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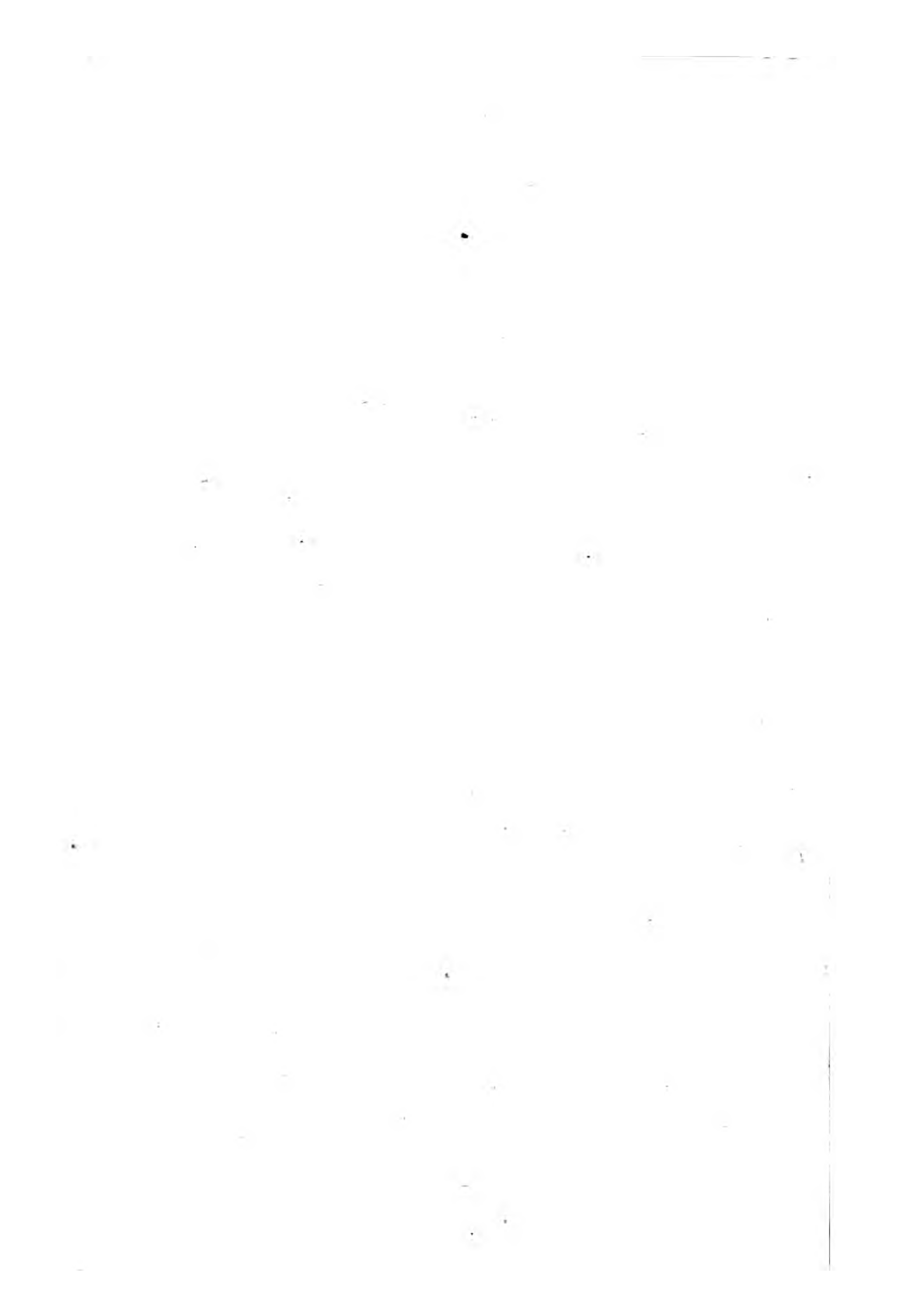


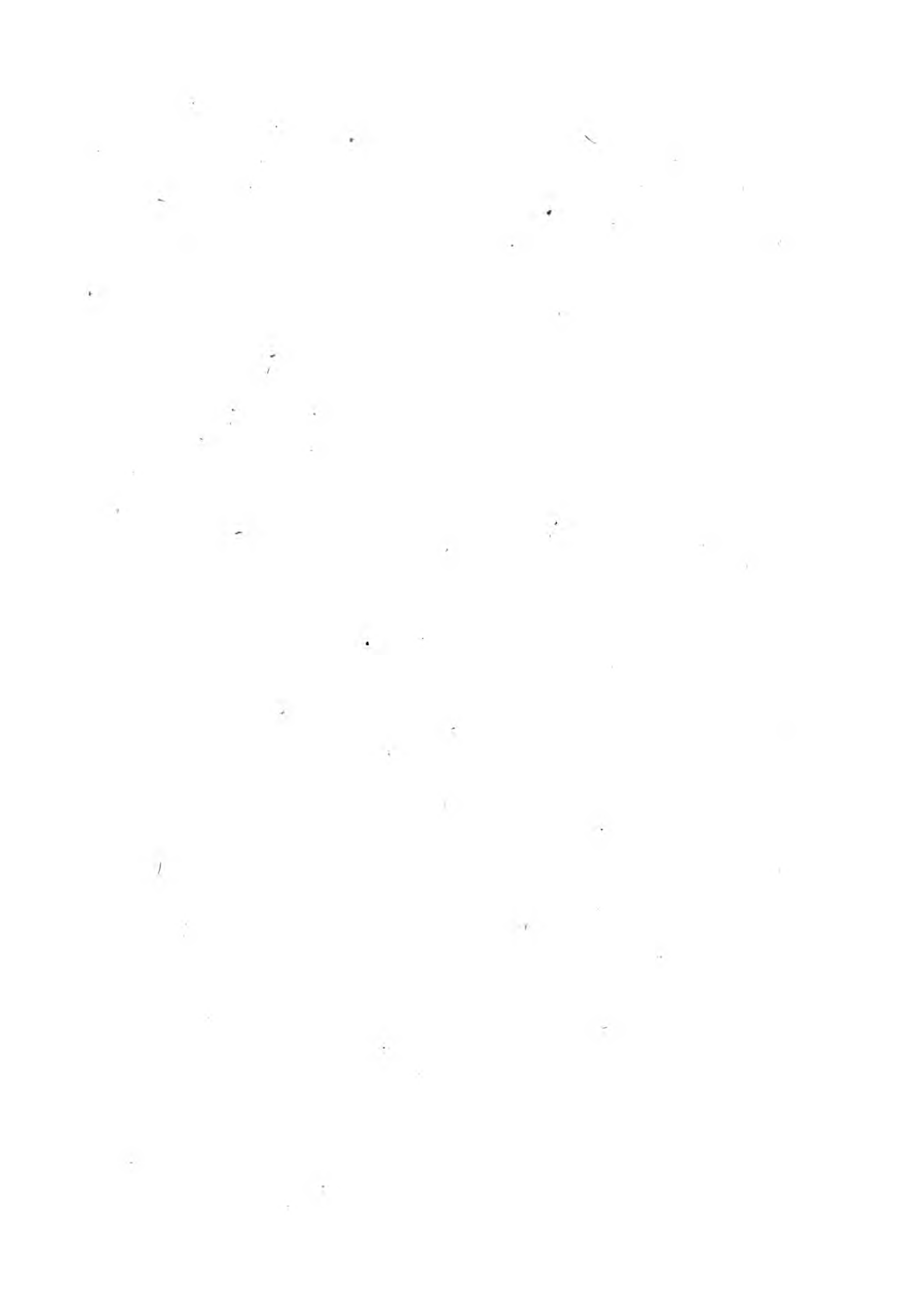
*Robert Hunter Esq.<sup>r</sup>*  
*of THURSTON*

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P R O S E

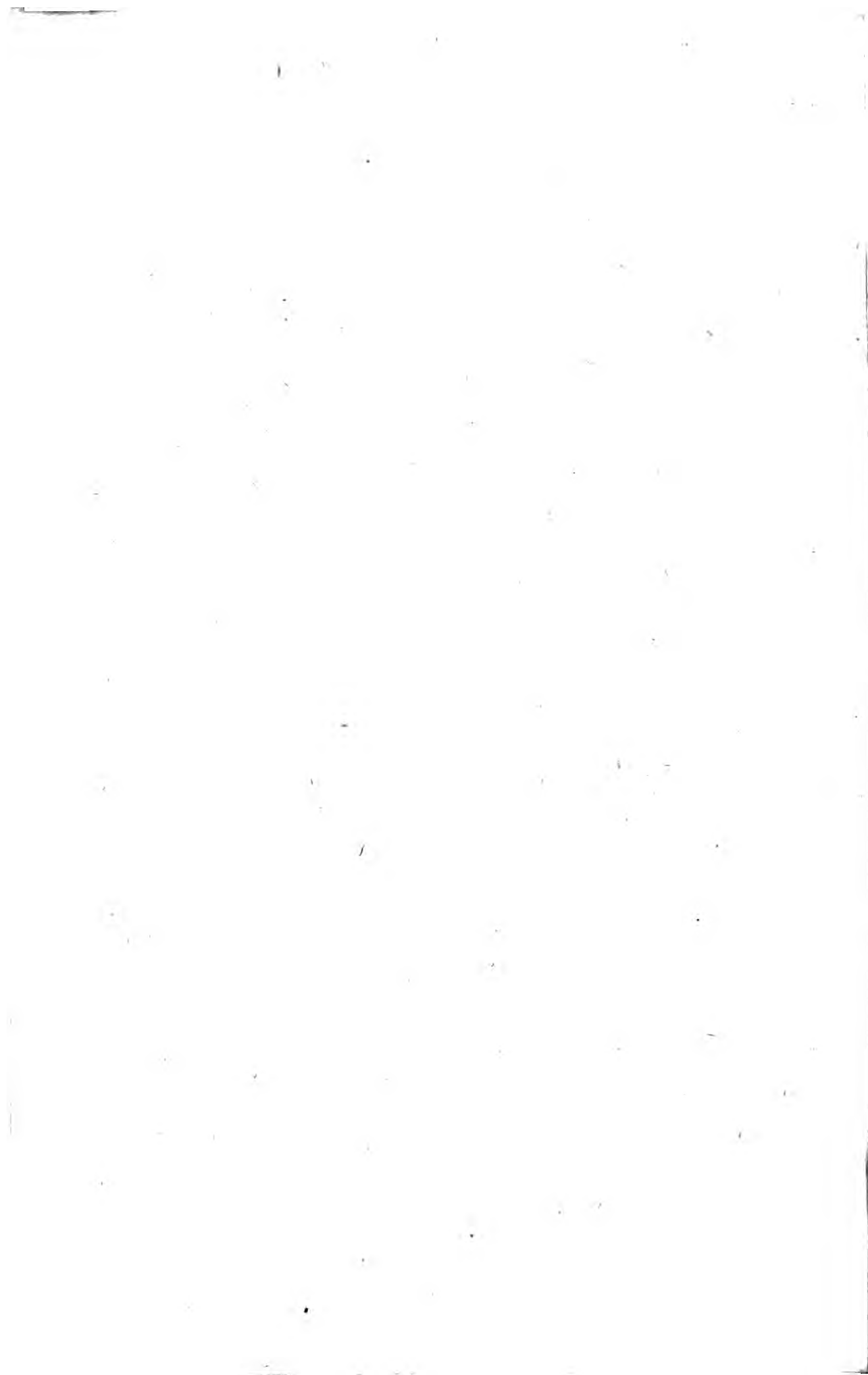
O N

SEVERAL OCCASIONS;

ACCOMPANIED WITH

SOME PIECES IN VERSE.





P R O S E

O N

SEVERAL OCCASIONS;

ACCOMPANIED WITH

SOME PIECES IN VERSE.

BY GEORGE COLMAN.

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V O L. II.

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— *Seu me tranquilla senectus  
Expectat, seu Mors atris circumvolat alis,  
Dives, inops, Romæ, seu fors ita jusserit, exul,  
Quisquis erit vitæ, scribam, color.*—

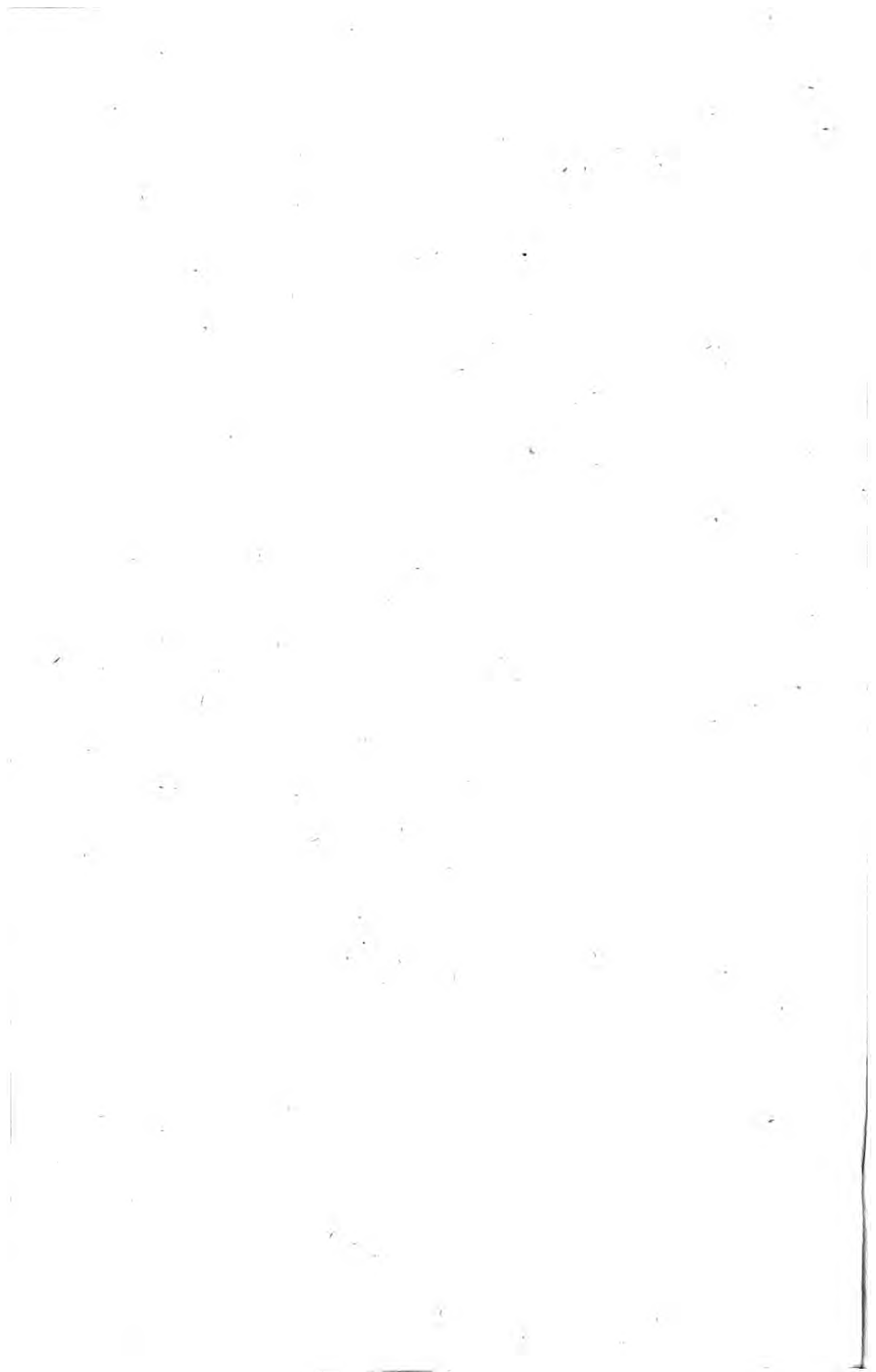
HOR.

I M I T A T E D.

Whether Old Age a tranquil evening brings,  
Or Death fails round me with his Raven Wings;  
Rich, poor; at Rome, or London; well, or ill;  
Whate'er my fortunes, write I must and will.

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L O N D O N:  
PRINTED FOR T. CADEL, IN THE STRAND.  
M DCC LXXXVII.



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V O L. II.

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# P R O S E

ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

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## THE GHOST IN COCK-LANE!

Saturday, February 13, 1762.

INTELLIGENCE EXTRAORDINARY.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

*Paris.* **T**HERE have been lately held, in the *Rue de Coq*, several extraordinary *lits de justice*, at which some of the chief persons in the nation have assisted; and what is extremely remarkable, a Protestant Clergyman has voluntarily administered more than Extreme Unction to a Ghost.—[*From the Paris A-la-main.*

*Lisbon.* Several of the Jesuits who were exiled from this country have gone over to England in disguise. The effects of their horrible machinations begin to discover themselves already in the

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B

mysterious



myfterious affair of the Spirit in Cock-Lane, which engrosses the attention of the whole British Nation. We are assured by some gentlemen of the English Factory, that the absolute laws against witchcraft, &c. will speedily be revived in Great-Britain!

## I R E L A N D.

*Dublin.* We hear from London, that the Apparition in Cock-Lane, has never been seen by nobody.—[*Faulkner's Journal.*]

## S C O T L A N D.

*Glasgow.* The seventh son of a seventh son is just set out on a walk to London, in order to visit the Spirit in Cock-Lane; and as this gentleman is blest with the faculty of second sight, it is thought that he will be able to see her.

The spirit's great propensity to *scratching*, makes it generally supposed here, that Miss Fanny died of the *itch* rather than the *small-pox*, and that the Ghost is certainly *mangy*.

## L O N D O N.

Yesterday the Committee of Enquiry on the Ghost in Cock-Lane, met at the Jerusalem Tavern in Clerkenwell; when Miss P. was put to bed by one of the maids of honour, in the room where  
the

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 3

the Cockney's Feast is generally held, in the presence of the Right Hon. the Earls of — and — and —; the Right Rev. the Bishops of — and — and above fifty more of the nobility.

The *knockings* and *scratchings* began about midnight, and the examination was in the following manner:

Q. Will you go into that pint bottle? (*pointing to a pint bottle that stood on the table.*)—One knock.

From the time of this preliminary answer in the affirmative, all the subsequent noises issued as from the bottle.

Q. (*From the Right Rev. — looking roguishly at Betty P. in bed.*) Pray, Miss Fanny, is not your real name Miss Betty?—Much scratching, as if angry.

Q. (*From a lord of the treasury.*) What is the amount of the national debt?—Above a hundred and thirty million knocks.

Q. How many years since the creation of the world?—Above five thousand knocks.

Q. What is the number of the present *Anno Domini*?—One thousand seven hundred and sixty two knocks.

Q. How many people are there in this room? Fifty-eight knocks.—Right.

## PROSE ON

Q. How many women? Twelve knocks.  
Wrong: there was another lady in man's cloaths.

Q. How many maids?—One knock. Certainly wrong; for there were five unmarried ladies in the room, besides the girl in bed.

Q. Will you have prayers read to you?—One knock.

Q. Shall they be read by any of the archbishops, bishops, or other regular clergy?—Two knocks.

Q. Shall they be read by Doctor Wh—d?  
—One knock.

Q. Or Dr. Ro—ne?—One knock.

Q. Or Mr. M—n?—One knock.

Q. Or Mr. M—re?—One knock.

Q. Or Mr. B—g—n?—One knock.

Q. Or Mr. S—n?—One knock.

Q. Can you say the Lord's Prayer backwards?  
—Much scratching, as if angry; after which the bottle suddenly cracked, and flew into ten thousand pieces, and no more answers were given.

We hear that the above Committee propose to fit out a privateer to cruise in the Red-Sea.

We hear that the Rev. Mr. M. is preparing a new work for the use of families, especially children, to be published in weekly numbers, called  
The



MISS FANNY'S THEATRE  
IN COCK-LANE.

By particular Desire of several persons of Quality,

To-morrow Evening, being the 14th Instant will  
be performed,

AN ENTERTAINMENT

O F

SCRATCHING AND KNOCKING,


O F T H R E E A C T S.

E A C H A C T T O C O N C L U D E W I T H

A F L U T T E R.

Bed 10s. 6d.      Chairs 5s.      Standing 2s. 6d.

To begin precisely at Twelve o'Clock.

 No Money to be returned after the first Scratch,  
and nothing under the Full Price will be taken.

*Vivant, &c.*

E P I G R A M.

On the long Delay of a promised Poem called  
T H E A U T H O R.

BUT where is this *Author*, was promis'd so long  
From Churchill, that giant so stout and so strong?  
He's sick, Sir, says one,—He's burnt out cries another,  
And the high flame of genius sinks down into smother.  
Like the Ghost in Cock-lane, he has frighten'd us all,  
And knock'd us, and scratch'd us,—the great and the  
small;

But now of his Spirit no more we're afraid,  
For Parson and Fanny together are laid.

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 7

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To the PRINTER of the ST. JAMES'S CHRONICLE.

Thursday, May 20, 1762.

Mr. Baldwin,

**Y**OUR true-born Englishmen, your bold Britons, who are lions in the field, and sea lions on the ocean, are, with all their courage, the most remarkable of any nation in the world, for being seized with a Panick. A battle lost, or an island taken, brings down their high spirits in an instant, and the nation is undone. An eclipse, or a comet with the help of some profound philosopher in the magazines, or two or three terrifying paragraphs in the News-papers, shall fill the imagination of all the old women, of both sexes, with horrible apprehensions of the immediate destruction of the world; and groaning profelytes pour in, without number, to Tottenham-Court and Moorfields. It is still fresh in our memories, that two slight shocks of an earthquake, the most violent of which never shook the pewter off the kitchen-shelves in Grosvenor-Square, turned the minds of the bold Britons topsy-turvy, and all London itself seemed going out of town. In short, the spirits rise and fall, in the barometer of English imaginations, with most incredible revolutions.

Their

Their hopes, unless perpetually buoyed up by prosperous circumstances, are sure to sink. Publick Opinions are as delicate as Publick Credit; and it seems as impossible for Englishmen to preserve a manly evenness of temper, as to keep the stocks at *par*.

These reflections occurred on observing the terror, that has diffused itself through most families, on account of the present Epidemical Distemper; for so, Mr. Baldwin, you, and the rest of your brother newsmongers, have taught us to call it. They, into whose hands our journals may fall in foreign countries, must suppose that a plague is raging amongst us. The bills of mortality, say they, are considerably swelled in their number; ten are buried in one grave: four or five in a family are carried off in one day; with other particulars, which every body believes though nobody knows to be true. It is supposed that there must be some noxious quality in the air, and pieces of beef are sent up from Highgate Hill, at the tail of school-boys kites; though it is the received doctrine of writers on all plagues, that any pestilential quality in the air affects dogs, horses, and other animals, before it reaches men, and would consequently shew itself on the live ox, as well as the dead piece of beef. For my part, as a true Briton, I cannot help being  
most

## SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 9

most sensibly offended, that Beef, the staple food of old England, Beef, the glory of our country, should be prostituted to such purposes. In a time of war, when provisions of all kinds grow dearer and dearer every day, when the price is artfully raised on meat, and fish is obliged to be brought to town in the machine of Arts and Sciences, I am alarmed, lest this prodigality should be the means, or at least serve the butchers as a pretence, for raising the price of meat still higher; and my apprehensions are redoubled, when my maid assures me, on coming from market, that broth being universally prescribed in the present reigning disorder, scraigs of mutton are grown so much in request, that the worst end sells for six-pence and seven-pence *per* pound.

In the mean time, to keep our terrors alive, and to prevent the Panick from subsiding in the minds of the people, all the Doctors who are authors, begin to tell us from the press, that colds caught at this season are extremely dangerous; and all the booksellers who are venders of the medicines, recommend their nostrums by fifty different artifices, inserted in advertisements, letters, paragraphs, &c.—And here, Mr. Baldwin, I cannot but observe by the bye what you, who are a printer,



ter, must often have observed yourself, and know to be true, that the connection between author and bookseller, is as inseparable as that between whore and bawd, a justice and his clerk, a counsellor and attorney, or (according to Congreve) a curate and a tobacco-stopper;—that this connection, I say, has of late years, begun to display itself in a new light: for since the doctors have pretty generally become authors, booksellers and printers have acted as a kind of bastard species of apothecaries. In the natural course of trade and shop-keeping, one would as soon think of sending for a pot of porter to the grocer's, or a leg of mutton to the tallow-chandler's, as for a pill, drop, or an electuary, to the printing-office; or for a powder, a balsam, or an elixir, to the bookseller's. Yet so it is, medicines and pamphlets are prepared and written by one and the same hand, and both *published* (for that I find is the phrase in each case) at one and the same shop. Two such ranks of men in combination, who are each of them perpetually addressing the publick, have opportunities, like mountebank-practisers, to hawk their own medicines. It is their interest in the first place, to persuade you that you are sick, or that you will be sick; and in the next place, to persuade you that

that

## SEVERAL OCCASIONS. II

that nothing but their *nostrum* will insure your recovery, or prevent your taking the distemper.

Now, Mr. Baldwin, having myself a new discovery in medicine to recommend to the publick, a preparation that will be of the most infinite service in the present reigning distemper, and in all other distempers that ever have affected, or ever will, or can affect human nature, I beg leave to make it known to the world through the channel of your most useful, most excellent, most entertaining, most instructive, paper. Those, you know, are the phrases which the correspondents of all publick journals, from your own down to the Farthing Post, when there was one, have always made use of. I cannot boast a patent for my medicine. But as I shall plainly appear to have only the publick good at heart, by declaring its virtues in your Chronicle, I will answer for it that the Stamp-Office shall demand no duty, as for an advertisement, though you insert it ever so often.

*To the GOOD PEOPLE of GREAT-BRITAIN.*

—*Venienti occurrere morbo!*

### THE PANACÆA,

Or the celebrated Drop and Pill of Temperance and Exercise, a sovereign remedy for persons of every  
I age,

age, sex, or condition. The first may be taken in two or three glasses of wine after dinner, white or red port, claret, burgundy, or tokay—but not so well in champagne. Poor folks may take it in small-beer or porter; and though it does not mix well with spirituous liquors, yet it may be taken in punch, in small quantities. It is so far from offending the taste, that it gives the highest relish to roast beef, or any English dishes, and has an admirable effect in plumb-pudding. Faithfully prepared after the receipts of a lady eminent in kitchen physick. The second is a finer diaphoretick than James's powder, or any preparation of antimony.—To be taken fasting, or any hour of the day, without loss of time, or hindrance of business, in the Park, at Ranelagh, on foot, or on horseback, or *in quovis vehiculo*. Its virtues, its healing qualities, &c. &c. &c. &c. are infallible. Thousands have been relieved by it. The afflicted may depend on its effects.

### M E D I C A L C A S E.

A gentleman who had long been complaining and complaining, and ailing and ailing, and who had taken all the medicines in and out of the dispensatory, at length applied to the celebrated Doc-

tor

for Radcliffe. The Doctor soon perceiving the nature of his case, told him, that he was in possession of a secret, which was infallible for his distemper; but that unluckily it was at that time in the hands of Doctor Pitcairne at Edinburgh, to whom he would write to apply it in favour of the patient, if he himself thought it worth while to go so far in quest of it. The patient readily undertook the journey, and travelled to Edinburgh: but when he arrived there, he had the mortification to find that just before Doctor Radcliffe's letter reached Edinburgh, Doctor Pitcairne had sent them edicine to Doctor Musgrave of Exeter. The patient however had resolution enough on Doctor Pitcairne's advice, to go across the country to Exeter, in further pursuit of it: but as ill luck would have it, Doctor Musgrave told him, that he had, but the day before, transmitted it back again to Doctor Radcliffe in London, where the patient naturally returned, to take the benefit of it at home. He could not help laughing with the Doctor at the tour he had taken, and at his strange disappointments. I went after the medicine, said the patient, to no purpose; and yet I cannot tell how it happens, but I am much better than I was when I sat out. I know it, cries the Doctor, I know it. You have got

got the medicine. The journey was the secret. And do but live *temperately* and keep yourself in Exercise, you will have no occasion for any physick in the world.

I am, Mr. Baldwin,

Your admirer, to be sure,

Your constant reader,

And sometimes your writer,

RHAPSODISTA.

To the PRINTER of the ST. JAMES'S CHRONICLE.

Thursday, Sept. 30, 1762.

AND so, Mr. Baldwin, nothing but Politicks will go down with you at present! Your old correspondents, the Laughers and the Jokers, and the Wits and the Criticks, and the Poets, are all vanished; and in come the Patriots, and the Statesmen, the Advocates of Liberty, and the Quellers of Sedition. Not a man but writes as if his country was at stake; not a pen that is not drawn, as it were, *pro aris & facis*; not a drop of ink, that is not shed in the cause of Liberty, Property, and Religion. Party has divided the whole town, and *Pro* and *Con* takes up every page of your Chronicle.—You call yourself

## SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 15

yourself impartial, that is, you give both parties a fair opportunity to abuse each other. *Audi alteram partem*, is your maxim; that is (in your free translation) *Hear both sides!* and indeed they are well worth hearing, and what infinite delight must a Scotchman receive, after reading a certain portion of abuse on his country and countrymen, how charmingly must his indignation be soothed and appeased, to find his opponents equally bespattered in the next column! But as this kind of impartiality abuses all parties, the consequence is that all parties abuse you, and each in their turn consider you as the tool of their adversaries. Last week, in a coffee-house near St. James's, I saw a Scotch Colonel, who longs for the next regiment that falls, throw your paper into the fire, provoked by the severity of a letter against Lord Bute; and the very next morning I saw the same paper almost as hardly dealt with in the Alley, on account of an extract from the Auditor, which reflected on the brokers and Mr. Pitt. Let me tell you, Mr. Baldwin, it is very lucky that you are not obliged to follow your paper, wherever it goes; and that your figure is not as universally known as the face of your paper. I knew a country printer that ventured to insert letters on both sides of the question in his journal, during

during the county election : and I can assure you, Mr. Baldwin, that though he was one of the lustiest men in that country, and above six feet high, he could scarce put his head out of doors in the course of the whole controversy. You, I am told, are a tight built little black man, but by no means such an able-bodied printer as my friend in the country. If you cannot wield the quarter-staff of party with ease, and have not power fairly to cudgel your enemies into good humour, believe me, Sir, 'tis dangerous to hobble along on the unequal and unsteady crutches of two opposite factions. Your fugitive scribblers are unknown, and leave you to stand buff to the Publick for their labours. On the contrary, the authors of the several political papers now extant, keep the names of their printers as secret as those of their surgeons : and as to themselves, they are a match for any thing. The club of the Monitor, is, I am told, more formidable than his pen ; the Briton, they say, is a raw-boned Scotsman ; the Auditor a tall Irishman ; and the North Briton, or the world hugely belies him, has a broader pair of shoulders than any author militant in this great metropolis.

After all, Mr. Baldwin, I believe you are a mighty good sort of man, and mean no harm. If  
the

the people of this town will write nothing but Politicks, and read nothing but Politicks, you are reduced of necessity to print nothing but Politicks : because your stationer must be paid, your hawkers must be fee'd, nay you must give your very devil his due, and have an hot joint every day and a pudding on Sunday. Yet cannot I forbear admiring the publick spirit of our authors; who while, their all is at stake, while the very nature of literary property is in question, neglecting to refute the strange and unnatural doctrine, that "an author has no right to his own work," are all up in arms on another occasion, settling the Ministry and agitating the Preliminaries of Peace. For my own part, though I have been equally sollicitated by both parties, and though you are ready to insert my arguments on either side of the question, yet I am resolved, like Scrub, to say nothing, *Pro* nor *Con*, till we have a Peace.—In the mean time as nothing but Politicks will go down, to comply in some measure with the humour of the town, suppose I oblige you and your readers, with a critical review of our political writers. I do not mean to give a weekly detail of their arguments, to scrutinize their characters, or criticize particular parts of their productions. Heaven forbid!—all I



intend is to draw their general characters; and perhaps, if I happen to be in the right vein for such a whim, to give a short sketch of the style and manner of each of them. And so, Master Baldwin, till you hear from me again I am,

Your humble servant,

RHAPSODISTA,

*To the* PRINTER *of the* ST. JAMES'S CHRONICLE.

*Tuesday, Oct. 19, 1762.*

Mr. Baldwin,

**G**OING along the streets the other day, meditating on the subject I opened to you in my last, and considering into what form I should throw my reflections on the present race of political writers, I stumbled by mere accident on the following M. S. which I must beg you to commit to the press, just as I found it, under the title of

THE NORTH BRITON EXTRAORDINARY,  
June 4, 1762.

“AN extraordinary circumstance is a sufficient apology for a paper extraordinary. The date of this essay will immediately denote the subject of it,

it, and shew that I mean to congratulate the Publick in general, and my countrymen in particular, on the occasion of his Majesty's Birth-day. The North-Briton is not one of those low scribblers, who like that slave the Briton, or that prostitute the Auditor, mean to write themselves into a place or a pension; nor will he be restrained from delivering his sentiments by the fear of fire, pillory, or imprisonment. The Law shall be his protection; and while Lord Mansfield shall preside as Lord Chief Justice in the Court of King's Bench, the North Briton shall dread no oppression.

“ On this occasion, as well as on every other, I shall study to speak out. I have not been used to be a respecter of persons. I do not, after the manner of the old patriots in the Craftsman, make use of nick-names. The ingenious devices of Lord Gawkee, Colonel Catiline, and Colonel Squintum, Lord Gothamstow, Captain Iago Anni-feed, and Parson Bruin, and Parson Brawn, I leave to the Briton and Auditor. I use no asterisks; the names of Dukes, and Lords, and Ministers, are written at full length, for I am above all evasion. Wherefore, without further preface or preamble, I gladly seize the opportunity of this great anniversary, to congratulate those of our

inclining, that we have now a Prince upon the throne, who is an absolute Jacobite.

“ However paradoxical such an assertion may appear, I have no doubt of being able to demonstrate it as clearly as any proposition in Euclid. *Imprimis*, the groundwork and first principle of Jacobitism, is to cherish the warmest sentiments for the family of Stuart. Lord Bute (I dare venture to assert it) is of the Stuart family. He is himself a Stuart. He cannot deny it. It is a circumstance which ministerial advocates may palliate, but which, like that of his being a true Scot, they cannot dissemble. Yet, Scot and Stuart as he is, we have seen him Secretary of State, and we now see him at the head of the Treasury: I say, we see a Scotsman (the reader may recollect I have written a whole paper on this subject) at the head of the Treasury. There is a passage in Archbishop Spotswood, p. 180 by which it appears, that during the troubles of that condemned Stuart, Charles I. there was at one time in his Majesty’s Treasury, the immense sum of seven shillings and six-pence.—A sum that might almost rival the contents of the Bank of Edinburgh, which sometimes discounts bills to nearly that amount. Yet Lord Bute is at the head of a treasury, drawing schemes to raise at one time  
millions

millions of English pounds (I might say hundreds of millions, did I mean Scotch pounds) double the number of the above shillings. How then can we doubt his Majesty's attachment to the family of Stuart? Demosthenes said of the Pythian oracle, that it Philipised: we do not want an English Demosthenes, who might say, that his Majesty Stuartiseth, that is, being interpreted, He is a Jacobite.

“ To prove this still further, let us consider, that during the two former reigns of the present family, every Scotsman was kept at as great a distance from court, as Edinburgh is from London; and all country-gentlemen (commonly called Tories) were doomed to remain for ever in the country, never receiving the least encouragement to come to St. James's. How is all this reversed at present? It is held no crime to be born on the other side of the Tweed; nay, the immense sum of four thousand pounds is allowed by parliament towards building a bridge over that stream, to facilitate the communication between the two united kingdoms, or rather to pave the way for Scotsmen to come over into England. And here I would humbly submit to the commissioners, appointed by the legislature, that the bridge may contain only a

foot-way! for alas! we too well know that their maxim is, *Vestigia nulla retrorsum*; and when they have once walked hither, not one of them will drive their carriages back again. *Had Cain been Scot, &c.* The passage is as well known as any in Fingal, or John Hume's tragedies. Add to all this, that known Tories, men, who during the several loyal administrations, were marked for Jacobites, whom Kings were taught to call so, are now daily seen at St. James's. The rage of party hath entirely subsided: places of power and profit are bestowed on gentlemen of Oxfordshire, and members of the Cocoa-tree. The University of Oxford itself, which was declared in the House of Commons "to be paved with Disaffection and Jacobitism," begins to receive encouragement; their addresses engage attention, and we hear of Oxford Bishops and Prebendaries: in a word, how could all these things be? How could it come to pass, unless his Majesty were a Jacobite, that Tories should be in place; that Lord Bute should have power; that knights of the Thistle should be created knights of the Garter; and Scotsmen be seen in broad-cloth and breeches?

"The Pretender is now said to be at Avignon. Now in case we should send an ambassador extraor-

to

dinary to Paris, it may be fairly presumed, that his Majesty—”

\* \* \* \* \*

Here, Mr. Baldwin, here ends, imperfect and unfinished, this curious manuscript. The Publick will easily recognise the style, manner, and sentiments of their old friend, and will undoubtedly regret, as well as you and I, that such a subject, so happily begun, should be left incomplete. The loss of this first part of the copy, and the subject being temporary, I suppose were the reasons of this essay's not making its appearance, in due season, beautifully printed on a sheet and half of fine writing paper. Be it your care to preserve this precious portion of it! and to make some amends for the loss of the rest, I have subjoined the following letter, originally designed to be sent to the same paper.

TO THE NORTH BRITON.

S I R,

“NOTHING was ever more evident, than the present partiality to Scotsmen. To enumerate all the particulars of it would be endless. I shall confine myself to one single instance. You were one of the first to cry out against the mini-

stry on the loss of Newfoundland. Give me leave to point out some scandalous instances of partiality that attend the retaking that island. *Imprimis*, Who commanded that expedition?—Lord Colvill, —a Scotsman.—Who brought home the French colours?—Captain Campbell, —a Scotsman.—Who came home with the news, greatly praised for his spirit and activity, in the Syren?—Captain Douglas, —a Scotsman.—But above all, who were the only three officers wounded, and consequently placed (like the English by Prince Ferdinand) in the post of Honour? Capt. M'Donnell, Capt. Bailie, and Capt. M'Kenzie.—All three Scotsmen.”

I will not dwell on the mean national reflection, so injurious to the Irish, in the first part of his Lordship's letter, where he writes, “these Irishmen said, that if I would go into the Bay of *Bulls*, numbers of their countrymen would resort to me, &c.”

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

Oct. 14, 1762.

PATRICK KELLY.

And now, Mr. Baldwin, I shall take my leave of you, though perhaps I may soon send you some strictures, on other political writers. In the mean time I am, as before, yours,

I

RHAPSODISTA.

*Ta*

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*To the* PRINTER *of the* ST. JAMES'S CHRONICLE.

*Saturday, Oct. 30, 1762.*

Mr. Baldwin,

I Have been in much pain on your account since the publication of the NORTH BRITON EXTRAORDINARY, which I enclosed to you in my last. I was at first very glad to find that nobody questioned its authenticity, but soon began to tremble for its consequences. Some said that the messengers had seized you, your compositors, press-men, devils, &c. Some foretold motions in the King's-Bench provoking vengeance and letting all the terrors of the law loose upon you. Others prognosticated your being called up to the bar of both Houses: while those who were your most sanguine admirers, heartily wished, that for the convenience of carrying on your paper, you had, like the Gazetteer, an house adjoining to Newgate. At length, however, I begin to hope that you are quite out of danger, and that in this season of the general massacre of characters, some licence will be allowed to you, as well as your brethren. I would advise you, at all events, to give the world fresh proofs of your impartiality, and to ballance the account fairly between both parties. Expel



one poison by another! or, to speak more respectfully of our controversial writers, let diamond cut diamond! Publish in your next, to make amends, the inclosed Auditor, which (to use the words of the Auditor) *the Publick may depend on as authentick;* full as authentick as the last paper I sent you.

THE AUDITOR EXTRAORDINARY.

————— *I'll be an AUDITOR,*  
AN ACTOR *too perhaps, if I see cause.*

MIDSUM. NIGHT'S DREAM.

*Audire est Operæ Pretium illorum Impudentiam.* TER.

Hear, for each hearer must applaud it,  
*Of their wile impudence MY AUDIT!*

IT is a disagreeable circumstance to be stationed on guard, like the out-posts of an army, just on the confines of the enemy's camp. Yet are there some considerable advantages resulting from such a situation: for in such a situation the earliest intelligence may be obtained, and while "the hum of either army stilly sounds," anecdotes of the most curious nature may be collected, as hath already more than once been experienced and manifested by the Auditor. Nor can I think that the performing this kind of duty is, in the phrase of Bobadil, *service of danger*; as it is well known, my antagonist, fierce and furious as he is, can take the field,

field, and come even within pistol shot of his adversary, without the least ill consequence to one party or the other.

For my own part, I am possessed of such a sovereign contempt for him, or, if you please, them, be he or they of the singular, plural, or (according to the Grecians) of the dual number, that it is not without the utmost disdain, that I thus descend, into the *Arena*, with such paltry opponents. The late Mr. Fielding, of humourous memory, in one of his *Covent-Garden Journals* (though I do not know whether that paper be extant in the elegant edition of his works, lately published by Arthur Murphy, Esq.) hath I remember, comically proved, that the most contemptuous animal in the creation is a *Louse*; and has described one of those animalcules overflowing with a true quality-contempt of the mean creature, whose head he inhabited.

I am, I must confess, *the Louse* to the *North Briton*. I sit weekly in judgement on his head; on the produce whereof he perhaps may live, but I cannot: for the deplorable sterility of that spot feeds nothing but my *contempt*. I run over the barren region, more barren than the country he continually reviles, with all the avidity of the little  
human

human blood-sucker. Here, perhaps, I discover an abortive vein of Prosaick Poetry; there branches out many a Ramification of Political Virulence; and there, in a remote corner of the *Pia Mater*, is lodged a small portion of Bayes's Spirit of Brains, which (like the Spirit of Laws) would require the pen of a Montesquieu to describe its qualities at large, but it is in fact no other than the Spirit of Dulness, which serves "the lively dunce" instead of Wit and Humour, and produces that airy nothingness, that vivacious stupidity, so evident in all his publications.

It hath, however, been discovered by microscopical observers, that a Louse is a very lousy animal; in consequence whereof, while I am thus banquetting on the North Briton, fundry lesser lice are preying upon me. The engineers of Grub-street, to change the allusion, like the garretteers in the ingenious new print of the ingenious Mr. Hogarth, are daily squirting upon me: to all these, as well as to the Arch-Enemy, I oppose nothing but *Contempt*. I indulge myself in a warrantable pride, and the virtuous consciousness of my own superiority. I exert all my adroitness and dexterity to turn their own arms against them, and they have at length instructed me, as Charles the Twelfth did  
the

the Ruffians, to be their conqueror. Complaining eternally of the lamentable dulness and scurrility of factious scribblers, I stop the tide of political slander, and open afterwards at pleasure the sources for my own use and benefit. I silence with a tone of authority, the clamours of the malcontent against a noble Lord and his coadjutors in employment; and then I immediately raise my voice to its highest pitch, and cry out lustily against the Grand Pensioner and Lord Gawkee. I reprobate the bold practice of licentiously printing names at full length, without so much as modestly embowelling, or rather *emvowelling* them, or pleasantly holding their owners in greater derision, by a contemptuous alteration of them; after which doctrine, the next paragraph in my Aylesbury Journal, recites the names of Wilkes and Churchill, and several others without the least disguise, while poor Hodges and Beardmore, and Charles Say, run glibly into almost every sentence.

Contempt then, sovereign contempt, is plainly the best weapon, offensive or defensive, in the hands of a writer of controversy. And what objects can be more worthy to excite that passion, than those on which I have exercised my own?

What

What is Lord Gawkee? that noun-adjective Lord, joining his false consequence, like an idle epithet, to that proud substantive, the Grand Pensioner? His Temple of Worthies, the collection of Worthies of Stowe-Temple, is not, I am told, yet complete. Let him fill the vacant niches with his friends! Let him put up his own bust! and by way of supporters, let him place Colonel Catiline on one hand, and his Reverend Co-adjutor on the other! What is the Grand Pensioner? that sold slave for ever bellowing about liberty; that hireling who receives his regular wages, without doing the service for which he is paid. I may perhaps some time or other, by the assistance of Cocker's Arithmetick, shew my knowledge in fractions, and strike the balance between him and the nation. Such a political ledger may perhaps prove that he is indebted to the Publick for more than three thousand *per ann.* and their gold boxes. What are the city of London? *A mob*, a foolish crew with furs and chains huzzaing their idol, their king in stilts, as Mr. Hogarth has pictured him, in vain endeavouring to set the world on fire, and holding the bellows to blow the dead coal of sedition. They say, I am an advocate for Aristocracy. I have turned over  
Sidney

Sidney and Puffendorf, and fifty other writers in the course of my little reading, and find no form of government so dangerous as a Mobocracy. The clenched fists are indeed the patriot arms of such a state: their only law is club law; and their chief logick is the *Argumentum Baculinum*, which is with them the knock down argument. Such is the custom of the city of London. What are all the political writers of the present times, except the Briton and *myself*? The scum of Grub-street, the dregs of the church, and the refuse of the legislature. I have convicted the apostate Monitor, as well as his patron, the Grand Pensioner, of political tergiversation. I have put to rebuke the petulant flippancy of the North Briton, and have proved him to be a haberdasher of small literature, the publisher of a *Chronique Scandaleuse*, the conductor of a weekly libel. The reverend half of him I have shewn to be a mere Oldmixon in politicks, diving among the Naiads of Fleet-ditch, in the mud of Scurrility. The *other* half of him, half military and half legislative, I have shewn to be a downright Catiline, hatching a conspiracy or assassination plot against the characters of the first persons in the kingdom, and like Lord Shaftesbury in Hudibras,

*So politick, as if one eye  
 Upon the other were a spy;  
 That to trapan the one to think  
 The other blind, both strove to blink.*

Sometimes I content myself with calling him contemptuously *an impudent fellow*; and sometimes I find that he wrote his paper when *exceedingly drunk*, and therefore I disdain to give him a sober reply. *Contempt* is the only tribute proper to be paid by men of veracity and honour, to wretches of their character; base slanderers who have reviled and still continue to revile, all orders of men, the Commonalty, the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, the Royal Family, and Me.

\* \* \* \* \*

I shall add nothing, Mr. Baldwin, to this long essay, which I am quite fatigued with transcribing, though perhaps you may hear from me *once more* on this subject, when I shall send you a Catalogue, which may serve as a corollary to this short view of the present state of politicks in Great-Britain.

Yours, as before,

RHAPSODISTA.

*To the* PRINTER *of the* ST. JAMES'S CHRONICLE.

— CRETA, an CARBONE notandi. HOR.

Crayon'd in purest CHALK, or etch'd  
From a rough draught in CHARCOAL sketch'd.

*Saturday, Feb. 19, 1763.*

Mr. Baldwin,

THE following Columns contain nothing more than two separate lists of the celebrated personages, who have at any time been honoured with notice, by the AUDITOR OF NORTH BRITON. These lists I know must necessarily be imperfect, because they are taken down merely upon memory; and because such keen Satirists cannot so grossly have mispent their time, as to have lashed so few people; yet I have been the less curious to render these lists complete, because I know that the writers in question are such stirring spirits, that they will each be continually swelling their several catalogues, for which reason I have contented myself with leaving certain vacant spaces, for the insertion of such names already distinguished as I must without doubt have omitted, or to be filled up as time shall serve, and the AUDITOR OF NORTH BRITON, shall hereafter please to direct.

VOL. II.

D

Let



Let us, however, do justice to the candour, as well as acrimony of our Political Writers. They deal in Panegyrick, as well as Satire. If they throw dirt with the scavenger's shovel, they also lay on Praise with a trowel. Every modern controversial writer in Politicks sits down with Encomium on the right, and Obloquy on the left, like Jupiter between the tubs of Good and Evil; or to lower my simile, like brother Pamphlet in the Upholsterer with white-wash in one hand and black-ball in the other. All their characters, or rather caricatures, may be considered as the Rough Draughts of the masters in the modern school of crayons, who sometimes draw in Chalk, but most commonly in Charcoal. It was my first intention to have given both the Chalk and Charcoal Portraits of each of the great masters in question; but I soon reflected that I might save that trouble, by desiring your readers to take it for a general rule, that such as are blackened in the NORTH BRITON are, by Act of Grace, white-washed in the AUDITOR, and so *vice versa*. Every great character, like a post or a wainscot, is destined to be painted, in different colours, at least twice over: and in this various light, we may at pleasure, consider the Two Following Columnseither as the two principal pillars of the Temple of Slander, or the two tables

in the Temple of Fame. As we are now, however, at the very opening of Lent, I would have the noble lords and gentlemen, whose names appear in these lists, to regard the perusal of them, as an act of humiliation and mortification; and to remember that they have been told their own by the great writers, under whose awful names they are here arranged.

It must, however, be premised, as our first opinion, that the AUDITOR is by far the most respectable character, and the most polite and learned writer of the two. The NORTH BRITON founded the Nether Trump of Fame at the very first onset, and furiously charged the Scots and the Ministry at once. The AUDITOR set out with professions of moderation and impartiality: he did not seek for Defamation, but it lay in his way, and he found it: mark his candid declarations in his first number!

“ The malevolent are not to expect to be gratified  
 “ with Slander, the illiberal with Scurrility, or  
 “ the inconsiderate with Buffoonery. Ingredients  
 “ like these can have no admission into a paper,  
 “ which is undertaken upon principles laudable in  
 “ themselves; which is intended to reconcile the  
 “ minds of men to their own good, and to one  
 “ another; to refute or laugh out of counte-

“ nance all party-distinctions ; to extinguish na-  
 “ tional prejudices, and to recommend that spirit  
 “ of concord, which alone can make us a success-  
 “ ful and preserve us an happy people. In short  
 “ it is intended in the conduct of this plan, to try  
 “ whether it is possible to talk Politicks with tem-  
 “ per; to delineate characters with Decency; to  
 “ treat of factions with Good Humour ; and to love  
 “ our Country without hating Individuals.” Here  
 are mild words; and yet in the second number, he  
 serves up no less than six or seven individuals, and  
 some of them no inconsiderable personages neither :  
 and yet even this trifling inconsistency may be ac-  
 counted for, if we recollect that the AUDITOR  
 himself begins his ninth number with this reflexion:  
 “ It is a curse entailed upon the retainers to despair-  
 “ ing faction, that they are not only Miserable  
 “ Men, and Wretched Writers, but they must be  
 “ Lyars into the bargain ; they must forge Crimes  
 “ to affright the people, they must scatter abroad  
 “ the words of prevarication, &c. &c.”

AUDITOR.

Duke of Cumberland  
 Duke of Newcastle  
 Duke of Devonshire

NORTH BRITON.

P. D. of W.  
 Duke of Bedford

Earl

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AUDITOR,	NORTH BRITON.
Earl Temple	Earl of Bute
	Earl of Loudon
	Earl of Litchfield
	Earl of Talbot
	Earl of Talbot's Horse
Lord Barrington	Lord Mansfield
	Lord Eglinton
Rt. Hon. Mr. Pitt	Rt. Hon. Mr. Fox
Rt. Hon. Mr. Legge	Rt. Hon. Mr. G. Grenville
Lord Mayor of London	Rt. Hon. Mr. Rigby
Sir James Hodges, Knt:	Hon. Horace Walpole
Town Clerk to the City	
London	
The King of Prussia	Sir John Philips Bart.
Author of the address to	Sir Francis Dashwood,
the Cocoa-Tree	Bart.
Thomas Nuttall, attorney	Samuel Touchet
Mr. Beardmore, ditto	Samuel Martin .
Charles Churchill	Samuel Johnson
Charles Say	John Home
Charles Macklin, alias	David Mallet, <i>alias</i>
Mac-lochlin	Malloch

## AUDITOR.

Dr. Shebbeare  
John Wilkes  
David Garrick

## NORTH BRITON.

Arthur Murphy  
Dr. Burton  
William Hogarth

The Toast - Master at Guildford      The Poet Laureat

Col. Lamb, fishmonger  
Capt. Lamb, auctioneer  
Mr. Hoyle  
Mr. Pond  
Mr. Arthur  
Counsellor Jones

The Monitor  
The Whigs  
The Minority

The Briton  
The Tories  
The Majority

Against

War

Peace

The above lists not only shew who have been the Butts of Satire to each writer, but may also with due attention to the turnings and windings in the Court Calendar, serve as unerring guide-posts to point out such as seem to be in the high road to abuse from either paper. Being made acquainted with the Colour of the heroes of both parties, we know

know that if a great officer of the court should be turned out, or to use the more courtly phrase *resign*, the AUDITOR will immediately tear out the white leaf wherein he so lately sang his praises, and, like another Peachum, set his name down in his *black book*, and call on him to exercise the full powers of the Christian virtue of *resignation*. We know too, that if a noble Member of one House should call for an able Commoner to lead the business of the other, the NORTH BRITON will immediately open his deep mouth on that leader, and maul a Manager with as great alacrity as Mr. Thady Fitzpatrick. But as rules and precepts are never clearly enforced, unless illustrated by example, I will submit a small Peep into Futurity to your readers; and as I have in some places above, rather made extraordinary distinctions in favour of the AUDITOR, I shall here pay my particular compliments to the NORTH BRITON. We have already seen whom that writer has abused (craving his pardon for the grossness of the expression;) and the AUDITOR's list of Scandal (craving his pardon also) is a pretty exact catalogue of those, whom the NORTH BRITON has praised. I shall now therefore, Mr. Baldwin, take upon me to predict, with as much sagacity as Partridge or even Bickerstaff,

whom he *will* praise, whom he *will* abuse, and whom he may possibly praise or abuse : and for the fulfilling these my predictions I refer to time, or even appeal to the Second Sight of the NORTH BRITON himself. Some that are turned out, I know he will take every opportunity to praise, and that class I shall distinguish by Chalk; some that are put in, I know he cannot resist the temptation of dispraising, and that class I shall distinguish by Charcoal. But there are another class of a dubious indeterminate twilight character, whose conduct will not suffer us to speak precisely of the colour of their intentions; a kind of heterogeneous or amphibious animals, Hermaphrodites or Otters in Politicks, neither in nor out, *Pro* nor *Con*, Court nor Country, Whig nor 'Tory, Scotch nor English; who are, like Sir Anthony Branville, in a State of Fluctuation, and hang, like Mahomet's coffin, in suspense; who seem ready to veer and turn, like approved weather-cocks, with every gust of politicks; who stand between *Ay* and *No*, like the ass of the schoolmen between two bundles of hay; or like Prince Volscius in love, hip-hop, hip-hop, one boot on, and the other boot off. These Statesmen of the neuter gender, we can place in neither list; and yet they seem to bid fair  
for

for a place in both. Where then can we station these lovers of the Golden Mean, but in the Middle? In the Middle therefore, upon stilts between both, one foot on one list, the other foot on the other list, I have placed one Right Hon. Gentleman, as the grand archetype of political scepticism. Far be it from me to arraign such commendable Prudence and Moderation! but as the NORTH BRITON, is not such an admirer of impartiality, I have reason to think, that he will not long permit this gentleman to remain in a state of indifferency; he will not be content to say of him *ALBUS an ATER homo sit, nescio!* but having once brought himself to imagine, that he has discovered the gentleman's biases, he will soon be induced to favour us with a portrait of so distinguished a personage either in Chalk or in Charcoal.

A PEEP into FUTURITY.

From the NORTH BRITON.

CHALK.

CHARCOAL.

The Right Honourable CHARLES TOWNSHEND.



Duke of Grafton

Lord Mayor of London

Duke of Portland

Earl of Powis

Thomas Prowse, Esq.

Lord Grosvenor

Edward



Edward Popham, Esq.

Lord Strange

Sir Arm. Woodhouse

Sir Cha. Mordaunt

Welbore Ellis

James Oswald

Bamber Gascoyne

Paul Whitehead

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*To the* PRINTER *of the* ST. JAMES'S CHRONICLE.

*Thursday, April 19, 1764.*

S I R,

**I** Remember to have seen many Letters in your Chronicle, and other of the Publick Papers, against the Bill for regulating Franks, which Letters I suppose were written by persons, whose interest or convenience was in some measure likely to be affected by the proposed regulation. I, Mr. Baldwin, with due reverence to the Hon. House I declare it, am a Member of Parliament, one of those members who most heartily concurred in passing the bill: first of all in a patriot view, being persuaded it would make a yearly addition of seventy thousand pounds to the revenue of the Post-Office, which is now publick property; and secondly in  
a private

a private light, imagining it would save myself a great deal of trouble in Franking Letters for relations, friends, acquaintance, constituents, &c. &c. But, alas, Mr. Baldwin, I find the first of these benefits expected to result from the new limitations, very uncertain, and the last, merely ideal: and though I have but little of the leaven of opposition in my temper, yet I now most sincerely repent of the concessions I have made, and wish that many others, as well as myself, had insisted more steadily on the preservation of our Privilege, and not have resigned it almost entirely to the Clerks of the Post-Office, who will perhaps be as great gainers by these new regulations as the members of both Houses will be losers. As to the advantage resulting to the revenue from these restrictions, I shall leave them to be determined by Fact and Experience: and I shall also shew by Fact and woeful Experience, that the trouble usually given to Members of Parliament, in the article of Franking, instead of being the least diminished will be considerably increased.

Coming home from the House, a few days ago, I found, lying on my writing-table, a large packet with the following superscription: "Mr. L's. compliments to Mr. M. and begs the favour of him

“ him to Frank and Direct the inclosed covers :  
 “ a dozen with the following addrefs:—To Mrs.  
 “ L. at Sir Hugh Llanvilly’s, at Llanvilly Park,  
 “ near Llanvilly, Merionethshire, Wales.—Half a  
 “ dozen—To Mr. Latitat, Attorney at Law at  
 “ Bewdly, near Worcester.—Half a dozen—To  
 “ G. L. Esq. of Trinity College, Cambridge.—  
 “ A dozen—To Mr. L. himself, in Sackville-  
 “ Street, Piccadilly, to be used by his son, when  
 “ he writes to him from Cambridge; and one  
 “ dozen more—To Miss Trippit, at Sir William  
 “ Trippit’s, Grove-Park, Berkshire, a constant  
 “ correspondent of Mr. L’s eldest daughter.”—  
 Such, Mr. Balwin, was the substance of this po-  
 lite card, and give me leave to say that, consider-  
 ing Mr. L. is but a common acquaintance, with  
 whom I sometimes take a turn in the Queen’s  
 walk, or whom I now and then join in a morning’s  
 ride in Hyde-Park, or meet in an evening at the  
 Mount coffee-house, I never saw a more consum-  
 mate piece of assurance. The cool impudence of  
 it startled me at first, but on recollection, I de-  
 termined to take no farther notice of it, than to  
 order it, as we do idle papers in the House, to  
 lie upon the table.

A very

A very short period since has, however, convinced me, that I am to expect many such applications. Several other equally modest persons have taken occasion to hint to me, that they shall expect the like favour; some of whom are people, whom I by no means chuse to offend, and others are such whom I am under some kind of necessity to oblige. My wife, Mr. Baldwin, if you are a married man, you will easily conceive that I cannot refuse: all the fiddle-faddle correspondence of my four daughters, my nieces, and some other Misses of their particular acquaintance, must also pass under my Franks and Direction. As to my constituents, as I represent the inhabitants of a most respectable city in the West of England, where I am brought in for Nothing—that is, where no Bribery prevails, and it only costs me about 1500*l.* in treating, &c.—How, I say, Mr. Baldwin, can I forbear to comply with the demands of my constituents?

Some of my friends, to avoid the trouble of writing their names over and over, provided themselves formerly with a stamp; but if they could not away with the single trouble of Franking, how will they digest the additional one of Directing? Another inconvenience is, that when the Frank and Address are both in one hand, the inclosed letter

letter must also naturally be supposed to come from the same person. It is easy to conceive situations wherein this circumstance must be particularly disagreeable, especially to grave old gentlemen, like myself; whereas before, all letters, however directed, passed without the least imputation on the characters of the lords or gentlemen, who franked them. I have known a letter to Grub-Street pass, without astonishment, under the sanction of the Earl of Chesterfield; and have seen a cover franked by an Archbishop, filled up, without scandalising even the post-man, with a direction to Haddock's Bagnio.

Such, and many more, are the inconveniencies likely to arise on this occasion to members of parliament. But we have brought them on ourselves, and must take them for our pains. For my part, my chief concern is the trouble, which I shall endeavour to save by all the means I am able to devise, or which you, Mr. B. or any of the ingenious correspondents in your Chronicle are able to suggest. My present intention is, to send to the fellow whom we committed to Newgate for forging Franks, and who will necessarily be enlarged at the rising of the parliament, offering to take him into pay, in  
case

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case he wants employment, and promising to recommend him to several lords and gentlemen of my acquaintance.

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

*Dover-street.*

L. M.

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*To the* PRINTER *of the* ST. JAMES'S CHRONICLE:

*Saturday, April 28, 1764.*

S I R,

I Have seen in your paper, the preface to Poems by a Journeyman Shoemaker, and have also perused several of the Poems themselves with a singular pleasure, though I must own with much less surprize than the generality of his readers. That Stephen Duck, the thresher, should leave the barn for the garret; or that Jones, the bricklayer, should attempt to Build the Lofty Rhime, were indeed circumstances somewhat extraordinary; unless the first had been contented merely to wield the Flail of Satire, and the last, to use the Trowel of Panegyrick, neither of which were the case: But that James Woodhouse, the journeyman Shoemaker,

Shoemaker, should, as the preface tells us, “fit at his  
 “work with a pen and ink by him, and when he  
 “has made a couplet write it down on his knee,”  
 is not, I think, altogether so miraculous as the other  
 two instances, since there always appeared to me to  
 be a very strict analogy between Verse-making and  
 Shoe-making. Almost every Crispin sings at his  
 work; why may not our *Crispinus* also compose?  
 He may surely, by no unnatural association of  
 ideas, think at one and the same time of the Feet  
 of his Verses and the Feet of his Customers; or  
 Hammer out a line, while he is Hammering out the  
 sole of a shoe. It is easy also for him to adapt his  
 poetical exercises to the various circumstances of his  
 Sandalian Employments. He may turn his mind to  
 familiar comick subjects, *privatis & prope Socco car-*  
*minibus*, while he is manually operating on a pair of  
 leathern socks: and he may with the same kind  
 of sympathy between head and hand, rise to all  
 the heights of the tragick sublime, *Carmina digna*  
*Cothurno*, while he is making a pair of buskins, which  
 you know, Mr. Baldwin, are now very much in  
 fashion. If our author’s ambition inspires him too  
 soon to Epick, and to sing with Homer (*ἑὺννημιδας*  
 ’Αχαιὸς) *the well-booted Grecians*, he may work  
 on boots. He would, I doubt not, dispatch  
 a book

a book, with every pair; especially if he throws in a pair or two of shoes, now and then, as he goes along, by way of Epifode. Pindarick Odes, which are often on Equestrian subjects, may be dispatched with Spatterdashies; light airy Verses, with Pumps; and all easy, careless, Gentleman-like Compositions with Slippers.

Scholars, Mr. Baldwin, who want to engross all the provinces of literature, do not care that any body should write but themselves; and though the Muses themselves are females, yet if a lady makes verses they are arrogant enough to bid her learn to make a pudding. Verse-making is in the present age, generally speaking, as mechanical as Shoe-making. Why then should not a poor mechanick shew his industry both ways, especially a Shoe-maker, whose profession as I have endeavoured to shew, is so consistent with that of a Poet, and who can write verses without neglecting his other business, or rendering himself liable to the censure contained in the old adage of *ne sutor ultrà crepidam!*

I am, Sir,

Your most humble servant,

CRISPINUS SCRIBLERUS

VOL. II.

E

To



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*To the* PRINTER *of the* ST. JAMES'S CHRONICLE.

*Saturday, July 7, 1764.*

S I R,

**I**N a note to one of M. D'Eon's famous letters, written from London, to the Duke of Nivernois is the following remarkable passage:

“ After the earthquakes which happened here  
 “ in 1750, a Lifeguard Man took it into his head to  
 “ foretell a third, which was to overthrow London.  
 “ He called himself inspired, and with an enthu-  
 “ siastical air fixed the day, the hour, and the mi-  
 “ nute. London being already in a consternation  
 “ at the remembrance of two shocks, at the  
 “ exact distance of a month from each other, and  
 “ still more terrified at the expected approach of  
 “ a third more terrible earthquake, which the en-  
 “ thusiastical soldier had announced for the 5th of  
 “ April, the Town shewed itself susceptible of  
 “ all kinds of impressions. More than 50,000  
 “ inhabitants on the faith of this oracle, had that  
 “ day betaken themselves to flight. The greater  
 “ part of those whom the arguments or railleries of  
 “ their friends had detained, waited with trembling  
 “ the critical instant, and shewed no kind of cou-  
 “ rage

“rage till it was over. When the day arrived,  
 “the prophecy, like most other predictions, was  
 “not accomplished; the false Samuel was sent  
 “somewhat too late to Bedlam, and the heads of  
 “these fierce islanders, so wise and so philosophi-  
 “cal, were not proof against the prophecy of a  
 “madman.”

Such, Mr. Baldwin, are the pictures, which Frenchmen who come among us, frequently draw of our nation. Taking a hearsay story for fact, and passing off misrepresentations for truth, they pretend to decide from thence, on the manners and character of the people, commonly founding their opinions on vague reports, idle pamphlets and papers, rather than on their own observations on real life. Thus the story of the Bottle-Conjurer, first ridiculed in pamphlets at home, gave us among foreigners the character of a credulous people; and Bielfield mentions it in his letters as an instance of our rage for Spectacles: as if the whole town had been crammed into the Little Theatre in the Haymarket; and as if every body, there present on that occasion, really expected to see a man get into a Quart Bottle. This is the opinion that foreigners generally entertain of that affair; and

in compliment to their own wisdom they conclude that the English are Fools.

The subject of M. D'Eon's note gives them also, as they imagine, another specimen of our characters; and M. D'Eon himself having, I suppose, picked up this story among other table-talk, since his arrival in England, puts it into French, and flourishes away upon it most triumphantly. But did M. D'on see the 50,000 who ran out of town? No. Was he in London? No. In England? No. But he has heard that a lifeguardman foretold a third earthquake, and that some weak people were frightened at it, These he calls the Town, and multiplies them into fifty thousand emigrants, and lays on the remaining thousands, no other restraint than shame and the fear of ridicule. It is easy for a lively Frenchman, to draw the severest conclusions from such false premises. But let me ask him, where is that wise and philosophical metropolis, among which there are no weak persons? and are they the proper persons to fit for the true portrait of a nation? Suppose exactly the same circumstances had happened at Paris, would not the *Bois de Boulogne* have been as full of coaches as Hyde-Park was on that occasion? Would it be candid in an Englishman residing at Paris fourteen years

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 53

years after not only to multiply 500 to 50,000, but to throw also the same ridicule, which they had drawn on themselves, on all the rest of the town? And yet would it not be very easy for such an Englishman to give himself an insolent air, and to say “ The faith of this bigotted nation was  
“ pinned on a prophecy, perhaps not half so ridi-  
“ culous as many other articles of their belief:  
“ and volatile understandings, like chaff before the  
“ wind, were blown to and fro by the breath of a  
“ madman.”

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

F. G.

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*To the* PRINTER *of the* ST. JAMES'S CHRONICLE.

*Tuesday, Oct. 30, 1764.*

Mr. Baldwin,

**W**E Two, who have now determined to become your joint correspondents, and like the two hands to pull together on this occasion, although like them, We are always on different sides; We, Sir, We say, and Our ancestors, have been members of parliament time out of mind;

E 3

We

We, as well as Our respective predecessors, have, it is true, very often changed Our sides, but then like partners in a country dance, We have each of us *crossed over* and now and then in case of a coalition of parties, *joined hands*, for the sake of *figuring in*. We are in general not a very talkative family, delighting chiefly in monosyllables; and thinking a word *from* the wife, as well as a word *to* the wife, fully sufficient. The truth is, We are like sheep, a gregarious kind of animal, and if one leaps over a hedge or into a ditch, all the rest follow; but though We have little or no cause, at least no ostensible one, for Our conduct; yet We think ourselves infinitely obliged to those ingenious gentlemen, who, after all is over, are so kind as to assign a plausible reason for what We have done. The principal end of this letter, therefore, Mr. Baldwin, is to return thanks in both Our names, to all political writers *Pro* and *Con*, AUDITOR and NORTH BRITON, Defenders of Minority or Majority, for taking the trouble to investigate the motives of Our parliamentary behaviour, and enabling Us to defend Our several causes with arguments We never heard, nor ever thought of before. We are both prepared to enter the scene of business again, soon after Christmas,  
We

We know Our cues, and Our parts are but short ;  
 but when We have performed them, We shall be  
 obliged to those gentlemen who will again under-  
 take to shew that We seem'd to follow nature, and  
 that they could not perceive that We were moved  
 like Puppets ; or like live actors, stood in need of a  
 Prompter. We are, Sir, and We are not,

Your humble servants

AY AND NO.

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To the PRINTER of the ST. JAMES'S CHRONICLE.

Thursday, Nov. 29, 1764.

INTELLIGENCE EXTRAORDINARY.

Drury-**L**AST night was performed at this  
 Lane. theatre, for the first time, a new  
 comick opera, called the Capricious Lovers, written  
 by Mr. Lloyd, and founded, as the author informs  
 us, on a French piece of Monsieur Favart,  
 called *Les Caprices d'Amour ; ou, Ninette à la Cour*.  
 Being no great admirers of Operas, serious, or  
 comick, we cannot help saying that we think  
 Mr. Robert Lloyd deserves much censure on this  
 occasion, for these two reasons, first for linking

his theatrical labours with those of a composer; and secondly for entering the field of Opera with the arms of Sense and Poetry. There are charms enough in this piece to seduce us into a liking of this Species of the Drama; and Mr. Lloyd is unwarily sacrificing to a Castrato Apollo, instead of that manly vigorous God of Poetry for whom he and his lamented friend Churchill have always professed so sincere an adoration. And yet after all, Mr. Lloyd has entirely mistaken the matter, in writing elegant words in order to be adapted to musick; for it is a fact founded on experience that nothing is so harmonious as nonsense; as a recent proof of which maxim we will venture to say, that Mr. Rush's composition in the serious Opera of the Royal Shepherd, in which Opera there was scarce one line of sense, was infinitely superior to his musical labours in the Capricious Lovers: in which last entertainment we assigned to the author the first place; to the performers, who were most excellent, the second; and to the composer, but not without an interval betwixt them, the third. Not that we mean to depreciate the talents of Mr. Rush, or that we do not readily allow his having exerted them in the composition of several elegant airs in this Opera, but merely to observe that (perhaps  
for

for want of use) sense is not so pliant under his hands as nonsense, and that he lavished much excellent musick, on many a melodious *For*, or *The*, or *And*, in the Royal Shepherd last year, which would have been better bestowed, had he reserved it for the excellent poetry of the airs in this Opera.—The dialogue also has much merit, as well as the airs, for which the author is partly indebted to the original French; though we cannot but observe that much of the part of *Lifetta*, and all the comick scenes between *Hobbinol* and *Damon*, together with their lively appearance in the catastrophe, with all which circumstances the audience were so highly entertained, are entirely new.—The performers did great justice to their characters. It would be great injustice not to confess the merit and uncommon excellence of *Mrs. Clive*, *Mr. Yates*, and *Mr. Vernon*. Indeed the execution of the whole Opera afforded us much entertainment, and we liked it but too well.

In order to give our country readers a specimen of the words, we shall subjoin two songs, though indeed they may rather be called elegant little poems, than mere airs in the Opera. There are several others of equal merit.

A I R



## A I R V.

When the head of poor Tummas was broke  
 By Roger who play'd at the wake,  
 And Kate was alarm'd at the stroke  
 And wept for poor Tummas's sake;  
 When his worship gave noggins of ale,  
 And the liquor was charming and stout,  
 O those were the times to regale,  
 And we footed it rarely about.

Then our partners were buxom as Does,  
 And we all were as happy as kings,  
 Each lad in his holiday cloaths,  
 And the lasses in all their best things.  
 What merriment all the day long!  
 May the feast of our Colin prove such!  
 Odzooks but I'll join in the song,  
 And I'll hobble about with my crutch.

## A I R XVII.

For various purpose serves the fan,  
 As thus — a decent blind,  
 Between the sticks to peep at man,  
 Nor yet betray your mind.

Each action has a meaning plain;  
 Resentment's in the *snap*;  
 A *firt* expresses strong disdain,  
 Consent a gentle *tap*.

All passions will the fan disclose,  
 All modes of female art,  
 And to advantage sweetly shews,  
 The hand, if not the heart.

'Tis folly's scepter first design'd  
 By love's capricious boy,  
 Who knows how lightly all mankind  
 Are govern'd by a toy.

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*To the* PRINTER *of the* ST. JAMES'S CHRONICLE.

*Thursday, Oct. 10, 1765.*

NOTES *on the* PREFACE *to* Mr. Johnson's Edition of  
 Shakespeare (*published this morning.*)

JOHNSON'S Shakespeare! published! when?  
 this morning—what at last!—*vix tandem*, 'egad!  
 he has observed Horace's rule of *nonum in annum*.  
 Keep the Piece nine years, as Pope says—I know  
 a friend of mine that subscribed in fifty-six—&c.  
 &c. &c.

Such perhaps is the language of some little wit-  
 ling, who thinks his satirical sallies extremely  
 poignant and severe; but the appearance of any  
 production of Mr. Johnson cannot fail of being  
 grateful to the literary world; and, come when  
 they

they will, like an agreeable guest, we are sure to give them a hearty welcome, though perhaps we may have betrayed some little impatience at their not coming sooner. Nor have the publick in general been deceived. None but subscribers have a right to complain: and they I suppose, in general, meant to show their respect for Mr. Johnson, rather than to give themselves a title of becoming clamorous creditors.

But granting our editor to be naturally indolent—and naturally indolent we believe him to be—we cannot help wondering at the number, vastness, and excellence of his productions. A Dictionary of our language; a series of admirable essays in the Rambler, as well as, if we are not misinformed, several excellent ones in the Adventurer; an edition of Shakespeare; besides some less considerable works, all in the space of no very great number of years! and all these the productions of a mere Idler! We could wish there were a few more of such indolent men in these kingdoms.

Of the general merit of this new edition of Shakespeare we cannot now be expected to give any account. It was published but this morning, but as we obtained a sight of the editor's valuable preface a few days ago, we shall now oblige our readers

ders with a few extracts from it, together with some remarks which we have taken the liberty to subjoin; for the freedom of which we make no apology, as Mr. Johnson need not now be told, that notwithstanding “the tenderness due to living  
 “reputation and veneration to genius and learning,  
 “he cannot be justly offended at that liberty, of  
 “which he has himself so frequently given an  
 “example.”

After some introductory matter concerning the degree of merit, which we may suppose to be stamped on works by the suffrage of antiquity, the writer proceeds thus:

“SHAKESPEARE is above all writers, at least above all modern writers, the Poet of Nature: the Poet that holds up to his readers a faithful Mirrour of Manners and of Life. His characters are not modified by the customs of particular places, unpractised by the rest of the world; by the peculiarities of studies or professions, which can operate but upon small numbers; or by the accidents of transient fashions or temporary opinions: they are the genuine progeny of common humanity, such as the world will always supply, and observation will always find. His persons act and speak by the influence of those general passions and principles

ciples by which all minds are agitated, and the whole system of life is continued in motion. In the writings of other poets a character is too often an individual; in those of Shakespear it is commonly a species."

Having given some further illustration of this argument, the editor proceeds in the following terms :

" His adherence to general nature has exposed him to the Censure of Criticks, who form their judgments upon narrower principles. Dennis and Rhymer think his Romans not sufficiently Roman; and Voltaire censures his Kings as not completely Royal. Dennis is offended, that Menenius, a Senator of Rome, should play the buffoon; and Voltaire perhaps, thinks decency violated when the Danish usurper is represented as a drunkard. But Shakespear always makes nature predominant over accident; and if he preserves the essential character, is not very careful of distinctions superinduced and adventitious. His story requires Romans or Kings, but he thinks only on Men. He knew that Rome, like every other city, had men of all dispositions: and wanting a buffoon, he went into the Senate House for that which the Senate House would certainly have afforded him.

He

“ He was inclined to shew an usurper, and a murderer, not only odious but despicable, he therefore added drunkenness to his other qualities, knowing that Kings love wine, like other men, and that wine exerts its natural power upon Kings. These are the petty cavils of petty minds; a poet overlooks the casual distinction of country and condition, as a painter, satisfied with the figure, neglects the drapery.”

Has not Mr. Johnson here made too liberal a concession to Dennis? and on an examination of the play of Coriolanus, would it not appear that the character of Menenius, though marked with the peculiarities of an hearty old gentleman, is by no means that of a buffoon? Many have defended Polonius, who is much less respectable than Menenius.

The editor then enters into a very sensible and spirited vindication of the mingled drama of Shakespeare, and the interchange of serious and comick scenes in the same play. His reflections on this subject he closes in the following terms:

“ When Shakespeare’s plan is understood, most of the criticisms of Rhymer and Voltaire vanish away. The play of Hamlet is opened, without impropriety, by two Centinels; Iago bellows at Brabantio’s window, without injury to the scheme  
of

of the play, though in terms which a modern audience would not easily endure; the character of Polonius is seasonable and useful; and the Grave Diggers themselves may be heard with applause.

“Shakespeare engaged in Dramatick Poetry with the world open before him; the rules of the ancients were yet known to few; the publick judgment was unformed; he had no example of such fame as might force him upon imitation, nor criticks of such authority as might restrain his extravagance: He therefore indulged his natural disposition, and his disposition, as Rhymer has remarked, led him to Comedy. In Tragedy *he often writes with great appearance of toil and study, what is written at last with little facility*; but in his comick scenes, he seems to produce without labour, what no labour can improve. In Tragedy he is always struggling after some occasion to be comick, but in Comedy he seems to repose, or to luxuriate, as in a mode of thinking congenial to his nature. In his tragick scenes there is always something wanting, but his Comedy often surpasses expectation or desire. His Comedy pleases by the thoughts and the language, and his Tragedy for the greater part by incident and action. His Tragedy seems to be skill, his comedy instinct.”

This opinion in which Mr. J. concurs with the Arch Zoilus of our author, is however very disputable; and we cannot help thinking that what is said in this place, as well as what is afterwards thrown out on this head, in speaking of his faults, is infinitely too strong. A good comment on parts of Othello, Hamlet, Lear, Macbeth, and other tragick scenes of Shakespeare, or perhaps a mere perusal of them, would be the best method of confuting these assertions.

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*To the* PRINTER *of the* ST. JAMES'S CHRONICLE.

*Saturday, Oct. 12, 1763.*

NOTES *on the* PREFACE *to* Mr. Johnson's Edition  
*of* Shakespeare *continued.*

“**I**N his comick scenes he is seldom very successful, when he engages his characters in Reciprocations of Smartness and Contests of Sarcasm;”

*Anglice*, Repartee. Dryden in one of his prefaces calls it “a Quick Chace of Wit;” but so many writers, so many styles!



“ But the admirers of this great poet have most reason to complain, when he approaches nearest to his highest excellence, and seems fully resolved to sink them into dejection and mollify them with tender emotions by the Fall of Greatness, the Danger of Innocence, or the Crosses of Love.”

Does Mr. J. mean to refer his readers to the Fall of Wolsey, the Distresses of Lear, the Murders of Duncan and Desdemona, &c. &c. or was his mind wholly occupied by some quibbling scenes in Romeo and Juliet, and the Midsummer's Night's Dream?

“ A quibble was to him the fatal Cleopatra for which he lost the world, and was content to lose it.”

Has not Mr. J. been as culpably fond of writing upon Quibble, as Shakespeare in pursuing it? and is not his laboured paragraph upon quibble as puerile as a remnant of a school-boy's declamation? Besides, was it not a vice common to all the writers of that age?

“ Familiar Comedy is often more powerful on the Theatre, than in the page; Imperial Tragedy is always less.”

Imperial Tragedy, such at least as is attended with these effects, is of all others the coldest; and that

that Tragick Writer has but very ill effected the purposes of that species of Drama, whose productions are more powerful in the Page, than on the Theatre. Cato, perhaps, may possess more dignity and force in the closet; but we know that Richard, Lear, Othello, &c. have most power on the stage.

“Those whom my arguments cannot persuade to give their approbation to the judgement of Shakespeare, will easily, if they consider the condition of his life, make some allowance for his ignorance.”

There is much good sense, sound criticism, and fine writing in these observations on the Unities; and it is certain that a strict observation of the Unities of Time and Place have not only “given more trouble to the poet than pleasure to the Auditor,” but have perhaps created as many absurdities as they have prevented: yet it were to have been wished, that Mr. J. had in this, as in all other instances, rather maintained the character of a reasoner, than assumed that of a pleader. All liberties may be carried to an excess, and the violation of these Unities may be so gross as to become unpardonable. Shakespeare himself seems to have been sensible of this; and therefore introduced the Chorus into

Henry the Fifth to waft us from shore to shore; and for the same reason he brings in the personage of Time in the character of Chorus in the Winter's Tale, to apologise for the lapse of sixteen years, the distance between the supposed birth of Perdita, and her appearance as the nymph beloved by Florizel. It might have been worth while therefore to have endeavoured in some measure to ascertain how far these Unities may allowably be transgressed. Such an investigation by Mr. J. would have still enhanced the value of this excellent Preface, and must have been agreeable to all readers.

“ There has always prevailed a tradition, that Shakespeare wanted learning, that he had no regular education, nor much skill in the dead languages. Jonson his friend, affirms, that he had small Latin and no Greek.”

Mr. J. certainly quotes from memory in this place. The affirmation of Ben Jonson is, that Shakespeare “ had small Latin, and *less* Greek,” which implies his having some share of both. Even in our times, a man who has some Greek, has commonly a pretty competent knowledge of Latin.

“ Such

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 69

“Such verse we make when we are writing prose; we make such verse in common conversation.”

It is remarkable that Dennis, though perhaps undesignedly, has here exemplified his own observation.

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*To the* PRINTER *of the* ST. JAMES'S CHRONICLE.

*Thursday, Nov. 7, 1765.*

S I R,

I Have seen and read the Remarks which you were pleased to subjoin to the Extracts from Mr. Johnson's Preface to his Edition of Shakespeare, and hope that the same Remarker, having concluded his comments on the Preface, will proceed to examine the work itself. In the mean time, if the following observations on some of our new editor's notes, on the play of Henry the Fifth, appear to be worth your notice, you are welcome to publish them in your Chronicle. I had no particular reason for singling out this play: but when my books, for which I had long since subscribed, came home, the fourth volume happened to be the first that I cut open, and Harry V. the

first play that I perused. Hereafter, perhaps, if some abler critick does not take the task out of my hands, I may send you my observations on some others.

## F I R S T.

For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our Kings,  
Carry them here and there.

“ We should (says Mr. J.) read *King* for *Kings*. The prologue relates only to this play. The mistake was made by referring *Them* to *Kings* which belongs to *Thoughts*.”

Not to mention the harshness of referring *Them* to *Thoughts* instead of *Kings*, to which it naturally and obviously belongs, *Kings* is proper in relation only to this play. The Kings of France and England are those here intended by Shakespeare, who says in the same spirit but a few lines before,

Suppose, within the girdle of these walls,  
Are now confin'd *two mighty monarchies*,

## S E C O N D.

Hugh Capet also, who usurp'd the crown  
Of Charles the Duke of Lorrain, sole heir male  
Of the true line and stock of Charles the Great,  
To fine his title with some shews of truth,  
Though in pure truth it was corrupt, &c.

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 71

This is the reading of the old quarto; and Dr. W. very properly explains, “to fine his title,” to signify “to refine or improve it,” which interpretation the Poet’s pursuing the allusion by the word *Corrupt* in the next line confirms. But Dr. J. would read, to *Line* his Title, which he endeavours to support by a passage from Macbeth. But besides that the word *Line* occurs in the verse immediately preceding, and would therefore have been probably rejected by the most hasty writer, had it presented itself, the metaphor used in the old reading is more easy and natural.

T H I R D.

*Exeter.* But there’s a saying very old and true,  
If that you will France win, then with Scotland first  
begin.

For once the eagle England being in prey,  
To her unguarded nest the weazel, Scot,  
Comes sneaking, and so sucks her princely eggs;  
Playing the mouse in absence of the cat,  
To taint and havock more than she can eat.

*Ely.* It follows then the cat must stay at home,  
Yet that is but a Crush’d Necessity;  
Since we have locks to safe-guard necessaries,  
And Pretty Traps, to catch the Petty Thieves.

The sum is paid, the traitors are agreed,  
 The king is set from London, and the scene  
 Is now transported, gentles, to Southampton  
 Ere he takes ship for France. And in Southampton  
 Linger your patience on, and well digest  
 Th' abuse of distance, while we force a play.  
 There is the play-house now.

“ This alteration (continues Mr. Johnson) restores sense, and probably the true sense. The lines might be otherwise ranged, but this order pleases me best.”

But the original order pleases Me best, Mr. Baldwin, nor can I conceive how any reader of the lines can look about for a meaning without finding it; or indeed how he can miss finding it under his nose, without looking about at all. Where lies the difficulty? In the three first lines? Let us examine them.

And by their hands this grace of kings must die  
 If Hell and Treason hold their promises,  
 Ere he takes ship for France; and in Southampton.

The meaning of this is, that there was a plot to kill the King in Southampton before he could embark on his French expedition. This the King himself explains,

— this

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this man  
 Hath for a few light crowns lightly conspir'd,  
 And sworn unto the practices of France,  
 'To kill us here in Hampton.

Surely the words "And in Southampton" did not puzzle Mr. Johnson. Can an editor of Shakespeare be confounded by an *Elleipsis* so frequent in that author, and all other poets? "The King must die ere he take ship for France, and must die in Southampton." What can be clearer? Besides, the arrangement proposed is much more confused and inelegant than that in which the lines stand at present. For instance,

And by their hands this grace of kings must die,  
 If Hell and Treason hold their promises.

By placing a full stop in this place, instead of a comma, and by omitting the third line,

Ere he takes ship for France; and in Southampton—  
 —By these injudicious alterations you are only generally informed of a plot, without the alarming particulars given in the original reading. And only mark how very awkwardly this poor transposed line is squeezed into another corner!

The sum is paid, the traitors are agreed,  
 The king is set from London, and the scene



Is now transported, gentles, to Southampton  
 Ere he take ship for France. And in Southampton  
 Linger your patience on, and well digest  
 Th' abuse of distance, while we force a play.  
 There is the playhouse now.

Here I think comes out, that the unfortunate words "and in Southampton" were the stumbling-blocks to our editor. But is not this new disposition of the lines much for the worse? and would one not almost be tempted to suppose from the great distance between the King and the relative pronoun He, that the Scene was to "take ship for France?"—The proposed alteration therefore introduces confusion, instead of restoring sense; and the old reading, in this case as in most others, gives the true sense. The lines indeed might perhaps be otherwise ranged, but this order is the most natural and the best.

Fearing that I may have already trespassed too far on your paper, I shall reserve the continuation of these remarks till you hear from me again; perhaps, Mr. Baldwin, you may hear from me again and again, and again. In the mean time I remain,

Your constant reader,

And humble servant,

CHRISTOPHER DENNIS.

To

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*To the* PRINTER *of the* ST. JAMES'S CHRONICLE.

*Hyde - Park - Corner,  
Saturday, March 21, 1767.*

S I R,

**I**F you ever, on Sundays or Holydays, bestow eighteenpence a side on a horse, and turn his head towards the West, you may probably have beheld me, your present correspondent, placed close against Hyde-Park Wall, a little beyond St. George's Hospital. My travelling name, or rather the name which travellers on the Western road have given me, is CAPTAIN NOSE, a kind of *Cognomen*, derived, after the Roman custom, from the most remarkable prominence of a certain feature of my face. Tully, from a similar reason, was surnamed CICERO; and Ovid was called NASO, from the very same cause that I have been christened CAPTAIN NOSE. The poet, on account of some illicit amours, was driven into exile. I, who am a veteran in the military service, am rewarded as handsomely as many other veterans; and while the soldiers of the three regiments of Foot Guards are put into wooden boxes to watch the ducks in St. James's Park, I am stationed a perpetual centry  
against

against Hyde-Park Wall, to observe the motions of all the goers and comers in and out of this extensive metropolis.

If you ever were at Paris, Mr. Baldwin, you must know that it is impossible to pass any of the barriers, without an impertinent fellow of an officer tearing open your coach door, to see that you do not export or import so much as a bottle of four wine, without defraying the duties on it. Were I to take the same liberty with every coach that passes by my station, such is the jealousy of military establishments in this free country, that I might probably in less than a week, fall into the hands of the civil power, be seized by Fielding's runners, be carried to give an account of myself before the Bow-Street Police, and perhaps ultimately be conveyed out of town again towards the North-West, when I might be allotted a more disagreeable station, than that which I occupy at present. To say the truth, I do not want to take so near an inspection of passengers as an highwayman's horse, for it is easy enough to see *how the world goes*, even with half an eye; and though you may perceive that I only glance at them in profile, yet they do not drive so hastily along, but I am able to give a tolerable account of them. Such an account,  
if

if you think it will be of service to your Chronicle, is occasionally at your service. The Tatler pretended to maintain an intercourse with a Spirit, called *Pacolet*. Do not you then disdain a correspondent in crayons! for perhaps, even the notified Connoisseur, Mr. Town, did not collect more intelligence from his cousin Village, than you may receive from me; nor did even the Spectator reap more advantages from his inquisitive *short face*, than you may derive from my *long nose*, master Baldwin.

At present writing, Mr. Baldwin, I have only time to send you the following hasty advices. However, if they prove agreeable, you shall soon receive another packet from

Your humble servant,

CAPTAIN NOSE.

*Hyde-Park-Corner.*

*Thursday, March 19, 1767.*

JUST passed by, in a post-chaise for Bath, two Irish fortune-hunters, from Park-Gate.

Two ditto from the *Hercules Pillars*.

—A lady of the town, with a young Oxford Scholar, in a machine.

Another

Another ditto, with another ditto, in a *Vis-a-vis*.

Dr. H— in a *Sulky*.

Two Monthly Reviewers, in a *Hack*, on a party of pleasure to the *Pack-horse* at Turnham Green.

*Bumphrey Moreace, Esq.* for *Kew-Bridge*.

A new married couple, to *Maidenhead*.

Lady V. and an old friend, for *Salt-Hill*.

A single gentleman on horseback, for *Hounslow*.

Another ditto for *Bagshot*.

E. of Ch. with Seven Coaches and Seven, from **M**arlborough.

His M. in a post-chaise, from Richmond.

To the PRINTER of the ST. JAMES'S CHRONICLE.

Saturday, May 9, 1767.

S I R,

**A** Reverend Estimatoꝛ of the Manners and Principles of the Times, lately deceased, pronounced EFFEMINACY to be the characteristick of the Britons of the present age; how unjustly, Voltaire, no friend to this country, has taken notice, observing that the English answered the charge, by carrying their conquests into every quarter of the globe.

Were

Were I to attempt to assign the reigning principle, that governs all ranks and orders of men in this kingdom, I should not hesitate to mention the Spirit of Prodigality and Extravagance, which may now be said to be epidemical, raging with equal violence in court and city, town and country, and confounding high and low, rich and poor, one with another.

Set a beggar on horseback, says the old English proverb, and he will ride to the Devil: though the devil himself, as Sir Francis Wronghead observes, would scarce imagine that he would ride post to him: and yet at present, every beggar has got on horseback, and seems resolved to run a race with his superiors.

That he, who has nothing, or perhaps is worse than nothing, should not be afraid of being ruined, is not very wonderful; but that they, who are as happy as a good fortune can make them, should take the greatest pains to divest themselves of the means of that happiness, I have ever thought very extraordinary. That a Frog should swell with envy, and burst itself in order to become a Bull, is a fable whose moral one may readily comprehend; but what Æsop of antiquity would have described the noble Bull tormented with the same

mean pride, and roaring, and tossing, and bellowing, till it reduced itself even below the state of the wretched animal it might trample on?

Great goings-out, to quote another old saying, must have great comings in. He who now lives to the extent of his fortune, if he multiplies his expences, must multiply his resources, or see ruin before him. Some minds are apt not to be very scrupulously delicate in the choice of those resources. A shopkeeper's apprentice, perhaps, commits violence on the Till; an attorney's clerk takes to the Gaming-Table; a tradesman *makes a break of it*, and cheats his honest creditors of eighteen shillings in the pound; a genteel buck takes to the Turf; and a true blood to the Heath. As to superior orders, the gentry and nobility, they are above committing these petty larcenies on society. If a great commoner, a lord or a duke, run out, they need not descend to these mean shifts. They need not attack individuals, but realise the wish of Caligula, and cut off the head of a nation at one blow. They need not be guilty of burglaries, turn Rooks and Sharpers, commit fraudulent bankruptcies, or put travellers into bodily fear on the king's highway. They have an opportunity of prostituting their votes, selling boroughs, &c.—

&c.—In short they may unite all the abovementioned glorious characters in one. They may turn robbers of their country.

One of the chief schools, or rather academies, of Modern Extravagance, is the Gaming-House. The pupils and students are the Rich; the professors they who want to get their Riches. Gamesters, say the French, begin by being dupes and end by being sharpers: and perhaps it is impossible even in this country, to become an adept in the science without going through the degrees. The several colleges of Arthur's, Almack's, Boodle's, Saunder's, &c. &c. in the two parishes of St. James, and St. George, have a numerous list of scholars and disciples on their books; and should one venture to point out those, whom every body acknowledges to be as well read in the mystical parts of the art as Lookup himself, who knows but one might incur the danger of a *Premunire* or *Scandalum Magnatum*?

I beg your pardon, Ladies! I have not said a syllable about you in particular yet a-while, it is true: but when Extravagance is mentioned as a characteristick of the Manners of the present age, You must be allowed to have your share of it.



Many an honest gentleman has been ruined by his wife's inordinate desire to outvie the wife of his neighbour. A violent passion for Dress, Equipage, and Company, are avowedly female failings; but Gaming, that fiend, which is too hot even for masculine souls, has usurped a dominion over the minds of our country-women. Conversation, and fire-side society, is almost quite lost among us. Family-visits, Blindman's-buff, and Hot-cockles are no more. Every evening assembly is a rout; and cards the occupation of every meeting; at which every body who plays, play higher than they can afford, from the Penny-Quadrille of Blackfriars, to the unlimited Lu in the liberties of Westminster.

Extravagance, however, like many other vices, commonly counter-acts itself, and defeats its own ends. Prodigals, even during the short period of their splendor, rather render themselves ridiculous, than important in the eyes of the multitude. The world is commonly furnished with materials to judge pretty accurately of the income of particulars; and they who seem palpably to exceed the measure of their circumstances, instead of creating admiration excite pity or contempt. It would seem almost incredible therefore, did not  
experience

experience confute all speculation, that any persons should be so mad as to forfeit all the future happiness of their lives, for the sake of exposing themselves to publick derision for a few short months, or at most for a very few years. The patience of creditors is soon exhausted, and a distressed gentleman, who is often put upon Ways and Means, will soon find it very difficult, and at last quite impossible to raise the Supplies. He that will not take up in good time, and put himself under a proper regimen for the evils incurred by his extravagance, may be assured, that the disease will at last cure itself. An acquaintance of mine, who loves a pun, often compares a prodigal to a clock : he can *go*, says he, as long as he can *tick* ; but when he can *tick* no longer, he must *stand*. I would recommend it therefore to every man, who is about to contract debts, to consider whether he shall be able to pay them ; and before he adopts a new system of living, to ask himself seriously whether he shall be able to support it.

I cannot better wind up this rambling dissertation, than by annexing to it a copy of a manuscript now in my possession. The original, I am told, was written by that famous military  
 G 3 character,

character, so celebrated by Pope, Swift, and Voltaire, the E. of P——h. The personage to whom it was addressed, as a familiar Epistle, is still living, and was then in the height of his career of youth and pleasure. The letter itself is conceived in the true laconick spirit, and runs thus:

“ A house in town! A house in the country!  
 “ Hounds in Norfolk! Horses at Newmarket!  
 “ A Whore at W——bl——n! and G——d d——n  
 “ you, where’s your Estate?

“ Your affectionate grandfather,

“ P——”.

### T O T H E P R I N T E R.

— *Genus sibi masculinumque cooptat.* BUSBY’S GRAMMAR.

Saturday, June 9, 1770.

**M**ATTER, say some naturalists, never perishes: the form indeed is eternally varying, but the essence remains. The face of whole countries may change, animals die, plants decay, and palaces fall to ruin; dust returns to dust, but the several atoms are not lost. We may, with Hamlet,  
 trace

trace Alexander to the stopping a Beer-Barrel; or follow the eminent botanist, Dr. Hill, till we leave him among the Compost of a Hot-bed of Cucumbers.

The moral world, in the opinion of some Speculatists, resembles the material. They imagine that the certain portion of virtue and vice, good and ill qualities, which originally actuated mankind, is neither increased nor diminished. Forms of Government, and Modes of Politeness, may indeed have turned them to different shapes, tinged them with different colours and transferred them to different possessors; but they have a permanent existence: and it would be as absurd to maintain that they are annihilated, because they no longer reside in the same persons, or retain their old names, as to contend that Montague-House is pulled down because it is rendered the British Museum, or that Sir Hans Sloane's curiosities are all lost, because they are all lodged in Montague-House.

To what region the Virtues that have left this island are flown, it is difficult to discover; but in the moral system there seems at present to be going on a kind of Country-Dance between the Male and Female Follies and Vices, in which they have severally crossed over, and taken each other's

places. The men are growing delicate and refined, and the women free and easy. There is indeed a kind of animal neither male nor female, a thing of the neuter gender, lately started up amongst us. It is called a Macaroni. It talks without Meaning, it smiles without Pleasantry, it eats without Appetite, it rides without Exercise, it wenches without Passion.

I may perhaps, on some future occasion, be ample in animadversion on those Lady-like Gentlemen, who, despairing to be thought men, are ambitious of resembling women. At present I shall rather confine my observations to those adventurous and spirited females, who seem resolved to break through the whalebone and buckram fences of Modesty and Decorum, and would no more endure starch in their manners than in a pair of laced ruffles. A certain masculine air now distinguishes the ladies; and if you see a female enter a publick place with a bold *knock-me-down* freedom, set her down for a person of quality!

Bath and Tunbridge, Cheltenham and Scarborough, the Theatres, Vauxhall, Ranelagh, and of late years Soho and Almack's, were supposed to be the only Shew-Glasses for youth and beauty. Taverns and coffee-houses were appropriated entirely

tirely to the men ; and a woman, out of the pur-  
 lieus of Covent-Garden, or the hundreds of Drury,  
 would have fainted away at the thoughts of enter-  
 ing such places of publick entertainment : but in  
 the year 1770 the ladies of the first quality, the  
*mungoes*, the superiors of the times, have abrogated  
 the old Salick laws of libertinism, and openly set  
 up a tavern in profest rivalry of Boodle's, Ar-  
 thur's, and Almack's.

Such a convulsion in the moral world is surely  
 as extraordinary as any former change or revolu-  
 tion in the natural or political system : but  
 being once effected, who can foretell how far it  
 will proceed, or how rapid will be its progress ?  
 In a few years the common occurrences of a wo-  
 man's life may more nearly resemble those of a  
 man's, than her riding-habit now approaches to  
 his dress. A lady may soon perhaps intrigue, and  
 game, and swear, and drink, and smoke tobacco,  
 more openly than her husband does at present ; and  
 some future papers may perhaps authenticate the  
 following paragraphs :

Yesterday a duel was fought behind Montague-  
 House between two ladies at the West end of the  
 town. One of the combatants was dangerously  
 wounded,

wounded, and the other having absconded, is supposed to have gained the Continent.

Last week a lady of the Coterie lost 3000 guineas at Faro at one sitting, to some other females of that society.

Last Saturday was run for, on the Beacon Course at Newmarket, the Ladies Subscription Purse, which was won by Miss Charlotte Hayes's Eclipse. The knowing-ones were taken in; and a gentlewoman who has this meeting been convicted of Foul-Play, has been expelled the Side-Saddle Club by the unanimous suffrage of that honourable society.

Yesterday twenty-one female prisoners were tried at the Old Bailey, when five were capitally convicted, viz. Mary Wharton for breaking and entering the house of Mr. Jenkins, with intent to steal the goods; Margaret Boldboy for a rape on the body of Joseph Andrews; Rachel Stephens, Susan Hodges, and Sarah Hughes for the wilful murder of Thomas Simple, by shooting him with a blunderbuss. Seven were cast for transportation, and nine acquitted.

It is said that great interest is making by some ladies of the highest quality, to obtain a pardon for Mary Flannagan, now lying in Newgate under  
sentence

sentence of death, her brother, Patrick Flanagan, being in keeping with two or three dutchesses.

A gang of footpads, in Straw Hats and Red Cloaks, have infested the New Road near Islington for some time past. Two of them, very desperate viragoes, were taken by Mrs. Justice Foolding's women last night, and by her worship's warrant committed to New Prison.

We hear that Mrs. Catherine Macaulay will certainly be the Middlesex member.

Last night a street-walker in the Strand, who has long been known among his fellow prostitutes by the name of Black Tom, was very much maltreated by some young ladies who had been spending the evening at the Shakespeare tavern. The poor wretch now lies dangerously ill, and it is thought will not long survive. One of the young ladies is said to be the eldest daughter of a popular countess.

Last week Miss Theodosia Forrester, being on a party of shooting near her mama's seat in Dorsetshire, had the misfortune of losing her right breast by the stock of the barrel of the gun bursting at the time of her firing.

The



The same day Miss Stiles put out her collar-bone by a fall from her horse in jumping over a five-bar-gate.

One of the capital figures at the last masquerade was a lady in the character of Eve, in a suit of Flesh-coloured silk, with an apron of Fig-Leaves.

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T O T H E P R I N T E R .

*Tuesday, Dec. 4, 1770.*

S I R,

**T**HERE are in every language, ancient and modern, certain heterogeneous words and anomalous expressions, which render it more difficult to be acquired by students and foreigners than even the most licentious idiomatick phrases, or the most irregular combination of sentences. In vain may the laborious Lexicographer boast of having traced every radical word through a collateral series of Parallel Ramifications. The Philologist still toils with hopeless investigation, and finds himself bewildered in the maze of petty Familiarity and entangled in Colloquial Barbarisms. The Ebullitions of Convivial or Epistolary Humour, and the Sallies of Dramatick Hilarity, the Lucubrations of  
the

the Periodical Essayist, the Sportive Vein and Dry Intelligence of our Diurnal, Nocturnal, and Hebdomadal Historians, are almost totally unintelligible for want of an adequate interpretation. To remedy this defect in English Literature, I have, with infinite labour, compiled a Vocabulary or Glossary, intended as a Supplement to a larger and more solemn Dictionary. It is easy to foresee that the idle and illiterate will complain that I have increased their labours by endeavouring to diminish them, and that I have explained what is more easy by what is more difficult—*Ignotum per ignotius*. I expect, on the other hand, the liberal acknowledgments of the learned. He who is buried in Scholastick Retirement, secluded from the assemblies of the Gay, and remote from the circles of the Polite, will at once comprehend the definitions, and be grateful for such a seasonable and necessary Elucidation of his Mother Tongue. Annexed to this letter is a short specimen of the Work, thrown together in a vague and desultory manner, not even adhering to alphabetical concatenation. The whole will be comprised in two Folio Volumes, and will appear some time within the ensuing twenty years. In the mean while, subscriptions are taken in at all the most eminent booksellers

fellers in London and Westminster; of whom may be learnt all further particulars relative to this arduous and important undertaking.

## S P E C I M E N .

*Higgledy-piggledy*,—Conglomeration and Confusion.

*Hurly-Burly*,—Extreme Tumult and Uproar.

*Scribble-Scrabble*,—Pages of Inanity.

*See-Saw*,—Alternate Preponderation.

*Tittle-Tattle*,—Futile Conversation.

*Mum Chance*,—Mental Torpidity.

*Fee! Fau! Fum!*—Gigantick Intonations.

*Arfy-varfy*, } An Inversion of Capitals and Funda-  
*Topsy-turvy*, } mentals.

*Hobble-de-hoy*,—Adolescence, between the period of Puberty and Virility.

*Tit for Tat*,—Adequate Retaliation.

*Shilly-Shally*,—Hesitation and Irresolution.

*Willy-nilly*,—The Execution of an Act maugre the consent of another.

*Dingle-dangle*,—Aerial Suspension.

*Hurry-scurry*,—Inordinate Precipitation.

*Ridlemeree*,—An Ænigmatick Exordium.

*Ding-dong*,—Tintinnabulory Chimes, used metaphorically to signify Dispatch and Vehemence.

*Tag-rag*, } The lowest Plebeians. See *Base-born*,  
*Riff-raff*, } and *Scum-of-the-Earth*.

*Ninnyhammer*,

*Nincompoop,* }  
*Ninnyhammer,* } Asinine Wretches.

*Hocus-pocus,*—Pseudo-necromancy.

*Femminy-criminy,*—An emasculate Obtestation.

*Rigmarole,*—Discourse, incoherent and rhapsodical.

*Zig-zag,*—Transverse Angles:

*Crincum-crancum,*—Lines of Irregularity and Involution.

*Helter-skelter,*—*Quasi Hilariter & Celeriter,* signifying Motion of equal Jocundity and Velocity.

*Hodge-podge,*—A culinary Mixture of heterogeneous Ingredients, applied metaphorically to all discordant Combinations.

\* \* \* \* \*

Philological Disquisitions are but ill adapted to the readers of a fugacious paper. Having, therefore already given a sufficient indication of my purpose to the Philosopher, the Academick, and the Scholar, I shall at present add no further interpretations; but in order to convince the learned of the Necessity and Importance of the work announced to them, I shall somewhat enlarge the catalogue of terms that demand explication; which like base metal among legitimate coin, have, by long usage, become

become current in our language; and without which the commerce of the world, or even the traffick of letters, can with difficulty be maintained either with profit or delectation. To explain them may be some glory: it would be more substantial fame to contribute to their extirpation.

## C A T A L O G U E.

Wifhy-wafhy,	Shiddlecum-sh—e,
Mefs-medly,	Knick-knack,
Fiddle-faddle,	Pell-mell,
Slap-dash,	Whipper-snapper,
Slap-bang,	Hoddy-doddy,
Hum-drum,	Niddy-noddy,
Harum-scarum,	Huff-bluff,
Rantum-scantum,	Tory-rory,
Pit-pat,	Whisky-frisky,
Chit-chat,	Snickersnee,
Prittle-prattle,	Tuzzy-muzzy,
Hoity-toity,	Gimminy-gomminy,
Tip-top,	Wig-wam,
Hubble-bubble,	Flim-flam,
Humpty-dumptdy,	Namby-pamby,
Hugger-mugger,	Hob or Nob,
Hiccius-docius,	Bamboozle,
Hurdy-gurdy,	Snip-snap,

Hum-

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 97

Hum-strum,	Full-but,
Diddle-daddle,	Fal-lal,
Hum-bug,	Roly-poly, &c. &c.

It is easy from this Specimen to suppose Extension and Amplification. Printed authorities will be subjoined as vouchers for the existence of every term and word that shall be cited, and its various significations, where there are more than one, properly explained. He who writes the Dictionary of any Tongue, may be considered as labouring in a coal-mine; but he who collects the Refuse of a Language, claims more than ordinary commiseration, and may be said to sift the cinders.

I am, Sir,

Yours, &c.

LEXIPHANES.

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A SKETCH OF DR. JOHNSON.

**D**R. JOHNSON is certainly a genius, but of a particular stamp. He is an excellent classical scholar, perhaps one of the best Latinists in Europe. He has combined in himself two talents which seldom meet: he is both a good English and Latin poet.

H

poet.

poet. Had his inclination led him to have mixed with the fashionable world (where he was warmly invited) and had he been a nearer inspector of the follies, and vices of high life, he would certainly have been called by the election of the best criticks to the Poetical Chair, where Pope sat without a rival till his death; and then the Laurel, like the kingdom of Macedonia, at the death of Alexander, was divided among many. It must be owned that Dr. Johnson's two Satires in imitation of Juvenal, are among the best titles that have been produced for the poetical inheritance.

Indeed his morals and manners are so ill suited with loose opinions, and thoughtless dissipation, that it is no wonder he was soon disgusted with what he saw and heard, and which he so well painted and felt in his LONDON.—His second Satire (the tenth of Juvenal) though written with great force and energy, yet seems more the fruit of study than observation. His sagacity is wonderful: though *near-sighted*, he can discover and describe with great humour the nice discriminations, and almost imperceptible touches of the various characters of both sexes: his "*mind's eye*" has a keenness and certainty that seldom misses the mark; and did his pen convey his discoveries in characteristick language,

guage, he would be equal to the best writers—but *here* he fails.—In his *Ramblers* and *Idlers*, whenever he introduces characters, their actions, deportment, and thoughts, have a most accurate, and minute resemblance to nature, but they all talk one language, and that language is Dr. Johnson's. Words are the vehicle of our thoughts, as coaches are of our persons; *the state-equipage* should not be drawn forth but upon solemn occasions. His peculiarity of diction has given the Publick a suspicion that he could not succeed in Dramatick Composition. His Tragedy of *Irene* is a work of great and just sentiment, of Poetical, though not Dramatick Language, fine imagery, and of the *Os magna Sonaturum*; but the very soul of Tragedy, *Pathos*, is wanting; and without that, though we may admire, our hearts will sleep in our bosoms.—Dr. Johnson has wit, humour, and a strong imagination, which are often exerted with great effect in conversation. I will give, in a few words, the best advice I can to young readers. Let them admire and study his Strength of Argument, Richness of Imagery, and Variety of Sentiment, without being dazzled with the splendor of his diction. Let them listen with attention and delight to his entertaining and improving conversation, without imitating his *dress* or *manner*!



The *Simplex Munditiis* of Horace may, perhaps for the first time, be as properly applied to the dress of the mind as of the body—the best taste will be ever shewn where *ease, elegance, and simplicity* are united.

CHIARO OSCURO.

*London Packet, Dec. 22, 1775.*

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To the PRINTER of the PUBLIC ADVERTISER.

*Wednesday, Feb. 8, 1775.*

S I R,

**I**N my boyish days I remember reading in Busby's English Grammar of the Latin Tongue, that "K was out of fashion." That poor unfortunate Letter is now almost equally unfashionable in our own language; and unless you, or some other popular writer as universally read, will interpose in its favour, this old member of the Alphabet will perhaps soon be entirely cut off. The good offices of a Printer, however, are not much to be expected; for though we formerly heard of such a respectable Substantive as *the PUBLICK*, we daily see one of your fraternity rejecting this old servant, and giving us a Paper entitled *The PUBLIC Advertiser*.

To

To reconcile orthography to strict pronunciation is fantastical, ridiculous, and illiterate. It originally relished of etymology, and in written speech some etymological traces ever should remain. Honest K has long stood in our language as a memorial of its origin; and as the Greek  $\chi$  is represented in English by the letters ch, so the final *que* of the French was formerly signified by the English k. But fashion, fearful of pedantry, gives no quarter to etymology. The Publick are invited by your advertisements to performances tragic and comic, and concerts of music; and to our utter astonishment, a modern dramattick poet has announced *The Choleric Man*, under the auspices of Mr. Garric, whose Gallick genealogy and Gallick patronymick are universally known, and who has himself so largely contributed to render immortal the name of *Garricque*.

Tamely to follow fashions is poor and servile: to run before them argues a great and lively genius. Content not yourself therefore, Mr. Woodfall, with the present partial detraction of the final k, but boldly lop it off from every word wherein it now occurs, and do equal justice to *the quic* and the dead. The *tric* is easily played; let ambition *pric* the sides of your intent; the multitude will *floc* after you;

the *critics* cannot find fault with you for following their own example, and the whole *Republic* of Letters will *crac* of your exploits in bringing this King Log to the *bloc*.

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

BLAC AND ALL BLAC.

*Berwic-street:*

☞ The above Letter was productive of the following from another hand, which appeared in the same paper the succeeding Saturday, Feb. 11, 1775.

To the PRINTER of the PUBLIC ADVERTISER.

*Smyrna Coffee-house, Wednesday Morning.*

S I R,

**Y**OUR ingenious Correspondent BLAC *and all* BLAC has very humourously exposed the affectation of some *modern* Writers, who are attempting to *kic* the letter *k* out of the alphabet. This ridiculous innovation I hope will be crushed in the bud; and your Correspondent certainly deserves well of the REPUBLIC OF LETTERS, by endeavouring to save an useful member.

There

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There is a very whimsical friend of mine who has long conceived so great an aversion to poor *k*, that at last he has totally proscribed him;—he contrives to omit him in *words* where one would have thought it impossible to do without him, such as knife and fork, corkscrew, wig-block, &c. which he writes *nife* and *forc*, *corcscrew*, *wig-bloc*, &c. In order to place his antipathy to *k* in the most striking light, permit me to lay before your Readers the following Epistle, which I received from him a few days ago:

“ *My dear Friend,*

“ One misfortune they say generally comes on  
 “ the bac of another, I have had an attac of my  
 “ old disorder, which has confined me these three  
 “ weecs to a sic bed. I have swallowed amazing  
 “ quantities of physic, and yet could seldom get a  
 “ wine of sleep for whole nights. Indeed it was  
 “ partly my own fault, for instead of proceeding  
 “ in the regular trac, I have been playing tricks with  
 “ my constitution, by purchasing Quac Medicines  
 “ from a damn’d Mountebanc in our neighbour-  
 “ hood: however, by good luc, and just in the nic  
 “ when I was on the point of splitting on a roc, in  
 “ stepped Dr. A——. He went upon t’other tac,  
 “ obliged the empiric to pac off, and instead of phy-

“ sic, ordered me to drinc plenty of sac whey, or  
 “ Old Hoc and water. Though I feel a considerable  
 “ weacness, and some relics of the disorder, yet al-  
 “ ready I begin to pic up a little. I am forbid to eat  
 “ porc, but can easly manage the wing of a chic  
 “ or young coc. Tomorrow I begin with the Je-  
 “ suit’s Barc; and though my constitution has re-  
 “ ceived a pretty smart shoc, the Doctor assures me  
 “ I shall very soon be as hearty as a buc.”

*Tooc’s-Court, Tuesday Evening, Six o’Cloc.*

I do not mean, Mr. Woodfall, to take up too  
 much of your Paper, which is better employed in  
*coaxing* the Colonies, or mauling the Minister. I  
 hope that enough has already been said to prevent the  
 innocent *k* from arbitrary and unjust proscription.

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

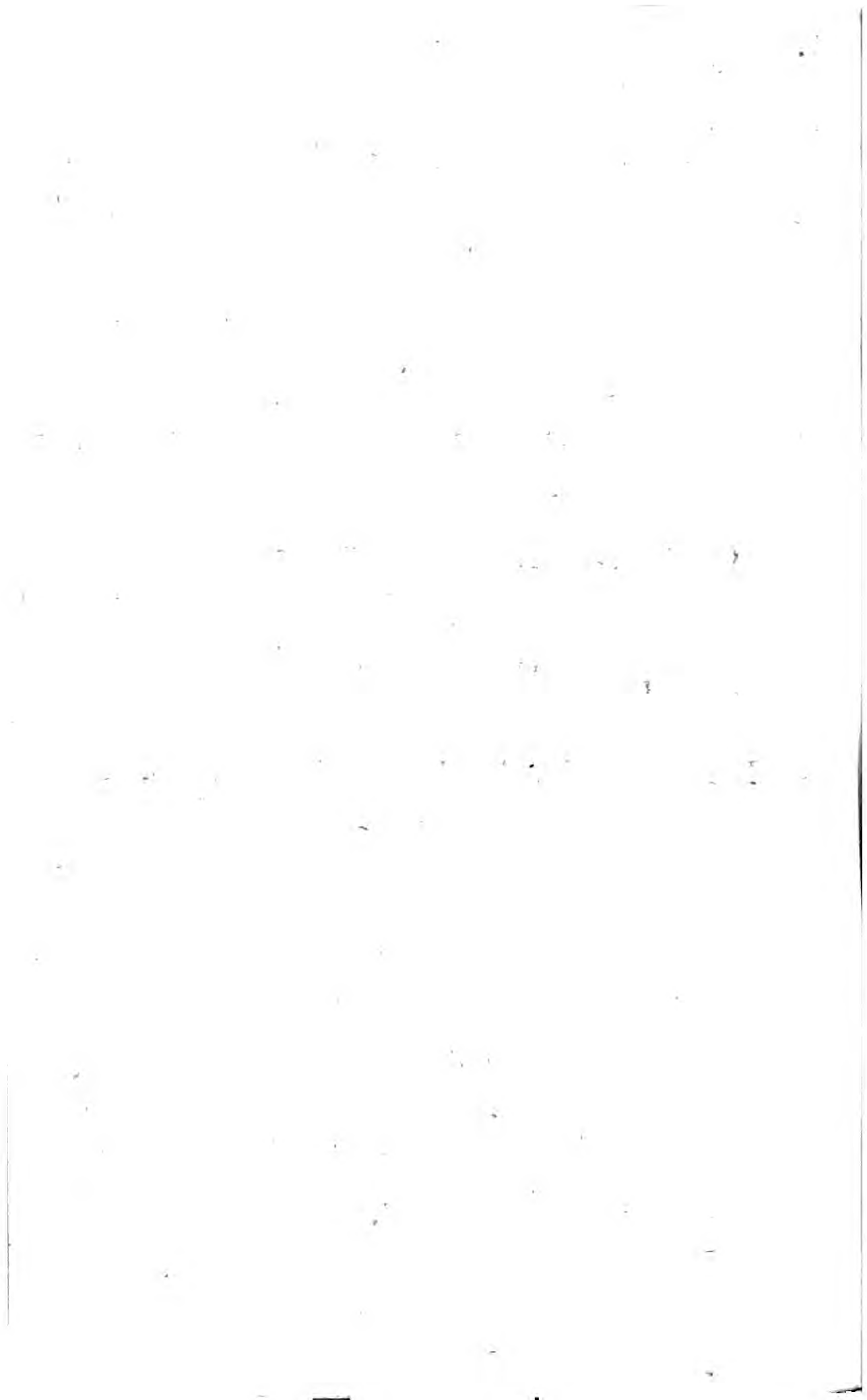
K’s FRIEND.

CRI-

**CRITICAL REFLECTIONS**

**ON THE OLD**

**ENGLISH DRAMATICK WRITERS.**



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CRITICAL REFLECTIONS  
ON THE OLD  
ENGLISH DRAMATICK WRITERS,

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To DAVID GARRICK, *Esq.*

S I R,

**I**T is not unnatural to imagine that, on the first glance of your eye over the advertisement of a new pamphlet, addressed to yourself, you are apt to feel some little emotion; that you bestow more than ordinary attention on the title, as it stands in the news-paper, and take notice of the name of the publisher.—Is it Compliment or Abuse?—One of these being determined, you are perhaps eager to be satisfied, whether some coarse hand has laid on encomiums with a trowel, or some more elegant writer (such as the author of *The Actor* for instance) has done credit to himself and you by his panegyrick; or, on the other hand, whether any offended Genius has employed those talents against you, which he is ambitious of exercising in the service of your Theatre; or some common Scribe has taken your cha-



character, as he would that of any other Man or Woman, or Minister, or the King, if he durst, as a popular topick of scandal.

Be not alarmed on the present occasion; nor, with that conscioufness of your own merit, so natural to the Celebrated and Eminent, indulge yourself in an acquiescence with the justice of ten thousand fine things, which you may suppose ready to be said to you. No private Satire or Panegyrick, but the general good of the Republick of Letters, and of the Drama in particular, is intended. Though Praise and Dispraise stand ready on each side, like the vessels of Good and Evil on the right and left hand of Jupiter, I do not mean to dip into either: or, if I do, it shall be, like the Pagan Godhead himself, to mingle a due proportion of each. Sometimes, perhaps, I may find fault, and sometimes bestow commendation: but you must not expect to hear of the Quickness of your Conception, the Justice of your Execution, the Expression of your Eye, the Harmony of your Voice, or the Variety and Excellency of your Deportment; nor shall you be maliciously informed, that you are shorter than Barry, leaner than Quin, and less a favourite of the Upper Gallery than Woodward or Shuter.

The

The following pages are destined to contain a Vindication of the Works of Massinger, one of our Old Dramatick Writers, who very seldom falls much beneath Shakespeare himself, and sometimes almost rises to a proud rivalship of his chiefest excellencies. They are meant too as a laudable, though faint, Attempt to rescue these admirable Pieces from the too general neglect which they now labour under, and to recommend them to the Notice of the Publick. To whom then can such an Essay be more properly inscribed than to You, whom that Publick seems to have appointed, as its chief *Arbiter Deliciarum*, to preside over the Amusements of the Theatre?—But there is also, by the bye, a private reason for addressing you. Your honest friend Davies, who, as is said of the provident Comedians in Holland, spends his hours of vacation from the theatre in his shop, is too well acquainted with the Efficacy of your Name at the top of a Play-bill, to omit an opportunity of prefixing it to a new Publication, hoping it may prove a charm to draw in purchasers, like the head of Shakespeare on his sign. My Letter too being anonymous, your name at the head, will more than compensate for the want of mine at the end of it: and our above-mentioned friend is, no doubt, too well versed in  
both

both his occupations, not to know the consequence of Secrecy in a Bookseller, as well as the Necessity of concealing from the Publick many Things that pass *behind the Curtain*.

There is perhaps no country in the world more subordinate to the power of fashion than our own. Every Whim, every Word, every Vice, every Virtue, in its turn becomes the mode, and is followed with a certain rage of approbation for a time. The favourite style in all the polite Arts, and the reigning taste in Letters, are as notoriously objects of caprice as Architecture and Dress. A new Poem, or Novel, or Farce, are as inconsiderately extolled or decried as a Ruff or a Chinese Rail, a Hoop or a Bow Window. Hence it happens, that the publick taste is often vitiated: or if, by chance, it has made a proper choice, becomes partially attached to one Species of Excellence, and remains dead to the Sense of all other Merit, however equal, or superior.

I think I may venture to assert, with a confidence, that on reflection it will appear to be true, that the eminent Class of Writers, who flourished at the beginning of this century, have almost entirely superseded their illustrious Predecessors. The Works of Congreve, Vanbrugh, Steele, Addison, Pope, Swift,

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 111

Swift, Gay, &c. &c. are the chief study of the Million: I say, of the Million; for as to those few, who are not only familiar with all our own Authors, but are also conversant with the Ancients, they are not to be circumscribed by the narrow limits of the Fashion. Shakespeare and Milton seem to stand alone, like first-rate Authors, amid the general wreck of Old English Literature. Milton perhaps owes much of his present fame to the generous Labours and good Taste of Addison. Shakespeare has been transmitted down to us with successive Glories; and you, Sir, have continued, or rather increased, his Reputation. You have, in no fulsome strain of compliment, been stiled the Best Commentator on his Works: But have you not, like other Commentators, contracted a narrow, exclusive, Veneration of your Author? Has not the Contemplation of Shakespeare's Excellencies almost dazzled and extinguished your Judgement, when directed to other objects, and made you blind to the Merit of his Contemporaries? Under your dominion, have not Beaumont and Fletcher, nay even Johnson, suffered a kind of Theatrical Disgrace? And has not poor Massinger, whose cause I have now undertaken, been permitted to languish in Obscurity, and remained almost entirely unknown?

To

To this perhaps it may be plausibly answered, nor indeed without some foundation, that many of our Old Plays, though they abound with Beauties, and are raised much above the humble level of later Writers, are yet, on several accounts, unfit to be exhibited on the modern Stage; that the Fable, instead of being raised on probable incidents in real Life, is generally built on some foreign Novel, and attended with Romantick Circumstances; that the Conduct of these Extravagant Stories is frequently uncouth, and infinitely offensive to that Dramatick correctness prescribed by late Criticks, and practised, as they pretend, by the French Writers; and that the Characters, exhibited in our Old Plays, can have no pleasing effect on a modern Audience, as they are so totally different from the manners of the present age.

These, and such as these, might once have appeared reasonable objections: but You, Sir, of all persons, can urge them with the least grace, since your Practice has so fully proved their insufficiency. Your Experience must have taught you, that when a Piece has any striking Beauties, they will cover a multitude of Inaccuracies; and that a Play need not be written on the severest plan, to please in the representation. The mind is soon familiarized to Irregularities,

regularities, which do not sin against the Truth of Nature, but are merely Violations of that strict Decorum of late so earnestly insisted on. What patient Spectators are we of the Inconsistencies that confessedly prevail in our darling Shakespeare! What critical Catcall ever proclaimed the indecency of introducing the Stocks in the Tragedy of Lear? How quietly do we see Gloster take his imaginary Leap from Dover Cliff! Or to give a stronger instance of Patience, with what a Philosophical Calmness do the audience dose over the tedious, and uninteresting, Love-Scenes, with which the bungling hand of Tate has coarsely pieced and patched that rich Work of Shakespeare!—To instance further from Shakespeare himself, the Grave-diggers in Hamlet (not to mention Polonius) are not only endured, but applauded; the very Nurse in Romeo and Juliet is allowed to be Nature; the Transactions of a whole History are, without offence, begun and completed in less than three hours; and we are agreeably wafted by the *Chorus*, or oftener without so much ceremony, from one end of the world to another.

It is very true, that it was the general Practice of our old Writers, to found their Pieces on some foreign Novel; and it seemed to be their chief aim to

take the story, as it stood, with all its appendant incidents of every complection, and throw it into Scenes. This method was, to be sure, rather inartificial, as it at once overloaded and embarrassed the Fable, leaving it destitute of that beautiful Dramatick Connection, which enables the mind to take in all its Circumstances with Facility and Delight. But I am still in doubt, whether many Writers, who come nearer to our own times, have much mended the matter. What with their Plots, and Double-Plots, and Counter-Plots, and Under-Plots, the Mind is as much perplexed to piece out the story, as to put together the disjointed Parts of our Ancient Drama. The Comedies of Congreve have, in my mind, as little to boast of accuracy in their construction, as the Plays of Shakespeare; nay, perhaps, it might be proved that, amidst the most open violation of the lesser critical Unities, one Point is more steadily pursued, one Character more uniformly shewn, and one grand Purpose of the Fable more evidently accomplished in the productions of Shakespeare than of Congreve.

These Fables (it may be further objected) founded on romantick Novels, are unpardonably wild and extravagant in their Circumstances, and exhibit too little even of the Manners of the Age in which they  
were

were written. The Plays too are in themselves a kind of heterogeneous composition; scarce any of them being, strictly speaking, a Tragedy, Comedy, or even Tragi-Comedy, but rather an indigested jumble of every species thrown together.

This charge must be confessed to be true: but upon examination it will, perhaps, be found of less consequence than is generally imagined. These Dramatick Tales, for so we may best stile such Plays, have often occasioned much pleasure to the Reader and Spectator, which could not possibly have been conveyed to them by any other vehicle. Many an interesting Story, which, from the diversity of its circumstances, cannot be regularly reduced either to Tragedy or Comedy, yet abounds with Character, and contains several affecting situations: and why such a Story should lose its force, dramatically related and assisted by representation, when it pleases, under the colder form of a Novel, is difficult to conceive. Experience has proved the effect of such fictions on our minds; and convinced us, that the Theatre is not that barren ground, wherein the Plants of Imagination will not flourish: The Tempest, The Midsummer Night's Dream, The Merchant of Venice, As you like it, Twelfth  
 I 2 Night,



Night, The Faithful Shepherdes of Fletcher, (with a much longer list that might be added from Shakespeare, Beaumont and Fletcher, and their contemporaries, or immediate successors) have most of them, within all our memories, been ranked among the most popular Entertainments of the Stage. Yet none of these can be denominated Tragedy, Comedy, or Tragi-Comedy. The Play Bills, I have observed, cautiously stile them Plays: and Plays indeed they are, truly such, if it be the end of Plays to delight and instruct, to captivate at once the Ear, the Eye, and the Mind, by Situations forcibly conceived, and Characters truly delineated.

There is one circumstance in Dramatick Poetry, which, I think, the chastised notions of our modern Criticks do not permit them sufficiently to consider. Dramatick Nature is of a more large and liberal quality than they are willing to allow. It does not consist merely in the representation of real Characters, Characters acknowledged to abound in common life; but may be extended also to the exhibition of imaginary Beings. To create, is to be a Poet indeed; to draw down Beings from another sphere, and endue them with suitable Passions, Affections, Dispositions, allotting them at the same  
time

time proper employment; “to body forth, by the Powers of Imagination, the forms of things unknown, and to give to airy Nothing a local Habitation and a Name,” surely requires a Genius for the Drama equal, if not superior, to the delineation of personages, in the ordinary course of Nature. Shakespeare, in particular, is universally acknowledged never to have soared so far above the reach of all other writers, as in those instances, where he seems purposely to have transgressed the Laws of Criticism. “He appears to have disdained to put his Free Soul into circumscription and confine,” which denied his extraordinary talents their full play, nor gave scope to the Boundlessness of his Imagination. His Witches, Ghosts, Fairies, and other Imaginary Beings, scattered through his plays, are so many glaring violations of the common table of Dramatick Laws. What then shall we say? Shall we confess their Force and Power over the Soul, shall we allow them to be Beauties of the most exquisite kind, and yet insist on their being expunged? And why? except it be to reduce the Flights of an exalted Genius, by fixing the Standard of Excellence on the practice of Inferior Writers, who wanted parts to execute such great designs; or to accommodate

them to the narrow ideas of small Criticks, who want souls large enough to comprehend them?

Our Old Writers thought no personage whatever, unworthy a place in the Drama, to which they could annex what may be called a *Scity*; that is, to which they could allot Manners and Employment peculiar to itself. The severest of the Antients cannot be more eminent for the constant Preservation of Uniformity of Character, than Shakespeare; and Shakespeare, in no instance, supports his Characters with more exactness, than in the conduct of his Ideal Beings. The Ghost in Hamlet is a shining proof of this excellence.

But, in consequence of the custom of tracing the Events of a Play minutely from a Novel, the authors were sometimes led to represent a mere human creature in circumstances not quite consonant to Nature, of a disposition rather wild and extravagant, and in both cases more especially repugnant to modern ideas. This indeed required particular indulgence from the spectator, but it was an indulgence, which seldom missed of being amply repaid. Let the writer but once be allowed, as a necessary *Datum*, the possibility of any Character's being placed  
in

in such a situation, or possess of so peculiar a turn of mind, the behaviour of the Character is perfectly natural. Shakespeare, though the Child of Fancy, seldom or never dress up a common mortal in any other than the modest dress of Nature: But many shining Characters in the Plays of Beaumont and Fletcher are not so well grounded on the Principles of the human Heart; and yet, as they were supported by Spirit, they were received with Applause. *Shylock's Contract*, with the Penalty of the Pound of Flesh, though not Shakespeare's own fiction, is perhaps rather improbable; at least it would not be regarded as a happy Dramatick Incident in a modern Play; and yet, having once taken it for granted, how beautifully, nay, how naturally, is the Character sustained!—Even this objection therefore, of a deviation from Nature, great as it may seem, will be found a plea insufficient to excuse the total exclusion of our antient Dramatists from the Theatre. Shakespeare, you will readily allow, possess Beauties more than necessary to redeem his Faults; Beauties, that excite our admiration, and obliterate his errors. True, but did no portion of that Divine Spirit fall to the share of our other old Writers? And can their works be sup-

pressed, or concealed, without injustice to their merit?

One of the best and most pleasing Plays in Massinger, and which, we are told, was originally received with general approbation, is called, *The Picture*. The fiction, whence it takes its title, and on which the story of the Play is grounded, may be collected from the following short scene. Mathias, a gentleman of Bohemia, having taken an affecting leave of his wife Sophia, with a resolution of serving in the King of Hungary's army against the Turks, is left alone on the stage, and the play goes on, as follows:

*Math.* I am strangely troubled: Yet why should I  
nourish

A fury here, and with imagin'd food?  
Having no real grounds on which to raise  
A building of suspicion she ever was,  
Or can be false hereafter? I in this  
But foolishly inquire the knowledge of  
A future sorrow, which, if I find out,  
My present ignorance were a cheap purchase,  
Though with my loss of being. I have already  
Dealt with a friend of mine, a general scholar,  
One deeply read in Nature's hidden secrets,  
And (though with much unwillingness) have won him,  
To do as much as art can to resolve me  
My fate that follows—To my wish he's come. *Enter*

*Enter Baptista.*

Julio Baptista, now I may affirm  
Your promise and performance walk together;  
And therefore, without circumstance, to the point,  
Instruct me what I am.

*Bapt.* I could wish you had  
Made trial of my love some other way.

*Math.* Nay, this is from the purpose.

*Bapt.* If you can,  
Proportion your desire to any mean,  
I do pronounce you happy: I have found,  
By certain rules of art, your matchless wife  
Is to this present hour from all pollution  
Free and untainted.

*Math.* Good.

*Bapt.* In reason therefore  
You should fix here, and make no farther search  
Of what may fall hereafter.

*Math.* O Baptista!

'Tis not in me to master so my passions;  
I must know farther, or you have made good  
But half your promise.—While my love stood by,  
Holding her upright, and my presence was  
A watch upon her, her desires being met too  
With equal ardour from me, what one proof  
Could she give of her constancy, being untempted?  
But when I am absent, and my coming back

Uncertain,

Uncertain, and those wanton heats in women  
 Not to be quenched by lawful means, and she  
 The absolute disposer of herself,  
 Without controul or curb ; nay more, invited  
 By opportunity and all strong temptations,  
 If then she hold out—

*Bapt.* As no doubt she will.

*Math.* Those doubts must be made certainties,  
 Baptista,

By your assurance, or your boasted art  
 Deserves no admiration. How you trifle  
 And play with my affliction ! I'm on  
 The Rack, till you confirm me.

*Bapt.* Sure, Mathias,  
 I am no God, nor can I dive into  
 Her hidden thoughts, or know what her intents are ;  
 That is deny'd to art, and kept conceal'd  
 E'en from the devils themselves : They can but guess,  
 Out of long observation, what is likely ;  
 But positively to fortell that this shall be,  
 You may conclude impossible ; all I can,  
 I will do for you. When you are distant from her  
 A thousand leagues, as if you then were with her,  
 You shall know truly when she is solicted,  
 And how far wrought on.

*Math.* I desire no more.

*Bapt.* Take then this little model of Sophia,  
 With more than human skill limn'd to the life ;  
 Each line and lineament of it in the drawing

So punctually observ'd, that, had it motion,  
In so much 'twere herself.

*Matb.* It is, indeed,  
An admirable piece; but if it have not  
Some hidden virtue that I cannot guess at,  
In what can it advantage me?

*Bapt.* I'll instruct you.  
Carry it still about you, and as oft  
As you desire to know how she's affected,  
With curious eyes peruse it: While it keeps  
The figure it now has, entire and perfect,  
She is not only innocent in fact,  
But unattempted; but if once it vary  
From the true form, and what's now white and red  
Incline to yellow, rest most confident  
She's with all violence courted, but unconquer'd.  
But if it turn all black, 'tis an assurance  
The fort, by composition or surprize,  
Is forc'd, or with her free consent, surrender'd.

Nothing can be more fantastick, or more in the  
extravagant strain of the *Italian Novels*, than this  
Fiction: And yet the Play raised on it is extremely  
beautiful, abounds with affecting Situations, true  
Character, and a faithful Representation of Nature.  
The story, thus opened, proceeds as follows: Ma-  
thias departs, accompanied by his friend, and serves



as a volunteer in the Hungarian army against the Turks. A complete victory being obtained, chiefly by means of his valour, he is brought by the General to the Hungarian court, where he not only receives many honours from the King, but captivates the heart of the Queen; whose passion is not so much excited by his known valour, or personal attractions, as by his avowed constancy to his wife, and his firm assurance of her reciprocal affection and fidelity to him. These circumstances touch the pride, and raise the envy of the Queen. She resolves therefore to destroy his conjugal faith by giving up her own, and determines to make him a desperate offer of her person; and, at the same time under pretence of notice of Mathias's being detained for a month at Court, she dispatches two young noblemen to tempt the virtue of Sophia. These incidents occasion several affecting Scenes both on the part of the Husband and Wife. Mathias (not with an unnatural and untheatrical Stoicism, but with the liveliest Sensibility) nobly withstands the temptations of the Queen. Sophia, though most virtuously attached to her husband, becomes uneasy at the feigned stories which the young lords recount to her of his various gallantries at court,

I

and

and in a fit of jealousy, rage, and resentment, makes a momentary resolution to give up her honour. While she is supposed to be yet under the dominion of this resolution, occurs the following Scene between the Husband and his Friend.

MATHIAS *and* BAPTISTA.

*Bapt.* We are in a desperate straight; there's no evasion,

Nor hope left to come off, but by your yielding  
To the necessity; you must feign a grant  
To her violent passion, or — —

*Math.* What, my Baptista?

*Bapt.* We are but dead else.

*Math.* Were the sword now heav'd up,  
And my neck upon the block, I would not buy  
An hour's reprieve with the loss of Faith and Virtue,  
To be made immortal here. Art thou a scholar,  
Nay, almost without a parallel, and yet fear  
To die, which is inevitable? You may urge  
The many years that by the course of nature  
We may travel in this tedious pilgrimage,  
And hold it as a blessing, as it is,  
When innocence is our guide; yet know, Baptista,  
Our virtues are preferr'd before our years,  
By the Great Judge. To die untainted in  
Our fame and reputation is the greatest;

And

And to lose that, can we desire to live?  
 Or shall I, for a momentary pleasure,  
 Which soon comes to a period, to all times  
 Have breach of faith and perjury remembered  
 In a still living epitaph? No, Baptista,  
 Since my Sophia will go to her grave  
 Unspotted in her faith, I'll follow her  
 With equal loyalty: But look on this,  
 Your own great work, your master-piece, and then  
 She being still the same, teach me to alter.  
 Ha! sure I do not sleep! Or, if I dream,

*[The picture altered.]*

This is a terrible vision! I will clear  
 My eyesight, perhaps melancholy makes me  
 See that which is not.

*Bapt.* It is too apparent.

I grieve to look upon't; besides the yellow,  
 That does assure she's tempted, there are lines  
 Of a dark colour, that disperse themselves  
 O'er every miniature of her face, and those  
 Confirm——

*Matb.* She is turn'd whore.

*Bapt.* I must not say so,  
 Yet as a friend to truth, if you will have me  
 Interpret it, in her consent, and wishes  
 She's false, but not in fact yet.

*Matb.* Fact! Baptista?

Make

Make not yourself a pander to her looseness,  
 In labouring to palliate what a vizard  
 Of impudence cannot cover. Did e'er woman  
 In her will decline from chastity, but found means  
 To give her hot lust full scope? It is more  
 Possible in nature for gross bodies  
 Descending of themselves, to hang in air,  
 Or with my single arm to underprop  
 A falling tower; nay, in its violent course  
 To stop the light'ning, than to stay a woman  
 Hurried by those two furies, Lust and Falshood,  
 In her full career to wickedness.

*Bapt.* Pray you temper  
 The violence of your passion.

*Math.* In extremes  
 Of this condition, can it be in man  
 'To use a moderation? I am thrown  
 From a steep rock headlong into a gulph  
 Of misery, and find myself past hope,  
 In the same moment that I apprehend  
 That I am falling. And this, the figure of  
 My idol, few hours since, while she continued  
 In her perfection, that was late a mirror,  
 In which I saw miraculous shapes of duty,  
 Staid manners, with all excellency a husband  
 Could wish in a chaste wife, is on the sudden  
 Turn'd to a magical glass, and does present  
 Nothing but horns and horror.

*Bapt.*

*Bapt.* You may yet.

(And 'tis the best foundation) build up comfort  
On your own goodnefs.

*Matb.* No, that hath undone me,  
For now I hold my temperance a fin  
Worse than excefs, and what was a vice a virtue.  
Have I refus'd a queen, and fuch a queen  
(Whose ravishing beauties at the first fight had tempted  
A hermit from his beads, and chang'd his prayers  
To amorous fonnets) to preserve my faith  
Inviolate to thee, with the hazard of  
My death with torture, since she could inflict  
No less for my contempt, and have I met  
Such a return from thee? I will not curse thee,  
Nor for thy falshood rail against the sex;  
'Tis poor, and common; I'll only with wise men  
Whisper unto myself, howe'er they seem,  
Nor present, nor past times, nor the age to come  
Hath heretofore, can now, or ever shall  
Produce one constant woman.

*Bapt.* This is more  
Than the fatyrists wrote against 'em.

*Matb.* There's no language  
That can express the poison of these aspicks,  
'These weeping crocodiles, and all too little  
That hath been said against 'em. But I'll mould  
My thoughts into another form, and if

She

She can outlive the report of what I have done,  
 This hand, when next she comes within my reach,  
 Shall be her Executioner.

The fiction of the PICTURE being first allowed, the most rigid Critick will, I doubt not, confess, that the workings of the human heart are accurately set down in the above scene. The play is not without many others, equally excellent, both before and after it; nor in those days, when the Power of Magick was so generally believed, that the severest laws were solemnly enacted against Witches and Witchcraft, was the fiction so bold and extravagant, as it may seem at present. Hoping that the reader may, by this time, be somewhat reconciled to the story, or even interested in it, I will venture to subjoin to the long extracts I have already made from this play one more speech, where *the* PICTURE is mentioned very beautifully. Mathias addresses himself to the Queen in these words.

*Math.* To slip once  
 Is incident, and excus'd by human frailty;  
 But to fall ever, damnable. We were both  
 Guilty, I grant, in tendering our affection,  
 But, as I hope you will do, I repented.

When

When we are grown up to ripeness, our life is  
 Like to this Picture. While we run  
 A constant race in goodness, it retains  
 The just proportion. But the journey being  
 Tedious, and sweet temptations in the way,  
 That may in some degree divert us from  
 The road that we put forth in, e'er we end  
 Our pilgrimage, it may, like this, turn yellow,  
 Or be with blackness clouded. But when we  
 Find we have gone astray, and labour to  
 Return unto our never-failing guide  
 Virtue, contrition (with unfeigned tears,  
 The spots of vice wash'd off) will soon restore it  
 To the first pureness.

The several passages will, I hope, be thought by  
 the judicious Reader to be written in the free vein  
 of a true Poet, as well as by the exact hand of a  
 faithful Disciple of Nature. If any of the above  
 arguments, or, rather, the uncommon excellence of  
 the great Writers themselves, can induce the Critick  
 to allow the Excursions of Fancy on the Theatre,  
 let him not suppose that he is here advised to sub-  
 mit to the Perversion of Nature, or to admire those  
 who over-leap the modest bounds, which she has pre-  
 scribed to the Drama. I will agree with him, that  
 Plays, wherein the truth of Dramatick Character

is

is violated, can convey neither Instruction nor Delight. Shakespeare, Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, Massinger, &c. are guilty of no such violation. Indeed the heroick nonsense, which overruns the Theatrical Productions of Dryden\*, Howard, and the other illustrious Prototypes of Bayes in the Rehearsal, must nauseate the most indulgent spectator. The temporary rage of false taste may perhaps betray the injudicious into a foolish admiration of such extravagance for a short period : But how will these Plays stand the blunt of critical indignation, when the personages of the Drama are found to resemble no character in nature, except, perhaps, the disordered inhabitants of Bedlam ?

\* Nobody can have a truer veneration for the Poetical Genius of *Dryden*, than the Writer of these Reflections ; but surely that Genius is no where so much obscured, notwithstanding some transient gleams, as in his Plays ; of which he had himself no great opinion, since the only plea he ever urged in their favour, was, that the town had ever received with applause Plays *equally bad*. Nothing, perhaps, but the notion of Heroick Plays, could have carried the immediate successors to the Old Class of Writers into such ridiculous contradictions to nature. That I may not appear singular in my opinion of *Dryden's* Dramatick Pieces, I must beg leave to refer the Reader to *the Rambler*, No. 125, where that judicious Writer has produced divers instances from *Dryden's* Plays, *sufficient* (to use *the Rambler's* own language) *to awaken the most torpid risibility*.



If then it must be confessed, both from reason and experience, that we cannot only endure, but attend with pleasure to Plays, which are almost merely Dramatick Representations of romantick Novels; it will surely be a further inducement to recur to the works of our Old Writers, when we find among them many pieces written on a severer plan; a plan more accommodated to real life, and approaching more nearly to the modern usage. The Merry Wives of Windsor, of Shakespeare; the Fox, the Alchymist, the Silent Woman, Every Man in his Humour, of Jonson; the New Way to pay Old Debts, the City Madam, of Massinger, &c. &c. all urge their claim for a rank in the ordinary course of our Winter-Evening Entertainments, not only clear of every objection made to the above-mentioned species of Dramatick Composition, but adhering more strictly to ancient rules, than most of our later comedies.

In point of character (perhaps the most essential part of the Drama) our Old Writers far transcend the Moderns. It is surely needless, in support of this opinion, to recite a long list of names, when the memory of every reader must suggest them to himself. The manners of many of them, it is true,  
do

do not prevail at present. What then? Is it displeasing or uninstruative to see the manners of a former age pass in review before us? Or is the mind undelighted at recalling the Characters of our Ancestors, while the eye is confessedly gratified at the sight of the Actors dress'd in their Antique Habits? Moreover, Fashion and Custom are so perpetually fluctuating, that it must be a very accurate piece indeed, and one quite new and warm from the anvil, that catches the Damon or Cynthia of this minute. Some Plays of our latest and most fashionable Authors are grown as obsolete in this particular, as those of the first Writers; and it may with safety be affirmed, that Bobadil is not more remote from modern Character, than the ever-admired and everywhere-to-be-met-with Lord Foppington. It may, also, be further considered, that most of the best Characters in our old Plays are not merely fugitive and temporary. They are not the sudden growth of yesterday or to-day, sure of fading or withering to-morrow; but they were the delight of past ages, still continue the admiration of the present, and (to use the language of true Poetry)

———To ages yet unborn appeal,  
And latest times th' ETERNAL NATURE feel.

LLOYD'S ACTOR.

There is one circumstance peculiar to the Dramatick Tales, and to many of the more regular Comedies of our Old Writers, of which it is too little to say, that it demands no apology. It deserves the highest commendation ; since it hath been the means of introducing the most capital beauties into their compositions, while the same species of excellence could not possibly enter into those of a later period. I mean the poetical stile of their dialogue. Most nations, except our own, have imagined mere prose, which, with Moliere's *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, the meanest of us have talked from our cradle, too little elevated for the language of the Theatre. Our neighbours the French, at this day write most of their Plays, Comedies as well as Tragedies, in rhyme ; a Gothick practice, which our own stage once admitted, but long ago wisely rejected. The Grecian Iambick was more happily conceived in the true spirit of that elegant and magnificent simplicity, which characterized the taste of that nation. Such a measure was well accommodated to the expressions of the mind ; and though it refined indeed on nature, it did not contradict it. In this, as well as in all other matters of literature, the usage of Greece was religiously observed at Rome. Plautus,  
in

in his richest vein of humour, is numerous and poetical. The Comedies of Terence, though we cannot agree to read them after Bishop Hare, were evidently not written without regard to measure; which is the invincible reason, why all attempts to render them into downright prose have always proved, and ever must prove, unsuccessful; and if a faint effort, now under contemplation, to give a version of them in familiar blank verse (after the manner of our Old Writers, but without a servile imitation of them) should fail, it must, I am confident, be owing to the lameness of the execution. The English heroick measure, or, as it is commonly called, blank verse, is perhaps of a more happy construction than even the Grecian Iambick; elevated equally, but approaching nearer to the language of nature, and as well adapted to the expression of Comick Humour, as to the Pathos of Tragedy.

The mere modern Critick, whose idea of blank verse is perhaps attached to that empty swell of phraseology, so frequent in our late Tragedies, may consider these notions as the effect of bigotry to our old authors, rather than the result of impartial criticism. Let such an one carefully read over the works of those writers, for whom I am an advocate.

cate. There he will seldom or ever find that tumour of blank verse, to which he has been so much accustomed. He will be surpris'd with a familiar dignity, which, though it rises somewhat above ordinary conversation, is rather an improvement than perversion of it. He will soon be convinced that blank verse is by no means appropriated solely to the buskin, but that the hand of a master may mould it to whatever purposes he pleases; and that in comedy it will not only admit humour, but heighten and embellish it. Instances might be produced without number. It must however be lamented, that the modern Tragick Stile, free, indeed, from the mad flights of Dryden, and his contemporaries, yet departs equally from nature. I am apt to think it is in great measure owing to the almost total exclusion of blank verse from all modern compositions, Tragedy excepted. The common use of an elevated diction in comedy, where the writer was often, of necessity, put upon expressing the most ordinary matters, and where the subject demanded him to paint the most ridiculous emotions of the mind, was perhaps one of the chief causes of that *easy vigour*, so conspicuous in the style of the old tragedies. Habituated to poetical dialogue in those

com-

compositions, wherein they were obliged to adhere more strictly to the simplicity of the language of nature, the Poets learnt, in those of a more raised species, not to depart from it too wantonly. They were well acquainted also with the force as well as elegance of their mother-tongue, and chose to use such words as may be called natives of the language, rather than to harmonise their verses, and agonise the audience with Latin terminations. Whether the refined style of Addison's Cato, and the flowing versification of Rowe, first occasioned this departure from ancient simplicity, it is difficult to determine: But it is too true, that Southern was the last of our Dramatick Writers, who was, in any degree, possess'd of that magnificent plainness, which is the genuine dress of nature; though indeed the plays even of Rowe are more simple in their style, than those which have been produced by his successors. It must not, however, be dissembled in this place, that the style of our Old Writers is not without faults; that they were apt to give too much into conceits; that they often pursued an allegorical train of thought too far; and were sometimes betrayed into forced, unnatural, quaint, or gigantick expressions. In the works of Shakespeare himself,

every

every one of these errors may be found; yet it may be safely asserted, that no other Author, antient or modern, has expressed himself on such a variety of subjects with more ease, and in a vein more truly poetical, unless, perhaps, we should except Homer: Of which, by the bye, the deepest Critick, most conversant with idioms and dialects, is not quite a competent judge.

I would not be understood, by what I have here said of Poetical Dialogue, to object to the use of Prose, or to insinuate that our modern Comedies are the worse for being written in that style. It is enough for me, to have vindicated the use of a more elevated manner among our Old Writers. I am well aware that most parts of Falstaff, Ford, Benedick, Malvolio, &c. are written in prose; nor indeed would I counsel a modern Writer to attempt the use of Poetical Dialogue in a mere Comedy: A Dramatick Tale, indeed, chequered, like life itself, with various incidents, ludicrous and affecting, if written by a masterly hand, and somewhat more severely than those abovementioned, would, I doubt not, still be received with candour and applause. The Publick would be agreeably surpris'd with the revival of Poetry on the Theatre, and the opportunity

tunity of employing all the best performers, serious as well as comick, in one piece, would render it still more likely to make a favourable impression on the audience. There is a gentleman, not unequal to such a task, who was once tempted to begin a piece of this sort; but, I fear, he has too much love of ease and indolence, and too little ambition of literary fame, ever to complete it.

But to conclude:

Have I, Sir, been wasting all this ink and time in vain? Or may it be hoped that you will extend some of that care to the rest of our Old Authors, which you have so long bestowed on Shakespeare, and which you have so often lavished on many a worse Writer, than the most inferior of those here recommended to you? It is certainly your interest to give variety to the Publick Taste, and to diversify the colour of our Dramatick Entertainments. Encourage new attempts; but do justice to the old! The Theatre is a wide field. Let not one or two walks of it alone be beaten, but lay open the whole to the Excursions of Genius! This, perhaps, might kindle a spirit of originality in our modern Writers for the Stage; who might be tempted to aim at more novelty in their compositions, when the liberality of the popular taste rendered it less hazardous.



hazardous. That the narrowness of Theatrical Criticism might be enlarged, I have no doubt. Reflect, for a moment, on the uncommon success of *Romeo and Juliet*, and *Every Man in his Humour*! and then tell me, whether there are not many other Pieces of as antient a date, which, with the like proper curtailments and alterations, would produce the same effect? Has an industrious hand been at the pains to scratch up the dunghill of Dryden's *Amphitryon* for the few pearls that are buried in it, and shall the rich treasures of Beaumont and Fletcher, Jonson and Massinger, lie (as it were) in the ore, untouched and disregarded? Reform your List of Plays! In the name of Burbage, Taylor, and Betterton, I conjure you to it! Let the veteran Criticks once more have the satisfaction of seeing *The Maid's Tragedy*, *Philaster*, *King and no King*, &c. on the Stage!—Restore Fletcher's *Elder Brother* to the rank unjustly usurped by Cibber's *Love Makes a Man*! and since you have wisely desisted from giving an annual affront to the City by acting *The London Cuckolds* on Lord-Mayor's Day, why will you not pay them a compliment, by exhibiting *The City Madam* of Massinger on the same occasion?

If after all, sir, these remonstrances should prove without effect, and the merit of these great Authors

thors should plead with you in vain, I will here fairly turn my back upon you, and address myself to the Lovers of Dramatick Compositions in general. They, I am sure, will peruse those Works with pleasure in the closet, though they lose the satisfaction of seeing them represented on the stage: Nay, should they, together with you, concur in determining that such Pieces are unfit to be acted, you, as well as they, will, I am confident, agree, that such Pieces are, at least, very worthy to be read. There are many modern Compositions, seen with delight at the Theatre, which sicken on the taste in the perusal; and the honest Country Gentleman, who has not been present at the representation, wonders with what his London friends have been so highly entertained, and is as much perplexed at the Town-manner of writing as Mr. Smith in *The Rehearsal*. The Excellencies of our Old Writers are, on the contrary, not confined to Time and Place, but always bear about them the Evidences of true Genius.

Maffinger is perhaps the least known, but not the least meritorious of any of the old class of Writers. His Works declare him to be no mean proficient in the same school. He possesses all the beauties and  
blemishes

blemishes common to the Writers of that age. He has, like the rest of them, in compliance with the Custom of the Times, admitted Scenes of a low and gross nature, which might be omitted with no more prejudice to the Fable, than the Buffoonry in Venice Preserved. For his few faults he makes ample atonement. His Fables, are, most of them affecting; his Characters well conceived, and strongly supported; and his Diction, flowing, various, elegant, and manly. His two Plays, revived by Betterton, The Bondman, and the Roman Actor, are not, I think, among the number of the best. The Duke of Milan, The Renegado, The Picture, The Fatal Dowry, The Maid of Honour, A New Way to pay Old Debts, The Unnatural Combat, The Guardian, The City Madam, are each of them, in my mind, more excellent. He was a very popular Writer in his own times, but so unaccountably, as well as unjustly, neglected at present, that the accurate Compilers of a Work, called, The Lives of the Poets, published under the learned name of the late Mr. Theophilus Cibber, have not so much as mentioned him. He is, however, take him for all in all, an Author, whose Works the intelligent Reader will peruse with Admiration: And that I may not be supposed to with-

draw my plea for his admission to the modern Stage, I shall conclude these Reflections with one more Specimen of his Abilities; submitting it to all Judges of Theatrical Exhibitions, whether the most masterly Actor would not here have an opportunity of displaying his Powers to Advantage.

The Extract I mean to subjoin is from the last scene of the first act of *The Duke of Milan*.—Sforza, having espoused the cause of the King of France against the Emperor, on the King's defeat, is advised by a friend, to yield himself up to the Emperor's discretion. He consents to this measure, but provides for his departure in the following manner.

*Sfor.* —Stay you, Francisco.

—You see how things stand with me?

*Fran.* To my grief:

And if the loss of my poor life could be  
A sacrifice, to restore them as they were,  
I willingly would lay it down.

*Sfor.* I think so;

For I have ever found you true and thankful,  
Which makes me love the building I have rais'd,  
In your advancement; and repent no grace  
I have confer'd upon you: And, believe me,  
Though now I should repeat my favours to you,

The

The titles I have given you, and the means  
 Suitable to your honours ; that I thought you  
 Worthy my sifter, and my family,  
 And in my dukedom made you next myself ;  
 It is not to upbraid you ; but to tell you  
 I find you're worthy of them, in your love  
 And service to me.

*Fran.* Sir, I am your creature ;  
 And any shape that you would have me wear,  
 I gladly will put on.

*Sfor.* Thus, then, Francisco :  
 I now am to deliver to your trust  
 A weighty secret, of so strange a nature,  
 And 'twill, I know, appear so monstrous to you,  
 That you will tremble in the execution,  
 As much as I am tortur'd to command it :  
 For 'tis a deed so horrid, that, but to hear it,  
 Would strike into a ruffian flesh'd in murders,  
 Or an obdurate hangman, soft compassion ;  
 And yet, Francisco (of all men the dearest,  
 And from me most deserving) such my state  
 And strange condition is, that thou alone  
 Must know the fatal service, and perform it.

*Fran.* These preparations, sir, to work a stranger,  
 Or to one unacquainted with your bounties,  
 Might appear useful ; but, to me, they are  
 Needless impertinencies : For I dare do  
 Whate'er you dare command.

*Sfor.*

*Sfor.* But thou must swear it,  
 And put into thy oath, all joys, or torments  
 That fright the wicked, or confirm the good :  
 Not to conceal it only (that is nothing)  
 But, whensoever my will shall speak, strike now !  
 To fall upon't like thunder.

*Fran.* Minister

The oath in any way, or form you please,  
 I stand resolv'd to take it.

*Sfor.* Thou must do, then,  
 What no benevolent star will dare to look on,  
 It is so wicked : For which, men will curse thee  
 For being the instrument ; and the angels  
 Forfame me at my need, for being the author ;  
 For 'tis a deed of night, of night, Francisco,  
 In which the memory of all good actions,  
 We can pretend to, shall be buried quick :  
 Or, if we be remember'd, it shall be  
 To fright posterity by our example,  
 That have outgone all precedents of villains  
 That were before us ; and such as succeeded,  
 Though taught in hell's black school, shall ne'er come  
 near us.

—Art thou not shaken yet !

*Fran.* I grant you move me ;  
 But to a man confirm'd—

*Sfor.* I'll try your temper :  
 What think you of my wife ?

VOL. II.

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*Fran.*

*Fran.* As a thing sacred ;  
 To whose fair name and memory I pay gladly  
 These signs of duty. [Kneels.]

*Sfor.* Is she not the abstract  
 Of all that's rare, or to be wish'd in woman ?

*Fran.* It were a kind of blasphemy to dispute it :  
 —But to the purpose, sir.

*Sfor.* Add to her goodness,  
 Her tenderness of me, her care to please me,  
 Her unsuspected chastity, ne'er equall'd,  
 Her innocence, her honour—O I am lost  
 In the ocean of her virtues, and her graces,  
 When I think of them.

*Fran.* Now I find the end  
 Of all your conjurations : There's some service  
 To be done for this sweet lady. If she have enemies  
 That she would have remov'd——

*Sfor.* Alas ! Francisco,  
 Her greatest enemy is her greatest lover ;  
 Yet, in that hatred, her idolater.  
 One smile of her's would make a savage tame ;  
 One accent of that tongue would calm the seas,  
 Though all the winds at once strove there for empire.  
 Yet I, for whom she thinks all this too little,  
 Should I miscarry in this present journey,  
 (From whence it is all number to a cypher,  
 I ne'er return with honour) by thy hand  
 Must have her murther'd.

*Fran.*

*Fran.* Murther'd!—She that loves so,  
And so deserves to be belov'd again?  
And I, who sometimes you were pleas'd to favour,  
Pick'd out the instrument?

*Sfor.* Do not fly off:  
What is decreed, can never be recall'd.  
'Tis more than love to her, that marks her out  
A wish'd companion to me, in both fortunes:  
And strong assurance of thy zealous faith,  
That gives up to thy trust a secret, that  
Racks should not have forc'd from me.—O Francisco,  
There is no heav'n without her; nor a hell,  
Where she resides. I ask from her but justice,  
And what I would have paid to her, had sickness,  
Or any other accident, divorc'd  
Her purer soul from her unspotted body.  
The slavish Indian princes, when they die,  
Are chearfully attended to the fire  
By the wife and slave, that living they lov'd best,  
To do them service in another world:  
Nor will I be less honour'd, that love more.  
And therefore trifle not, but in thy looks  
Express a ready purpose to perform  
What I command; or, by *Marcellia's* soul,  
This is thy latest minute.

*Fran.* 'Tis not fear  
Of death, but love to you, makes me embrace it.  
But, for mine own security, when 'tis done,



What warrant have I? If you please to sign one,  
I shall, though with unwillingness and horror,  
Perform your dreadful charge.


*Sfor.* I will, Francisco :

But still remember, that a prince's secrets  
Are balm, conceal'd ; but poison, if discover'd.  
I may come back ; then this is but a trial,  
To purchase thee, if it were possible,  
A nearer place in my affection—but  
I know thee honest.

*Fran.* 'Tis a character  
I will not part with.

*Sfor.* I may live to reward it.

[*Exeunt.*]

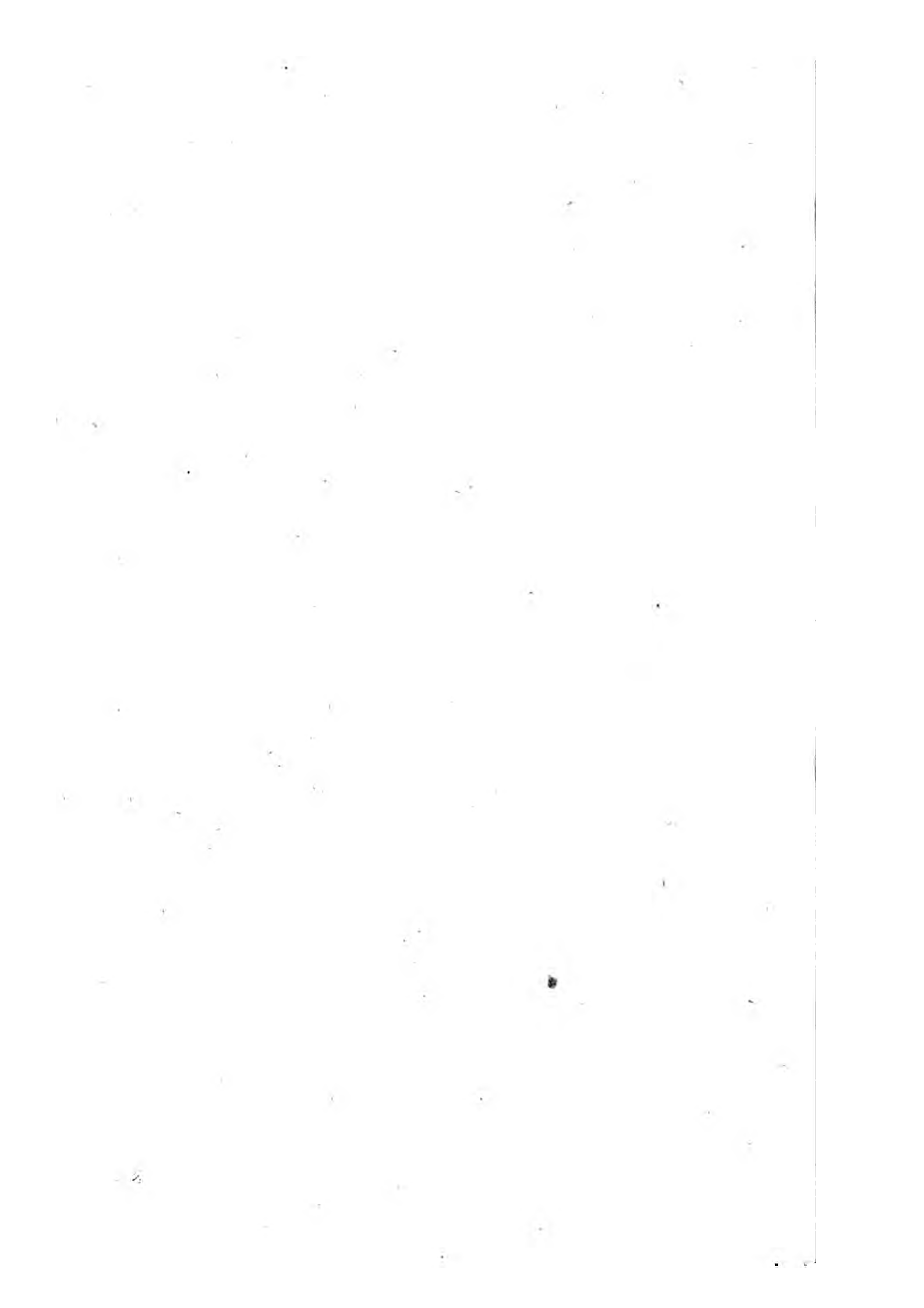
 By a mistake at the Press, owing in great measure to the absence of the Author while this part of the work was printing, the running title of "Prose on several Occasions" intended only for the miscellaneous Letters and Papers, has been continued to these "Critical Reflections on our Old English Writers."

P R E F A C E

TO THE WORKS OF

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER,

PUBLISHED IN THE YEAR 1778.



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P R E F A C E

TO THE WORKS OF

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

CONSIDERING the acknowledged excellence of our Authors, loudly acknowledged by the most eminent of their contemporaries and successors, it appears at first sight rather wonderful, that in the space of a hundred and fifty years, which have elapsed since the death of these Poets, no more than three complete editions of their Works have been published; we say three, because the first folio professedly included no more of their Plays, than those which had not before been singly printed in quarto.

To what causes are we to attribute this amazing disparity between the reputation of the Writers, and the publick demand for their productions? Are libraries furnished with books, as apartments with furniture, according to the fashion? or is it necessary, because plays were originally written to

be acted, that they must continue to be perpetually represented, or cease to be read?

Truth, we fear, obliges us to confess that these questions must, without much qualification, be answered in the affirmative. Shakespeare, admirable as he is, certainly owes some part of his present popularity, and the extraordinary preference given to his plays beyond those of all our other dramatists, to the mode adopted by the literary world to extol him. By the changes of fashion, Nature and right reason sometimes come into vogue; but the multitude take them, like coin, because they are in currency, while men of sense and letters alone appreciate them according to their intrinsic value, and receive merit, wherever they find it, as bullion, though it has not the stamp of fashion impressed on it. To such men, the genius of Shakespeare, instead of obscuring, illustrates the kindred talents of Beaumont and Fletcher: Yet such men are but rare; and one of the most acute and learned editors of Shakespeare speaking of his own notes “concerned in a critical explanation of the “author’s beauties and defects; but chiefly of his “beauties, whether in stile, thought, sentiment,  
“character,

“character, or composition,” adds, that “the  
 “publick judgment hath less need to be assisted in  
 “what it shall *reject*, than in what it ought to  
 “PRIZE: Nor is the value they set upon a work,  
 “a certain proof that they understand it. *For it*  
 “*is ever seen*, THAT HALF A DOZEN VOICES OF  
 “CREDIT GIVE THE LEAD, *and if the public chance*  
 “*to be in good humour, or the author much in their*  
 “*favour*, THE PEOPLE ARE SURE TO FOLLOW.”

To the popularity of a Dramatick Writer, nothing more immediately contributes than the frequency of theatrical representation. Common readers, like barren spectators, know little more of an author than what the actor, not always his happiest commentator, presents to them. Mutilations of Shakespeare have been recited, and even quoted, as his genuine text; and many of his dramas, not in the course of exhibition, are by the multitude not honoured with a perusal. On the stage, indeed, our Authors formerly took the lead, Dryden having informed us, that in his day two of their plays were performed to one of Shakespeare. The stage, however, owes its attraction to the actor as well as author; and if the able performer will not contribute to give a polish and

brilliancy to the work, it will lie, like the rough diamond, obscured and disregarded. The artists of former days worked the rich mine of Beaumont and Fletcher; and Betterton, the Roscius of his age, enriched his catalogue of characters from their Dramas, as well as those of Shakespeare. Unfortunately for our Authors, the Roscius of our day confined his round of characters in old plays, too closely to Shakespeare. We may almost say of him indeed, in this respect, as Dryden says of Shakespeare's scenes of magick,

Within that circle none durst walk but he;

but surely we must lament, that those extraordinary powers, which have so successfully been exerted in the illustration of Shakespeare, and sometimes prostituted to the support of the meanest writers, should not more frequently have been employed to throw a light upon Beaumont and Fletcher. Their Plays, we will be bold to say, have the same excellencies, as well as the same defects, each perhaps in an inferior degree, with the Dramas of their great master. Like his, they are built on histories or novels, pursuing in the same manner the story through its various circumstances; like his, but not always with equal truth and nature, their characters are boldly drawn and warmly coloured;

coloured; like his, their dialogue, containing every beauty of style, and licentiousness of construction, is thick sown with moral sentiments, interchanged with ludicrous and serious, ribaldry and sublime, and sometimes enlivened with wit in a richer vein than even the immortal dramas of Shakespeare. In Comedy, the criticks of their own days, and those immediately succeeding, gave Beaumont and Fletcher the preference to Shakespeare; and although the slow award of time has at length justly decreed the superior excellence of the glorious father of our drama beyond all further appeal, yet these his illustrious followers ought not surely to be cast so far behind him, as to fall into contemptuous neglect, while the most careless works of Shakespeare are studiously brought forward. The Maid's Tragedy, King and No King, Love's Pilgrimage, Monsieur Thomas, &c. &c. &c. would hardly disgrace that stage which has exhibited The Two Gentlemen of Verona.

Mr. Seward has employed great part of his Preface in citing similar passages from Shakespeare and our Authors, and though we do not entirely agree with him in the comparisons he has drawn, we cannot resist the temptation of adducing one instance,



stance, in our opinion, more to the advantage of our Authors than any mentioned in that Preface. It is the entire character of the boy HENGO, in the Tragedy of Bonduca; a character which is, we think (taken altogether) better sustained, and more beautifully natural and pathetick, than the Prince Arthur of Shakespeare. The scene in King John between Arthur and Hubert, excellent as it is, almost passes the bounds of pity and terror, and becomes horrible; besides which, Shakespeare, to whom "a quibble," as Dr. Johnson says, "was the fatal Cleopatra for which he lost the world, and was content to lose it," has enervated the dialogue with many frigid conceits, which he has, with more than usual impropriety, put into the mouth of the innocent Arthur, while he is pleading most affectingly for mercy.

As for example:

"——Will you put out mine eyes;  
These eyes, that never did, nor never shall,  
So much as frown on you?"

*Hub.* I've sworn to do it;  
And with hot irons must I burn them out.

*Arth.* *Ah, none but in this iron age would do it!*  
*The iron of itself, tho' heat red hot,*  
*Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears,*

*And*

*And quench its fiery indignation,  
 Even in the matter of mine innocence:  
 Nay, after that, consume away in rust,  
 But for containing fire to harm mine eye.  
 Are you more stubborn-hard than hammer'd iron?  
 Oh, if an angel should have come to me,  
 And told me, Hubert should put out mine eyes,  
 I would not have believ'd him; no tongue, but  
 Hubert's."*

And again:

"———Go to! hold your tongue!

*Arth. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues  
 Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes:  
 Let me not hold my tongue; let me not, Hubert!  
 Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue  
 So I may keep mine eyes. Oh, spare mine eyes;  
 Tho' to no use, but still to look on you!  
 Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold,  
 And would not harm me.*

*Hub. I can heat it, boy.*

*Arth. No, in good sooth; the fire is dead with grief,  
 Being create for comfort, to be us'd  
 In undeserv'd extremes: see else yourself;  
 There is no malice in this burning coal;  
 The breath of Heaven hath blown its spirit out,  
 And strew'd repentant ashes on its head.*

*Hub. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.*

*Arth.*

Arth. *And if you do, you will but make it blush,  
And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert :*  
*Nay, it, perchance, will sparkle in your eyes ;*  
*And, like a dog, that is compell'd to fight,*  
*Snatch at his master that doth tarre him on.*  
*All things, that you should use do me wrong,*  
*Deny their office : only you do lack*  
*That mercy, which fierce fire and iron extend,*  
*Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses."*

The Reader, we imagine, will concur in our disapprobation of the passages printed in Italicks. Between Caratach and Hengo we do not remember that a line occurs, affected or unnatural ; and nothing can be more exquisitely tender than the several scenes between them. The whole play abounds with Dramatick and Poetic Excellence.

Allowing, however, freely allowing, the general superiority of Shakespeare to Beaumont and Fletcher (and indeed to all other poets, Homer perhaps only excepted) yet we cannot so far degrade our Authors, as to reduce the most excellent of their pieces to a level with the meanest effusions of Shakespeare ; nor can we believe that there are not many of their long-neglected Dramas that might not, with very inconsiderable variations, be accommodated to the taste of a modern audience. The

Publick have been long habituated to the phraseology of Shakespeare, whose language, in the opinion of Dryden, is a little obsolete in comparison of that of our Authors; and irregularities of fable have been not only pardoned, but defended. When the great English Actor, of whom we have been speaking, first undertook the direction of the stage, his friend (the present Laureat) boldly told him,

A nation's taste depends on you.

The national taste, under his happy influence, acquired from day to day, from year to year, an increased relish for Shakespeare; and it is almost matter of amazement, as well as concern, that so little of his attention was directed to those Dramatick Writers, whose poetical character bore so great an affinity to the just object of his admiration. A deceased actor, of great merit, and still greater promise, very successfully opened his theatrical career by appearing in the tragedy of *Philaster*. At the same time, the same tragedy contributed not a little to the growing fame of one of our principal actresses. That play, the *Two Noble Kinsmen*, and some other pieces of Beaumont and Fletcher, besides those we have already enumerated, would undoubtedly become favourite entertainments.

entertainments for the stage, if the theatrical talents of the performers bore any kind of proportion to the dramattick abilities of the writers. Since the directors of our theatres in some sort hold the keys of the Temple of Dramattick Fame, let them do honour to themselves by throwing open their doors to Beaumont and Fletcher! Seeing there are at present but small hopes of emulating the transcendent actor, who so long and so effectually impressed on our minds the excellence of Shakespeare, let them at least rescue their performers from an immediate comparison, so much to their disadvantage, by trying their force on the characters of our Authors! The Two Noble Kinsmen indeed has been ascribed (falsely, as we think) to Shakespeare. “The Two Noble Kinsmen, (says Pope) if that play be his, *as there goes a tradition* it was, and indeed *it has little resemblance of Fletcher*, and more of our author, than some of those which have been received as genuine.” Unhappy Poets! whose very excellence is turned against them. Shakespeare’s claim to any share in the Two Noble Kinsmen we have considered at the end of that piece, to which we refer the Reader. In this place we shall only enter our protest against

the authority of Pope, who appears to have felt himself mortified and ashamed, when he, “ discharged the dull duty of an Editor.” He surely must be allowed to discharge his duty with reluctance, and most probably with neglect, who speaks of it in such terms. In his Preface indeed he has, with a most masterly hand, drawn the outline of the poetical character of Shakespeare; but in that very Preface, by a strange perversion of taste, he proposes to throw out of the list of Shakespeare’s plays *The Winter’s Tale*, which he considers as spurious! On no better foundation, we think, has he asserted, that the play of the *Two Noble Kinsmen* *has little resemblance of Fletcher*. “ There goes a tradition,” that *Garth did not write his own Dispensary*; “ there goes a tradition,” that the admirable translator of Homer, like Shakespeare himself, *had little Latin, and less Greek*; but what candid critick would countenance such a tradition? And is such a vague, blind, playhouse tradition a sufficient warrant for one great poet to tear the laurel from the brows of another?

The modern editors of Shakespeare contemplate with admiration that indifference to future fame, which suffered him to behold with uncommon

apathy some of his pieces incorrectly printed during his life, without attempting to rescue them from the hands of barbarous editors, or preparing for posterity a genuine collection of his Works, supervised and corrected by himself. In our opinion, the Dedication and Preface of Heminge and Condell more than insinuate the intention of Shakespeare, had he survived, to have published such a collection\*. But, be that as it may, his supposed carelessness concerning the fate of his pieces after they had been represented, is not so very singular; many of the plays of Beaumont and Fletcher also having been inaccurately printed from stolen copies during the lives of the Authors, and the remainder collected some years after their deaths, like the Works of Shakespeare, by the players. Ben Jonson appears to have been the only dramatick

\* " We hope, that they outliving him, and he not having the  
" fate common with some, to be Exequutor to his own writings, &c."

[*Dedication of Shakespeare's Works by Heminge and Condell.*]

" It had been a thing, we confesse, worthy to have been wished  
" that the Author himself had lived to have set forth, and over-  
" seen his own writings; but since it has been ordained otherwise, and  
" he by death departed from that right, we pray you doe not envy his  
" friends, the office of their care and paine, to have collected and  
" published them."

[*Preface of Heminge and Condell.*]

dramatick Poet of that age, who paid any attention to the publication of his own Compositions.

The old quarto copies of Beaumont and Fletcher have come down to us exactly in the same state with the old quartos of Shakespeare. The printers of those times not only copied, but multiplied the errors of the transcriber. An Editor, nay even a corrector of the press, seems to have been a character of which they had not the smallest conception. Even the title-pages appear to exhibit the very names of the Authors at random, sometimes announcing the play as the work of one Poet, sometimes of another, and sometimes as the joint production of both. A Bookseller is somewhere introduced as reprehending *the saving ways of an Ode-writer*, who, he supposed, merely to lengthen his work, would often put no more than three or four words into a line. The old printers seem to have conceived the same idea of the parsimony of Poets, and therefore often without scruple run verse into prose, not adverting to measure or harmony, but solely governed by the dimensions of the page, whether divided into columns, or carried all across from one scanty margin to another. Their orthography \* is

M 2 fo

\* *Their orthography, &c.*] To this article our ancestors seem to have afforded very little attention: *Ingenious* for *ingenuous*, *alter* for *altar*,



so generally vicious and unfettled, and their punctuation so totally defective, that the regulation of either rarely merits the triumphs that have so often been derived from it. On the whole, however, these old copies of our Poets may by an intelligent Reader be perused with satisfaction. The typographical errors are indeed gross and numerous; but their very number and grossness keeps the reader awake to the genuine text, and commonly

readers

*altar, cozen for cousin, desert for defart, talents for talons, then for than, &c. &c.* continually occur in the old books. Nor does there seem to have been any greater regard paid to proper names; one of our Poets, for instance, we find called *Fleatcher, Flecher, and Fletcher*; and the other, *Beamont, Beamount, and Beaumont*. The name of *Shakespeare* is spelt at least a dozen ways. We are told, in the first note on the Dunciad of "an *autograph* of *Shakespeare* himself, whereby it appeared that "he spelt his own name without the first *e*." Yet even this *autograph* is not decisive. In the Register-book at Stratford upon Avon, the name of the family is regularly entered *Shakspere*. In the Poet's own will, which now lies in the Prerogative-Office, Doctor's Commons, his name is spelt THREE different ways. In the body of the will it is always written *Shackspere*: This, however, may be ascribed to the Lawyer. The will consists of three sheets, the first of which is legibly subscribed *Shackspere*; the two others *Shakespeare*. It must be acknowledged that the hand-writing, as well as situation of the first signature, is different from that of the two following; but it appears extraordinary that a stranger should attempt to falsify a signature, which is usually ascribed to each sheet for the sake of giving

authenticity

renders such palpable inaccuracies not prejudicial. The genuine work of the Author is there extant, though the lines are often, like a confused multitude, huddled on one another, and not marshalled and arrayed by the discipline of a modern Editor.

The First Folio, containing thirty-four of our Author's pieces, never till then collected or printed, was published by the Players, obviously transcribed

M 3 from

authenticity to so solemn an instrument, and is, therefore, always taken to be the hand-writing of the testator. Mr. Garrick, however, had in his possession the lease of a house formerly situated in Black-Friars, and but lately taken down on account of the new bridge, which belonged to that Poet. As a party to that lease he signs his name *Shakspeare*; and the first syllable of his name is now pronounced in his native county, Warwickshire, with the short *a*, *Shäk-* and not *Shakespeare*. On the other hand, it must be confessed, that the dialect of that county is more provincial than classical, and we believe that all the families, who are now known by the Poet's name, both spell and pronounce it *Shakespeare*; which indeed seems most reconcilable to etymology, if etymology be at all concerned in so capricious a circumstance. Many of the quartos published in his life-time, not only followed this mode of spelling, but seemed nicely to mark the proper pronunciation, by printing his name in the title page with a *Hyphen* between the two syllables that compose it, thus, SHAKESPEARE. His cotemporary Jonson, as well as Milton and Dryden his successors, adhered to the same orthography. Every thing, however trivial, interests an English reader, from the relation it bears to that Great Poet; which is the only excuse we have to offer for so long a note on a point of so little importance.

from the prompter's books, commonly the most inaccurate and barbarous of all manuscripts, or made out piecemeal from the detached parts copied for the use of the performers. Hence it happens, that the stage-direction has sometimes crept into the text, and the name of the Actor is now and then substituted for that of the Character. The transcribers, knowing perhaps no Language perfectly, corrupted all Languages; and vitiated the dialogue with false Latin, false French, false Italian, and false Spanish; nay, as Pope says of the old copies of Shakespeare, "their very Welch is false."

The Players, however, notwithstanding the censure of Pope, "yet from Cibber fore," seem to have been, at least with regard to our Poets, as faithful and able editors as others of that period. It is most natural to suppose that the Playhouse Manuscript contained the real Work of the Author, though perhaps ignorantly copied, and accommodated to the use of the Theatre. A writer in his closet often silently acquiesces in the excellence of a continued Declamation; but if at any time the Audience, like Polonius, cry out "This is too long," such passages are afterwards naturally curtailed or omitted in the representation;

tion; but the curious Reader, being less *fastidious* "than the *proud* Spectator" (for in such terms Horace speaks of the Spectator) is pleased with the restoration of these passages in print. "Players, says Pope, "are just such judges of what is *right*, "as tailors are of what is *graceful*." The comparison is more ludicrous and sarcaſtick than it is just. The Poet himself, who makes the Cloaths, may rather be called the Tailor: Actors are at most but the empty beaux that wear them, and the Spectators censure or admire them. A Tailor, however, if players must be the Tailors, though not equal in science to a Statuary or an Anatomist, must yet be conceived to have a more intimate knowledge of the human form than a Blacksmith or a Carpenter; and if many of the actors know but little of the Drama, they would probably have known still less of it, had they not been retainers to the stage. Some Improvements, as well as Corruptions of the Drama, may undoubtedly be derived from the Theatre. Cibber, *idle* Cibber, wrote for the stage with more success than Pope. Æschylus, Sophocles, Plautus, and Terence, were soldiers and freedmen; Shakespeare and Moliere were Actors.

The Second Folio contained the first complete collection of the Works of Beaumont and Fletcher. Concerning that edition we have nothing to add to what has been said by other Editors.

The Octavo Editors of 1711 seemed to aim at little more than reprinting our Authors' Plays, and giving a collection of them more portable and convenient than the Folios. Their text, however, is more corrupt than that of either the quartos or folios, the errors of which they religiously preserved, adding many vicious readings of their own, some of which have been combated in very long notes by their successors.

In the year 1742, Theobald, on the success and reputation of his Shakespeare, projected an edition of the Works of Ben Jonson. What he had executed of it, fell into the hands of Mr. Whalley, and is inserted in that learned and ingenious gentleman's edition. At the same time he exhibited proposals for a publication of the Plays of Beaumont and Fletcher; in which he was afterwards assisted by Mr. Seward and Mr. Symphon: but Theobald dying before he had committed more than the first and about half the second volume to the press, the undertaking was continued by the two last-mentioned gentlemen; and the

the edition thus jointly, or rather severally, executed by Theobald, Mr. Seward, and Mr. Symphon, at length appeared in the year 1750. These gentlemen were the first Editors of our Poets who professed to collate the old copies, to reform the punctuation, and to amend the corruptions of the text. Some attempts also were made to elucidate the obscurities, and enforce the excellencies of their Authors. How far we disagree or coincide with them will appear on inspection of the particular passages to which their several observations refer. At present it will be sufficient to declare, that we should have been inclined to entertain a more respectful opinion of their labours, if they had not very early betrayed that confidence which every Reader is tempted to repose in an Editor, not only by their carelessness, but by the more unpardonable faults of faithlessness and misrepresentation. Their reports of the state of the old copies can never safely be taken on trust, and on examination many of those copies will appear to be both negligently collated, and untruly quoted. Their punctuation also, notwithstanding their occasional self-approbation, is almost as inaccurate as that of the most antient and rude editions; and their critical remarks have, in our opinion, oftener been well intended

intended, than conceived. Their work, however, has in the main conduced to the illustration of our Authors, and we have seized every fair occasion to applaud the display of their diligence, as well as the efforts of their critical acuteness and sagacity. Such of their notes as appeared incontestible, or even plausible, we have adopted without remark; to those more dubious we have subjoined additional annotations; those of less consequence we have abridged; and those of no importance we have omitted.

In the present Edition, it has been our chief aim to give the old text as it lies in the old books, with no other variations, but such as the Writers themselves, had they superintended an impression of their Works, or even a corrector of the press, would have made. Yet even these variations, if at all important, have not been made in silence. Notes, however, have been subjoined to the text as briefly and as sparingly as possible; but the lapse of time, and fluctuation of language, have rendered some Notes necessary for the purpose of explaining obsolete words, unusual phrases, old customs, and obscure or distant allusions. Critical remarks, and conjectural emendations, have been seldom hazarded, nor has any ridicule been wantonly thrown on  
former

former Editors, who have only sometimes been reprehended for pompous affectation, and more frequently for want of care and fidelity. Every material comment on these Plays has been retained in this Edition, though often without the long and ostentatious notes that first introduced those comments to the publick. At the same time, we have religiously attributed every observation, critical or philological, to its due author, not wishing to claim any praise as Editors, but by industriously endeavouring, as an act of duty, to collect from all quarters every thing that might contribute to illustrate the Works of Beaumont and Fletcher.

To conclude, we have beheld with pity and indignation the mean parade of many modern Editors, and we have endeavoured to fulfil their duties without imbibing their arrogance. We are perhaps too proud to indulge so poor a vanity; at least, we are too much occupied to litigate readings we think of small importance, and too honest to claim restorations not our own, or to propose readings as corrections that are no more than restorations. The Stationer has not disgraced our Authors with Tobacco-Paper; the Press, we trust, has done its duty; and the Rolling-Press, at a very considerable expence, has added its assistance.



assistance. The Cuts, if we are not deceived, are for the most part happily designed, and well executed, and will probably be deemed an agreeable addition to the Work: at least, we may with truth assert, that no authors in the English language, published at the same price, have so many and so valuable engravings.

The province of a Painter and an Editor are directly opposite. In the first instance the canvas receives its chief value from the artist, and in the second the artist derives almost all his consequence from the canvas. The Editor, if he lives, is carried down the stream of time by his Author; and if the Author be excellent, and his commentary judicious,

Still shall his little bark attendant sail,  
Pursue the triumph and partake the gale.

For our parts we have been incited to this undertaking from a real admiration of these Poets, grounded, as we apprehend, on their genuine excellencies, and a thorough persuasion that the Works of Beaumont and Fletcher may proudly claim a second place in the English Drama, nearer to the first than the third, to those of Shakespeare; some of their Plays being so much in his manner, that they can scarcely be distinguished to be the work of another hand.

A P P E N D I X  
TO THE  
S E C O N D E D I T I O N  
OF THE  
T R A N S L A T I O N  
OF THE  
C O M E D I E S O F T E R E N C E,  
PUBLISHED IN THE YEAR 1768.



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A P P E N D I X

TO THE SECOND EDITION OF THE

TRANSLATION OF THE

COMEDIES OF TERENCE.

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THE reverend and ingenious Mr. Farmer, in his curious and entertaining *Essay on the Learning of Shakespeare*, having done me the honour to animadvert on some passages in the preface to this translation, I cannot dismiss this edition without declaring how far I coincide with that gentleman; although what I then threw out carelessly on the subject of his pamphlet was merely incidental, nor did I mean to enter the lists as a champion to defend either side of the question.

It is most true, as Mr. Farmer takes for granted, that I had never met with the old comedy called *The Supposes*, nor has it even yet fallen into my hands;

hands; yet I am willing to grant, on Mr. Farmer's authority, that Shakespeare borrowed part of the plot of *The Taming of the Shrew*, from that old translation of Ariosto's play, by George Gascoign, and had no obligations to Plautus. I will accede also to the truth of Dr. Johnson's and Mr. Farmer's observation, that the line from Terence, exactly as it stands in Shakespeare, is extant in Lilly and Udall's *Floures for Latin Speaking*. Still, however, Shakespeare's total ignorance of the learned languages remains to be proved; for it must be granted, that such books are put into the hands of those who are learning those languages, in which class we must necessarily rank Shakespeare, or he could not even have quoted Terence from Udall or Lilly; nor is it likely, that so rapid a genius should not have made some further progress. "Our author (says Dr. Johnson, as quoted by "Mr. Farmer) had this line from Lilly; which I "mention, that it may not be brought as an argu- "ment of his learning." It is, however, an argument that he read Lilly; and a few pages further it seems pretty certain, that the author of *The Taming of the Shrew*, had at least read Ovid; from whose epistles we find these lines:

*Hæc*

COMÉDIES OF TERENCE. 175

*Hæc ibat Simois ; hic est Sigeia tellus ;  
Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.*

And what does Dr. Johnson say on this occasion ? Nothing. And what does Mr. Farmer say on this occasion ? Nothing.

In Love's Labour's Lost, which, bad as it is, is ascribed by Dr. Johnson himself to Shakespeare, there occurs the word *thrafonical* ; another argument which seems to shew that he was not unacquainted with the comedies of Terence ; not to mention, that the character of the Schoolmaster in the same play could not possibly be written by a man who had travelled no further in Latin than *hic, hæc, hoc*.

In Henry the Sixth we meet with a quotation from Virgil,

*Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ ?*

But this, it seems, proves nothing, any more than the lines from Terence and Ovid, in the Taming of the Shrew ; for Mr. Farmer looks on Shakespeare's property in the comedy to be extremely disputable ; and he has no doubt but Henry the Sixth had the same author with Edward the Third, which hath been recovered to the world in Mr. Capell's Prolusions.

If any play in the collection bears internal evidence of Shakespeare's hand, we may fairly give him *Timon of Athens*. In this play we have a familiar quotation from Horace,

*Ira furor brevis est.*

I will not maintain but this hemistich may be found in Lilly or Udall; or that it is not in the *Palace of Pleasure*, or the *English Plutarch*; or that it was not originally foisted in by the players: It stands, however, in the play of *Timon of Athens*.

The world in general, and those who purpose to comment on Shakespeare in particular, will owe much to Mr. Farmer, whose researches into our old authors throw a lustre on many passages, the obscurity of which must else have been impenetrable. No future Upton or Gildon will go further than North's translation for Shakespeare's acquaintance with Plutarch, or balance between Dares Phrygius, and *the Troy booke of Lydgate*. *The Hystorie of Hamblet*, in *black letter*, will for ever supersede Saxo Grammaticus; translated novels and ballads will, perhaps, be allowed the sources of *Romeo*, *Lear*, and *the Merchant of Venice*; and Shakespeare himself, however unlike Bayes in other particulars, will stand

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stand convicted of having *transversed* the prose of Holinghead ; and at the same time, to prove “ that “ his *studies* lay in his own language,” the translations of Ovid are determined to be the production of Heywood.

“ That his *studies* were most demonstratively confined to *nature*, and his *own language*,” I readily allow : but does it hence follow that he was so deplorably ignorant of every other tongue, living or dead, that he only “ remembered, perhaps, enough “ of his *schoolboy* learning to put the *hig, hag, hog,* “ into the mouth of Sir H. Evans ; and might pick “ up in the writers of the time, or the course of “ his conversation, a familiar phrase or two of “ French or Italian ?” In Shakespeare’s plays both these last languages are plentifully scattered : but then, we are told, they might be impertinent additions of the players. Undoubtedly they might : but there they are, and, perhaps, few of the players had much more learning than Shakespeare.

Mr. Farmer himself will allow that Shakespeare began to learn Latin : I will allow that his *studies* lay in English : but why insist that he neither made any progress at school ; nor improved his acquisitions there ? The general encomiums of Suckling,



Denham, Milton, &c. on his *native genius* \*, prove nothing; and Ben Jonson's celebrated charge of Shakespeare's *small Latin, and less Greek* †, seems absolutely to decide that he had *some* knowledge of both; and if we may judge by our own time, a man, who has any Greek, is seldom without a very competent share of Latin; and yet such a man is very likely to study Plutarch in English, and to read translations of Ovid.

\* Mr. Farmer closes these general testimonies of Shakespeare's having been only indebted to nature, by saying, "He came out of her hand, as *some one else* expresses it, like Pallas out of Jove's head, at full growth and mature." It is whimsical enough, that this *some one else*, whose expression is here quoted to countenance the general notion of Shakespeare's want of literature, should be no other than myself. Mr. Farmer does not chuse to mention where he met with this expression of *some one else*; and *some one else* does not chuse to mention where he dropt it.

† In defence of the various reading of this passage, given in the preface to the last edition of Shakespeare, "small Latin, and *no* Greek," Mr. Farmer tells us, that "it was adopted above a century ago by W. Towers, "in a panegyrick on Cartwright." Surely, Towers having said that Cartwright had *no* Greek, is no proof that Ben Jonson said so of Shakespeare.

POSTSCRIPT.

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## P O S T S C R I P T.

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**T**HIS Appendix to the second Edition of the translation of Terence would not have had a place in this collection, if it had not repeatedly appeared among the numerous *Prolegomena* to the late *Variorum* Editions of Shakespeare, accompanied with Annotations which seem to require some notice.

Mr. Steevens in a Preface subjoined to that of Dr. Johnson having first declared that “the dispute about the learning of Shakespeare is now finally settled,” the reader is, at the close of the copy of this Appendix, referred to Dr. Farmer’s reply in a Note on *Love’s Labour’s Lost*, Act II. Sc. ii. p. 435. Edit. of 1778.

The Note in question, according to the custom of the Editors, is rather long ; but I trust I shall do no

injustice to Dr. Farmer's argument, by selecting only his part of it.

“ Dr. Warburton is certainly right in his suppo-  
 “ sition that *Florio* is meant by the character of  
 “ *Holofernes*. *Florio* had given the first affront.  
 “ The plaies, says he, that they plaie in Eng-  
 “ land, are neither *right comedies*, nor *right tragedies* ;  
 “ but representations of *histories* without any de-  
 “ corum.”—The scraps of Latin and Italian are  
 “ transcribed from his works, particularly the pro-  
 “ verb about *Venice*, which has been corrupted so  
 “ much. The *affectation of the letter*, which argues  
 “ *facilitie*, is likewise a copy of his manner. We  
 “ meet with much of it in the sonnets to his  
 “ patrons.

“ In Italie your lordship well hath seene  
 “ Their manners, monuments, magnificence,  
 “ Their language learnt, in sound, in stile, in sense,  
 “ Proving by profiting where you have *beene*,  
 “ To adde to fore-learn'd facultie *facilitie* !

“ We see then the character of the Schoolmaster  
 “ might be written with less learning than Mr.  
 “ Colman conjectured: nor is the use of the  
 “ word *thraasonical*, any argument that the author had

“ read Terence. It was introduced to our language  
 “ long before Shakespeare’s time. Stanyhurst writes,  
 “ in a translation of one of Sir Thomas More’s  
 “ epigrams,

“ Lynckt was in wedlocke a lofty *thrafonical* hufsnuffe.”

“ It can scarcely be necessary to animadvert  
 “ any further upon what Mr. Colman has ad-  
 “ vanced in the Appendix to his *Terence*. If this  
 “ gentleman at his leisure from modern plays, will  
 “ condescend to open a few old ones, he will soon  
 “ be satisfied that Shakespeare was obliged to learn  
 “ and repeat in the course of his profession such  
 “ Latin *Fragments*, as are met with in his works.  
 “ The formidable one, *ira furor brevis est*, which  
 “ is quoted from *Timon*, may be found, not in plays  
 “ only, but in every *tritical* essay from that of king  
 “ *James* to that of dean *Swift* inclusive. I will  
 “ only add that if Mr. Colman had previously  
 “ looked at the panegyrick on *Cartwright*, he could  
 “ not so strangely have misrepresented my argument  
 “ from it: but thus it must ever be with the most  
 “ ingenious men, when they talk *without book*. Let  
 “ me however take this opportunity of acknow-  
 “ ledging the very genteel language which he has  
 “ been pleased to use on this occasion.”

“ Mr. Warton informs us in his *Life of Sir Thomas Pope*, that there was an old play of *Hophernes*, acted before the princess Elizabeth in the Year 1556.”

FARMER.

In the Edition of Shakespeare, published in 1785, this Appendix again appears with the same reference to Dr. Farmer's reply, and the addition of the following Annotation on the last note in the Appendix.

† “ It will appear still more whimsical that this *some one else*, whose expression is here quoted, may have his claim to it superseded by that of the late Dr. Young, who in his *Conjectures on Original Composition*, (p. 100, vol. V. Edit. 1773) has the following sentence. “ An adult genius comes out of Nature's hands, as Pallas out of Jove's head, at full growth and mature. Shakespeare's genius was of this kind.” Where *some one else the first* may have intermediately dropped the contested expression, I cannot ascertain: but *some one else the second* transcribed it from the author already mentioned.”

ANON.

I flatter

I flatter myself that my remarks on the subject of the Learning of Shakespeare, and my idea of the extent of his literature, were not extravagant; and that I expressed myself in such terms as were not calculated to provoke censure, or ridicule. For my own part, though I took no decided part in the question, I must confess that the wit and pleasantry of the replies and annotations have not materially altered my opinion, which the Editors would have more fairly submitted to their readers, if Dr. Farmer's reply had been given with the Appendix, instead of being transferred to another volume, because some part of his observations related to a character of the play contained in it. I must own too that I was rather surpris'd to see the Reverend Essayist, whose remarks I had treated so respectfully, making his reply as a flippant Annotator on another publication, and rising from the bottom of the page of *Love's Labour's Lost*, under the wing of that Editor, whom in the second impression of his Essay he had styled "*one of the first Criticks of the Age*," who was pleas'd to declare on reading the former edition, that **THE QUESTION IS *now* FOR EVER DECIDED!**" With what complacency these acute Criticks interchange flatteries and compliments, and how freely do they throw out censures and sarcasms  
upon

upon others ; giving currency to each by annexing them to the popular text of Shakespeare !

The Note of Dr. Farmer referred to in the Appendix concerning *Shakespeare's small Latin and LESS Greek* in the first Edition of his Essay, 1767, stands thus.

“ This passage of *Ben Jonson*, so often quoted, “ is given us in the admirable preface to the late “ Edition, with a various reading, “ small Latin “ and *no Greek*,” which hath been held up to the “ Publick for a modern sophistication : yet whether “ an error or not, it was adopted above a Century “ ago by a Panegyrist on *Cartwright*.”

On reading the above note I confess that I did not think it necessary to consult Towers's Panegyrick on Cartwright, taking it for granted, on the Essayist's note, that Towers had applied the line to the subject of his panegyrick, as Jonson had done before him ; and yet I cannot even after this frank concession account for Dr. Farmer's triumph on so slight a misapprehension, that does not at all affect the main question, or establish the authority of the various reading. The passage in the verses  
of

of Towers prefixed to the works of Cartwright printed in 1651, runs thus

*Thy skill in Wit was not so poorely meek,  
As theirs whose LITTLE Latin and NO Greek;  
Confin'd their whole discourse to a street phrase,  
Such dialect as their next neighbours was.*

From this quotation it will not only appear that I have at length consulted the panegyrick on Cartwright, but that when *talking without book*, I had not so *strangely misrepresented the Doëtor's argument from it*. His own note to the first edition of his Essay certainly tended to countenance the various reading of "*small Latin and no Greek*," by the adoption of the line by Towers. His Comment on the Appendix implies, either from my wilfulness or carelessness, *a misrepresentation of his argument*; but surely, whether Towers applied the disputed line to Cartwright, or his supposed Rivals in the Drama, was of no real consequence: though by the by his adoption contains more various readings than one; and yet the testimony of Ben Jonson, on which I grounded my opinion, remains unimpeached. On the whole then have not the Criticks *strangely misrepresented MY argument*?

I give



I give due praise to the ingenious but *anonymous* Annotator in the last edition of Shakespeare, who has clearly proved that Dr. Farmer transcribed his allusion to *Pallas* from Dr. Younge, and not from *some one else*. The thought is obvious, and might without improbability occur to different writers; but the similarity of expression, “*at full growth and mature,*” proves beyond controversy from whence, in the present instance, the allusion was taken. But after all, what is that matter to the Learning of Shakespeare?

On that subject I never engaged myself as a champion on either side of the question, but having been in some sort forced into the dispute, I cannot but seize every occasion to applaud the ingenuity as well as indefatigable industry of the *Variorum* Editors, who in the same vein of argument may hereafter proceed to prove that Shakespeare could neither read nor write. The almost illegible plate, engraved after his hand-writing, will not, perhaps, convince every inspector that the poet did not write his name as his cotemporaries on the stage have handed it down to us; though it differs not only from the recent orthography of the Editors, “those new tuners of accents,” as well as from the Stratford  
Parish

Parish Register, to which Mr. Bell, in the impression from his Apollo Press has religiously adhered. The *Latin* in his plays is still allowed to hold its place; but we are told, lest the reader should be dazzled by it, that Shakespeare was obliged to “read and repeat in the course of his profession such Latin Fragments as are found in his works.” And we are expected to embrace this opinion.

Before his Poems, inscribed in his own name to his noble Patron, Southampton, stand, as a Motto, two lines from Ovid, as palpable as those in the Taming of the Shrew. But perhaps it will at length be discovered, that those Poems were not written by Shakespeare; or, if they were, that the lines had before been prefixed to some other black lettered pamphlet of that age; or at least that Ben Jonson, in compassion to his illiterate friend, suggested the Motto, which the *Shake-scene* of the times, for so the witlings of the day, favouring the old orthography, called Shake-speare, could not himself supply.

In return for the *civilities* of the *Variorum* Editors I beg leave to propose a small emendation in their LIST OF PLAYS altered from SHAKESPEARE, in which they have done me the honour of attributing  
to

to me, without any authority, two alterations of the Midsummer Night's Dream. Of the first, it is true, I attended the rehearsals, at the express desire of Mr. Garrick, on his going abroad; but the revival, as I foretold, failing of success, the piece was, by my advice, reduced to two acts under the title of *A Fairy Tale*, so that I was little more than a Godfather on the occasion, and the Alterations, like some of the *Variorum Annotations*, should have been subscribed ANON.

When Criticks make a lucky hit,  
 Proud of a note of Sterling worth  
 Each gives his name as Sponsor;  
 But when mean malice aims at Wit,  
 Like Francis in King Hal the Fourth,  
 Each cries—*Anon, Anon, Sir!*

R E M A R K S

---

R E M A R K S  
O R  
S H Y L O C K ' S R E P L Y  
T O T H E  
S E N A T E O F V E N I C E.

---

**T**H E R E are few passages in the plays of Shakespeare, that have been more repeatedly the subject of critical animadversion than a part of Shylock's reply to the Duke and the Magnificos in the Merchant of Venice.

The lines in question in the second folio, which now lies before me, run thus : and the second folio is, I believe, in this instance, an exact transcript of the first.

“ Some men there are love not a gaping pigge ;

“ Some that are madde, if they behold a cat :

“ And

- “ And others, when the bagpipe sings i'th' nose,  
 “ Cannot contain their urine for Affection.  
 “ Maisters of passion sways it to the moode,  
 “ Of what it likes or loaths.”——

Rowe, the first modern Editor, himself a Poet, willing I suppose to preserve the poetical expression with no more violation of the text, than what was necessary to reconcile it to sense and grammar, gives, as was his manner, without quoting any authority, the fifth and part of the sixth line thus.

- “ *Masterless* passion sways it to the mood  
 “ Of what it likes or loaths.

This reading, conveying a clear idea without any great violence to the first impressions, was received and adopted by Pope, Theobald, and Hanmer.

Theobald however willing to support a proposed emendation of his ingenious assistant Dr. Thirlby, and at the same time to introduce a Comment of Warburton, starts a difficulty concerning the relative *it* (*sways it*) which, according to Rowe's reading, easily and necessarily refers to the word *Affection* in the line immediately preceding.

Dr.

SHYLOCK'S REPLY: 193

Dr. Thirlby's emendation consisted in a new mode of punctuation, by which he thus adjusted the doubtful lines in the passage.

“ And others, when the bagpipe sings i'th' nose,  
 “ Cannot contain their urine. *For Affection,*  
 “ *Master* of passion, sways it to the mood  
 “ Of what it likes or loaths.”

Warburton, with a refined commentary, rejects the reading of Rowe, preserves the old pointing, but changes the number of the verb, reading *sway* for *sways*. *Affection*, he interprets to be used for *sympathy*; and we learn from the second edition of Dr. Farmer's Essay on the Learning of Shakespeare, that *Affection*, in the sense of *sympathy*, was formerly *technical*, and so used by Lord Bacon, Sir Kenelm Digby, and many other writers.

Mr. Steevens, in his republication in 1760, of the twenty plays of Shakespeare first printed in quarto, from a professed collation of four different copies of this play, entitles the Drama “ The Comick History of The Merchant of Venice,” and exhibits the passage in question, thus

“ Some men there are love not a gaping pig :  
 “ Some that are mad if they behold a cat;

“ And others when the bagpipe sings i'th' nose  
 “ Cannot contain their urine for Affection,  
 “ Masters of passion swayes it to the mood  
 “ Of what it likes or loathes.”

Here the old pointing is preserved, but the spelling is in general more modern than even that of the second folio, which was indeed an earlier publication than two of the collated quartos.

The word *Masters* is exactly conformable to our present orthography; and this noun, governing the verb that follows, is the most material in the whole sentence: so material indeed that in order to preserve it, the Modern Editors, while they embrace the punctuation of Thirlby, make a still further deviation from the old copies, and, changing the number of both noun and verb, give the passage thus,

“ For *Affections*,  
 “ Masters of passion, *sway* it to the mood  
 “ Of what it likes or loaths.”

This reading seems to have been suggested by Sir John Hawkins.

Mr. Malone converting the noun *Masters* into a verb, and changing *it* into *our* reads thus,

“ For

“ For Affection

“ *Masters our* passion, fways it to the mood

“ Of what, &c.”

The patient and laborious Capel, who commenced his researches long before all the Editors since Hammer, and yet suffered those Editors to anticipate, and almost supersede his own publication, the diligent but tardy Capel adopts the punctuation of Thirlby, and regulates the passage thus,

“ For Affection,

“ *Mistress* of passion, fways it to the mood

“ Of what it likes or loaths.”

Capel, with his usual fidelity, gives the rejected reading “ *Maisters of*” at the bottom of the page, and as it should seem, from the principle established in his Introduction, from the oldest quarto. Of Capel the *Variorum* Editors take no notice.

It is remarkable also that Theobald in his note reporting Thirlby's proposed emendation, joins an asterisk to the word *Master* referring to another various reading or conjecture,—*Or MISTRESS*; but whether this was the original suggestion of Thirlby, or of himself, it is not easy to determine. In old books the mode of spelling the word *Mistress* often



approaches very near to the word *Maisters* in the text; and Mr. Steevens, who reads *Masters*, and for the sake of Grammatical Concordance changes *Affection* to *Affections*, yet quotes a passage from Othello, which though produced with another intention, yet countenances in this instance the reading of Capel.

“ And though we have there a Substitute of most  
 “ allowed sufficiency, yet *Opinion*, a *Sovereign Mis-*  
 “ TRESS of Effects, throws a more safe voice on  
 “ you.”

I must confess that I cannot discover on what principle all the Editors, since Theobald and Hammer, have followed the punctuation of Thirlby. It is impossible, I think, for any reader, accustomed to the manner of our old writers, not to feel a certain harshness in the new regulation of the text, or indeed to doubt for a moment, that the old books gave the second line correctly, as at that time spoken on the stage, and originally written by the Author. *Cannot contain their urine for Affection.* I never heard, excellent and very Shylock as he is, Macklin's full stop in the middle of this verse without a shock; and the following words of the line, not only soften the expression, but are most easy and  
 natural

natural. We still apply the verb *affect* in the same sense that Shylock here uses the noun derived from it, and the simple meaning of the line is, that “Others are *so affected* by the sound of the bagpipe “that they cannot contain themselves.”

The mode of *Affection* here signified, granting the old text to be genuine, must be *Sympathy*, illustrated by an example opposed to those before enumerated; and the opposition marked, like the *hic & ille* of the Latin, by the words *some and others*; though without the two last words of the line the contrast is less clear, and the effect of the bagpipe might be a third instance of Antipathy. Thirlby's punctuation, and Rowe's reading, each suppose *Affection* to signify both *Sympathy* and *Antipathy*. Each Critick must be allowed to be ingenious; some word, or phrase, or line, expressive of an irresistible influence over our *likings* and *loathings*, (for Shylock speaks of both) as well as governing the verb *sways*, is most certainly the grand *Desideratum*, the one thing requisite to regulate and explain this difficult passage.

The passage, as it stands in the old books, is evidently defective or corrupt, or both, and though

the reading *Mistress* for *Masters* may remedy the corruption, and bring the noun and verb, according to the rules of Syntax, to accord with each other, still there remains an imperfection in the context, which has driven the commentators, as their last resource, to a new mode of punctuation. My own method may, perhaps, appear still more desperate; but desperate diseases require desperate remedies, and without some topical applications the case under consideration is confessedly incurable; and I cannot well explain myself without some dissection. I must beg leave therefore to give a brief analysis of Shylock's reply to the Duke, who tells him that the court recommend lenity to Anthonio, and expect a gentle answer from the prosecutor.— His answer is to this effect.

“ I have taken a solemn oath to exact the penalty  
 “ on the Bond, and deny me justice at your peril !  
 “ If you demand why I prefer a pound of flesh to  
 “ three thousand ducats, I answer, *it is my humour*.  
 “ Or, if that answer be unsatisfactory; I add that  
 “ there is an uncontrollable and unaccountable in-  
 “ fluence, affecting the mind, predominating so  
 “ absolutely over the passions, as to impell them,  
 “ in spite of reason, and of will, acting in some  
 “ men

“ men by *Antipathy*, and in others by *Sympathy*.  
 “ There are instances of both. I am an  
 “ instance of *Antipathy*. I abhor, I hate An-  
 “ thonio : and this Hatred, this *Antipathy*, is the  
 “ only answer that I will, or *can* give, why I prefer  
 “ a losing suit to a lucrative composition.”

This I take to be a fair abstract of Shylock's answer, who, waving the *sic volo* with which he follows up his oath, proceeds to defend his conduct by the example of other men, subject, like himself, to the irresistible dominion of *Sympathy* and *Antipathy*.

On the whole therefore I conceive that the original punctuation should be maintained, that the word *Maisters* in the old copies should be read *Mistress*, and that the imperfection in the sense, according to that reading, arises from a line or two lost or dropt at the press, in which the words *Sympathy* and *Antipathy*, so congenial to the argument, had most probably a place.

To submit this opinion, and the whole of my comment, fairly to the reader, I shall conclude these observations with a transcript of the whole speech from the second folio, only introducing in

*another character* the variation of *Mistress* for *Maisters*, together with one intercalary line, meant (like the day in Leap-year) to complete the system, and to convey the real meaning of the author. His real words are now irrecoverable.

The Duke concludes the address to Shylock, in behalf of the Senate and himself, with these words.

We do expect a gentle answer, Jew.

Shylock's answer is as follows:

“ I have possessst your Grace with what I purposse,  
 “ And by our holy Sabbath have I sworne  
 “ To have the due and forfet of my bond,  
 “ If you deny it, let the danger light  
 “ Upon your Charter, and your Cities freedome,  
 “ You'l aske me why I rather choose to have  
 “ A weight of carrion flesh, then to receive  
 “ Three thousand Ducats, Ile not answer that ;  
 “ But say it is my humor; Is it answered ?  
 “ What if my house be troubled with a Rat

“ And

- “ And I be pleas'd to give ten thousand Ducates  
 “ To have it bair'd? What, are you answer'd yet?  
 “ Some men there are love not a gaping pigge:  
 “ Some that are madde, if they behold a cat:  
 “ And others, when the bagpipe sings i'th' nose,  
 “ Cannot contain their urine for affection.  
 “ *Sovereign Antipathy, or Sympathy,*  
 “ *Mistress* of passion, sways it to the moode  
 “ Of what it likes or loaths, now for your answer—  
 “ As there is no firme reason to be rendred  
 “ Why he cannot abide a gaping pigge?  
 “ Why he a harmles necessary cat?  
 “ Why he a woollen bagpipe? but of force  
 “ Must yeeld to such inevitable shame,  
 “ As to offend himself being offended;  
 “ So can I give no reason, nor I will not,  
 “ More than a lodg'd hate, and a certaine loathing  
 “ I beare Anthonio, that I follow thus  
 “ A loosing suit against him? Are you answered?”

If this exposition is not convincing and conclusive, it were in vain to add more arguments to enforce it. *Valeat, quantum valere potest!* The few faults in the punctuation of the old copy are so obvious, that they cannot mislead the attentive reader; but the defect in the construction, without addition or alteration, is irremovable. The last expedient

having,

having, in my humble opinion, proved unsuccessful, a close consideration of the whole passage suggested the former. With what propriety the reader will determine.

Some difficulties, for Criticks will create difficulties, have arisen from other lines in this speech. Johnson never saw a *woollen* bagpipe, and therefore proposes to read *wooden*. A wooden reading, which Sir John Hawkins converts into *swelling* or *swollen*; but though Johnson never saw a *woollen* bagpipe, Shakespeare might have seen one, nor is it difficult to conceive. I think I have seen one: the bag I mean, for the *pipe*, as he supposes, was of wood.

The edition also of 1778, now under my eye, reads,

“ As to offend himself, being offended.”

The twenty plays published by Mr. Steevens in the year 1760, from a collation of the quartos, exhibit, printing more elegantly,

“ As to offend, himself being offended.”

In these matters of critical nicety such trifles are not unworthy of observation, though perhaps the  
 4 flight

slight variation might not have the sanction of the ingenious Editor, but be only an error of the press.

☞ Since the foregoing article was prepared for the press, looking into the *Variorum* edition of Shakespeare published in the year 1785 for the purpose of transcribing the anonymous Annotation on my Note to the Appendix, I find that Mr. Malone professes to have altered his opinion on this much contested passage, and now believes, as I do, the old reading of the line "*Cannot contain, &c.*" to be genuine, deriving the noun *affection*, as I have done, from the verb *affect*, but applying it, like Theobald, and Thirlby, and the Modern Editors, to both *Sympathy* and *Antipathy*. In consequence of this interpretation he now reads, for the sake of concord,

" *Masters of passion SWAY, &c.*"

A subsequent note, subscribed EDITOR, gives the old reading from the Author of the REMARKS with a similar explanation of *Affection*, but with no alteration or explanation of the false concord.

The



The reading of the line, supposed to be a possible *erratum* in the edition of 1778 is continued, as well as the reading of the passage in question, unsupported by plausible conjecture, taste, or authority.

ORTHOPÆDIA:  
OR,  
THOUGHTS  
ON  
PUBLIC EDUCATION.

- - - - - *velociùs & citiùs nos*

*Corrumpunt vitiorum exempla domestica, magnis  
Cum subeunt animos auctoris. Unus & alter  
Forsthan hoc spernant juvenes, quibus arte benignâ,  
Et meliore luto finxit præcordia Titan.  
Sed reliquos fugienda patrum vestigia ducant,  
Et monstrata diu veteris trahet orbita culpæ.*

\* \* \* \* \*

*Gratum est, quod patria civem populoque dedisti,  
Si facis, ut patriæ sit idoneus, utilis agris,  
Utilis & bellorum, et pacis rebus agendis.  
Plurimum enim intererit quibus artibus, & quibus  
hunc tu  
Moribus instituas.*

Juvenal, Sat. xiv.

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T H O U G H T S  
O N  
P U B L I C K E D U C A T I O N .

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**L**OCKE, who by his intellectual researches has made his name as memorable in the annals of English Literature as those of Bacon or Newton, has among other smaller works bequeathed to posterity a short tract entitled "Some Thoughts concerning Education." In this tract, containing many excellent remarks, many instances of shrewd penetration, and much valuable information, he has avowed himself a declared enemy to Publick Education,

Education, which he considers as a sacrifice of innocency to confidence, concluding “that it is impossible to keep a lad from the spreading contagion, if you will venture him abroad IN THE HERD, and trust to chance or his own inclination, for the choice of his company at school.”

Who would not shrink at the thoughts of encountering so formidable an adversary, armed at all points with strong natural Sense, keen Observation, Satire, Humour, and Argument? for such weapons he has wielded, and with such armour has he defended himself, on the subject now under consideration, directing all his attacks against the principle I have undertaken to defend. Yet exercising that freedom, of which he has himself given both the precept and example, I venture to think for myself, and in my turn to submit my thoughts to the Publick.

*Nullius addictus jurare in verba Magistri.*

Locke's *Thoughts on Education*, though published in one continued series, and split into sections, according to the custom of the times, is yet, as the  
dedication,

dedication declares, the mere substance of a correspondence with a private friend, and indeed may now fairly be resolved into three separate letters : for the writer, at three distinct periods, reverts to the state of infancy ; and twice leads the babe through childhood to youth and manhood : this may escape the observation of a cursory reader, but to a fair and strict examiner is plain and obvious.

The following remarks are, like the tract on which they are founded, somewhat loose and desultory. It is indeed very difficult to follow a writer, who often resumes a subject that he seems to have dismissed : yet order and method have been endeavoured to be preserved, as far as was possible under such circumstances. No material part of the question, it is hoped, remains unnoticed : and it may be added with confidence, that no argument has been intentionally misrepresented.

*Virtue, Virtue and Wisdom*, Locke justly considers as the basis of all good education. They are indeed as necessary to the operations of the mind, as health and vigour to the exertions of the body. We will not therefore dispute on a self-evident proposition ; but rather endeavour to prove, on the very principles

of the tract now before us, that Publick Education is more conducive to the improvement of the understanding, and less dangerous to the morals, than Domestick Tuition.

It must be obvious to every reader that Locke himself enters on the comparison with difficulty and diffidence. “ I confess (says he with great candour) both sides have their inconveniencies.” He then proceeds to a laboured invective against Grammar Schools, as unfavourable to the practice of virtue; “ And therefore (says he in conclusion) I cannot but prefer *breeding of a young gentleman at home in his father’s sight under a governor*, as much the best and safest way to the great and main end of education, *where it can be had, and is ordered as it should be.*”

Perfection, no doubt, if attainable, were much to be desired: but, alas! Imperfection is the lot of all human undertakings; and all we can effect is to follow that course, which is liable to the least objection. The excellence of Locke’s plan is in his own opinion evidently hypothetical; so that he is at last driven to acknowledge that “ what shall be resolved in the case must in a great measure be left

“ left to the parents, to be determined by their circumstances and conveniences.”

All that Locke says of children, while children, that is while in a mere state of infancy, is in general well worth notice. He seems to enter into all their little feelings with as much penetration, and much less romance, than Rousseau, whose *EMILE*, with all its merit, and all its originality, is in fact an ingenious amplification of Locke's work, realising in himself the ideal character of the tutor or governor, and in *Emile* the person of the pupil, whom he takes up from his cradle, and carries to his marriage bed, just as Locke advises, on his return from Late Travel. Rousseau's work however is not merely the little tract of Locke dilated and personified, but in many instances a comment; sometimes too laboured and refined, and sometimes acute and plausible. Few will agree with him that instruction must be delayed till the lessons can be attended with experiment, or think it reasonable to refer their little students to the open volume of nature, denying them the use of books, maps, globes, and other helps which Locke recommends. Most parents would think Locke's method of teaching Geography as prudent as it is simple and easy, by shewing children first the figure and natural parts of the globe, and



the imaginary and artificial lines afterwards : but Rousseau despises such insufficient methods, throws away maps and spheres, and by his own example exhorts teachers to carry their scholars at different seasons to the top of a mountain, to see the sun rise at Midsummer and at Christmas. This appears rather extravagant, but, at the same time, it may be thought that Rousseau properly censures Locke's maxim of *reasoning* with children, which he truly says Locke himself appears so much embarrassed to defend. With equal justice he reprobates Locke's method of recommending and encouraging LIBERALITY, "constantly *taking care that the child loses nothing by it.*" Let all the instances he gives of "such freeness (continues Locke) *be always repaid and with interest,* and let him sensibly perceive "that the kindness he shews to others, is no bad husbandry for himself; but that it brings a return of kindness both from those who receive it, and those who look on!" This, says Rousseau, is to teach a child to be generous to appearance, and in reality avaricious. He reprehends also Locke's opinion that "the consideration of *spirits* ought to go before that of matter and body:" for what idea, says he, can a child entertain of a being incorporeal and immaterial?

But

## PUBLICK EDUCATION. 211

But the management of infants is not the chief object of these remarks. Of the treatment of children Locke speaks with fairness and candour; but when they advance to maturer age, his evident prejudice against Publick Education obscures that precision, and depraves that liberality so remarkable in his other works.

Locke, while he so openly and severely censures Publick Education, flurs over the defects of domestick tuition, yet his subject unavoidably leads him to point out some imperfections; and particularly the danger *from servants*: to which might be added the too frequent hereditary taint of the mind from the master and mistress, and the contagion of their friends and acquaintance. The mischiefs of domestick indulgence cannot indeed be more strongly delineated than in the words of Locke himself. “*He that is not used to submit his will to the reason of others, WHEN he is YOUNG, will scarce hearken or submit to his own reason, when he is of an age to make use of it. And what a kind of a man such an one is like to prove is easie to foresee.*”

“*These are oversights usually committed, by those who seem to take the greatest care of their children’s education.*”

“ education. But if we look into the common manage-  
 “ ment of children, we shall have reason to wonder,  
 “ in the great dissoluteness of manners which the world  
 “ complains of, that there are any footsteps at all left  
 “ of virtue. I desire to know what vice can be named,  
 “ which PARENTS AND THOSE ABOUT CHILDREN,  
 “ do not season them with, and drop into them the seeds  
 “ of, as soon as they are capable to receive them? I  
 “ do not mean by the examples they give, and the pat-  
 “ terns they set before them, which is encouragement  
 “ enough, but that which I would take notice of here, is  
 “ the downright teaching them vice, and actually putting  
 “ them out of the way of virtue.” He then proceeds  
 to shew that they principle them with *violence, re-  
 venge, and cruelty*; that *lying and equivocation* are  
 put into their mouths and commended; that the  
 little ones are taught to be proud of their cloaths,  
 before they can put them on; and tempted and en-  
 couraged to *intemperance and luxury*. The section  
 concludes with the following paragraph. “ I shall  
 “ not dwell any longer on this subject, much less run  
 “ over all the particulars, that would shew what  
 “ pains are used to corrupt children, and instill prin-  
 “ ciples of vice into them: But I desire parents so-  
 “ berly to consider what irregularity or vice there is,  
 “ which children are not visibly taught, and whether

“ it be not their duty and wisdom to provide them other  
“ instructions.”

The chief officer in Locke's household of private education is a Governour, or Tutor; “ and if you find  
“ it difficult (says he) to meet with such a tutor,  
“ you are not to wonder.”

His description of a Tutor is indeed chimerical. Wisdom, temperance, tenderness, diligence, and discretion, are the least essential requisites in the character of Locke's governour. Such a man as he delineates is scarce to be found; and if found, would hardly undertake the task assigned him,

His *learning however*, much or little, is no great recommendation. “ That a tutor should have *Latin*  
“ *and learning*, with the reputation of sobriety, every  
“ one expects: and this generally is thought enough,  
“ and is all parents look for. But when such an  
“ one *has emptied out into his pupil all the Latin and*  
“ *logick he has brought from the University*, will that  
“ furniture make him *a fine gentleman?* Or can it  
“ be expected that he should be better bred, better  
“ skilled in the world, better principled in the  
“ grounds and foundations of true virtue and ge-  
“ nerosity, than his young *Tutor* is?”

Such is the derision bestowed by Locke on the *scholarship* of a tutor; and such is his constant contempt of literature and erudition, under the sneering denominations of *Latin and learning, a deal of trash, dry systems, &c.* which appears very strange from a learned, or, as Locke styles himself, a *bookish man*. He not only gives the first place to *virtue*, without “ which no science, polite learning, or talents, can be of value, but much prefers *breeding* to learning. His encomiums on this accomplishment are equal to any of Lord Chesterfield’s *Dissertations on the Graces*. It is indeed always difficult to fix a charge of partiality, or incoherency, on so cautious and ingenious a writer, because he commonly concludes his remarks with some qualifying expressions, which however rather seem to bring up the rear as a saving clause, than to be intended to militate against the main argument. As one instance among many others, of these principles and this practice, may be produced the following passage, with which he winds up his recommendation of the first essential requisite in a Tutor.

“ *The Tutor therefore ought* IN THE FIRST PLACE  
 “ *TO BE WELL BRED? And a young gentleman who*  
 “ *gets this ONE qualification from his GOVERNOR, sets*  
 “ *out with great advantage; and will find that THIS*  
 “ ONE

“ ONE ACCOMPLISHMENT *will more open his way to*  
 “ *him, get him more friends, and carry him farther*  
 “ *in the world, than all the HARD WORDS, OR*  
 “ *REAL KNOWLEDGE he has got from the liberal*  
 “ *arts, or his TUTOR’S learned ENCYCLOPOEDIA.*  
 “ *Not that those should be neglected, but by no means*  
 “ *preferred or suffered to thrust out the other.”*

*Knowledge of the world* also is deemed preferable to *learning and languages*, though by the way, he here inadvertently implies the superior force of Public Education, and is obliged to confess that the study of the antients contributes both to that *knowledge* and to *virtue*. The Tutor however, this sage and exemplary monitor, described by Locke, must enter his pupil into the world, and at the same time preserve him, like the Four Thieves, Vinegar, from the contagion of society; so that a youth must, it seems, after all encounter the danger so much dreaded in a Public Education, the danger of herding with those of his own time of life: and how ill he may be prepared to hazard his morals, his health, and his fortune, in such company, the following picture of many a lad mewed up in a private family, drawn by the masterly hand of Locke himself, will exhibit in the most lively colours.

“ *The*

“ *The longer he is kept thus hood-winked the less he*  
 “ *will see, when he comes abroad into open day-light,*  
 “ *and be the more exposed to be a prey to himself and*  
 “ *others. And an old boy at his first appearance, with*  
 “ *all the gravity of his ivy-bush about him, is sure to*  
 “ *draw on him the eyes and chirping of the whole town*  
 “ *volery. Amongst which, there will not be wanting*  
 “ *some birds of prey that will presently be on the wing*  
 “ *for him.*”

The Tutor however is not to neglect our young  
 master's learning, but is to teach him Latin, like  
 French, by *talking* it into him in constant conversa-  
 tion ; for he must be constantly with his pupil, talk  
 nothing else to him, and make him still answer in  
 the same language ; though perhaps the comparison  
 is not quite fair and apposite, French being a living  
 language and Latin a dead one. Grammar however  
 is strictly forbidden by *Locke*, as well as *Rousseau* :  
 And if the well bred tutor should be incapable, a  
 more agreeable teacher may be found, and the fol-  
 lowing method is recommended to all private fa-  
 milies.

“ *Whatever stir there is made about getting of*  
 “ *LATIN, as the great and difficult business, his mo-*  
 “ *ther may teach it him herself, if she will but spend*  
 “ *two*

“ two or three hours in a day with him, and make him  
 “ read the Evangelists in LATIN to her. For she need  
 “ but buy a LATIN Testament, and having got some-  
 “ body to mark the last syllable but one where it is long,  
 “ in words above two syllables (which is enough to  
 “ regulate her pronounciation and accenting the words)  
 “ read daily in the GOSPELS, and then let her avoid  
 “ understanding them in LATIN if she can! And when  
 “ she understands the Evangelists in LATIN, let her  
 “ in the same manner, read ÆSOP’S FABLES, and so  
 “ proceed on to EUTROPIUS, JUSTIN, and other such  
 “ books. I do not mention this as an imagination of  
 “ what I fancie may do, but as of a thing I have  
 “ known done, and the LATIN Tongue with ease got  
 “ this way.”

Supposing the Governor to be intelligent, able, and  
 competent to the instruction of his pupil, still the  
 mother is not to lie idle: for “ Care is to be taken  
 “ whilst he is learning Foreign languages, by speak-  
 “ ing and reading nothing else with his tutor, that he  
 “ do not forget to read English, which may be pre-  
 “ served by his mother, or somebody else, hearing  
 “ him read some chosen parts of scripture, or other  
 “ English book every day.”

“ Languages,



“ Languages, says Locke, *being to be learnt by rote, custom, and memory*, are then spoken in the greatest perfection, when all rules of Grammar are utterly forsaken.” Languages may be *spoken* by *rote*, but surely (dead languages especially) are not, as Locke supposes, to be learnt so; and though an adept may throw away his Grammar, and Dictionary too if he pleases, it is strange advice to a student. In the lower classes of Publick Schools most of the boys are, during the intervals of the school hours, under the care of one of the assistants retained, at a very moderate cost, as a private tutor. His method of teaching them to render English into Latin, and so *vice versâ*, is excellent, though directly opposite to that recommended by Locke; and in my opinion so much more excellent, in proportion as it is more opposite. To translate a portion of one of the gospels for the current week is a common exercise, and to fit them for the execution of their task, they are made to *parse* every word in the sentence, and by thus having learnt to what part of speech every one belongs, together with the number, case, mood, tense, &c. their task is made easy, and they acquire by degrees a *radical* knowledge of the two languages at once. Locke’s proposal of *talking* children into a language, which he frequently contends

that nobody talks and should pretend to write, is as little eligible as it is feasible; and his substituted method of *interlining Latin and English*, while it requires, according to his own confession, a previous explanation of the various terminations of nouns and verbs, their several genders, cases, numbers and persons, proves the necessity of the rules of Grammar, while it deprives the little students of the use of them. The result must be perpetual confusion, arising from superficial instructions, and a total impossibility of cultivating even their mother tongue, as he afterwards very properly, though inconsistently with his own doctrine, recommends. English itself should be taught by Grammar, though by natives first acquired by rote, custom, and memory. The mother tongue is almost sucked in with the mother's milk.

“ Take a boy from the top of a Grammar school,  
 “ says Locke, and one of the same age bred, as  
 “ *he should be*, in his father's family, and bring  
 “ them into good company together, and then see  
 “ which of the two will have the more manly carriage,  
 “ and address himself with the more becoming assurance to strangers. Here I *imagine*,  
 “ the school boy's confidence will either fail or  
 “ discredit

“ discredit him : and *if it be such* as fits him only  
 “ for the conversation of boys, he were better be  
 “ without it.”

This passage is quite of a piece with every other in which Locke mentions Publick Education, on which occasion he not only, as he himself confesses, loses his temper, but also drops his usual liberality and candour. “ I cannot with patience think, (he  
 “ cries in another place) that a young gentleman  
 “ should be put into the herd, and be driven with  
 “ a whip and scourge, as if he were to run the  
 “ gantlet through the different classes *ad capiendum*  
 “ *ingenii cultum.*” At other times he terms such youths *ill bred and vicious boys, a mixed herd of unruly boys, learning to wrangle at trap, or rook at shun-farthing, practising wagferies and cheats, and concerting well laid plots of robbing an orchard.*

The best and perhaps the most direct way of confuting these common-place invectives were to produce from the same tract, in which they have gained a place, as evidences of the partiality of the writer, other passages, written when off his guard, that directly contradict these assertions.

“ *There*

“ *There is often (says Locke on one of these occasions) in people, especially children, a clownish shamefacedness before strangers, or those above them. They are confounded in their thoughts, words, and looks; and so lose themselves in that confusion, as not to be able to do any thing, or at least to do it with freedom and gracefulness, which pleases, and makes them acceptable.*”

Plainness of manners is, to a certain age, perhaps the most ingenuous feature of youth. A *polish* is the last stage of education, as well as of arts and manufactures, and when given too soon the varnish only hides a defect. A boy should not have the manners, nor the dress, of a man. Locke himself, under the article of *manners*, strongly reprobates the parents and tutors, who teize their children about *putting off hats and making of legs*; and justly concludes that, “ if their minds are well disposed, and principled with inward civility, a great part of the roughness which sticks to the outside for want of better teaching, time and observation will rub off as they grow up, if they are bred in good company.” To say the truth, much of the security, as well as improvement of youth, depends on their not having attained the finished breeding of men. And the raw diffidence of a school boy  
would

would be ill exchanged for the pert confidence of many a homebred fopling. The words of Rousseau on this head will better express my meaning, and are an excellent contrast to the above passage from Locke.

“ As there is an age proper for the study of the  
 “ sciences, there is also a fit age to catch the  
 “ manners of the world.\*

\* \* \* \* \*

“ Bring a young man of twenty into good com-  
 “ pany : *Bred as he should be*, he will in a year’s  
 “ time be more amiable, and more truly polite, than  
 “ he who has been brought up with that view from  
 “ his *infancy* : for the *first* being capable of perceiv-  
 “ ing the reasons, with respect to age, condition,  
 “ or sex, on which good manners are founded, will  
 “ easily reduce them to their true principles, and  
 “ accommodate them to every occasion; while *the*  
 “ *other* going only in the beaten road, will be at a  
 “ loss whenever he is put out of it\*.”

Locke

\* Comme il y a un age propre a l’etude des sciences, il y en a un pour bien saisir l’usage du monde.

\* \* \* \* \*

Introduisez une jeune homme de vingt ans dans le Monde : bien conduit, il sera dans un an plus aimable & plus judicieusement poli,  
 que

Locke himself in another place says that “ Care-  
 “ lessness is allowed to that age, and becomes them  
 “ as well as compliments do grown people. Or at  
 “ least, if some very nice people will think it a  
 “ fault, I am sure it is a fault that should be over-  
 “ looked, and left to time, a tutor, and conversation,  
 “ to cure.”

As for their *quarrels at chuck or ball, their tricks  
 and truantries*, he who breeds his son in his own  
 family will in vain expect to see him a man before  
 his time. Boys will be boys at home or abroad.  
 Every age has its follies and infirmities; and those  
 of youth and childhood, though the most innocent,  
 are perhaps the most ungovernable.

Locke, talking in his usual style of the *malapert-  
 ness, tricking and violence learnt amongst school boys*,  
 and therefore preferring Private Education, endea-  
 vours to strengthen his argument by instancing *the  
 retirement and bashfulness which daughters are brought  
 up in*. But surely daughters are not an apposite

que celui qu'on y aura nourri des son enfance : car le premier etant  
 capable de sentir les raisons de tous les procédés relatifs a l'âge,  
 a l'état, au sexe, qui constituent cet usage, les peut reduire en prin-  
 cipes, et les etendre au cas non prévus, au lieu que l'autre n'ayant que  
 sa routine pour toute règle est embarrassé si tot qu'on l'y fort.

example. The chief duties of female life are domestick, those of a man are publick. An officer, physician, lawyer, or divine, bred with his sister, would not, I conceive, derive due benefit from his Education. Sometimes, however, her society, as well as that of the rest of his family, might be of advantage both to his morals and understanding. It is not necessary at present to deliver any opinion concerning the proper education of daughters. *Home* seems to be their natural province; yet that *home* is often so exceptionable, that perhaps even *they* would in general be in less danger abroad. Schools, exhibiting bills that “Young ladies are there educated and “may be boarded,” are indeed sometimes dangerous seminaries: yet perhaps there are few private families, where the minds of daughters are likely to receive so much moral and intellectual improvement, as at the respectable *Recess* of the Miss Lees at Bath, or the no less wholesome and improving nursery of the Miss Moores at Bristol.

Locke, in his *Thoughts on Education*, often confounds the idea of educating a single scholar with that of training a number of scholars: in the first instance he imposes on fathers and tutors such a task, as none but a Scriblerus or an Old Shandy will ever  
I
perform;

perform ; and such characters have in common life been long obsolete. Rousseau and his *Emile* are a Young Quixote and an Old Sancho, or as Rousseau himself rather chuses to style them, a Robinson Crusoe and his man Friday.

“ The forming of their minds and manners (says  
 “ Locke, *requiring a constant attention, and particular*  
 “ *application to every single boy, which is impossible in*  
 “ *a numerous flock ; and would be wholly in vain*  
 “ *(could he [the schoolmaster] have time to study and*  
 “ *correct every one’s particular defects, and wrong in-*  
 “ *clinations) when the lad was to be left to himself, or*  
 “ *the prevailing infection of his fellows, the greatest*  
 “ *part of the four and twenty hours.”*

Having in the place just quoted shewn the impossibility of paying proper attention to pupils in a publick school, in the following passages are exhibited the methods to be pursued in a private family, both in regard to a single scholar, or a sett of boys.

“ Since he prefers this or that (whatever play he  
 “ delights in) to his book, that only he shall do ;  
 “ and so in earnest set him on work on his beloved  
 “ play,



“ play, and keep him steadily and in earnest to it  
 “ morning and afternoon, till he be fully surfeited,  
 “ and would at any rate change it for some hours  
 “ at his book again. But when you thus set him  
 “ a task of his play, *you must be sure to look after*  
 “ *him yourself, or set some body else to do it, that*  
 “ may constantly see him employed in it, and that  
 “ he be not permitted to be idle at that too.”

\* \* \* \* \*

“ This I think is sufficiently evident, that chil-  
 “ dren generally hate to be idle. All the care then  
 “ is, that their busie humour should be constantly  
 “ employed in something of use to them, which,  
 “ if you will attain, you must make what you  
 “ would have them do a *recreation* to them, and not  
 “ a *business*. The way to do this, so that they may  
 “ not perceive you have any hand in it is this pro-  
 “ posed here; *viz.* To make them weary of that  
 “ which you would not have them do, by enjoyn-  
 “ ing, and making them, under some pretence or  
 “ other do it, till they are surfeited. For example :  
 “ does your son play at top or scourge too much ?  
 “ Enjoin him to play so many hours every day, *and*  
 “ *look that he do it* ; and you shall see he will quick-  
 “ ly be sick of it, and willing to leave it. By this  
 “ means

“ means making the recreations you dislike a *business* to  
 “ him, he will of himself with delight betake himself  
 “ to those things you would have him do ; especi-  
 “ ally if they be proposed as rewards for having per-  
 “ formed his *task* in that play is commanded him.  
 “ For if he be ordered every day to whip his top so  
 “ long as to make him sufficiently weary, do you  
 “ not think he will apply himself with eagerness to  
 “ his book, and wish for it, if you promise it him  
 “ as a reward for having whipped his top lustily,  
 “ quite out all the time that is set him ? Children,  
 “ in the things they do, if they comport with their  
 “ age, find little difference so they may be doing.  
 “ The esteem they have for one thing above another  
 “ they borrow from others. So that what those  
 “ about them make to be a reward to them, will  
 “ really be so. By this art it is in their governour’s  
 “ choice ; whether *Scotch-hoppers* shall reward their  
 “ *dancing*, or *dancing* their *Scotch-hoppers* ; whether  
 “ peg-top, or reading, playing at trap, or studying  
 “ the globes, shall be more acceptable and pleasing  
 “ to them. All that they desire being to be busie  
 “ and busie, as they imagine, in things of their own  
 “ choice, and which they receive as favours from  
 “ their parents, or others for whom they have re-  
 “ spect, and with whom they would be in credit.

Q3.

“ A

“ A *sett of children* thus ordered, and kept from the  
 “ *ill example of others*, would all of them, I suppose,  
 “ with as much earnestness and delight, learn to  
 “ read, write, and what else one would have them,  
 “ as others do their ordinary plays. And the eldest  
 “ being thus entered, and this made the fashion of  
 “ the place, it would be as impossible to hinder them  
 “ from learning the one, as it is ordinarily to keep  
 “ them from the other.”

These extracts will perhaps convince most readers  
 of the visionary prospects presented to parental *ima-*  
*ginations* in many a *practical treatise* on Private Edu-  
 cation. Several passages of the same nature occur  
 in the tract now under consideration.

One of the ready topicks of Locke's censure and  
 raillery of Publick Schools is the *correction* occa-  
 sionally bestowed on idle, irregular, or obstinate  
 pupils. But say what he will of the use of the *rod*  
 to lash dull boys into nouns and pronouns, verbs,  
 gerunds, and supines, it is rarely exercised by a good  
 Schoolmaster but when *wilfulness* or *ill example* de-  
 mands it: on which occasions the *continued* severities  
 enjoined by Locke much exceed the utmost rigours  
 of Publick Education. As for example !

“ I would have a *father seldom strike his child*, but  
 “ upon very urgent necessity and as the last remedy ;  
 “ *and then perhaps it will be fit to do it so, that the*  
 “ *child should not quickly forget it.*”

And again.

“ *Whenever you come to that extremity, it is not*  
 “ *enough to whip or beat them, you must do it, till you*  
 “ *find you have subdued their minds, till with sub-*  
 “ *mission and patience they yield to the correction ; which*  
 “ *you shall best discover by their crying and their ceasing*  
 “ *from it upon your bidding. Without this the beat-*  
 “ *ing of children is but a passionate tyranny over*  
 “ *them ; and it is mere cruelty and not correction*  
 “ *to put their bodies in pain without doing their*  
 “ *minds any good. As this gives us a reason why*  
 “ *children should seldom be corrected, so it also*  
 “ *prevents their being so. For if whenever they*  
 “ *are chastised it were done thus without passion,*  
 “ *soberly and yet essentially too, laying on the blows*  
 “ *and smart, not furiously and all at once, but slowly*  
 “ *with reasoning between, and with observation how it*  
 “ *wrought, stopping when it had made them pliant, pe-*  
 “ *nitent, and yielding ; they would seldom need the*  
 “ *like punishment again, being made careful to*  
 “ *avoid the fault, that deserved it. Besides, by this*

“ means as *the punishment would not be lost for being*  
 “ *too little and not effectual*, so it would be kept from  
 “ being too much, *if we gave off as soon as we per-*  
 “ *ceived that it reached the mind, and that was bettered.*  
 “ For since the chiding or beating of children should  
 “ be always the least that possibly may be, that which  
 “ is laid on in the heat of anger, seldom observes that  
 “ measure, but is commonly more than it should be,  
 “ though it proves *less than enough.*”

The circumstance of *laying on the blows with rea-*  
*soning between* exhibits a whimsical picture, and re-  
 minds one of the pedagogue of Swift concluding  
 every period with a lash. And the idea of perceiv-  
 ing the very moment, when the cure on the mind  
 is effected by the operation on the tail, is still more  
 ludicrous. The young patient however might per-  
 haps wish to remind the author of another passage  
 in an early section of this tract, there applied to the  
 regimen of the body, but not inapplicable on the  
 present occasion.

“ When such a gentle treatment will not stop the  
 “ growing mischief, nor hinder it from turning into  
 “ a formed disease, it will be time to seek the advice  
 “ of some sober and discreet physician. In this  
 “ part I hope I shall find an easy belief; and  
 “ nobody

“ nobody can have a pretence to doubt the advice of  
 “ one who has spent some time in the study of Phy-  
 “ sick when he counsels you, *not to be too forward*  
 “ *in making use of PHYSICK OR PHYSICIANS.*”

I am unwilling to load the page with too many quotations; but as the following is peculiarly interesting and entertaining, I flatter myself the reader will scarce think it demands an apology.

“ *A prudent and kind mother of my acquaintance,*  
 “ was on such an occasion, forced to whip her little  
 “ daughter, at her first coming home from nurse,  
 “ *eight times successively the same morning* before she  
 “ could master her *stubbornness*, and obtain a com-  
 “ pliance in a very easy and indifferent manner.  
 “ *If she had left off sooner, and stopped at the seventh*  
 “ *whipping, she had spoiled the child for ever;* and  
 “ by her unprevailing blows, only confirmed her  
 “ *refractoriness* very hardly afterwards to be cured.  
 “ But wisely persisting till she had bent her mind,  
 “ and suppld her will, the only end of correction  
 “ and chastisement, she established her authority  
 “ thoroughly in the very first occasion, and had ever  
 “ after a very ready compliance and obedience in all  
 “ things from her daughter. For as this was the  
 “ first

“ first time, so *I think it was the last too she ever*  
 “ struck her.”

Correction, when necessary; is certainly less painful both to parents and children, when inflicted abroad than at home. It is better that fathers should seem unconscious of the knowledge of all their petty trespasses; and Locke, though he here so much commends the repeated flagellations of *a little daughter by a prudent and kind mother*, yet in the section first quoted declares, “ I think it is best the *smart*  
 “ should come more immediately *from another’s hand*,  
 “ though by the parent’s order *who should see it*  
 “ done.”

In confirmation of the lenity of masters of Publick Schools, I shall venture to mention a little anecdote that came within my own knowledge, during the time of my education at Westminster. A gentleman, not long since living, was when a school-boy more distinguished by the goodness of his disposition, than the brilliancy of his parts. Many of the forms, usually committed to the care of assistants, were however now and then visited by the head master. On one of these occasions, the gentleman I have spoken of was called out by Dr. Nicoll, to read and construe a part of the lesson to  
 the

the form ; which, being in the upper school, the lesson of the day was in Greek. The honest lad, conscious of his inability, obeyed the call : but instead of attempting the lesson, went up to the master, and muttered indistinctly, *Flog me, Sir!*—Speak out, child ! says the master.—*Flog me Sir, if you please!* repeats the scholar, dropping his book and unbuttoning. The master, with a chastised smile, laying his hand on his young pupil's head, and gently patting him, cried in a mild tone, Go thy ways, boy ! get thee to thy place again ! Thou art a very honest fellow, but thou never wilt be a Scholar as long as thou livest.

This story may serve as a companion to Locke's pictures of private correction, and may serve to shew that good hearts may be found in Publick Schools as well as private families ; and that the discipline of *the rod* is not administered with more judicious discrimination in one system of education than the other.

The *rewards* also are at Publick Schools as well chosen and as appropriated as the *punishments* ; the latter exhibiting, as Locke enjoins, the *disgrace*, and the former adding to the *reputation* of the young student.



student. The little shining coin of pennies, twopences, threepences, and groats *in silver*, given on any occasional display of industry or excellence, are as triumphantly prized and carefully treasured by the young receiver, as a medal by an antiquarian; and are carefully carried home, with joy and pride, as pledges of their merit in their class, and tokens of the approbation of their master. A still higher mark of favour is the seasonable reward of distinguishing the diligence and abilities of a rising lad by promotion in the school, and anticipating his remove to a superior form. Places and preferments are often gained at Westminster,

*Emulation*, that great spur to improvement, almost unknown in Domestick Tuition, is greatly encouraged in the field of Publick Education. This Locke himself acknowledges. The custom of *challenging*, as it is termed by the school boys, promotes a wonderful desire of excelling amongst young champions for literary pre-eminence. This *challenging* is thus ordered, and proves a keen incitement to diligence and perfection. The boys of the form are called out to their lesson of the day. The first boy perhaps misconstrues his Æsop or Ovid, the second corrects his mistake and takes his rank and place;

or, the second failing, the third, the fourth, the fifth, the sixth, or the sixteenth, in due order gives the right construction, and supercedes all his school-fellows of the class under examination; so that a boy is often transported in a moment from the lower or *lag* end to the very top of the form. As the young students advance towards the superior forms, this practice, in respect to their maturer years and progress in their studies, is judiciously discontinued.

When I speak of the custom of Publick Schools, I particularly refer to that of Westminster, where I was bred, and with whose customs I am best acquainted, not questioning that other Publick Schools have equal advantages.

*Verses* and *Themes*, so reprobated by Locke, are intended as exercises to teach scholars better to understand the poetical and prose compositions of the antients, and not meant, as he insinuates, to render every scholar a *poet* or *declaimer*. The various measures of poetry are more easily comprehended, and more perfectly read, by those who reduce the rules of prosody to practice. For this purpose metrical centoes, ludicrously styled *jointed dolls*, fitting the end of one line to the beginning or middle of another; and

and even *nonsense verses*, have their use. For unless Virgil and Horace are to be prohibited to English pupils, like the Bible to Roman Catholicks, those who study them should be instructed to read them with propriety, not conceiving that they are to become Virgils and Horaces themselves. *Themes* tend to open the mind, and cannot possibly be prejudicial. To explain the *thesis* to the young students is no more ridiculous than the other helps which Locke himself not only allows, but even prescribes to be given for the improvement of his pupils. Milton, as well as Locke, objects to *themes and verses* as school exercises, “forcing the empty wits  
“ of children to acts of ripest judgment, and the  
“ final work of a head filled, by long reading and  
“ observing, with elegant maxims, and copious in-  
“ vention.” But surely such objections deny to the improvement and cultivation of the mind, the means necessarily used and recommended in the exercises of the body. *Nec literas didicit nec natare* was, as Locke observes, a proverb to denote an ill and imperfect education. It were as consistent therefore to say that a lad must not go into the water till he can swim, as to forbid all attempts at composition, till he has acquired and formed a style which depends so much, like personal grace and activity, upon  
practice.

practice. False concords and false quantities, re-  
 proved and amended, guide the learner by degrees  
 to true profody and syntax. *Barbarizing anglicisms*, so  
 offensive to Milton, lead to pure latinity. “ An  
 “ art, says Busby, is the way of doing a thing  
 “ surely, readily, and gracefully,” Grammar is the  
 art of speaking and writing : and was that or any  
 other art ever attained without repeated efforts, lead-  
 ing by insensible gradations through error to per-  
 fection ? The Latin pieces of verse and prose of  
 Milton now extant were derived no doubt from long  
 reading and observing. His *Juvenilia*, admirable as  
 they are, were certainly preceded by more puerile  
 exercises and imperfect compositions.

*Didicit prius, extimuitque magistrum.*

*Repetitions by heart* are no more than selecting, as  
 Locke himself directs, the beautiful passages from  
 authors, and impressing them on the memory of the  
 reciter. They should not it is true (and they are  
 not) be too long, nor too frequently exacted : yet  
 such exercises undoubtedly serve to strengthen the  
 memory ; for every faculty of the mind, as well as  
 every limb of the body, acquires vigour from use  
 and exertion. If *players*, whom Locke sarcastically  
 instances,

instances, have not all of them the best memories in the world, every player perhaps possesses that faculty in a greater degree, than if he had not been called upon to the constant exercise of it in his profession.

*Greek* ought not to be excluded, as Locke seems to exclude it, from a young gentleman's education. If languages are to be learnt so easily and so readily, as Locke asserts, *Greek* in particular ought not to be omitted; and if those who have been initiated in that language do generally, as he says, seldom afterwards make any proficiency, how can it be expected that they who have not learnt even the rudiments as boys, should attain that language, when men? This however is his method and proposal. Give then rather in the course of their education the power and possibility of becoming adepts! (for this is all that can be done by education) and you have discharged your duty. Every scholar, who makes a very considerable progress in any language, art, or science, is chiefly his own master. *Greek* is at least as necessary and ornamental to a gentleman, as a *trade* so earnestly recommended by Locke, and full as polite and beneficial an accomplishment as the art of perfumery, varnishing, graving, working in  
iron,

iron, brass, or silver, cutting or setting of precious stones, or even grinding and polishing optical glasses !

Rouffeau is particularly partial to the occupation of a *joiner*, one of the trades recommended by Locke, and takes notice, with an air of triumph, that the Czar Peter exercised the employment of a ship's carpenter ! As to study, he denies his pupil all books, except Robinson Crusoe.

*Hardiness*, so strongly recommended by Locke, is much more likely to be obtained in a Publick School than at home, where the ill-judged tenderness of the parents, of mamas especially, often produces effeminacy, which exposes the little master to the ridicule of all his Schoolfellows.

“ *Sheepish softness* (it is allowed by Locke) often  
 “ enervates those who are bred like foplings, at  
 “ home.” He owns too on another occasion that  
 “ it is *not unusual* to observe the children of gentle-  
 “ men's families treat the servants of the house with  
 “ domineering words, names of contempt, and an  
 “ imperious carriage : as if they were of another  
 “ race, and species beneath them.”

Other vices and weaknesſes may alſo be learnt in the parlour, the kitchen, and the ſtable. Of the contagion from a train of vicious domeſticks Locke himſelf always appears extremely ſenſible. In one place his words are theſe. “ They frequently learn  
 “ from unbred or debauched ſervants untowardly  
 “ tricks and vices, as otherwiſe they poſſibly would  
 “ be ignorant of all their lives.”

Locke well obſerves that “ the peculiar *phyſiog-*  
 “ *nomy of the mind* is moſt diſcoverable in children,  
 “ before cunning hath taught them to hide deſor-  
 “ mities and conceal their ill inclinations under a  
 “ diſſembled outside.”

Publick Education is infinitely better calculated than Domeſtick Tuition for the diſcovery of the natural features of the mind. If a boy wears a mask, his Schoolfellows will be ſure to tear it off, and betray his real diſpoſition to general obſervation; and indeed I ſcarce remember a ſingle inſtance of a lad bred in a great ſchool, who did not retain ſtrong traces of his puerile character all his life after. *The firſt ſcenes of his life* therefore, to uſe Locke’s own words, are beſt acted on a Publick Stage, where his *predominant paſſions* and *prevailing inclinations* being more open and expoſed, are moſt capable  
 of

of correction. His very schoolfellows become masters in this instance ; for youth commonly inclines to the benignant and generous side.

In regard to *morals* and *religion*, those great and important considerations, if it is duly weighed that the most nice and dangerous part of human life occurs between the commencement and conclusion of the period destined to education, it is not wonderful that publick school-boys, as well as private pupils, should sometimes be found to be defective or culpable. The sap will rise in the spring, blights will strike the noblest plant, and frosts will nip the fairest flower : all that can be suggested by art is wholesome manure, and providently to fence and guard against the heat or inclemency of the season. In publick schools the duties of religion are by no means neglected. All that Locke enjoins is duly taught. The exercises of Saturday evening, and the lessons of Monday morning, are from the Bible and Prayer book. The daily business of the school begins, like that of the House of Commons, with reading prayers. One of the senior boys officiates as chaplain, and the prayers are in Latin. Even the Sacrament is at a proper age administered to the young disciples ; and I have witnessed, amongst



those early communicants, a solemnity of preparation and reception, that would have done them honour at any succeeding period of their lives.

Locke, with an air of assumed candour towards the master of a school introduces the following observation.

*“ The difference is great between two or three pupils  
 “ in the same house, and three or four score boys  
 “ lodged up and down. For let the master’s industry  
 “ and skill be never so great, it is impossible he should  
 “ have fifty or one hundred scholars under his eye any  
 “ longer than they are in school together: nor can it be  
 “ expected that he should instruct them successfully in  
 “ any thing but their books. The forming of their  
 “ minds and manners, requiring a constant attention  
 “ and particular application to every single boy, which  
 “ is impossible in a numerous flock, and would be wholly  
 “ in vain (could he have time to study and correct every  
 “ one’s particular defects and wrong inclinations) when  
 “ the lad was to be left to himself, or the prevailing  
 “ infection of his fellows, the greatest part of the four  
 “ and twenty hours.”*

The absolute impossibility of a constant application and particular attention to every single boy, and it  
 may

may be added the doubt whether such particular attention would not rather injure than benefit the pupil by encouraging his self-importance, together with many other obvious difficulties, oblige Locke himself at last to confess, as has before been noticed, " what shall be resolved in this case must in " a great measure be left to the parents to be determined by their circumstances and conveniences." But not to take advantage of such a reluctant concession, let us rather recommend to the master of a great school, to keep a watchful eye on the conduct of the boys during the intervals of the school hours, and carefully by himself and his assistants to visit and regulate the boarding houses. The masters and mistresses of those houses must submit to his directions, or abandon their employments: for what parent would commit his son to a family supposed to be adverse to the general discipline of the school; and whose inmates are indulged in irregularity and dissipation? It is requisite also for Schoolmasters to be rather backward in granting leave for too frequent visits at home; for where they too much prevail, it has happened that *the home* and *the school* have each in their turns, been pleaded by the young truant as an apology for his absence from both. And this is one of the most fatal inroads from private

mismanagement on the beneficial influence of Public Education, where the wisdom of the institution is counteracted by the indiscretion of individuals.

Suppose an author equally inclined to depreciate Domestick Tuition, as Locke has in his little tract shewn himself disposed to ridicule and vilify Publick Education, might not such a writer, abandoning the straight path of candour and impartiality, and assuming the manners of a satyrical pleader and declaimer, express himself to the following purport?

“ I cannot bear to see the free spirit and generous  
 “ nature of a youth, that should look abroad into  
 “ the world of which he is himself a part, “ ca-  
 “ bin’d, cribb’d, confin’d” in the narrow limits of  
 “ a private family, a puny fondling dandled on the  
 “ lap of his mother, or at best perhaps a tiny  
 “ sportsman or soaker in company of his father. If  
 “ they have a country parson in the house, who  
 “ teaches my young master to read, he teaches him  
 “ to smoke at the same time, and envelopes in the  
 “ same cloud his person and his understanding.  
 “ The first Latin that he conveys to him is the old  
 “ axiom of *in vino veritas*, and his Greek (if he  
 “ has

“ has any) is all *Anacreontick*. It is odds indeed  
 “ whether his learning extends so far. He is per-  
 “ haps a mere *Lingo*, or at best a *Square* or a *Thwackum*  
 “ in Mr. Allworthy’s splendid mansion. Over the  
 “ servants of the family the heir apparent is a little  
 “ tyrant, and from his subjects he learns, as soon  
 “ as he can speak, every species of provincial bar-  
 “ barism; and as soon as he can think, or act,  
 “ every kind of vice and meanness. *Virtue, wis-*  
 “ *dom, breeding, and learning,* are seldom to be  
 “ found under a private roof; but must be sought,  
 “ like the Deity, in a solemn temple consecrated to  
 “ such sacred worship!”

Waving ridicule and irony, and adhering as the  
 subject requires, to strict truth, it must be confessed  
 that Publick Education as well as Domestick Tui-  
 tion, has its faults: but many of the corruptions of  
 schools are brought by the scholars from home.  
 At home are the foolish, the idle, and vicious ser-  
 vants, so much dreaded by Locke. At home indul-  
 gence takes the place of discipline, and from home  
 they often bring sums of money far beyond their  
 little occasions, by which artificial wants are created  
 and disorders introduced. This last evil, wholly  
 owing to the indiscretion of friends and parents, has

been particularly noxious to Publick Schools. Masters can only controul and check its influence. Friends and parents alone can prevent and extirpate it.

Publick Schools ought to cultivate the *mathematics*, as well as the *classicks*. Both might be taught sufficiently, for the initiation of pupils, during their stay at a Publick School; from whence they ought to be sent to the Universities, equally prepared to pursue their philosophical as their classical studies,

Publick Schools also generally detain their pupils too long. Youths should be dismissed from schools at the age of sixteen or seventeen at the latest. They are afterwards commencing young men, and will not patiently submit to the corrections of children. When the boys at Westminster rebelled because a senior scholar between eighteen and nineteen years of age would not submit to the discipline of the rod, Dr. Barker, then a prebend, contended that the scholar was in the right. It was wrong he said, to attempt to scourge a youth at that age. It was almost *sodomy*. Pity that Dr. Barker was not a General!

In general it is unadvisable for parents to send their sons to a Great Publick School, sooner than at  
the

the period of nine or ten years of age; not that I would wish the preceding period to be lost and buried in ignorance and idleness. Let their children in the mean while be sent to some preparatory academy, where they may be taught to write, to read, to speak French, to dance, to draw, and the rudiments of Latin according to the grammar of the school for which they are afterwards intended. A master who cannot, by himself and his assistants, supply his little students with these helps, is unfit to govern such an academy.

One great reason for preference of Publick to Private Education is this. Schoolboys, being at intervals called home, partake occasionally of the enjoyments and society of a family. Private pupils, constantly confined within one narrow circle, acquire none of the freedom and spirit of a Publick Education.

*Travel*, where it can be afforded, cannot be accompanied with the benefit that ought to attend it from the first stage of life, one of the periods to which Locke destines it: but being certainly improper at the usual time and in the usual mode, may be reserved to Locke's last Stage, and therefore properly

properly succeeding to a removal from the Universities ; when the young traveller, if not fit and able to go alone, had better not go at all.

Milton has given *A treatise on Education*, containing a plan of a school and university in one, intended to annihilate all other schools and universities, by instituting as many of such academies as might be necessary in different parts of the kingdom. Yet in this plan, romantick as he almost himself seems to think it, he has proceeded on principles very different from those of Locke, and shewn himself the friend and advocate of Publick Education. He rather follows the principles of Plato and Xenophon, than adopts the system of Locke.

His proposed number of pupils is an hundred and fifty, more or less. He directs the teaching of languages, *not by rote*, but by *grammar*, and those not only modern but ancient, and of the ancient not only Latin, but Greek and Hebrew, with the Chaldean and Syrian dialects. So far from objecting to *repetitions*, that he enjoins Grammar lessons *to be got by heart*, and poems, and orations not merely to be read, but “*put to memory and solemnly announced with right accent and grace.*” And though, like Locke, he regrets the time thrown  
 4 away

away in learning one or two languages, yet himself appropriates no less time than nine years, from twelve to twenty one, to education. He also fixes the age of twenty three or twenty four as the proper time for travel, if travel be necessary. So that on the whole, though I have been hardy enough to enter the lists with such a giant antagonist as Locke, I have Milton to support me.

It appears indeed, on the face of Locke's tract, that the present plan of education is highly preferable to the system that prevailed at the time of his writing. The medical management of children is so much improved, that many things which he recommends, as contrary to the practice of those times, are now in general use: and as to the cultivation of their minds, were he now living, he would no longer lament the want of a sixpenny History of the Bible, or an Æsop with pictures to every fable. The booksellers have provided the little students a Lilliputian library, and every toyshop and Stationer will supply them with polygons for the vowels, or the whole alphabet in cards or ivory, unless they should rather chuse to swallow it in gingerbread. Geography is learnt by the dice, like the Game of the Goose; maps are dissected into  
kingdoms,



kingdoms, and provinces; and perhaps to Locke himself we owe many of those valuable achievements.

Universities, those dry nurses that succeed to the first seminaries of education, are also much improved in their principles and practice since the æras of Milton and Locke: and if the students do not at their departure make due progress in their several pursuits and professions, the failure must be imputed to themselves, who have so ill applied the time they have passed there. At one university since the time of Milton, a great and transcendent genius has advanced the career of science as Milton himself carried the flights of poetry, *beyond the visible diurnal sphere*. At the other an acute and able jurispudent, whose early loss we still lament, instituted a course of lectures of established authority to the professional reader, as well as affording, in the most elegant terms, a code of law necessary for the instruction and perusal of every private gentleman. The students too are now less bewildered in the labyrinths of logic and metaphysics. To their original resistance to the principles of Locke perhaps we owe much of his prejudice to Publick Education. His prejudices, were he now a living witness of the cordial reception  
of

of his doctrines, would perhaps vanish : though he might still insist, and not without justice, according to the *Tirocinium* \* of my worthy and ingenious friend Mr. Cowper, that *Discipline* should stand as porter at the gate of every college.

The study of Geography, Chronology, History, the Elements of Natural Philosophy and Geometry, may easily be reconciled to the plan of the early part of Publick Education, and should be incorporated with it. As to dancing, fencing, and accounts, these are generally taught by separate masters, according to the direction of the parents without need of particular injunction or serious dissertation. Painting and musick are indeed not in so general request, and the truth is that gentlemen practitioners either misapply much of their time, or fall infinitely below the most common artists of either profession. If a *trade* is absolutely necessary to a student and a gentleman, that of a *gardener* seems to be the most healthy

\* The *Tirocinium* forms part of a collection of poems by W. Cowper, Esq. one of which poems is *The Task*, a most admirable work in blank verse, which gives a most promising earnest of the author's intended Translation of Homer in that measure.

healthy and agreeable, to which in bad weather may be added the occupation of a joiner or carpenter, as on that account both Locke and Rousseau recommend it. And a schoolboy is perhaps more qualified even for such an apprenticeship, as well as for the more honourable and hazardous avocations of the army or navy, than a young gentleman bred in a private family.

Locke concludes his tract on education with these words.

“ Though I am now come to a conclusion of  
 “ what obvious remarks have suggested to me con-  
 “ cerning Education, *I would not have it thought*  
 “ *that I look on it as a just treatise on this subject.*  
 “ There are a thousand other things that may need  
 “ consideration, especially if one should take in the  
 “ various tempers, different inclinations, and par-  
 “ ticular defaults that are to be found in children,  
 “ and prescribe proper remedies. The variety is  
 “ so great, that it would require a volume; not  
 “ would that reach it. Each man’s mind has some  
 “ peculiarity, as well as his face, that distinguishes  
 “ him from all others, and there are possibly scarce  
 “ two children who can be conducted by exactly  
 “ the same method. Besides that I think a prince,  
 “ a nobleman, and an ordinary gentleman’s son,  
 “ should

“ should have different ways of breeding. But  
 “ having had here only some general views in re-  
 “ ference to the main end, and aims in education,  
 “ and those designed for a gentleman’s son who  
 “ being then very little, I considered only as white  
 “ paper or wax, to be moulded and fashioned as  
 “ one pleases, I have touched little more than those  
 “ heads which I judged necessary for the breeding  
 “ of a young gentleman of his condition in ge-  
 “ neral; and have now published these my occa-  
 “ sional thoughts with this hope; that though  
 “ this be far from being a compleat treatise on this  
 “ subject, or such as that every one may find what  
 “ will just fit his child in it, yet it may give some  
 “ small light to those whose concern for their dear  
 “ little ones makes them so irregularly bold, that  
 “ they dare venture to consult their own reason in  
 “ the education of their children, rather than wholly  
 “ to rely upon Old Custom.”


If Locke could not call his work *a compleat treatise on Education*, much less can I presume to submit these loose thoughts to the reader in that light; especially as they are not offered under that idea, but merely to vindicate Publick Establishments from censures that appeared, coming from whomsoever, unjust and illiberal. If the awful and revered name of Locke

gave

gave a sanction to prejudices, it was but acting with the spirit, though without the talents, of Locke, to combat them. Almost all the systems of Private Education appear a romantick theory, not reducible to practice. Locke himself says “that a prince, a nobleman, and an ordinary gentleman’s son should have a different way of breeding.” Yet the attention enjoined to be given to his pupil, not to dwell on the character of his *Tutor*, are scarce to be expected even by a prince, though he confesses that his views and main end were to suggest hints on those heads, necessary for the education of a gentleman’s son. A Telemachus may obtain a Minerva for a Mentor; an English Prince may command a Markham or a Hurd: but the son of a gentleman, the son of a nobleman I will venture to say will at least derive as much benefit from a Publick Education as from Private Tuition. Neither *themes* nor *verses*, so dreaded by Locke, impede their progress to the first offices, and most important duties. These are facts founded on experience, and the many illustrious characters that have begun their career on a royal foundation will fully justify my assertion.

How many *Ovids*, MURRAY, were thy boast;  
How many *Martials* were in PULTENEY lost!

☞ The

 *The following short and occasional Dissertation on Tails, having been accidentally omitted in its proper place, brings up the rear of the Prose in this volume.*

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To the PRINTER of the ST. JAMES'S CHRONICLE.

*Thursday, August 16, 1764.*

SIR,

**C**ASTING my eye on the London Gazette a few days ago, it gave me infinite pleasure to see particular Orders issued from the War-Office, "That all His Majesty's Regiments of Horse and "Dragoons, except the Light Horse, shall be "mounted only on such horses, as have their *full* "tails, *without the least part taken from them.*"

Never surely did the tyrant man exercise a more wanton piece of cruelty over his subjects of the brute creation, than in clipping the Tails of the horses, and robbing them of their fair and natural proportion. Castration itself, cruel as it is, carries to sportsmen and epicures some apology along with

it. Fowls become a plumper and more delicious morsel, after being made capons; and horses, converted into geldings, are thereby rendered more tractable. But we of the *Yahoo* species have nothing to plead in our excuse to the generous *Heubnymn* for thus barbarously depriving him of a part of his frame, which nature has wisely given him for several purposes both of use and ornament.

Custom, it is true, has long authorised this savage practice; yet it has not been able to reconcile us to it entirely. In sculpture, painting, and tapestry, horses still wear *their full tails, without the least part taken from them.* Do but contemplate the figure of a king on horseback on a pedestal, or of a general in a battle piece, either on canvas or in the arras; the mane and tail of the horse is as full and flowing as the periwig of the rider. The tail of Bucephalus himself has not a bolder sweep than that of the noble beasts who bear Lewis the Fourteenth, or the duke of Marlborough. What should we say to Stubbs, were he to put a set of docked geldings to the chariot of Phaeton? Or how should we consider the very same mutilations, were we to make the experiments on other quadrupeds? Figure to yourself the view of a pasture covered with bulls, cows, sheep, and oxen,  
grazing

grazing on a common, or a mountain, as bare-breeched as a highlander!

This practice also, to the shame of our age and nation be it spoken, is both local and recent. In the antient times of chivalry what figure would a knight have made on such a maimed steed! and what damsel would have deigned to mount a bob-tailed palfrey? The beginning even of the present century saw our horses still in possession of their *full tails*. It was then the *Bon Ton*. "Fopping-ton's *long tails* were known on every road in "christendom." At present except Lord Falmouth's set of duns, and the royal *octave* of cream-coloured horses, we have, alas, no *long tails* in the kingdom. But the year one thousand seven hundred and sixty four is, I hope, the happy æra from whence we may date their restoration. All the English Cavalry, except the Light Horse, "shall be "mounted only on such horses, as have their full "tails *without the least part taken from them.*" It was indeed, high time for such a reformation. Many centuries elapsed before our constitution provided a law against attempts to deface and maim the human body: and it was now become equally necessary to issue the above Orders from the War-Office,



which it is hoped, will operate as a kind of *Coven-try Act*, against *hogging*, *docking*, and *nicking*, the horses.

As a true patriot, I am equally anxious to wipe off a national reflection, as to alter the fashion. This cruel practice is one of the stains on our manners, which has given our enemies occasion to style us *The Savages of Europe*. In France neither horse, nor man, nor woman, can have too much hair, but all carry it unviolated on their heads and their tails, “without the least part taken from them.” In England full-bottoms and full tails vanished at the same period. Crop-eared coxcombs and docked horses, *hogged* manes and *hogged* toupees, came in together. A wonderful analogy between the treatment of our fellow countrymen’s heads, and their horses tails! From this analogy it is that our neighbours have imbibed the associated idea of the savageness of our manners; and an Englishman at Paris is sure to be reproached with the barbarity of our beheading kings, and docking horses.

A celebrated French writer expresses himself thus on this combination of inhuman usages in this country.

Ah barbare Angleterre ! ou le fatale couteau  
Trenche les têtes aux rois, & les cues aux chevaux \*!

*Voltaire's Henriade.*

With a free translation of the above lines I shall  
conclude these reflections.

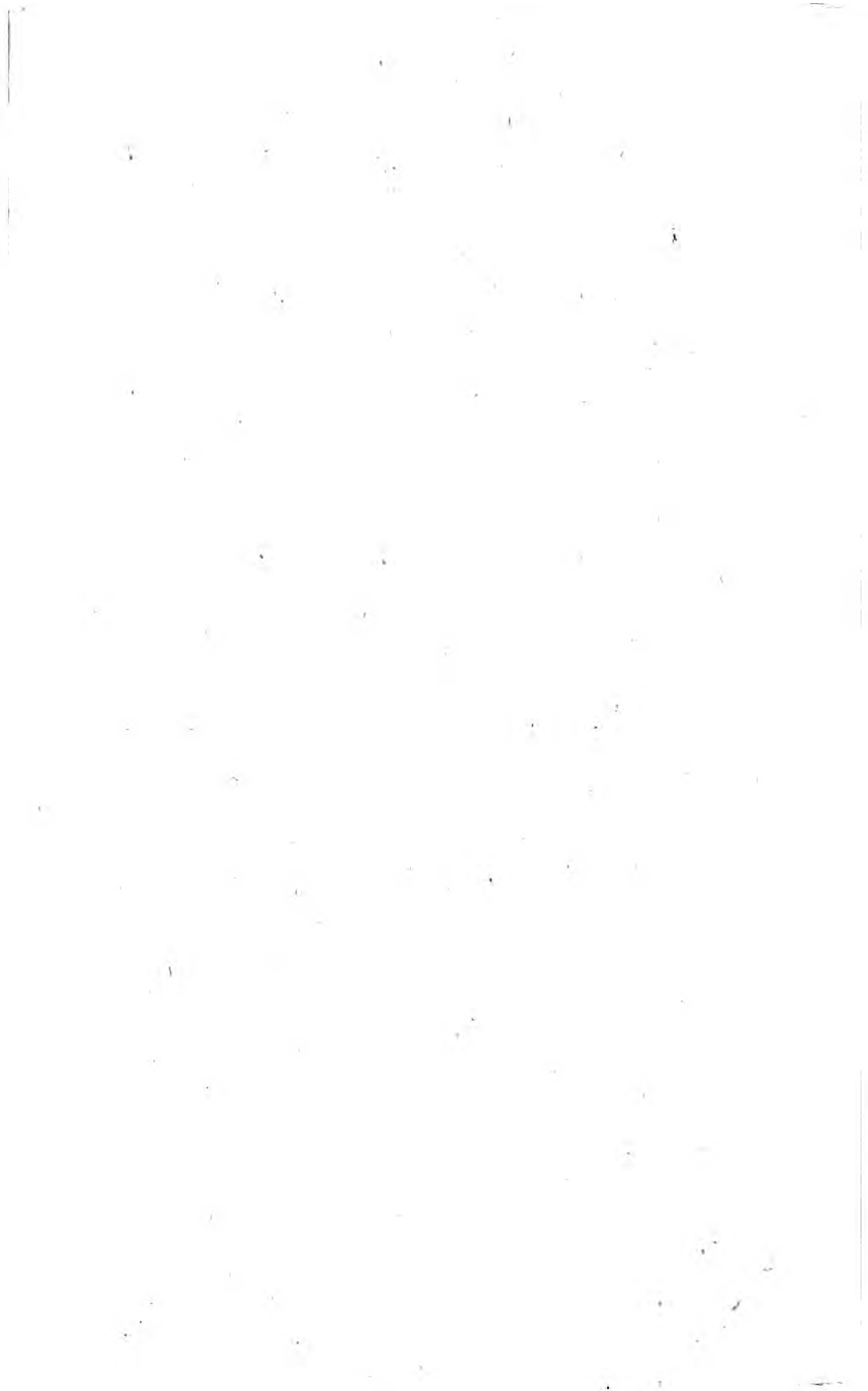
Ah barb'rous England, kings and steeds to dock,  
To curtail tails, and sentence block to block !

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

HIPPOLITUS.

\* Some curious readers have in vain searched the *Henriade* of *Voltaire* for these lines. It would have been equally vain to search the rest of his works, or those of any other French author. It is indeed impossible that such a couplet could have found a place in the *Epick Poem*, from which they are pretendedly cited. And if the writer had not heard them gravely quoted as lines of *Voltaire*, he should have thought it needless to mention that the French distich, and the free translation, both owe their origin to the writer of *Hippolitus*.



V E R S E

ON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

That the reader may comprehend the force of the following scene, it will be necessary to give him briefly the plan and story of the preceding part: Adam feels a violent and sudden shock of nature within him, which he imagines to be the forerunner of his death. While his mind is wholly employed in these ideas, and full of strange apprehensions, the Angel of Death appears before him, and pronounces his doom; and adds moreover that he shall not die, till he comprehends the meaning of these words, "Thou shalt die the death." Cain, an outcast and a wanderer, is conducted by Divine Justice to the bower of Adam.

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A SCENE from *The DEATH of ADAM:*

*A Tragedy written in German,*

By MR. K L O P S T O C K.

FIRST PRINTED IN

The ST. JAMES'S MAGAZINE, *March 1763.*

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ACT II. SCENE II.

ADAM, SETH, SELIMA.

SELIMA,

**F**ATHER, against your orders I return,  
Imploring your paternal goodness: list!  
Oh, I conjure you, deign to list!—a man—  
His like I ne'er beheld—prowls round the bow'r,  
Menaces me, and wou'd confer with you.  
Ev'n yet I stand dismay'd—beyond a doubt,  
In other regions there exists a race  
Of men, who're not thy children—No, 'tis certain  
This is no son of Adam.

ADAM.

What's his air?

And what his features? Say!

SELIMA.

His stature's tall;  
Dreadful his air; and from his hollow eyes

He rolls confusion and dismay : his limbs  
 Are covered with a shining speckled hide,  
 And in his hand he bears a massy club,  
 Knotted all o'er : his face is pale and sun burnt ;  
 But ah, his paleness is not like to your's.  
 Oh father, father !

A D A M.

Was his forehead bare ?

S E L I M A.

Scarce durst I cast my fearful looks upon him,  
 Yet on his forehead I descried a sign——  
 Such as I can't describe——I know not what  
 Of terrible and dreadful.

A D A M,

It is Cain ;

O Seth, 'tis Cain. The Lord hath sent him now  
 To render death more bitter to me. Go !  
 Go, Seth, and see if God hath sent him to me.  
 Tell him, beseech him, to depart in peace :  
 Urge him to fly my presence ! but if still  
 He *will* appear before me, let him come !  
 'Tis God who sends him : I have well deserv'd it.  
 Cover the altar, that the guiltless blood  
 Of his poor brother, whom he massacred,  
 Wound not his eyes.

S C E N E

DEATH OF ADAM.

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S C E N E III.

ADAM, SELIMA.

SELIMA.

My father, wherefore yawns  
That horrid pit just dug at th' altar's foot?

ADAM.

Oh daughter! didst thou never see a grave?

SELIMA.

A grave? my father!

ADAM, [*apart.*]

Oh too bitter day!

Cain will soon come, and Selima is here.

SELIMA.

Oh, answer me! Is then my father angry?  
Alas! there was a time, when you wou'd deign  
To call me your dear Selima.

ADAM.

Still most dear,

Still my beloved child.

SELIMA.

You said but now,

That Cain was come to render death more bitter.  
Alas, I scarce can breathe; my voice too fails:  
Ah! my dear father, mean you now to die?

ADAM



## SCENE FROM THE

ADAM.

Grieve not my daughter! death is due to all;  
 From dust we came, and shall to dust return.  
 So God himself hath order'd; and you know it,  
 Long time before those eyes of your's, my child,  
 Were open'd on the light, had hoary age  
 Whiten'd my locks. But Cain——

SELIMA.

Oh father, father! [*Embracing his knees.*  
 By your paternal fondness, by that love  
 Which once you bore to Abel, and which now  
 Eman and Seth partake; by those dear babes  
 Who shall to day take blessings from your hand;  
 Live, I conjure you! Oh my father, live!  
 Do not die yet.

ADAM.

Oh daughter of my heart,  
 Arise;—behold them here!

## S C E N E IV.

ADAM, CAIN, SETH, SELIMA.

CAIN.

Is't Adam that I see?  
 Adam, thou wert not wont to turn so pale  
 At sight of men thy crime had render'd wretched:

ADAM,

DEATH OF ADAM. 267

ADAM.

Hold, I conjure thee! look on that dear maid,  
Whose eyes o'erflow with tears: respect her grief,  
Nor stain with blasphemies her innocence.

CAIN.

Her innocence!—has *that* remain'd on earth,  
Since Adam has had children?

ADAM.

Selima,

Retire; and Seth shall soon recall you:

S C E N E V.

ADAM, CAIN, SETH.

ADAM.

Cain!

Why hast thou disobey'd me? why return'd  
To this abode of peace?

CAIN.

Inform me first,  
Who's he has brought me now before you.

ADAM.

Seth,  
My second son.

CAIN.

Insult me not with pity!  
I ask for none. He is thy *third* son, Adam!  
I am now come to take full vengeance on thee.

SETH.

SETH:

Inhuman! wouldst thou then with thy own hands  
Murder thy father?

CAIN, [to SETH.

Long ere thou wast born,  
I was already wretched. Let us talk! —  
Father, I mean not to attempt your life. [To ADAM.

ADAM.

And what's the injury you wou'd revenge?

CAIN.

The injury of having giv'n me life.

ADAM.

My first-born child, does that excite your vengeance?

CAIN.

Yes; I'll revenge the murder I committed;  
I'll revenge Abel's murder; he, whose blood  
Goes up to heav'n, and cries for vengeance on me.  
I will revenge myself, for that I am  
The most unhappy of all children born,  
And of all such as shall be born hereafter.  
Sunk with the weight of guilt and misery,  
An outcast and a wanderer, every where  
I bear my steps and find no rest on earth,  
Without a hope of finding it in heaven.  
That, that's my cause of vengeance.

ADAM.

A D A M.

Ere I first

Comanded you to come no more before me,  
 Thy mouth an hundred times hath vomited  
 The same reproaches, which I've often answer'd.  
 But never did your words or ravings strike  
 So near upon my heart as on this day,  
 Most cruel and most dreadful of my life.

C A I N.

I was ne'er satisfied with those your answers.  
 But if, perchance to-day, the force of truth  
 Strikes deeper on your soul, believe not, Adam,  
 My vengeance shall stop there.—O sole amends  
 For all the woes I suffer, great revenge,  
 Whose flame consumes me! many an age I've  
 sworn it,  
 I'll satiate thee. And now thy hour is come.

S E T H.

Wretch! if thy fury has not dimm'd thine eye,  
 View those grey hairs!

C A I N.

And what are they to me?

Of all his children I'm the most unhappy.  
 My life's a burden: 'twas he gave that life  
 Which now I drag in mis'ry, and I'll now  
 Punish him home for't. Nought I see or feel  
 But my own wretchedness and my despair.  
 I will have vengeance;

A D A M,

## SCENE FROM THE

ADAM, [*to Seth.*]

Our High Judge hath sent him:  
Thou wilt have vengeance on me? [*to CAIN.*]

C A I N.

I will curse you.

A D A M.

O son! this is too much: curse not thy father!  
Now in the name of mercy and that pardon  
For which you still may hope, I do conjure you  
Curse not thy father Adam!

C A I N.

I will curse you.

A D A M.

Come hither then! and I'll point out the place  
Where you may launch your malediction on me.  
Come follow me! look there! thy father's grave!  
There, curse him there! I am to die to day:  
Th' Angel of Death appear'd to tell my fate.

C A I N.

And what's that altar?

S E T H.

O Cain, O most sinful  
And most unhappy of mankind! that altar  
Is Abel's altar: look upon the blood  
Wherewith 'tis stain'd. It is thy brother's blood.

C A I N.

C A I N.

See, from the bosom of the black abyss,  
 Vengeance and fury raise their crests against me!  
 That Altar, oh, my heart! that fatal Altar  
 Crushes me, like a rock!—I swim in blood!  
 Where am I? Where's my father?—Hear me, Adam!  
 This day my Curse begins to fall upon thee,  
 This day, thy last: oh may thy agonies  
 Be all made up of fear, despair, and horror,  
 The agony of agonies!—the dread image  
 Of vile corruption still be present—

A D A M.

Hold!

My first-born son, oh hold!—Appalling Sentence  
 Of Death denounc'd! now first I comprehend  
 Thy awful meaning!—cease, my son, oh cease  
 To aggravate my grief and my misfortunes!

C A I N.

Ah wretch! what have I done? I've shed his blood,  
 The blood of my own Father: ha! still here?  
 Snatch me some whirlwind from this horrid place!  
 Hurry me headlong down the dark abyss!  
 —But I behold my Father!—Is it He?  
 Is it a shadow? Hence, dire phantom, Hence!  
 My Father, turn, oh turn those looks away!  
 Ah, who will drag me from thee? [*Exit raving.*]

VOL. II

T

SCENE

## DEATH OF ADAM.

## SCENE VI.

A D A M, S E T H.

A D A M.

His dread cries  
Have struck ev'n to the bottom of my soul.  
Follow him, Seth ! alas, *He* too's my son.  
Go tell him he has not committed aught  
Of violence against me, and his rage  
I pardon.—Above all take special heed  
Not to recall it to his memory  
That this day is the day whereon I die.

T W O O D E S.

ΦΩΝΑΝΤΑ ΣΥΝΕΤΟΙΣΙΝ· ΕΣ  
ΔΕ ΤΟ ΠΑΝ, ΕΡΜΗΝΕΩΝ  
ΧΑΤΙΖΕΙ.

PINDAR, OLYMP. II.

FIRST PUBLISHED IN MDCCLIX.

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ODE TO OBSCURITY.

I. I.

**D**AUGHTER of Chaos and old Night,  
Cimmerian Muse, all hail!

That wrapt in never-twinkling gloom canst write,  
And shadowest meaning with thy dusky veil!

What Poet sings, and strikes the strings?

It was the mighty Theban spoke.

He from the ever-living lyre

With magick hand elicits fire.

Heard ye the din of modern rhimers bray?

It was cool M——n; or warm G——y,

Involv'd in tenfold smoke.

T 2

The



## I. 2.

The shallow fop in antick vest  
 Tir'd of the beaten road,  
 Proud to be singularly drest,  
 Changes, with every changing moon, the mode.  
 Say shall not then the heav'n born Muses too  
 Variety pursue?  
 Shall not applauding criticks hail the vogue?  
 Whether the muse the style of Cambria's sons,  
 Or the rude gabble of the Huns,  
 Or the broader dialect  
 Of Caledonia she affect,  
 Or take, Hibernia, thy still ranker brogue?

## I. 3.

On this terrestrial ball  
 The tyrant Fashion, governs all.  
 She, fickle goddess, whom, in days of yore,  
 The idiot Moria, on the banks of Seine,  
 Unto an antick fool, hight Andrew, bore.  
 Long she paid him with disdain,  
 And long his pangs in silence he conceal'd;  
 At length, in happy hour, his love-sick pain  
 On thy blest Calends, April, he reveal'd.  
 From their embraces sprung,  
 Ever changing, ever ranging,  
 Fashion, goddess ever young.

Perch'd

## II. 1.

Perch'd on the dubious height, she loves to ride,  
 Upon a weather-cock, astride :  
 Each blast that blows, around she goes,  
 While nodding o'er her crest,  
 Emblem of her magic pow'r,  
 The light Cameleon stands confest,  
 Changing it's hues a thousand times an hour.  
 And in a vest is she array'd,  
 Of many a dancing moon-beam made,  
 Nor zoneless is her waist :  
 But fair and beautiful, I ween,  
 As the Cestus-cinctur'd Queen,  
 Is with the rainbow's shadowy girdle brac'd.

## II. 2.

She bids pursue the fav'rite road  
 Of lofty cloud-capt Ode,  
 Meantime each bard, with eager speed,  
 Vaults on the Pegasean Steed :  
 Yet not that Pegasus of yore  
 Which th' illustrious Pindar bore,  
 But one of nobler breed.  
 High blood and youth his lusty veins inspire.

From Tottipontimoy he came ;  
 Who knows not, Tottipontimoy, thy name ?  
 The Bloody-shoulder'd Arab was his fire.  
 \* His White-nose. He on fam'd Doncastria's plains  
     Refign'd his fated breath :  
 In vain for life the struggling courser strains :  
     Ah ! who can run the race with death ?  
     The tyrant's speed, or man or steed,  
     Strives all in vain to fly :  
 He leads the chace, he wins the race,  
     We stumble, fall, and die.  
 Third from Whitenose springs  
 Pegasus, with eagle wings ;  
 Light o'er the plain as dancing cork,  
 With many a bound he beats the ground,  
 While all the turf with acclamation rings.  
 He won Northampton, Lincoln, Oxford, York ;  
     He too Newmarket won !  
     There Granta's son  
     Seized on the steed ;  
 And thence him led (so fate decreed)

\* The author is either mistaken in this place, or has else indulged himself in a very unwarrantable poetical licence. Whitenose was not the fire but a son of the Godolphin Arabian. See my Calendar.

HEBER

To

To where old Cam, renown'd in poet's song,  
 With his dark and inky waves,  
 Either bank in silence laves,  
 Winding slow his sluggish streams along.

III. 1.

What Stripling neat, of visage sweet,  
 In trimmest guise array'd  
 First the neighing steed assay'd?  
 His hand a taper switch adorns, his heel  
 Sparkles refulgent with elastick steel:  
 The whiles he wins his whiffling way,  
 Prancing, ambling, round and round,  
 By hill and dale, and mead, and greensward gay;  
 Till fated with the pleasing ride,  
 From the lofty steed dismounting  
 He lies along, enwapt in conscious pride,  
 By gurgling rill or crystal fountain.

III. 2.

Lo! next a Bard, secure of praise,  
 His self-complacent countenance displays.  
 His broad mustachios, ting'd with golden die,  
 Flame, like a meteor, to the troubled air.  
 Proud his demeanor, and his eagle eye  
 O'er hung with lavish lid, yet shone with glorious glare.

278 ODE TO OBSCURITY.

The grizzle grace

Of bushy peruke shadow'd o'er his face.  
In large wide boots, whose ponderous weight  
Would sink each other wight of modern date,  
He rides, well pleas'd. So large a pair  
Not Garangantua's self might wear :  
Not He, of nature fierce and cruel,  
Who, if we trust to antient ballad,  
Devour'd three pilgrims in a fallad ;  
Not He of fame germane, hight Pantagruel.

III. 3.

Accoutred thus, th' adventrous Youth  
Seeks not the level lawn, or velvet mead,  
Fast by whose side clear streams meandring creep ;  
But urges on amain the fiery steed  
Up Snowdon's shaggy side, or Cambrian rock uncouth ;  
Where the venerable herd  
Of goats, with long and sapient beard,  
And wanton kidlings their blithe revels keep.  
Now up the mountain see him strain !  
Now down the vale he's toft :  
Now flashes on the sight again,  
Now in the palpable obscure quite lost.

IV. 1.

Man's feeble race eternal dangers wait,  
With high or low, all, all, is woe,  
Disease, mischance, pale fear, and dubious fate:

But

But o'er every peril bounding,  
Ambition views not all the ills surrounding,  
And, tiptoe on the mountain's steep,  
Reflects not on the yawning deep.

IV. 2.

See see, he soars! with mighty wings outspread,  
And long refounding mane,  
The Courser quits the plain.  
Aloft in air, see, see him bear  
The Bard, who shrouds  
His lyric glory in the clouds,  
Too fond to strike the stars with lofty head!  
He topples headlong from the giddy height,  
Deep in the Cambrian gulph immerg'd in endless night.

IV. 3.

O Steed Divine! what daring spirit  
Rides thee now? tho' he inherit  
Nor the pride, nor self opinion,  
Which elate the Mighty Pair,  
Each of taste the fav'rite minion,  
Prancing thro' the desert air;  
By help mechanick of Equestrian block,  
Yet shall he mount, with classic housings grac'd,  
And all unheedful of the critick mock,  
Drive his light courser o'er the bounds of taste.

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ODE TO OBLIVION.

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I.

\* **P**ARENT of Ease! Oblivion old,  
Who lov'st thy dwelling place to hold,  
Where scepter'd Pluto keeps his dreary sway,  
Whose sullen pride the shiv'ring ghosts obey!  
Thou, who delightest still to dwell  
By some hoar and moss-grown cell,  
At whose dank foot Cocytus joys to roll,  
Or Styx' black streams, which even Jove controul!  
Or if it suit thy better will  
To chuse the tinkling weeping rill,  
Hard by whose side the seeded poppy red  
Heaves high in air his sweetly-curling head;  
While creeping in meanders flow,  
Lethe's drowsy waters flow,  
And hollow blasts, which never cease to sigh,  
Hum to each care-struck mind their lulla-lulla-by!

\* According to Lillæus who bestows the parental function on Oblivion.

Verba OBLIVISCENDI regunt GENITIVUM.

There is a similar passage in Buisæus.

Lib. xiii. Cap. 8.

A prey

A prey no longer let me be  
 To that gossip, Memory,  
 Who waves her banners trim, and proudly flies,  
 To spread abroad her bribble-brabble lies !  
 With thee, Oblivion, let me go,  
 For Memory's a friend to woe ;  
 With thee, Forgetfulness, fair silent queen,  
 The solemn stole of grief is never seen.

II.

All, all is thine. Thy pow'rful sway  
 The throng'd poetick hosts obey.  
 Tho' in the van of Mem'ry proud t'appear,  
 At thy command they darken in the rear.  
 What tho' the modern tragick strain  
 For nine whole days protract thy reign,  
 Yet thro' the nine, like whelps of currish kind,  
 Scarcely it lives, weak, impotent, and blind.  
 Sacred to thee the crambo rhyme,  
 The motley forms of pantomime:  
 For thee from Eunuch's throat still loves to flow  
 The soothing sadness of his warbled woe :  
 Each day to thee falls pamphlet clean :  
 Each month a new-born magazine :

Hear



Hear then, O Goddess, hear thy votry's pray'r!  
 And if thou deign'ft to take one moment's care,  
 Attend thy bard! who duly pays  
 The tribute of his votive lays;  
 Whose muse still offers at thy sacred shrine;—  
 Thy bard who calls THEE His, and makes Him  
 THINE.

O, sweet Forgetfulness, supreme  
 Rule supine o'er ev'ry theme,  
 O'er each sad subject, o'er each soothing strain,  
 Of mine, O Goddess, stretch thine awful reign!  
 Nor let Mem'ry steal one note,  
 Which this rude hand to thee hath wrote!  
 So shalt thou save me from the poet's shame,  
 Tho' on the letter'd rubrick Doddsley post my name,

## III.

O come! with opiate poppies crown'd,  
 Shedding slumbers soft around!  
 O come! Fat Goddess drunk with Laureat sack!—  
 See where she sits on the benumb'd Torpedo's back!  
 Me, in thy dull Elysium wrapt, O bless  
 With thy calm forgetfulness!  
 And gently lull my senses all the while  
 With placid poems in the sinking stile!

Whether

Whether the Herring-Poet sing,  
Great Laureat of the fishes' king,  
Or Lycophron prophetick rave his fill  
Wrapt in the darker strains of Johnny —;  
Or if HE sing, whose verse affords  
A bevy of the choicest words,  
Who meets his Lady Muse by moss-grown cell,  
Adorn'd with epithet and tinkling bell:  
These, Goddess, let me still forget,  
With all the dearth of Modern Wit!  
So may'ft thou gently o'er my youthful breast  
Spread, with thy welcome hand, Oblivion's friendly  
vest.

THE  
LAW STUDENT.

WRITTEN IN MDCCLVII.

*Quid tibi cum Cirrha? quid cum Permessidos undâ?  
Romanum propius divitiisque forum est.*

MART.

**N**OW Christ-Church left, and fixt at Lincoln's  
Inn,

Th' important studies of the Law begin.  
Now groan the shelves beneath th' unusual charge  
Of records, statutes, and reports at large.  
Each classick author seeks his peaceful nook,  
And modest Virgil yields his place to Coke.  
No more, ye bards, for vain precedence hope,  
But even Jacob take the lead of Pope!

While the pil'd shelves sink down on one another,  
And each huge folio has its cumb'rous brother,  
While, arm'd with these, the student views with awe  
His rooms become the magazine of law,  
Say whence so few succeed? where thousands aim,  
So few e'er reach the promis'd goal of fame?

Say,

Say, why Cæcilius quits the gainful trade  
 For regimentals, sword, and smart cockade?  
 Or Sextus why his first profession leaves  
 For narrower band, plain shirt, and pudding sleeves?

The depth of Law asks study, thought, and care;  
 Shall we seek these in rich Alonzo's heir?  
 Such diligence, alas! is seldom found  
 In the brisk heir to forty thousand pound.  
 Wealth, that excuses folly, sloth creates;  
 Few, who can spend, e'er learn to get estates.  
 What is to him dry case, or dull report,  
 Who studies fashions at the Inns of Court,  
 And proves that thing of emptiness and show,  
 That mungrel, half form'd thing, a Temple-Beau?  
 Observe him daily fauntring up and down,  
 In purple slippers, and in filken gown;  
 Last's night's debauch, his morning conversation,  
 The coming, all his evening preparation.

By Law let others toil to gain renown!  
 Florio's a gentleman, a man o'th' town.  
 He nor courts, clients, or the law regarding,  
 Hurries from Nando's down to Covent garden.  
 Yet he's a scholar;—mark him in the pit  
 With critick catcall sound the stops of wit!

Supreme at George's he harangues the throng,  
 Cenfor of style from tragedy to song :  
 Him ev'ry witling views with secret awe,  
 Deep in the Drama, shallow in the Law.

Others there are, who, indolent and vain,  
 Contemn the science, they can ne'er attain :  
 Who write, and read, but all by fits and starts,  
 And varnish folly with the name of parts ;  
 Trust on to genius for they scorn to pore,  
 Till e'en that little genius is no more.  
 Knowledge in Law care only can attain,  
 Where honour's purchas'd at the price of pain.  
 If, loit'ring, up th' ascent you cease to climb,  
 No starts of labour can redeem the time.  
 Industrious study wins by slow degrees ;  
 True sons of Coke can ne'er be sons of ease.

There are, whom Love of Poetry has smit,  
 Who, blind to interest, arrant dupes to wit,  
 Have wander'd devious in the pleasing road,  
 With Attick flowers and classick wreaths bestrew'd :  
 Wedded to verse, embrac'd the Muse for life,  
 And ta'en, like modern bucks, their whores to wife.  
 Where'er the Muse usurps despotick sway,  
 All other studies must of force give way.

Int'rest

Int'rest in vain puts in her prudent claim,  
 Nonsuited by the pow'rful plea of fame.  
 As well you might weigh lead against a feather,  
 As ever jumble wit and law together.  
 On Littleton Coke gravely thus remarks,  
 (Remember this ye rhyming Temple Sparks !)  
 " In all our author's tenures, **be it noted,**  
 " This is the fourth time any verse is quoted."  
 Which, 'gainst the Muse and Verse, may well imply  
 What lawyers call a *noli prosequi*.

Well I remember oft My Lady said,  
 (My Lady, whom sure maxims ever led)  
 Turn Parson, Colman! that's the way to thrive;  
 Your Parsons are the happiest men alive.  
 Judges, there are but twelve, and never more,  
 But Stalls untold, and Bishops twenty four.  
 Of pride and claret, sloth and ven'son full,  
 Yon Prelate mark, right reverend and dull!  
 He ne'er, good man, need pensive vigils keep  
 To preach his audience once a week to sleep;  
 On rich preferments battens at his ease,  
 Nor sweats for tithes, as lawyers toil for fees.

No, cries My Lord : I know thee better far ;  
 And cry stick close ; close, Coley, to the Bar !

If Genius warm thee, where can Genius call  
 For nobler action than in yonder Hall?  
 'Tis not enough each morn, on Term's approach,  
 To club your legal threepence for a coach;  
 Then at the Hall to take your silent stand,  
 With ink-horn and long note-book in your hand,  
 Marking grave serjeants cite each wise report,  
 And noting down sage *dictums* from the Court,  
 With overwhelming brow, and law-learn'd face,  
 The Index of your book of Common-Place.

These are mere drudges, that can only plod,  
 And tread the path their dull forefathers trod,  
 Doom'd thro' Law's maze, without a clue, to range,  
 From Second Vernon down to Second Strange.  
 Do thou uplift thine eyes to happier wits!  
 Dulness no longer on the Woolpack fits;  
 No longer on the drawling dronish herd  
 Are the first honours of the Law confer'd;  
 But they, whose fame reward's due tribute draws,  
 Whose active merit challenges applause,  
 Like glorious beacons, are set high to view,  
 To mark the paths which Genius should pursue.

O for

O for thy spirit, Mansfield ! at thy name  
 What bosom glows not with an active flame ?  
 Alone from Jargon born to rescue Law,  
 From Precedent, Grave Hum, and Formal Saw !  
 To strip Chican'ry of its vain pretence,  
 And marry Common Law to Common Sense !

Pratt ! on thy lips persuasion ever hung !  
 English falls pure as Manna from thy tongue :  
 On thy voice Truth may rest, and on thy plea  
 Unerring Henley found the just decree.

Henley ! than whom to Hardwick's well-rais'd  
 fame,  
 No worthier second Royal George could name :  
 No lawyer of prerogative ; no tool  
 Fashion'd in black Corruption's pliant school ;  
 Form'd 'twixt the People and the Crown to stand,  
 And hold the scales of Right with even hand !

True to our hopes, and equal to his birth,  
 See, see in Yorke the force of lineal worth !

But why their sev'ral merits need I tell ?  
 Why on each honour'd sage's praises dwell ?  
 Wilmot how well his place, or Foster fills ?  
 Or shrewd sense beaming from the eyes of Willes ?



Such while thou see'st the publick care engage,  
Their fame increas'ing with increas'ing age,  
Rais'd by true Genius, bred in Phæbus' school,  
Whose warmth of soul sound judgment knew to  
cool;

—With such illustrious proofs before your eyes,  
Think not, my friend, you've too much wit to rise!

---

T H E R O L L I A D.

A N

H E R O I C K P O E M :

WRITTEN IN MDCCLIX. Never before printed.

*Prodigium canit, & tristes denuntiat iras,  
Obscœnamque Famem.*

VIRGIL.

---

C A N T O I.

**T**HE Fatal Breakfast and the Cruel Fair  
I sing: Calliope, the verse prepare!  
Say, why such rage inflam'd a Lady's soul  
To rob the hungry stomach of it's ROLL?

Now 'gan the Sun the dappled east t'adorn,  
And troops of feather'd warblers hail'd the morn;  
Brisk Chanticleer flew crowing from his bed,  
And prest Dame Partlet with the morning tread:  
Ducks quack, hogs grunt, dogs howl, and horses neigh,  
With Nature's musick ush'ring in the day;  
Sounds lost, alas! too soon in ruder note  
With clamour issuing from Atossa's throat.

U 3

Now

Now founding thro' the house with dreadful knell  
 The loud-tongu'd clapper strikes upon the bell.  
 The maid in haste half huddling on her cloaths  
 The termagant, Sir John's fair partner, rose.  
 She comes, her clamour strikes all others dumb,  
 My Lady frowns, and all the house looks glum.

Some furious ravings in the kitchen past  
 The tardy Breakfast greets our eyes at last :  
 Three scraps of bread and butter sad we see,  
 Two lumps of sugar and six grains of tea.  
 Hunger, they say, thro' stony walls will break,  
 As bards write libels for a dinner's sake.  
 Hunger all arts and sciences can teach,  
 Makes lawyers plead, quacks kill, and parsons  
 preach.

Hence, Cousin, rose the workings in thy brain,  
 A better meal by stratagem to gain :  
 Butter'd by stealth, by stealth most sily got,  
 Smok'd on the board a French Roll, piping hot.

Pale as grim Ghost whose mealy aspect shocks,  
 And red by turns as twenty Turkey-Cocks,  
 With eyes inflam'd, and leer malign, she view'd  
 The dear-bought morsel of delicious food.  
 " And have I then so oft, enrag'd she cried,  
 My longing soul its foremost wish denied ?

So oft have grudg'd a farthing's small expence,  
 And shall another squander thus my pence?  
 This prudent proverb have I ne'er forgot,  
 A penny sav'd is worth a penny got?  
 Have I still held it for a maxim clear,  
 A pin *per diem* makes a groat *per year*?  
 And shall insatiate Cousins shock my soul,  
 Appall'd at Ruin, and a Butter'd Roll?  
 And thou, voracious Sir, my greatest curse,  
 Whose monstrous lux'ry daily shrinks my purse,  
 Say, will not then our common fare go down  
 And must good bread be scorn'd because 'tis Brown?"

Cousin, abash'd, now raising pert his head,  
 Look'd in My Lady's face, and thus he said.

Tell me, good Madam, where's that mod'rate man  
 Who will not mend his lot when e'er he can?  
 Who will not for a palace flight a cot,  
 Or leave cold mutton for a slice of hot?  
 Where lofty Highgate haughtily looks down  
 On all the smoke-girt steeples of the town,  
 By an old wizard-sage around my head  
 The branching Antlers of a Stag were spread.  
 There by those Horns I swore, those sacred Horns,  
 A solemn oath no Christian trav'ler scorns,

Ne'er with unhallow'd tooth Brown Bread to bite,  
When kinder fortune should afford me White.

He said, and feasted on the luscious diet,  
Eat, says Sir John, Eat, Cousin, and Be Quiet.

## CANTO II.

Once more the Sun his daily course began,  
Once more shrill noises through the chambers ran,  
Once more the scanty Breakfast was prepar'd,  
Once more, O monstrous! a French Roll appear'd.

Not Echo from her cave so deep resounds  
With the full cry of twenty packs of hounds;  
Not cawing rooks, pies chatt'ring, scolding wives,  
Cats mewling, grating saws, and grinding knives,  
Not all Hell loose, led on by Death and Sin,  
E'er rent the ear with such tremendous din!

“It is the Cause, it is the Cause, my Soul!”  
Enrag'd, she cry'd, and seiz'd the fatal Roll.

“Call! ring the bell! Ned! Thomas! Harry!  
Jack!

The Roll! Here! Seize it! Burn it! Take it  
back!”

Now thro' the streets, like Bedlam fiend she reels,  
With all the village rabble at her heels.

So raving through Troy Town of old was seen  
Ill fated Hecuba, the Mob-led Queen.

“Curst be the man that ever eats, she said,

“And doubly curst be He that gives him Bread!

“Bread, the prime cause whence all our evils flow,

“Which now to Bakers shall work bitter woe!”

Onwards she went, whirl'd like a schoolboy's top,

Ent'ring with dreadful stride the Baker's shop.

The pliant paste He well could knead and mould,

And better loaves no London Baker sold;

But his old frame now tottering with years,

Deafness had clos'd the portal of his ears;

With murmurs vague th' imperfect sense betray'd,

And sounds uncertain to his ears convey'd.

Him did My Lady with rough questions greet,

And he reply'd, but ne'er gave answer meet.

Why Traitor!—Villain! why is this? she said,

Why dost thou load me with such heaps of Bread?

Is't not enough to send Brown Bread by Pecks? }

And that the White my stately table decks, }

But Rolls, vile Rolls, my quiet must perplex? }

Madam

Madam, he cried, half hearing what she said,  
 I'm sure no Baker e'er sold better Bread.  
 And as for Rolls, not Brentford sends so white,  
 Or Uxbridge Bakers make them half so light.

And dost thou mock me then? vile slave, she  
 cried;

Madam, You're very welcome, He replied.

As on the kitchen-fire a boiler large  
 Heats by degrees it's elemental charge;  
 First from the top a misty steam it flings,  
 Warms, then ferments, then simmers, and then sings;  
 Now foaming, raging, boiling, bubbling quick,  
 Scarce on the brim the rattling lid will stick:  
 So heated by degrees, inflam'd at last,  
 Full at his head a huge Peck Loaf she cast.  
 Ah Vixen Lady! as he fell he cried,  
 And the loose tallies clatter'd at his side.

O for a Muse to sound the trump of war,  
 And all this dread encounter to declare!  
 How Bricks, Rolls, Crufts, in thick confusion flew,  
 Huge Pecks, Half-Pecks, and Quartern Loaves, they  
 threw!

Now from within ran forth the Baker's Wife,  
 Aghast and trembling for her husband's life.

Revenge!

Revenge! she cry'd, for sweet Revenge I come :  
 My poor deaf husband ! have they struck thee dumb ?  
 Then greeting first with most uncourteous flap  
 My Lady's face, she fasten'd on her cap :  
 Her own that instant felt my Lady's hand,  
 And face to face, and cap to cap they stand.  
 Pulling and rending, pinching, tearing, biting,  
 Now flap, now scratch, now scolding, and now  
 fighting.

So have I seen in Jack o'Lanthorn quick,  
 Fierce Battle 'twixt a Baker and Old Nick :  
 Full closely each engag'd in desp'rate hug,  
 This way the Baker, that the Devil tug ;  
 Now here, now there, in contest most uncivil,  
 Pull Tom, pull Nick, pull Baker, and pull Devil.

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

*Cetera Desunt.*



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THE  
FABLE OF THE TREES.

—Arbores loquantur, non tantum feræ.

PHÆDRUS.

Tuesday, May 3, 1763.

---

**O**NCE on a time, when great Sir Oak  
Held all the Trees beneath his yoke,  
The Monarch, anxious to maintain  
In peaceful state his Sylvan reign,  
Saw, to his sorrow and distraction,  
His subject trees take root in faction,  
And, though late join'd in union hearty,  
Now branching into shoots of party.  
Each sturdy stick of factious wood  
Stood stiff and stout for Publick Good;  
For Patriots ever, 'tis well known,  
Seek other's welfare, not their own,  
And all they undertake, you know,  
Is meant *pro Bono Publico*.  
The hardy Fir, from northern earth  
Who took its name, and drew its birth,

The

The Oak plac'd next him, to support  
 His government, and grace his court.  
 The Fir, of an uncommon size,  
 Rearing his head unto the skies,  
 O'er topp'd his fellow-plants: his height  
 They view'd, and sicken'd at the sight:  
 With envy ev'ry fibre swell'd,  
 While in them the proud sap rebell'd:  
 Shall then, they cried, the Ash, the Elm,  
 The Beech, no longer rule the helm?  
 What! shall th' ignoble Fir, a plant  
 In tempest born and nurs'd in want,  
 From the black regions of the North,  
 And native famine, issue forth;  
 In this our happier soil take root,  
 And dare our birth-right to dispute?

On this the fatal storm began,  
 Confusion through the Forest ran;  
 Mischief in each dark shade was brewing,  
 And all betoken'd gen'ral ruin:  
 While each, to make their party good,  
 Brib'd the vile shrubs and Underwood:  
 And now, the Bramble and the Thistle  
 Sent forth Ode, Essay, and Epistle;  
 To which anon, with equal mettle,  
 Reply'd the Thorn, and Stinging-nettle!

What's

What's to be done ? or how oppose  
The storm which in the Forest rose ?  
Grief shook the mighty Monarch's mind,  
And his sighs labour'd in the wind.  
At length the tumult, strife and quarrel,  
Alarming the sagacious Laurel,  
His mind, unto the King he broke,  
And thus address'd him : Heart of Oak !  
Sedition is on foot ; make ready ;  
And fix your empire firm and steady.  
Faction in vain shall shake the wood,  
While you pursue the Gen'ral Good.  
Fear not a foe, trust not a friend,  
Upon Yourself alone depend !  
If not too partially allied  
By fear or love to either side,  
In vain shall jarring factions strive,  
Cabals in vain dark plots contrive.  
Slave to no foe, dupe to no minion,  
Maintain an equal just dominion :  
So shall you stand by storms unbroke,  
And all revere the Royal Oak.

THE

T H E  
COBLER OF CRIPPLEGATE'S LETTER

T O

R O B E R T L L O Y D, A. M.

First printed in the St. James's Magazine, May, 1763.

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**U**NUS'D to Verse, and tir'd Heav'n knows,  
Of drudging on in heavy Prose,  
Day after day, year after year,  
Which I have sent the Gazetteer;  
Now, for the first time, I essay  
To write in your own easy way.  
And now, O Lloyd, I wish I had  
To go that road, your ambling pad;  
While you, with all a Poet's pride,  
On the Great Horse of Verse might ride.  
You leave the road, that's rough and stony,  
To pace and whistle, with your Poney;  
Sad proof to us you're lazy grown,  
And fear to gall your huckle-bone.  
For he who rides a nag so small,  
Will soon we fear, ride none at all.

There

There are, and nought gives more offence,  
 Who have some fav'rite excellence,  
 Which evermore they introduce,  
 And bring it into constant use.  
 Thus Garrick still in ev'ry part  
 Has Pause, and Attitude, and Start:  
 The Pause, I will allow, is good,  
 And so perhaps, the Attitude;  
 The Starts too fine: but if not scarce,  
 The Tragedy becomes a Farce.

I have too, pardon me, some quarrel,  
 With other branches of your Laurel.  
 I hate the style, that still defends  
 Yourself, or praises all your friends,  
 As if the club of wits was met  
 To make eulogiums on the Set;  
 Say must the town for ever hear,  
 And no Reviewer deign to sneer,  
 Of Thornton's Humour, Garrick's Nature,  
 And Colman's Wit, and Churchill's Satire?  
 Churchill who—let it not offend,  
 If I make free, though he's your friend;  
 And sure we cannot want excuse,  
 When Churchill's nam'd, for Smart Abuse—  
 Churchill! who ever loves to raise,  
 On Slander's dung his mushroom bays:

The

The Priest, I grant, has something clever,  
A something that will last for ever.  
Let him, in part, be made your pattern,  
Whose Muse, now queen, and now a flattern,  
Trick'd out in Rosciad rules the roast,  
Turns trapes and trollops in the Ghost,  
By turns, both tickles us, and warms,  
And drunk or sober, has her charms.

Garrick, to whom with lath and plaister,  
You try to raise a fine pilaster,  
And found on Lear and Macbeth,  
His monument e'en after death;  
Garrick's a Dealer in grimaces,  
A Haberdasher of wry faces,  
A Hypocrite, in all his stages,  
Who laughs and cries for hire and wages;  
As undertaker's men draw grief  
From onion in their handkerchief,  
Like real mourners cry and sob,  
And of their passions make a job.

And Colman too, that little finner,  
That Essay-weaver, Drama-spinner,  
Too much the Comick Sock will use,  
For 'tis the Law must find him shoes.

And though he thinks on Fame's wide ocean  
 He swims, and has a pretty motion,  
 Inform him, Lloyd, for all his grin,  
 That Harry Fielding holds his chin.

Now higher soar, my Muse, and higher,  
 To Bonnel Thornton, hight Esquire !  
 The only man, to make us laugh,  
 A very Peter Paragraph ;  
 The grand conductor, and adviser  
 In Chonicle and Advertiser,  
 Who still delights to run his rig  
 On Citizen aud Perriwig !  
 Good sense, I know, though dash'd with oddity,  
 In Thornton is no scarce commodity :  
 Much learning too I can descry,  
 Beneath *his* perriwig doth lie.—  
 —I beg his pardon, I declare :  
 His grizzle's gone for greasy hair,  
 Which now the Wag with ease can screw  
 With dirty ribband in a queue—  
 But why neglect (his trade forsaking  
 For scribbling and for merry-making,)  
 With Tye to over-shade that brain,  
 Which might have shone in Warwick-lane ?  
 Why not, with spectacles on nose,  
 In chariot lazily repose,

A formal, pompous, deep physician,  
Himself a Sign-Post Exhibition?

But hold, my Muse! you run a-head:  
And where's the clue that shall unthread  
The maze, wherein you are entangled?  
While out of tune the bells are jangled,  
Through rhyme's rough road that serve to deck  
My jaded Pegasus his neck.

My Muse with Lloyd alone contends:  
Why then fall foul upon his friends?  
Unless to shew, like Handy-dandy,  
Or Churchill's Ghost, or Tristram Shandy,  
Now here, now there, with quick progression,  
How smartly you can make digression:  
Your rambling spirit now confine,  
And speak to Lloyd in ev'ry line.

Tell me then, Lloyd, what is't you mean  
By cobbling up a Magazine?  
A Magazine, a wretched olio  
Purloin'd from quarto and from folio,  
From pamphlet, news-paper, and book,  
Which tost up by a monthly cook,  
Borrows fine shapes, and titles new,  
Of fricasee, and rich ragout,  
Which Dunces dress as well as You.



Say, is't for You, your wit to coop,  
 And tumble through this narrow hoop?  
 The body thrives, and so the mind,  
 When both are free and unconfin'd;  
 But harness'd in, like hackney tit,  
 To run the monthly stage of wit,  
 The Racer stumbles in the shaft,  
 And shews he was not meant for draft.  
 Pot-bellied gluttons, slaves of taste,  
 Who bind in leathern belt their waist,  
 Who lick their lips at ham or haunch,  
 But hate to see the strutting paunch,  
 Full often rue the pain that's felt  
 From circumscription of the belt:  
 Thus women too we ideots call,  
 Who lace their shapes too close and small.  
 Tight stays, they find, oft end in humps,  
 And take, too late, alas! to jumps.  
 The Chinese ladies cramp their feet  
 Which seem indeed both small and neat,  
 While the dear creatures laugh and talk,  
 And can do ev'ry thing—but walk;  
 Thus you “who trip it as you go  
 “On the light fantastic toe,”  
 And in the Ring are ever seen,  
 Or Rotten-Row of Magazine,

Will

Will cramp your Muse in four-foot verse,  
 And find at last your ease, your curse.  
 Clio already humbly begs  
 You'd give her leave to stretch her legs ;  
 For though sometimes she takes a leap,  
 Yet on All Fours she can but creep.

While Namby-Pamby thus you scribble,  
 Your manly turns are merely fribble,  
 Pinn'd down, and sickly, cannot vapour,  
 Nor dare to spring, or cut a caper.

Rouse then, for shame, your ancient spirit!  
 Write a great work ! a work of merit !  
 The conduct of your Friend examine,  
 And give a *Prophecy of Famine* ;  
 Or like Yourself in days of yore,  
 Write *Aetors* as you did before :  
 Write what may pow'rful friends create you,  
 And make your present friends all hate you.  
 Learn not a shuffling, shambling, pace,  
 But go erect with manly grace ;  
 For Ovid says, and pray thee heed it,  
*Os homini sublime dedit.*  
 But if you still waste all your prime  
 In spinning Lilliputian Rhyme,  
 Too long your genius will lie fallow,  
 And Robert Lloyd prove Robert Shallow.

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T O  
A N Y M I N I S T E R O R G R E A T M A N .

Saturday, May 4, 1765.

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**W**HETHER you lead the Patriot band,  
Or in the class of Courtiers stand,  
Or prudently prefer  
The Middle Course, with equal zeal  
To serve both King and Common-weal,  
Your Grace, my Lord, or Sir!

Know Minister! whate'er your plan,  
Whate'er your politicks, Great Man!  
You must expect detraction :  
Though of clean hand and honest heart,  
Your greatness must expect to smart  
Beneath the rod of faction.

Like blockheads, eager in dispute,  
The Mob, that many-headed brute,  
All bark and bawl together :  
For Continental Measures some,  
And some cry, keep your troops at home !  
And some are pleas'd with neither.

Lo!

Lo! a Militia guards the land;  
Thousands applaud your saving hand,  
And hail you their protector;  
While thousands censure and defame,  
And brand you with the hideous name  
Of state-quack or projector.

Are active, vig'rous means prefer'd?  
Lord! what harangues are hourly heard  
Of wasted blood and treasure!  
Then all for enterprize and plot:  
And pox o'this unmeaning Scot!  
If cautious be your measure.

Corruption's influence you despise;  
These lift your glory to the skies,  
Those pluck your glory down;  
So strangely diff'rent is the note  
Of scoundrels that have right to vote,  
And scoundrels that have none.

Ye then who guide the Car of State,  
Scorning the Rabble's idle prate,  
Proceed as ye design'd;  
In rugged ways, the reins and steeds  
Alone the skilful driver heeds,  
Nor stays to cut behind.

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 FRAGMENT OF A LOVE ELEGY.

Saturday, May 11, 1765.

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**C**URSE on those hours, which once I us'd to  
 bless,

Hours that for ever on my memory press,  
 When my young heart, awake to honest love,  
 First caught th' infection Time can ne'er remove!  
 No coxcomb, proud to charm an artless maid;  
 No rake, that wish'd her innocence betray'd;  
 No wordling, whose mean soul, resign'd to self,  
 Courted vile gold; but fond of her herself,  
 To win her heart I made my only care,  
 And once believ'd I had an int'rest there.  
 Hap'ly I had: and yet, oh sad reverse!  
 To lose that interest, made it more my curse.  
 Why didst thou, Fortune, throw me in her way,  
 Just long enough to steal my soul away?  
 Or why, that done, did adverse fate ordain,  
 Distant, as North from South, we should remain?  
 And why, O why, did absence, fickle Fair,  
 Root from thy heart what Love had planted there?  
 That

That day I well remember, when I first  
 Heard my doom seal'd :—That day be ever curst !  
 Long had I thought my soul's first wishes crost,  
 Long, long, 'tis true, had giv'n up all for lost ;  
 Yet still, in spite of Reason's sage controul,  
 Some rays of hope shot faintly through my soul.

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M O T H E R S H I P T O N,

A Halfpenny Ballad to the Tune of NANCY DAWSON.

Tuesday, January 8, 1771.

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I.

**O**F all the pretty Pantomimes,  
 That have been seen or sung in rhimes,  
 Since famous Johnny Rich's times,  
 There's none like Mother Shipton.  
 She pleases folks of every class ;  
 She makes her Swans and Ducklings pass ;  
 She shews her Hog, she shews her As\* ;  
 Oh charming Mother Shipton !

\* Exhibited in the Pantomime.

II.

## II.

Near to the famous Dropping Well  
 She first drew breath, as records tell,  
 And had good beer and ale to sell,  
 As ever tongue was tipt on :  
 Her Dropping Well itself is seen,  
 Quaint Goblins hobble round their Queen,  
 And little Fairies tread the Green,  
 Call'd forth by Mother Shipton.

## III.

Oh London is a charming place !  
 Yet grumble not, ye Critick Race,  
 Though Mansion-House is seen to grace  
 The streets in Mother Shipton !  
 You think a blunder you descry :  
 Yet you might see with half an eye  
 'Tis Mother Shipton's Prophecy—  
 Oh charming Mother Shipton !

## IV.

Come jolly Tars, and Sailors staunch,  
 Oh come with us and see the Launch !  
 'Twill feast your eye, and fill your paunch,  
 As done by Mother Shipton.

The

The shores give way the hulk that prop—  
Huzza! the ship is launch'd—and pop!  
'Tis turn'd into a Baker's Shop—  
Oh charming Mother Shipton!

## V.

Then after several wonders past,  
To Yorkshire all return at last,  
And in a Coal-pit they are cast—  
Oh wond'rous Mother Shipton!  
Yet she redeems them every soul:  
And here's the moral of the whole—  
'Tis Mother Shipton *brings the Cole*:  
Oh charming Mother Shipton!



## E P I T A P H

On WILLIAM POWELL.

Saturday, October 12, 1771.

**T**HE Monument represents Fame holding a Medallion with a Profile of POWELL, over which is the following Inscription.

WILLIAM POWELL, Esq.

One of the Patentees of the Theatre Royal,  
Covent Garden,

Died the 3d of July, 1769,

Aged 33 years.

His Widow caused this monument to be erected, as well to perpetuate his memory, as her own irretrievable loss of the best of Husbands, Fathers, and Friends.

Beneath

Beneath the above figure are the following lines, and signature.

BRISTOL ! to worth and genius ever just,  
 To thee our POWELL's dear remains we trust.  
 Soft as the stream thy sacred springs impart,  
 The milk of human kindness warm'd his heart ;  
 That heart which ev'ry tender feeling knew,  
 The soil where Pity, Love, and Friendship grew.  
 Oh ! let a faithful friend with grief sincere  
 Inscribe his tomb, and drop the heart-felt tear,  
 Here rest his Praise, here found his noblest Fame !  
 —All else a Bubble, or an empty Name.

G. COLMAN.

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THE  
CONTENTED CUCKOLD.

First printed in the St. JAMES'S CHRONICLE,

Saturday, March 28, 1767.

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EPIGRAM.

**H**ARRY with Johnny's wife intrigues,  
And all the world perceives it :  
John forms with Harry such close leagues,  
Who'd think that he believes it ?

Contented Cuckold ! but, alas,  
This is poor Johnny's curse :  
If he don't see it, he's an Ass ;  
And if he does, he's worse.

T H E G A M E A T L O O,

AN EPIGRAM.

**W**HAT tho' I hold of Trumps a Flush,  
And boast a friend in PAM?  
Yet I can own without a blush,  
That I the loser am.

Alas, this happens ev'ry day,  
And is each night renew'd:  
For who with H—rr—ngt—n can play,  
And fail of being Loo'p?

Tunbridge Wells,  
August, 1784.



THE  
THREE WITCHES  
AT  
THE JUBILEE MASQUERADE,  
AN EPIGRAM.

**B**EHOLD the Witches Three!  
 Who's She?—Who's She?—Who's She?  
 'Tis Pembroke, Payne, and Crewe.  
 In ev'ry breast they raise strange forms,  
 More real forc'ry in those forms,  
 Than any Shakespeare drew!

*Extempore.*

Stratford upon Avon,  
 Sept. 7, 1769

END OF VOL. II.



