to crush a serpent, or destroy a wild beast. If the mind be only tainted with one particular vice, this is but a potion given to our disease; and though it may be attended with some pain in the operation, the satirist is to be regarded as our physician, not our enemy; but if the mind be totally corrupted, if it subsists a nuisance and infection only to others, such a man, I am sure, hath little reason to complain that the satirist attacks him instead of the executioner, and while he lives the pest and curse of his country, may very easily and quietly sit down contented with being laughed at.

Lastly, that as good-nature is a delight in the happiness of mankind, every good-natured man will do his utmost to contribute to the happiness of each individual; and consequently that every man who is not a villain, if he loves not the good-natured man, is guilty of ingratitude.

This is that amiable quality, which, like the sun, gilds over all our other virtues; this it is, which enables us to pass through all the offices and stations of life with real merit. This only makes the dutiful son, the affectionate brother, the tender husband, the indulgent father, the kind master, the faithful friend, and the firm patriot. This makes us gentle without fear, humble without hopes, and charitable without ostentation, and extends the power, knowledge, strength, and riches of individuals to the good of the whole. It is (as Shakespeare calls it) the milk, or rather the cream of human nature, and whoever is possessed of this perfection should be pitied, not hated for the want of any other. Whereas all other virtues without some tincture of this, may be well

called *splendida peccata*; for the richer, stronger, more powerful, or more knowing an ill-natured man is, the greater mischiefs he will perpetrate; it is ill-nature, with these qualities, which hath fettered and harassed mankind; hath erected the tyrant's throne, hath let loose the conqueror's two-edged sword, and the priest's two-edged tongue; hath imposed severe laws, invented cruel punishments, hath sent abroad fire and sword and faggot, to ravage, burn, depopulate and enslave nations. Lastly, hath injuriously bowed the conquered father down to, and bred up the slavish son in an estimation and honour of those men and those actions, which are the just objects of contempt, abhorrence, and detestation.

I know not so great, so glorious, so lovely an idea of the benevolent Creator of the universe, as that which is affixed to Him by the noble author whom we have so often quoted, and shall quote. He is (says he) the best-natured being in the universe; the more therefore we cultivate the sweet disposition in our minds, the nearer we draw to divine perfection; to which we should be the more strongly incited, as it is that which we may approach the nearest to. All his other attributes throw us immediately out of sight, but this virtue lies in will, and not at all in power.

Nor can the selfish man want incentives to this virtue; for as it is more easily and safely satisfied than ambition, revenge, or any of those pernicious passions, so are its joys more exquisite, and less interrupted. Ambition is seldom satisfied without fear, or revenge without remorse; but the good-natured man can never carry his enjoyments too far, this being the only affection of the human mind which can never be sated.

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SATURDAY, *March 29, 1740.*

“*ἡτίμης ἀρητήρα.*”—HOMER.

THERE is nothing so unjustifiable as the general abuse of any nation or body of men: for which reason, I have always

disliked those sarcasms we are too apt to cast on a particular part of His Majesty's dominions, whose natives have been commonly censured by the English mob for blundering and assurance, though it is notorious that several of our greatest wits and best-bred men have come to us from that quarter.

In like manner, I have already condemned the custom of throwing scandal on a whole profession for the vices of some particular members. Can any thing be more unreasonable than to cast an odium on the professions of divinity, law, and physic, because there have been absurd or wicked divines, lawyers, and physicians?

But there is an error directly opposite to this, which may likewise deserve correction. I mean that protection which some persons would draw from their professions, who, when they are justly censured for their actions, retreat (if I may so say) behind the walls of their order, and endeavour to represent our attacks on the individual to be levelled at the whole body. Whereas, the profession should give no more security to the man than the man should bring a disgrace on his profession.

The awe which the wiser and better part of mankind have of the supreme Being, and consequently of every thing which seems more immediately to belong to His service, hath encouraged some clergymen to apply to the dignity or divinity of their office, as a security against all accusation: it is well known, that a few years since, if you had given a hint that any particular person in holy orders had misbehaved himself, a cry would have been immediately raised that the Church was in danger, and you would have been arraigned for spreading such invectives, with a malicious design of bringing the whole body of the clergy into contempt.

Now it seems to me a most apparent truth that the greater honour which we entertain for our Creator, the greater abomination we shall have for those who pervert His holy institutions, and have the impudence to wear the livery of His more immediate service, whilst they act against it. In what manner would a good subject of Great Britain behave to one of his profligate countrymen abroad, who should betray the interest

of his king, and at the same time presume to call himself his ambassador?

I have heard of a pamphlet, called Reasons of the Contempt of the Clergy. If by the clergy, the author means the order, I hope there is no such contempt; nay, I will venture to say, there is not among sensible and sober men, the only persons whose ill opinion is to be valued, or by any argument to be removed. This contempt, therefore, must be meant of particular clergymen, and even this I should be unwilling to allow justifiable, or to assign any reason for it. Human frailty is indeed such, that it is very difficult, if not impossible, to preserve any body (especially so large a one) from some rotten members, but the utmost care is here taken on that regard. Numberless public schools are instituted for the instruction of our youth, the masters of which are preferred with proper respect to their morals as well as learning. Hence the scholars are removed to one or other of two excellent universities, alike remarked for their erudition, sobriety, and good order. After which the strictest and most impartial examination must be undergone before the candidate will be admitted into holy orders, in which the young divine can afterwards expect no promotion, but from his merit, no ecclesiastical preferments being by any means whatever to be purchased; and as for the mitre, it is always inscribed (or at least of late hath been so) with these words, *Detur Magis Pio*.

If, notwithstanding all this care, a few unworthy members creep in, it is certainly doing a serviceable office to the body to detect and expose them; nay, it is what the sound and uncorrupt part should not only be pleased with, but themselves endeavour to execute, especially if they are suspicious of, or offended at contempt or ridicule, which can never fall with any weight on the order itself, or on any clergyman, who is not really a scandal to it.

Though I am, as I have before said, very far from acknowledging that sensible or sober minds are tainted with any such general contempt, as hath been intimated, yet as perhaps some idle and unthinking young men may express too little respect

(to use a common phrase) for the cloth, I shall here attempt to set a clergyman in a just and true light, which will, I believe, be sufficient to guard him from any danger of a treatment which such a person can never suffer, but through the ignorance of those who are guilty of it. Such ignorance I shall therefore attempt to remove, since I do not recollect any modern writings tending this way, and it may require some reflection and parts to collect a true idea of so amiable a character from nice observations on the general behaviour of the clergy.

I shall therefore consider the clergy in a twofold light, first, as they appear to us in the Gospel; and, secondly, as they are regarded in the law.

As to the first, we are to look on them as the successors of those disciples, whom Christ, as we are told in Mark iii. 14, ordained, "That they should be with him, and that he might send them forth to preach;" or, as the Greek properly signifies, "to proclaim their master;" which they, and their successors, were "to perform in all the world, for a witness to all nations, till the end come," Matt. xxiv. 14, and Mark xiii. 10. In which sense, Simon was figuratively told he should be made a fisher of men. And in the 9th of Luke, the disciples are sent abroad to "proclaim the kingdom of God." And we read in the 10th chapter of the same Gospel, "That the Lord appointed other seventy also, and sent them two and two before his face into every city, saying to them, Go your ways, behold I send you forth as lambs among wolves."

The office, therefore, of the disciples, and their successors, was to proclaim, or according to the most usual and truest sense of the word, (as *κηρύσσειν ἀγορήνδε* or *πόλεμόνδε*) to call or summon men into the kingdom of God, and by spreading the excellence of His doctrine to induce men to become followers of Christ, and by that means partakers of His salvation.

As the souls of men are therefore of infinitely more consequence and dignity than their bodies, as eternal and perfect is infinitely more valuable than imperfect and finite happi-

ness; this office which concerns the eternal happiness of the souls of men, must be of greatly superior dignity, and honour to any of those whose business is at most the regulation or well-being of the body only.

But here I would not be understood to mean what we vulgarly call honour and dignity in a worldly sense, such as pomp or pride, or flattery, or any of this kind, to which indeed nothing can be so opposite, as will appear from examining into the qualities which are laid down as absolutely necessary to form this character, and indeed must be understood so, as they are no other than the copies of their great Master's. And in which, whoever is deficient, can never be esteemed a true disciple or minister of Christ.

The first I shall name is humility; a virtue of which He himself was so perfect a pattern, and which He so earnestly recommended to His disciples, that He rebuked them when they contended who should be reckoned the greatest; and in another place, exhorted them "to beware of the scribes which desire to walk in long robes, and love greetings in the markets, and the highest seats in the synagogues, and the chief rooms at feasts, which devour widows' houses, and for show make long prayers," &c. Luke xx. 46, 47. And St. Paul is frequent in the same advice, forbidding any to think high of himself, for which he gives them this reason, that very few wise, or mighty, or noble, in a worldly sense, were called to the ministry, but such as were reputed to be the filth of the world and the offscouring of all things. Our blessed Saviour Himself, instead of introducing Himself into the world in the houses or families of what we call the great, chose to be born of the wife of a carpenter, His disciples were poor fishermen, and Paul himself no more than a tent-maker; He everywhere practised and taught contempt of worldly grandeur and honours, often inculcating in His excellent discourses that His kingdom was not of this world, nor His rewards to be bestowed in it, intending to lay the foundation of a truly noble, refined, and divine philosophy, and not of any pomp or palaces, any of the show, splendour, or luxury of the heathenish religions, for His disciples, or their successors to enjoy.

As we have not room for half the virtues of a clergyman in this paper, we shall defer the further prosecution of this subject till next Saturday; on which day, weekly, we shall endeavour to communicate something good to our readers, for the instruction of such as frequent coffee-houses on a Sunday.

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TUESDAY, *April 1, 1740.*

—————“*Poscunt ursum.*”—HORACE.

SIR,—Among the many accounts you have given us of this island and its inhabitants, among the curious and surprising observations wherewith you so often entertain us, in a manner infinitely superior to any of your cotemporaries, in whose writings there is seldom a word of common sense (save only in the paper which bears that name and the Craftsman), I must blame you for taking so little notice of our diversions and amusements; though these may perhaps be called the best characteristics of a people. They are, indeed, the truest mirrors of former ages, and reflect their characters with the greatest exactness to future times; from a stricter attention to these we form opinions of the politer periods of the Roman empire, of the delicacy of Athens, the virtue of Lacedemon, and of that bewitching luxury that overspread and enervated the whole Eastern world. You will perhaps give this very reason for declining it, and will tell us that you are unwilling to transmit such a character of us to posterity, as must be gathered from a true representation of the present state of our public diversions. That our theatres which have employed the pens of your predecessors, are sunk beneath your notice. The actors (except two or three) very bad, the managers worse, critics worse still, and the entertainments exhibited and most followed very little better than raree-shows, and which a sensible lad of eighteen would be ashamed to frequent. And that you have for this reason entirely relin-

quished the theatres to the most inimitable Laureat, in order that he may be furnished with materials against he shall be disposed to oblige the world with a second volume of the history of his own times, or his life; it being generally thought that, however that illustrious person may wind up as a man, he will certainly end as an author with a very bad life. But though this should be the case with the dramatic world, yet, methinks, those gymnastic encounters, those ruder exercises which so particularly distinguish the martial genius of this kingdom, the care of which formerly belonged to you, should still engage your attention, and come under your notice; for, though you have changed your lodging, I presume you still frequent the arena at Tottenham, and your once celebrated retirement at Hockley in the Hole, where I do not doubt but proper deference is yet paid to you by the combatants: without any farther preface, I must beg the favour of you, sir, to recommend me to the public, which a man of your humanity will not refuse to one, who, though born and bred to better expectations, as I hope you conceive from the former part of my letter, am at length reduced to get my livelihood by a show.

In short, sir, I have at present by me two very fine he-bears, both brothers of the same litter, which I shall shortly have baited at your Theatre Royal, otherwise called His Majesty's bear-garden in Hockley in the Hole. They have been already baited very often in another place, and have never failed to give great sport to the spectators. One of them is the greatest beast of his kind, and the other bear enough of all conscience, though not licked by his dam so much as he should have been; besides which he is a little too blunt, and so short about the muzzle, that he cannot pinch, or show so good pastime as if he had better use of his mouth. I have one particular, which I think an improvement of this sport, viz. several curs who have been bred up with the bears, while they are baiting (for they are generally played off both at once) stand in a row behind them, and bark at the mastiffs. One of these, who is a very little cur, and admired by the spectators for a stripe of red down his

back, is so very fond of the great bear, that whenever the mastiffs are at him, he flies into agonies, and barks so long and so violently, that strangers apprehend he will fall on the mastiffs; but we, who know the cur, know he means nothing but to ingratiate himself with the bear, who, to give him his due, is grateful enough, and as ready to defend the curs in his turn.

Besides the expectation of an advanced price, I have another reason for removing to the bear-garden, which your predecessors and yourself have brought under such good order and regulation; for though the majority have hitherto been on the side of the bears, yet I have lately seen some reason to apprehend a conspiracy against them, especially my great bear; for when he is pinned down, as he often is, particularly by one large mastiff, I do not perceive that readiness to relieve him which hath been formerly shown; and not long ago, when he had (poor creature) great need of assistance, I heard one of the company, who hath sometimes rescued him, cry, "Damn him, let him be torn to pieces; we have had enough of him."

This is a behaviour, which I am sure all such true lovers of sport and encouragers of fair play as yourself must detest, and which no poor creatures ever merited less: for not to observe that the brothers have been more and better baited than any bears who ever yet were brought to stake, it must be acknowledged that the great bear hath discovered an expertness at defending himself scarce ever equalled, rearing himself often bolt upright on his hind legs, and turning himself with great agility to the right,—the left,—here,—there, to every corner from whence his friends show him the attack is coming. As for my other bear, I cannot much brag of his abilities, but he is very tame, and will suffer himself to be stroked; besides which, he often diverts company, when he is not at stake, with his tricks, and may be indeed not improperly called a dancing bear.

Methinks, gentlemen too should be unwilling, to spoil their own diversion by carrying the affair too far: for, notwithstanding that my great bear is old, and somewhat the worse

for baiting, I do not doubt, but with fair play, he will live to show sport at least one season more, and I would recommend to their consideration, that there perhaps hath never been, nor perhaps ever will be such another bear as this in the universe. I wish these sparks, who may perhaps think they should gain honour by helping to pull him down, would read those excellent lines of Hudibras—

“Let none presume to come so near,  
 As forty foot of stake of bear;  
 If any yet be so foolhardy  
 T’ expose themselves to vain jeopardy;  
 If they come wounded off and lame,  
 No honour’s got by such a maim.  
 Although the bear gain much, b’ing bound  
 In honour to make good his ground.  
 When he’s engag’d, and takes no notice,  
 If any press upon him, who ’tis;  
 But lets them know at their own cost,  
 That he intends to keep his post.”

But there will be no danger of such behaviour in an orderly bear-garden, where I hope you will acquaint the public, that I intend shortly to expose them to the populace.

I wish that part of your family (for I suppose it can’t be yourself, good captain) which is so well acquainted with antiquity, would give us a history of bears, in whose favour, I doubt not, but as much may be said as you have lately told us of horses, which, I think, have never been preferred to stars, an honour well known to have been conferred on bears, of which kind there are no less than two now in the sky, nor do I see any reason why my two bears should not have their places: for since the only merit for which I can find Calistho was exalted into the Ursa Major was a great belly, I apprehend my great bear hath as much of that merit as any. As for the Ursa Minor I do not pretend to say much of him, unless that they should go together, as Calistho and her son are prettily sent up in Ovid, where Jupiter is introduced withholding the hand of Arcas, who was attempting to kill

the bear his mother without knowing her. The lines in which they ascend are

*“ Arcuit omnipotens, pariterque ipsosque nefasque  
Sustulit, et celeri raptos per inania vento,  
Imposuit caelo, vicinaque sidera fecit.”*

But this must be hereafter, for they cannot yet be spared. And I hope old Bruin himself will stand many a good baiting in the aforesaid Theatre Royal, before he is exalted higher. To drop the fable, lest you should imagine I have been in jest throughout, I take this method to inform your readers that those who will see my bears this season must lose no time, for I shall shortly send them into the country, that they may refresh themselves against the next season.

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

VANDER BRUIN.

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SATURDAY, April 5, 1740.

—“*Movet tantæ pietatis imago.*”—VIRGIL.

THE APOLOGY FOR THE CLERGY,—*continued.*

CHAPTER II.

THE next virtue which I shall mention is charity, a virtue not confined to munificence or giving alms, but that brotherly love and friendly disposition of mind which is everywhere taught in Scripture. Thus the word *ἀγάπη*, which some versions render charity, is better rendered by others love, in which sense it is described by the Apostles in the 13th chapter of his first epistle to the Corinthians. “Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up. Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no

evil. Rejoiceth not in iniquity; but rejoiceth in the truth. Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things."

First, then, a minister of the Gospel must forgive his enemies; "charity suffereth long, is not easily provoked, beareth all things, endureth all things." Thus Christ Himself saith, "If you do not forgive, neither will your Father in Heaven forgive your trespasses." Indeed this is the characteristic of a Christian minister, and must distinguish him from the best of the heathens, who taught no such doctrine.

Secondly, "charity is kind;" or, as the Greek signifies, does good offices, behaves kindly; not confined to our wishes merely, but our actions, under which head I shall introduce liberality, a necessary qualification of any who would call himself a successor of Christ's disciples. By this virtue, which is generally called charity itself (and perhaps it is the chief part of it), is not meant the ostentatious giving a penny to a beggar in the street (an ostentation of which I do not accuse the clergy, having to my knowledge never seen one guilty of it), as if charity was change for sixpence, but the relieving the wants and sufferings of one another to the utmost of our abilities. It is to be limited by our power, I say, only. And this Christ Himself, in the 25th chapter of Matthew, finely illustrates by a parable: for it is not expected that he who hath received two talents only should render as much as he who hath received five; but, on the other hand, the man to whom no more than one is entrusted ought not to hide that one in the earth, for it is his Lord's money. I shall dwell no longer on this head, than to observe that this essential duty is not to be discharged at so easy a rate as some think, by a Christian, much less a Christian minister, and that it would be a shocking and dreadful consideration, if many hungry, should find no meat; many thirsty, no drink, many strangers, none to take them in, naked, none to clothe them, sick, and in prison, none to visit them, in a country where Christ hath upwards of ten thousand disciples, on whom He hath bestowed so many talents.

Thirdly, "charity envieth not." This is a negative, and

consequently excludes all who are tainted with it; but as this cursed disposition was in as great abhorrence among the heathens as among the Christians, I shall say no more of it than that it is a quality which cannot belong to a true disciple of Christ.

Fourthly, "it vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly." By which we may be assured that all pride is inconsistent with this quality; but as I have treated of this already, under the head of its opposite virtue humility, which I placed first, as it is indeed the very introduction to Christianity, sufficiently signified, as I have there shown, by the birth of Christ, and by the election He made of His disciples, it is needless to repeat it again here.

Fifthly, "it seeketh not her own." By these words the Apostle plainly points out the forgiveness of debts, as before he hath done of injuries (for this is the plain meaning of the Greek, whatever forced construction may be put upon it). Thus in the tenth chapter of the same epistle, "Let no man seek his own wealth." I would not be righteous over-much, or extend this text too far; as it might perhaps unhinge society: but I cannot dismiss this branch without paying a compliment to the clergy, who are of all men the most backward to insist on a rigid payment with their creditors; and in regard to their tithes, which (whether of common right or no, a matter we may perhaps handle hereafter) are certainly by the present laws of England their own, are known to consider not only the straitness of men's circumstances, but likewise of their consciences as in the case of the Quakers; for the truth of which, I appeal to common experience.

Sixthly, "charity thinketh no evil." It is void of suspicion, not apt to censure the actions of men, much less to represent them in an evil light to others. Hence we may judge how inconsistent that odious malignity, which is the parent of slander, is with the character of a true Christian disciple; a cursed temper of mind fitter for the devil and his angels, than for a professor of that love which was taught by Christ, and which Solomon had long before told us covered all sins.

Seventhly, "rejoiceth not in iniquity." By this the Apostle doth not, I apprehend, point at that joy which sin may be supposed to give to an evil mind, in the same manner as virtue delights a good one: but rather to caution us against that feigned delight in sin, which we sometimes put on from a subserviency to great ones. By not rejoicing in iniquity is meant, not taking the wages of sinful men, nor partaking of their dainties at the expense of flattering them in their iniquity. This is a virtue, which as it becomes every Christian, so more particularly a minister of the Gospel, whose business it is to rebuke and reprove such men, not to fall in with, or flatter their vices, but,

Eighthly, "to rejoice with the truth." To rejoice in the company of good and virtuous men, without the recommendation of titles and wealth, or the assistance of dainties and fine wines. To give God thanks who hath revealed the truth to us, and to rejoice in all those who walk in it.

Ninthly, "charity believeth all things, hopeth all things." It is inclined to maintain good and kind thoughts of men. It is a stranger to all sourness and bitterness of mind, that moroseness of temper which seduces us to think evil of others; whereas, charity always turns the perspective, with a friendly care to magnify all good actions, and lessen evil. It weighs all mankind in the scales of friendship, and sees them with the eyes of love.

Charity is all this, and he who falls short of any of these, falls short of charity, without which, the Apostle tells us, "That the gift of prophecy, the understanding mysteries, all knowledge, all faith," nay, even martyrdom itself are nothing, profit nothing, nor will they make a man a Christian, much less a successor of Christ's disciples.

As this virtue of charity, which I have opened in so diffusive a manner, comprehends almost the whole particular duty of a Christian, I shall not dwell on those virtues which we have been taught by morality, such as patience, fortitude, temperance, chastity, &c., which, though all mankind are bound to the observance of, yet a minister of the Gospel is obliged to it in a more strict and exemplary manner.

The last qualification which I shall mention, and which is peculiar to the clergy, is poverty. Thus, when Jesus represented the mischiefs attending riches to his disciples, Peter, in the name of them all, answered him, "Lo, we have left all, and have followed Thee." And the terms on which the young man, whom St. Luke calls a ruler, and who had been a strict observer of the law, was to be admitted a follower of Jesus and inheritor of the kingdom of Heaven, were, that he should first sell all he had, and give it to the poor. I shall not quote more texts on this occasion, as they are almost numberless, and as this doctrine, I know, is not by some good men received in a strict, literal, practical sense: but, without being righteous over-much, we may, I think, conclude, that if the clergy are not to abandon all they have to their ministry, neither are they to get immense estates by it; and I would recommend it to the consideration of those who do, whether they do not make a trade of divinity? Whether they are not those buyers and sellers who should be drove out of the temple? Or lastly, whether they do not in the language of Peter to Simon, sell the gift of God for money?

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SATURDAY, April 12, 1740.

*"Illud in his rebus vereor, ne fortè rearis  
Impia me rationis inire elementa, viamque,  
Endogredi sceleris. Quod contrà."*—LUCRETIVS.

THE APOLOGY FOR THE CLERGY,—*continued.*

CHAPTER III.

HAVING already considered the clergy in that amiable character, which our blessed Saviour hath fixed on them in His Gospel. I come now to take a view of them in that light wherein they are regarded by the law, which hath, I apprehend, placed them infinitely beyond the reach of contempt.

They are esteemed in the law a body of men set apart for the immediate service of the Divine Being, not for their own sakes alone, but the universal good of the whole. Their duty is to offer up prayers and praises in the name, and for the use of us all, and to point out and lead men into the ways of virtue and holiness by the frequent admonition of their precepts, and the constant guide of their examples.

The care or cure of souls is therefore said to be committed to them, a trust, which, as it is of the most important concern, so the law, in which it is a maxim *quod summa ratio est quæ pro religione facit*, to remove all difficulties and discouragements from the due execution of this office, and to render its institution most perfect, and its influence most beneficial, hath wisely dignified it with the highest honours, indulged it with the freest immunities, rewarded it with the most plentiful revenues, and secured it by the most wholesome restraints.

To treat these four heads in their order, I begin with their honours, of which I shall say very little, as they are generally known; and as the name of clergyman itself, if it include an idea of all those virtues which I mentioned in my last paper, is a title of the highest honour; and, thirdly, as these temporal dignities do not bear an immediate analogy to the character given of the disciples in the Gospel.

First, then, there is one general title of reverend prefixed to the name of the whole clergy, by which they are distinguished in an honorary manner from the laity: for though I apprehend this is not of any great antiquity, and was formerly applied only to bishops, as may be seen in old writs, *rex venerabili*, &c., yet, in latter commissions and acts of Parliament, when the clergy are named, it is always by the title of reverend, a word of greater respect than that which we apply to the nobility. Besides this, there are a great variety of spiritual titles and honours gradually ascending till we come to the bishops, who are lords of Parliament, and hold of the king by barony,<sup>1</sup> in respect of which they take place of all those barons in the realm,<sup>2</sup> who have no superior

<sup>1</sup> Inst. 97.

<sup>2</sup> 4 Inst. 364. 31 H 8 cap. 10.

dignity; the Archbishop of York takes place of all the dukes after the chancellor, and the Archbishop of Canterbury immediately next to the royal family; nay, in ancient times, my Lord Coke tells us at the end of the fourth institute, that the bishops took place of the king's brother; and this continued so late as the reign of Henry VI. when it was altered by an ordinance of Parliament. Thus the highest degree of temporal honour is ascribed to the clergy.

Secondly, the law indulges them in the greatest immunities. Indeed some of these have been very wisely abridged: for there is an old writ,<sup>1</sup> for its absurdity almost worth transcribing, by which a clergyman convicted of felony was at his own request to be delivered over to the ordinary, before whom he was to purge himself. "This privilege," says my Lord Coke, "took its root<sup>2</sup> from a constitution of Pope Gaius, that no man should accuse the priests of Holy Church before a secular judge." It extended to murder, and all crimes except high treason against the king's person: but as this was by ordinance *de gratia*, and not *de jure*,<sup>3</sup> the clergy never thought themselves sure of it, until it was confirmed by authority of Parliament, which it was with some little restriction by the statute of Westminster 1 cap. 2, and afterwards by the Articuli Cleri, chap. 15. This purgation was made so ill an use of, and found so contrary both to reason and justice, that (after the benefit of clergy had been taken away in murder, rapes, house-breaking, and other offences by several statutes in the reigns of Henry VIII. and Edward VI.), at last, in the eighteenth year of Queen Elizabeth, this purgation was utterly abolished. A cursed privilege! for, though the accused person could not clear himself, the ordinary could only degrade him, which was all the punishment that he was to suffer for the most execrable crimes, an instance of which I shall here set down.

"In the reign of Edward I. Guinandus de Briland, parson of Snodiland, in the county of Kent (in which town Solomon de Rolfe, one of the king's justices in Eyre, and one that punished the extortions and other crimes of the clergy,

<sup>1</sup> Reg. 69.

<sup>2</sup> 2 Inst. 636.

<sup>3</sup> 2 Inst. 634.

dwelt), came to dine with Solomon de Rolfe, and brought poison with him of his malice propensed to murder by poison the said Solomon." <sup>1</sup> Which the villainous intention he perpetrated in this base, inhuman, and treacherous manner; and was convicted of it, and being demanded by the Bishop of Rochester, was delivered to him to be purged, and thus escaped that sentence and punishment which were so notoriously his due; nor can I omit a complaint which the same author tells us, was made by the clergy in Parliament in the twenty-fifth of Edward III. viz., that one of the clergy was hanged for high treason, and another for murdering his master.

But though their privileges be taken away, as they certainly ought, in criminal cases (and yet not so entirely but that they are still discharged from being burnt in the hand <sup>2</sup> and may have their clergy twice for felony), the law still persists in allowing numberless immunities (indeed all that can be reasonably required) to the Church, which it regards with the affectionate and tender care of a parent or guardian. Thus, the Church is said to be *infra aetatem et fungi vice minoris*, in consequence of which follows another maxim; namely, *melio rem reddere flatum ecclesie potest persona, deterio rem nequaquam*, in which the state of the Church and infancy are put on the same foot; and in the ninth chapter of Articuli Cleri, the Church is said to be endowed with lands, on which words my Lord Coke tells us, <sup>3</sup> that the possessions of the Church are the endowments of it, and the beneficed clergy accounted tenants in dower. A tenure above all favoured in the eye of the law, and indulged with many privileges.

At common law spiritual persons alone were admitted to a tenure, to which even fealty was not incident; namely, that of frankalmoign, the reason of which is given by Littleton, viz., that those divine services performed by them were better for the Lord than any other. <sup>4</sup> If an ecclesiastical person had held in escuage (of old time) he should not be obliged to go in person with the king. <sup>5</sup> And my Lord Coke

<sup>1</sup> 2 Inst. 634. <sup>2</sup> Hob. 288. <sup>3</sup> 2 Inst. 627. <sup>4</sup> Sect. 135. <sup>5</sup> 1 Inst. 70 a.

tells us, that the common law, to the intent ecclesiastical persons may the better execute their duties, and not be entangled with temporal business, hath discharged them from all temporal offices. A bishop after consecration shall do no homage,<sup>1</sup> nor shall other religious persons on account of their church-lands, for it appears in the feoffments that such gift is principally to God. An ecclesiastic holding by knight's service shall pay no relief.<sup>2</sup> A parson of a church, or such parson as hath no benefice, shall not be distrained to come to the king's leet, nor that of any other lord. If any person, who by his lands ought to be chosen bailiff, or beadle, &c., be made a clerk, he shall not be chosen, and if he be, may discharge himself by writ.<sup>3</sup> And it is well known that no parson shall be put on a jury. Thus the privileges which are severally given to peers, infants and widows, unite in the clergy. And for what reasons? Why, in honour of the excellence and usefulness of the office, and that they might have no avocation from it; *ut nemo militans Deo implicetur secularibus negotiis.*<sup>4</sup> Or according to St. Cyprian,<sup>5</sup> *Ut nullâ re avocarentur nec cogitare aut agere secularia cogerentur, sed die et nocte caelestibus rebus et spiritualibus serviant.* That they should have no avocation, nor be obliged to trouble themselves in thought or deed with temporal affairs, but apply themselves entirely to spiritual. Indeed, some have formerly accepted temporal offices of great weight and care, and of later times have condescended to be justices of the peace; but this hath been matter of mere grace, and to which they could not be compelled.

Thirdly, as to their revenues, they are immense, as must appear when we consider the income of Church lands, cathedral, collegiate, and other ecclesiastical preferments; besides tithes of which, great tithes or the tithes of corn, if they are but the tenth in quantity, are at least (deducting the expenses of seed, fallowing, composting, ploughing, sowing, preserving from vermin, reaping, &c.), one fifth in value.

<sup>1</sup> Fleta I. 3. c. 16. S. 11, 12, 13.

<sup>2</sup> 1 Inst. 70 b.

<sup>3</sup> F. N. B. 160. C. 175 B.

<sup>4</sup> 1 Inst. 70 b.

<sup>5</sup> Selden's Hist. of Tithes, 33.

Indeed some of these have been since Henry VIII.'s time in lay hands.

Lastly, the restraints which the law hath laid on the clergy show in what light it considers their ministry. "Incumbent is derived," says my Lord Coke, "of *incumbo*, to be diligently resident *obnixè operam dare*, and therefore the law doth intend him to be resident on his benefice;"<sup>1</sup> for which reason, if an action of debt be brought against John Rector of T—— in the county of B—— he cannot plead that he dwelt at another place<sup>2</sup> for a parson shall be intended by law to be resident upon his benefice, for the cure of souls which he has there: for a parson who hath cure of souls, and is non-resident, *non est dispensator, sed dissipator, non speculator sed spiculator*, and therefore no such thing shall be presumed, these are the words of the book; nay, the law carries this presumption so far, that if he hath two benefices, he shall be supposed resident on them both;<sup>3</sup> and our statute law<sup>4</sup> is so severe on this point, that a parson who is non-resident one month at a time. or two months in all in a year, shall forfeit ten shillings for every offence, and twenty shillings for purchasing a dispensation to the contrary, and the dispensation to be void. The intent of this statute is by the judges said to be that he should *pascere gregem cibo, exemplo et verbo*, feed his flock with meat, precept, and example.<sup>5</sup> Indeed chaplains to great men, who are entitled by statutes to hold pluralities, are excepted out of this penalty while they are in duty, that the nobility may not want their instructions and good examples. Nay, so careful is the law, that the clergy should not be any ways hindered or disturbed in their spiritual office, that they are forbid to take any lands to farm or to buy and sell in markets, &c., under very severe penalties,<sup>6</sup> that nothing might prevent them from discharging their duties to the souls of men.

Having thus considered the clergy as briefly as possible in a religious and legal sense, we shall in our next Saturday's

<sup>1</sup> 1 Inst. 119.

<sup>2</sup> 11 Coke, 70 b.

<sup>3</sup> Doct. Plac. fol. 2.

<sup>4</sup> 21 H. 8. c. 13. f. 26, 27.

<sup>5</sup> Cro. Eliz. 591.

<sup>6</sup> 21 H. 8. c. 13. f. 1, 2, &c.

paper attempt to draw some wholesome inferences, with which we shall conclude our apology.

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TUESDAY, *April 15, 1740.*

*“In solo vivendi causa palato est.”—JUVENAL.*

No passion hath so much the ascendant in the composition of human nature as vanity: indeed, I could almost venture to affirm, that there is no ingredient so equally distributed amongst us as this, not even fear, of which my Lord Rochester asserts; all men would show it if they durst; so I apprehended all men would show their vanity if they durst, and that we are not distinguished from one another by the degrees of these passions, but by the power of subduing, or rather concealing them: for (good sense will always teach us, that by betraying either fear or vanity, we expose both to the attacks of our enemies.)

This observation, perhaps, gave rise to an opinion that men were a sort of puppets, formed to entertain the gods by their ridiculous gestures, or, as Mr. Pope terms it, “made the standing jest of Heaven:” for, as vanity is the true source of ridicule, it might possibly be imagined that so large and almost equal a proportion could be distributed among us for no other end. (I have often thought that such wise men as conceal their vanity, make a large amends to themselves by feeding this passion with contemplation on the ridiculous appearance of it in others.)

Vanity, or the desire of excelling, to cast it in a ridiculous light (for it may be seen in one very odious, being perhaps at the bottom of most villainy, and the cause of most human miseries) may be considered as exerting itself two ways; either as it pushes us on to attempt excelling in particulars, to which we are utterly unequal, or to display excellence in qualities which are in themselves very mean and trivial. As

I have before touched on the former of these, I shall at present only animadvert on the latter, or that species of vanity, which exerts itself in mean, indifferent, and sometimes vicious habits.

Hence it is, that in the country many gentlemen become excellent fox-hunters, or great adepts in horse-racing and cock-fighting; and in the town an admirable taste is discovered in dress and equipage; and that several persons of distinction are remarked for putting on their clothes well, whilst others are not a little vain in showing that, though fortune hath destined them to ride in coaches, they are nevertheless as fit to drive, or ride behind them.

Nay, there is an excellence (if I may so call it) in badness. A certain great genius hath laid down rules for the art of sinking in writing, or in other words, of writing as ill as possible, in which perfection our greatest poet hath thought fit to celebrate such as have chiefly excelled, in an epic poem; nay, the numerous frequenters of *Hurlothrumbo*, all acknowledge their pleasure arose from the exquisite badness of the performance, and many persons have express an impatience to read the *Apology for the Life of Mr. Colley Cibber, Comedian*; asserting, they are sure it must be the saddest stuff that ever was writ.

But, as my readers will easily suggest to themselves numberless instances of this consummate imperfection, at least every one will be able to furnish himself with the instance of one whose greatness they can account for only from his excellence in badness in every kind. I shall confine the rest of my paper to one set of heroes, whom I choose to call the *Knights of the Trencher*; an order which will confer as much honour as any other that gives no idea of any superior merit in the wearer; I mean those gentlemen who are proud of the voraciousness of their appetite, of being able to swallow several pounds of flesh more at a meal than their fellow creatures.

I have been often entertained by a worthy of this kind with his exploits: I have known him as vain of the entire demolition of a turkey, or a successful attack on a sirloin,

as a general could have been of the storming a town, or the overthrow of an army.

Every reader must have heard of several engagements in this way. The battle of the eggs, which happened a few years since in Somersetshire, is very famous to this day. This was a drawn battle, the town wherein it was fought not being able to furnish a sufficient quantity of ammunition to try the prowess of either of the combatants.

A certain military gentleman, belonging to the trained-bands, was formerly known in this city by the name of the Scourge of Ordinaries. This brave officer had with great conduct and courage entirely routed all the Ordinaries from Charing Cross to the Exchange. He is imagined to have died by the wound of a poisoned goose, which he received while he was charging, with most voracious gallantry, at a city feast, where he served as a volunteer. He was reckoned to have been a better man, by at least a large shoulder of mutton, than any in the kingdom; and is said to have envied no hero in history so much as the Emperor Maximin, who is said to have eaten forty pounds of flesh at a meal.

I have heard of another hero, who was so excellent at his knife and fork, that he was frequently invited by several curious people, who took great delight in seeing him eat. This gentleman might have been said, in more senses than one, to have lived by eating.

Success in this, as in most contentions, hath as often been owing to conduct, as to courage or strength. I remember a famous prize-eater, who had by many laxative doses reduced his body to such a habit, that his belly was little more than a vehicle to convey his meat downwards. By which means, he had overcome all the celebrated eaters of his age, and his house was every where adorned with trophies of the conquests of his jaw. The weapon he chiefly delighted in was a sirloin of roast beef, at which he never was outdone but once; but this, he afterward told me, gave him little pain, when he discovered that his antagonist was a Roman Catholic, and was just discharged from his Lent diet. "And to show you," said he, "that he was a pretty good man, he

had in that forty days' abstinence fasted away two moderate fish-ponds."

One thing remarkable among these Knights of the Trencher is, that the truest heroes among them, are commonly the greatest boasters. They are continually entertaining company with their performances; I have however known some, who, to their great praise, have been pretty silent on that head; nay, I have heard a gentleman bewailing his lost appetite, and at the same time seen him devour as much as would have served half a dozen moderate people.

It is recorded of Vitellius, that he had near ten thousand dishes for supper, of each of which (says my friend), if he had tasted a moderate quantity only, he must have had a glorious stomach. Tacitus tells us of this Knight of the Trencher, that he spent upwards of seven millions in a few months, and Josephus adds, If he had reigned much longer, he would have eat up the empire. Notwithstanding which he very modestly set forth his temperance in an oration to the people.

Besides those who place all merit in the largeness of their stomach, there are others who may claim a just right of being mentioned here, and who are as vain of the nicety of their taste, men, whose whole business it is to consider what they shall eat. One of this sort never regards whom he is to dine with, but what he is to dine upon: he would at any time quit the better company, for the better dinner, and if he purchases any rarity at his own cost, he chooses to dine alone, rather than to admit any partaker therein. I have known a person so extravagantly devoted to the pleasing his palate, that he would not have scrupled going a long journey to have feasted on a favourite dish; and have seen the journal of a man's life, which consisted of no other articles than the several dishes which had composed his dinners and suppers.

Several writers have been very severe on these heroes. Dr. South particularly, who, in one of his sermons attempts to strip them of their pretensions to humanity, and very boldly declares, He can see no reason, why he should be

reckoned less a beast who carries his burthen in his belly, than he who carries it at his back.

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SATURDAY, *April 19, 1740.*

—“*Procul, O procul este, profani,  
Exclamat vates, totoque; absistite luco.*”—VIRGIL.

THE APOLOGY FOR THE CLERGY,—*concluded.*

HAVING explained the particulars which compose the true character of a Christian minister, I shall now draw them closer together, that the reader may at one view comprehend this amiable picture.

A clergyman is a successor of Christ's disciples: a character which not only includes an idea of all the moral virtues, such as temperance, charity, patience, &c. but he must be humble, charitable, benevolent, void of envy, void of pride, void of vanity, void of rapaciousness, gentle, candid, truly sorry for the sins and misfortunes of men, and rejoicing in their virtue and happiness. This good man is entrusted with the care of our souls, over which he is to watch as a shepherd for his sheep: to feed the rich with precept and example, and the poor with meat also. To live in daily communication with his flock, and chiefly with those who want him most (as the poor and distressed), nay, and after his blessed Master's example, to eat with publicans and sinners; but with a view of reclaiming them by his admonitions, not of fattening himself by their dainties.

Can such a man as this be the object of contempt? or can any be more entitled to respect and honour? perhaps indeed boys and beaux, and madmen, and rakes, and fools, and villains, may laugh at this sacred person; may shake those ridiculous heads at him which would have been flung in the face of a Socrates or a Plato. But can such contempt as this which would have been enjoyed by a heathen,

be felt by a Christian philosopher, while all the good, the sober, the virtuous and the sensible parts of mankind concur in paying him honour and respect?

But perhaps this will be denied to be the case, and I shall be told that some of this latter kind have lately not only spoke but writ against the clergy. I answer, if there are any such, they are enemies to the men and not the order: nay, the order cannot be wounded through a bad man's sides, for he is really not of it. It is not a particular habit, nor mounting once a week into a pulpit, nor taking the revenues of the Church, can make a man a minister of Christ, but the fulfilling His precepts and following His example.

As I have already therefore shown what a clergyman is, I will now show what he is not; but to avoid prolixity, I will throw the several particular features into one general picture.

Let us suppose then, a man of loose morals, proud, malevolent, vain, rapacious, and revengeful; not grieving at, but triumphing over the sins of men, and rejoicing, like the devil, that they will be punished for them; deaf to the cries of the poor; shunning the distressed; blind to merit; a magnifier and spreader of slander; not shunning the society of the wicked for fear of contamination, but from hypocrisy and vain glory; hating not vice but the vicious; resenting not only an injury, but the least affront with inveteracy. Let us suppose this man feasting himself luxuriously at the tables of the great, where he is suffered at the expense of flattering their vices, and often too, as meanly submitting to see himself and his order, nay often religion itself, ridiculed, whilst, that he may join in the Burgundy, he joins in the laugh, or rather is laughed at by the fools he flatters. Suppose him going hence (perhaps in his chariot), through the streets, and contemptuously overlooking a man of merit and learning in distress. *Proh Deum atque hominum fidem!* Is this a Christian?—Perhaps it will be said I have drawn a monster, and not a portrait taken from life. God forbid it should; but it is not sufficient that the whole does not resemble; for he who hath but an eye, a nose, a single fea-

ture in this deformed figure, can challenge none of the honours due to a minister of the Gospel.

But why shall a wicked clergyman be more an object of contempt than any other wicked man, who is equally obliged to the observance of all Christian duties?

Because a clergyman is immediately set apart for the service of his Creator. And therefore, if he be unequal to his office, cannot expect to avoid contempt in common with all other inadequate and unfit members of a profession. Cowardice is contemptible in all, but much more so in the soldier, who professes an office to which it is immediately necessary; and surely no one will insinuate that piety and Christian virtue are less necessary to the discharge of the Christian ministry.

But in fact, a bad clergyman is the worst of men: for it may happen that men whose educations have only imbibed the general principles of religion, may afterwards, in the avocations of business or pleasure, so far lose sight of that great guide, that they may be hurried into the commission of many sins, which reflection would have prevented; and thus may be true Christians in their theory, though they may deviate a little in their practice; but this cannot be the case with the clergy, who are instructed in all the secrets of, and have searched religion to the bottom, which they are afterwards, by the necessary duty of their calling, obliged to meditate so constantly upon, that they may in a manner be said to have Heaven and Hell continually before their eyes. It is therefore impossible that these (if they are endowed with a steady faith and a moderate understanding) should advisedly, knowingly, and deliberately, forfeit the former, and risk the latter. Is there a man on earth fool enough to prefer an entertainment or a feast to sixty years long, uninterrupted felicity? How weak is this comparison to illustrate the immense distance between the trifling, short enjoyments of this world and eternity; and can we believe that any man would be mad enough, would be fool enough, deliberately to prefer the former of these to the latter, unless he doubted, nay very greatly doubted, whether the offer

in reversion depended on as much certainty as that in possession.

I argue therefore thus :

Eternal and infinite happiness is infinitely preferable to that which is very confined in its degree, and very short in duration.

By pursuing the delights of sin, the Gospel tells us, we not only forfeit eternal happiness, but shall suffer eternal misery.

The clergy not only know this, but have these promises and threats daily before their eyes.

What then can the most candid man conclude of a clergyman, whom he beholds pursuing the very measures which the Gospel shows him lead to the incurring eternal misery, and avoiding that road which would conduct him to infinite happiness, unless but that he is an idiot or an unbeliever?

And as a clergyman cannot be supposed a Christian without being a good man; so if he be a Deist or an Atheist he is infinitely worse than all others of that kind; for he must be both a hypocrite and a cheat.

In what other light can such a wretch appear in the pulpit, than that of a quack doctor on the stage, who trumpets over the virtues of his pills only to pick the pockets of the multitude, whilst he believes the direct contrary of what he says, and begs to be excused from taking any of them himself?

Let such wretches therefore, if any such there be, assure themselves that it is as impossible for any order or dignity to wipe off contempt from their characters, as to strip jet of the idea of blackness; but suppose they should happen to be in the wrong, suppose (as they will most certainly find them) the threats as well as promises of the Gospel should be true, what an account are they then to make? How trifling is the contempt of the world to what they then will suffer?

———“*Quàm vellent æthere in alto,  
Nunc et pauperiem et duros perferre labores!*”

When they will be forced to render up an account of their charge, and must suffer for the sins of all those whom their

examples have led astray. They will then be taught that the duty of a shepherd is not fleecing only. And will find themselves obliged to account not only for the lost souls, but the lost tithes too, which they took of common right, or, in other words, without doing any thing for them.

I have thus finished what I intended, and what I begun with a good design; for as nothing can hurt religion so much as a contempt of the clergy, so nothing can justify, or indeed cause any such contempt but their own bad lives. If there are any therefore among them who want reformation in this particular, it would be a truly episcopal office to attempt it. If I should awaken any such inquiry, I have had large amends for my labour, and shall be very indifferent whether avowed Deists abuse me for having religion, or hypocrites for having none.

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TUESDAY, *April 22*, 1740.

—“*Melius non tangere clamo.*”—HORACE.

IT may, I believe, be affirmed that the generality of mankind (I mean such as are at all acquainted with history) know much more of former times than their own. Most of us may be considered like the spectators of one of Mr. Rich's entertainments; we see things only in the light in which that truly ingenious and learned *entertainmatic* author is pleased to exhibit them, without perceiving the several strings, wires, clock-work, &c., which conduct the machine; and thus we are diverted with the sights of serpents, dragons and armies, whereas indeed those objects are not other than pieces of stuffed cloth, painted wood, and hobby horses, as such of his particular friends as are admitted behind the scenes, without any danger of interrupting his movements, very well know.

In the same manner we are deceived in the grand pantomimes played on the stage of life, where there is often no less difference between the appearances and reality of men and things, and where those who are utter strangers to the springs of the political motion, judging by habits, posts or titles, have actually mistaken men for heroes, patriots and politicians, who have been in fact as mere machines as any used by the aforesaid Mr. Rich: for when a man is absolutely void of capacity, it matters not whether his skin be stuffed with guts or straw, or whether his face be made of wood or brass.

As history cannot furnish any instance of political pantomime equal with the following, I shall set it down at length for the entertainment of my unlearned readers, as I have concisely translated it from Suetonius in his life of Caligula.

This hero (says my author) having sent a few of his guards over the Rhine, where they were to conceal themselves, ordered an alarm to be brought to him after dinner, of the enemy's approach in vast numbers. Upon which he presently hastened with his chief officers, and a party of the Pretorian horse into the next wood, whence he returned with the sham trophies of a victory, upbraiding the cowardice of those who stayed behind, and crowning the companions and partakers of his victory with chaplets of a new name and species. Another time, having privately sent forth some of his hostages, he arose hastily from his supper and brought them back in chains, boasting of his pantomime adventure in the most extravagant manner, desiring those who told him that all the troops were returned from the expedition, to sit down in their armour, and ridiculously repeating to them a celebrated verse of Virgil; in which Æneas encourages his followers to persevere in encountering all dangers and toils in hopes of their future happiness; inveighing bitterly at the same time against the Senate, and those Romans who were absent, and enjoyed the pleasures of Rome, whilst Cæsar exposed himself to such imminent dangers. Lastly, he drew out his army on the sea-shore, and disposed every thing as for a battle, no one knowing

or even guessing what he intended, when suddenly he ordered all the soldiers to fill their helmets with cockles, which he called the spoils of the ocean, worthy of a place in the Roman temples. Here, after he had built a tower as a monument of his victory, the remains of which are still extant, according to Pitiscus, called by the English the Old Man, he rewarded his soldiers with one hundred *denarii* per man; and, not contented yet with all this pageantry, he writ to Rome to demand a triumph.

Ridiculous as this parade now appears, it is probable not a few of the more ignorant Romans were imposed on by it, and looked on Caligula as a real conqueror; a circumstance, which, if we consider the several tricks played since by ministers and statesmen, will not appear so strange or incredible. It is history which strips off the mask and shows things in their true light; but this is not written, or at least published until the ensuing age, and for the good of posterity. I often lament that, being an old man, I have but little hopes of seeing those histories of their own times, which two of our cotemporaries, of very great genius, are said to be compiling.

But, at the same time, I cannot help the felicitating myself and my countrymen that one learned man hath thought fit to indulge his own age with the history of his times: for though from a peculiar modesty which shines in all the actions of this great man, he calls it only an Apology for his own life, and though some imagined it would have been confined only to the theatre, yet certain it is that this valuable work hath much greater matters in view, and may as properly be styled an apology for the life of one who hath played a very comical part, which, though theatrical, hath been acted on a much larger stage than Drury Lane.

And here I cannot help mentioning some whimsical opinions which perhaps the novelty of the attempt may have occasioned; for though the offspring be of such a bulk as is generally thought a security from being soon buried in a hand-box, and the good parent seems to imagine that he hath produced, as well as my Lord Clarendon, a *κτῆμα ἐς αἰ;*

for he refuses to quote anything out of Pasquin, lest he should give it a chance of being remembered; yet some imagined there is great reason to apprehend with him in Horace, *ne sit superstes*; for Goody — the midwife hath been seen to shake her head, and nurse Lewis complains that it lies in a heavy lump in the nursery, and cannot be carried abroad even this fine weather: nay, several grammatical physicians have not scrupled to say that the child is produced from *mala stamina*, and instead of being born with all its senses, hath indeed no sense in it. As for the vulgar, they are as incredulous with regard to this, as to some other births, and will not believe there was any offspring at all; to justify which suspicion, they allege that a guinea hath been insisted on for the sight of it, a price which it is improbable any one would give barely to satisfy his curiosity; they pretend that the vast difference between the pale countenances of those children, which at all resemble the father, such as Master Cæsar in Egypt, the Heroic Daughter, the Refusal, and Love in a Riddle, all dead long ago, and the stronger complexion of some others, have brought the chastity of his muse into question; nay, they aver that his muse herself hath been long incapable of bringing any thing to the least form; for that, of late years, she hath only miscarried of strange lumps called Odes and Gazetteers. Lastly, they affirm that the old gentleman hath been dead some time, and that the laurel (the heirloom of the family) hath fallen down on the head of his son.

But notwithstanding such malicious suggestions, I have the pleasure to assure the reader (to drop the allegory), that there is such a book to be had at Mr. Lewis's in Covent Garden, treating of all manner of matters promiscuously; that is to say, of ministers and actors, parliaments and play-houses, of liberty, operas, farces, C. C. R. W. and many other good things; amongst which there are several particulars which no one can know without reading it, and which very probably may not reach posterity in any other history. If therefore the opinion that this book will have but a short duration should be true, it may be attended with two remarkable cir-

cumstances; for the present age will not only equal, but exceed posterity in the knowledge of their own times, and the author may have a very singular fate; and, if he creeps into no other record, outlive the history of his own life.

I shall very shortly (for we must enjoy good things whilst we have them) give the reader some taste of this invaluable performance; I shall here only obviate a flying report, taken from a confident assertion of some persons, that whatever language it was writ in, it certainly could not be English; an opinion which may possibly, together with the price, have obstructed the sale and prevented any extracts from it in the Farthing Post, whose author may not be good at translation. Now I shall prove it to be English in the following manner. Whatever book is writ in no other language, is writ in English. This book is writ in no other language, ergo, it is writ in English: of which language the author hath shown himself a most absolute master; for surely he must be absolute master of that whose laws he can trample under feet, and which he can use as he pleases. This power he hath exerted, of which I shall give a barbarous instance in the case of the poor word adept;<sup>1</sup> a word which I apprehend no school boy hath ever wantonly employed, unless to signify the utmost perfection; for ignorance they cannot plead who have gone beyond the accidence, since they must then find that *adipiscor vult adeptus*; nay an Englishman may learn from Hudibras,

“ In *Rosicrucian* lore, as learned  
As he that *verè adeptus* earned.”

<sup>1</sup>The author's words are these: “Mrs. Tofts, who first took her first grounds of music in her own country, was then but an adept in it: yet whatever defect the fashionable skilful might find in her manner, she had, in the general sense of her spectators, charms that few of the most learned singers ever arrive at. The beauty of her fine proportioned figure, and the exquisitely sweet silver tone of her voice, with that peculiar rapid swiftness of her throat, were perfections not to be imitated by art or labour.” Thus I have transcribed the whole paragraph, which, I think, abounds with many flowers of

This word our great master hath tortured and wrested to signify a tyro or novice, being directly contrary to the sense in which it hath been hitherto used.

This spirit of absolute power is generally whipt out of boys at school, and I could heartily wish our adept had been in the way of such castigation. And perhaps it is on this account that one of our poets says "That he who never felt birch, should never wear bays," *i.e.* That no man should be trusted with a pen who will take this method to show us his great command of words.

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TUESDAY, April 29, 1740.

*"Mandare quenquam literis cogitationes suas, qui cas nec disponere nec illustrare possit,—hominis est intemperanter abutentis et otio et literis."*—CICERO, TUSC. QUÆST.

NOTWITHSTANDING the opinion of Cicero in my motto, That he who commits his thoughts to paper without being able methodically to range them, or properly to illustrate them, gives us an instance of the most intemperate abuse of his own time and of letters themselves; and though Quintilian hath asserted, that grammar is the foundation of all science; nay, Horace himself denies any thing to be in the power of genius without improvement, notwithstanding these authorities, I say, I have very often suspected whether learning be of such consequence to a writer as it is imagined. This, however, I have hitherto kept to myself, and, perhaps, though Horace hath, in another place, taken up the contrary side to what he declares above, and hath enumerated many advantages arising to a state from the custom of writing as that exquisitely sweet silver style called the profound, and with perfections purely the gifts of genius, not to be imitated by art or labour.—*Vide* Col. Cibb. Apol. fol. 226.

well without, as with learning. I might perhaps have never ventured publicly to have declared my opinion, had I not found it supported by one of the greatest writers of our own age: I mean Mr. Colley Cibber, who, in the apology for his life, tells us, that "We have frequently great writers that cannot read."

But as by not reading, our author explains himself not to mean such as do not know their great A, but those who cannot read theatrically; so by not reading I mean such as we generally say can hardly write and read, or in other words, a man barely qualified to be a member of the R—— S——y.

Our author, who is a great writer every inch of him, hath, as well as Longinus, given us an example of what he asserts, for I am apprehensive that some persons who know him only by his book, may really doubt whether he can read or no. As this may possibly be a controverted point, I wish when he told us he had gone through a school, he had also told us what books they read in the upper form; since there are, I believe, some schools where the forms are numbered by the numbers of syllables which make one word more difficult to spell than another. However, though his history nowhere expressly declares his *ne plus ultra* in learning; there is a passage in it which though it may be overlooked by an ordinary reader, brings this point within a very narrow compass of certainty: wherever the verb out-do comes in (says our author), the *pleasant accusative case out-doing* is sure to follow. Now, as I have shown in a former paper that his learning could have gone very little beyond the accident, I think it is plain from this instance that he must have learnt as far as the pleasant accusative case, and not quite so far as the participles. A part of speech which if he had known would certainly have made its appearance here.

Having settled this point, I proceed to show the little advantage of learning, or grammar, to an author, which I shall demonstrate two ways: First, I shall show that he is generally to be understood without, and secondly, That he is sometimes not to be understood with it. And of both these I shall (as it lies in my way) give instances from the great writer

above mentioned. Thus, when he says (fol. 23) "Satire is angrily particular," every dunce of a reader knows he means angry with a particular person; or when he says (page 25) "A moral humanity," can't you strike moral out and let humanity stand by itself, or put virtue in its place? When in page 42 we read, "Beauty shines into equal warmth the peasant and the courtier," do we not know what he means though he hath made a verb active of shine, as in page 117, he hath of regret, nothing could more painfully regret a judicious spectator. So in page 43, "The people met us in acclamation." Page 55, "What pleasure is not languid to satiety?" Page 70, "Betterton excels himself." Page 71, "Was not equal to his former self." Page 78, "The trial of Lord Mohun printed among those of the state." Page 72, "An acute and piercing tone which struck every syllable of his words distinctly upon the ear." 109, "One side of the cause grew weary." 114, "A fair promise to my being in favour." 132, "The tragedians seemed to think their rank as much above the comedians as in the characters they severally acted." *Ibid*, "Dogget could not with patience look upon the costly trains and plumes of tragedy, in which knowing himself to be useless, he thought were all a vain extravagance." 134, "Never to pay their people when the money did not come in, nor then neither, but in such proportions," &c.—"This would induce the footmen to come all hands aloft in the crack of our applauses." 139, "Studying perfect." 154, "The *utile dulci* was of old equally the point." 157, "The flatness of many miserable prologues—seemed wholly unequal to the few good ones," &c. 175, "Public approbation is the warm weather of a theatrical plant." 176, "Mrs. Oldfield threw out such new proffers of a genius." 202, "Melts into pangs of humanity." 220, "So exotic a partner." 243, "Farinelli singing to an audience of five and thirty pounds." 261, "The decadence of Betterton's company." 288, "A man may be debtor to sense or morality." 297, "Our enemies made a push of a good round lie upon us." Now in all these instances, though a boldness of expression is made use of, which none but great masters dare attempt,

and which a schoolboy would run a great hazard by imitating, yet we may with some little difficulty, without the least help of grammar, give a guess at his meaning. But there are other parts of this work so very sublime, that grammar offers you its aid in vain; the following style carries a Βίαν ἄμυνοχ, according to Longinus, along with it, and absolutely overpowers the reader, as the poets in Horace,

*“Animum quocunque; volunt auditoris agunto.”*

So can our author; this style comes upon you, says the former critic, like a thunderbolt, or, to use a word which may give a more familiar idea to my reader, like a blunderbuss, and carries all before it. I shall produce some instances of this sublime kind. Page 42, “So clear an emanation of beauty, &c, struck me into a regard that had something softer than the most profound respect in it.” Page 62, “Some actors heavily drag the sentiment along with a long-toned voice and absent eye.” Page 65, “Many a barren-brained author has streamed into a frothy flowing style, pompously rolling into sounding periods, signifying roundly nothing.” 66, “The strong intelligence of his attitude and aspect, drew you into an impatient gaze.” 67, “There is even a kind of language in agreeable sounds, which, like the aspect of beauty, without words, speaks and plays with the imagination.” 69, “Let our conception of whatever we are to speak, be ever so just, our ear ever so true, yet, when we are to deliver it to an audience (I will leave fear out of the question), there must go along with the whole a natural freedom and becoming grace, which is easier to conceive than to describe: for without this inexpressible somewhat, the performance will come out oddly disguised, or somewhere defectively, unsurprising to the hearer.” 76, “The wit of the poet seemed to come from him extempore, and sharpened into more wit by his delivery.” 101, “In all the chief parts she acted, the desirable was so predominant, that no judge could be cold enough to consider from what other particular excellence she became delightful.” 158, “His accents were frequently too sharp and violent,

which sometimes occasioned his eagerly cutting off half the sound of syllables that ought to have been gently melted into the melody of metre." 176, "A forward and sudden step into nature." 185, "Not long before this time, the Italian opera began first to steal into England; but in as rude a disguise and unlike itself as possible; in a lame hobbling translation, into our own language, with false quantities or metre out of measure to its original notes sung by our own unskilful voices." 209, "The mind of man is naturally free, and when he is compelled or menaced into any opinion that he does not readily conceive, he is more apt to doubt the truth of it, than when his capacity is led by delight into evidence and reason." 210, "A spectacle for vacancy of thought to gaze at." 216, "Attention enough for any four persons." Lastly, "Out of his depth with his simple head above water." Which idea of our author that we may leave in our reader, we will quote no more from him, since I apprehend what was at first asserted is fully made out, viz. That it is needless for a great writer to understand his grammar: for as we can generally guess his meaning without it, so when his genius (to speak in our author's style) ascends into the elevated and nervously pompous elements of the sublime, the ladder of grammar offers itself in vain to the feet of the reader's understanding: for though the words, which may be called the brick and mortar of speech, are regularly conglutinated together, so as to erect the extraneous frontispiece of a delicate, excessively-sweet sugar-loaf of a pile; yet if there be no sentiment, no aspiring, animating, softly, sweetly tempered spirit, this pile is only a naked building, void of furniture, where the wearied understanding of the long travelled reader will find no feather bed to repose himself on.

As we have not room in this paper to enumerate all the particular beauties of this author, we shall be obliged to divert the reader once more with him, when we shall attempt, in his own style, which with vast industry we have made ourselves masters of, to draw his own character; seeing there are some parts of it which either through haste or inadvertency he hath himself omitted.

SATURDAY, May 3, 1740.

—“*Aget pennâ metuente solvi  
Fama superstes.*”—HORACE.

I HAVE often thought, as I have been walking in Westminster Abbey, or any other repository of the bones and fame of the dead, that the vanity of mankind was less ridiculously displayed in those long encomiums, which generally begin *In sempiternam memoriam*,—to the eternal remembrance, &c., of some person of consequence, who probably is heard of no more after his undertaker's bill is paid; than in that more simple and unaffected way (as it appears) of communicating only the name of the dead, supposing, often with great modesty, that no one can read the name, who is not before acquainted with the history, works, and merits of the person.

But to leave these heroes in full possession of the eternity of their reputation, which, if the world should last twenty or thirty thousand years longer, might possibly be disputed; we may perhaps wonder at the sagacity of those politicians who could foresee that they should be able to cheat mankind with so chimerical a reward; and that, whilst all the other passions must be taken with substantial baits, pride, like the dog in the water, was to be deceived and allured by a shadow.

As it is thought an ill office to expose any innocent superstition which tends to promote virtue, what I have here advanced may be too hastily censured; and it may be said, that as the promoters of this fallacy had no other view but to inspire men to great actions by these hopes of a chimerical good, in attempting to argue away their opinion of it, we are in reality enemies to her cause: for which we show no good inclination by blowing up or undermining one of her out-works, though perhaps not so defensible as some others; but to speak plain, I wish good men would leave virtue and truth to their own defence, without bringing fraud and falsehood

to their assistance. It may become a skilful engineer to blow up a rotten redoubt, and draw all his forces to the defence of the sound and strong rampart: for every work which the enemy carries against opposition, raises his spirits and inspires him with contempt of the rest; whereas, by blowing up all the out-works, and standing at once to the defence of our bastions, we at least give the enemy an opinion of our confidence in their strength. The same happens in the defence of our systems. One honest, plain, substantial, evident argument, hath more weight with our adversary, more success in convincing or confuting him, than a hundred sophistical, fallacious syllogisms, which, whenever detected, make us suspect the weakness of the cause, and incline us to doubt whether those who fly to such resources, do not endeavour to persuade us of what they are by no means convinced themselves.

Nor am I certain that these chimerical expectations do in reality so much service to the cause of virtue as hath been apprehended: or indeed, that vice itself hath not been propagated by this means; for some men seem as eager to prolong their names, as others to prolong their lives, and would eternise their remembrance, at any rate. To omit the trite story of the man who burnt the temple at Ephesus, or the less known instance of an English villain, who comforted himself in his way to the gallows, that his name would get into history, and he should live on record; what hath caused such desolation as this ridiculous vanity? To this the world owe their conquerors, from Cyrus down to Charles the XIIth of Sweden, the last hero, except the present Persian madman, who hath infested, or I hope, will infest the earth. It was this which encouraged a Turkish emperor to order it to be engraved on his tomb, "That he had been the occasion of the death of eight hundred thousand men;" thus resolving to perpetuate his name and his infamy together.

Good actions require no such rewards. A Christian expects those of infinitely greater value, and an ancient heathen would have told us, that virtue had in herself sufficient to

reward her followers, and, like perfect beauty, did not require the allurements of a good fortune to make men desirous of her possession.

The following instance of contempt for this ridiculous vanity is expressed with a philosophical spirit worthy the wisest of men. It is in Dr. Sydenham's Treatise of the Gout. "What matter is it," says that amiable author, "if performing carefully the duty of a good citizen, and serving the public to my own prejudice, I have no thanks for my labour? For if the thing be rightly weighed, the providing for esteem, I being now an old man, will be in short the same, as to provide for that which is not: for what advantage will it be to me after I am dead, that eight alphabetical elements, reduced into that order that will compose my name, shall be pronounced by those who can no more frame an idea of me in their minds, than I can now conceive what those are to be who will not know such as were dead in the foregoing age," &c.

But as there cannot be a more foolish, so there is not a more general fondness than this of our names. The inventors of arts have many of them transmitted their discoveries to posterity, with their names tacked to them; nay, the world hath been sometimes favoured with an opportunity of remembering the first inventors of dances, dishes and fashions, and such like. In the same manner, where men have been the first movers of what the world has not had sense enough to admire, they generally set a mark on the name of the founder. Thus I question not, but through our labours, the *ultrà sublime* will in future ages be called the Cibberian style: nay, it hath been usual to celebrate (or if you please) stigmatise men very particularly eminent for what they did not themselves invent. And thus I question not but a vast blunder, an impudent, simple and fatal defiance of our superiors, and a malicious pitiful lie, will be hereafter styled—a name which it is not necessary to insert, since the chasm will be rightly filled up by the blackest and wickedest man in the kingdom, whoever he is.

And whoever thou art that deservest such a character,

though thou mayst have an equal contempt with me for any honour which can be done thy name when thou art dead; yet consider, O wicked man, thy immortal soul; or, if infidelity guards thee from any terrors on this account, reflect on the shortness of thy time here. If thou art young, it cannot be long, if old, thy sins will soon overtake thee, or rather the punishment for them.—Believe me, friend, thy days are drawing to an end, and those are coming on, when thou shalt say thou hast no pleasure in them. Impudence will not abash, nor lying deceive for ever. Whatever contempt thou mayst have of the powers above and below, thou wilt find thy confidence ill-grounded. If thou art seated high, consider there is but a minute's difference between the highest human eminence and the ground. Believe me, friend, it reflects less honour on thee, to have imposed on men hitherto, than disgrace on them to have been imposed on. The ass in the lion's skin is not less an ass when he is mistaken for a lion. But flatter not thyself too much with the retrospect of thy success; for lo in the theatre, where Rich, great machinist, presides over animate and inanimate machines, and the dexterous harlequin of sooty countenance, long time prevails, turns all things topsy-turvy, subverts the order of nature, and makes the human puppet man dance jigs upon his head; while from the lofty regions of the gallery superior, where the apprentice, the clerk, with all the viler riff-raff, the tag-rag, and bob-tail of the world, are mounted (perhaps by the noble Rich for this immediate purpose) above their superiors, issue forth loud acclamations; the silent pit is sullen and indignant at the farce; nor in the box (unless some beau, like cattle marked in the side to denote their owner, should there display his blaze), breaks forth a whispering applause. Mark thou the end, a set of solemn figures enter on the stage, the power of harlequin is at an end, aloft they lift the impious long-successful sorcerer, and thrust him down the throat of a tremendous dragon. The gallery rattles with applause, and those who were even now delighted with his tricks, seem no less pleased with his fate.—Rejoice then, O wicked man, in thy tricks, and let thy heart cheer thee in the success of thy

tricks, but know that for all these tricks, we shall bring thee to judgment.

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THURSDAY, *May* 8, 1740.

*“ Illi indignantes magno cum murmure, montis  
Circum claustra fremunt, celsâ sedet Æolus arce.”—VIRGIL.*

THE adepts in mechanics tell us, it is possible in theory to make a machine, with which, by a subordination of an infinite number of wheels, a child might move the whole globe; nay one of the ancients promises to show us this experiment, if we will only find a place for him to stand on while he performs it.

I have often thought our first politicians have framed their schemes of government from the idea of this engine; for what are the several officers and magistrates, from the king to the constable, but the several wheels of state, in a subordinate manner, making up one grand machine, which, like a piece of clock-work in right order, moves steadily and regularly by fixed and certain laws?

Now, as in the mechanical machine, if any body intervenes, which hath no function assigned it by the maker, it must necessarily disorder the operation, and in proportion to the weight and power of this intervening body, will be the confusion and disorder occasioned by it; the same must happen in the political, whenever any person intrudes into a place, where, by the original constitution of the government, he ought not to be; for nothing can move by the laws assigned it at its creation, unless what preserves the same form it had when those laws were assigned.

But if the place to stand on be found out, if a man once discovers a method of governing and setting this grand machine in motion, when and as he pleases, he may then turn round the commonwealth at his will, and teach it, as Mr. Cibber says, to dance like an old lion, nay, may play tricks

with it, like the master of a raree-show, who sets kings on their heads, makes the Czar of Muscovy, the King of France, and all other great personages dance at his command in whatever manner he pleases.

The reader, I believe, already perceives that I point directly at a prime minister, a magistrate, who, though not consistent with our constitution, nor countenanced by our laws, hath often found means to insinuate himself into the political machine, and sometimes hath made a handle of the prerogative, by which he hath managed the whole according to his pleasure; and this, without any personal merit, or distinguished abilities, but, (as Dr. Fiddes says in his *Life of Cardinal Wolsey*,) "By a conflux of fortunate accidents, or in the Christian dialect, certain happy and favourable dispositions of Providence, which does even sometimes appear to lay a train for the advancement of particular persons; a train which they have nothing to do but to follow directly, towards the accomplishment of every thing they can propose to themselves in this world."

Thus, Wolsey, from the meanest extraction, with such dissolute and scandalous morals, that he was publicly set in the stocks, was, "by a conflux of fortunate accidents," advanced (if I may so say) above his sovereign; so that dukes and carls held his towel and basin for him when he washed: nay he was elated to such a height of arrogance that he was offended at the Archbishop of Canterbury for subscribing himself his brother, on which that prelate well remarked that "The man was inebriated with success." The Duke of Venice in one of his letters ascribes to him a participation of the royal power and majesty, and compliments him with the supreme authority of the kingdom. In consequence of which opinion, he received the pay of half the princes of Europe, for which he sold his master and his country, and this with so little temptation, that Fiddes tells us, (p. 351) his revenues were equal to the crown.

But do we think the long reign of this minister was with the consent and approbation of the people? So much on the contrary that his own historian confesses there was a great

and general disgust entertained against him; and my Lord Herbert tells us (p. 162), "That the people took the commissions which he issued in the 17th of Henry VIII. so ill, that it was like to have grown to a rebellion. This proceeding," says he, "being afterwards disavowed by the king, got the cardinal many a curse and the king many blessings." The people plainly saw the royal power usurped, and the royal favour engrossed by a subject and a mean one too; their pockets drained to fill the public coffers, and those again emptied to supply the minister's vanity. They saw his avarice, his pride, his insolence, his corruption, they felt the effects of all those, and groaned under them, but laws, without a standing army, compelled them to submit. The cardinal had found the place to stand on, he held fast the handle of the prerogative, and turned the political machine round as he pleased, whilst all but those creatures who sought his favour and took his pay, (who if they were dukes were servants and the meanest servants, voluntarily so, servile in nature without the compulsion of fortune) hated and detested him.

Have you seen, reader, a team of those noble spirited animals we call horses pass by, whilst a little urchin wantonly displayed his dexterity with a whip? Hath it not raised your indignation to see those generous beasts submit to the correction of this contemptible brat? With such indignation I read over those periods of our annals, where this brave, this great, this powerful nation hath been insulted, betrayed, impoverished, and enslaved by some wicked minister, who hath often had neither birth, nor virtues, nor even abilities to recommend him, but hath owed his dignity only to a fortunate access to his prince, which he hath afterwards had the address to improve by accommodating himself to his temper or pleasures, or by persuading his master that he is useful and even necessary to his interest. A common falsehood, and yet so gross that I believe it will be difficult to find an English prince who hath been unhappy, without owing it to his ministers.

I own there is something very ridiculous in the image of several millions of people complaining bitterly against the

insults and oppression of one man. What an idea must we conceive of this man, but that he is another Hercules, or rather a Captain Gulliver in a nation of Lilliputians! But suppose the fact so much on the contrary, that this man should be one of the meanest and every way most contemptible in his country; that, whilst every one plainly saw, and openly declared, he was endeavouring to enslave and undo us, most of us should entertain the greatest and justest contempt for him, should know him to have no more parts than are necessary to a very indifferent scrivener, and no more spirit than is included in the composition of spite and malice! If this ever should be the case, what could we conclude, but that men are harnessed as well as horses, and like them may be drove by the meanest urchin; or that Government is really in politics, what that imaginary machine would be in mechanics, and may be so contrived, that neither art nor strength may be necessary to direct it.

Hence it appears that it doth not require such mighty abilities, nor doth it redound so much to the honour of a minister to ruin his country as hath been apprehended. And hence it may likewise be inferred, that whenever a bad minister shall take it into his head to ruin us, we must be irretrievably lost.

But this latter is not so certain; for though it must be confessed we should be in great danger, yet not so absolutely overpowered, as to have no resource. Nay, indeed, we have three very great ones.

The first and most natural dependence is on our House of Commons, who are the bulwarks of our liberties; they are the weight of the people in the scale of power, and sufficient, at least, to keep the balance even. It is their duty to be watchful for our liberties and properties, and, if properly chosen, it is their interest: by properly chosen, I mean, proper persons to be entrusted with that care; for the faithful discharge of which, a great estate is always the best security to the electors.

But if our posterity should elect unfit representatives, should sell themselves to such as will sell them again for

profit, and by these means a House of Commons should neglect the universal cries of the nation, and openly support a minister in barefaced iniquity, we have a second natural resource to our father and protector, to whom we have a right to apply for redress, and it is his own interest as well as duty to redress us; for the people can suffer no general injury which will not reach the throne. And if that man who deprives the King of one subject is to be executed at his suit, how much more would he deserve correction at his hands, who should impoverish and undo his whole people?

The last resource (and that to which, though the surest and strongest of all, I hope, as it is preternatural, we shall never be driven) is to our Father in Heaven. He hath more than once interposed His divine hand and saved His people; let us therefore show our posterity an example, and begin betimes to recommend ourselves to Him; let us show Him by our duty that we are His children, and He will demonstrate by His love that He is our Father. If our posterity be bred up by our precepts and example to honour Him, they may, with confidence, in the evil day, cry out, From the Prime Minister good Lord deliver us. Amen.

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SATURDAY, *May* 10, 1740.

———“*Cælo splendebat luna sereno.*”—HORACE.

THIS morning my wife gave me the following letter, which she says she found on her pillow; how it was laid there neither of us know, though I cannot carry my superstition so far as she does, who is firmly persuaded that it came from the place whence it is dated, and hath insisted on my giving it the public. I the rather comply with her, because my father, Mr. Nehemiah Vinegar, says there are several good things in it, that are beyond my comprehension.

MISC. WRITINGS II—20

Full Moon, April 30th, Three in the Afternoon.

SIR,—You have a vulgar proverb among you to express your ignorance of any thing, viz. I know no more of it than the man in the moon, whereas indeed the man in the moon knows more than any man in the world.

I am surprised that my high station did not prevent the birth or growth of this error, since it is a general opinion that ignorance is incompatible with a high station. I am certain it hath given me an opportunity of seeing and knowing several things in a light night, which I am too much a gentleman to disclose. It is well for the reputation of some virtuous ladies that there is no woman in the moon, if there was, I should at least advise them to take some care of their windows as well as their doors.

Or if I was inclined to discover secrets of another nature, I could entitle myself to hush money much better than some on the earth who have received it; unless my discoveries would be of such a strange nature that no one could possibly believe them. Were the intimacies which I have beheld between the dregs of the people and a certain great man to be disclosed; were the whispers, the kisses, the hugs, the squeezes by the hand, the dear Toms, the Jacks, dear Wills, and the dear Bobs, that I have seen pass to be exposed, it might become a question, whether the most hated men in public life, might not, in retirement, be the most contemptible. But I shall enjoy my speculations by myself: and have the pleasure to know you cannot even guess whom I mean.

How must a speculative man envy me, when he considers that I alone can see human nature stript of all its disguises. It is I that behold the hypocrite returning from the bare ostentatious worship of his Creator, to pay his real adoration to the golden idol of his soul. I see the ragged miser and the cheating bankrupt tell their gold, and the fine-drest gentleman alight from his gilt chariot, and go supperless to bed, by the light, or rather darkness of a farthing candle. No hero is henpecked, no truly worthy, very good sort of man is a tyrant in his family, no sober citizen sneaks out of his chair

about eight o'clock in regions of Covent Garden, no lewd or corrupt bargain whatever is made without my privity.

Alas! Mr. Hercules, men appear quite different to me from what they do in the face of the sun (when you know I have an opportunity of seeing them, though of not being seen by them), but perhaps you will say my pleasure is like that of a man behind the scenes at your play-houses (you find I know all things) who, though he may behold objects in the truest, sees them at the same time in the most odious light, and is not so agreeably deceived as those to whom the painted side of the canvas represents a beautiful grove or a palace. But as my curiosity is better satisfied by those objects which I have mentioned, so there are some where I have the advantage every way, by viewing them in the truest colours. What would a lover give to peep in with me at a window? But if this idea be unbecoming a man of my age, who am now almost six thousand years old; however I shall be allowed a pleasure from beholding virtue honoured in disgrace, and triumphing in distress. In the public applause of virtue there is nothing uncommon or extraordinary, very small degrees of her have often obtained the greatest honours; nay, vice herself hath triumphed in open sunshine in her stead. It is I that accompany the disgraced hero to his closet, when all his tinsel robes and borrowed ornaments are stript off, and where virtue like naked beauty shines with all her solemn, sober majesty. Here they are perfectly distinguished from vice and ugliness, which latter, in the face of the sun, by the assistance of titles, dignities, and outward ornaments, often impose on the multitude.

But to leave these high scenes of life, I have often great delight in the contemplation of humble virtue. And I do assure you, that it is with no moderate pleasure that I peep in at your window, where I behold yourself and Madam Joan, enjoying the humble comforts of a mutton chop and a pint of port, I often hear you recounting to each other the mistaken, idle pursuits of youth, before either of you had fully discovered the folly and vanity of the world. It is with rapture I observe you consulting the happiness of each other and of your children, and shunning, with contempt, even innocent

amusements that have not a tendency that way. I believe I could, if I would indulge myself, draw a picture of happiness here from the life, which the world hath rarely seen; and this even in despite of fortune, but when I consider that you yourself must usher it into the world, I am silent.

If I find you publish this my first epistle, I may become a useful and entertaining correspondent to you, and your readers. I shall shine in at the windows of a coffee-house next Saturday, to see whether you do me the immediate honour which is my due; and am,

Sir,

Your most obedient,

Humble servant,

THE MAN IN THE MOON.

CAPTAIN VINEGAR,—I am much pleased with your criticisms on the Apology, especially with your address, in putting what I am told is the severest of all your remarks in Greek. This (according to the art of Captain Bluff in the play) is whispering very softly, so softly that it is impossible your antagonist should hear it.

But notwithstanding all you have said, I have heard some who have seen the original say, that there are very good things in it. If so, I think it is pity some one doth not translate the book into English.

I am, Sir,

Yours, &c.,

PHIL. COL.

By the orthography of the following letter one would be inclined to think, it came from the author of the Apology himself.

JOAN CRABVERJUICE, TO CAPTAIN HERCULES VINEGAR,  
PRESENTS THIS KIND EPISTLE.

LOVING KINSMAN,—Chance having brought some of your works to my view, I was agreeably surprised to find Vinegar so nearly allied to verjuice; at first I disdained claiming

you as a relation, being a true English assid myself, you of foreign extraction; had you been Ale-gar, I should not one moment have deferred addressing my beloved cousin —. But as virtue don't consist in names, and resides in some degree in most nashions, I am willing to join my innate perfections to yours, and try what effect we can produce together. —I don't suppose you are ignorant of my sundry virtues and uses, nay, perhaps are more skilled in them than I can be, yet give me leave gently to explain part of them.

First, to begin with the rickety infant, verjuice with some balsamic ingredient, with the assistance of a soft hand and a good fire, will soon set your son and heir upon his legs. The same mixture may be very successfully applyed to our young ladies of fashion, who hobble along the Mall as if their pritty feet had been swathed by East India nurses, or that each charming creature expected a present of a pair of crutches from her lover, to aid her in that loitorous exercise called walking. Then am I excellent in restoring to their proper use the worn-out knees, ankles and toes, of those who have exercised each to much in midnight amusements, such as kicking the watch abroad, and their wives and vallets at home.

Yet beyond all, am I infallible in the reformation of your *pétit maitrés*, courtiers, and all others of our useless indolent countrymen; this balsom, together with a heating on the shoulders, with one of my never failing branches, as I am a true English plant, I will engage shal inspire them with all the honest principles of our nation. There is never a sailor on board our noble fleet under the command of that hero Vernon, who is not armed with a tuff plant of the crab-tree, or a heart of oake cudgell, to whom, and to no other I yield, as he is king over the trees of the forest. Many good qualities I have in a kitchin, can very well supply all good housewives in the place of lemons and oranges. Also your punch-drinkers may make a shift with me in cases of necessity.

As I am not well skilled in natural philosophe, nor mistress enough of grammur, to know whether I am of the masculin or feminine gender, or spell right or wrong, be so good as to

excuse all errors, and attribute the mistakes to the transformation of the *anus mirabilis*, 1740.

If you think me a worthy relation, and will venture to give me a place in your paper, I have abundance more English ascids at your service.

I am,

Noble captain,

Your respectfull kinswoman,

And

Most humble servant,

JOAN CRABVERJUICE.

April 8th, 1740.

P.S.—A never-failing nostrum for the use of all the weakly beaus and tottering belles in his Majesty's dominions. Its vertues too numerous to publish more than the following two extraordinary ones, viz. It will cause the ladies to speak truth, and render the beaus fit for the service of their country.

R E C E P E.

Barbadoes Tar,—Opedildock mixt with verjuice to the thickness of orange butter, rub well before a great fire, each weak joint of the body, wrapping up warm in flannel all the parts affected.

The reader may please to remember that some time ago I informed him of my intention to erect a Court of Judicature. That court will open to-morrow, when abundance of criminals will be tried. Amongst which are A. P——e, for misprision or concealing of several crimes. Col. Apol. for the murder of the English language. T. Pistol, for breaking open a house near the bottom of Parnassus. And one Forage. alias Brass. alias His Honour, for several high crimes. With the most material occurrences on these trials we shall acquaint the public in this paper.

SATURDAY, *May 17, 1740.*

———“*Audacem fugat hœc, terretque poetam.*”—HORACE.

PROCEEDINGS AT A COURT OF CENSORIAL INQUIRY HELD BEFORE CAPTAIN HERCULES VINEGAR, GREAT CHAMPION AND CENSOR OF GREAT BRITAIN, ON MONDAY THE 12TH INSTANT, BEING THE FIRST COURT HELD IN THE FIRST YEAR OF HIS CENSORSHIP.

A. P. Esq. was indicted for that he, being a person to whom nature had bequeathed many talents, in order and with design that he might well and duly give people their own; nevertheless, he the said A. P. the said good talents and design neglecting and no ways regarding, but having too much fear before his eyes, one Forage, alias Brass, alias His Honour, and many other sad fellows to the jurors unknown, all sorts of roguery to commit and perpetuate did allow and suffer, without giving to the said Brass, &c., any thing of their own, and by these means he the said A. P. did encourage, comfort, aid, abet, and receive the said Brass, &c.

The prisoner being called on to plead, his counsel stood up and spoke in the following manner:

COUNSEL. May it please you, Mr. Captain, and you, gentlemen of the jury, I am of counsel for the prisoner, and I do apprehend it will be needless to trouble you, Mr. Captain, with any of the manifold exceptions which might be taken to this indictment, since the crime alleged against the prisoner is such, that, was it never so fully charged, or was he ever so clearly convicted of it, no judgment would, I conceive, be given against him. For what is it we are accused of, but of holding our tongue, or, in a legal phrase, of not giving people their own? Now we hope, Mr. Captain, you will not punish any one for not doing that which he would be punished in other courts for doing. We therefore desire to read the statute of *noli me tangere*, by which it will appear that the prisoner could act in no other manner, without bringing himself into visible danger, which the law will not oblige any man to incur.

COURT. Read the statute.

COUNSEL. Begin at p. 10. And if any person, &c.

CLERK READS. "And if any person shall presume to speak or write any thing against the said Brass, such person, his wife, his children, and all other his relations whatever, together with all those of the said name, shall be ruined and starved."

COURT. (Shaking his head.) The prisoner must be discharged.

2. T. Pistol was called to the bar, but the gaoler answered, that he had been that morning taken out of his custody by the officer of another court, the said Pistol being at this time in almost every court of the kingdom.

3. Col. Apol. was then sent to the bar.

CLERK. Col. Apol. hold up your hand.

Some time was spent before the prisoner could be brought to know which hand he was to hold up.

You stand indicted here by the name of Col. Apol. late of Covent Garden, Esq.; for that you, not having the fear of grammar before your eyes, on the . . . of . . . at a certain place, called the Bath,<sup>1</sup> in the county of Somerset, in Knightsbridge, in the county of Middlesex, in and upon the English language an assault did make, and then and there, with a certain weapon called a goose-quill, value one farthing, which you in your left hand then held, several very broad wounds but of no depth at all, on the said English language did make, and so you the said Col. Apol. the said English language did murder. To which the prisoner pleaded not guilty.

Several exceptions were taken to the indictment, as that the wounds were not described and the English language was not said to have died, &c., but they were all overruled.

ANNE APPLEPIE, SWORN. The prisoner is my master. I have often seen him with a goose-quill in his hand, and a bottle full of liquor before him, into which he dipped the weapon, and then made several scratches on white paper, but

<sup>1</sup>What if an obligation bear date at Bourdeaux, in France, where shall it be sued? Answer is made, it may be alleged in a certain place called Bourdeaux in France in Islington in the county of Middlesex. Co. Lyt. 261 b.

with what design I can't tell. He would often ask me how I spelt several words, upon which I told him I had never been at school, and he answered, he had been at school, but had almost forgot what he learned there.

PRISONER. Have you not often seen me look in a book?

ANNE APPLEPIE. Yes, sir.

COURT. What book?

ANNE APPLEPIE. I can't read myself, but my master used to call it Bailey's Dicksnary.

At which there was a great laugh.

THOMAS TROTT, SWORN. An't please your honour, my lord, I lived with the prisoner several years. About four years ago, my master the prisoner, and I, were riding together towards the Bath. Tam, says my master, for so he used to call me, what dost think? Sir, says I, I can't tell. Why, says he, I am going to write my Life; dost think 'twill sell? Ay, be sure, sir, says I: for I had heard my fellow servants say, my master was a great writer, and Poet Horreat, which they said was the top poet in the kingdom. And so an't please your honour, my lord, as we jogged on, my master passing by a river, called to me, Tam, says he, dost thou see the exquisite sweet flowings of that water, so sweetly will my Life flow. These were his very words, but I little thought he meant any harm, though I did not understand him. And so, my lord, we came to an inn, and I observed the prisoner reading something that was written upon the window, and crying out, That will do, an excellent thing for my book, stap my vitals!

PRISONER. Did I not write something down in my pocket-book, at the same time?

THOMAS TROTT. You did so.

PRISONER. You see, sir, what book was meant. It was my usual custom to collect those scattered pieces of wit, which, by repeating in company, I often gave a sparkling turn to the delicate adroitness of conversation; and sometimes by writing the same on other windows. I have transconveyed the fiery rays of a lucid understanding from one town to another.

THOMAS TROTT. I know no more of the matter, but that I heard among the neighbours t'other day, that my master had

made a terrible business on't, and that he would be devilishly worked for it in the Champion.

Then J. Wetts, Mr. Lewis, and some others were sworn and brought the fact home on the prisoner, after which three numbers of the Champion were read, and the several quotations compared with the original.

COURT. Well, Mr. Col. Apol. what have you to say for yourself?

PRISONER. Sir, I am as innocent as the child which hath not yet entered into human nature of the fact laid to my charge. This accusation is the forward spring of envy of my laurel. It is impossible I should have any enmity to the English language, with which I am so little acquainted; if therefore I have struck any wounds into it, they have rolled from accident only. I confess in my book, that when I am warmed with a thought, my imagination is apt to run away with me, and make me talk nonsense. Besides, if the English language be destroyed, it ought not to be laid to my charge, since I can evidently demonstrate that other *literati* have used the said language more barbarously than I have. I desire a critical operator may be sworn.

A CRITIC SWORN. Sir. I can affirm on my oath, that the English language has had more violence done it by a very great and eminent physician, who is M.D. C.R. Ed.S. and F.R.S. than by the prisoner at the bar, for though the prisoner certainly left several sore places in it, yet in the condition he left it, it might be understood, and sometimes expressed itself with much vigour; but the M.D. &c. hath so mangled and mauled it, that when I came to examine the body, as it lay in sheets in a bookseller's shop, I found it an expiring heavy lump, without the least appearance of sense. I shall give you one instance, sir, of this barbarous treatment. "Perhaps the primitive animal body might consist of the first pure, specific and hallowed elements, harmoniously combined, and elegantly ranged in their original natures, of which our present patched gross bodies, are only the confused dense kind; as our present globe of earth, its water, salt, air, light and earth, are but probably the putrefied carcase of the primitive planet; but

both may continue to have some remote analogy to one another, as a carcase hath to a living beauty, or an Egyptian mummy to a Cleopatra.”<sup>1</sup> After this instance no one will I believe lay the murder of the English language to the prisoner’s charge, since it may be more properly called the murder of the language to bring sentences together without any meaning, than to make their meaning obscure by any slip in grammar or orthography.

The prisoner then called several persons to his own and his book’s character; as to his own they all gave him a very good one, and particularly a certain fat gentleman, who often told the court that he was a pleasant companion.

As to the book, they all agreed it was a very entertaining one; that several parts of it were really excellent, and that if he had not, from the warmth of his imagination, run into nonsense, nor, from the coldness of either his circumstances or his principles had crawled out of his way into politics, his book would have been perfect in its kind. That, even as it was, the author had discovered a genius, though he appears neither in his head or his heart to be much of a true Englishman.

The Captain then summed up the evidence, and, just before he concluded, Mrs. Joan whispered in his ear, that the Apology was ordered by the author to be twice advertised in the *Champion*, upon which the Captain, not from the motive of a bribe, but of the prisoner’s submission to his correction, and likewise considering that he had stood already three times in the censorial pillory, and been well pelted, directed the jury in his favour, and they found it chance-medley.

Brass was then brought to the bar, but it being late, and his indictment so very long that it would have reached from Westminster to the Tower, his trial was deferred, and the court adjourned to the next day. But before they rose Dr. Cheyne’s late book was ordered to be immediately taken into custody.

<sup>1</sup> See Cheyne’s *Philosophical Conjectures*, Discourse the First, p. 8.

SATURDAY, May 24, 1740.

—————“*Virgaque levem coerces  
Aurea turbam.*”—HORACE.

I TOOK up the other day one of Lucian's dialogues, in which that witty author introduces Charon addressing himself to several passengers, and representing to them the smallness of his boat, and the necessity of their leaving every thing behind them for want of room. Then Mercury proceeds to examine into the baggage of each individual, and obliges one to lay aside his beauty, another his riches, his pride, his cruelty, a third his honours, a fourth his delicacy, and thus having at length stripped them of all their vices and follies, he admits them into the boat.

The same evening I attended my wife Joan to the entertainment of Orpheus and Eurydice, where, among other very beautiful scenes, we were diverted with several prospects of hell. A scene which the ingenious Rich so constantly introduces in his performances, that my honest friend Leveredge hath been made a devil of for these twenty years last past. I will not examine whether the fire which is presented to the spectators be so proper to the poetical hell, since it hath been very excellently adapted to the season, and will, I suppose, be left off, when the summer requires an advertisement that care will be taken to keep the house cool.

Whether the author I had read in the morning, or the exhibition I had seen in the evening, or both together, might occasion the following vision, I will not determine. But, on my retiring to rest, my fancy hurried me towards those regions I had seen represented, and I imagined myself on the banks of the river Styx, where Charon was just arrived with his boat from the infernal side of the river, and a great number of persons were crowding in order to get in.

The ferryman made much the same speech as he had made in Lucian, and Mercury (who always attends on these occa-

sions) was desired to suffer no person to enter, unless stark naked.

A lady of no extraordinary beauty came forward and undrest with more readiness than I expected, but as she was stepping into the boat, Mercury stopped her and insisted on her *tête de mouton*. She begged heartily to retain it, but seeing Mercury, who was very obstinate, pull out a pair of scissors, she whipt it off herself, and discovered a crown shaved as close as a friar's.

The next who advanced was a beautiful young creature of about fifteen, so young that we were surprised to see her appear big with child; but more so when we found she had pulled off her clothes and her big belly together. Some body spoke to her on this occasion, and she answered, that it was the fashion for all young ladies to appear with child in the world she came from.

A fine young gentleman came next, he was mighty unwilling to strip, which we attributed to his affection for his clothes, which were a laced paduasoy; but, on his at last yielding to Mercury, we discovered another reason for his shyness.

Half-a-dozen officers presented themselves all together; on which account, I imagined, some battle had lately happened in the upper world, but was informed, that they had all died of a violent cold caught in an encampment.

A tall man came next, who stripped off an old grey coat with great readiness, but as he was stepping into the boat, Mercury demanded half his chin, which he utterly refused to comply with, insisting on it that it was all his own. On inquiry, I was told that he had been sent hither once or twice before by the pit. After a long dispute, Mercury bid him go back and be d—nned again; to which he answered, he would see him d—nned first.

Then approached a man with a very grave countenance, who, I observed, had shown much contempt for the gentleman last before mentioned, and indeed spoke very little to any of the company. Mercury assured him, that he would suffer no person to go aboard with that vast quantity of wisdom. A

violent dispute arose, but the matter was soon compromised, and on his agreeing to put off his gravity, he was permitted to retain his wisdom.

Mercury now laid hold on a gentleman who was stepping in full drest, upon which he presently cried out "A breach of privilege;" but he was obliged to leave his clothes behind, as well as a large quantity of ayes and noes, which he carried at his fingers' ends. He was told he might have carried these over if they had been either in his head or heart.

The next passenger begged very heartily that he might be admitted to take a piece of ribbon along with him, as it was what he had valued more than his honour or his country. Mercury took pity on him, and told him though he was obliged to stop the ribbon itself, he would permit him to carry over all the merit of it.

A lady of a most austere countenance then addressed herself to Mercury, and protested that she would never part with her virtue, that she had preserved it without the least flaw for forty years in the upper regions, though she had had the misfortune to live in the impurest times, when women were grown so intolerably forward, that it was the most shocking thing in the world to—She was going on, when the examiner stopping her short, cried out, Take your virtue with you and be d—mned, but leave that horrible grim face behind.

She was no sooner past, than a most charming young creature came up, attended by a great number of beaux and smarts of all kinds. She dazzled the eyes of all her beholders, and mine among the rest: for I thought except my wife Joan in her prime, I had never seen any thing half so handsome. I expected, from what I had observed before, that she would have been obliged to part with her beauty, but was amazed to hear the gentleman with the winged heel demand only her innocence, which several women there assisted him in attempting to strip off; but all in vain, it stuck too close to her, and in spite of all their efforts, she took her place in the boat, where she shone with all the loveliness of innocence and beauty; and, as Dryden paints his Cleopatra, who resembled her in the latter only,

“She cast a look so languishingly sweet,  
As if secure of all beholders’ hearts  
Neglecting, she could take them——”

I was meditating on the hard fate which beauty generally meets with, when my eyes were diverted by an elderly gentleman with a piece of withered laurel on his head. As soon as he was stripped, we observed a little book which he had bound close to his heart. I read the words Love in a Riddle very plain, but he was obliged after many entreaties to leave it behind him. I was surprised to see him pass examination with his laurel on, and was assured by the standers by, that Mercury would have taken it off, if he had seen it.

A young man with a meagre aspect followed him, who as I heard, was the great Methodist. He was desired to lay aside that vast quantity of religion, but was some time obstinate, till he was at last prevailed on by several men in black, one of whom enlarged on the folly of being righteous overmuch. He then took his religion, and distributed it amongst all the black gentry, and they afterwards went all into the boat without any more interruption.

A bustling person came next, as naked, to my apprehension, as when he was born. However, he was refused admittance till he had taken off all his patriotism. He disputed a long time, and made no little noise, until Charon holloaing out to him, that he should have no place, while he kept the least part of it about him, he gave two or three hearty shakes, and immediately took his place.

A very awful personage now advanced. He had something in his air that commanded respect, and at the same time inspired you with love. He stripped himself with great readiness, not only of his clothes, but his titles, which he hung upon posts in imitation of the ancients. And being now as we thought naked, was going into the boat, when Mercury told him he was mistaken if he thought he had stripped himself of all. He required him therefore instantly to lay aside his honour and integrity. The hero (for so he seemed) turned round with a solemn disdain, and said he would rather stay

on the shore to all eternity. This answer was received by all present with vast applause, and several who were before preparing themselves for the boat, turned about with him, and seemed resolved to keep him company.

Charon was now about to put off, when a huge mob called out to him. He answered he had not places for so many. They answered he must then turn out those he had already in the boat. I was impatient to know who these were who came laden with a vast quantity of papers, which they insisted that Charon should take aboard, and that a gentleman who was coming would pay for their passage. Mercury at last growing angry, took up the papers, and threw them into the air; the wind soon wafted them, like feathers over the water, and the bearers were at length pacified by an assurance that they should find them again on the other side. I thought as they flew aloft, I could plainly read the words *Gazetteer* and *Freeman*.

A very fat gentleman then approached with a vast attendance, and began to strip, which he had presently accomplished, his titles and dignities falling all off with the greatest ease. He was no sooner naked, than all his retinue immediately ran away from him, some of them bearing off his spoils along with them. Mercury was very curious concerning a hole in his breast, lest he should conceal any prohibited goods therein, but the gentleman protested that he had nothing there but his heart, which had been lately taken out and dissected, as well as his head, which I observed looked in a very sorry condition. He was then bid to put off his generosity, of which they told me he had a vast quantity; but on Mercury's taking away his fear, his generosity immediately burst with a vast crack, and dissipated itself into the air, leaving a great stink behind it. Charon called to Mercury to take particular care that he laid aside his politics, upon which Mercury searched his hands, being, it seems, the present seat of politics, when a bank bill was found fast inclosed in his fist, which he begged very heartily to carry over, it being, as he said, his intention to bribe the devil. When all his entreaties were vain, he offered Mercury part, which he resenting as an affront, thrust

him headlong into the boat. I then jumped in upon him, with design to lend a hand to row him over, when the boat, which was over-loaded, sunk down, and the shrieks of the passengers, together with my apprehension of the water, put an end to my vision.

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SATURDAY, *May* 31, 1740.

*“Olim truncus eram ficulnus, inutile lignum,  
Cùm faber, incertus scab num faceretne Priapum,  
Maluit esse deum.”*<sup>1</sup>—HORACE.

A CERTAIN minister once having mounted his pulpit, began in this manner. In the fifth chapter of the first epistle to the Corinthians, and part of the first verse you will find it thus written: “It is reported commonly that there is fornication among you.” The whole congregation were alarmed, and several virtuous ladies began to be in fear for their friends and neighbours, when lo, to the great surprise and ease of his

<sup>1</sup>“Scamnum. Ita editiones et codices, quos viderim, Omnes. Perperam tamen et perabsurdum. Nemo quisquam mihi persuaserit aut Horatium hæc Scripturum fuisse, aut amicos queis recitabat, tam facile condonatuos. Insulsum quippe τὸ ἀντιθετον, non enim opponitur ullo modo τῷ Priapo scamnum; nam si dicas hoc in hortis, illo in domibus usui esse, plane nihil ad rem, nisi scamnum futile quoddam esset et ad rem domesticam minus utile. Hoc mendum, licet omnes interpretes, summo quidem cum silentio, prætermiserint, (subolentibus forsitan nonnullis, Bentleii saltem emunctis naribus) levissima mutatione, nempe unius literulæ, castigatum erit. Repone igitur refragantibus et reclamantibus quantum queant et scriptis et editis scab num, et sententiæ hæc erit ratio. Faber incertus erat num faceret ex me scab faceretne Priapum. Ubi scab pro scabrum; ut noster sat pro satis; Carm. 2, 19. et nos Cantab pro Cantabrigiensis usurpamus: scabrum porro noster epist. 1. 7. in eodem sensu habet. At hic substantivi, Græco more, vi potitur. Hinc angli, a scab. A shab, i. e. a paltry fellow.”—CUNNINGMANNUS.

hearers, the doctor confined himself only to one word in his text, and enlarged only on the nature of a report, without mentioning another word of fornication. So the learned reader will perhaps expect from my motto, a serious essay on the freaks of fortune, who confers not only riches, but power and even honours with the same caprice, and on as sorry sticks of wood as the artificer above, where Horace introduces the statue of Priapus giving the following account of himself: "I was formerly the trunk of an old fig tree, a very sorry stick of wood; the artificer a long time doubted whether he should make a joint-stool of me, or a Priapus, until at last my good fortune determined him to convert me into a deity."

But it is not my present purpose to enter into this course of speculation; and I shall confine myself like the preacher above mentioned, to one single word in my motto; namely, *truncus*, in English, a trunk. Nor will the reader, I hope, despise my subject when he considers that one of the greatest geniuses of our age hath condescended to write an essay on a broomstick.

The ancients held the trunk of a tree in such great veneration, that they believed every tree had an Hamadryad, or sacred nymph, which was coeval with it. Of this superstition Natalis Comes, in the fifth book of his Mythology, tells us two stories; namely, of one Rhæcus, and the father of Parebius, the former of which was rewarded for piously preserving a tree; and the son of the latter paid the price of his father's folly, who cut one down, notwithstanding the entreaties of the poor nymph to the contrary. Nay, there are some remains of this superstition even at this day: for it hath been observed, that those rash young fellows, who are too apt to lay the axe to the root seldom come to a good end; on which account several prudent fathers inhibit their sons from the privilege of cutting down a stick. My worthy friend P——r W——rs, Esq., is so zealously attached to the Hamadryads, that I have heard him say, he looks on rows of fine oaks to be a vast ornament to the land whereon they grow: for which reason, not only those nymphs, but the Dryads, the Oreades, the Napiæ, and the Limoniades, are so much his friends, that when he

gets into their neighbourhood, it is seldom long before they deliver themselves up to his possession.

The oaks or trunks of Dodona are well known in history. They were supposed vocal, of which Mr. Pope in his notes on the fourteenth *Odyssey* says, "He doubts not but this was an illusion of those who gave out the oracles to the people. They concealed themselves within the cavities (the trunks) of the oaks, and imposing by this method on the superstition and credulity of those ages, persuaded the world that the gods gave a voice and utterance to the oaks." He hath a note in the sixteenth book of the *Iliad* of much the same kind, which ends with this observation, "That it is a practice which the pious frauds of succeeding ages have rendered not improbable."

I have often thought the superstition of the *Hamadryads* must have very strongly prevailed among the Romans, or *Virgil* would never have introduced the story of *Polydorus* into his *Æneid*; which a reader, who is not a heathen, cannot esteem one of the greatest beauties in that immortal poem, as it suits better with the extravagance of the *Metamorphoses*, than the sober dignity of the *Æneid*.

There are many instances of the respect which the moderns pay to trunks. The great judge of dramatic poetry, formerly when plays were acted here, was called the *Trunk Acorn*, from an oaken cudgel which he had in his hand, with which he used to signify his applause: his name was afterwards corrupted into *Trunk Acre*, and thence into *Trunk Maker*. Nor is it a small evidence of our great respect for trunks, that we call that machine which is of the last and greatest importance to every commonwealth by the name of the tree. But the greatest instance of this religious adoration, is the attributing the name of trunk to the principal and most dignified part of the human body, namely, the belly, or the habitation of the guts, which is called by all writers the trunk of the human body.

And here I shall take an opportunity to offer my conjectures on a passage in *Montaigne*, which I believe many of his readers have misunderstood. That writer in the twenty-second chapter of his first book, among other very strange customs which

he there reports of several nations, tells us: "That there are a people, where (his wife and children excepted) no one speaks to the king but through a trunk." This trunk is, I believe, generally imagined to have been a hollow stick of wood through which the voice was conveyed as through a speaking trumpet; but this would have had too violent an impulse on the royal tympanum. Mr. Warburton imagines that this trunk was the vehicle in which remonstrances and petitions were sent enclosed, and the key probably delivered to the Prime Minister. Mr. Tibbald conjectures that the trunk means the Prime Minister himself, who might be called a trunk,<sup>1</sup> as he might peradventure be the keeper of the king's treasures, and men were said to convey their messages to majesty through him, as he possibly was the only person who could approach his sovereign. I was long at a loss what to make of this passage, until after much reading upon and in trunks, I at last, by mere good luck, met with an old picture, with which I shall present the reader, and which I think perfectly well explains the method of application intended by Montaigne. This trunk then was a piece of wood made somewhat like the form of a human body, and much larger than the life; that part of it where the head should have been, reached up to a great ear, behind which the king either was, or was supposed to be; to the lower part of the trunk, (namely, that which clowns tell you, you may repair to, when you say any thing they don't like) all persons applied. Thus *a* represents the great ear; *b* the body of the trunk; *c* the place of application; *d* a gentleman or nobleman applying; *e* those who wait until it comes to their turn.<sup>2</sup>

I shall not trouble the reader with any attempts to discover what nation is here meant. Mr. Cotton in his translation (for I have not the French by me) expresses himself in the present tense, so that the custom appears to have been extant when Montaigne wrote, nor shall I examine whether it be spoken literally or only figuratively, of some enslaved peo-

<sup>1</sup> Q. If it should not be strong box?

<sup>2</sup> The letters refer to a very rough caricature which it has not seemed desirable to reproduce.

ple, by that author. But I must take notice, that it was one of the cunningest inventions to engross the royal power to himself, which could have been possibly imagined by any minister, who, by conveying himself into the guts of this monstrous trunk, might discharge what he pleased into the mouths of his petitioners, and, at the same time, impose on them a belief that it came from his master, and thus those great persons whom Montaigne in the very preceding page, informs us, used to stoop to take up the royal ordure in a linen cloth, probably carried nothing better than plain ministerial about them, since the minister probably discharged in this manner all the honours and wealth of his country. I shall conclude with observing, that we have among us many phrases, pointing at the antiquity of this custom. Such are the name of a gold-finder, sh—n luck is good luck. And lastly, the idea annexed to the words a sh——n fellow, meaning one who would apply for fortune to the vilest part of the vilest trunk.

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SATURDAY, *June 7*, 1740.

*“Respondesne tuo, dic sodes, nomine.”—HORACE.*

THERE is nothing more ridiculous than the superstition concerning names. I have already mentioned the foolish fondness which we are apt to entertain for our own, and the weak desire of immortalising them; nor is the antipathy, which history acquaints us, that men have often taken to names, less absurd. The Romans, to express their detestation of Antoninus Heliogabalus, made a law that no succeeding emperor should be called Antoninus; and on the death of Harry IV. of France, the family of Ravailiac were obliged to change that name, which was so odious in France, that a writer of that king's history, whom I have read, never once mentions it, but when he speaks of that assassin, does it only

by the appellation of *le scélérat*, or other terms of reproach.

Very grave authors have condescended to remarks on this head, which might make a reader even of a saturnine complexion smile. I remember to have somewhere seen an observation, that Rome, which was at its height of splendour in the reign of Augustus, fell to decay under Augustulus; and that Constantinople was both built and lost by a Constantine.

The good women who quarrel about particular names at a christening, some contending to give this, some that to a child, as it belongs to themselves, as they approve its sound, as some wearer of it in the same family hath been lucky, or other good reason, little know that they have no less an authority than Pliny the Elder in their favour, who seriously advises parents to give pretty names to their children.

Montaigne tells us, "That every nation hath certain names, that (says he), I know not why, are taken in no good sense, as with us, John, William, and Benoist. In the genealogy of princes, also there seems to be certain names fatally affected, as the Ptolemies of Egypt, the Henries of England, the Charleses of France, the Baldwins of Flanders, and the Williams of our ancient Aquitain."

Perhaps an English reader will not agree with this instance in the Henries, as we had but two very miserable kings out of eight, which is pretty fair; but as to his observation of the general dislike which some nations have for particular names, it is most certainly founded on truth, though he doth not give himself the trouble to examine into the reason of it, which is not, I apprehend, as some think, from any greater agreement, that certain sounds bear with this than that language, nor from any of the other chimerical reasons ludicrous persons assign; but it is, indeed, because the name hath been made odious by some person who hath borne it, and hath transmitted it to posterity with his iniquity annexed.

I shall give instances of this in several particular names, nor do I doubt but the reader, who may be perhaps the innocent proprietor of any name here mentioned, will be of my opinion.

The first I shall mention is Thomas. It is, I believe, pretty certain, that there hath been formerly some very remarkable silly fellow of this appellation, whence this name is transmitted to posterity with no great honour. Witness Tom Fool, Tom Dingle, Cousin Tom, Silly Tom, and the application of it to the most insignificant of birds, namely, a Tom Tit.

The idea annexed to Charles gives us reason to apprehend that some very brave and bold fellow (long before the days of Charles the Bold) whose history our Saxon ancestors have not recorded, was so called. The learned Lyttleton, in that excellent Collection of Antiquity, which he places at the end of his Dictionary, derives it from Kerl or Carl, an ancient word, says he, by which robust and brave fellows were called. His Greek derivation from *κῆρ ὄλος*, or a fellow that is all heart, notwithstanding the affinity of the sound, doth not please me, as I find no such name among the Greeks, and our ancestors were not so universally acquainted as we at present are with that language.

By the name with which we have christened that dancing light which constantly deceives and leads people out of their way, I mean a will with a whisp, which the great N. B. Philol tells us is evaporated out of a fat soil, we may conclude that some very light insignificant fellow was formerly known by that appellation, famous, it is probable, for tricking and deceit. The aforesaid Philol would persuade us, that he had something warlike about him; for he derives the name of William from Guild Helm, harnessed with a gilded helmet, or Wiol Helm, the shield or defence of many; or rather, that wanted the shield or defence of many. Though, if I might offer my conjecture, I should rather choose to derive it from violin, which might probably typify some nonsensical, talkative fellow, who abounded much in sound; or might allude to some one who might not improperly be played upon with a good stick.

As to the name Robin or Robert; for they are much confounded. The many observations, which might be made on this name would incline one to believe there had been several famous persons of it, who gave rise to them. Or if they all

took their rise from one, it might be said of this one, what Mr. Dryden remarks of Zimri—

“ A man so various, that he seem'd to be  
Not one, but all mankind's epitome.”

For first in cookery, there is a sauce called Robert's Sauce, which is made of onion, mustard, butter, pepper, salt, and vinegar. Hence we may imagine there was some person of the name of Robert, that represented a strange kind of composition made up of repugnant ingredients.

There is likewise another performance in cookery, which goes by the name of a Round Robin, and seems to point out the figure of some Robin of antiquity.

Sir William Davenant and Mr. Dryden in their alteration of Macbeth record another sort of Robin,

“ Liar Robin,  
You must bob in,”

alluding to a very ill quality in a gentleman of that appellation.

The diminutive of this word carries likewise no good meaning: for first, the expression of Tag Rag and Bobtail which mean the most abandoned and profligate mob, insinuate that some ancient Robin was the head of a gang of thieves. Moreover, to bob signifies to cheat, and a dry bob, a taunt or scoff, according to the Philol, nor hath the last any good meaning in other authors.

Whether all these proceeded from the famous Robin Hood, whose story is too well known to need repetition; or whether Robin Hood himself was not christened from his iniquity. I shall not venture to determine, any more than I shall whether robbery came from Robin, or Robin from robbery: though I must observe my Lord Coke's derivation of robbery from *robaria*, proves the word no more to be of Latin extract, than if he having called all ale, *all ala*, it would have proved that the Latins drank that liquor.

The proverb, That many talk of Robin Hood who never shot in his bow, is well known; but there is another mentioned by

the learned Philol, of most mysterious signification. I shall give the proverb and the comment in his own words.

#### ROBIN HOOD'S PENNYWORTHS.

“This proverb is usually applied to such as having gotten any thing dishonestly, sell it at a price much below its value; according to the proverb, Lightly come, lightly go; and Robin Hood is alluded to, because, being an expert archer, and so coming easily by it, he could afford to sell venison as cheap as pork or beef; according to the Latin and Greek proverbs.” Which are literally rendered gold for brass.

This proverb may likewise be applied to those who shared part of Robin Hood's plunder, which probably they squandered in as ridiculous, as they had received it in an odious manner. Or it may squint at those to whom he returned part of what he had stolen, and perhaps made them pay twice the value of it another way.

Before I dismiss Robin Hood, I shall take off a vile appellation, which hath been given by some people of late years, to the most useful and valuable of all His Majesty's subjects, I mean the merchants of London, namely, that of Sturdy Beggars; whereas it appears by my Lord Coke's 3 Institut. fol. 197 in his chapter of Roberdsmen,<sup>1</sup> that Sturdy Beggars, Ribauds and Roberdsmen were all one and the same persons; against whom there was a petition to the king, in the 50th of Edward III.

I shall mention but one instance more concerning the name of Robin, and that is taken from a bird called a robin red-breast; of which some superstitiously hold, that, let it do what mischief it will, it is not to be hurt. Whence this absurd opinion arose, I cannot assert; but if it be as mischievous a bird as some say it is, I should certainly be as willing to twist off its neck, as that of any other vermin.

We intended to have gone through more names, but our paper will not at present permit the farther prosecution of

<sup>1</sup>The gang of the infamous Robin Hood were first so called, and hence the name became general to any set of thieves or rascals.

this subject, it must be therefore referred to some other opportunity. And we hope that learned and useful body, the R——S——y, will be pleased to accept of what we have already with great labour fished out of the bottomless pool of antiquity, and enroll in the number of their members their humble servant, Hercules Vinegar.

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TUESDAY, June 10, 1740.

———“*Insevit pater optimus hoc me,  
Ut fugerem exemplis vitiorum quæque notando.*”—HORACE.

THERE are few finer sentiments in Terence, than that which he puts into the mouth of Demea, in the 3rd Act of the *Adelphi*; where the old gentleman, giving an account of the education of his son, says,

“*Inspicere, tanquam in speculum, in vitas omnium  
Jubeo: atque ex aliis sumere exemplum sibi.*”

I order him to consult the lives of men, as a looking-glass, and to set his conduct by the example of others. The pleasant parody of the facetious Mr. Syrus on this occasion would not be borne by the nicety of our modern critics; and, to confess the truth, I think it an instance, even in that chaste writer, of bringing in a jest at any rate; a fault into which many dramatic poets have fallen.

Indeed nothing can be juster than Demea's observation, nor less deserves to be ridiculed; the force of example is infinitely stronger, as well as quicker, than precept; for which Horace assigns this reason, That our eyes convey the idea more briskly to the understanding than our ears. I shall venture to carry this speculation a little farther, and to assert that we are much better and easier taught by the examples of what we are to shun, than by those which would instruct us what to pursue; which opinion, if not new, I do not remember to have seen accounted for, though the reason is perhaps obvious

enough, and may be, that we are more inclined to detest and loathe what is odious in others, than to admire what is laudable.)

Not to mention the trite story of the Lacedemonians, who exhibited drunken slaves to their children, I cannot pass by that of the old harper, who, as Pausanias informs us, sent his scholars often to hear a very sorry scraper, his neighbour, that they might by those means entertain an abhorrence of discord, and ill music. A method, which, I apprehend, had more effect on them than the enchanting harmony of Handel's compositions would have produced, if that great man had enjoyed the use of speech two thousand years ago.

I have heard of an old gentleman, who, to preserve his son from conversing with prostitutes, took him, when very young, to the most abandoned brothels, in this town, and to so good purpose, that the young man carried a sound body into his wife's arms at eight and twenty.

(Perhaps, I may be told with a sneer, that (these) wretched scenes have not always the same effect; and it may be, I believe, necessary for a young man to have his monitor with him, to prevent his being cheated with the outward and false appearance of gaiety and pleasure. On which account, I esteem the ingenious Mr. Hogarth as one of the most useful satirists any age hath produced. In his excellent works you see the delusive scene exposed with all the force of humour, and, on casting your eyes on another picture, you behold the dreadful and fatal consequence. I almost dare affirm that those two works of his, which he calls the Rake's and the Harlot's Progress, are calculated more to serve the cause of virtue, and for the preservation of mankind, than all the folios of morality which have been ever written; and a sober family should no more be without them, than without the Whole Duty of Man in their house.)

Can there be a more instructive lesson against that abominable and pernicious vice, ambition, than the sight of a mean man, raised by fortunate accidents and execrable vices to power, employing the basest measures and the vilest instruments to support himself; looked up to only by sycophants and slaves

and sturdy beggars,<sup>1</sup> wretches whom even he must in his heart despise in all their tinsel; looked down upon, and scorned and shunned by every man of honour, nay, by every man of sense, and those whom his rotten, rancorous heart must, in spite of himself, reluctantly admire; who knows that he is justly hated by his whole country, who sees and feels his danger; tottering, shaking, trembling; without appetite for his dainties, without abilities for his women, without taste for his elegances, without dignity in his robes, without honour from his titles, without authority from his power, and without ease in his palace, or repose in his bed of down. If such an idea can make us nauseate ambition, I believe if we turn over the pages of our history we shall find such examples.

(Since then it is so wholesome a lesson to show us what we ought not to do, or what we ought not to be, might we not instruct our youth much better by example than precept? I am convinced, schools might be so contrived that our children should be educated in better principles than at present, and a very large expense of birch saved to the nation.)

Suppose, for instance, a school was instituted, of which the master should get drunk twice or thrice a week, or oftener if he pleased, and expose himself to the scholars. This vice, in a person of such dignity, would appear infinitely more odious than in a common servant or slave.

To make his scholars sensible of the contempt a man justly incurs by being absolutely governed by his wife, it might not be amiss that the master should sometimes be laid on a bench in the school, and receive five or six gentle lashes on his posteriors from his consort: which would probably have the same effect on the master himself, as he had felt from chastising the same part in a beautiful youth, an exercise, however, not to be entirely omitted by him; for he should sometimes flay a poor boy or charity scholar, to show his pupils the baseness of insulting over their inferiors in fortune.

Every master (if he could afford it) should keep some worthless fellow for an usher or deputy, who should set the master against the best of his boys, place the most illiterate block-

<sup>1</sup> Another name for Roberdsmen.

heads at the head of the school, discourage learning, laugh at virtue, and, to finish all, keep a correspondence with the usher of another school, from whom he should receive pay, to sacrifice his own master and scholars. These examples would instruct the boys, by showing them the detestable colours of all villainy and knavery in life.

Examples of all the other vices might be exposed in the same manner, from which, besides other advantages, persons might be kept in countenance in the disposal of the government of great schools, since a good-for-nothing fellow might be then said to be preferred to it strictly for his merit.

And, as it may be necessary to breed up our youth in the principles of good Englishmen, for, *nunquam sera est ad bonos mores via*, 'Tis never too late to learn, nor to teach; an early abhorrence of bribery may be instilled into them, by instituting the following play, viz. two of the most learned, and two of the most illiterate should be candidates for the laurel. The learned boys should depend on their merit, but the other two should distribute a great number of marbles, balls, tops, or other playthings amongst the electors, by which the latter should carry the point, and be hoisted into the school upon two joint-stools on the shoulders of their school fellows.

{I know but one objection to this scheme of education, which is, that if our youth were bred in this manner, they would probably be so virtuous as to look on their ancestors in a very contemptible light: but whether this is not better than that all other nations should look on them so, I submit to my readers.}

When the age of school is over, boys may be instructed by examples according to the state or calling in life, for which they are designed. Perhaps they may see some little of what they ought to avoid in the learned professions. Indeed such youths as are bred up to be prime ministers, are unfortunate in this respect, as they can only be furnished with the admirable; but this disadvantage may be somewhat compensated, by diligently reading the Gazetteers, wherein some principles may be found; which persons, educated to be staunch Englishmen, may think (as Shakespeare says) best honoured in the neglect.

THURSDAY, *June 12, 1740.*

*“Per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum.”—VIRGIL.*

WHEN first I communicated my design of taking up the pen to my bookseller, who is a man of much knowledge in his profession, he shook his head, and answered me, “Ah! sir, there are a great many papers in the world already.” He is a close person, and of very few words: for which reason all who know him catch eagerly hold of every thing he delivers, which, as it is often as obscure, so we treat it with the reverence of an oracle.

In the same manner I behaved to him on this occasion. I asked him, “If he thought there was any extraordinary merit in any,” he answered, “No.” “Do you imagine it impossible to excel them?” “No.” “Is there so much weight in prepossession and favour? And are some of them so well established in the opinions of the people?” “You have it.”

Indeed, I have had reason to admire the sagacity of his observation; for we were a long time in the world before we were taken much notice of, and the London and General Evening Post, two papers of most extraordinary merit, were read in many coffee houses, where the Champion’s name was never heard of.

However, notwithstanding this prejudice, and notwithstanding an opposition which was carried on in the most unprecedented, and by the meanest methods, such as desiring coffee houses not to take our paper in, dealing with hawkers not to spread it through the town, and, if asked, to deny there was any such paper extant, of which we have many proofs, with many other excellent devices known only to the adepts of the present age; notwithstanding all these, we have at length arrived at a success and reputation which may justly make us vain, and which (after returning thanks to our readers for it) we do assure them we shall endeavour more and more to deserve.

When I look back on the precipice of oblivion ( if I may so call it) whence this paper so narrowly escaped (our little stock being at one time almost exhausted), I must own myself in a more than ordinary manner elated with my present good fortune: for, besides the discouragements I have before mentioned, the difficulty of pleasing all palates will be easily acknowledged, not only by those who have attempted it, but even by such sensible persons as will give themselves the trouble of reflecting on it: for first, a cursed spirit of indignation rages against every writer before he hath established a reputation. Another obstruction is, the great difference of opinion concerning all works of wit and humour, so that there is nothing truer than Shakespeare's observation in his *Love's Labour's Lost*,

“ A jest's prosperity lies in the ear  
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue  
Of him that makes it.”

Thus we often hear one gentleman expressing himself with a “most exquisitely good, most inimitably fine indeed;” and another presently after, laying down the same treatise, and crying out, “What cursed stuff is here!” Thus the audience at a play-house are something divided about what is low,<sup>1</sup> and the critics on Homer, Virgil, Milton, and Pope, have been at variance concerning what is high. Thus the characters of several authors, and of particular works, have been controverted through ages; and I have heard the divine translation of the *Iliad*, which I have lately with no disadvantage to the translator compared with the original, censured for too much deviation, by some good scholars, whose knowledge in the Greek hath been unluckily a little deficient in the alphabet of that language.

But the greatest difficulty with which a miscellaneous author must struggle, is the variety of his readers' palates. If he be serious, one half of his readers cry he is dull; if ludicrous, the other half call him ridiculous, foolish, farcical.

All persons moreover are desirous to be entertained with

<sup>1</sup> A word much used in the theatre, but of such uncertain signification, that I could never understand the meaning of it.

what they are most conversant with and best understand. I believe I have, since my undertaking this province, received advertisements from every order and profession among us, reproving me for not taking more notice of them: from all which, I have the pleasure of observing the particular bent which at present governs among them. Thus the ladies, who reprehend me for not sufficiently inspecting the several assemblies (most of them at present *sub dio*) of the polite persons of both sexes, all wonder I do not censure the men for making so much noise about a woman, who hath no other charms, at first sight, than the most beautiful face, and one of the finest persons in the world. Letters in a military style and spelling accuse me of taking too little notice of cockades, lace, and hats and feathers. Several intimations are likewise received, (from what corner I know not, not from a religious one; for there is not a word of religion mentioned,) that the land tax falls too heavy on the clergy. Nor can I omit a letter from a country gentleman, who sends me word he is busy in making interest against the next election, and wonders, I never take an opportunity of informing the country of the number of employments in the court and revenue, with their several salaries and perquisites.

I have two epistles by the same post, the one dated from Oxford, the other from Cambridge, which when I opened and saw the word Greek written in a very distinguishable manner, I apprehended I should be desired to insert frequent quotations from that language; but, to my surprise, I was only earnestly entreated never to put any Greek words in my paper without translating them, kindly assuring me in a postscript, which I had well nigh overlooked, that those learned bodies did not require me to sacrifice my whole paper to their use.

If my reader already should think me exposed to some hardship, what opinion will he be of, when he considers, that as all professions seldom talk, so they seldom desire to hear of any thing besides themselves; and at the same time are all so involved in mysteries, that what we write of each particular profession will be unintelligible to all besides the mem-

bers thereof: for instance, in physic<sup>1</sup> “The solids (which concentrated, consolidated and condensed into their real or first formation, size, would not equal a grain of sand) are permanent and durable, and continue pretty much in that state of elasticity and firmness they were first created with; and they are strong or weak, small or coarse, firm or lax, loose or elastic, blunt or sharp, as they were first made by the Supreme artificer, or are altered somewhat by the original dyscrasy or distempers of the parents. The mother can only mend or spoil their juices, which might be easily perfected by long continuance of a sweetening diet, during their younger days; which, if they survive, they generally grow stronger as they grow older, become the genii and the governors of the world, because the solids thus purified come from the father alone, and continue much the same all the time of their duration on this globe, except so far as the small temporary and fugitive alteration that diet, exercise, or evacuation, or mild, ponderous medicines, long continued, may make on them,” &c.<sup>2</sup> Now all this may be sense for aught I know, but it can be only understood by a physician. Again, in natural (or, as our author calls it, conjectural) philosophy. “This spiritual animal body, at first divinely organised, may be rolled up, folded together, and contracted in this present state of its duration, into an infinitely small *punctum saliens*, into a miniature of a miniature, *in infinitum*, lodged in the loins of the male of all animals, (so it is highly probable the female was but a secondary intention or a buttress to a falling edifice) and proceeding in a diverging series, and progressive gradation, that in due time it may be fit to be nourished, and increased by the juices of the proper female, and thereby enabled to bear the coarseness and injuries of this ruinous globe, and gross element to which it is condemned for a certain period.”<sup>3</sup> This is a tid bit for a philosophical palate only. I could give other instances in other sciences; but I believe it already ap-

<sup>1</sup> This is not the beginning of the sentence, nor can we well tell which is, there being almost two pages from one full stop to the next.

<sup>2</sup> Cheyne's Practical Essay on the Regimen of Diet, p. 3.

<sup>3</sup> Id. Philos. Conject. on the Original Animal Body, p. 7.

parent, that I can oblige but one set of my readers at a time by meddling with the sciences.

In politics, I am no less at a loss: for, while some of my correspondents furnish me with essays, which would be in no wise relished in Westminster Hall, others advise me to let politics entirely alone, adding that the post is a more expeditious way of travelling for my papers than a waggon or a stage coach.

I take the opportunity to assure my readers, all possible care shall be used to please them all; but if at any time by obliging one individual, or a particular set of correspondents, or by complying with the earnest request of any one who is ambitious to entertain the public in our paper, we should be unintelligible, or appear dull to our readers in general; we hope they will pardon us, though they should, now and then, not taste our essay, as it may be compared to an eleemosynary bottle given by the master of the house; and they will be sure to find in the body of this paper a little better entertainment than in those of our cotemporaries.

Lastly, as to politics, our readers are to regard them as their physic, not their food; and they may be assured Dr. Lilbourne will dose them as often as it is requisite. He likewise gives them notice, that he is preparing a grand nostrum to be taken by the whole nation before the next election.

A PROPER ANSWER

TO A LATE

SCURRILOUS LIBEL

ENTITLED

AN APOLOGY FOR THE CONDUCT OF A  
LATE CELEBRATED SECOND-  
RATE MINISTER

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE JACOBITE'S JOURNAL

*Hic niger est, hunc tu, Romane, caveto*



## ADVERTISEMENT

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THE author of the following Answer would not be thought to conceive it possible, that some of the insinuations in the Apology could impose on any man living; the intent of this Answer is to wipe off those odious lights attempted to be cast on the late glorious Revolution, and to obviate a very false and dangerous conclusion, which the wicked author of the pamphlet hath presumed to draw from the whole.

Indeed it was highly improper to suffer such an attempt to pass unregarded, and yet it must be acknowledged highly difficult to give a serious answer to a writer who builds the deepest and blackest designs, on arguments in which he must be supposed to be only in jest.

All that part therefore is waived, as well as what relates to foreign politics, during the administration of the late Earl of Orford: For tho' many of the objections here made are false, I know no person who can be now called upon to refute them.



# A PROPER ANSWER

TO A LATE

## SCURRILOUS LIBEL

ENTITLED

AN APOLOGY FOR THE CONDUCT OF A LATE CELEBRATED SECOND-RATE MINISTER, &c.

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WHEN popery without a mask stalks publicly abroad, and Jesuits preach their doctrines in print, with the same confidence as when the last popish prince was seated on the throne, it becomes high time for every man, who wishes well to his country, to offer some antidote to the intended poison.

There hath lately appeared a pamphlet entitled, "An Apology for the Conduct of a celebrated Second-rate Minister," &c. This pamphlet, for impudence and falsehood, and, at the same time, for the most secret and destructive views, never had its equal.

The two former of these make it the object of contempt and ridicule; but the latter place it in a more serious light, and call for some antidote to the poison this is intended to spread amongst the multitude.

This pamphlet asserts,

I. That the late Mr. Winnington was its author.

II. That not only he, but Sir Robert Walpole, and all the present ministry; nay, that the Grand Duke of Marlborough,

and the Lord Godolphin, were Jacobites; and acted from a settled design of introducing the Pretender into this kingdom.

III. That the late king was likewise a Jacobite, and intended to resign his crown in favour of that abjured, pretended prince.

IV. That the king of France is in the interest of the House of Hanover; and not even a well-wisher to the cause of Jacobitism, or to the family of the Stuarts.

Such assertions as these, no man in his wits will attempt to answer; nor no such man will, I believe, desire to see them answered: But I must observe they greatly assist in answering all the rest; since they either prove the author to be a madman, or in jest; or else that he is capable of asserting falsehoods blacker than hell itself.

But black, and false, and wicked as this pamphlet is, it contains some certain and undoubted truths: such are the designs of Queen Anne and her Ministry, now first asserted and avowed in print. True, indeed, it is, that this unhappy, deluded princess was, by wicked ministers who acted under the cabals of Rome, led into the most pernicious and destructive schemes. To execute these, was that detestable Treaty of Utrecht made; by which France was again re-instated in almost every thing she had lost, and relieved from all she had to fear from her victorious enemies. To these destructive schemes were sacrificed the fruits of so much blood and treasure, and all those glorious consequences, which might have been drawn from the unparallel'd successes of our arms, under the conduct of the great, the protestant, the whig Duke of Marlborough. To carry on these popish projects, that great general was discarded: our allies, and with them the protestant cause of Europe, was abandoned; and the power of France restored, that she might be as able, as she was ready to assist, with that power, in establishing the throne in the house of Stuarts, and popery in this nation: to both which, as necessarily connected together, she, and all the other popish powers in Europe, had lent a helping hand, during above half a century.

Yet weak as this Princess was, the Minister, it is said<sup>1</sup> could not, with safety, trust her with all the secrets of his plan. What secrets are here meant? To introduce the Pretender was her desire and design. Rather, therefore, say, she was not to be trusted with the consequences of this plan. Weak indeed this Princess was, but she was honest. She would not have entered into this scheme, could she have discerned it in its true light. She would not have attempted to introduce a popish bigot, who hath no more right to be King of England than he hath to be Emperor of China. She would not have made this country a scene of bloodshed and desolation; have brought popery, with all its dreadful horrors, upon us, and have subjected this crown to be again dependent on the French king. I say again; for dependent it was during the reigns of the three last kings of the Stuart line, and whom may that God, who alone can protect his own protestant cause, grant to be the last of that line, who ever shall reign in this nation, or rather, who shall be ever the French vicegerents here. Let me add, that to this dependence is principally owing the present grandeur of that ambitious crown, which is the only great sore of this nation, and the chief plague of Europe. Under this dependence did those wicked princes endeavour to subject this nation to slavery; chusing rather to be viceroys over slaves, than the limited kings of freemen: Nay, under this dependence did Charles the Second, and James the Second, (and most openly and plainly the last) attempt not only to destroy our civil, but our religious liberty, and once more to cast the intolerable bonds of popery upon us. But from popery, and from France, and from the house of Stuart, the wretched tool of both, we have been twice delivered, by the sense and by the bravery of our ancestors: and should we ever submit to (much more should we court) these chains again, what animal upon earth is there so low and despicable, that it would not suffer in comparison with our baseness or with our folly.

And this, I think, our Jesuit is so kind to own: For speaking of Sir Robert Walpole's scheme (most absurd and ridicu-

<sup>1</sup> In the apology.

lous supposition!) to introduce the Pretender, he says "Another branch of his scheme, was to corrupt the morals of the people generally, in order to create an indifference in them, towards religion and posterity. A disregard for the latter would plunge them naturally into profusion and luxury, which would necessarily hurry on poverty and despair; and a disrelish for religious worship in general would render them less anxious and averse to those religious tenets, that had given the best colour for the late change in the constitution." These are verbatim his words; and how they came to drop unguardedly from the pen of a Jesuit may seem justly surprizing. But it is well observed by a sensible as well as worthy writer, that all villains, if closely attended to, do, at one time or another, betray themselves. Could the best and honestest whig in the nation have said more than this? Nay, have they not said this a hundred times over? For is it not here confess'd, totidem verbis, that nothing but the utmost indifference toward religion and posterity; nothing but a total disregard for the latter, joined with despair, and an indifference, nay, a general disrelish for the former, could effectuate this horrid scheme. Farther, is it not here confess'd and avowed, that the success of this scheme would be attended with the restoration of those religious tenets (i. e. popery) which are here acknowledged to have given the best colour for the Revolution.

This is a degree of honesty which I did not expect in a Jesuit; but it is one of those political flaws,

———quas aut incuria fudit,  
Aut humana parum cavit Natura.

For none but the devil himself is a Jesuit in consummate perfection.

But what pray is meant by the change in the constitution? Or rather, what is meant by the old constitution, which was changed at the Revolution, and which any honest man, or good Briton, would desire to see restored? What is this old constitution?

Is it the constitution under the ancient tenures, which

was changed at the Restoration, given up as a kind of post-limited condition by Charles the Second, at his return; and in the hurry of joy in which he then was, when perhaps it was little weighed or considered? Tho', to say the truth, the interest of the crown was not concerned in maintaining it: For tho' the greatest part of the people were in old time slaves under these tenures, yet it was not a slavery to the king, but to the great men of the nation, who, partly by these means, were often too powerful for the king himself.

Is it then the constitution under which the Barons lorded it, as well over the king as over the people, and which was destroyed by Henry the Seventh?

Is it the tyranny of the Pope which we desire to restore, and which was abolished by Henry the Eighth?

Or lastly; Is it that regal tyranny, which four successive Princes of the House of Stuart had been endeavouring, by all the means of fraud as well as of force, to erect and establish in this kingdom?

To lay the foundation of this tyrannical babel, did Charles the Second sell himself to France. (I had almost said to the devil.) With this view did he assist the French king, in the projected extirpation of the protestant interest in Europe: and with this view did he undermine both our liberty and our religion at home. For this purpose were the laws perverted to shed some of the best<sup>1</sup> and noblest blood in the nation; and the pulpits corrupted to trumpet forth the doctrines of absolute power; in which divines were found shameless enough to assert, that the king hath an absolute right to all that subjects were possessed of;<sup>2</sup> that he had power to raise taxes or subsidies without consent of parliament; and that all his subjects who resisted him would be damned.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Lord Russel, Sydney, &c. murdered by form of law, for having been the champions of liberty, and of the protestant religion.

<sup>2</sup> Dr. Harsnet made, for such services, Bishop of Chichester.

<sup>3</sup> Dr. Maynwarding, in a sermon before the king, after which he was soon made Bishop of St. David's.

With the same views did James the Second (the foundation being thus laid) carry on the mighty work openly, and above ground. Not to enumerate all the tyrannical acts of his reign, of which history is so full, and which are so recent, that they are universally well known, his assuming to himself the power of dispensing with laws, a power so unknown to our constitution, was at once leaping (if I may be allowed the expression) into the saddle of tyranny, and declaring himself absolute.

Now, this fortress of arbitrary power was, I acknowledge, totally overturned by the Revolution; and to overturn it was the whole end and design of that revolution.

But what change it hath introduced into our true constitution, I am at a loss to imagine. Indeed if we will acknowledge, with the base flatterers who writ and preached in the time of these Stuarts, that the king of England is, by the laws of our constitution, absolute, and can be controuled only by his own will: In short, if the absolute power exercised by some of the Stuart Family, and aimed at by them all, be really a part of our constitution, then I own the Revolution hath introduced a change; a change for which we ought forever to honour our glorious ancestors, for having so hazardously purchased for us; since, without this change, we should, in all probability, have been at this day the most wretched people that ever groaned under the heavy burden of popery and arbitrary power.

Again, what means the Jesuit, when he says, "that those who had the earliest and principal share in the conduct of that mighty affair, (the Revolution) had no view to such a change as happened, nor intended to go such lengths, as they were led into afterwards?" Certainly they intended to have expelled this popish tyrant; for that was the first step to be taken. Or was he only to be corrected; to have his absolute power taken from him for a time, and restored to him again? But what degree of weakness must we allow to men whom we can suppose capable of such designs, trusting one a second time, who had already shewn he was not to be trusted, having broken the most solemn promises, vows and

oaths before? Did they undertake this extremely hazardous enterprize, at the certain price of their blood if they failed, in order, if they should succeed, to give up not only all for which they had contended, but themselves too, into the hands of a tyrant, who would most certainly punish them for what they had done? Did they rouse and incense the lion, with a purpose only of casting themselves into his den?

How then can they be said to have gone greater lengths than they intended? Were too beneficial conditions stipulated for the subject at this time? Did the declaration of rights infringe the ancient powers and prerogatives of the crown? Was King William too circumscribed a monarch? Sure no Jesuit would wish him to have had more power; or have the Princes which have reigned since lost any of the majesty of their throne; or can they derive their deprivation of any right, with which our constitution hath invested an English monarch, from this Revolution.

And who are those people, who, in the very moment of our deliverance to which they so gloriously, so dangerously contributed, repented them of the good they had done, and of the lengths into which they had been led effectually to free themselves from popery and tyranny? Here my good Jesuit will pause, I apprehend, some time, before he will be able to name any such person. Struggles, I own, there were, very early ones, not in favour of the old constitution, but in favour of that new one so lately attempted to be introduced, and so freshly abolished. And these struggles, I do agree with our Jesuit, were highly to the dishonour of those who had shamefully yielded to the allurements of court favour and power, and who were determined to involve their country in confusion, and, if possible, to sacrifice it to the ruin it had so narrowly, so providentially escaped, in order to obtain such favour and power, or to revenge the disappointed.

This, I am afraid, was too great a source of that opposition which arose in the early days of the Revolution; and this hath been visibly in many instances, and actually I conceive in most, the true genuine cause of opposition since.

But enough of this skiomachy; for so in reality it is. I haste to the grand point, to that poisonous doctrine, which is endeavoured to be concealed in the vehicle of all this buffoonery, in all these monstrous and absurd suppositions. "Shall we not," says this most impudent and malicious Writer, "arrive much sooner and more certainly at the port of our happiness, by failing rather with, than against the current of power? Let all who are fond of war, and parades on the continent, be indulged. Let all who would maintain a large stand—corps of cherished foreign mercenaries, have their way. Let those who would increase our debts, be pleased. And let those who would prolong the war, to increase these pledges, and for a pretext to continue the aforesaid mercenaries in our pay, be praised and supported. In short, let all who would impoverish the people, in order to humble them, and corrupt them, in order to efface all generous notions of posterity, and their country out of their breasts; let those, I say, have rope enough, and they will better answer our purposes than France, even if she were sincere, and inclined to serve us."

Every article in the above paragraph is a manifest charge on the present administration, and indeed on the present establishment; and every one of these articles is as false as any charge which ever came from the College of St. Omer's. I will examine them separately.

Let all, says the writer, who are fond of war, be indulged. But how can the present administration be charged with being fond of war? Why, because we are engaged in a war; a war undertaken at the repeated solicitations of the merchants, by the advice of Parliament, and indeed desired, I might say demanded by the whole nation. The then Ministry was forced into this war, against their will, they declined it to the very last, were contemned and abused for having declined it so long, and were at last compelled to undertake it, by the united loud voice of the people, raised by the trumpets of the opposition, which had long blown nothing but war in the ears of the nation. This is a fact known, recent, and in the memory of all men. Nor were

the late administration more averse to the commencement of this war, than the present have been desirous to put an end to it. Are they not known to be desirous of re-establishing peace? What endeavours have they omitted for this end? Have they not gone every length in advancing to this purpose, which is consistent with the honour of the nation? nay, are not their desires of obtaining a safe and honourable peace so publickly known and acknowledged, that their enemies have not scrupled to represent them as forward and willing to accept it on disadvantageous terms? How unjust then, nay how impudent is this charge! Nor less so is that of parades on the continent. It is allowed by this writer to be as clear as the day, that the rupture with Spain unavoidably involved us in a war with France; where then is this war to be carried on? Are we desirous rather to make this Island than the Continent its theatre?

And that this Island would be the seat of the war, if once our out-works on the Continent were entirely in the possession of the enemy, is demonstrable, and hath been demonstrated. I could not indeed remain so long, and the reason is no less obvious than shocking. Will not the very nature of the thing deter us from placing an entire confidence in a defence, which is subject to the disposition of the winds? Will not history convince us how fatally this protection of situation and of maritime strength have both been relied on; nay, will not even the annals of King William's reign shew us with how absurd a vanity we boast our superiority at sea, over our present grand enemy, and how capable he hath been, by a little attention to his marine, to dispute the victory with us in that element.

If the Continent be of so little concern to us, as some unmeaning, or rather ill-meaning persons have represented it, why hath so much blood been spilt, and treasure spent, on it, in the days of our oldest constitution, and in the reigns of our best and ablest princes? Why have possessions on it been sought after, been so dearly won and maintained, and lost with so much reluctance by us? If the utmost extent of French conquests there be so insignificant to this

nation, why hath it been thought, in all ages, so plainly our interest to confine that ambitious crown within such narrow bounds? Why did Charles the Second encourage and promote the extent of those conquests, in order to subdue his own subjects, and to extirpate the liberties of England?

Lastly, If it be so little our interest to oppose these successes, it as little becomes us to lament them. France hath certainly obtained no other triumphs over us in this war. At sea, where we are told we ought to do every thing, we have done every thing; for so entirely have we debilitated and ruined the navy of France, that the very ships we have taken from her are more than sufficient to conquer those she hath left. In this light our arms on the Continent must be allowed to be useful, nay, I must say successful; since they have at least engaged the whole finances of France in the land service, and have diverted their attention from their marine. Here then we ought to sing *Te Deum*, and to crown our ministers with laurels; but surely those who would represent us to have no concern in the affairs of the Continent, ought very little to lament our ill success there; nor can men who truly lament our miscarriages there, very justly abuse the administration, for having exerted their utmost efforts to prevent them.

As to the base suppositions concerning foreign mercenaries, they are inclusively answered already. If neither the entering into war, nor the maintaining it on the Continent, can be imputed as faults to the Ministry, it will not surely be objected to them, that they do this in the easiest, cheapest and most effectual manner; and that they are desirous to preserve both the blood and treasure of the nation.

I come now to the increase of our debts. That these are increased, is a melancholy truth; but that there are any in the present administration, who desire this increase, is as impudent a falsehood. This is the consequence of the war; of the war which the people desired, nay which they would not be denied; nor can the necessary incidents of this war be charged on the administration, with greater justice than the unavoidable accidents of it have been. A vast part of

the debt was contracted long ago, even in the reign of the beloved Queen Anne; and the new addition, though sufficiently deplorable, is however inconsiderable in the comparison. Much the larger share of it hath indeed been contracted in the cause of the Revolution, and if so, it hath been well and rightly contracted. Let it be imputed then to those on whom the censure properly falls. The accursed Jacobites, who have supported the machinations of Rome and France against their country; Papists, who have attempted the restoration of their religion; and protestants, who have long'd for they know not what; these are the men who have obliged us to buy our redemption from popery and slavery, at so high a price; these are the men who invited their dearly beloved King James to return to his loving subjects; who afterwards spirited up the king of France to enter into a war in favour of his son; and who have since encouraged that crown, while at open rupture with us, to send over his grandson to this kingdom, and to supply him with arms, which we are to make use of against ourselves. Rome and France, the pretender and his adherents, have impoverished the nation, and have loaded it with debts and taxes.

Possibly indeed some of his staunch partizans here may have acted with the views, which this writer hath ridiculously imputed to the best friends of the present establishment. It is now at least, credible that while they have attacked us by all the means of force, they have still had this artful design in reserve; intending if they should fail in the former to play this after-game, and to gain our affections by the very methods which they themselves made necessary for our defence. This is indeed so base and jesuitical, that I should not easily have conceived it, had it not been asserted in print; but it now plainly appears, there is at least one man in the world wicked enough to suggest it.

But indeed I am apprehensive that if he hopes any success from this scheme, he relies more upon our folly, than I hope we shall ever warrant; for it is much easier to shew the falsehood of his conclusion than it hath been to refute his premises. In order to do this, let us collect the scattered

argument, and reduce it to some appearance of form. Thus then it stands. The nation under the present establishment are burthened with taxes, and many other grievances; by this means they will become weary of the present r——l family; and will fly to the House of St——rt for redress. Here, must not our Jesuit allow that it is not enough to prove the real existence of the grievances, in order to warrant this conclusion; nay, even if they could be brought home and fixed on the present r——l f——y, (the contrary of which is most certain) it doth not follow that we ought in wisdom and prudence, to throw ourselves into the arms of the other; for it may be, that we may find no redress of our grievances by this means; nay, we may thus incur still greater and more intolerable mischief than we would avoid by this r——l exchange: For surely no Jacobite is fool enough to think, nor no Jesuit impudent enough to assert that there are no grievances greater than our present. We must be allow'd at present to enjoy the greatest of all human blessings, liberty, in the fullest extent, in which any nation ever did, or could enjoy it. Our persons, and our properties must be acknowledged to be secure from all kind of violence; nay, we think, we talk and we write whatever we please. Of the last of these liberties the present apology is an instance; for had any person attacked the established government with equal virulence and impudence, in any other country, he would, in all, have met with the most exemplary punishment, and in many, he would have been hanged. *Rara temporum felicitus cum sentire quæ velis, & quæ sentias dicere liceat.* A happiness which we certainly enjoy.

And this liberty, so perfect in civil matters, is no less uncontrolled in religious. A truth so manifest, so impossible to be contested, that it would be grossly mispending time to offer a syllable in support of it.

Now both these great blessings (for such they are; tho' both are often applied to a very improper use,) we may lose by a change of that government, under which we enjoy them; and that we should lose both by the exchange here proposed,

is as clear and evident as the future consequences of any human measures can be averred to be.

Let us look backwards to the reigns of the Stuarts. A family which were twice expelled from the throne within the term of about 40 years, for their open and violent attacks on the liberty of this nation. If we have not leisure to read over all the black annals of these four princes, who all lay in wait for our liberties, as the devil is in Scripture said to lay in wait for our souls; let us examine at least the reign of James the II<sup>d</sup>. where every engine that Rome could invent or furnish, was employed to extirpate all our liberty and all our religion.

Let us look forwards to what we may reasonably expect from a 5th prince of the same family, of the same political principles, and of the same religion: By birth a Stuart, by education a papist; a bigot under the influence of the councils of Rome, and under the protection of France: For by the arms of that monarch alone he can ever be established here. And here is it possible to add one argument to those,<sup>1</sup> which have been already advanced, and which none of their party hath ever yet attempted to answer? And how trite and tedious must the repetition of the same arguments appear, to evince a self-evident truth? Who can have the patience to prove that it is the nature of fire to burn? But with what indignation must we argue with men, whom neither reason nor experience can convince of this, and whom not the flames which have almost totally consumed their ancestors, nor those which they see blazing in neighbouring nations, can deter from desiring to apply a firebrand to their own houses. Can any man in his senses doubt whether English liberty, and the protestant religion could probably, nay, possibly exist under a Prince bred up in the principles of popery and arbitrary power; who must be introduced here, and must as certainly govern us, under the influence and pro-

<sup>1</sup> See the serious address published in the time of the late Rebellion, and the dialogue between an alderman and a courtier, published last summer; both by the author of this pamphlet.

tection of those princes, who profess and practice that policy and that religion? If there be a person capable of this faith, how dreadful a task must it be on any man in his senses to argue with him!

Without undertaking this task then, I shall aver, that if the premises asserted in this apology were true, the conclusion would be false; we must be infinite losers in the exchange, and consequently most wretched fools to desire it.

Can any price be bid up to the value of our religion and liberties? Can any advantages be offer'd to us in exchange for these? Admitting they could, doth the apologist offer us any such? What can he mean (if he means any thing more than to deceive the multitude by words) by the restoration of the old constitution, unless it be to restore popery and slavery; the only branches of our constitution, which the Revolution and the present establishment can be said to have lopped off! I defy him and all his brother-priests to mention another.

But it is tacitly insinuated, that by such means the nation would be relieved from its debt. How! not by the payment of it. Foreign debts as well as foreign obligations to our bitterest enemies will be imported; but not a farthing of foreign coin. The national debt is to be discharged by a sponge, i. e. by the ruin of one half of our people.

How desirable this event is, I leave to others, seriously to consider. Common sense, I think must shew it in a very shocking light to those who are to be ruined by the expedient; and common honesty, indeed common humanity, will represent it in no very favourable colours to the rest. But if this be a desirable event, there is no reason why we should purchase it at the price of our religion and liberty, since it may be attained at a cheaper rate; and surely this eligible and honest purpose is as much in the power of one government to execute, as it can be in the power of any other. If we will then ruin one half of our fellow subjects, let us not ruin all; nay, let us leave those who are to be thus deprived of their properties, all the other blessings of society, and not cruelly take

away their religion and liberties, in order to rob them of their money.

As power will always have enemies, so in a free nation we are always to expect clamours against us. We are not therefore to wonder that our apologist complains, of tiring out the nation with debts, taxes, coercive laws, and clogs upon trade and industry; we may rather be surprized that so fertile an invention, employed with such wicked views, should be able to find out no other popular, abusive, seditious words than these, which may be reduced to two; namely, to coercive laws, and to our national debt, of which all the others are the necessary consequence.

By the former of these, I solemnly declare I know not what is meant. I could point out many laws made since the Revolution, in affirmance and protection of the liberty of the subject, besides the declaration of rights allowed and enacted at the time of that Revolution, and which did indeed renovate and restore the true old constitution, from the many pollutions introduced into it under the Stuarts. But I defy this wicked writer to name a single coercive law enacted within this period, which hath tended to enlarge the power of the crown, or in the least to abridge the lawful liberty of the people.

The charge of coercive laws therefore I reject as false in fact. As to our great national debt, which, together with the war, is the sole cause of our taxes, and of all clogs upon trade and industry, it is a truth which must be acknowledged by all; and tho' malignity only can represent this as a grievance to be complained of, it is surely a calamity bitterly to be lamented; nor is it more lamented by any than by the greatest of those now in power. Reason itself will tell us this; for it is the severest and heaviest clog on their administration; nay, the apologist tells us in every page: For what is the whole design of his performance, but to prove that no man can desire to increase or aggravate this national misfortune, but with a view to promote the Jacobitical scheme? The charge then might be fairly retorted, and this grievance might be fixed on the Jacobites themselves, from the words of their own

writer; and so far in fact, as hath been already said, they are chargeable; that they and their prince, and the great French patron of that prince, have been the occasion of laying us under this heavy incumbrance.

I am sensible that I have, in this pamphlet, repeated the same thing more than once, but I am arguing with men into whose heads common sense must be, as it were, beaten by frequent repetition.

All the miseries which this nation feels, or which she hath to fear, are indeed, as the apologist contends, strictly chargeable on that cursed faction, which hath taken every opportunity to weaken the hands of the government at home, and the reputation of it abroad; which, from the time of the expulsion of their popish idol, even to this day, a period of near sixty years, have never rested from attempting the restoration of him and his family. During this whole period, the government hath been constantly attacked, by the grossest, falsest, and most malicious calumnies, by the most groundless murmurs, by secret and assassinating plots, by bold and open rebellions, and by solicitations of all the assistance which the cabals of Rome, our ancient tyrant, and of France, our natural enemy, could afford them. A just opposition to these wicked measures hath, of necessity, increased our taxes, and I will boldly add, hath increased corruption; if to bribe the people to preserve themselves may, with candour, be so called.

These are the only evils under which the nation groans, and these are most clearly to be imputed to the Jacobites. To charge them on the government, is as monstrous an injustice, as it would be to charge the mischiefs brought on our body by certain remedies (which however dangerous, are, in some inveterate cases, allowed to be the only effectual ones,) to the physician, and not to the disease.

And now to speak aloud, should there ever come a time when a wicked administration should, in reality, pursue very pernicious measures, the Jacobites would give those measures the fairest chance of success: For while our constitution is in such apparent danger from this party, wise and good men would rather give up a great deal, than hazard the whole,

by joining in an opposition with men, whose avowed intention it is to give up the whole. It is indeed most certain, that no grievances can be brought upon us by any administration under the present establishment, which may reasonably reconcile us to the exchange proposed in the Apology; since it must be an axiom with all protestants, that a protestant tyrant is preferable to a popish one, as it would be better to retain a religious liberty than none at all.

But, in God's name, can any such pernicious measures be imputed to the present administration? Is there a man dishonest enough, or indeed impudent enough to assert, or even insinuate, that one single act of power, unsupported by law, can be charged upon, or on their royal master?

Lastly, can the nation complain of any one evil, except these before-mentioned, and fairly and unanswerably accounted for? In all free countries there will be struggles for power among the great; nor will these struggles be always conducted with the strictest regard to moral rectitude. One instance of this deviation is the deceit constantly imposed on the people, by those who oppose, (that is who aim at obtaining) power; for such constantly endeavour to annex the colour of publick interest to their own; but in reality the people are less interested in this contest, than the tenants of a manor commonly are in competitions for the stewardship; and are certain to be made only tools and bubbles of, when they enter with any zeal into the contention. In England we have never been without these struggles, and from them must have been duly derived all those clamours which posterity have seen to be groundless; and hence only, together with the destructive schemes of popish priests, the most artful of men, and of protestant Jacobites, the silliest of animals, have arisen all the base, and false, and wicked aspersions, so industriously propagated against the honestest ministry with which any nation hath been blessed.

As to the gentleman whose name stands foremost, and who is maliciously hinted at by this apologist to have succeeded to Sir Robert Walpole's influence, hath even the apologist the confidence to lay the least black imputation upon him? His

virtues are too well known, too glaring, to encourage such an attempt; and this the silence of his worst enemies on that head have declared. He hath indeed a mind which no difficulties can conquer, nor any power corrupt.

And why that not more invidious than false reflection on his parts? Was it from his want of parts that the Apologist tells us Sir Robert Walpole foresaw he was likely to succeed him? Was it owing to such want that he did so far succeed him, as to take the lead in the subsequent administration, and to be regarded, submitted to, nay insisted on, as the most equal to this lead, by the heads of so many clashing and contending parties? Do his speeches in the H—— of C—— betray this want of parts? Or lastly, hath he shewn this by his great support of the national credit, at a time when it was so severely attacked, so desperately despaired of, and so wonderfully preserved, by the abilities of this gentleman, and by the reliance which the more sensible part of mankind had on these abilities, joined with the highest integrity?—But I will restrain my own inclinations from pursuing so amiable a subject farther, and shall quit this truly great man, with an assertion which I have heard from one of the wisest and greatest of his intimates, that he envied him on every account except for his power.

And here I would likewise have quitted this apologist had he confined himself to the abuse of civil power; but the following paragraph, which falls on the whole body of the English clergy, certainly deserves some observation.

“A man says the Apologist, may be a staunch patriot, without thinking better of our spiritual guides, than they deserve. How have they merited the attention or approbation of men of sense and candour? Churchmen, before my time, may have had some title to the esteem of the people; but since I had any knowledge of men, the clergy have brought the C—h itself into C - - - t.”

Here the Jesuit speaks out, and I hope all the clergy of the Church of England will hear him. Before my time, says he, churchmen may have had some title to the esteem of the people. What is meant by this, or to what time must he be under-

stood to refer? Individuals may, perhaps, have deserved more censure in some ages than they have deserved in others; but I know no reflection which can be justly cast on the whole body within these last forty years. The clergy therefore, who may have had some title to the esteem of the people, were the popish clergy; by re-establishing those therefore, the church is to be rescued from that contempt which the Reformation hath laid it under. This, I think, is a fresh intimation of what the Church of England may expect from the success of these Jacobitical schemes, to which, I am afraid, some of the reformed clergy have formerly given too great assistance. Of such folly, I gladly acknowledge, very few have lately been guilty; and this may indeed account for that intemperate resentment against them, which hath alone escaped a little untimely from the pen of their enemies, and which nothing but the highest rancour could have led our Apologist out of his way to introduce. But perhaps I injure him by saying he is led out of his way, since we may so well connect his arguments against the church, with those which he hath urged against the state, and indeed with his general purpose; for could he reconcile us to popery, the great work of Jacobitism might, for the future, be carried on without fallacy or imposition, and men might be made Jacobites, without being first bereft of their understandings. Beside what can be more analogous than the arguments here advanced against our religion, to those which have been before urged against our government: For do not the faults of the clergy afford as good and cogent reason for abandoning the protestant religion in favour of popery, as the faults of an administration under the present establishment can possibly suggest for overturning that establishment in favour of the pretender.

The impudence and malice of this attack on their whole body, who are here represented in a worse light than any of their libertine enemies have ever dared to represent them in, will, I hope, open the eyes of all; and if any members of the church should yet remain weak enough to favour, even in their most fervent wishes, the cursed designs of this party, they will now, I hope, be awakened to see, to detest, and to resent this

injurious treatment of their now open and unmasked enemies. However, they may be held by those, who in all their writings<sup>1</sup> and discourses treat them as the sacrilegious usurpers of their right and patrimony, they will, I hope, never justify the character given them above, nor bring themselves into contempt, and their church to destruction, by espousing the cause of their most inveterate enemies. On the contrary, I hope the pulpit will henceforth resound with the praises of that government under which their religious as well as civil liberty is secured, and the Church of England flourishes in all its just and legal privileges.

Indeed, it is no less the interest of the clergy of the Church of England, than of the religion they profess, to maintain and defend the present royal establishment in these kingdoms. If they are wise, they must be themselves convinced, and if they are honest, they will endeavour to convince others, that a protestant church can be only safe under the protection of a protestant king, and that the introduction of a popish prince must certainly be attended with an introduction of the popish religion.

I have now done with this author, and I hope, have sufficiently exposed both him and his wicked performance to the contempt, or rather the detestation and abhorrence of every man, who hath any regard for the liberty and religion now established in this country; and which are as securely established under the protection of the present royal family as the wit of man, or the force of policy can establish them. The principles of liberty and the protestant religion, placed the crown upon the present royal head that wears it; these principles alone have hitherto maintained, and still must maintain it there. If that old political maxim, that the interest of the King and people are the same, was ever true, it must hold so in this instance. If our King or his posterity will preserve their crown, they must preserve our religion and freedom; if we will secure to ourselves the possession of these blessings, we must secure to our King and his posterity the possession of

<sup>1</sup> This is the term given to the Church of England by almost every Popish Writer.

the crown. I think, without presuming to violate the sacred person of his present majesty with panegyric, I may say, these blessings are now entire in our enjoyment; I may say farther, that we can as yet foresee no time when any prince of this august House would wish to deprive us of them; but if such, in remote times should arise, I will say, he must act contrary to his own interest as well as ours. He cannot weaken our religious and civil rights, without in the same degree weakening himself. If he denies our right to liberty, he must deny his right to the crown; and who among us will be ready to defend the latter, when he is deprived of the former? The throne is established in the present royal family in righteousness, and righteousness alone can preserve it there.

On the contrary, as the principles of popery and slavery only can impose a popish pretender on us, so none but those principles can preserve him here. If popery and slavery were not so firmly united in their natures as they are, I believe it will readily be granted, that the former cannot be introduced here till it is preceded by the latter. As it is certain therefore that a popish prince will endeavour to make us papists, it is as certain he would first endeavour to make us slaves. Nay, this would be politically his interest, even if religion was out of the case. For Henry the Seventh, who was introduced here by the nobility, did all he could to weaken their power, well knowing their fickleness, and fearing lest they should expel him again: How much more justly may this person suspect, that a nation whom no government can content, no security can satisfy, would act by him as they had before done by others? How wise, and even how necessary must it be to govern those with a rod of iron, with whom every other method had been found ineffectual? And what should restrain him from the exercise of this rod? The friends of freedom are not his friends, neither can they justly tell him, that he owes his crown to their principles. The liberty so stoutly contended for, and so strongly fortified by the Revolution, is by his restoration abolished and superseded; and our old constitution, that is, the constitution as it existed under, and was left by James the Second, restored. He would not even have any

restraint on his conscience, but would be in the same seat of his ancestors, with the same rights, the same reigns, and the same rod of iron in his hands, which they themselves so heartily exercised upon us.

But God forbid we should ever put this in the hands of any one; if our own folly renders us unworthy of the protection of Providence, may we be prevented from entailing such curses on our innocent posterity.

# CÆLIA:

OR,

THE PERJURED LOVER: 1733

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EPILOGUE WRITTEN BY HENRY FIELDING, ESQ., AND  
SPOKEN BY MISS RAFTOR

Lud! what a fuss is here! what blood and slaughter!  
Because poor miss has prov'd her mother's daughter.  
This unknown bard is some insipid beast,  
From Cornwall, or Northumberland at least;  
Where if a virgin chance to step aside,  
And taste forbidden sweetmeats of a bride,  
The virtuous ladies, like infection, fly her,  
And not one marrying booby will come nigh her;  
But here, 'mongst us so famous for good-nature,  
Who thinks a cuckold quite a fellow-creature;  
Where miss may take great liberties upon her,  
And have her man, and yet may keep her honour:  
Here does the wretch his stupid muse invoke,  
And turn to solemn tragedy—a joke!  
Had some town-bard this subject undertaken,  
He wou'd have match'd, not kill'd, the nymph forsaken.  
Wronglove, as now, had the first favour carried,  
And Bellamy been, what he is fit for, married.  
What else are all your comic heroes fam'd for,  
Than such exploits as Wronglove has been blam'd for?  
The girl was in the fault, who strove to smother  
That case she shou'd have open'd to her mother;

All had been hush'd by the old lady's skill,  
And Cælia prov'd a good town-virgin still;  
For as each man is brave, till put to rout,  
So is each woman virtuous, till found out:  
Which, ladies, here I make my hearty prayer,  
May never be the case of any fair,  
Who takes unhappy Cælia to her care.

END OF VOL. II

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