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John Molesworth.

XL 59.85





T H E

W O R K S

O F

ARTHUR MURPHY, Esq.

IN SEVEN VOLUMES.

V O L. V.

L O N D O N:

PRINTED FOR T. CADELL,
IN THE STRAND.

M D C C L X X X V I.

C O N T E N T S

O F T H E

F I F T H V O L U M E.

GRAY'S-INN JOURNAL, No. 1, to No. 52.



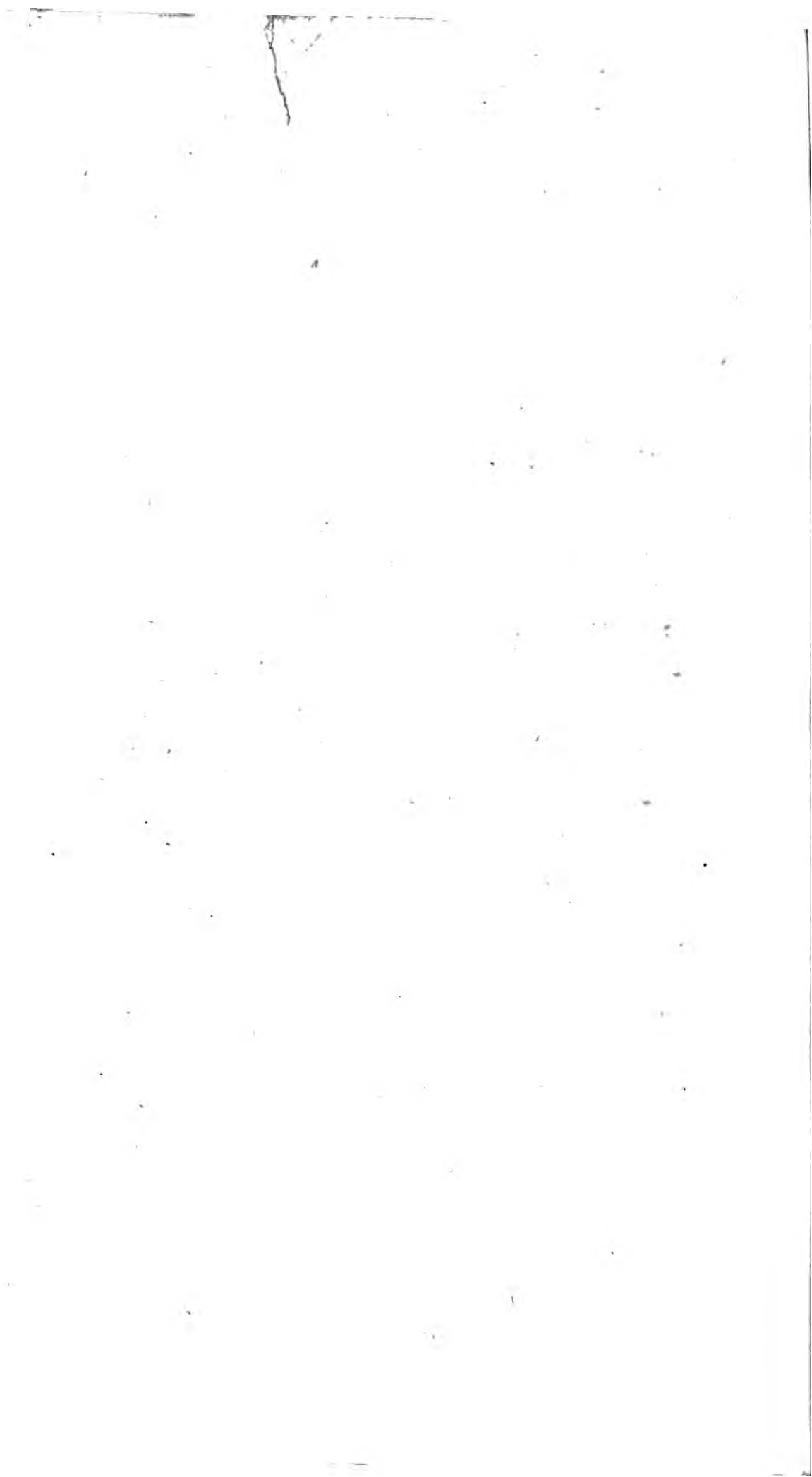
THE
GRAY'S-INN
JOURNAL.

Quidquid agunt homines, votum, timor, ira, voluptas,
Gaudia, discursus, nostri est farrago libelli.

JUVENAL.

VOL. V.

B



THE

GRAY'S-INN JOURNAL

NUMBER I.

Saturday, Oct. 21, 1752.

*Non fuit consilium socordiâ atque desidiâ
Bonum otium conterere.*

SALLUST.

IT has been remarked by writers, whom a desire of adding to the entertainment of the public has incited to portion out their endeavours into periodical essays, that the first address has occasioned more vehement corrosions of the nails, and more frequent rubbings of the forehead, than any other successive composition. In the common occurrences of life we meet with something of a similar nature every day. Men not yet hackneyed in the ways of the world, upon their first admission into company, are apt to betray un-
couth and aukward movements in their deport-

B 2

ment,

4 THE GRAY'S-INN JOURNAL.

ment, arising from the different ideas of bashfulness and diffidence, which agitate their minds, until the initial ceremonies are adjusted. As I propose to hold a literary intercourse with the public, and flatter myself with the hopes of conversing with many hundreds of my countrymen every *Saturday*, I cannot issue out my first performance, without feeling an extraordinary solicitude for the event. To say the truth, I find myself disconcerted by those alarms and perturbations of spirit, which are apt to seize people of sensibility in their tempers, when irresistible principles of action have prevailed over their modesty, and called them forth into a conspicuous point of view. The first impression has always great influence upon mens judgments. The mind will often hastily form associations of ideas, which it cannot afterwards easily separate. On this account I have been not a little anxious about my first appearance. After much contemplation and deep study, I should have been entirely at a loss how to conduct my first address, had not the example of our parliamentary candidates pointed out a mode of eloquence, to which I think proper to adhere on the present occasion, as the most persuasive rhetoric I can suggest to myself.

NO. I. THE GRAY'S-INN JOURNAL. 5

To the GENTLEMEN, CLERGY, and FREEHOLDERS
of GREAT-BRITAIN.

GENTLEMEN,

AS I have had the honour, at a meeting of my friends, to be put in nomination to represent you, and all your vices, follies, and foibles, in a new paper, to be published every Saturday, and entitled The Gray's-Inn Journal, I desire the favour of your votes and interest, assuring you that I shall at all times exert my most vigorous endeavours to serve you, being a sincere friend to the cause of true wit and humour, and a steady assertor of decency, virtue, and good-manners. With these sentiments I have the honour to be,

GENTLEMEN,

Your most obedient and devoted servant,

CHARLES RANGER.

N. B. *I am of no party whatever.*

Having thus declared my ambition for literary fame, I do not expect that all those rival wits, who for some time past have been making their court to the public, should instantly decline the poll: on the contrary, I am apprehensive, as generally happens at elections, that much scurrility will be discharged upon the present writer; and I am no way doubtful but they will proceed to the ex-

6 THE GRAY'S-INN JOURNAL.

tremity of disputing my property in *Parnassus*, and obliging me to make out my qualification. Of this, however, I hope to give sufficient proof in the sequel. In regard to the petty animosities, which are apt to embitter the minds of those, who to a small share of wit have added the imbecillities of a mean and little spirit, it is my intention to pursue my course, without going out of the way, like the countryman in the fable, to crush the grasshoppers that made a noise around him. I shall console myself in that case with a reflection that those nuisances are ever found in the sunshine.

Sole sub ardenti resonant arbuta cicadis.

VIRGIL.

In the prosecution of this design the reader is not to expect any scandal, any detraction, or ill-nature. The *mala mentis gaudia*, as Virgil calls the gratifications of a malevolent spirit, are not in my character or disposition. The paper, which I have undertaken to write, is intended for other purposes, namely, to promote useful mirth and good humour. To secure these in my own temper, and to sow their seeds in others, I shall here beg leave to say a few words to my friends, the CRITICS.

It

It is observed by Mr. Pope, in the very sensible Preface to his Works, that both writers and their readers are generally unreasonable in the mutual expectations they have of each other; the former fancying the world must approve whatever they produce, and the latter imagining that authors are obliged at any rate to please them. For my part, I should be glad to compound matters with all the critics of the age: if they will abate something of their usual severity, my demands upon them for fame and reputation shall not be very exorbitant: should they withhold that small tribute, I hope, at least, they will allow me to make as much waste paper as the rest of our periodical writers and daily historians.

From the latter of these, the gleaners of paragraphs for our common newspapers, I do not perceive what kind of advantage can redound to a rational creature, who can neither receive instruction or entertainment, by reading that Mr. Such a one, an eminent cheefemonger, died at his country-house; when perhaps he is in perfect health in Thames-street. If 'Squire Rent-Roll is arrived in town with a grand retinue, I apprehend it no way interesting to any man breathing, except his taylor, his pimp, or his gaming-club. A true delineation of men and manners,

though drawn in crayons, is worth whole reams of that trifling intelligence, which serves only to gratify curiosity, without giving one good quality either to the head or the heart. Upon all occasions I shall think it incumbent on me to have some regard to what is commonly called style. Notwithstanding the present practice, it appears to me that such words should always be chosen as are most strongly and elegantly expressive of the intended idea; and they should, if I am not mistaken, be combined in such an arrangement, as not to offend against the rules of grammar, or violate that harmony, which a true ear requires. To this if some knowledge of the world can be added, I conceive it will be an additional embellishment, as from thence may be derived exhibitions of human life, and proper animadversions upon the follies, that are every day springing up in this metropolis.

Henceforth then be it known unto all men, whom it may concern, that we CHARLES RANGER, Esq; have undertaken, and by these presents do undertake, the conduct of a paper entitled THE GRAY'S-INN JOURNAL. We intend that the same shall be a general critique on the times, and all false appearances in men and books; and as we have observed, that, what Dr. Young calls laugh-
ing

ing satire, has always been most conducive to the end we propose, we are determined to exert some certain powers, called Wit, Humour, and Railery, hereby advising our dearly beloved readers to get their risible faculties in order, but reserving to ourselves, *more majorum*, the privilege of being dull by design. It is therefore ordered by these presents, that on or before Saturday next all offences shall cease: *Amanda* must not coquette it with every coxcomb she meets; nor shall *Lotbario* continue, with impunity, to make the ruin of female virtue the business of his life. The man of modesty stealing down the by-walk of life shall blush to find his virtue called forth into open day-light; and the concealed hypocrite shall stand in the pillory of detection. In short, as the satirist expresses it, the actions of men, their hopes, their fears, their pleasures, and resentments, shall be the miscellaneous subject of these lucubrations.

Given under our hand this 21st of October,
1752.

CHARLES RANGER.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Bedford Coffee-house.

Wit and humour have been at a low ebb in this place for some time past, but as it is expected that
his

his Majesty will shortly return from his German dominions, the town begins to fill, and it is thought these regions will shortly be as brilliant as ever. In consequence of this opinion, a caravan will set out from the Royal Exchange at half an hour past five every Sunday evening during the winter season, for the convenience of the holiday geniuses of the city. It will stop at George's, Temple-bar, to set down those probationers in criticism, who have not yet a sufficient power of face to appear in this academy. As we expect a great deal of company to-morrow evening, the gentlemen from the Lord Mayor's side of Temple-Bar are desired to send their shop-boys at four o'clock to keep places.

N. B. The INSPECTOR will make his appearance at eight, attended by Mr. TOWN and QUINBUS FLESTRIN.

Covent-Garden.

The Manager of this theatre having heard that a FINE POET has been compared to a ROPE-DANCER, and, in the confusion of his ideas, thinking a rope-dancer and a poet to be convertible terms, has at length determined to exhibit Mr. *Maddox* upon the slack rope, in some future *pantomime*; which calls to mind the following lines in Mr. Johnson's admirable Prologue.

Perhaps,

*Perhaps, where Lear has rav'd and Hamlet dy'd,
On flying cars new Sorcerers may ride;
Perhaps, (for who can tell th' effects of chance?)
Here Hunt may box, or Mahomet may dance.*

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

The Board of Criticism will meet at the *Bedford* Coffee-house this and every evening during the winter season. All persons, who are willing to furnish the Malevoli with apples, oranges, cat-calls, and other implements of criticism, are desired to send in their propofals, on or before the 29th of this present October,



NUMBER II.

Saturday, Oct. 8, 1752.

*Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,**Dulce loquentem.*

HOR.

HAVING endeavoured, in my last Saturday's paper, to recommend myself to the patronage of the male part of my readers; I shall dedicate the present essay to the British fair. I must therefore beg to be admitted this morning to their toilets; to call off their eyes for a little time from the dearly-beloved mirror; to discard *Betty* from her attendance; and, in short, to exclude, for one half hour, the whole train of Mantua-makers, stay-makers, French barbers, and venders of washes.

I am aware that the ladies will be alarmed at the thought of being alone with RANGER: but the reason of my desiring the dismissal of so many favourites is, because I profess the very same art, to which that class of people have always aspired, that of heightening the charms of female beauty. Two of a trade, it is said, can never agree. I think it absolutely necessary, to meet with no interruption

terruption in this important point, from the pertness of a chambermaid, the servility of tradesmen, and the shrugs and brisk interjections of French proficient, who will, no doubt, be greatly astonished to hear, that their artificial embellishments, though they may serve, when they do not luxuriantly wanton into fantastic extravagancies, to adorn the female form, are yet in no way essential. Beauty, without such auxiliaries, may be rendered still more attractive in the eyes of all men of sense.

Horace, whom it is unnecessary to introduce to the acquaintance of the ladies, as *Creech* and *Francis* have taken that agreeable office upon themselves, was a man of the most finished taste in all circumstances of life; he tells us, in the words of my motto, that he shall always love his *Lalage* sweetly smiling, and sweetly talking; which two accomplishments would not have been touched upon by so fine a poet, if they did not carry with them some peculiar charm.

Expression has been mentioned by every elegant writer on this subject, as the first ingredient in the composition of beauty. The more pleasing the expression, the more energy will be derived from thence upon every charm. For this reason, the pleasing smile is the best hand-maid to an elegant
set

set of features. It gives numberless graces to every delicacy, and diffuses over the whole countenance an emanation of that sweetness of temper, which is the native ornament of the fair. To this sentiment the witty Dr. *Young* has subscribed in his *Universal Passion*.

*What's female beauty but an air divine,
Thro' which the mind's all-gentle graces shine?
They, like the sun, irradiate all between;
The body charms, because the soul is seen.*

This doctrine has not been established without the utmost propriety. Inanimate matter, however symmetry, colour, and other adjuncts, may recommend it, cannot any way gain upon our affections. I have seen many a picture where the face was well turned, and the features justly disposed, and yet all men of judgment have invariably concurred to pronounce the piece extremely bad, because there were no perceptible graces of a thinking power within. And if this property is required in the mere imitation of the human face, what shall be said when it is deficient in the original? when the appearance of a mind, which alone can distinguish us from other sublunary existences, and which alone can impart real satisfaction, and excite the social feelings in an intelligent being, seems to be totally absent? Miss *Millesfont* is
without

without the nicest proportion of features, and without a glossy bloom of complexion: and yet I believe no one ever saw her sitting in a side-box at a play, or dancing at an assembly, without feeling love and joy in sprightly tumult about his heart. On the other hand, *Formosa* has a delicacy of shape, and regularity of countenance, and yet no man of taste will hesitate to pronounce her unamiable. I will venture to assert, that she is never toasted but by those, whose intellects are so poorly stocked with ideas, that they never perceive the vacuity in others.

The secret quality, from which this difference arises, has been called by the *French*, a *Je-ne-sçay-quoi*, and the phrase has been adopted in this country; but it is serving the purposes of good sense to explode so unmeaning a term. For my own part, I declare myself of that sect of speculatists who really believe that women have souls, and I am apt to imagine that the operation of this inward agent has no small influence upon the outward frame. A poet of eminence has sung, "the passions in the features are." Those ladies, therefore, who are ambitious to appear lovely in the eyes of men, should sometimes sit to an intellectual mirror, in order to see their affections reflected to them; by which means they will be
en-

enabled to adjust them, to harmonize them, to keep them in regular order, and, if I may so say, make them fit right. In my opinion, they should be as assiduous to fashion themselves in this point, as to apply the patch, to re-establish a disorder'd lock, to recall a straggling hair, to fettle the tucker, or compose the mant, since taking care of the movements of the mind, is also regulating the features.

From this will naturally result the next essential to beauty, the manner of talking agreeably, than which accomplishment nothing can so much enliven the amiable sex. We are pleas'd to see a beautiful pair of lips in motion, when every thing that comes from them administers to the pleasures of conversation. The spirits of the fair are awakened by the exercise of their thinking faculties, and the eye beams with double lustre; the tongue confirms, what the countenance had before indicated, that all within is chearful, gay, spirited, and sensible. The scene is frequently shifted to our imagination; we are delighted to observe the celerity, which distinguishes itself in the operations of the female understanding. That quick succession of ideas, which they call up, amuses with pleasing variety, while the beauties of the mind and face

mu-

tually exalt each other, and we stand convinced of the *Platonic* tenet, that *good* and *beautiful* are the same.

There are three things highly pernicious to the endearments of beauty, from which I must absolutely interdict those, who are willing to become my pupils. The enemies to loveliness, which I here intend, are GAMING, SCANDAL, and POLITICS, surer destroyers of every elegance and bloom, than a spotted fever or the small-pox; as chronical diseases are more fatal to the constitution, than a transitory fit of an acute illness.

With regard to the first of these corrosives, I leave it to the fair votaries of fortune to consider how the winning graces and the attractive smile can irradiate the countenance, when the internal frame is disturbed. Anxiety and solicitude soon transpire into the face, and prey upon all its charms. When the temper is disconcerted, politeness and good-manners are in danger of being neglected. While every one is intent upon the after-game, which is the fashionable term for that clash of tongues, frequently heard in one loud din, as soon as the deal at *Whist* is out, is it probable that the fair can converse in a manner suitable to the softness and elegance of their sex?

Scandal always carries with it a dreadful efficacy to ruin a delicate face. It springs from envy or malice, two passions wholly repugnant to my rules for acquiring and preserving beauty. They are inveterate habits, the traces of which are apt to wear themselves into the complexion, inducing frowns, wrinkles, roughness, and a settled appearance of ill-nature, of all things the most unamiable.

Politics are also of pernicious influence, tending to inflame the ladies with party-rage; to cause heats in the face, and to occasion those vibrations of the fan, those bitings of the lips, and fidgets on the chair, which greatly discompose the whole form. On this account I would have my fair readers abstain from parliamentary debates. And, though the intended *Naturalization-Act* has engrossed the thoughts of the whole nation, I think it enough for the ladies to have secretly resolved not to marry a *Jew*. Without engaging too deeply in the controversy, the sparkling crosses, which they wear upon their lovely bosoms, will be a sufficient indication of their principles, and will at once reflect a lustre upon the whiteness of their skin, and the delicacy of their sentiments.

In what has been premised, I would have it remembered, that I do not mean to recommend a
studied

studied simper, or a restless exertion of chit-chat. I would have both to be a natural effusion, from the sources of good-nature and good-sense, which, I am convinced, will be found a more beautifying cream, than any cosmetic advertised in our newspapers. Instead, therefore, of lying-in for a new face, or using any other artifice, my precept to the ladies, is, BE GOOD-HUMOURED FOR A COMPLEXION. I now give notice, that I shall carefully observe, in all public places, what ladies repair a decayed visage, or add new graces to a blooming one, by this receipt, and that I shall insert an exact list of the same in the articles of news, which I shall serve up occasionally for the entertainment of my readers,

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Bedford Coffee-house, Oct. 25.

On Saturday evening last the *Board of Criticism* met here, when Mr. *Town* opened the CRITICAL Sessions with the following speech.

My Friends and Critics,

I am always pleased, in a particular manner, to embrace every opportunity of assembling you together. To infuse a true spirit of criticism into the minds of my people, has been the invariable rule of my conduct. As I have no doubt of your chearful concurrence in support of those principles, it is with pleasure I now meet you, to

open the present sessions. Your debates, I persuade myself, will be carried on with such unanimity of *spleen, cavil, and malice*, as cannot fail to render us the wonder of our countrymen. I have the pleasure to inform you, that the friendship, which has always subsisted between my good friends and allies, the commentators of the States-General, is now settled upon the most solid basis; so that the ambitious views of the *French Academy*, who have always been aiming at universal criticism, will in all human probability be frustrated.

Gentlemen of the City,

I have ordered the proper estimates to be laid before you, by which you will see that *Orgeat, Cappillaire, and Red Tea*, are three-pence each glass, and I make no doubt of your compliance therewith for the service of the current year.

My Friends and Critics,

As affairs of the highest moment will oblige me to visit my friends in the country early in the spring, I must exhort you to a quick dispatch of the business that may come before you, and to devise proper amendments to the laws now in force, against Poets, Players, and Managers. In these important objects, you will always find from me a chearful concurrence.

NUMBER

N U M B E R I I I .

Saturday, Nov. 4, 1752.

*Quis novus hic nostris successit sedibus hospes ?
Quem sese ore ferens ? — — —*

VIRG.

THE papers which I have hitherto published, were chiefly intended to open my way to the public; as pioneers are dispatched to clear the country for the main body of an army. The present lucubration is to be considered in the same light. I find, since the commencement of the *Gray's Inn Journal*, that I have been the subject of much conversation in this metropolis: the critics, it seems, are busy in their enquiries after the author. Does any body know him? Has he been long upon town? Has he any thing in him? What sort of a man is he? These and many other questions of the same nature are the topics in circular meetings at coffee-houses. At first setting out I thought to evade an account of myself, having had always a strong antipathy to any thing that borders upon the ridiculous character of an egotist; yet such is the prevalence of custom, that it is now become a tribute due from

every adventurer in this way. I shall therefore wave the resolutions I had taken, and will at present gratify the reader's curiosity.

I am of the sprightly family of the *Rangers*, who have made a distinguished figure, in this country, ever since the reign of *Charles II.* My namesake in the play, whom many of my readers have often admired when personated by Mr. *Garrick*, seems no bad representative of the humour and disposition, which have marked the predominant character of the family of the *RANGERS*. Though I do not at present ascend by ladders of ropes into honest men's houses, yet, under a few restrictions, I still bear some similar habits of his roving temper. My education was at *Eton*, where I imbibed my first tincture of letters; though, to tell the truth, I was chiefly remarkable, at that place, for running out of bounds. I scarce passed over a week without paying a visit to *Windsor*. I was delighted in the castle with the bold imagery which the touch of *Verrio's* pencil has poured forth to the eye. To see the canvas every where glowing with mimic life, was pleasing to my young imagination.

At length, with the character of a wild lad that had *Latin* and *Greek* enough, I was removed to the
univer-

university, where I maintained the same reputation for five years. Whatever was the reason of it, I never could adopt any party-principles. Those, whom I perceived attached to prejudices on either side, have always appeared to me in very ludicrous colours. I have known a *Jacobite* drink himself out of his health and fortune for the good of his country, and I have seen a very worthy gentleman reduced to necessity by squandering his substance in elections, to keep out the Pope, the Devil, and the French King. I believe there cannot be a more ridiculous character than that of a *State Quixote*, who having affairs of moment to himself and his family, generously neglects his own concerns, to take care of his country, which would in every particular thrive and flourish full as well without such a patriot.

In short, I have no manner of taste for politicks. The election of the King of the *Romans* does not concern me, nor do I trouble myself about the window-tax, provided the prices at the play-house are not raised upon us. As to a standing army, twenty thousand red-coats shall give me no kind of trouble, while they plant no bruifers in the Pit to over-rule our decisions. Should any such attempts be made upon the birth-right privileges of an *Englishman*, I shall then be as warm a patriot as

the best of them. Not even the freedom of both houses shall buy me off. I have now lying by me several essays on history, and the *British* form of government, which in that case shall see the light.

These are the principles I have contracted with regard to matters of state. As to my person, I beg leave to be silent on that head, as I do not chuse to receive any propofals for marriage, which I am told have been publickly solicted by a certain daily writer. Thus much I will hint: I am now in the two and thirtieth year of my age, and, after having taken the tour of *Europe*, *Gray's-Inn* is become, in *Shakefpear's* language, *the sea mark of my utmoſt ſail*. I have been registered according to the police in *Paris*, and like *Sir Harry Wildair* in the play, have played at hot-cockles with an whole convent of Nuns in *Italy*. In ſhort, I have gone through all the variety of manners and diverſions in each different country, and now behold your beau up to the ears in ink. I look upon the gardens belonging to this ſociety to be the feat of the Muſes: here the great *Bacon* paſſed his contemplative hours; and here, at an humble diſtance, the preſent writer purpoſes to follow his ſteps.

— *Longe ſequere, & veſtigia ſemper adora.*

STATIUS.

The

The day I do not take a turn in the poetic ground just mention'd, I feel the most awkward sensations, and fancy to myself that I breathe with difficulty. This I must own is an oddity in my temper, but habit has now confirmed it. However, I shall make it subservient to the design of this paper. It will afford me an opportunity of collecting materials for future lucubrations, and, among the number that frequent this place, I shall be able sometimes to glean a few characters for the amusement of my readers. Besides this, I belong to a club of *originals*, who meet once in each month, at the *Devil-Tavern*, near *Temple-Bar*. Every member of it is remarkable for some peculiarity in his manners and way of thinking, not contracted by an affected imitation of others, but absolutely inherent and native to each respective person. I shall take a proper opportunity to make the town acquainted with this society. It is probable that I may occasionally be able to derive from them materials, which, I trust, will not be disagreeable to the reader.

I must add to what has been said, that I have from nature a very extraordinary talent, which as it will be of use hereafter, I will here explain. I have been remarkable from my infancy for a most surprizing skill in physiognomy, and have had,
from

from my greener years, the sharpest discernment into the passions of men from the survey of their countenances. This faculty has grown up with me, and is now arrived to that degree of penetration, that I can, by infallible rules, read the thoughts of people. When a critic talks of *Longinus*, I can often perceive, by the cast of his eye, that he has never looked into him. In all decisions upon stile, language, and authors, I can discover, with a glance, the secret springs of action and the latent prejudices lurking in the mind. But of this more hereafter.

Having thus far explained myself, I shall conclude this paper with a few resolutions which I have taken for the better conducting this our *Gray's-Inn Journal*.

Resolved, That this author shall not be the tool of any party whatever.

Resolved, That he shall not, like the gay *Inspector*, trifle with his readers *over his tea*, or *washing his hands*, but that he shall exert his best endeavours for their entertainment.

Resolved, That he shall always have some visible subject, and some little regard to the order and propriety of his words.

Resolved, That the mottos to be prefixed to these
essays

essays shall not be taken at random out of the *Gradus ad Parnassum*, but that they be selected from some good author, without bad *Latin*, false quantity, and bearing some reference to the point in hand.

Resolved, That no indecent liberties be taken with the character of any person whatever.

Resolved lastly, That this author will not indulge himself in any impertinent vanity about himself, his intrigues, or such like impertinences; but that he will, to the best of his power, make good sense the rule of his writings, according to the maxim in *Horace*.

Scribendi rectè sapere est & principium, & fons.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Drury-Lane, Nov. 1.

The *Silent Woman*, a comedy of *Ben Johnson's*, has been revived here this week. As a great deal of the humour in many scenes of the play is, by the distance of time, rendered quite obsolete, this piece, if continued, will be presented to the delight of the judicious, and astonishment of the ignorant; and therefore, according to what is observed in the *Tale of the Tub*, it will be of general advantage; for those, who have taste enough to understand it, will receive instruction from the matter; and those

those who have not, will stare prodigiously: the best thing in the world for the eyes.

Covent-Garden, Nov. 1.

A certain eminent actor has not been able to perform since he had the misfortune of running a pin into his hand, while he was tearing up the carpet, in the dying scene of ROMEO. In consequence of this accident, the Manager has agreed, for future contingencies, to allow him *pin-money*:



N U M B E R IV.

Saturday, Nov. 11, 1752.

— *An me ludit amabilis*
Insania? audire & videor pios
Errare per lucos, amœnæ
Quos & aquæ subeunt & auræ.

HOR.

THE operations of the human mind are at all times extremely subtile. While we compound, vary, and associate our ideas into different combinations, the workings of the soul are not attended to, and the traces they leave are so delicate, that they are afterwards scarcely to be perceived. I do not think this phænomenon in the ideal world is at any time so surprizing, as in those moments, when the faculties of bodily sensation are lulled in sleep. The imagination calls forth her abstracted train, and, free from the incumbrance of flesh, disports herself in the most whimsical manner, forming with the wildest liberty what appearances, what scenery, what imagery, and what reasoning she thinks proper. The effect of this sudden creation I experienced in a lively degree the other night. As I am inclined to think

think that most of my readers would be glad to enjoy the same visionary scene, I shall, instead of a formal essay, make my dream the subject of this day's paper.

I retired home to my chambers in a very poetical mood. To gratify the present course of my ideas, I took into my hand *Virgil's Georgic*, which has always been considered by the critics, as the most perfect poem, of the most accomplished poet. The delicacy of expression, and every refined beauty in the turn of the stile, have been finely treated by the elegant Mr. *Addison*. For my part, I never look into it, but I perceive some concealed stroke which had before escaped me. But the enthusiasm which animates the following passage, struck me the other night in a manner which never happened to me before.

*Me quoque Parnassi deserta per ardua dulcis
Raptat amor; juvat ire jugis, quâ nulla priorum
Castaliam molli divertitur orbita clivo,*

The fire and rapidity in the first line; and the rapture and air of inspiration in the succeeding one, must warm any imagination, that has but the least spark of fire. I could not help dwelling on it with admiration; it opened to my mind a train of images which gave me the most exquisite pleasure,
and

and made such an impression on my spirits, that even in sleep they continued to flow in the same traces. In this manner my waking thoughts were recalled to me with double delight,

I thought of a sudden that I was hurried away to the realms of *Parnassus*. I towered with rapture over the several cliffs, which are frequent in those regions. The air, methought, seemed to be clearer than I had ever met with; the skies were brightened into the purest azure; the sun darted his genial rays all around, and different streaks of light blending themselves in sundry parts of the hemisphere served to diversify the scene. The country smiled in vernal delight, covered with the most chearful variety I had ever beheld. In one part was displayed to view an ample lawn, stretched to such a length, that the eye lost itself; on the other side presented themselves meadows, gardens, and laurel groves. Hills there were, whose blue tops grew fine by degrees, and lessened to the sight amid the clouds. From one of these issued the *Pierian* fountain, which, divided into several rills, came tinkling down a soft declivity, and at the bottom, assembling into one general reservoir, expanded themselves into a pleasing surface, and formed a river which watered all the country round.

Here

Here I fell into that state of mind, which is so excellently described in the *Pleasures of Imagination*.

—Then the inexpressive strain
 Diffuses its enchantment; fancy dreams
 Of sacred fountains, and Elysian groves,
 And vales of bliss; the intellectual pow'r
 Bends from his awful throne a list'ning ear,
 And smiles; the passions gently sooth'd away
 Sink to divine repose, and love and joy
 Alone are waking; love and joy serene
 As airs that fan the summer.

I felt the most ardent ambition to gain the summit of the hill. It was in several places so steep, that I believe I should never have reached it, if *Apollo* had not been favourable to the humble prayer which I preferred. I did not build my supplication upon any merit in the literary world, but humbly presumed upon the delight which I always took in works of genius. In *Apollo's* eye, the next thing to a good author, is a just taste and relish for the beauties of fine writing. I was struck with reverential awe at the sight of the god of wit. A strain of melody filled my ears. I fell on my knees, and worshipped the nine harmonious maids who caused such divine enchantment. They beheld each other with an air of mutual affection
 and

and complacency; their eyes were bright with meaning, and I thought that, in delicacy of shape and feature, they had a near resemblance to two ladies known to the world by the name of the HIBERNIAN BEAUTIES.

After paying the offerings of adoration, I withdrew from the presence of the deities, and went round the place, in order to view the country more particularly. The greatest part of these regions is portioned out by *Apollo* into different tenures, some of them conveyed to the person for ever, others for life, and many for a shorter duration. There are mansion-houses built on many of these estates, and the great genius's, who have made a figure in the world, have here fixed their residence.

The ancients seemed to have the largest possessions. Their grounds were laid out, not, indeed, with the trim neatness of modern art, but a bold and masterly imitation of that wild variety, which we perceive in the landships of Nature. Every estate belonging to the first and ancient possessors presented a scene of true rural beauty, such as is described in the Georgicks of VIRGIL, without any of that studied nicety, which looks so minute in the gardens of RAPIN. HOMER was

the first, who caught the secret art, with which Nature forms her plans in seeming disorder, with all those intricacies, that puzzle and perplex the prospect, while they are preparing unexpected openings, to heighten pleasure by surprize, and convince us that what at first appeared to be confusion is the most artfull regularity. GAME-LAWS are not known in Parnassus. You may go upon what lands you please, and what you start, you may hunt down, without being deemed a trespasser; but it is expected of every sportsman that he shall fairly acknowledge the person, to whom he is under an obligation. He, who attempts to conceal where he first *found*, is considered as a mere *poacher*, who wants to vend what he has gained surreptitiously from his neighbours. There are neither *steel-traps* nor *spring-guns* to deter you from entering the finest nurseries, or the most beautifull gardens. You may take in an open manner, what slips you please to graft upon your own stock, and you may transplant at pleasure, without any injury to the first possessor, provided it be seen that you remove to a proper soil, and have skill to encourage the growth with new luxuriance. The ancient PATRIARCHS of POETRY are generous, as they are rich: a great part of their possessions

possessions is let on lease to the moderns. *Dryden*, besides his own hereditary estate, had taken a large scope of ground from *Virgil*. *Mr. Pope* held by copy near half of *Homer's* rent-roll. *Mr. Dryden* spent most of his time in writing Prefaces and Dedications to the great men of *Parnassus*: *Mr. Pope* was retired to his own house, on the banks of the river already mentioned. His grounds were laid out in the most exquisite taste. Where the soil did not yield spontaneously, he assisted with hot-beds. The culture of his lands and gardens had been for a long time his chief delight: but he was now of a more serious and moral cast. Of late his principal care was to embellish a Temple of Virtue and Happiness, which he had raised in the middle of his garden.

*There his retreat the best companions grace,
Chiefs out of war, and statesmen out of place.*

In company with these celebrated personages he maintained his own ease and dignity. His soul glowed within him, when sitting with *Bolingbroke* and *Wyndham*, but he seemed to receive a more near delight from *Gay*, *Parnell*, and *Arbutnot*.

The great *Shakespeare* sat upon a cliff, looking abroad through all creation. His possessions were very near as extensive as *Homer's*, but, in some places, had not received sufficient culture.

But even there spontaneous flowers shot up, and in the *unweeded garden, which grows to seed*, you might cull lavender, myrtle, and wild thyme. Craggy rocks, hills, and dales, the woodland and open country, struck the eye with wild variety. Over our heads rolled thunder, deep and awful. The lightning's flash darted athwart the solemn scene, while on the blasted heath, witches, elves, and fairies, with their own *Queen Mab*, played in frolick gambol. Mean time the immortal bard sat with his *eyes in a fine phrenzy rolling*, and writers both in the tragic and comic stile were gathered round him. *Aristotle* seemed to lament that *Shakespeare* had not studied his Art of Poetry, but *Longinus* admired him to a degree of enthusiasm. *Otway*, *Rowe*, and *Congreve* had him constantly in their eye. Even *Milton* was looking for flowers to transplant into his own Paradise.

I was called off from surveying the possessions of this father of the British drama, by repeated peals of laughter, which resounded from an adjacent grove. This, I soon perceived, was occasioned by the irresistible humour of *Lucian*, *Cervantes*, and *Swift*. At some distance from them, *Rabelais* threw himself into a thousand antick attitudes, and brought together the most ludicrous assemblage of ideas, with all the sprightly frolick of his wild imagination.

Sir

Sir *Richard Steele* fixed his residence under Mr. *Addison's* roof. *Addison* read to him several beautiful visions, and a number of essays, that tended at once to harmonize the imagination, and transfer to the heart a corresponding order, grace, and regularity. *Addison*, however, was observed frequently to retire to his study, not without some visible appearances of discontent. In those moments he employed himself in translating the first book of HOMER'S ILIAD. *Willing, however; as he was to wound, he was afraid of striking the blow.* He engaged his friend TICKELL to take upon himself the invidious task; but both had the mortification of seeing so much well-prepared malice entirely miss its aim. PHILIPS begged to be assisted in his translation of the DISTRESSED MOTHER. ADDISON complied, and writ an Epilogue, of which (for reasons best known to himself) he desired BUDGELL to avow himself the author. I saw a person deliver to Mr. ADDISON several of the periodical essays, which have lately been sent abroad into the world, among which, methought, I saw a paper entitled the *Gray's-Inn Journal*, when

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The effect this had upon me was such, that my Vision was immediately dissipated, and I waked in the most pleasing serenity of mind.

NUMBER V.

Saturday, Nov. 18, 1752.

----- *Spargere voces*

In vulgum ambiguas, & quærere conscius arma.

VIRG.

I FIND myself obliged to postpone the essay I intended for this day, by an occurrence, of which I think it incumbent upon me to take some notice. I did not imagine, before this incident, that a cold, trifling, frothy writer could have drawn so much from me; but in the defence of truth, justice, and good sense, I cannot controul myself from taking his late arguments into consideration. As he has thought proper to record a fact, I will in my turn begin with one, which, I have no doubt, will appear not a little extraordinary to those, who have acquired a relish for the beauties of the drama, and wish (for the credit of a civilized people) to see a just and due decorum in all our public exhibitions.

By these presents then be it known unto posterity, that in the year one thousand seven hundred and fifty-two, there really did exist a daily writer, who arrogated to himself the title of *Inspector General*

neral of Great Britain; that under this pompous appellation he took upon him to prescribe fashions to the ladies, and wire-wigs to the gentlemen; intrigues to rakes, and taste to pretty fellows; that he pestered the town with dissertations on fossils, minerals, and insects, that never existed but in his own imagination; from thence (emboldened by a kind of negative applause, that of being endured) he rose a degree higher, and, at a time when our theatrical entertainments were under the justest regulation, did his endeavours to sow the seeds of discontent in the minds of the audience, to foment divisions among them, and, contrary to all law, to raise a riot at the Theatre Royal in *Drury Lane*, in a public paper absurdly encouraging the *bucks* and *bloods* of the *Temple* and other places to throw the *sconces* and *benches* on the stage.

It is hard to imagine to one's self the ideas that will occur to posterity upon perusal of this most extraordinary passage: they will, I am afraid, believe their ancestors at this period relapsing into the antient barbarity of the first inhabitants of this island. I have examined the Index to the *Spectator*, to the *Tatler*, and *Guardian*, for the words *riot*, *benches*, and *sconces*, but I cannot find any thing of the kind recommended under any of those heads,

nor do I believe such an outrage to common sense was ever offered in any civilized nation. The authors of the immortal performances just mentioned endeavoured to cherish good-humour, good-nature, social harmony, and good-manners. Theatrical merit in their time was promoted to the greatest elegance. Every thing that carried with it the least tincture of a vitiated taste, was by them attacked with the most masterly strokes. But this essayist would turn the tables upon these approved geniuses, and, by extinguishing all sparks of emulation, destroy the only means of heightening our public entertainments, and establishing sense and refinement among us.

As I generally like to trace things to their source, I have been considering what could be the motives that induced his *Inspectorship* to this proceeding. Having canvassed the matter, I fancy I may take upon me to say that I have discovered the latent cause. This prodigy of genius, this florid, witty, elegant, sensible, unexhausted *Inspector*, owed the first dawnings of his immoderate fame (I blush to tell it) to a pantomime entertainment. And shall he, whose monster-breeding brain spawn'd *Orpheus* and *Eurydice*, in whose head

*Hell rises, heav'n descends, and dance on earth
Gods, imps, and monsters, music, rage, and mirth,*

A fire,

*A fire, a jig, a battle, and a ball,
'Till one wide conflagration swallows all.*

POPE.

Shall he look tamely on, and see his favourite monsters exposed to ridicule? May he not have some wild production still in store? Such a genius can never have done. Hence all that laboured impotence of animadversion, which he has thrown out in two different papers.

But to be a little more serious. It is certain, that two contending theatres have always indulged themselves in strokes of pleasantry upon each other. The *Impromptu* of *Moliere* was a banter upon a rival house in so polite a place as *Paris*, and a recent instance will evince, that Mr. *Rich* has no aversion to the practice. It is notorious that a few winters since he engaged a person, whose abilities consist solely in mimickry, publicly to burlesque, as far as in him lay, Mr. *Garrick*, as a man, an actor, and a manager. He has always given oblique allusions whenever they came in his way, and nothing has escaped him from the coronation in *Harry the Fourth*, down to the ballad in *Harlequin Ranger*.

And shall not the manager of the other house have leave to amuse the town in his turn? It is acknowledged-

known by the writer who has occasioned my taking the pen in hand, that *the objects are well disposed; there is humour in the management of them, and there is merit in the song that explains the design of their introduction; what is more, there is justice, for the subject is worthy ridicule.* In saying this he advances nothing but the truth, but when he adds, *where is the modesty of arraigning the taste of an audience, to an audience?* And again, *It is unjustifiable, it is cruel, it is not to be supported:* In the name of common sense, what would he be at? First, there is merit in it, then it is not to be justified; there is humour in it, then it is not to be supported; there is justice in it, and the next moment it is cruel. For Heaven's sake, Mr. *Inspector*, learn to be a little consistent, and don't thus trifle with our understandings.

When a man will write in this shuffling manner; blowing hot and cold, saying and unsaying; when an author, who pretends to instruct, will run off from the point, in a snip-snap stile, with pert question and answer, down a whole column of his paper, it is not eligible to follow him further. Let his meandering briskness run what riots it will for the future, I shall draw the whole argument to a point, and then have done with controversy.

Nothing, in my apprehension, shews the temper

per of this nation, more than the ferment their minds are thrown into by little divisions of this nature. A real, or a mock monarch, a minister of state, or a manager of a theatre, must eternally embarrass their thoughts. Every thing must be a party-business. But surely, while our liberties remain inviolate, men of sense should know no party, but a party of pleasure. All differences betwixt *tweedle-dum* and *tweedle-dee* should be subservient to their merriment. The field of humour is open to both play houses, and if, without animosity, they will cull from thence, the result must be, that the public will receive more entertainment from a spirited emulation than from an inactive state. This is the case among the *French* to this day. They who weep one night at a tragedy of genius, are sure to laugh at the same piece, the evening following, at the *Italian* comedy. If this liberty be taken with the noblest productions of the human mind, why so much tenderness for what is really ridiculous and unfit for the stage? The *Dramatis Personæ* exposed to derision, on a late occasion, are, if I am not mistaken, a *lion*, a *bear*, a *cat*, a *dog*, a *monkey*, a *serpent*, and an *ostrich*; an admirable company of comedians truly! but are they such respectable personages, as to claim an exemption from the lash of ridicule? Ay, but *poor Rich! poor Rich!* if by that pathetic exclamation

tion

tion is meant that he is an object of compassion, I own I have always thought him such, and do from my heart most sincerely pity him. If, however, through a depravity of taste, or debility of mind, he has no relish for the sublimer compositions of a theatre, let us not, like *Egyptians*, worship serpents, dogs, and monkeys; on the contrary, let us by the assistance of the politer arts efface all traces of barbarism, taking care to preserve in all our public exhibitions, a manly affection for the cause of dramatic poetry, of genius, and of *Shakespeare*.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Bedford Coffee-house, Nov. 15.

The Board of Criticism met here last night, when the present party-divisions concerning the theatres became the topic of debate. It was by some asserted that Mr. *Garrick* has made an unwarrantable attack upon *Rich's* animal comedians. One of these choice spirits assured the company that he really believed, if this transaction had not deterred the *Covent-Garden* Manager, he would shortly have exhibited the *Ornuto Savage*, and the *Pantber Mare*. The loss of this ingenious and elegant entertainment he entirely imputed to the Managers of *Drury-Lane*. In answer to this a gentleman

tleman of taste laid before the board the following copy of verses, which have occasioned much criticism.

The T R E A T Y B R O K E :

A T A L E.

W H E N *Lun* (who long had quarrell'd with
dame Nature,)

Had fill'd the stage with every monstrous creature,

And held poor reason at defiance,

At last (so whim or fate ordain'd,

As sense and folly often make alliance,)

He by some means a peace obtain'd,

It was with *Drury's* patent-chief agreed,

Each other to support in case of need.

But *Harlequin*, train'd up to tricks,

Well knew, in modern politics,

Treaties are made for int'rest sake,

As times shall serve to hold or break.

So, spite of the convention made,

He carried on clandestine trade;

And this day one, and next another,

Still gain'd some subject from his brother,

When little *David* streight appear'd,

Like him who did the giant slay,

His batt'ry 'gainst the monsters rear'd,

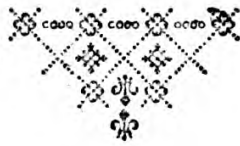
And led them all in chains away.

At

At this the keeper stamp'd and cry'd,
 And louder than his lion roar'd,
 To have his creatures all restor'd,
 When thus a stander-by reply'd:
 " Retaliation is fair play,
 " By right and reason's rules;
 " Your monsters he has got, you say,
 " But then you've got his fools."

Covent-Garden, Nov. 18.

The tragedy of *Jane Shore* has been presented here this week. Mrs. *Cibber* exerted those powers, which have justly procured her the reputation of a great actress. In the mad scene, the expression in her countenance, and the irresistible magic of her voice, thrilled to the very soul of the whole audience. The entertainments of the evening concluded with the surprizing phænomenon of rope-dancing.



N U M B E R VI.

Saturday, Nov. 25, 1752.

*Crine ruber, niger ore, brevis pede, lumine læsus,
Rem magnam præstas, Zoile, si bonus es.*

MARTIAL.

IN a former paper, in which I gave some account of myself, I was not in jest when I told my readers, that from a natural sagacity of sight, improved by experience and study, I had made a surprizing proficiency in the art of physiognomy. Among my private acquaintance I have acquired such a reputation in this way, that I have known many ladies, who would no more dare to come into my company, than the young romp, in *Swift's* Vision, would venture to stroke the parish lion, after she had play'd at hide and hoop with *Jackey* in the garret. Notwithstanding this, I am sensible, the majority of mankind at this day treat this art as a mere exploded imposture, like astrology and palmistry, imposed upon the credulous in dark and ignorant ages. With them a physiognomist and a conjurer meet with the same degree of respect and credit. But this objection, I believe, will quickly vanish, when we come to consider the principles and foundation on which the art is established. I
might

might here aptly bring in the story of *Socrates* and the Physiognomist, but it is known to every body; besides, reason alone, and not authority, is what I proceed upon.

The great and almost incredible wonder of this talent, consists in being able to discover the passions, virtues and affections, even at the very time that they are dormant in the breast; so as to point out a knavish citizen at his prayers; to know a cut-throat, tho' he smiles; or a fellow that has a design upon your job, though he turns his head another way with an affected vacancy of face; to mark the man whose mouth is open only to have it stop'd with a bribe, while he is declaiming against corruption; or to detect the niggard hand of a miser in the very act of seeming generosity and munificence. Yet all this and more may be done; and how it may be done, I will here in part explain. I must however, beg to be excused, if I do not reveal some secrets of this *Arcanum*.

Every passion, every virtue, and their several modes, mixtures and combinations, which subsist in the human breast, have a correspondent set of muscles in the face, or (if the Anatomists will not allow this) they at least operate differently upon the same set of muscles. When any affection is
 master

master of the temper, the spirits are thrown into motion, and this regularly produces a certain configuration of features, which is commonly known to us by the name of *expression*. The painters and statuaries can attest the fact. To this secret they owe the very soul of their art. By observing the exact shape, that each different passion of the mind gives the several muscles of the face, and by copying the same upon a lifeless subject, it produces that agreeable deception, which makes us imagine that this disposition of features is an effect of motion, communicated from a thinking mind within, when it is only the result of their skill in the art of imitation. The good player goes another way to work : he excites in himself the inward motions, which we call feeling, and then the outward effect upon the countenance naturally follows.

The anatomists will further inform us, that every muscle of the human body collects strength, and expands itself into larger dimensions, by continual exercise and use ; as the legs of chairmen and others who are used to carry burthens, from the same cause, swell to an uncommon thickness. It follows, that the correspondent muscles of the face, which express any ruling passion of the mind, being more frequently exerted, grow out of

proportion, and become conspicuous above the rest. Hence the face contracts an habitual air, marking the features with some peculiar cast of character, which is legible at one glance of the eye. Any body can distinguish a miser, a coxcomb, a leacher, or a glutton, in every circumstance of life.

I know some well-meaning people may be shocked at the thoughts of indulging ourselves in the practice of forming opinions of mankind by their looks. This proceeds from a charitable consideration, that as we make not our own faces, we should not be accountable for them; but they who think in this way take no care to distinguish the *good face*, the *ingenuus vultus* of the ancients, that which Cicero says is the best letter of recommendation a man can carry about him, from the *handsome*, the mere formation of inactive features, and gloss of complexion. The latter is the gift of nature alone, and is that which the philosophers of all ages have persuaded us is of no intrinsic value; but the former, which we understand when we say, such a face is not handsome, but is extremely *agreeable*, is in every man's power to acquire; not by studying to put on a formal simper, or smiling complacency before the glass, but by rectifying the mind, and furnishing it with noble, generous, and virtuous sentiments. A just way of
 thinking

thinking transfuses itself into the features, commanding, by a secret kind of fascination, the esteem of every judicious beholder. I never knew a stronger instance of this than in the face of a certain nobleman, who, to a vulgar eye, might appear to have an unpleasing assemblage of disproportion and irregularity.

I have observed a certain attorney in *Westminster Hall*, who, I think, has one of the *handsomest* faces I ever saw ; and yet, through the lustre of his eye, the regularity of his features, and bloom of his complexion, I could read such a settled habit of the most contracted cunning, so many determined purposes of fraud, that I protest I could not be easy while the fellow stood within arms-length of my pockets. Yet, to my astonishment, upon inquiry, I learned that several great families had intrusted this man with their most important affairs.

Eugenio is neither happy in his face nor person. At the time when he should have learned to dance, he was unfortunately employed in forming his mind upon the model of the antients. Hence he contracted an uncouth air, a college look, and an awkward deportment ; yet, through all these disadvantages, and a cloud of uneasy circumstances,

the judicious eye can discover a soul within, capable of displaying the *divine attributes of his God*, with a sublimity inferior to nothing but the subject.

On the other hand, cast your eye upon *Florio*. *Florio* is a man of gaiety and plausible address. There are some whom he hath persuaded to think him one of the prettiest writers of the present age: By his dexterity in the art of plagiarism, he passes upon the crowd for a man of some learning: And I have heard him say, that the ladies think him a man of gallantry, and a wit. No body is more perfectly satisfied with himself than *Florio*: he writes with the utmost facility, without any manner of subject, and this he thinks is stile, simplicity, and ease. Upon the whole, one might be so far deceived at first sight, as to think *Florio* a pretty fellow. Yet look at his countenance, can any thing be more visible than the furniture within? A confused assemblage of vanity, arrogance, cowardice, dulness, ignorance, and conceit. *Florio* generally wears a gleam of cheerfulness on his face; yet it is visible that this is all forced. Through the false appearance, *Florio* has an uneasy disconcerted temper.

The mortification in *Sordido's* leg had like to have

have gone too far, before he could prevail upon himself to be at the expence of cutting it off. I attended him at the time of the operation. To the surprize of every one, he bore it with wonderful patience; but while others were admiring his amazing resolution, I could plainly perceive by his looks, that *Sordido's* composure proceeded from the consoling thought, that he should hereafter save just half his expence in the article of shoes.

I could point out a certain reverend gentleman, who wears the most plausible appearance of humility, sanctity, and grace. Ask him familiarly how he does? With a solemn, thanksgiving voice, and the white of his eyes turned up with pious gratitude to Heaven, he blesses his God he is very well. Yet view his shining, jolly countenance with the smallest degree of attention, and through this gauze of hypocrisy, you plainly discover a horrid groupe behind, composed of pride, gluttony, cruelty, and lust. Yet, notwithstanding this, he will rise in his profession, for he can cringe and flatter with the best.

Prudiffa is regular at her devotions; she goes twice a day to church; she constantly has her footman to carry her prayer-book; yet I could observe at a visit the other day, that in some of her

walks, there had been more familiarity between her and this same footman, who then handed the tea-equipage, than was altogether consonant to the character she chuses to assume.

The unhappy *Calista*, through the perfidy of the man upon whom she once placed her affections, and some family misfortunes that followed after, is now obliged to *endure* the embraces of a certain libertine, who has nothing to recommend him but his riches: yet in *Calista's* soul, I can read the latent traces of chastity, humility, and love, blended with a tenderness of distress, that sometimes flows into her eyes, and adds such a melting softness to her native beauty, as nothing that is human can avoid being affected with. Yet to a vulgar eye, the unfortunate *Calista* appears no better than the common tribe of prostitutes.

Not to produce further instances, I can see so clearly into the characters and dispositions of mankind, that if some folks, whose names I could mention, do not shortly mend their manners, I will take a general tour through the cities of *London* and *Westminster*, and unmask every smooth-faced villain that I meet. In the mean time, if a certain gentleman, who generally wears a laced frock,

frock, a bag-wig, and a long sword, does not lay aside his project of sacrificing to a set of sharpers, with whom he is to go shares, the good-natured young nobleman, who took a liking to him for his honesty, I will certainly let his lordship know the whole affair. And if a certain lady of distinction, who, by a side glance last *Monday* in the *Mall*, discovered what intimate familiarities had passed the evening before between her and a certain coxcomb in a red coat, does not instantly break off all further commerce with him, I must immediately inform her husband; for I cannot any longer bear to see a man of sense and merit hurt in his honour. I must further inform the unfortunate lady, that from a symptom in her paramour's face, I can plainly foresee, he intends to make himself much happier this night, than ever he was in her embraces, among half a dozen of his companions, at the expence of her reputation and honour.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Bedford Coffee-house, Nov. 21.

The following lines are to be placed under a folio copper-plate of the *Inspector*, to be prefixed to his Natural History.

56 THE GRAY'S-INN JOURNAL.

Three great wise men, in the same Æra born,
Britannia's happy island did adorn :

Henley in cure of souls display'd his skill,

Rock shone in physic, and in both *John Hill*.

The force of *Nature* could no further go,

To make a third she join'd the former two.



NUMBER

N U M B E R VII.

Saturday, Dec. 2, 1752.

————— *Alea quando*

Hos animos? —————

JUV.

I WAS fitting the other morning in my study, intent upon the plan of some future essay, when a servant from a lady, whom I have had the honour of knowing for a considerable time, broke in upon all my fine concerted schemes. After making two or three scrapes, he informed me, that he had directions to wait upon me with a card, which I think proper to transcribe, as I look upon it to be a modern way of writing, of which the ancients had not the least idea.

“ Lady *Tenace*'s compliments to Mr. *Ranger*; hopes he took no cold at the play the other night, begs the favour of his company to a ROUT on *Wednesday* next. Lady *Tenace* proposes to keep her day, for the remainder of the winter season, on *Wednesday*; shall be glad of Mr. *Ranger*'s company as often as possible.”

Grosvenor Square, Tuesday Morn.

This way of desiring a man's *company*, where he
is

he is not to speak five words, has in it something extraordinary. Though I am not fond of fashionable vices, yet I could never prevail upon myself to renounce a thing so essential in the polite world, as *card-playing* is at present. I returned for answer, that I should do myself the pleasure of waiting upon her ladyship. It is not enough at present for a man to know the world, to see into the humours of different people, or to discover a lively vein of thinking upon all topics that offer in conversation : unless you have learned to lose your money gracefully, these accomplishments pass for nothing : wherever you visit, you are *nothing but lumber*. Mr. *Mellefont* never wants wit ; he has many amiable qualities, but not being a card-player, whenever he enters a room, the lady of the house is sure to receive him, without stirring out of the languid posture in which indolence had composed her. “ Mr. *Mellefont*,” says she, with her eyes swimming between sleep and wake round the room, “ pray sit down, Sir ; one is so — I don’t know how to describe it in this hot weather.” — Let Mr. *Hazard* with his midnight face make his appearance ; her heart dances at the sight of him ; the bell rings for the card-table, and the house is in an uproar in an instant.

That I may not pass for *lumber* among the ladies,

dies, I have perused with some attention Mr. Hoyle's very judicious and elegant book on the game of *Whist*. I can now return my partner's suit, lead through the honour, *finesse*, and sometimes contrive to bring about an agreeable *see-saw*. With this profound knowledge I was punctual to my engagement, and, that I might see the whole ceremony of the proceeding, took care to be pretty early in my visit,

My lady *Tenace* is a woman of perfect good-breeding, with a very happy flow of spirits. Her capacity is, perhaps, as extensive as that of any of her sex; but from a constant habit of attending to nothing but the odd trick, she has not laid up so large a store of ideas, as she might have done by a proper improvement of her understanding. Those ideas which she is possessed of, are in a constant rotation. She never dwells long upon any subject, but is always sure to say something lively upon every thing that offers. Her ladyship began to rally me with a deal of pleasantry upon the character of a public writer, when, as *Apollo* would have it, a loud rap at the door shook the whole house. I have often wondered at this strange din, with which, even though the entry stands wide open, our ears are always stunned upon these occasions. As the company comes to a *rout*, it is possible

possible this may make part of the ceremony. There may be an additional pleasure in alarming a whole neighbourhood. I suppose the ladies may think, that, what with the thunder below stairs, and the lightning in their eyes, they fall into a room with a greater eclat.

This was the case with Mrs. *Fidget*; after she had seated herself in her chair, twisted her body two or three times to compose herself, adjusted the sparkling cross upon her neck, and given a discharge to her fan—"Lard, my lady *Tenace*, says she, I was apprehensive that I should not be able to wait upon your ladyship—my poor little dog *Pompey*—the sweetest little thing in the world—I went, Me'm, the other morning to fetch a walk in the park—a fine frosty morning it was—I love frosty weather of all things—and so, little *Pompey* was with me—and if your ladyship was but to see the dear creature pinched with the frost, and mincing its steps along the Mall—with its pretty little innocent face—and so, Me'm, while I was talking to captain *Flimsy*—your ladyship knows captain *Flimsy*—five odious frights of dogs beset my poor *Pompey* all at once, M'em—the dear creature has the heart of a lion,—but who can resist six at once—and so *Pompey* barked for assistance, and the hideous creatures
 " made

“ made their escape—the hurt my little dog met
“ with was on his chest—and, Me'm, there is
“ really danger that an *empyema* is now forming in
“ his side. And so, Me'm—Lard, is not *Barry*
“ a fine man?—You have seen the *Rehearsal* to be
“ sure, Mr. *Ranger*—well, to be sure, *Garrick's* a
“ surprizing creature! his eyes have so much life,
“ and such meaning, and such fire, and he has
“ such variety!—they say short aprons are coming
“ into fashion again.”

By this time the room began to fill. It was time to dispose the company at their several stations for the night. The card tables were accordingly situated in different parts of the room. In an inward apartment, a brag-table was prepared for those who are fond of that game. The thoughts of the whole company began immediately to flow into another chanel: they who were before happy in a mutual intercourse of social pleasure, became of a sudden secret enemies to each other, every one privately forming a design on his neighbour's pocket. I should think this strange scene would afford many nice touches to the pencil of an *Hogarth*. To see the different effects of the same passion operating upon a number of people, according to their respective tempers, and various ideas of winning and losing, could not fail to render

der the groupe highly interesting. To mark this with delicacy, and to blend with it the private habits of each different character, would, in my opinion, show a nice discernment worthy of the hand of a master.

After a rubber or two at whist, I detached myself from the party I was joined to, in order to take a survey of the room. I could not help wondering how men, amid such a profusion of charms as the ladies displayed, could sit so cool and attentive to their game. The queen of trumps (grotesque and unnatural as the figure is) was the *Venus* of every gentleman present. It is the interest of the ladies not to encourage a gamester. Should the love of play become the ruling passion of the men, the labours of the toilet are all in vain; in vain may the fair dress themselves in smiles; in vain heave the tender breast; cards have banished love, and so adieu to the female reign.

This is not all: should this taste continue, not only love, but beauty is at stake, and the *odds* are greatly against it. While the amiable, but delicate sex, sit in painful durance at a card table, the liquid lustre of the eye is extinguished; the roses fade upon the cheek, and uneasy passions deface the

the

the countenance. *Amanda* is, at present, in all the pride of beauty; her stature is tall and genteel; she boasts a regular and elegant set of features; her bloom glowing as the poet's fancy; a mild radiance beams from her eyes; there is such an inexpressible delicacy about her mouth, that it is intirely the *bouche gracieuse* of the *French*. Her whole countenance displays the most winning sweetness; and still cards render *Amanda* unamiable. The moment she sat down to Brag, I could see the young loves and graces, that were ambushed in every feature, spread their little wings, and fly off immediately. A disagreeable expression immediately succeeded. I could not bear to hear so exquisite a beauty with a confirmed voice tell a forward young fellow, that "truly she would not be bullied by him." To see those lips, which were framed for the tenderest purposes, gnawed with vexation, was matter of great uneasiness to me. But the sensations, which Mrs. *Pregnant* gave me, are not to be expressed. The emotions, which she shewed upon six aces being discovered in one pack, will, I am afraid, bring her child into the world with a convulsed set of nerves. I would venture to *lay an even bet* that the child will be marked with a pair-royal of aces.

When

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When a passion for play becomes predominant in the married state, I believe it requires no very lively imagination to conceive the scene that must ensue. Not to mention the ruin of a family, their own immediate happiness is destroyed; as the poet finely says,

*Love shall be banish'd from the genial bed,
The night shall be all lonely and unquiet,
And every day shall be a day of cares.*

I shall conclude, by congratulating the Public, that we are shortly to have a new tragedy called *The Gamester*, exhibited at *Drury-Lane*, in which, as I am informed, the effects of this unhappy turn will be set in their proper light.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Bedford Coffee-House, Dec. 1.

Last night Mr. *Town* went to the board of criticism, in malice assembled, and gave his assent to the two following bills; a bill for encouraging broad benches at *Drury-Lane* play-house; and another for the naturalization of all foreign monsters on *Covent-Garden* stage; after which several new members were returned and were declared duly elected, being all gentlemen of unquestionable ill-nature, and zealous attachment to the cause of *Zoilism*.

Richard Falsifaite,
Matthew Shortcoat, } For the *Temple*.

Sa-

<i>Samuel Venom,</i>	}	For <i>George's Coffee-house.</i>
<i>Thomas Spitfire,</i>		
<i>William Cavil,</i>	}	For the <i>Union, Temple-bar.</i>
<i>Robert Shallow,</i>		
<i>Nathaniel Guzzledown,</i>	}	For the <i>Robin Hood Society.</i>
<i>Thomas Wrangle,</i>		
<i>Benjamin Lutestring,</i>	}	For the Ward of <i>Farringdon</i> without.
<i>Arthur Soberfides,</i>		
<i>Dick Phaeton, and</i>	}	For the <i>Rainbow Coffee-house,</i> <i>Cornhill.</i>
<i>Bob Kevenbuller,</i>		

The contest for *John's* near the Exchange, it is thought, will be very obstinate, the upper and lower room contending for the nomination. Should the matter be comprised, one of each room will be returned, in which case *William Purblind* will represent the lower room, and *Robert Nimblefoot* the upper apartment.

Covent-Garden, Dec. 2.

Maddox, the wire-dancer, continues to give great satisfaction to the *Goths* and *Vandals* who frequent this place. Last night a very eminent politician declared, he never had so just an idea of the *ballance of power*, as this performer gives him.

N U M B E R VIII.

*Saturday, Dec. 9, 1752.**Ardeat ipsa licet, tormentis gaudet amantis.*

JUV.

*To CHARLES RANGER, Esq.**S I R,*

AS I perceive that you frequently detach yourself from the more serious business of a Public Writer, in order to mix with the *beau monde*, and that you still retain great attention to the amiable sex, as you politely call the ladies, I must beg you will permit one of them to break in upon your studies.

You must know, Sir, that I have hitherto been of that species of women called *COQUETTES*. I was initiated into this science in my greener years. The course of my education conspired with other circumstances against me. My mother took early pains to train me up in this way. The attendants, whom I had about me, all joined to infuse the same sentiments, as if they had made a point of it, to render me egregiously ridiculous. From a child I promised to make a fine woman, as the phrase is; my features were regular, and I must add,

add, did not want delicacy: I had a bloom that greatly enlivened my whole countenance. The lesson constantly rung in my ears was, that "Miss " should hold up her head—and put forth her chest "—and one day or other, she would become a celebrated toast, and then the men would all be " expiring for her." This you may believe was flattering to my fancy. To give the last finishing to my accomplishments for this state of felicity, I was put into the hands of a *French* dancing-master.

From this gentleman I acquired a thousand nameless arts of affectation. He not only undertook the direction of my carriage in the graceful movement of a minuet, and the more sprightly gambols of a country-dance, but the management of my features became also part of his concern. He let me into the whole secret of the elevated brow, the languishing glance, and the sleepy eye: he instructed me when to display the snowy breast; to move with the easy indolent carriage; to throw my whole person into a graceful attitude, and, after observing that it is a thing very rare in these kingdoms, taught me the whole use of the hands in every circumstance at cards or conversation. It was not without some pains, that I attained the method of taking snuff, with a proper air and artful display of the fingers.

There are a thousand artifices to make up for the deficiency of chat in company: in all these I became as regular as a piece of clock-work. Add to this, I was furnished with a great variety of *French* romances, novels, and memoirs of ladies of quality. To complete the whole, my dancing-master told me one day with a serious air, that I really had an immense share of wit. In this notion I was further confirmed by Monsieur *Lajeunesse*, my hair cutter; "I assure it you, madam," says he, as my hair was receiving the proper adjustment from his finger, "you have indeed ver
 " much *esprit*.—Wherever I go to drefs de gentle-
 " man, it is all dying for you.—You have dem in
 " chains, madam,——pon my vord,——just as I
 " have dis lock here in my hand—pray hold your
 " head a leetle more aside—and all de ladies envy
 " your eclat, I assure it you, madam."

Charmed with these ideas of my person, my breast was fired with the love of conquest. The thought of being a wit quite intoxicated me; it was enough to turn my little head; for let me tell you, Mr. *Ranger*, wit is the most dangerous thing a woman can think of, because it generally ruins the share of understanding Heaven has been pleased to bestow upon her. I was not content to say or do any thing in the common way: I read *Roche-*
feu-

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foucault's Various Thoughts, in order to retail his brilliant sayings in company. I am sure you would laugh at me, were you to see the pains I took to distinguish myself in all places of public diversion. I think I remember something in a poet, that may help you to an idea of my behaviour.

*She rolls her pretty eyes in spite,
And looks delightfully with all her might.*

My heart danced within me to hear *Clarinda* in the *Suspicious Husband*, utter with an air, *Any woman can give ease*: I disdained so poor an accomplishment; and to cause pain and uneasiness was the business of my life. To see that the men could not be easy with me, nor without me, was the joy of my soul: I read all our modern comedies to glean up the airs of the fine women, and I was delighted, like lady *Betty Modish*, to hear a tortured lover bring out;

*Yet for the curse of human race
This devil has an angel's face.*

Whenever I could meet with a man of parts and sense, my highest ambition was to ensnare him. To lead in captivity a person renowned for his sense and talents, and in spite of all his boasted reason, to play upon his passions, gave me the most exquisite pleasure. *Favonius* is one of this class; he

has understanding, without affecting it; his wit is always tempered with good nature and politeness; he is as handsome as most of his sex, and there is no requisite in the character of a gentleman, but what he is possessed of. With these accomplishments he became my professed humble servant. Though he made love to me in a manner hardly resistible, I delighted in tormenting him. Were we at a play together? I took pleasure in pointing out to him several young fellows, whom I pretended to be charmed with: one I observed had the finest set of teeth, and the prettiest smile in the world; another the handsomest forehead, and the most delightful eyes; a third had a becoming head of hair, and abundance of wit; and though an under-actor perhaps was on the stage, I vowed he was a charming man. In a country-dance, when I perceived his spirits elevated, I have sat down on a sudden, told him I was tired, and immediately after begged of him to let me take one turn with a frightful horrid creature whom I detested.

Notwithstanding all this, I really was in love with *Favonius*, but by my own misconduct he has slipped thro' my hands. The amiable *Elfrida* has won him by her artless attractive beauty. *Elfrida* has always formed herself upon a plan very different
from

from mine: affability, cheerfulness and good humour were the only stratagems she had recourse to; and these, joined to a fine figure and a lovely face, have made her happy in the arms of a man, with whom, I believe, life will be one scene of endearment.

This incident, Mr. *Ranger*, has opened my eyes. I now perceive, that I have been all this time vainly aiming at imaginary triumphs, and that all my artifices were like the wars of the *French* king in *Flanders*; serving merely to extend conquests, which are afterwards not to be ascertained. On this account, I am now determined to divest myself, as fast as possible, of all my follies, and to attach myself for the future to those rules of behaviour, which, I am sensible, add new graces to the beauty of our sex. To convince you that I am in earnest on this occasion, I beg you will annex to this letter the inclosed paper, by which you will see that I am entering upon a new plan of life without delay. Your compliance will greatly oblige, Sir,

Your constant Reader,

And most obedient Servant.

CALYPSO.

To be sold by Auction the whole Stock of a COQUETTE leaving off Trade, consisting of several valuable Curiosities, among which are the following Particulars.

Ovid's Art of Love, translated by Mr. Dryden.

A cosmetic, which gives the purest tincture to the skin, and the most lively bloom to the complexion.

The art of managing the eyes, with directions to roll them in a melting manner, with a conscious simper, and pretty indolent turn of the hand; very proper to be made use of in a side-box.

The secret of putting on patches in an artful manner, shewing the effects of their different arrangement, with instructions how to place them about the eye in such a manner as to give disdain, an amorous languish, or a cunning glance; translated from the *French*.

A transparent capuchin.

Directions how to lay on paint with such a delicate touch, that the quickest eye cannot distinguish it; very proper to be made use of by all female gamesters.

A collection of choice billets-doux.

An essay upon beauty; by the *Abbé Millamour*.

Rules

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Rules for biting the lips, in order to give them an inviting redness.

Mrs. *Bebn's* Novels.

The whole exercise of the fan, with one mounted in a curious manner, and representing two lovers in a jessamine bower.

An elegant snuff box, with a looking-glass within it, being a very good pocket companion for a beauty.

Lord *Gray's Love Letters*.

The art of working a young man's passions into a ferment, with a hint when it may be proper to set up a pleasing tehe or titter; by a gentleman who resided twenty years abroad.

The whole to be viewed at Mr. *Puff's*, the Auctionner, till the day of sale, where catalogues are given *gratis*.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

White's Chocolate-House.

This place is famous for transferring estates. Larger conveyances of property are made here than in *Change-Alley*. It is frequented by a detached body from the rest of the nation, who have formed themselves into a society, governed by different rules from any part of the known world. *Uole* is their *Solon*, or principal legislator. The
fe-

severest discipline is established. The several *professors* undergo a series of the most excruciating penalties, such as nocturnal vigils, vexation of spirit, &c. It is confidently asserted that some of them have been so exemplary in their morals as to reduce not only themselves, but also their families, to the sharpest austerities. Upon the whole, what the Reverend Mr. *Warburton* observes of some certain saints, may be applied to this fraternity, "he is held in highest estimation, who is "the most expeditious suicide."

Tom's in Russel-Street, Covent-Garden.

This house is frequented by two different orders of self-tormentors. One sect seems to be formed according to the institutions of *La Trap* in *France*: they observe a strict silence, and are often seen to sit together at a table, interchanging with each other oblong pieces of paper, differently variegated with black and red spots, without so much as uttering one syllable for the space of four or five hours. The other order seems to breathe a spirit of enthusiasm. They frequently give vent to the most fervid ejaculations, such as "damnation." &c. It is imagined these different sectaries cannot long subsist under one roof: at present however, they seem resolved to be heartily tired of each other before they part.

Bed-

Bedford Coffee-house.

Mr. *Town* (as has been already mentioned) presides here at the board of criticism, which generally sits at the lower end of the room, and the several members are called the *Malevoli*. The fireplace in the middle of the room is occupied by the *Loungers*, and these two orders receive constant reinforcements from the *Caravan passengers* according to their several vocations to criticism, or the indolent repose of gentle dulness.

George's, Temple-bar.

This coffee-house is a seminary of young proficientes for all the different orders in this metropolis.

Rainbow Coffee-house, Cornhill.

The sectaries who are in possession of this place, are entitled PRIGS: *Harry Lapelle, Jack Oakstick, Bob Nankeen, Peter Little-Hat, Jack Phaeton, Femmy Scratch, Nat. Pigtail, and Billy Low-Heels* are the principal members.

We shall in some future paper give a further account of the several little communities, which are established in this metropolis.

N U M B E R. IX.

Saturday, Dec. 16, 1752.

*Namque aliqui exercent vim duram, et rebus iniqui
Nativam Eripiunt, indignantibus ipsis,
Invitasque jubent alienos sumere vultus.*

VIDA.

THERE is not in the whole province of an author, a point of greater difficulty than what is called a good stile. The expression is in every body's mouth, but, as I take it, very little understood by the present critics. I shall endeavour, in this paper, to reduce into some sort of order the several scattered thoughts which occurred to my mind upon this subject, in a vague manner, a few days since.

The term *stile*, if I mistake not, is derived from the *stylus* of the Romans, an instrument used by them in writing upon wax, one end of it fashioned to cut the letters, and the other formed to efface the impression, whenever it should be judged proper. Accordingly we find HORACE advising the writer, who aspires to the fame of being worth reading, to turn his *stile* very often, that is, to rub out, and alter the arrangement and choice of his words.

Sape

*Sæpe stylum veritas, iterum quæ digna legi sunt
Scripturus, -----*

From this turning and altering is deducible the true meaning of the word *STILE*, by which is meant a proper choice of words, in a regular and harmonious disposition. The task, without a great deal of art, and a just sense of the force and beauty of language, can never be performed in any degree of perfection. In some writers we never perceive the least tendency towards it: in such as have by practice cultivated this talent, it is an embellishment to good sense; gives a lustre and elegance to every thing the author advances, and renders his productions pleasing and inviting. I believe there are to be found a multitude of critics, from whose works a good plodding head may extract very sound and sensible observations upon all branches of literature; but while there are those who treat the same subject with a delicate touch, he must be lamentably dull, who can have recourse to the former. While *Longinus*, *Addison* and *Spence* are not lost to us, the *Dutch* commentators will lie mouldering on stalls, and the dusty libraries of infipid pedants.

To attempt to lay down rules for the acquirement of this quality, in which the essence of fine writing consists, may seem to carry with it an air
of

of presumption. I may, however, be permitted to say, that what Mr. *Locke* mentions as the chief thing to be attended to in the conduct of the understanding, is also a necessary step towards this accomplishment. The point I allude to, is an habit of *thinking in train* on whatever subject the mind may chuse to expatiate upon. In consequence of this regimen, our thoughts will follow in a natural order, each arising and growing out of the former, and the whole connected in all its parts, will by these means form a regular composition, which at one glance the reader may take in and carry in his mind. There is an association between almost all our ideas: whenever one of them presents itself to the imagination, an whole train is wakened into life; so that if an author has enlarged his understanding, and enriched himself with a tolerable stock of knowledge, he may reasonably hope that his thoughts will offer themselves in sufficient abundance, and (if he has habituated himself to the government of his faculties above described) in a regular series. This would prevent that violent straining very perceptible in some gentlemen of the quill, that manner of flying off from one subject to another in a wild incoherent manner, serving only to bewilder the reader, who expects something of method, and not being able to attend his author into the realms
of

of chaos and old night, throws him aside as a vague wandering genius, whom he can make nothing of.

I am aware that what has been premised may appear to an hasty peruser, digressive from the matter I first set out with; but thinking is so intimately connected with what is called stile, that it is intirely co-incident with the design of this essay, and so essential to a composition, that without it, elegance can never be expected: with it, it is odds that it will never be wanting. To furnish the mind with knowledge, is a rule of the ablest of critics, and words, says he, will never be deficient to cloath our ideas.

Verbaque provisam rem non invita sequentur.

HOR.

To think clearly is the original source of good writing. He who thinks with perspicuity, will also aim at the same in conveying his sentiments to others. This is the main use of language. On this account a good writer will avoid all affectation of glittering, all false ambitious ornaments, all prettinesses, all conceits, quaint turns, points and antitheses, which never can give strength to argument, or grace to composition. As no language in its origin, can have a competency of

terms

terms appropriated to every different idea, recourse was had to the metaphor; which consists in transferring the name of one object to another, on account of some resemblance subsisting between them. But in the nature of things, it never could be intended that an whole piece should be carried on in a string of borrowed phrases. Every body knows how cloying this manner is in some of the most eminent writers of the last century. It would not be hard to point out some of the present tribe who put off every thing in such a motly mixture of far-fetched terms and allusions, that the sense is hid under a flourish of tuneful periods, which by the injudicious is called a good stile and an eloquent flow. *Cicero*, the father of eloquence, and the excellent *Quintilian*, in several passages have condemned the too frequent insertion of metaphors. The author of my motto, who was both a poet and a critic, has elegantly described those writers, who disdain to express their thoughts in the terms appropriated to them, and though the subject does not require it, must need set off every thing in the delusive colouring of figurative language.

I believe the late Dean *Swift* understood the true beauties of writing as well as any author, an-
 tient

tient or modern. I would advise the reader to open any part of his works, and try whether he can find any thing of this florid manner, that at present serves to *elevate and surprize*. I am convinced that no man of common apprehension need ever read a sentence twice over in any of this writer's productions: his method is perspicuous, and at the same time elegant, without false embellishments. His metaphors have always a palpable allusion to the idea they are introduced to signify. This is a point which should always be considered. It is, moreover, an established rule that *tropes* and *metaphors* should not be placed too thick, nor pursued with a pitiful ambition to too great a length. Whenever I find a person erring on this head, he appears to me in the light of a child, who has blown a bubble prettily variegated and pleasing to his fancy, and follows it in order to keep up the illusion as long as he can. In short, it has happened in language as in commerce: what was first intended to supply our natural deficiencies, is now by the depravity of the human mind perverted into a vice. Vida has touched this with his usual delicacy.

*Hanc vulgo speciem propriæ penuria vocis
Intulit, inditisque urgens in rebus egestas.
Quippe ubi se vera ostendebant nomina nusquam,
Fas erat hinc atque hinc transferre smillima veris;*

*Paulatim accrevere vires, hominumque libido;
 Quodque olim usus inops reperit, nunc ipsa voluptas
 Postulat, hunc addens verborum rebus honorem.*

I know there are many other corruptions which contribute to vitiate a true taste; but I have dwelt longer on this, as it appears to me to be the reigning fault of all our pretty essayists at present. If metaphor be considered in the light I have stated it, as only an aid to the perspicuity of language; it will no longer pass for an elegance, when it is not subservient to its original institution. It will be sufficient, in this place, to observe that circumlocution is generally the vice of those, who do not form clear and adequate ideas, contenting themselves with words that seem to play round a meaning: this is an excellent subterfuge to him, who wants to spin out the sheet. To be a great while saying and saying nothing, helps out many a *critical essay* writer. A multiplicity of words of the same import, with a profusion of epithets, may be very useful at a pinch, but, I believe, it is unnecessary to observe, that there cannot be a greater error. Every species of writing has its peculiar manner, its own proper colouring. When the distinguishing qualities of each are not preserved; whenever the different boundaries are invaded, all propriety is destroyed.

stroyed. A true stile should be clear of foreign infusions : if too replete with French or other idioms, it will cease to be English ; like the river *Marfyas*, which, *Curtius* tells us, glides pure and unmixed within the fortifications of a town in *Asia*, free from any adventitious waters to pollute the limpid stream ; but when without the walls, it pours along with a more impetuous current, and a swelling surge, it no longer retains its original name, but then commences to be stiled the river *Lycus* : *cum extra munimenta se evolvit, majore vi ac mole agentem undas Lycum appellant.*

After the choice of words, the arrangement of them demands the writer's care. 'The limits of the present essay will not allow me to enlarge upon this subject ; but I may resume it upon some future occasion. I shall now be content with hinting, that the reference which the several terms in a sentence bear to one another ; the strength they acquire by being joined with proper epithets ; the lustre they reflect upon an whole period, are all points of moment in composition. At the same time that they render every thing clear, they give grace and harmony to the whole.

I shall release my readers, after observing that perspicuity is the first and greatest beauty in every

production of the mind. The love of embellishment, indulged to excess, ends in affectation and false glitter. In short, as QUINTILIAN has judiciously observed, when the true point is hit, he who seeks something better, generally finds what is worse.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Yesterday arrived a mail from *Newmarket*, by which we learn that a certain nobleman will make a distinguished figure at the Olympic games of that place in *April* next, and that his lordship is to ride against *handsome Billy*, the famous jockey. On this occasion we would recommend to his lordship's consideration the following lines of Doctor *Young*.

*Men should press forward in Fame's glorious chace ;
Nobles look backward, and so lose the race.*

By the last advices from *White's* chocolate-house we are informed, that several *legislators* attend there every day, in order, no doubt, to see the ill effects of that pernicious custom, to suppress which they have made so many salutary laws.

N U M B E R X.

Saturday, Dec. 23, 1752.

— *Intus & in jecore agro*
Nascuntur domini —

PERSIUS.

— *Trahit sua quemque voluptas.*

VIRGIL.

IN a former paper I mentioned, that I belong to a club, which meets once in every week, at the *Devil Tavern*, near *Temple-bar*: I then promised my readers to make them acquainted with the nature of this meeting, the characters of the several members, and the oddities in my own temper, which entitle me to a place in this extraordinary society. To perform my engagement shall be the business of the present essay.

Our club is called the *club of Originals*. By an *Original*, I do not mean a character entirely new, and such as has never been seen in the world before, but a person of an independant understanding, whose distinguishing marks are the native growth of his own peculiar temper, the vigour of a mind above the contracting of habits by servile

imitation. As I had the honour of filling the chair the last club-night, I shall begin with myself, though I am aware that a public writer should remain as much behind the curtain as possible, on account of the prejudices which arise against a known author.

I have, perhaps, as many whims as any man whatever. Whether right or wrong, they adhere to me so tenaciously, that I cannot by any means disengage myself from them. Notwithstanding all that has been said to me, I cannot induce myself to carry a supernumerary ace in my pocket to a brag-table: I could never contract an intimacy in a gentleman's family, in order to debauch his daughter, or carry on a design upon his wife: I had rather lose my joke at any time than my friend; and I am so awkward, that I cannot attempt to bilk a box-keeper. Add to this, I am far from being a free-thinker, notwithstanding the very great reputation to be acquired by the singularities of paradox. I am sensible, that these are unaccountable oddities. It does not escape me, that in so enlightened and accomplished an age, they must set a man in a very disadvantageous light; but the truth of it is, they have taken such root in my mind, that I am apprehensive, I shall never be able to attain that elegance of life and taste,
which

which is remarkable in some of my neighbours.

The next who is to fit for his picture, is a gentleman of the most extensive knowledge in all branches of polite literature. His name is CANDID, remarkable for his knowledge in critical learning; but what constitutes the oddity of his character is, that he is a *Critic* with good-nature. No man has quicker sensations than Mr. *Candid*. Does he peruse the works of antiquity, or those writers among the moderns of allowed reputation? their beautiful passages strike so forcibly on his imagination, that he admires them to a degree of rapture. It may be imagined that this warmth of temper hurries him sometimes into false applause: but his judgment is so deliberate, that he generally withholds his admiration, till he is perfectly satisfied that the sentiment and diction are just. He is never known to be imposed upon by false embellishments of stile, or those ambitious ornaments in writing, which are censured by *Horace*. To this refinement of taste, Mr. *Candid* has joined the most finished good-breeding, which renders his company extremely desirable. In short, he is the source, from which his friends derive many excellent observations upon every kind of writing.

Mr. *Abraham Gulliver* follows next ; a gentleman of very diverting humours, and descended, as he himself informs us, from that very *Gulliver* whose travels have been collected, with so much accuracy, by the late Doctor *Swift*. The love of recounting adventures I believe runs in his blood. He frequently sets the company a staring at the surprizing incidents he has met with. His passion for voyaging was formerly so prevalent, that he never omitted an opportunity of *sailing for it*, as he expresses it, and merely to gratify this inclination he embarked in Lord *Anson's* squadron round the world. He has lost one eye and part of his chin in that expedition, but he does not repine at the accident, as he says it is made up to him in the acquirement of knowledge, which, he insists, no man can be said to possess, who has not crossed the Line, and attempted the North-East passage. He has conversed with a *Bramin* in the East ; with the *wild American* near *Hudson's Bay*, the frozen inhabitants of *Zembla*, and other regions near the *Pole*. There is no place in the map, of which he cannot give some account. He certainly has laid up a large fund of knowledge, but that tinged with so many oddities, that he is a whimsical member of society.

After Mr. *Gulliver*, my friend *Harry Wildair*
claims

claims attention. *Harry Wildair* has a quick insight into men and manners. Nobody better knows the characteristic marks and latent foibles of all whom he meets in the social intercourse of life. To this sharpness of discernment he has added an extensive knowledge of the connections and business of mankind. He has been frequently seated for hours together under the clock at *Lloyd's* coffee-house to be viewed by the underwriters. He has fixed his residence at *Charing Cross*, that he may have an opportunity of observing the mighty throng, which is constantly pressing that way. He can tell, by the coat of arms, to whom each passing coach belongs: and if by chance a vehicle unobserved before occurs, he is sure to run after it through nine or ten streets, in order to satisfy his curiosity. In short, my friend *Wildair* is all spirit and frolick; is foremost in every scene both in high and low life, and equally pleasant upon the finer foibles of the polite, and the strong humours of the inferior class. The consequence is, he is never without a fund of gallantry and humour, which display themselves in his conversation with great sprightliness and variety.

The next of the society is Counsellor *Plastic* of the *Inner Temple*. Counsellor *Plastic* was called to the
the

the bar in the year 1740, but the death of his elder brother soon rendering it unnecessary for him to attend his profession, he laid aside the long robe, and has ever since indulged his natural cast of mind. Instead of walking in *Westminster hall*, he takes a turn every day in the *Lyceum*, or saunters in the groves of *Academus*. In plain terms, Mr. *Plastic* is a complete *Shaftesburian* philosopher. Like all the gentlemen of that inclining, he has a polite taste for the imitative arts; his imagination is warm and elegant, and he has, to use Lord *Shaftesbury's* expression, a *muse-like* apprehension. With all this there is a peculiarity in every thing he says or does. Ridicule is with him the test of truth. His discourse generally turns on ideas of beauty and virtue. Besides the five senses in common with his neighbours, this gentleman has a moral sense, a sense of honour, a public sense, an internal sense, and many other powers of perception, not mentioned in Mr. *Locke's* Essay. In short, Counsellor *Plastic's* imagination has attained a great degree of refinement. But his disinterested benevolence is frequently laughed at by Mr. *Allcast*, who stands last upon the list.

It is owing to a whim in this gentleman, that our meeting is fixed at the *Devil Tavern*. It
seems

seems he has made a resolution never to go beyond *Temple-bar*. Mr. *Allcash* is esteemed to be worth half a plum, and is now pretty well recovered from the shock he received by the reduction of interest. As he has spent most of his time in a constant intercourse with scribes and stock-jobbers, he has discovered the artifices of that class of men, and he is satisfied from that partial view of mankind, that he knows the world. He is extremely fond of a maxim in *Hudibras* ;

*What is worth in any thing,
But so much money as 'twill bring ?*

This with him is the test of truth, which he opposes in his joking way to the *Shaftesburian* rule. He declares, that he had rather have a sense of money, than all the elegant senses above mentioned. He is a constant attendant at church, as he says, from a sincere motive of piety, though it is hinted by Mr. *Plastic*, that he thinks it his *interest* to be saved.

These are the members of the club of ORIGINALS, which was instituted upon the commencement of this paper. As we are willing, in order to promote the design of it, to admit new members, proposals will be received, and treated with the utmost impartiality.

T R U E

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

We hear from *Crane-court*, that an ingenious member of the *Royal Society*, by examining the force of attraction between the upper end of the stays now in fashion, and the lower part of the petticoat, has demonstrated, that in less than three years both will join. The motion, he thinks, will be greatly accelerated at the next masquerade. The calculation is counted very ingenious : all who have attended to it, are convinced that the ladies will, in a short time, *make both ends meet*. The work is to appear in the next volume of the *Transactions of the Society*.



N U M B E R XI.

Saturday, Dec. 30, 1752.

Quid faciam Romæ? mentiri nescio —

JUVENAL.

THE *French* are very often happy in an expression, which cannot be rendered with equal delicacy in any other modern language. Of this sort is a phrase I have somewhere met with, viz. *Les petites morales*, which is used by them to signify those subordinate points of behaviour, which cannot be looked upon in the same light with duties of higher obligation, but are, however, so essential to our conduct in life, that they are denominated *lesser morals*. A small share of common sense will point these out to every man's observation; but as the infringement of them is frequent, and very often attended with serious consequences, it properly comes within the province of a public writer to correct these lesser deviations. I have set apart this day to animadvert upon a transgression of this nature.

The offence I mean is the notable art of **HUM-BUGGING**, which started up of late years, and has made such an extensive progress, that it is now enlarged

larged into a general fashion, and calls aloud for a CENSOR. And here it may not be improper to remind people of the true definition of wit, which consists in reconciling ideas, between which there is no palpable congruity, in a sudden and unexpected point of resemblance. To this I will add, that humour is the talent of discerning the oddities which constitute the great variety of characters for which this kingdom is famous; and exhibiting them in ridiculous colours to the eye of the world. Things being thus circumstanced, I would ask the tribe of HUM-BUGGERS, how far a plausible lie, with a grave countenance, will give them a pretension to either of the two faculties above described? The truth of it is, they are but pitiful attendants on the camp of false wit. Would men consider how easy it is to falsify, and how hard to do it with pleasantry, they would, in my opinion, desist from so unpolite an art, than which I do not remember any thing more gross, more stupid, and more senseless. An author of the first magnitude (I think the late Dr. *Swift*) observes, that he never knew above one good lie in his life. That one, I will venture to say, was told by himself, and we may believe was a good stroke of humour, free from scandal or detraction, the distinguishing characteristics of our modern adventurers in this way.

As

As one of these elegant gentlemen is hovering over his tea in a morning, his hand is applied with great sagacity to his forehead—" Let me see now, " for an arch hum ; something cursed high for " the day. Ay, ay, I have it : a fuit is com- " menced in the spiritual court against a certain " Lord : it will be insolent though to meddle " with such respectable characters ! Well, but " there is ill-nature in it, and so it will do swim- " mingly. As how ? Why, he is married to the " finest woman in the world. Her whole sex " envy her, and envy vents itself in malice and " detraction. That's the thing : it will spread " among them. Immense by Jupiter !" Away runs this great genius as quick as lightning, to my Lady TATTLEAID'S toilet, with a face as long as a *Dutch* epigram ; then the hum begins. " I " am extremely sorry for it, it is a cruel case. " *Pray, sir, what's a cruel case ?* Why, have not " you heard, ma'am ? My Lord—(hark in your " ear)—absolutely fact. Two wives ! I'll lay " all *Lombard-street* to an egg-shell that it is true. " Your Ladyship knows *Tom Wildfire*. *Tom* " went this morning for a licence to be married " to Miss *Beverley*, the great fortune, and he " brings the news piping hot from the Com- " mons." " Lard, says my Lady *Tattleaid*, I " don't know how it was, but I never liked that " match

“ match—(and casting her eyes on the glass with a
conscious simper) “ What signifies all her beauty
 “ now? Though she was never my beauty. I
 “ don't find that those tall women are so much
 “ admired in public places. Mrs. *Needlework*,
 “ bid *John* come round with the coach to the
 “ door, and bring me my fan, gloves, and capu-
 “ chin in an instant.”

Thus the affair is settled: away flies my Lady
Tattleaid, on the wings of malice, to all parts of
 the town. The agreeable news is wafted about.
 At *White's* bets are extremely high, a wager being
 the only test of truth, which the ingenious gen-
 tlemen of that academy have been able to disco-
 ver, after infinite pains in the search. A losing
 gamester, who is obliged to drive into the
 city to dispose of a little *South Sea* stock, gives the
 hint there. The gossips at *Garraway's* have it in
 a moment: at one it is buzzed on *Change*, and the
 circling whisper in the boxes interrupts the play
 at night. At my Lady *Trumpabout's* assembly,
 the ladies are all in a titter. “ Is it come to
 “ this? cries Miss *Sparkish*, I'll brag a guinea
 “ over.” “ But is it really true, says Miss
Whiteteeth, “ I shall be very sorry for it. He!
 “ he! he! Can one go to hear it tried? I'll
 “ send to bespeak places.”

Pleased

Pleased with these ideas, the ladies retire home from the rout, sink into a comfortable repose, dream of divorces, separations, and unhappy beauties. The next day the cheat is discovered; the illusion vanishes; the noble Lord proves to be above the reach of so infamous a calumny, and his Lady, superior to envy, moves in her sphere with lustre, grace, and dignity; while the droll, who first set the thing on foot, enjoys the joke in secret, and laughs at the tale his facetiousness propagated. In this is contained all the wit, and all the humour of all the *Humbuggers* of the age.

I could wish that this tribe had subsisted in the days of *Horace*; we should have them, under some proper appellation, delivered down to posterity with the

*Ambubaiarum collegia, Pharmacopolæ,
Mendici, Mimi, Balatrones, hoc Genus omne.*

But I do not think that the polite authors of *Greece* and *Rome* had the faintest idea of this egregious turn. In all the characters of *La Bruyere* there is no such monster to be found. The wits of King *Charles's* time were absolutely ignorant of it. In the reign of *Queen ANNE*, *which* (to use the words of a fine author) *notwithstanding the happy days that have succeeded, every BRITON may yet*

remember, I say, in the reign of Queen ANNE, when wit, humour, imagination, and every elegant talent were in their highest perfection, nothing of this sort arose. In short, it seems entirely reserved to grace the annals of these latter days. I make no doubt but it will give a surprizing eclat to the pages of some future historian, when it is related in a pompous stile, that in the reign of his Majesty King *George the Second*, by the grace of God, King of *Great Britain, France, and Ireland*, Defender of the Faith, and so forth, the never enough to be admired art of *Humbugging* came into vogue; the amusement of tea-tables, the delight of the Court, and the study of beaux and pretty gentlemen, from whom it descended to all ranks of people, and became the general fashion of the kingdom.

Instead of expatiating any further on this sprightly absurdity, I shall close this paper with a passage from Lord *Shaftesbury*, whose decision upon wit and manners, I believe, will not be contested.

“ ’Tis real humanity and kindness to hide strong
 “ truths from tender eyes; and to do this by
 “ pleasant amusement, is easier and civiller, than
 “ by a harsh denial, or remarkable reserve. But
 “ to go about industriously to confound men in a
 “ my-

“ mysterious manner, and to make advantage,
“ and draw pleasure from that perplexity they
“ are thrown into by such uncertain talk, is as
“ unhandsome in a way of raillery, as when done
“ with the greatest seriousness, or in the solemn
“ way of deceit. It may be necessary, as well
“ now as heretofore, for wise men to speak in pa-
“ rables, with a double meaning, that the enemy
“ may be amused, and they only *who have ears to*
“ *bear, may bear*; but it is certainly a mean, im-
“ potent, and dull sort of wit which amuses all
“ alike, and leaves the most sensible man, and
“ even a friend, equally in doubt, and at a loss to
“ understand what one's real mind is upon any
“ subject. This is that gross sort of raillery
“ which is so offensive in good company; and
“ indeed there is as much difference between one
“ sort and another, as between fair dealing and
“ hypocrisy, or between the genteelst wit and the
“ most scurrilous buffoonery. But by freedom of
“ conversation this illiberal kind of wit will lose
“ its credit.”

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Drury-Lane Theatre.

There has been such a prodigious squeezing of hats here of late, that the Managers, as well to

suppress the destruction of beavers, as to put a stop to an unnatural and ungraceful deportment, have been induced to issue out orders from the Green Room against this practice; commanding in the strictest terms, that whoever has a message to deliver on the stage, or a kicking to receive, shall perform it without recourse to this modern affectation. The Under-Graduates of each Theatre are thrown into great perplexity, and we hear, that a copy of this order is sent to Mr. Lee at *Edinburgh*, whose hats are said to be at present as flat as *Scotch* bonnets.

Literary Bill of Mortality for the Year 1752.

Casualties among Books.	Casualties among Authors.
Abortive - - - 7000	Bit by mad dogs - 500
Still born - - - 3000	Planet struck - - 900
Old age - - - 0000	Bruised - - - 1000
Worms - - - 8000	Killed themselves - 15
Consumption - - 500	Starved - - - 1200
<i>French</i> disease - - 700	Fall from a garret- }
Complication - - 100	window - - - } 2
Yellow fever in a jakes 200	Malignant fever - 80
Hard bound - - 100	Mortification - - 120
Trunk-makers - 1000	Canker - - - 20
Pastry-cooks - - 1000	Surfeit - - - 0000
Sky-rockets - - 10000	Executed - - - 37
Transportation - 10000	Dog-star rage - - 300
	Empyema, <i>Doctor Hill</i> 1
41600	4175

N U M B E R XII.

Saturday, Jan. 6, 1752.

*Majores nusquam ronci, juvenesque senesque
Et pueri nasum Rbinocerotis habent.*

MARTIAL.

WHEN an author first launches his little bark, a pleasing prospect lies before him. The novelty of enterprize gives life and ardour to his spirits: imagination pictures to him scenes of success, and he thinks he has nothing to do, but to spread all his sails, and glide away to the realms of fame. Were an insurance-office open for adventures of this nature, where, for a small premium, the event might be ascertained, he would hardly think it worth his while to intrench himself within those safe-guards; so sure he is of reaching his wished-for haven. But how soon is the flattering dream dissipated into air! Like *Virgil's Æneas*, he no sooner leaves the shore, and sees the land gradually lessening to his eye, than he finds himself embarked on a sea of troubles. Some secret enemy, in whose breast an unjust prejudice has long been rankling, immediately begins to counterwork his progress. *Æolus*, or some power that presides over the ocean of ink, is

addressed with a degree of rage not inferior to that of *Juno*, and a storm is soon raised, Calumny, detraction, scandal, and malevolence, blow a more violent tempest, than when the four winds combine; the blasts of envy whistle round him, and his little bark becomes the sport of a troubled element; now elevated as high as the very heavens, and then at once let down to the profoundest bottom of the deep. Should he be hardy enough to think of weathering it out, he is beset by a shoal of monsters, known in those seas by the name of CRITICKS. These dangerous animals of prey are constantly prowling about the main, upon the look-out, if I may be allowed the expression, for some object of their rage. Him they instantly surround, and all endeavours to amuse them from their fell purpose are in vain. °Tubs have been thrown to whales with success, and we have read of *Arion*, who found means, by the lenient airs of his harp, to soften into attention a group of monsters, hungry, and ready to devour him. But the fury of the CRITICKS is not to be appeased: inevitable ruin attends the man, who unhappily falls in their way. If out of the number of those, who are surrounded, an author is now and then happy enough, by the light of some propitious star, to steer his course clear of
ruin,

ruin, they have been seen to goad and bite themselves with spite and desperation.

To descend from this long continued allegory : a public writer, who undertakes to instruct or entertain his readers, has so many difficulties to cope with, that it has often been matter of wonder that any man is willing to undertake a life of so much labour and anxiety. The *pangs of despised wit* are, perhaps, equal to *those of despised love* ; sufficient, one would imagine, to extinguish an author's honest emulation, and determine him to think a post of inglorious ease more eligible than that state of warfare, in which he must be involved as a public writer. It is in vain to plead in bar to the invectives of the rigid censors of the age, a well-meant endeavour. An acquaintance of mine, who delights in parodying passages from poets, says, with some pleasantry, *Criticks have flinty hearts ; no wit can move them ; Authors must be unhappy.*

As these notable refiners upon the beauties of writing stand in a conspicuous light among the several characters which do honour to the present age, it may not be improper, upon this occasion, to lay before the reader a true idea of MODERN

CRI-

CRITICISM, with some account of its parentage and education.

ILL-NATURE is the founder of the family. In a fit of petulant delight this personage was joined in wedlock to the celebrated dame, IGNORANCE. The issue of this happy marriage was ENVY, who, being of a consumptive habit of body, and no very amorous disposition, was deterred for a long time from any thoughts of matrimony ; but at length meeting with MALICE, he took an immediate fancy to her, and by a sympathy of soul this lovely pair were led to a mutual liking for each other. MALICE was an old maid, of a lean shrivelled habit of body, delighting much in tea-table chat. At first the relations of ENVY were disgusted at the match. From the lady's looks, it was imagined that she was not of a constitution that promised an increase, and for want of issue the family might be soon extinct. Things, however, are not always to be judged by appearances. Though the new-married couple lived together like cats, constantly scratching and quarrelling, they still found softer moments of dalliance, and in about nine months CRITICISM was ushered into the world. The tidings of this happy event were soon wafted towards *Grub-street College*: Mother DULNESS raised her drowsy head, pleased with the ac-

account of the sprightly dunce, and all her votaries hailed the new-born babe. In *Parnassus* the effect was different: *Apollo* started, and each amiable MUSE let fall a tender tear: the tuneful lyre was laid aside, and ASTRÆA dropped her scales.

That the lineage of this egregious youth may be carried in the mind with more facility, I shall here throw the whole pedigree in one view before the eye of the reader.

ILL-NATURE—IGNORANCE
ENVY—MALICE
CRITICISM.

Like *Richard* the Third, the infant was born with teeth. At the first ray of light it began to hiss. Several of the usual play-things given to children were immediately bought, but nothing could allay our young hero's cries, until a catcall was given into his hands. Of this curious toy, by a kind of instinct, he soon found the use. It filled the infant with the most malicious delight. In process of time an horn-book was procured for the young gentleman. At the first sight of it he grew extremely peevish, and shortly after began to pull it to pieces. In this he was encouraged by his *grandmother*, who said it would spoil the child's eyes, but it is confidently said that he at last took
to

to it of himself, but at random, and in a very irregular manner. I am credibly informed, that he could not be induced to pursue the alphabet in its natural order, but that the first letters he became acquainted with, were *D, A, M, N*. It is a question with many, whether he ever went further. After infinite pains in the research, I have found from some secret memoirs, that he really did learn to read the title-pages of books and pamphlets, in order the more effectually to abuse them.

Our youth in his countenance had a blended resemblance to his parents, with a remarkable air of his grandmother. From his *grandfire* he derived a disposition to all kinds of vice, and the evil qualities of his father were observed to thrive in a soil admirably fitted for their reception. Pleasure he was an utter stranger to, unless the misfortunes of his neighbours excited the mixed sensations of that malignant joy mentioned by *Ovid*.

Rifus abest, nisi quem visî movere dolores.

Nothing could ever rouse him to an emulation of others. He sat pining and self-tormented at the idea of merit, and having a volubility of speech from his mother, he vented himself in spleen and scandalous invective. In these qualities he made great improvement. Each day added some
new

new accomplishment, such as *impudence, pertness, ill-manners, and a rare genius for lying.*

Being arrived at maturity, he grew wondrous fond of coffee-houses. He was constantly seen poring over the *Magazines*, and if he ever met with a production of genius, he shewed great perturbation of mind. He went to the playhouse on the first night of every new piece: the players dreaded the sight of him in the pit; he talked of actors whom he never saw; retailed authors whom he never read; tore up benches; grinned and chattered; hissed and clapped; yawned and slept. Having heard that *Aristotle's Art of Poetry* was esteemed among his best performances, he bought at a stall a certain curious production, entitled *Aristotle's Master-piece*, which gave him a mean opinion of the ancients. He ridiculed all kind of learning, and became a delegate, of his own choice, to direct the taste of the age. If a young author shewed any traces of elegance in his stile, or discovered a vein of thinking, capable of furnishing further improvements, he endeavoured to nip him in the bud.

To conclude; CRITICISM has been upon Town for several years, and still continues in the practice of every bad quality, deducible from a weak head
and

and a corrupt heart. As I intend to persevere in the work I have undertaken, I will cut matters short, and inform this gentleman, and all his followers, that after this I shall not suffer myself to be diverted from the design in which I have embarked: I hope not to be found altogether unworthy of the public perusal; and if I do not discover unknown truths, I shall endeavour to place every thing in a point of view, that, I hope, will sometimes give it the graces of novelty.

I shall continue to prefix a motto to each lucubration from some celebrated author of antiquity, not out of affectation, but because from an early taste for those excellent writers, many of their beauties have insinuated themselves into my imagination, in so lively a manner, that they recur on almost every topic. This serves very often, with the classic scholar, to place an entire essay before his eye at once; and to see a fine passage start into a new light, and carry a witty allusion to a subject, in appearance foreign to it, must, in my opinion, excite agreeable ideas in the fancy.

The mere *English* reader will lose this pleasure, but the rest of this paper cannot suffer by it.

T R U E

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Drury-Lane.

Mr. *Southwest*, the broker, has handed about the city a policy of insurance for 300l. on the life of the NEW TRAGEDY, shortly to be acted at the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane, called the GAMESTER, for the term of nine days compleat; but none of the *Under Writers* thought proper to subscribe; being all of opinion, that no work of genius can be worth a tenth part of the money.

Covent-Garden.

Two new tragedies have been offered to the Manager, but the run of *Harlequin Sorcerer* has only left room for one of them. The contending poets, it is said, have determined the precedence by tossing up, when fortune declared in favour of the *Earl of Essex*, written by Mr. *Jones*. *Constantine*, by the Rev. Mr. *Francis*, is deferred till next season.

N. B. The *Malevoli* are desired to decide in the same manner, whether they shall damn the *Earl of Essex*: if left to chance, it is possible that the Playhouse CRITICKS may deviate into the right.

N U M B E R XIII.

Saturday, Jan. 13, 1752.

Cælum, non animum mutant, qui trans mare currunt.

HORACE.

THE following letter from a gentleman, who lately took a trip to *Paris*, will, I believe, prove acceptable to the bulk of my readers. It exhibits a lively picture of an *Englishman*, who has set up the customs and manners of his own country, as the indisputable standard of what is right, and therefore treats every thing he finds abroad with the utmost contempt. I shall present it as the entertainment of this day, not doubting but that it will be relished by those, who have had an opportunity of observing the ridiculous manner, in which our countrymen spend their time, in that elegant metropolis of the polite world.

Paris, Jan. 10, 1752.

SIR,

I have been in this strange place about six weeks, and find myself in such a whimsical situation, that I may truly say, with *Petulant*, in the *Way of the World*, *I am like a dog in a dancing-school.*

school. Upon our first arrival here, we took a *fiacre*, and drove to our banker, who lives up four pair of stairs. Being our countryman, we thought him the most proper person to direct us, and accordingly enquired whether there were any good lodgings to be let in the *Rue de Boucherie*; for you must know, we were informed, before we left *England*, by some gentlemen, who said they knew *Paris* perfectly well, that we should take up our residence in that part of the town. The banker smiled at the question. He told us, that the *English* gentlemen had deserted that famous street ever since *harlequin* at the *Italian* comedy, in making love to his mistress, informed her, among other professions of his passion, *that he loved her as violently as my Lord Anglois did the Rue de Boucherie.* He added, that he would take care to fix us in a proper lodging, and accordingly conducted us to *Peyri Baigneur*, in the *Rue Dauphine*, who accommodated us with good apartments. Our next care was to equip ourselves in the fashion of the country. We sent for a taylor, and *Jack Commons*, who jabbars a little *French*, directed him to make us two suits, which were brought us home the next morning at ten o'clock, and made compleat *Frenchmen* of us. But for my part, I was so damned uneasy in a full-dressed coat, with hellish long skirts, which I had never been used to, that I thought
 myself

myself as much deprived of my liberty, as if I had been in the *Bastile*. I frequently sighed for my little loose frock, which I look upon as an emblem of our happy constitution; for it lays a man under no uneasy restraint, but leaves it in his power to do as he pleases. I must not forget to inform you, that we hired a *Swiss* servant, whom they call *Valet de Place*; and to him we entrusted the management of every thing, which saves a great deal of trouble. I really believe the fellow to be extremely honest, for I do not find that I spend more money here than in *London*. As it is absolutely necessary to have a coach while in *Paris*, we engaged a *remise* during our stay, and indeed it was indispensably incumbent upon us to set up an equipage, for we commenced lords immediately upon entering the *Fauxbourg St. Germain*. The people think, every man, who looks aukward, and throws away his money, an *English* lord; nay, they are so liberal of this title, that they call the *English* taylors and peruke-makers, who sometimes pay them a visit, *des petites my lords*. You may believe, my friend, I was very desirous to see their theatrical entertainments. I have indeed been at one or other of them every night. They are d—d strange, Sir; not the thing, by any means. I do not, it is true, understand the language, but their manner is quite different from
ours.

ours. The players seldom or ever throw out the voice with any vehemence, but speak in as natural a manner, as if they were off the stage: that would not be borne with us. However, the *French* are pleased with it, as they know no better. The first time I was at the play-house, I imagined there had been a riot the night before; for I observed there were no benches in the pit: but, in this I was mistaken. There never are any seats in that part of the house: the reason is, I suppose, because a *Frenchman* cannot sit still during the performance. With respect to the manner of living, it is intolerable. I should have been starved, if I had not luckily got acquainted with an *Irish* Abbé of *Lombard-college*, one Mr. *M' Manus*, a very good sort of a man, though a popish priest. He has a cursed queer way of talking indeed; his accent being a mixture of the *Brogue* and the *French* cadence, and his phrases generally literal translations from the *French*. He is notwithstanding a d—d honest fellow, and will get drunk with any of his friends at a minute's warning. If it had not been for this gentleman, who conducted me to a little place, kept by one *Kemp*, where I got a leg of mutton and turnips, and beef-stakes, I should have been obliged to set out post for *England*. 'Tis true, upon honour. My life was at stake. I could by no means live upon their *soup* and *bully*, and kick-

shaws made of stinking meat. Their wines, it must be allowed, are pretty enough, when one is used to them; but at first they seem prodigious weak: they have not half the body of our wines in *England*: but, that is easily accounted for, the best growth being always sent to us; at least *Venables* and *Tomkins* tell me so. In mentioning *Kemp's*, I should have told you of an ugly scrape I had like to have fallen into. I got into company with an officer of the *Scotch* troops in the *French* king's service, and I began to hum him about party affairs; but, he soon gave me to understand that I was on the wrong side the water for that fun, and insisted, that I should give immediate satisfaction. I reflected that it would be confoundedly silly, to get pinked in a popish country, where they would not allow me christian burial; and so I asked his pardon and the affair was made up, by the mediation of *Abbé M^r Manus*. This has cured me from attempting any sport of that kind while I stay here. You will be surprized, perhaps, that I give you no account of the people. To tell you the truth, my friend, I do not know any of them. I went once to an ordinary, and the company were so remarkably civil to me, that I began to think they had a design upon me; but my friend, *Jack Commons*, who has studied the law, and knows these things, tells me, this excessive politeness proceeds from

from their living under an arbitrary government. I cannot help laughing at the immense number of *Chevaliers de St. Louis*, which I meet every where. These gentlemen are as numerous here, as knights have been in the city of *London*, since the year forty-three. They wear a little enamelled cross hanging to a red ribbon, which is fixed in a button-hole of the coat; and most of them have a streak of dirt on their white silk-stockings, about an inch above the shoe, which, I suppose, is part of the order. As to the government of this county, I have not thought it worth my while to enquire about it: I am satisfied with old *England*, and there will end my days. I have had very few amours since I left *England*, for I do not know how it is, I am rather shy of the women here, they are so devilish sprightly. I know three or four of them, whom my barber recommended me to, but they are not of the first class.

To conclude, Mr. *McManus* has carried me through all the curiosities in and about *Paris*, and now my time lies heavy on my hands. As I have no acquaintance, and am unwilling to enter into any connection with people in a strange country, I am at a loss what to do with myself in an evening. The day I contrive to pass away tolerably. I faunter in the *Tuilleries* till dinner, which brings all the

English together at *Kemp's*; from thence we adjourn to *Procope's*, until it is time to go to the play, which kills the time to about half an hour after eight. When the actors dismiss us, we are perplexed to determine how we shall dispose of ourselves, and are, in the end, obliged, in our own defence, to return to *Kemp's*, and play a game at whist. This way of life will not do with me: in about a fortnight you may expect to see me, when we will laugh over these strange scenes at the *Shakespeare*.

I am sincerely yours, &c.

GEORGE BRITON,



NUMBER

N U M B E R X I V .

Saturday, Jan. 20, 1752.

— *Ecce inter pocula quærun*
Romulidæ satiri, qui dia poemata narrent.

PERSIUS.

THE club, of which I am a member, and of which I have already given some account in this paper, is not a confederacy in riot and debauchery: It was instituted with a view of enjoying a pleasing converse, rather than of contending with each other for the renown of the most potent constitution, or the most capacious swallow. Accordingly our discourse generally turns upon some topic, that may serve to disclose the humours of mankind, or carry our taste in the polite arts to a greater degree of refinement.

An evening of this sort I was sure to enjoy at our last meeting. The chair was filled by Mr. *Candid*, whom I have formerly described as a very odd critic, good nature and knowledge being peculiarities remarkable in his character. As soon as the mutual civilities were exchanged between the company, this gentleman acquainted us with an occurrence of a very extraordinary nature. As

he was walking in the *Piazzas at Covent-Garden*, he perceived a man extremely busy in pasting up against the wall, advertisements of so singular a purport, that he was induced to beg one of them, which was read out to the club, and was in substance as follows.

“ Lately launched at *Deptford*, a ship called the
 “ *Pantomime*, now lying at *Iron-gate*, whereof is
 “ owner *John Lun*, burthen seven hundred tons;
 “ mounts four and thirty guns, and bound directly
 “ for the *South-Seas*, in quest of monsters of all
 “ sorts; to cruize for some time in those parts, and
 “ thence to bear away to the unknown world; in
 “ her homeward voyage to touch upon the coasts
 “ of *Asia* and *Africa*, and return home north about
 “ in order to stock our theatres with the wildest
 “ exotics that can be met with. Good encourage-
 “ ment will be given to all seafaring men, who will
 “ ship themselves on board the *Pantomime* above-
 “ mentioned; and, as a corps of marines will be
 “ requisite, disappointed fortune-hunters, broken
 “ gamesters, hen-peck'd husbands, under-actors,
 “ &c. shall be received, and enter into commission
 “ forthwith.

“ *N. B.* For further particulars, apply to any
 “ of the brokers on Change, at *Sam's* coffee-house,
George's

“ *George’s Temple-Bar, the Bedford, or the stage-door of the theatre in Covent-Garden.*”

This piece of intelligence gave no small astonishment to the rest of the company. Our chairman declared, he had seen so many strange turns in life, that he did not doubt but it would be absolutely carried into execution: he added, that it would certainly draw prodigious houses, to have it mentioned in the play-bills, that the principal parts, in a new entertainment, will be performed by a wonderful *Armadillo* from *Brasil*, a *Serpent* from the river *Oronoque*, the famous *Lanthorn-Fly* from *Peru*, a *Mermaid* from the *Ladrones Islands*, a surprising *Camel*, a *Rhinoceros*, and many horrible animals, *being their first appearance on the English stage.*

Mr. *Candid* proceeded to observe, that poor *Shakespeare*, who used to flourish, like the thorn at *Glastonbury*, in the depth of winter, must be now entirely destroyed. To prevent, as far as in him lay, this threatening mischief, he informed us, that he has drawn up, with no small pains, a pamphlet entitled, *A modest proposal against abolishing nature, and Shakespeare, at this juncture*, addressed to *David Garrick; Esq.* with whom he hoped it would have due weight, the performances of that

gentleman having displayed a true relish for the masterly touches of that inimitable poet.

“ And now, since I have mentioned Mr. *Garrick*,” continued he, “ I had rather see him come out from the murder of *Duncan* in the character of *Macbeth*, with the daggers in his hands, than behold a fountain of tin playing in jetteaus, a real cascade, or a country-dance by all the monsters of the creation. I may be out in my taste, but, there are strokes of nature in the play just mentioned, which I shall always reflect upon with pleasure; though I cannot help wondering, that *Garrick*, who always strikes out the brightest ideas, should attach himself to the common reading of a line in the part of *Macbeth*, when a more noble meaning is to be extracted from the same passage. The lines I mean, are, when he looks at his hands, and breaks out into the following speech.

*Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No ;---this my hand will rather
The multitudinous sea incarnadine,
Making the green one red.*

“ The last line is generally pronounced, as if *Shake-*
“ *spear* meant, the GREEN-ONE, which, after the
“ pompous expression of the *multitudinous sea*,
“ would render it liable to the imputation of an
anti-

“ anticlimax ; whereas, if it be understood, as
 “ *making the green*,—ONE RED, i. e. the colour of
 “ the sea, which is of itself green, *one intire uni-*
 “ *versal red*, it would close the passage with a dig-
 “ nity responsive to what precedes, and adequate
 “ to the vastness of *Shakespeare's* conception. In
 “ this view, the expression not only keeps up the
 “ image impressed upon the mind, by the term
 “ MULTITUDINOUS sea, but also heightens the
 “ horror of *Macbeth's* crime ; the blood he has
 “ spilt being sufficient to convert the natural co-
 “ lour of the whole ocean into—ONE RED.”

This interpretation may, perhaps, not appear *Orthodox* to those who are bigotted to *Play-house tradition* : by our whole club it was thought extremely just. Mr. *Plastick*, the *Shaftsburian* philosopher, received it with an air of enthusiasm ; declaring, that it suggested an idea, which expanded the imagination, the more he dwelt upon it. After this, he offered some doubts, concerning a passage in the same play, of which he conceived the meaning, though he did not see the propriety and consistence of the figures. The lines hinted at are in *Macbeth's* soliloquy concerning the deed he was to perpetrate.

----- I have no spur
 To prick the sides of my intent, but only

Vault

*Vaulting ambition, which o'er-leaps itself,
And falls on the other -----*

Mr. *Candid* immediately reassumed the discourse. “ The first thing to be observed, said he, “ is the rapidity of *Shakespeare's* imagination, and “ the quick succession of ideas, with which it supplied him. The metaphorical expression in the “ verse,—*I have no spur to prick the sides of my intent*,—gave occasion to the figure in the succeeding line, *But VAULTING AMBITION, which o'er-leaps itself, and falls on the other.*—The allusion is to a *managed horse*, and AMBITION is represented as a person, who, endeavouring to vault into the seat, by the violence of his effort, overleaps himself, and falls quite on the other side.”

The whole company was much pleased with the light thrown upon this passage. Our *Shaftsburian* philosopher observed, that the interpretation is perfectly applicable to the circumstances and conduct of *Macbeth*; when Mr. *Allcash*, the citizen, interposed, and told us, that, for his part, he did not mind your plays much: he went to see *Garrick* at *Goodman's-fields*, and could not help laughing to see the people cry at *King Lear*, when he knew it was all a play, and he paid his money
for

for it. This contributed to ruffle the temper of Mr. *Plastick*, who instantly harangued upon the *public sense, the moral sense, and the internal sense*. Mr. *Allcash* was not to be beat out of his way: instead of paying any deference to this doctrine, he desired an explanation of a line in *Othello*, where *Iago* says, *Who steals my purse steals trash, 'tis something, nothing*. "Is there not, said he, "some mistake, in calling money *trash*, and *some-thing nothing*?"

The chairman smiled at this observation, which he promised to consider at his leisure, and for the present, proceeded to give a correction of a mistake in the play of *Othello*, in the fifth act of which *Iago* says to *Roderigo*,

*I have rubb'd this gnat almost to the sense,
And he grows angry.*

The common editions give us the lines in this manner, and Mr. *Warburton* has done the same. *Theobald* is the only editor who saw the absurdity. *To rub a gnat*, as he observes, though ever so gently, would rub it out of all sense, and would effectually kill it. Yet, though he perceived the error, it seems, he knew not how to mend it. The quarto editions, Mr. *Candid* told us, instead of *gnat*, read *quat*, or *quot*; "but *Theobald*, continued

tinued he, “ not knowing the meaning of the
 “ word, alters it to *knot*, the name of a bird, and
 “ has a long note to justify the correction. But
 “ the old books are perfectly right, a *quat*, or *quot*,
 “ being a small heat or pimple, which by itch-
 “ ing, provokes us to scratch it, and when
 “ rubbed to the quick or sense, it becomes hot
 “ and angry. The word has not perhaps the au-
 “ thority of any contemporary writer, but must
 “ certainly be *Shakespeare's*, as it is still used in
 “ *Warwickshire*, the native country of the old
 “ bard; and in *Northamptonshire*, where I passed a
 “ good many months a few years since, it still
 “ carries with it the meaning already assigned
 “ to it.”

Our chairman ceased here. I am apt to think, that many passages of the poet, seemingly corrupted, are to be illustrated, not from books, but from the customs and dialect of the people; many of the terms, which appear quite antiquated and obsolete, being, as I am informed, still used in the northern parts of the kingdom.

Our researches into literature ended here, and the company immediately withdrew, like satisfied guests. If my readers rise from the perusal of this lucubration with the same relish, I shall have
 gained

gained the end proposed by this account of our transactions.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Extract of a Letter from Dublin.

Dear CHARLES,

YOU will undoubtedly be informed by the public papers, long before this can reach your hands, of the conversion of that excellent actress, Mrs. *Woffington*, who is at present highly admired here for her admirable performances. Various are the conjectures concerning the motives, which induced her to renounce the errors of the church of *Rome*; but the most probable opinion is, that some eminent lawyers advised her to this step, in order to qualify her to wear a sword in the characters of Sir *Harry Wildair* and *Lothario*; which she could not safely attempt as a papist, it being highly penal in this kingdom for any one of the *Romish* communion to carry arms.

Drury-Lane and Covent-Garden

The run of Pantomimes not over yet.

O Shakespeare! O Johnson!

Rest, rest, perturbed spirits.

NUM.

N U M B E R. XV.

Saturday, Jan. 27, 1752.

— *Dabiturque Licentia sumpta pudenter.*

HOR.

MY Paper of last *Saturday* contained an account of the transactions of our club; and as an incident offered, after it broke up, which gave rise to the speculation of this day, I beg that this paper may be received as a sequel to it.

The majority of our worthy members returned home, rather sooner than is usual with them; at length, Mr. *Candid* and myself were the only two remaining. As we drew nearer to the fire, and to each other, our hearts began to throw off all reserve. The *conversation*, which before was vague and upon general topics of literature, became gradually more confined, and at length centered wholly on ourselves. Mr. *Candid*, amongst other particulars, began to congratulate with me on my address and reputation as a writer, and the credit he was pleased to say I had acquired, in conducting the paper which bears my name. Your reputation, Mr. *Ranger*, says he, is at present in its early bloom; the aspect of the public shines on you,
with

with a cheering influence and warmth. But you are not to imagine, it will be always thus. The sky may be overcast, and the enlivening radiance intercepted; a chilling frost may unexpectedly succeed, and nip all your blossoms in the bud. To drop the metaphor, continued he, the countenance and encouragement of the public may be withdrawn, and at a time when you are exerting all your talents to deserve and secure it. Popular favour, and popular prejudice, are the most capricious things imaginable. Disgust will often arise, where no satiety has been given; and mutual confidence and good liking will unaccountably degenerate to coldness, suspicion, and indifference. Yet, it may be difficult to say, from whence this alteration is occasioned; or, whether it is owing to the pretensions of the writer, or the reader; but in this case perhaps, as in most others, there may be faults on both sides. Exorbitant claims are not so easily adjusted; especially where the parties are equally unwilling to recede from their presumptive rights. The author is often unreasonable in his demands for fame; and the public as hard to be gratified in their expectation of pleasure. You are, at present, considered as a new writer; the delicacies you regale the town with, are a dish un-
thought

thought of by your fellow-caterers for the general entertainment. But these in time will become familiar to our taste; your wit will then be censured to have lost its poignancy, and your humour its relish. I was going to make a suitable reply to so obliging an encomium, when my friend prevented me, by observing that the evening was now far advanced; and that it became us, as *Originals*, not to prolong our computations to the modern midnight hours of conversation.

In retiring to my chambers, I could not forbear ruminating on the sentiments of my penetrating acquaintance; and resolved to throw together a few reflections upon what may be termed *novelty* in writing.

I think then that judicious imitation either of ancient or modern standards, ought not to be stigmatized as larceny in an author. He is certainly at liberty to draw from any excellent model, whom he chuses to copy; and that without incurring the ignominious appellation of a plagiarist or a transcriber. Universal custom will justify the practice. All the imitative arts may be more particularly termed so, as the several masters have frequently worked after a plan, that was first sketched out by some distinguished original. The
same

same design, diversified indeed with newer decorations, as genius or invention prompted, may be traced in the different performances of subsequent artists; sometimes extended by the addition of circumstances, which naturally grew out of the work; or contracted, by pruning the luxuriant branches, and retrenching what appeared superfluous and unnecessary.

This general and distant imitation, it will be readily owned, is allowable and just; is what cannot perhaps be easily avoided, where the subject is treated with propriety, and according to the rules of art. Thus *Virgil* followed *Homer*; thus *Addison* will always be regarded as the pattern either of grave, or of humorous speculation; and *Cervantes* will ever be a faithful guide to the adventurer in comic romance.

But there is another kind of imitation, which is more direct and literal, and consists in adopting the sentiments and phrase of others. Of this the legality is yet a question. The practice is generally judged to denote poverty of thought, and defect of imagination in the writer. The censure is perhaps too rigid, or at least may be moderated by some qualifying considerations that suggest themselves to our impartial attention.

The transfusion of wit from one language into another, when done with elegance and ease, has been seldom turned to the disparagement of the author who has abilities to do it, especially if the spirit is not suffered to evaporate, but retains all the sprightliness and vigour which it possessed in the original. The sentence which I have placed at the head of this paper is an indulgence to an author, either for reviving obsolete and antiquated expressions, or for the importation of new ones, if the liberty be used with modesty and discretion. What *Horace* has thus observed with regard to words only, may by parity of reason be applied to sentiment and thought.

If the language is enriched by the addition of a single term or phrase, our stock of knowledge is made still more exuberant, by introducing a succession of new ideas; in proportion as the value of an ingot is superior to a single coin. To discover a new and uncommon vein of thinking upon ordinary and beaten topics, requires that creative power of imagination, which Nature has imparted only to her favourites, and with a frugal sparing hand. Authors of inferior genius have easier methods assigned them in their pursuit of fame. It must be their merit to select the most agreeable imagery, to give delicate and graceful
turns

turns to obvious and common thoughts; and to recommend what is grown familiar to our imagination, by the novelty and advantage of dress. A statue which we have ceased to look on with the eyes of admiration, when removed to another point of view, shall strike us with fresh pleasure and delight; a pleasure which results entirely from the novelty and change of position.

There is a couplet in *Pope*, which I beg leave to produce, as applicable to the sentiments advanced.

*True Wit is Nature to advantage dress'd,
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well express'd.*

And this very sentiment, which I mention only as relative to the subject, and which, on any other occasion, I should have industriously concealed, our ingenious poet has taken from a remark of *Boileau*. Writers who argue with precision will often unavoidably fall into a coincidence of thought: nature and truth are invariable; and when several pictures are taken of the same object, if they are just copies of the original, they will necessarily have a likeness to each other. I might add likewise, how difficult it is to offer what has not yet been said by any one, on subjects that appear exhausted.

A humorous acquaintance, who often talks to me on this head, lays it down as an indisputable principle, that composition is only the art of stealing wisely : and indeed, as matters are usually managed by our worthy fraternity of authors, if we strike out the last word, his definition is perfectly unexceptionable. I make then no scruple to declare, that I look on all the wit, and all the humour, in antient or modern languages, as good and lawful prize ; and that I shall freely convert them to my own use, and the public emolument ; but then I will take care to do it in such a manner as shall reflect no disgrace upon the author from whom I borrow it ; and if he comes at any time either in person, or by his attorney, to demand his property, he shall find it employed in the very way which he himself would chuse.

Having said this, I give public notice of this my intention to Mr. *Town* and all his adherents, and I advise them withal to keep a good look-out, in order to detect and expose me.

N U M B E R XVI.

Saturday, Feb. 3, 1752.

— *Vario multum diversa palato.*

HOR.

SINCE my first entering upon the province of a periodical writer, I have been very inquisitive concerning myself. While I have been endeavouring to glean characters and other materials for the embellishment of my paper, I have made it my business at the same time, to collect all the intelligence I could in relation to the present writer. With this view, I have spent two-pence in every coffee-house within the bills of mortality. I have stood listening in all quarters of the town to the noise of fame, as the lion is said, when he has fill'd the forest with terror, to stop short in his career, in order to observe the effects of that alarm which his roaring has occasioned among the tenants of the wood. Some, I find, are pleas'd that a satyr is stalking abroad; others are afraid of coming under his lash; and different reports prevail in different quarters. In one part of the town I am a black man, in another a fair one; now tall, now short; now fat, now lean; *English*, *Scotch*, and *Irish* by turns. At *Sam's* coffee-house,

in the city, I have a place at the Custom-house; at *Batson's* I am a physician without practice. From thence my consequence grows less by degrees, and dwindles all along *Cheapside* and *Fleet-street*; insomuch that my spirits would subside to a very low ebb, did not my reputation again start up at the coffee-houses about the *Temple*. In those regions I am represented in various lights and no later than yesterday, I over-heard a sober-looking man saying to his friend, "I am not fond of giving any body an ill word, but I believe him to be an attorney." From *Temple-Bar* westward, my name gathers strength and lustre. When it reaches the *Bedford*, "I am a damned fine fellow, that have seen a great deal of the world, KILLED my man, debauched my girl, intrigued with a countess, cuckolded an alderman, an excellent bottle-companion; a wit, a blood, a mimic, and what not?" Were I a dupe to popularity, I should certainly derive a very exquisite pleasure from these various descriptions, as I flatter myself that a person must have some degree of importance, before he can thus become the topic of general conversation. There is another circumstance which does not a little administer to my pleasure; and that is, the variety of unknown correspondents, from whom I am frequently honoured with epistles in this my public capacity.

Some

Some of these gentlemen are so obliging as to pay their compliments to my *excellent talents*; but all such tokens of civility, I beg leave to suppress; nor shall I take this opportunity to write in terms of adulation, under an imagined character to myself; though I know it is the practice of many brother authors, and though I am not insensible of the delectable sounds, “Dear *Ranger*, your predecessor the *Tatler*, &c.” or, “your brother essayist Mr. *Addison*, &c.” or, “the sublimity of your genius, the delicacy of your wit, the irresistible poignancy of your humour.—I am your Eternal admirer and constant reader.” Something in this stile would, I must own, play agreeably about the heartstrings, and give a lustre to my reputation; but I shall at present have the self-denial to resist this flattering temptation. I cannot, however, controul myself so far, as to withhold from my readers a specimen of the miscellaneous correspondence, with which I am honoured, and of which I shall say in the words of *Martial*,

*Sunt bona, sunt quædam mediocria, sunt mala multa,
Quæ legis hic, aliter non fit, avite, liber.*

To CHARLES RANGER, Esq.

S I R,

If the account you give of the characters, that figure in various parts of this great town, be in any degree true, I must say that your paper has contributed much to my entertainment. But pray, who is Mr. TOWN? what sort of a man is he? I wish you would so describe him, that I may know his person. If you comply with this, you will oblige,

Yours, &c.

JOHN SMOKE-EM.

I shall give my correspondent a fuller description of Mr. *Town* in the words of *Dryden*, " Legion's his name, a people in a man ;" *Charles* at the *Bedford* will shew him to the curious any evening, after the play, when they will hear much peevish criticism.

MR. RANGER,

Several people have taken offence at your writings, imagining that they contain oblique strokes upon particular characters. I have been kicked three times already upon a supposition that I am the author. Pray, Sir, be so good as to take the honour to yourself, and you will very much oblige

The Injured,

THOMAS LYRIC.

To

To CHARLES RANGER, Esq.

SIR,

I am of that sect of philosophers, who hold the tenets of *Pythagoras*. Since my arrival in town I have met with an incontestable proof of their validity. I went the other night to see Mr. *Garrick*, in the character of *Richard the Third*, and I am sure he was possessed of the very soul of *Richard*. Pray, Mr. *Ranger*, does not this confirm the doctrine of the *Metempsychosis*? Your opinion on this head will oblige, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

*** **

If this gentleman will see Mr. *Garrick* this evening in the character of *Macbeth*, he will think him possessed of another soul, and indeed he will be apt to entertain the same persuasion, as often as that excellent actor appears in a new shape.

Having thus acquitted myself to my correspondents, I think proper, in order to show how glad I shall be of future contributions, to put out the following declaration.

If any gentlemen writers, or others, have a mind to serve the cause of Wit, and pull down the empire

pire of Dullness; if any *Templers* prefer *Shakespeare* to lord *Coke*; if any attorney's clerk pens a stanza instead of engrossing; if any wife have too little husband, or any husband too much wife; if any old maid is angry with the men, or any man justly incensed against coquettes; if any nobleman is troubled with an itch of scribbling; or any person of genius has a mind to try his hand in secret; in short, if any people whatever have a smattering of wit, humour, or raillery, let them repair to Mr. *William Faden*, printer, in *Wine-Office-Court, Fleet-street*, and they shall have present relief and entertainment; and immediately upon their appearance in the *Gray's-Inn Journal* they will commence authors of the first magnitude.

Vivat Rex.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

From my Register Office, Feb. 10.

I shall this day give a farther account of the seminaries in this metropolis.

Batson's in Cornhill.

This place is the grand dispensatory of life and death. Upon any emergence, there are always fifty or sixty physicians, reading the newspapers, and waiting for a call: so that in case of a good distemper, a city feast, or a good bleak north-east

east wind, timely assistance may be had by sending to this academy. From the care of health, a transition is frequently made to the *stamina* or life of books, plays and pamphlets; *Hippocrates and Galen, Aristotle and Bossu*, are promiscuously quoted by the gentlemen of the faculty. Here, at any time, may be had a receipt for a *bolus*, or an epic poem; for an *elixir salutis*, or a tragedy-bowl of poison; and it is agreed by all, that *Mercury* should interfere but seldom, either in life or on the stage;

Nec Deus interfit nisi dignus vindice nodus.

Grecian Coffee-house.

Though we are all voluntiers in literature, never was an army under juster regulation, or so strictly observant of discipline. The general has made a judicious choice of officers. Captain *Quibble* commands the light body of *puns*; the cavalry of *horse-laughs* is given to brigadier *Lungs*; the main body of *bulls* is directed by lieutenant general *Manewell*, and major *Sly* is promoted to the regiment of *double-entendres*. There are besides several faggots, and false-musters, which the general thinks proper to connive at.

John's Coffee-house, Sweeting's-alley.

Since the death of the venerable Mrs. *Skipton*, of pious memory, our affairs have been conducted
with

with great regularity under the judicious management of *Robin*. The upper apartment is frequented by all-seeing politicians, and commercial sages. There are besides, several choice spirits, who, having a peculiar taste in dress, are pleased with the opportunity of exhibiting their persons to advantage, in gracefully *tripping* up stairs, while the more humble, whose genius does not exceed the smartness of a *cut bob*, are content to pore over the daily intelligence in the lower regions, to the no small detriment of their eyes.

Sam's Coffee-house, Change-alley

This place is a nursery of *critics, bucks, bloods, politicians, Jews, and stock-jobbers*. *Major* is highly alert in handing books, poems, and tracts of all sorts to the students, according to their respective inclinations to the perusal of pamphlets, or the deeper researches into systems of philosophy. In short, this place, like *George's at Temple bar*, is a seminary, from which the town will be annually supplied with every species of genius.

N U M B E R XVII.

Saturday, Feb. 10, 1752.

— Conclamant ore Sophistæ.

Juv.

MY Readers are by this time sufficiently acquainted with many little societies in this town: I shall this day present them an account of a very extraordinary college, called the *Robin Hood*; a society, in its institution and principles, so very extraordinary, that nothing to compare with it can be found in any part of the known world.

Robin Hood society, Feb. 12, 1753.

A society, for free and candid enquiry, meets at this house every *Monday* throughout the year. This day the debates were carried on with that discernment and good sense, for which the several professors are distinguished,

About seven o'clock in the evening the president, *Timothy Meek*, seated himself in his chair, With his usual sedateness and composure he continued silent about five minutes; then rising slowly began with the customary ceremony.

President. Pray, gentlemen, be silent.

A Mem-

A Member of the club. Here, waiter, hand some porter.

President. Accomodate the gentlemen, and let us begin—Pray, gentlemen, be silent.—The question, gentlemen, is,—*whether the scripture revelation would not, like that glorious luminary the sun, pervade and penetrate all bodies, if it were of the same divine original?*—The question, gentlemen, is signed, *Jenkins*.—Is Mr. *Jenkins* here?—If he is, I wish he would answer, for I have a very bad cold. No body appearing to it, it must go from me, as if it were mine.—Pray, gentlemen, be silent—the affirmatives in this question is, to consider the nature of that glorious luminary the sun, and also—pray be silent gentlemen—the nature of the gospel exhibition; and they is to ponderate how far they agrees, and the negatives is to consider the same, and by this collision, it is possible, the truth may be bolted out.—Pray be silent gentlemen,—Hem!—do you chuse to speak, Sir?

Oliver Cantwell. In handling this argument, Mr. *President*, I shall beg leave to set out with what may seem not very apposite to the purpose, but it will lead into many reflections, which will appear not wholly foreign to the point. King
James

James I. was the worst Monarch that ever sat on the throne of these realms. He was a pedantick, grammatical, pragmatikal, tyrannical King, and his son *Charles* was deservedly brought to the block by that great man *Oliver Cromwell*. The seeds of popery were sown in all the *Stuart* race; the Jesuits know this perfectly well, and if there is one here at present, let him rise and contradict me if he can.

President. Time, Sir; do you chuse to speak, Sir? Does any body on this row chuse to speak. *Mr. Mac Gregor*, do you chuse it?

Mr. Mac Gregor. Read the question, Sir. (*question read*) I cannot conceive why the member who spoke last, should go out of his way to abuse the house of *Stuart*, but I shall not follow him through all the puddle and mire it would lead me, were I inclined to pursue him. Touching this question, Sir, there are three things to be considered; the first is the theory of vision; secondly the motion of the sun and planetary system; thirdly, the operations of the human mind, with our ideas simple, complex, abstract, and concrete. With regard, Sir, to the first, *Barclay* has the best account, and every body knows that the sun was struck out of chaos by the creative mandate of the Almighty fiat; and finally it is certain, that
memory

memory depends on our earliest associations of ideas, which naturally evinces Deism, and utterly disconcerts the cause of Christianity, which *certainly is not founded on argument.* Mr. Locke, in his chapter of Innate Ideas——

President. Your five minutes are out, Sir; Do you chuse to speak? Does any gentleman on this row chuse to speak?

Mr. Wiseacre.—Rises with his eyes shut; opens them. Read the question Sir, (*question read*) shuts his eyes; pauses; opens his eyes;—No, nothing at all;—I pass, Sir.

President. Pray, gentlemen, don't laugh;—pray be silent, gentlemen; do you chuse to speak, Doctor?

Doctor Talmud.—Mr. President,—I am sorry rancour and ill-nature, Mr. President, should prevail in this assembly.—Pray, gentlemen,—let us, gentlemen, be free from malice.—Do, gentlemen, for God's sake, let us be polite, and good humored and humane, gentlemen, let us discuss every thing with decency. But, hem!—I must observe, Mr. President, that the objections to Revelation arise from an ignorance of the original language, in which it was *communicated.* For instance,

instance, the passage relating to *Jeptha's* vow has been a great fund of raillery; but when we take the full force of the *Hebrew* passage, *Eama, Jacobasa, Irraurista, Diarba, Diota*, I apprehend the difficulty disappears. I am glad to have this opportunity of correcting this mistake, which gentlemen have gone into in opposing revelation to *natooral* religion. The light of the scriptures, Mr. President, leads to the improvement of *natooral* religion, and like the radiance of the sun, *boomanely* speaking, does pervade all bodies that are not impervious.

President. I am sorry, Doctor, your time is elapsed.

Doctor addressing himself to his next neighbour.—The sun does pervade all bodies that are not impervious.

Mr. Shallow. I could wish, Sir, that I had known of this question. I could have read something about it; but it escapes my memory at present. If I had time, I could have read about it. *Chubb* says a great deal in his book, but I own I don't recollect it; and *Mandevill* too, but I wish I had known it before; I must beg to read some notes, I have put together since the debate, though I could wish I had time to read about it.

President. Time, Sir,—do you chuse to speak, Sir?

Mr. Broadbrim. Esteemed friend, I have found out a truth, which I never told any body, in my life, and I will now tell it to this company.—We consist therefore then of three species.

President. Pray, gentlemen, don't laugh. Pray, gentlemen.

Mr. Broadbrim. We consist, as I said, of three species; the flesh, the spirit, and God's grace; and this I never told any body in my life before, and I now tell it in the name of charity to this good assembly.

Mr. Sneerwell. Mr. *President*, I have litte to offer at present; only I must observe, that we are all greatly obliged to the worthy member who spoke last, for his information. He tells us we are of three species; the flesh, the spirit, and God's grace.—The former of these he possesses very amply, viz. the flesh, but as to the spirit, and God's grace, he seems destitute of both, for, I believe, if he had any share of either, he would not have spoke as he has done.

Orator Bronze. I am pleased to see this assembly;—you're a twig from me; a chip of the old block at *Clare-market*. I am the old block, invincible

vincible;—*coup de grace* as yet unanswered;—we are brother rationalists;—logicians upon fundamentals;—I love ye all;—I love *mankande* in general.—Give me some of that porter.

President. Pray, gentlemen, don't laugh;—gentlemen, I have a very bad cold.

Orator Bronze. I am glad to see you joyous;—the Deity is a joyous being.

President. Time, Sir.

Orator Bronze. Do you know who you stop?—I'll never come here again——no the devil a bit.

President. Is there any gentleman come in since this debate, that chuses to speak?—Pray, gentlemen, be silent,——you'll please to take my watch, that I mayn't transgress my time.

The affirmatives in this question has endeavoured to invalidate the gospel exhibition; but as one gentlemen has observed, many mistakes arises from the ignorance of the *Hebrew*; and to be sure, we does lie under that disadvantage, which is however in some sort removed by the notes in *Stackhouse's* bible. There is a writer, *Mounseer Du PIN*, who, though of the *Romish* communion,

may be allowed sometimes to speak truth, though his arguments often militates against himself, and I does upon the whole apprehend, that revelation, or the gospel exhibition, like that glorious luminary the sun, is of divine original. (*Time, sir,*)

The questions, gentlemen, (pray, gentlemen, be silent)——for the next night is,

Whether ADAM and EVE had the venereal disease, as we derive corruption from them?

Signed Wagstaff.

Whether the greater number of cuckolds in *England*, than in *Ireland*, is owing to the men or the women?

Signed Horner.

Whether angels look best in a morning, or an evening?

Signed Metaphysick.

Whether such an assembly as this would be tolerated in any other Christian country?

Signed Wagbucket.

Gentlemen, I wish ye all good night.

ADJOURNED.

N U M B E R XVIII.

Saturday, Feb. 17, 1752.

--- --- --- --- *Vin tu*
Curtis Judæis oppedere? --- ---

HOR.

MY last *Saturday's* lucubration gave an account of one of the most remarkable academies in *Europe*: I shall devote the paper of this day, to another very celebrated seminary, situated in *Change-alley*, of which, I apprehend, the reader will be able to form some idea, from a perusal of the following scene, which was taken from the life, and is the opening of a farce intended to be worked up, for the winter season, into two acts.

The Temple of LAVERNA.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

The curtain draws and discovers a group of circumcised exotic figures, all having selfishness, and a thorough contempt of what ideal moralists call benevolence, strongly depicted in their countenances. After a considerable silence, a Broker addresses himself to his friend.

1st Broker. *Moses*, what turn do you imagine things will take to-day?

2d Broker. Nay that you know is impossible to determine, until *Caiphas* comes : he is the axis upon which the wheel turns.

1st Broker. True ; but, prithee, does he not make it later to-day than usual ?

2d Broker. Yes ; you must know, he has been all this morning closetted with the GREAT MAN. There is a grand council held this day upon affairs of the greatest importance to our nation. We shall soon be upon a footing with the best of them—but mum for that.—*Caiphas* brings all this about : they dare not refuse him any thing.

1st Broker. No, no ; but—does it not give you pleasure, my friend, to see *Great Britain* obliged to solicit the assistance of our nation ? Though, to be plain with you, I am not quite satisfied with *Caiphas's* conduct ; I like not his seeming apostacy.

2d Broker. Go to, go to ; can you be ignorant, *Aaron*, that our law admits of temporizing ? Great ends are answered by it—and notwithstanding appearances, *Caiphas* is, in the main, as true an *Israelite*, as ever dwelt in *Jerusalem*.

1st Broker. I hope it will prove so ; but would he were come to fix things one way or other.

2d. Broker. Why, what have you to do?

1st. Broker. Nay, I have only some annuities to sell by commission; so, high or low, my brokerage will be the same. O! here he comes at last.

Enter Caiphas; the Brokers immediately make a Circle, and, with their Hats off, cringe to him in the most servile Manner.

All.—Good morrow to you, Sir; we were afraid you might be indisposed, not coming at your usual hour. We hope nothing is amiss. Do you buy or sell to day, Sir?

Caiphas. I don't know yet; I have not determined what I shall do.

1st Broker. What have the great ones resolved upon? Is it all settled? Shall we have a fixed place of residence at last? Have we baffled the prophecies of the *Gallileans*? Have we, Sir?

Caiphas. Hold your tongue, you blockhead. The B——ps are for us: but things an't quite ripe yet.

2d Broker. We are told, Sir, that you intend to offer yourself a Candidate for *Middlesex*; I hope it is true: every body is surprized that a gentle-

man of your fortune does not get into Parliament?

Caiphas. No, my friends, I am not ambitious of things of that kind. Had I desired honours, no one could more readily obtain them. I was offered an *Irish Peerage*, but I declined it. No, no, I don't think of these things. My son indeed will be a great man; him you possibly may see a Duke. But, come, let us have no more talk, but to business:—let me sit down, that I may give you the proper instructions.

Enter a French Gentleman with his Friend.

Friend. Sir, I have brought you to a place, which is the greatest curiosity in this kingdom; and not to be paralleled in all the rest of the globe.

Frenchman. *Comment, dis leetle caffee?*

Friend. Yes, Sir, mean as it may appear to you, I will venture to say, there are more millions sterling transferred here in a year, than can be well enumerated in *French Livres*.

Frenchman. *Mon Dieu, it is ver extraordinaire dat.*

Friend. In a word, Sir, this is the great scene of Stockjobbing.

Frenchman. Ah! *les actions*, I understand *des actions*.

Friend.

Friend.—Come a little this way: do you see that *Jew* there?—Hark in your ear—the very *Atlas* of the state! our ministers have recourse to him in all their distresses, and are never able to carry any point, I mean in the money-way, but when he co-operates with them; insomuch that we are taught to look upon this gentleman as the support of our constitution in church and state.

Frenchman. *Marblier!* a *Juif* de support of de religion! *quel paradoxe?*

Friend. However inconsistent this may appear, it is most indisputably true.

Frenchman. *Mais, Monsieur,* in *France* dere is de *action* as well as in *England*, but you never hear dat de ministre take de *Juif* into his confidence.

Friend. Dear Sir, you are never to mention *France* with *England*. *France* is an enslaved country, and we are a free people.

Frenchman. By *Gar*, you are *ver free* people; I have great many marks of your freedom on my body; de populace in *France*, *assurement*—it have not de liberty to make black blue de skin of de gentlemen, comme en *Angleterre*.

Friend. But, Sir, if you consider the nature of the two governments, you must certainly give ours the preference

Frenchman. *Ouy, Ouy,* in de *speculation* it very different, *mais quelle difference in de pratique?*

Friend.

Friend. Your king obliges his parliament to register his edicts.

Frenchman.—And your *ministers*, fat is dey do ?
n'est il pas le même ?

Friend. In *France* a man does not enjoy liberty of conscience with respect to religion.

Frenchman. Religion ! de Englis religion, how you call it ?

Friend. We have reformed the errors that crept into religion, and we are Protestants.

Frenchman. C'est à dire, you are not Papist ; your religion den is negative.

Friend. The people of *England* give their assent to the laws, by which they are governed.

Frenchman. Mais, Monsieur Walpole, savoit bien leur prix.

Friend. Well, I find we're not likely to settle this point, so we will adjourn the debate.

Frenchman. Ah ! de tout mon cœur ; mais Monsieur, fat is de people say, dat make ver great noise ?

Friend. O Sir, that is a jargon only understood by the initiated.

Frenchman. O mon Dieu ! les Anglois sont de drolles—allons, Monsieur, j'en ay veu asses.

Exeunt Frenchman and Friend.

Enter

Enter an Irish Gentleman with his Friend.

Irishman. Now, but is this the stocks place?

Friend. Yes, Sir, almost every thing relating to the funds is transacted here.

Irishman. But, my dear, where are the stocks? the devil a stock I see.

Friend. The Stockjobbers attend in this place, when they have any business, whether to sell or buy.

Irishman. Ow! but I don't understand that now, my dear! be plazed to explain it.

Friend. Suppose you have a mind to become a proprietor in the Funds, you employ a broker, and he finds out a person, who is willing to dispose of the sum you want.

Irishman. And when we come together, how will he give me the stock.

Friend. The broker will carry you to the proper office in order to have it transferred.

Irishman. Ow! then I wont have it here.

Friend. No, Sir, the bargain only is made here.

Irishman. By my troth, you may talk of it for ever, but I never will comprehend it.

Enter a Young Gentleman from the other end of the Town.

Young Gentleman. Waiter, is Mr. Judas the Broker here?

Judas.

Judas. Here; who calls me?

Young Gentleman. Is your name *Judas*?

Judas. Yes, Sir, at your service.

One Stockjobber asks another. Do you know him?

The other answers. No, but by the feather in his hat, he's a feller. I have known the alley these thirty years, and never remember a man with a feather in his hat a purchaser.

Young Gentleman. Mr. *Squanderstock* recommended me to you; I have occasion for a thousand pounds, and want to dispose of as much *South-sea* stock as will produce it.

Judas. Sir, I shall be glad to sell it for you; may I beg the favour of your name?

Young Gentleman. My name is CRAFTY.

Judas. I believe I can sell for you, Sir, shall you be this way to-morrow?

Young Gentleman. To-morrow!—can't I have it now?

Judas. No, Sir, this is no transfer-day.

Young Gentleman. Z——ds, I would not come to-morrow for the money. I am obliged to be at the review; pox of that old prig, my father, if it had not been for him, I should have nothing to do with these d—ned stocks.

A By-Stander. That I am sure is true.

Young Gentleman. I'll find some other way, d—mn me. I'll give my footman a power of attorney.

torney to transfer for me; d—mn me, to come into the city among a parcel of scoundrels, d—mn me. *[Exit murmuring.]*

A Stockjobber. I think, he said his name is *Crafty*; he must be son to *Ebeneazor Crafty*; he died a year ago, and died well.

Irishman. Arrah, my dear, did he die a Catholic?

Friend. No, Sir; DYING WELL has no relation either to religion or morality. It only means, a man died in good circumstances.

Irishman. Ow! but is that all? Faith, I thought it might have been some protestant, who sent for a priest on his death-bed. Come, come I've seen enough of this, and by *Jafus*, I never desire to see it again.

[Exeunt Irishman and Friend, the Irishman making the sign of the cross privately under his coat.]

Enter a Clergyman, and makes up to Caiphas, with his hat under his arm.

Clergyman. Shall I beg a word with you, Sir?

Caiphas. Your business, Sir?

Clergyman. I am a candidate for a living in this neighbourhood, and make bold to request your interest.

Caiphas. I know the affair. I don't yet know what I shall do in the matter. Who is your patron?

Cler-

Clergyman. Mr. *Wortblefs*.

Caiphas. My friend *Wortblefs*! the living is yours; depend upon it; I am a little in a hurry at present; but rely upon me, the thing is done.

[*Parson bows submissively; exit Caiphas; upon which they all rise in confusion, and the scene ends.*



N U M B E R X I X .

Saturday, Feb. 24, 1752.

*Ut Pictura Poësis erit, similisque poësi
Sit Pictura; refert par æmula quæque sororem.*

FRESNOY.

POETRY and painting have been accounted sister-arts by men of taste in all ages. Accordingly we find them in the writings of all good criticks, from *Aristotle* and *Horace*, down to *Dryden* and the *Abbé du Bos*, mutually borrowing sidelights, and reflecting lustre upon each other. They justly have the precedence among the arts of imitation and design: they convey their ideas by signs more fixed and determinate than any of the others, and boast a more unbounded scope to cull and select from all nature, in order to adorn and embellish the favourite piece.

Statuary, it may be said, has very near the same advantage. The artist in this way may observe the knitting of a joint in one, the turn of a neck in another, the form of the head in a third, the shape and rounding of a limb in a fourth; and in short, from a survey of fundry objects, a complete and perfect whole may be executed. But it must be remembered, at the same time, that the statuary
has

has not so ample a field to range in, as the two first-mentioned arts, and is therefore greatly inferior to both.

Painting, in one particular instance, seems to gain the ascendant over poetry. It is universally understood in every clime and every age: whereas poetry is confined to much narrower limits, both in time and place. A *Raphael* painted, and a *Vida* wrote at the same period: how confined is the reputation of the latter, when compared to the extensive renown which has attended the name of the first? The *Æra* may arrive, when, through the instability of the *English* language, the stile of *Joseph Andrews* and *Tom Jones* shall be obliterated, when the characters shall be unintelligible, and the humour lose its relish; but the many personages, which the manners-painting hand of *Hogarth* has called forth into mimic life, will not fade so soon from the canvass. That admirable *picturesque comedy, the March to Finchley*, will perhaps divert posterity as long as the *Foundling-Hospital* shall do honour to the *British* nation. A picture speaks the language of every nation: It is felt and understood in many different countries at the same time, in this instance partaking of the advantages of *Musick*, which is however subject to many restrictions, to which the art of painting is entirely a stranger.

a stranger. The caprice and whim of different nations prevent the power of harmony from becoming so universal in its influence. The primary beauty of musick consists in the imitation of sounds appropriated to our several passions, but those sounds varying according to the habits and dialect of every different people, it follows, that the musick of any one country must undergo many changes and variations, before it can be adapted to the ear of a man, who has passed his time in another kingdom.

To this inconvenience the art of painting is not subject. It has, in this respect, the advantage over poetry, in almost every other point obliged to yield the pre-eminence. It has been long since observed, that truth is agreeable to the understanding, and imagery to the fancy; but neither of them, we find, affords so intense a pleasure, as when the passions are agitated and worked into a ferment. We then attach ourselves strongly to the object, which excites these emotions; we are pleased to be wakened from a state of still life: it is a gratification to our moral sense, to find our hearts sensible and alive to those sensations, which are the ornament of our nature. This being the case, I believe, it may be asserted without incurring the danger of a controversy, that poetry boasts this power over the

passions beyond any other art. It is at once a vehicle of instruction, and derives much of its beauty from the scenes of picturesque imagination. Painting indeed partakes sufficiently of these qualities, to entitle her to the name of sister; has many features like, and in the execution of her designs is mostly directed by the same rules. Both must have unity of action and unity of character, and both have a latitude to introduce subordinate personages, concerned in the main business, and to exhibit them in proper attitudes. A metaphor may be as bold in painting as in poetry; an allegory upon canvass may be highly instructive, as in the picture described by *Lucian*, where Calumny is dragging to execution an innocent victim, and Truth is seen at a distance slowly limping after them. What the critics call machinery, may be displayed in as elegant strokes with the pencil as with the pen; the fairy-way of writing, mentioned by *Dryden*, may be made use of in colours, and the fancy of the artist, like a new creation, may present to the eye an whole race of imaginary beings. Some of the finest passages in epic and dramatic poetry are those, where a conflict is marked between several warring passions: painting throws these immediately before the eye, in tints so artfully blended, that the nice assemblage is delineated in the most striking manner. A further instance of the congruity between these two arts, is, that when a poet

has

has been lavish in a description, the best method of examining the justness of it is, to consider what kind of figure it would make upon canvass. On the other hand, the descriptions which we find in the poets, may serve to supply hints and instruction to the painter of taste and poetick imagination. Add to this, that, as the chief beauty of poetick diction does not consist in a profusion of ornaments, high metaphors, and a flourish of words, so in the other, colours too rich and glowing are disapproved, and the excellence of both arts, is seen in regular designs, and a just imitation of nature.

The ancients were enthusiastic admirers of all the imitative arts, particularly painting. Upon all occasions, we find them expressing a taste for the productions of the famous artists. Their poets seize every opportunity of describing a picture, a piece of sculpture, or any of the works of the loom. *Ovid* never omits it, where it naturally grows out of his subject. What a beautiful description has he given us of a work of art representing the Rape of Europa?

*Ipsa videbatur terras spectare relietas,
Et comites clamare suas, tactumque vereri
Affluentis aquæ, timidæque reducere plantas.*

Virgil never seems more delighted than when

he is laying before our eyes the Shield of *Æneas*, or, like a skilful virtuoso, pointing out to our observation, the beauties of a fine painting :

*Artificumque manus inter se operumque laborem
Miratur-----*

The pleasure in this case is *redoubled* upon the mind, springing from a two-fold source : the delight we take in poetick description, is chiefly owing to the natural love we have for imitation, which affords an opportunity of comparing the transcript with the original object : but when we peruse the description of a picture, we admire not only the poet's representation of it, but the talent of the artist, who has thus contrived to delineate by his pencil so exact a resemblance of things, which have their existence in nature ; and thus the mind has two arts to examine at once, and dwells between them both in a suspense of pleasure.

I have always admitted the description in the first *Æneid* of that exquisite piece of painting of the wars of *Troy* : the poet's account of it may suggest to us some notion of the sublime idea he entertained of the sister-art. All the figures, which he mentions, are bold and animated ;

mated; every thing is in motion, and, if I may be allowed to apply a line of Mr. Pope's,

All matter quick, and bursting into life.

What an image have we of the *Trojans* repelling the enemy, and of *Achilles*, with his nodding plume, thundering at their heels? You think you hear the sounding of his carr: you imagine you see him with his arm aloft in act to strike.

*Hac fugerent Danaï, premeret Trojana juventus ;
Hac Phryges, INSTARET CURRU CRISTATUS ACHILLES.*

The situation of *Troilus* has been often admired. The procession of the *Trojan* nymphs will always excite the tenderest sentiments: a finer group was never imagined. Their dejected looks, their dishevelled hair, and the beating of their breasts, are striking circumstances.

*Interea ad Templum non æquæ Palladis ibant
Crinibus Iliades passis, pepulumque ferebant
Suppliciter tristes, & tunc sæ Pectora Palmis.*

Priam raising his unnerved arm, and imploring the body of his son *Hector* from *Achilles*, who had dragged the corpse thrice round the walls of *Troy*, must also afford great room for the expression of several passions all at once struggling in the soul.

To

To conclude, if such a painting as the great poet has here described were handed down to us, it would be the most valuable piece of all antiquity.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Batson's Coffee-house, March 3.

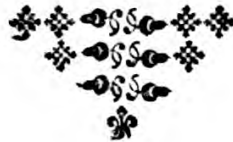
The new tragedy of the *Gamester*, in which Mr. Garrick supported the principal character, with all those exquisite feelings, which the extreme sensibility and quickness of his imagination have made him master of, became the subject of our discussions a few nights since. The dispute was carried on with much warmth and opposition of sentiment, and at length occasioned the following epigram.

*In a coffee-house ring, where the chat ran on plays,
A clergyman spoke of the Gamester with praise.
I could wish, said the parson, poor Beverley's life
Had been saved for the sake of the sister and wife.
How, quoth a physician, should Beverley live?
That Lewson escaped I can hardly forgive.
With errors like these can a scholar be bamm'd?
I speak from the Greek, sir, the play should be damn'd.
Thus each in his way was his duty fulfilling;
The DIVINE was for saving, the DOCTOR for killing.*

ADVER-

ADVERTISEMENT.

The *Consumers of Cards* are desired to meet tomorrow evening, being *Sunday*, at the following places; *White's chocolate-house*, *St. James's coffee-house*, the *Shakespear's Head*, the *Bedford Arms*, the *King's Arms*, the *St. Alban's*, and the following routs, the *Countess of Midnight's*, *Lady Shuffe's*, *Lady Laststake's*, *'Squire Fiddlefaddle's*, and at almost every polite house in town.



NUMBER XX.

Saturday, March 3, 1752.

*Doctrina sed vim promovet insitam,
 Rectique cultus pectora roborant,
 Utcunque defecere mores,
 Dedecorant bene nata culpæ.*

HOR.

S I R,

PROMPTED by the esteem I have for your entertaining and instructive writings, I venture to convey my sentiments to you in relation to some miscarriages in life, which proceed rather from ignorance and the want of education, than any natural propensity to evil. I am the more induced to this, as my own life will afford ample room for reflection.

Without any further detail, you must know, Mr. *Ranger*, that I am the son of a tradesman in the west of *England*, long since deceased. The lowness of my father's circumstances was barely sufficient for the maintenance of a numerous family. You will therefore suggest to yourself that my education could not be better than what is afforded by the generality of country-villages. In
 vain

vain did my father solicit the assistance of a rich relation at *Bristol*; in vain did he represent the promising genius of his son, if put under proper culture. Deaf to the ties of affinity, though possessed of an estate of fifteen hundred *per annum*, and a large personal fortune, without the charge of a family, or any likelihood of having issue, the rich Bristol-trader was deaf to all entreaty. Having had no education himself, he did not consider the want of it as an evil. I grew up in ignorance, and was at length obliged, for immediate subsistence, to go into the service of a neighbouring farmer. With him I lived several years, driving plough, and employed in other works of husbandry, when news arrived of the death of the relation I mentioned, and of his having left me all his real estate, with six thousand pounds in money, and three thousand pounds to each of my four sisters. When I tell you that from the lowness of my education, and the nature of my servitude, I contracted a very strong bias to low company, you will imagine that I must make but a very indifferent figure in my new station. I was then two and twenty, and had never been accustomed to any kind of intemperance: If my former situation had enabled me to have been reckoned company for the gentlemen of the place, I might still have continued a sober man; but unluckily, the
circum.

circumstance of having been a servant, made me, notwithstanding the largeness of my fortune, shunned and despised. I was constrained to herd with my former companions, and others of better substance, but abandoned morals, with whom I soon acquired an habit of idleness and debauchery. The consequence was, that in a few years my ready money was exhausted. To gratify the extravagance of my passions, which were now become violent, I was advised to take up money upon part of my estate. For this purpose I applied to a neighbouring lawyer, who soon procured the sum I wanted. To this measure I was induced by the advice of two men, with whom I lived in the closest intimacy. One of them (I am sorry to say it) was a clergyman: he talked of friendship in terms of the highest rapture, and would often repeat, "Peradventure for a good man one would even dare to die." The other had all the pride of virtue, which, he said, was the only motive of a liberal mind: he lamented my want of education: education, he told me, would have made me enamoured of something, which he called *The, To Kalón*. I was entirely ignorant, as you may believe, of law-matters. My two friends undertook to read over the deeds. I signed by their advice, and they both set their hands as witnesses.

Being

Being now in possession of ten thousand pounds, I was advised by these my two friends to see the world, as they called it. Accordingly I set out in their company for *London*, leaving the aforesaid lawyer to receive my rents in the country. You will naturally imagine, Mr. *Ranger*, that I dashed into all the pleasures of the metropolis. I saw every thing, but still in the worst company. I was continually surrounded by a set of sharpers, till having squandered away all my money, and got considerably in debt, I was arrested and sent to the *Fleet*. In this situation I directed my lawyer to receive my rents, and remit me a sum of money without delay. The arrest gave me no concern, as I made no doubt of being quickly at liberty; but judge, Sir, my surprize, when I was informed, that the lawyer was in possession of my whole estate, by an absolute conveyance of the fee simple, which I had, through ignorance, signed, instead of a mortgage. I brought an ejectment, which soon came on to be tried, but what was my surprize, when I heard that my two friends appeared in behalf of the attorney? The amount of their evidence was, that the consideration-money for the entire purchase of my estate was forty thousand pounds, as expressed in the deed: that from time to time they saw various sums advanced
to

to me or for my use, and that the final payment was the sum of ten thousand pounds as already mentioned. In this manner they gave validity to a base and fraudulent transaction. Such was the friendship of him, who *professed to die for me*; and such was the pride of virtue, or the *To Kalón* of the man, who had no guide but his moral sense. The bitterness of this calamity, and the consciousness of a mispent life, filled me with the severest grief, and would have entirely extinguished the use of what little reason I had left, but the charity of a fellow-prisoner, who, touched with a sense of my misfortunes, not only did every thing to alleviate them, but infused such a portion of knowledge and philosophy into my mind, during our long imprisonment, as must for ever render me sensible of his kindness. Let me finish the account of my life, when I have told you, that I was freed from my imprisonment by the last act of grace, and that, with a moderate sustenance, procured by honest industry, I find myself more happy and contented now, than when possessed of affluence, and a mind immersed in ignorance and folly.

As my sisters received no better education than myself, I should tell you, that notwithstanding their fortune, they are all come to infamy and poverty. The eldest, soon after our relation's death,

married a labourer to the farmer she had lived with in the station of maid servant. They have run through all they had. The second was debauched by the son of the gentleman, at whose house she had hired herself, and is now in one of the houses of bad fame in *Covent-Garden*; the third married a footman, and died about two years ago, after having lived in great distress; and the fourth, with shame I speak it, is now Mistress to the earl of *****.

From this account of myself and my family, I shall only draw one inference, namely, that if the relation, who left us so liberally at his death, had but given us a good education, and in his life-time prepared us suitably for the estate he intended to leave us, the misfortune we have met with, might in all human probability, have been avoided. Connected by marriage, with families of credit and reputation, we might now remain in affluence, and enjoy a name unfulled by vice and infamy.

I am, SIR,
Your very humble servant,

**** *

The preceding story is told by my correspondent, in so interesting a manner, that I could not withhold it from the publick this day. I not only agree with him in his remark, that his misfortunes might

might have been prevented by a proper education, but I will add, that a mind, which supported itself so well under affliction, and that can look back to former scenes of life with so much sensibility, would have imbibed such impressions from an early improvement, as might have rendered him an ornament to any family. If many of those, who find any striking incidents in the series of their lives, would thus communicate them to the public, it would be an essential service to society. The giddy and unthinking would be led to mark the ways of the world, and the unwary might be put upon their guard against the stratagems of avarice, and the smooth professions of those harpies, who are generally known by the name of money-lenders. There is something extremely affecting in the ruin of my correspondent's four sisters: I am, however, highly pleased that he now enjoys tranquility of mind, and that, to alleviate calamity, his resources are in virtue and honest industry. I must observe, that the inattention of the old gentleman, who died at *Bristol*, to the manners and morals of his relations, shewed something in him highly illiberal, not to give it a worse epithet. It is owing to this indifference to the improvement of the rising generation, that we frequently see estates in the hands of those who are a disgrace to riches. While this continues to be
the

the case, it is not to be wondered, that we meet with so many boobies of fashion, inelegant in their behaviour, loose in their morals, and fit to ride behind the equipage, in which their pride now lolls at ease.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Masquerade in the Hay-Market, March 6.

Last night the votaries of folly assembled here, for the fourth time this season. The curtain was drawn exactly at ten: in about six minutes, the side-boards were entirely stripped by some ladies of the city, who were determined to have as much as they could for their money, and very prudently considered, that they might have occasion to quiet their husbands, at their return, with a sugar-plumb. The night was spent in the most agreeable conversation, such as, "Do you know me?—Yes I do—no you don't,—nay, but I do—he—he—" "he—ha—ha—ha—" and several other lively strokes of humour. While the more industrious part of the company were pursuing the laudable occupation of gaming, at present the grand business of the nation, some gentlemen, to heighten the diversion, introduced a considerable number of *masqueraded shillings*, so well disguised, that they passed among the company for guineas. Information was given of this humourous frolick to Mr.

Justice

Justice Fielding, who immediately went to enquire into the affair; but as gaming reduces all mankind to a level, he could not fix upon any one in particular, and was therefore obliged to withdraw, allowing that they were all gentlemen of *honour* by their profession.

Covent-Garden Theatre.

The following Epilogue was designed by Mr. FOOTE for the new tragedy of the *Earl of Essex*, written by HENRY JONES.

To be spoken as to the Author at the entrance.

WE L L, well; I'll do your business, honest friend,
'Tis your first play, in time perhaps you'll mend.

Comes forward.

Ladies and Gentlemen,
The Author by me presents a petition,
Which he begs may be read with your gracious permission.
It sets forth that in Dublin (I know not how true)
He pull'd down old houses, and built them up new.
That on April the first (he forgetteth the year)
Of the day and the month he is certain and clear;
As he temper'd his mortar, and handled his hod,
There popt into his head a new fancy and odd;
'Twas, that building a house is like writing a play,
That both works are perform'd the very same way;

That

*That the portal was prologue to shew the folks in,
 That the hall and the entry open'd the scene ;
 That the stairs were the plan to lead you throughout
 By an intricate, puzzling, yet uniform rout ;
 That the plot must as deep as the cellar be laid,
 Be as stout as strong beer, and transparent as mead ;
 That closets and cupboards, and such things as these,
 Were incidents proper to fill up the piece ;
 And that stucco and painting were, in the last place,
 The language, and sentiment, spirit and grace ;
 That the trowel and mortar were of singular use
 To plaister some patron to favour the muse.*

*Fraught with lessons like these our poet began :
 What d'you think of his house, and how like you his plan ?
 The building, 'tis true, is but gothic and rude,
 But yet for all that the materials are good.
 And who knows, when your bounty has polish'd his lay,
 But this Bricklay'r may prove a VITRUVIUS one day ?
 Come, 'tis worth the experiment :---favour his play. }
 Full five stories high he has mounted his hopes ;
 Ye Critics, take care ; he's on a ladder of ropes.
 Should you cut but one cord, you will crush all his bones ;
 Adieu, Bricklay'r and Bard, there's an end of poor JONES ;*

N U M B E R XXI.

Saturday, March 10, 1752.

-- -- *Pauci, quos æquus amavit*
Jupiter, atque ardens evexit ad æthera virtus,
Dīs geniti potuère. -- -- --

VIRG.

THE Laurel, which has been so much fought by the writers of every age, is not unlike the golden branch mentioned in the sixth *Æneid*; if a man is born to share the prize, it is easily obtained; but if there be not derived from Heaven a superiority of genius, fruitless is the endeavour of the unborn poet, who thinks to arrive at the heights of fame by painful vigils and the dint of labour and application. A mediocrity in poetry will never be allowed: *Horace* tells us that the suffrages of both gods and men are against it, and that a writer of this cast must never expect to see his name on the bookseller's rubrick-post. Poetry requires warm and glowing colours; the language of it must be elevated above the diction of prose; the expressions should be more animated, and the passions of the reader more immediately struck at, than in any other kind of writing. The bard, who has not energy of genius to cultivate

these qualities, will be always sure to be neglected as a cold and spiritless writer.

Of all the different species of poetry, the dramatic is the most difficult. As it is expressed in the words of my motto, the few only, whom Heaven has peculiarly favoured with an elevation of mind, have been able to acquit themselves with honour. Our much admired *Shakespeare* stands yet unrivalled: he seized the laurel with a master-hand at one grasp; *Johnson*, by slower degrees, though eager in pursuit; *avidusque refringit cunctantem*. *Otway* seems to have gained it with facility, and with an air of negligence.

I am pleased to find, that an author justly celebrated among the foremost successors of those immortal genius's, has added another wreath to that garland, which the muses long since wove for him. To this excellent writer, the public is greatly indebted for the *new tragedy* of the *Brothers*, which was lately acted for the first time at *Drury-Lane*. The subject is classical, though there is no doubt but a domestic story would be more interesting to a British audience. The generality of people are not acquainted with the history of the *Macedonian monarchy*. It may be added, that the *Macedonians* appear, at that point of time, to be at variance with the *Roman* empire, for which we have contracted a kind of reverential esteem.

On this account those sublime sentiments, which *Philip* utters in the scene with the ambassadors, against that republick, are not received with a sufficient degree of warmth. But if it be considered, that the *Macedonian* monarchy, though it dwindled by insensible degrees, and was at last swallowed up by the *Roman* power, was at one time extended over the greatest part of the east, no man, I apprehend, can be entirely unconcerned in the fall of so brave a people. I do not doubt but the mention of *Cressi* and *Poitiers* would have a more powerful influence on the passions of *Englishmen*, than *Thrasymene* and *Cannæ*; but for my part, my breast glowed to hear of those memorable battles, which had like to have been so fatal to the *Roman* republick; nor do I remember a more beautifull passage in any play than that in the piece now before us, when the flight of *Hannibal* at *Capua* is urged by the embassy of *Rome*. The answer of *PHILIP* is, "Ay, there indeed I was not with him." We like to see the warrior who fought under the banner of *HANNIBAL*, and shared in the dangers and glory of that brave commander. The scene which succeeds this, is full of as tender emotions as I have ever felt in any theatre. The anguish of a father, who finds an alarming discord subsisting between his children, and the remonstrance with which he endeavours to sooth them, must soften the mind of every hearer.

Wby

*Why do I sigh? Do ye not know, my sons?
And if you do, oh! let me sigh no more!
Let these white hairs put in a claim to peace.*

Perhaps no characters can be better marked than those of *Philip*, *Perseus*, and *Demetrius*. For the two last we are finely prepared by the following lines.

*----- They both are bright; but one
Benignly bright, as stars to mariners;
And one a comet with malignant blaze
Denouncing ruin.*

The art of most writers for the stage is to exhibit one character, and that perhaps without any distinguishing qualities to separate it from other heroes. In this play we are entertained with three of a different cast, each strongly marked. *Philip* is distinguished by a warmth of temper, a haughtiness of soul, and a tenderness for his children, that runs over in the most affecting manner. *Perseus* is a different villain from any we have seen on the stage: policy and bravery are so blended in him, that we see the mixed effect in every scene. *Demetrius* is of so amiable a disposition, that an audience must be naturally inclined to love him, and for his sake to dread the restless turbulent spirit of *Perseus*, whose contempt of *Demetrius* vents itself in a sneering artful strain.

*You that admire the Romans, break the bridge
 With Cocles, or with Curtius leap the gulph :
 And league not with the vices of our foes.
 I hear, Sir, you take wing and mount in metre ;
 Terence has own'd your aid ; Terence there the slave.*

The invocation, which is uttered by the same person, is carried on in a masterly manner, filling the mind with a train of awful ideas, and rising in a climax of horror to the last line,

*Hear, from thy ebon throne, profoundest night,
 Thou and thy gloomy daughters all, that smile
 On deeds of horror, and on frauds of hell ;
 That keep the door of black conspiracy,
 And snuff the grateful scent of human blood ;
 From Acheron's sulphureous banks arise,
 And bursting through the barriers of this world,
 Stand in dread contrast to the golden sun,
 And spread around your pestilential blasts,
 That wither every virtue in the bud ;
 While I transport ye, &c.*

It will be unnecessary to remind my readers of the trial-scene, which must inevitably fire the intelligent mind with a classic warmth. A small critic, I am well aware, may start a number of objections to this beautiful situation. From men of more reading than himself he may hear that the whole substance of the debate is to be found in LIVY : to a little and malignant spirit what a field will

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will this open for cavil and invective? DOCTOR YOUNG may be charged with *plagiarism*; he has done nothing but transcribe; let an ancient author furnish sentiment, and he can find blank verse; but why is the doctor to sell the works of LIVY over again? Such reasoning does not demand an answer. Men of taste will smile to see so much malevolence ill laid out: they know that occasional insertions of the beauties, which are to be found in the fine writers of antiquity, give a grace to all modern composition, and have the effect, as somebody has observed, of ancient statues happily placed in an elegant and well disposed garden.

The trial scene, though founded on the pleadings of two opposite parties, has abundant variety. Two different modes of eloquence are introduced, and each speaker adopts the kind, which is best suited to his own genius and character. Our passions are kept in agitation: the powers of oratory are exerted, and the whole is interesting, warm, and animated. PERSEUS enters abruptly into his subject: his sentences are close and nervous: sure of convincing the understanding by the clearness of his diction, he does not condescend to address the imagination. It is true, he at one time sheds tears, but that is only to obviate the eloquence of his brother, who having imbibed the art of *Roman*

oratory, sets out in the most insinuating manner. He tries the avenues to the passions, and endeavours to win his hearers by persuasion. I am sensible that this beauty may escape the multitude, but, even without this secondary pleasure, the scene cannot fail of striking the imagination.

The distress of *Demetrius* in the fourth and fifth acts bears hard upon our affections. It must be a torture to every compassionate heart, to see him undone by the artifices of villainy. His speech, when discovered in prison, has many affecting strokes.

*Ye dungeons deep, ye subterranean caves,
Guilt's first sad stage, in her dark path to hell,
Receive a guest arriv'd from other scenes,
From pompous courts, &c.*

When he lies dead on the ground, *Philip* delivers himself in noble language, and very pathetic sentiments.

*There Philip fell, there Macedon expir'd ;
I see the Roman Eagle hov'ring o'er me,
And the shaft broke, should bring her to the ground.*

Were I to mention the faults of this piece, I should say, that the distress, when wound up to the highest, is not supported by proper sentiments, and language suited to the occasion. *DEMETRIUS* and *ERIXENE* talk in the stile of epigram. They endeavour to think ingeniously: affliction aims at wit; and instead of the true pathetic, we find a false glitter of words, and opposition of ideas.

It may be added, that the catastrophe is not brought about by those artful means, which the œconomy of the drama requires. The two lovers, *Demetrius* and *Erixene*, driven indeed to extreme distress, stab themselves, one after the other, in sight of the audience. The dagger is a cheap and ready expedient: the poet can always use it for his own convenience: but what is done to accommodate the writer, will seldom delight the spectator. The issue of a tragedy, as well as the several incidents, should be the necessary, the inevitable consequence of antecedent events. Between things that barely follow in succession, and things that grow out of one another, there is a wide difference. A story conducted with an unbroken concatenation of incidents, calls for the best invention. SUICIDE may serve in the moment, when a conclusion is wanted: it may end the piece, but it will be without that connection of cause and effect, which is the secret charm of a well-wrought fable.

I cannot conclude this paper without taking notice of the propensity, which the small critics discovered at the representation of this piece, to attach themselves to every trivial circumstance, which could have the least tendency to excite their mirth. But I must inform them that to be unsusceptible of manly emotions, and at the same time to yield to the idle sensations of levity and merriment, is the sign of a little and a frivolous mind.

N U M B E R XXII.

Saturday, March 17, 1752.

*Proxima deinde tenent mæsti loca, qui sibi letum
 Infantes peperere manu, lucemque perosi
 Projecere animas. Quam vellent æthere in alto
 Nunc & pauperiem & duros preferre labores!
 Fata obstant, triplicique palus inamabilis undâ
 Alligat, & novies Styx interfusa coerces.*

VIRG.

THE following short, but melancholy letter, came to hand a few days since. It has made such an impression upon my spirits, that I cannot controul myself from laying it before my readers, with a few of those reflections, which arose in my mind in consequence of it.

DEAR SIR,

I now take up the pen to own the receipt of your last favour, with the *Gray's-Inn Journal* inclosed. I cannot at present prevail upon myself to return you an answer in form. My thoughts are too much engrossed by an unhappy event, which, I am persuaded, will affect your mind very greatly. Our once worthy friend, *Jack ******, yesterday evening, after having passed the time with his usual alacrity of spirit, went home to his lodging,

lodging, and clapping a pistol in his mouth, shot himself through the head. The noise alarmed the family, who instantly went up stairs, and found him dead. I shall write to you more at large very shortly. For the present, I can only subscribe myself,

Yours with great sincerity,

The gloomy month of *November* being long since passed, I imagined that the horrid crime of Suicide would cease, at least till the return of that heavy time of the year. It is certainly a poor desertion from the dignity of our nature, to suffer the pressure of the atmosphere, or any other sublunary incident, to make such an impression on our spirits, as to render us avowed enemies to ourselves. I have heard a popular insurrection called an unnatural rebellion; but by what name shall we stigmatize an action, which flies in the face of our Maker, which dares to thwart the dispensations of the supreme Being, and say to eternal Providence, who from the first ordained all things for the best,

“NOT THINE, BUT MY WILL BE DONE?”

It requires no profusion of imagery, no bold daring metaphor, no studied hyperbole to represent this piece of impiety in its proper colours; it strikes

strikes at once in its most atrocious dye. Were the horror of so unnatural a deed sufficiently attended to, it would teach a due resignation to the determinations of Heaven, and would prevent that train of evils, from which a thinking mind must now start back with dismay.

If self-preservation be an active principle in the heart of man, what a perversion of our faculties, of our reason, and our judgement, must usurp the mind of him, who thus runs counter to the very end of his creation! the dignity of the human soul is extinguished; the power of reflection is suppressed, and the very passions are thrown off their byas; their nature, use, and end is perverted; and what before sought real or apparent pleasure, or avoided actual and imaginary pain, now by a strange fatality seeks its own destruction. Anarchy and civil war disturb the imagination: the man bears his own secret enemy in his breast; he forms a design upon his own life; he has the air-drawn dagger constantly before his eyes, and he at length becomes his *own Macbeth*. Not even the bloody purposer of determined vengeance on another's head (horrid as the crime appears) is half so astonishing; because he does not carry with him half the absurdity. The latter has time left him to atone by penitence for his barbarity, whereas the
 suicide

suicide urges precipitantly to the tribunal of his offended God.

The real source of this fatal evil is perhaps hard to be ascertained. If it is not always the effect of pride, it is so strongly tinged with that fallen passion, that we may, in general, pronounce it the source of those dreadful calamities so often mentioned in our common newspapers. Self-love is apt to over-rate our rank in the scale of being. When once the imagination is struck with the idea of fancied importance, each little trial of adversity is considered as a grievance intolerable; it is too much for the man to bear; he concludes himself destined for affliction, and, rather than drag a feverish life under an huge load of misery, he proudly resolves to put an end to his sufferings, and measure out the thread of his own existence.

For my own part, I cannot look upon any contingency in this world of consequence sufficient to urge a man to this extreme of madness. Is he reduced to difficulties by inordinate expence? Does the want of fortune prevent him from emerging into the station of life, which his ambition would aspire to? Let him but examine the happiness of the affluent; how many sigh with a full purse? How many are tortured with diseases, or eaten up with uneasy passions? Have a man's relations

unworthily withdrawn their protection from him? There are occupations in life in which he may endeavour to support himself, without the assistance of the unfeeling and ungenerous. If he exerts his talents and his industry, with any degree of success, he will have the satisfaction of living independent of those who have deserted him: should he fail, his honest indigence will at all times be a disgrace to his proud relations; and either way he will be a living affront to his false friends.

In so polite an age it may not be proper to corroborate what has been advanced, by arguments drawn from religion; but if an heathen may have any weight in the affair, I would inform the man of despair, that, there existed philosophers, both in *Greece and Rome*, who saw by the light of reason only, without the aid of revelation, the shocking deformity of the crime here insisted upon. PLATO and TULLY were of opinion that men are placed in this world, as soldiers upon duty, who have no right to move without the summons of the commanding officer. *Virgil* in the words of my motto tells us, that there is a place of retribution for those unhappy wretches, who dare to lay violent hands upon themselves, and, prodigal of life, precipitate their souls into eternity. They would be glad, continues the poet, to bear poverty and the
 sharpest

sharpest miseries, could they again return to life; but the fates forbid them: they have voluntarily sought the regions of death, and their lot is cast for ever.

It may be said that these tenets, however just, and founded in truth and reason, had no influence upon ancient manners. Men dispatched themselves in defiance of moral theory, and boldly jumped the life to come. The practice among the Romans cannot be denied, but it should be remembered, at least by ENGLISHMEN, that in the good days of the old republic, when the constitution flourished, and liberty was in full vigour, the instances of self-murder were but rare. CATO died with the dying laws of his country. In succeeding times the splendor of his name spread the example, and if suicide grew to be an epidemic vice, it was under the vilest race of tyrants that ever appeared in the history of the world. The annals of TACITUS may, in this view, be deemed a register of *suicides*. From an infinite number I shall select one instance. We are told that COCCÆIUS NERVA was the favourite of the prince: his parts were bright, and his knowledge extensive. In the science of the laws, both human and divine, he was deeply versed. His age was not far advanced, nor was his health impaired. With all these advantages, he formed a design against himself,

self, determined to end his days. *Tiberius* heard of this fatal purpose: he visited his friend; enquired into his motives, expostulated, debated the point, and even added the force of entreaty. Why should so valuable a life be thrown away? It would embitter the Emperor's days, and disgrace his memory, were mankind to see a person, so high in the Prince's favour, tired of life, and, without any apparent motive, bent on self-destruction. *Cocceius* heard him, but with disinclination: he persevered, and starved himself to death. Of so deliberate an act the historian does not assign the precise motive: the reason, probably, was an uncontrollable pride, which saw the corruption of the times, and disdained to live in a state of slavery. *Britons* have not the provocation, and of course, want the apology. But the apology was not sufficient in the opinion of *Martial*, who says, upon an occasion that happened afterwards, that he does not approve of the person who seeks the praise of magnanimity by destroying himself: let him bear up against the pressures of the world, for in that consists his truest glory.

Nolo virum facili redimit qui sanguine famam;
Hunc volo, laudari qui sine morte potest.

To these authorities, I would beg leave to add the sentiment of our great *Shakespeare*, who, tho
 he

he may be justly suspected of Christianity, was still a poet, and therefore may be cited on this occasion. He has introduced a young Prince, deliberating whether he should extricate himself from the troubles of this world, by boldly putting an end to his existence on this side of the grave. The point is argued with great strength of reasoning, and the calamities of life are thrown into the scale. After stating every thing in the most striking colours, a prospect of futurity opens to the imagination, and the mind starts back from the desperate act, convinced that it is our duty to bear our portion with fortitude, until Heaven shall be pleased to put in execution that sentence of death, which it has passed on all mankind.

*Who wou'd fardles bear,
To sweat and groan under a weary life;
But that the dread of something after death,
That undiscover'd country, from whose bourne
No traveller returns, puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of?*

The poet concludes that *conscience makes cowards of us all*: it is not so in truth; but surely it ought to be of force to restrain men from an act, as unnatural as it is impious.

N U M B E R. XXIII.

Saturday, March 24, 1752.

An expectas ut Quintilianus ametur ?

Juv.

I Went, one morning last week, to pay a visit to a lady, for whom I have always had a very great respect. An excursion which she made into the country, was the occasion of my not having seen her for some time, but upon the first notice of her return to town, I did myself the favour of waiting on her. It was with great satisfaction that I perceived her complexion florid to the highest degree of health. As I knew she had two sons at *Eton* school, I enquired after the young gentlemen, and received for answer, that the brats were minding their books. “ Boys, Mr. *Ranger*, (said she) “ are best when out of one’s way: “ they make such a noise in an house, that there “ is no such thing as bearing with them. I hope “ they are going on well. But, Sir, you don’t “ know all my family.” Upon this she rung the “ bell, and ordered the servant to bring down “ Miss *Lucy* and Miss *Charlotte*, and then continued Mrs. *Bizarre*, they are quite jealous of “ one another; Miss *Lucy* has taken a notion in “ her head that *Charlotte* is my favourite, and “ *Charlotte* equally suspects my propensity to
Lucy;

“ *Lucy*; but upon my word, it is without foun-
“ dation; I give them no manner of reason.
“ Well, now I think it would be quite wrong in
“ me to make any difference, when they are both
“ deserving. I vow and protest, I love them
“ both alike. I can't think how some folks can
“ be so: to be sure it is commonly the cause of
“ great uneasiness in families, and the little things
“ are unhappy in their minds. Lard, I wonder
“ what keeps them above so long.” On a sud-
den the parlour door was thrown open. As I did
not recollect that Mrs. *Bizarre* had any daugh-
ters, I advanced with some degree of impatience
to salute the young ladies: to my great surprize,
the maid introduced two very ugly monkeys, dressed
out in the nicest manner, with *Paris* caps, and
well-chosen petonlair and petticoat.

This disappointment flung me into some con-
fusion: I retired in a very awkward manner to
my chair. “ There, Mr. *Ranger*, (reassumed
“ the lady) this is Miss *Lucy* and this is Miss
“ *Charlotte*. Pray, Sir, don't you think they
“ have very pretty turned faces? There's a fa-
“ mily likeness, I think: they are the only com-
“ fort I have. Pray, *Molly*, did Miss *Lucy* take
“ the manna as the doctor ordered? Lord, I was
O 2 “ frightened

“frighted out of my wits yesterday, the poor thing
 “was so feverely pained with the cholick; and Miss
 “*Charlotte* has been coughing all the morning;
 “I hope it won’t fall upon her lungs. They are
 “the sweetest creatures in the world: where’s
 “your curtsy, Miss, when a gentleman speaks to
 “you? She is absolutely, Mr. *Ranger*, the greatest
 “prude in *London*. She quarrels with the maid,
 “if she but leaves her breast the least uncovered;
 “and you know the fashion is now to shew as low
 “as one possibly can. Her sister there, Miss
 “*Charlotte*, she is the violentest coquet in nature.
 “*Molly*, give that fan. See how she handles it.
 “Soft affectation plays about her twisted neck, as
 “it is in the play. Don’t you think she has fine
 “eyes? Well, did you ever see such a pretty
 “mouth? And the finest teeth! I am afraid she
 “is a little inclined to be fat. She’ll never be taller.
 “Lard, Mr. *Ranger*, I wish I could get her a hus-
 “band; I should be glad to see her well settled—
 “he, he, he.—Now, I have a queer notion in
 “my head. Do you know that I have a husband
 “in my eye for her? Guess who it is? There is
 “*Tom Titmouse*, who is always biting his lips, and
 “never has a bit of his shoe seen above his buc-
 “kle; and *Billy Wirewig*, who always stinks of
 “perfume; or *Jemmy Doll*, with the delicate com-
 “plexion, and the little mincing step; but it is

not

“ not any of them. O fie, the frights! do you
“ think I would accept of any of 'em? I assure,
“ you, Sir, I refused a much better offer. I could
“ have had captain *Jessamy* of the guards, but I
“ have a finer thought in my head now. Was you
“ ever at *Mother Midnight's*? To be sure you was,
“ he, he, he. Well, for certain, I am a comical
“ woman. You remember the pretty dear crea-
“ ture, that sits at supper on the right hand—
“ he, he, he, it came into my mind the moment
“ I saw the dear fellow, that it would be a good
“ match; and so now, as I don't know where to
“ send, I have drawn up an advertisement which I
“ intend to put into the papers—here, you may
“ read it, Sir.”

“ If the monkey, that sat on the right hand at
“ *Mother Midnight's*, and drank a glass of wine,
“ after bowing to the company, has no aversion to
“ matrimony; he is desired to call at *May-Fair*
“ chapel, and he will hear of something to his ad-
“ vantage.”

Upon perusal of this extraordinary advertise-
ment, I endeavoured to expostulate with the good
lady. I remonstrated, that it would appear to
the world the most whimsical thing that was ever
practised, Mrs. *Bizarre* could not bear to be

touched in so tender a point : she told me with some vehemence, that monkeys have often more sense than many of the human species ; and I believe the dispute would have risen high between us, had not an accident put an end to it.

While we were engaged in conversation, a quarrel happened between the two young ladies. In a moment Miss *Lucy* tore off Miss *Charlotte's* cap. The compliment was returned in kind, and the battle was carried on with great eagerness on both sides, attended with violent screamings, with bouncing about the room, leaping on chairs and tables, and flying violently in our faces. All the ornaments on the mantle piece were broke to shatters and shivers. The china figures, which before seemed to breathe and think, came trembling down. *Woodward* and *Mrs. Clive*, who represented their different characters in *Lethe*, shared the general wreck : *Mrs. Bizarre's* face was scratched in several places, and she lost in the fray a very elegant pair of *Dresden* ruffles.

Prudence directed me to escape from this strange scene. As soon as I found myself in my chambers, I could not help reflecting on the whimsical turn of mind, which disposed the lady to fix her heart on such a disagreeable race of animals,
When

When a woman becomes an apostate from the laws of nature, and divests herself of the proper ornaments of her sex, she is as great an exotic as any in her collection of wild beasts. I believe, the pangs of jealousy would be much keener in a husband's breast, were he to find himself rivalled by a monkey; and for such a set of odious creatures to see a person neglect her own children, is so fantastical a circumstance, that some of my readers may perhaps think the existence of such a character improbable; but there are frequent instances of it in this town.

To regulate and govern the imagination, is recommended by a *Greek* philosopher, as a point of moment in the conduct of life. The imagination is the liveliest faculty of the soul: it gives to all objects the hue and colour, which they seemingly wear; and we love and hate, hope and fear, according to the scenes which are pictured to our fancy. It is this which makes *Quixotilla* call aloud for a cork; and under due government is the source of that sprightly taste and just sense of things, which is remarkable in *Angelica*. It is this which gives new graces to her beauty, irradiates her whole countenance, and in all scenes and circumstances of life renders her the most amiable of her sex.

To cultivate, therefore, and cherish the natural affections ; to direct them to worthy objects ; to keep them all in harmony, so that not one of them shall grow out of due proportion, or contract any whimsical habit, is the best preserver and beautifier of the female form. It gives that pleasing turn of mind which we call sweetness of temper ; prevents wrinkles, and gives an agreeable air to the whole person, as a few of the sex have experienced ; and as such is this day recommended to all the female readers of this paper,



N U M B E R X X I V .

Saturday, March 31, 1753.

--- --- *Galeatum ferò duelli*
Pœnitet --- ---

JUV:

CONSIDERING the state of warfare an author enters into, when he first takes a pen in hand, and the number of *Goths* and *Vandals* that infest every age, ready to wage a barbarous war upon defenceless wit; I have been punctually three times a week at a celebrated fencing-school, in order to perfect myself in the noble science of defence. The master of this place understands the method of killing as well as any gentleman of the faculty, but his temper of mind renders him less inclinable to put it in practice. He allows me to be a very good figure on the ground; says, I stand an excellent attitude, and adds, that when I bring myself to do things not so much in a hurry, I shall fence as well as any angry boy in *England*. I must own, that I am apt to advance and retreat in too precipitate a manner. The warmth of this violent exercise throws my spirits into such a flurry, that I sometimes cannot avoid doing mischief. I have already put out a gentleman's

man's eye, dislocated three of another's teeth, and broke my foil upon the small ribs of a third. If I proceed in this manner, I begin to be apprehensive about the consequences which may arise from unforeseen accidents, and therefore I am now determined to entrench myself from insults within one of the resolutions, which I formed upon the commencement of this paper, namely, not to deserve ill of any man.

It would be well if all the individuals in society would enter into a reciprocal agreement to observe the same principle in their deportment: we might then see that harmony subsist, which as sociable beings it is our interest to promote. All surly moroseness would be banished; and in short, this single rule, of deserving ill from no man, would prevent those animosities, which too frequently hurry men, otherwise well disposed, to violate all laws, both human and divine.

The common rules of good breeding are sufficient in other countries to restrain a fiery spirit within due bounds. But in England the laws of civility are not diffused. We live in a vicious gratification of our private humours. A selfish spirit is condemned in ethics as the cause of many vices: it is of no less evil influence in the *petites morales*, or *lesser morals*. When a narrow regard

to

to a man's own sensations gains the ascendant, and none will recede from their equal right of having their own way, it is not to be wondered that ill humours should sour the temper, and that frequent quarrels should arise.

Philippus has taken it into his head, that to be brisk and shining in conversation, is the most elegant accomplishment. He has spent most of his time in the acquirement of something, which he calls wit, but in the eyes of men of sense, is only a petulant pertness, very annoying to his company. *Philippus* has laid it down as a maxim, that he must upon all occasions display his favourite talent. He would rather at any time lose his friend than his joke. *Antiphaus* is an absolute enemy to all pretensions to be shining: conversation with him, must be in a plain sensible manner; he will neither give nor take a joke; hence these two are constantly at variance, and it is imagined by their friends, that the affair must be at last decided behind *Montague-house*.

I have often wondered how men can be such enemies to their pleasures, as to be thus obstinately bent on the indulgence of their own private whimsies, without abating any thing from their pretensions, in order to contribute to the felicity of their neighbours. The social passions
afford

afford more real delight, than any selfish gratifications ; the latter are sure to occasion a narrowness of spirit, while the former expand the faculties of the mind, and receive addition from being communicated, like the sun painting the hemisphere with streaks of light, which serve to adorn his way, and augment the glory of his career. In a state of mutual dependance, which Nature has allotted to us all, it is not to be imagined that any one will pay the least deference to our ease and happiness, unless in return we recede a little from our own humours, and purchase that complacence, which every one desires to meet with in his intercourse with society.

But all restraint upon our conduct seems to be thrown off. Hence recourse is had to duelling, to decide differences between those, who have renounced the guidance of reason. The *Romans* knew nothing of this modern practice, which is entirely of *French* growth, and, like many of the fashions of that country, should be exploded from all civilized nations. And yet, by the advices which I receive from *Ireland*, this barbarous custom seems to be fully established throughout that kingdom. It is considered as the accomplishment that completes the fine gentleman. He, who has not killed his man, or lodged a ball in the

the *abdomen*, is considered as an equivocal character: About something, or nothing, every man must be ready to go *to the sod*. The field, indeed, is not always necessary: the first coffee-house, or tavern, answers the purpose. A gentleman just arrived from Dublin informs me, that while he was eating a morsel of dinner at a tavern in Damask street, the bell which hung over the middle of the table, was on a sudden thrown into violent motion: "Pray don't mind it, Sir," cries the waiter, "it is only two gentlemen skirmishing in the next room, and one of them has fired thro' the waincoat, and hit the bell." The same gentleman tells me that the cause of quarrel is generally of little moment: you may fight in Ireland because you will, or will not drink the glorious and immortal memory of *Oliver Cromwell*; or because your grandmother died a Papist, or, as the case may be, because you are a True-blue, and detest a Papist. In short, you may acquire great fame, in that country, upon very easy terms. If you do not understand a gentleman's meaning, it is allowed, that, without further ceremony, you may cut his throat. The woman at *Lucas's* coffee-house, I am told, stands fire like a war-house: she gives you change of a guinea, with great coolness, in the midst of a fray: "twelve shillings, thirteen, fourteen——there's a pistol gone off! —fifteen,

“ —fifteen, sixteen, seventeen—what is it
 “ about?—nineteen, twenty, twenty-one;—
 “ I am sorry the gentleman is dead;—there’s
 “ your full change.”

Mr. *Addison*, in his elegant poem, entitled the *Campaign*, has given a definition which it may be proper to cite on this occasion.

*True courage dwells not in a troubled flood
 Of mounting spirits and fermenting blood;
 Lodg'd in the Soul, by Virtue over-rul'd,
 Inflam'd by Reason, and by Reason cool'd.*

I never yet heard of an affair between two gentlemen, according to the polite phrase, but one, or both of them were egregiously in the wrong. If, instead of determining wilfully to support matters of no moment, people could be brought to canvass their differences with some degree of temper, we should not often have advices from *Marybone Fields*, or any of the usual scenes of action. To evince this, I shall conclude with the following story. I was once in company at a tavern, when after much mirth and festivity, one of the party, who had been silent almost the whole night, accosted a gentleman, who had contributed greatly to our entertainment by a lively vein of fancy peculiar to him, in the following words.

“ Sir,

“ Sir, (says he, taking him by the button) I have
“ something to communicate to you : I have ob-
“ served, Sir, that you have been very facetious
“ all night, you have run your rig upon me, Sir,
“ and so —I desire you will meet me to-morrow
“ morning in *Pancras* Burying-ground.”——A
blood of the town would perhaps have been fired
at this proposal ; but my friend received it with
great composure, and with a mixture of jest and
earnest in his countenance, whispered, “ In *Pan-*
“ *cras* Burying-ground, Sir?” “ Yes, Sir, in
“ *Pancras* Burying-ground.” —— “ Very well,
“ Sir ; must I bring my shroud with me?”

The pleasantry of the question excited a general laugh. The angry gentleman joined in the chorus, and, as soon as he recovered from his fit of merriment, exclaimed, “ Give me your hand. I will never meet you, but on a party of pleasure, and to that you may command me whenever you please.”

N U M B E R X X V .

*Saturday, April 7, 1753.**Scimus inurbanum Lepido seponere dicto.*

HOR.

I Have in a former paper delivered my sentiments concerning the notable art of Humbugging, as it is called in the language now in vogue; and no man, I believe, retains a doubt but that a practice so senseless, and, indeed, so mischievous, ought, for the interest of society, to be exploded from every company. It is my intention to throw together this day some cursory reflections upon RAILLERY, not because it is, like the former, of spurious birth, or a mean and illiberal talent, but on the contrary, because Raillery is a sharp and nice weapon, not to be trusted to the hand of every bungler, who chuses to play with edge tools. Certain it is, there are but few properly qualified to exercise this talent. There is hardly any thing that requires so fine an understanding, or calls for so much delicacy in the exertion of it. But as matters are generally managed, there is nothing so coarse as the attempts of those, who are ambitious of shining in conversation, and are therefore determined to banter mankind into an exalted

exalted opinion of their accomplishments. The utmost that can be allowed this race of wits, is to join in the general laugh: if mirth be going forward, they may very properly be admitted to partake of the festivity, without vainly pretending to take the lead, or to engross the conversation: as the uninformed country squire should not be suffered by the master of the ceremonies in a polite assembly, to come forward in a minuet, where the graces of movement are required, though he may be tolerated to romp in a country dance, and display all the gambols of his unfashioned activity.

——— *Nec cum sis cætera fossor*

Tres tantum ad numeros Satyri moveare Batbylli.

Were I to define Raillery, I should call it a delicate exertion of pleasantry upon the foibles, the slight indiscretions, the mistaken opinions, or even the virtues of men, when carried to some degree of excess. No tincture of ill-nature must be suffered to mingle in the composition of raillery. Good manners must always be the predominant quality. No man has any degree of right to invade another's inward peace. A well turned mind will always decline any thing that comes home to the bosom of any person, with whom he is willing to enter into society. Whatever may tend to

create difesteem in the circle of our acquaintance, or to throw a ridiculous light upon a character; whatever may excite uneasy sensations by touching upon circumstances, about which it is possible a person may have a tender feeling, though in their own nature, they are not of any material importance; in short, all topics, but such, as we are convinced the object of our merriment will give up, are carefully to be avoided. It will be always expedient so to glide gently over the affected part, that the wound may appear to be probed by a skilful hand. DRYDEN throws a light upon this subject by a familiar story. He tells us it was the boast of Jack Ketch's wife, that any body can tuck a man up and put him clumsily to death, but to do it with dexterity, and make the culprit die an easy, pleasant death, was only the genteel qualification of her husband. In like manner it requires no very shining abilities to inform our neighbour of his oddities, or point out to him his indiscretions; but to open his eyes, and let in the light without rendering it painful to him; to give a sense of the foible, without disturbing the natural complacence, with which every one is willing to behold himself, is a task which requires more elegance and refinement than happens to fall to the share of every individual. And yet there is no going any where without meeting pretenders in
 this

this way: every quarter of the town abounds with men of raillery, and to all those it is necessary to render an account of our actions, our friends, our attachments, our cloaths, our walk, and what not? Of these lively and pleasant companions the misfortune is, that they have at some time or other seen a man of wit, who had the address to promote the mirth of his company. What is well done too frequently occasions a number of imitators; and every blockhead, who has laughed at the fallies of a brisk and lively fancy, sees no reason why he should not for the future divert his company, and be considered as the master of the joke; like the monkey in the fable, who saw a gentleman shave himself, admiring the turn of his wrist, and the dexterity of every stroke. The operation being finished, and the gentleman gone, without laying up his utensils, *Otho* mounts the table, fixes himself before the glass and flourishes the razor with mimic skill, till unfortunately he cut his jaw across, and then too late found the danger of playing with edge tools.

I have drawn up an allegorical account of the birth and parentage of *Raillery*, which, I think, may serve to lay before the reader its several efficient qualities.

GOOD SENSE and RIDICULE were joined in wedlock; the offspring of their marriage was HU-

HUMOUR, who for a long time roved about *Parnassus*, placing the follies and whims of mankind in such a light, as never failed to excite mirth in the synod of *Apollo* and the Muses. At length happening to wander out of bounds, HUMOUR met on the borders of *Parnassus*, just upon the verge of worldly commerce, a certain lady known by the name of ILL-NATURE. Drawn in by false allurements and a glavering smile, which ILL-NATURE always wore upon her countenance, HUMOUR offered proposals of marriage, which were carried without delay into execution, and in nine months time RAILING was ushered into the world. With a small mixture of his father's qualities strongly blended with the complexional habits of his mother, RAILING grew up in the practice of exposing the infirmities of all who came in his way. Without restraint he took unbecoming liberties, sowed the seeds of discontent in every breast, and in time began to disturb the harmony of the sacred Nine. *Thalia* conceived an aversion to him, and in order to mend the breed, preferred a petition to *Apollo* to divorce HUMOUR from his wife ILL-NATURE.

After a full hearing of the cause, *Apollo* issued out his edict of separation. HUMOUR could not live single, and in a short time made another match, which, as good luck would have it, turned
out

out better than the former. His second wife's name was WIT, a lady of great vivacity, and abounding in surprizing turns in all her conversation. She hardly could see any thing, but her way was instantly to compare it to some other subject, and she frequently would make her auditors laugh by pointing out a latent resemblance in things, which seemed in their own nature absolutely repugnant to each other. Contrary to the practice of modern life, her principal endeavour was to set off her husband. Fond of variety in her dress, she would upon many occasions lend her best apparel to HUMOUR, who never failed to look most engaging, when WIT contributed her ornaments. HUMOUR, in his turn, gave additional embellishments to his wife, and both reflected a reciprocal lustre upon each other. They continued in a state of mutual fondness, and their faithful love was in time rewarded with a tender daughter, who was immediately called, with the general consent, by the name of RAILLERY. The MUSES cherished her in their bosoms. As soon as she began to talk, she was the delight of Parnassus. In her conversation she discovered a propensity to her father's way of thinking, but with a considerable abatement of his severity. The mother's delicacy she possessed entire. Whenever she touched upon any thing, like her, she endeavoured to give it an agreeable colouring. In this habit she was further con-

firmed by POLITENESS, a collateral relation by the mother's side, who took upon her the care of her manners, and instructed her perfectly in all the secondary qualities or lesser morals, which are commonly known by the name of good breeding. Confirmed in these principles, RAILLERY was, at a mature age, trusted abroad into the world, where she had not been long before she was careffed by the courtly *Horace*, who took her home to his own house, introduced her to *Mecænas*, and found her of singular service in all his writings. At the demise of that bard, RAILLERY wandered a vagrant up and down, till at length she took it into her head to visit *Boileau* in *Paris*; from whence she came over to *England*, and resided for many years with ADDISON, under whose roof she became acquainted with STEELE, and made now and then an excursion to pass some time with Mr. POPE at *Twickenham*. At present, it is said, that she is taken into keeping by a certain noble Earl, of whom she is so enamoured, that it is confidently reported, she will not quit his company, though he is now in danger of becoming deaf; and it is further said, that she will stick by him to his last breath; but at that unhappy juncture, what will become of her, nobody can pretend to determine.

N U M B E R XXVI.

Saturday, April 14, 1753.

Ingrediturque solo, & caput inter nubila condit.

VIRG.

THERE are few terms, which are applied with greater impropriety, than those characteristical appellations, which men usually bestow on their acquaintance, or on others, in whose company and conversation they may at any time have been casually engaged. Every character, indeed, is formed by the prevalence of some particular passion, which influences the temper, and gives a casting weight to the genius of the person in whom it subsists. But no rules that I know of, have been yet laid down, nor is there any certain standard which should fix the degree of elevation, to which the ruling passion must necessarily rise, before it can have strength sufficient to determine the character.

The reader must, however, be informed, that I am not speaking of those moral qualifications, or endowments of the heart, which speculative writers have taken so much idle pains to adorn and recommend; and which men of sense, or men of

the world, have unanimously agreed in rejecting, as unworthy of their serious notice. The qualities I mean are pure virtues of the head or face; properties, which enable the possessor to assume a solemn aspect at incidents, which set the rest of the table in a roar; or to interrupt what is truly serious and grave, by impertinent questions of levity and mirth; or lastly, to condemn and cavil, when all the world sees the highest reasons for applause and admiration. The effects which these causes produce in life, however various and complicated in their appearance, may be reduced to three general sources of wit, humour, and criticism, and as the pretenders to these several qualities are infinite in number, I have determined on a certain standard, in order to regulate and adjust their claims. The method I propose is, to decide their different pretensions by the height and stature of the body.

And lest this should be considered as a wild, chimerical design, I must beg leave to assure my reader, that the theory I am forming is built upon the latest discoveries, and most uncontroverted principles of true philosophy. It is possible, however, that persons of an over-refining curiosity may be able to raise some objections to what I am going to advance: but as every thing is liable to be

be called in question by those who are disposed to cavil, they will give me but little pain upon that head. The plainest truths have been disputed : the most extravagant opinions have been fortunate enough to meet with their advocates and admirers. Now, I would have such people recollect what are the general apprehensions arising in the mind, on the sight of an uncommon stature ; and how favourable, withal, even the notions of the vulgar are to an unusual height of person. Is it not commonly supposed, that men of this superior eminence possess as superior parts, and extraordinary degrees of merit ? From this principle, my little friend of *Drury-Lake* is universally censured, as falling short of a true hero, by near half a foot ; whilst his more aspiring antagonist is allowed to have all the necessary dimensions, required both by antient and modern precedents, to constitute the heroic character.

It is an axiom in philosophy, which few, I hope, will be so hardy as to deny, that the soul is all and all in every part. From hence it is obvious, that the body, which is a covering only for the ætherial particle that is lodged within it, must necessarily receive its dimensions from the vigour of the spirit, which actuates the exterior frame. The greater the portion of fire with which this
spirit

spirit is endued, its elastic qualities will be proportionably stronger; and the dimensions of the body will be protruded to a size, exactly of the same dimensions with the soul which informs it. On this simple hypothesis, which I imagine cannot be easily disproved, I proceed to settle the respective qualifications of the different pretenders, who have been mentioned above.

In the first place, those, who with gentle *William* in the play, boast themselves not on account of their wisdom, but as they have a *pretty wit*, do not exceed the lowest degree of our appointed standard. It is not in nature, that such persons can rise in their stature, above the height of five feet and six inches. For wit, which is merely an exercise of the tongue, doth not require the same bulk and dimensions, which are essential to qualifications of a superior order. It is evidently a much less exertion of the interior faculties, than what is productive of that talent which we call humour. Hence we must advance a little in our standard; and can admit no one to be a man of real humour, who does not come up to the full height of five feet and eight inches; and this small progression is the more allowable, as a considerable part of humour is frequently expressed by such feats of body, as require some little degree

gree of size and strength. Giving a friend a violent and unexpected slap upon the back, or the dexterous leaping over chairs and tables, have been often regarded as so many undoubted signs of genuine humour; and are generally agreed to denote a most facetious vein of pleasantry in the authors of such exquisite jokes. It will sometimes further happen, that these two qualities may be blended in the same person; as I doubt not but many of my readers can recollect several of their acquaintance, who are your only men of wit and humour. Now this conjunction manifestly implies a much superior energy of soul; and consequently a still higher advancement in our scale of characteristic excellencies. These candidates for fame will accordingly rise two inches above those who are mentioned last; and none are to pass under this denomination for the future, but those, whose height is five feet ten. For these qualities, when thus united, will frequently exert themselves in strokes of gallantry and mirth, which are so much the more honourable as they are dangerous to the person or the purse of the ingenious artist, who has the courage or curiosity to attempt the experiment. The demolishing of windows, knocking down of watchmen, bilking of waiters at places of entertainment, with other instances of the like kind, are very laudable
and

and convincing proofs of these compound qualities residing together in the same habitation. The last quality, which greatly overtops the rest, and is indeed the crown and perfection of all, is the wonderful and most ingenious faculty of modern criticism. And as this is, in the most exalted manner, the gift of nature, whoever has the happiness to be born a true critic, is at least six feet complete. A critic is the master-piece and noblest work of nature; and may justly be expected to bear about him some distinguishing tokens, which will enable a spectator, at first view, to acknowledge and revere his merits. Hence she has bestowed on him a more than ordinary portion of the *daring* and *tremendous*; and these would appear to very little effect in a person of less dimensions, than those which we have here assigned him. The wit may be pert and sanguine; the man of honour confident or overbearing; but it is the critic alone, who glares horribly terrific. His every look freezes the young author's blood: at the sound of his voice, the rooted seats have been known to be torn from the ground, and hurled violently through the air, in furious and wild commotion. Phænomena, like these, can only be produced by that iron strength of lungs, and brazen audacity of figure, which nature

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ture has so liberally imparted to the modern critic.

It will be necessary to obviate an objection arising from popular prejudice, that the science of criticism being to examine into the merits of all productions of genius and learning, it does not seem to demand the size and dimensions which I have made essential to the character: but the objectors, I apprehend, are mistaken in the end of modern criticism; and have not, perhaps, duly reflected on the necessary qualities to discharge the province they are desirous of allotting it. To execute that task, would require a moderate portion of sense, taste, and judgment, under the direction of modesty and candour; talents so little practised by those who have taken up the occupation of a critic, that they appear on all occasions not to have the least conception of them. Whoever will give himself leave to consider, that the character of a critic, a wit, and a man of humour, in the present estimation of the world, is supported wholly by mechanical operations, in which the understanding has no manner of share, every such person will easily agree with me, that the surest method to discover those characters, must be taken from that part which is principally concerned; and as we can truly judge from out-
ward

ward appearances alone, I have shewed to a demonstration, that the stature of a person is the only infallible criterion, by which we can decide, on the justness of his pretensions ; and that no one for the future can have any right to either of those characters, but whose dimensions will exactly tally with the measure of this standard.

Having now settled the true criterion, by which we are to estimate the several talents above-mentioned, I now think proper to give public notice, that I shall very shortly issue an edict for a general shew, or appearance of all the critics, wits, and men of humour within this metropolis, and five miles round it. The place of rendezvous will be the *Piazzas* in *Covent-Garden*. I propose to attend in person for the just determination of their respective merits. No one shall pretend to pass himself on the world as a critic, who does not submit to this measurement, and afterwards he is to be reputed accordingly. The name of every person will be carefully entered in a register to be kept at the *Bedford* coffee-house, to which every man will have the liberty of appealing in case of a dispute. Mr. *Ranger*, out of consideration to the circumstances of the said critics, wits, and others, generously remits his own fees, and requires only one shilling to be given his clerk, as a perquisite for his trouble.

N U M B E R

N U M B E R XXVII.

Saturday, April 21, 1753.

*Jure etenim id summum, quid dexter senio ferret,
Scire erat in voto, damnosa canicula quantum
Raderet, angustæ collo non fallier orcæ.*

PERSIUS.

AFTER fauntering for some time the other morning in *Gray's-Inn-Gardens*, I withdrew to the edifice raised by the great Sir *Francis Bacon*. I had scarcely seated myself, when I perceived an elderly gentleman hastening towards me. He was of a ruddy, hale complexion, but had the air of one somewhat disconcerted in his mind. Scraping the ground with one leg drawn backwards, and holding out his hat at arm's length, he hesitated a desire to know if I was Mr. *Ranger*, the entertaining writer. Upon answering him in the affirmative, with regard to the name, and at the same time expressing some doubt about the compliment made to me as an author, the gentleman immediately looked grave, and shaking his head, "Aye, Sir, says he, you are the
" very man I want: I must be a little trouble-
" some to you for your advice in an affair that
" weighs

“ weighs heavily on my spirits ; and a friend has
 “ advised me to apply to Mr. *Ranger* for his opi-
 “ nion.” I assured the gentleman of my incli-
 nation to serve him, and as I perceived he had not
 yet divested himself of his diffidence, I begged
 of him to proceed without any farther ceremony ;
 he complied, and went on as follows.

“ My name, Sir, is *Oldcastle*, of *Oldcastle-ball*,
 “ in the north of *England*. Nothing but an af-
 “ fair of consequence should have brought me
 “ upwards of two hundred miles to town. I
 “ have fetched my eldest son up with me, as I
 “ think of putting him to something : a wounded
 “ sharp boy he is ; he’s a Tartar for your *Greek*
 “ and your *Latin*, and the best mimick in the
 “ world ; odds my life, he’d mimick all the wag-
 “ goners as he came along the road. But that’s
 “ neither here nor there. I now think it time,
 “ as I told you, to put him to business. I have
 “ a large family, and but a small estate was hand-
 “ ed to me by my ancestors. The land was fur-
 “ veyed in the time of *Queen Elizabeth*, and there
 “ is just the same number of acres to this day. I
 “ would have my son be the first of his family
 “ that improved it, and then he may help me to
 “ provide for his brother and sisters. But look
 “ ye, Sir, in this large town, I am mainly puzzled
 “ what

“ what to put him to ; I am afraid I have made
 “ such another journey to *London* as *Sir Francis*
 “ *Wronghead*, and unless some such good gentle-
 “ man as you assists me, I must go back in the
 “ old squeaking stage-coach without doing my
 “ business. If you please, I'll step and fetch
 “ *Dicky*, he's at the *Bull and Gate Inn*, and will be
 “ here in a crack.” Here he paused for a reply.
 As the matter he consulted me upon was of no
 small importance, I begged leave to be silent for
 the present, and promised I would give him an an-
 swer in this day's lucubration. Mr. *Oldcastle* was
 perfectly satisfied. He withdrew in the fullness
 of his joy, after assuring me that he would always
 read my paper, and that he would leave orders
 with the publisher to send it to his house in the
 country every *Saturday* for the future.

The direction of a young gentleman's genius to
 any particular profession, is a point of more con-
 sequence, than perhaps appears to the inatten-
 tive. To this step is often to be imputed the hap-
 piness or misery of the person in the ensuing part
 of his days. This circumstance in life, is not un-
 like what we see at a bowling-green, where, be-
 fore a man plays off, he should consider the byass
 of his bowl, and if it is delivered with judgment,
 it makes its way to the desired point; but if there

should be too much rapidity in the outset, or if a proper degree of force should be wanting to forward it, it either runs beyond the mark, or lags in the middle of its progress. On this account it is no easy matter to advise upon so delicate a point as I have now to handle.

I have considered all the professions, and I really think them very precarious. Many great estates and eminent titles have been derived from the law; but it is now reduced to such a state, that without very great friends, a person possessed of the talents of a *Murray*, shall never rise to any degree of eminence. With regard to physick, a genius may spend his time in saving the lives of his patients in garrets, and doing real services to mankind, without any emolument to himself, while *Doctor Slaughter* puts his licence to kill in execution upon thousands of his Majesty's well-disposed subjects, and lolls at ease in his chariot.

In the army, it is to be feared, preferment goes more by interest, than merit. There is not a wind can blow from any quarter of the heavens, but fills the merchant's imagination with pictured scenes of shipwreck; and while he breaks the seal of a letter, he trembles for fear of receiving the news of some correspondent's failure. I know
at

at this very moment a person in the city little short of fourscore: he has been allways considered as a good man upon 'Change. His life has gone on in one unwearied tenor of application and industry. He has been regularly, for forty years together, at *Lloyd's* coffee-house every morning at six, to learn the news from the several sea-ports throughout England. His table has been allways hospitable, but with due frugality. And yet, after all his pains, this very person is now a bankrupt; and at his age has the world to begin over again.

There is, however, a way of life, which I cannot help thinking the most eligible. Not to keep the reader in suspense, the occupation I mean is that of a gamester. After mature deliberation, the gentlemen of this calling seem to me to be in possession of greater advantages than any of the others, and the inconveniencies attending them, are not upon a balance with the conveniences.

A gamester, from a constant habit of venturing large sums upon the turning up of a card, or a die, acquires that thorough disregard for money, which is so much recommended by the philosophers. In the words of *Sallust*, he is *alieni appetens*,

tens, sui profusus ; at the same time that he is desirous of his friends substance, he has the pleasure of being profuse in his own private gratifications. Instead of creeping through life with that mediocrity of spirit which depresses the man of business, the gamester lives with an eclat : *Ryan, Venable, or Tomkyns*, supply him with his wines, and he is every hour gaining an insight into men and manners. As rude health has too much of the country in it, and of course is not very pleasing to the ladies, he acquires, by his midnight vigils, a pallid, meagre countenance, which generally denotes an intimate knowledge of the town ; and while others deceive one another in the face of day, a gamester has the modesty to fly to the covert of the night, and, *The pale moon and stars alone are conscious of the theft*. While the man of genius is left undisturbed in his study, the gay-dressed footman knocks at the gamester's door, and leaves the agreeable card to invite him to my Lady *Bragwell's*. There he has an opportunity of carrying on a design upon a lady's money and her virtue at the same time. If he can once contrive to get her in his books, he finds it no difficult matter to make her give *personal security* ; and when once a woman's body is mortgaged, there is no equity of redemption.

There

There are many other conveniences annexed to a life of play, which I shall not, at present, enumerate. Upon the whole, I would advise my friend Mr. *Oldcastle* to train up his son to this profession. To encourage all beginners in this way, I shall dismiss this paper with only one article of True Intelligence, which I take to be of the utmost consequence to all such adventurers.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Lately arrived in town from *Paris*, the *Marquis de Fourberie*, well known to many of the Nobility and Gentry, who have been in foreign parts. He is well versed in all the different branches of gaming, and he teaches how to play the whole game in a month's time.

He has taken an apartment for this purpose in the *Haymarket*, where he reads lectures every day in the week, except *Wednesday*, when he attends the gentlemen of the city, at his room near the *Royal Exchange*, where he will let any young apprentice or city smart into the secret, without hindrance of business.

He has taught, since his arrival in *England*, several gamblers of both sexes. It was he instructed the *Scaramouch*, who carried off fifteen hundred pounds from the last masquerade.

Gentlemen and Ladies may learn in a private manner, without being overseen by strangers

while learning, and for the more expeditiously completing them, there is a set to practise from seven in the evening till three in the morning.

As several persons have, and do still think that it is impossible to learn without going into company, he thinks proper to inform them of his method for that purpose. He first teaches the scholar the shuffle, then the different methods of cutting; next he explains his rules, by the assistance of second hand cards; when the party is so qualified, he makes his own family sit down with them, where they play most of the games in vogue; after the person has learned in this manner, which he or she may do in a very short time, he dares answer for them, they will be qualified to play in any genteel company whatever.

Facta est alea.

N. B. The *Marquis* had not a stitch of cloaths when he began, and he now shines away with his *Dresden* ruffles, and diamond ring. Such persons as are desirous to learn any branch excessive quick, may come twice or thrice a day, or lodge and board in the house for the time. He insures for a small præmium, five thousand pounds a year to any ingenious young gentleman who will make himself master of his rules. He sells dice for gentlemen to carry in their pockets.

NUMBER

N U M B E R XXVIII.

Saturday, April 28, 1753.

*Aufus non operam, non formidare Poetæ
Nomen, adoratum quondam, nunc pæne procaci
Monstratum digito.-----*

PRÆDIUM RUSTICUM.

DERISION and contempt have been for many ages the portion of most authors, whom rank in life, or superiority of abilities, have not eminently raised above the common herd of their fraternity. The name of poet, in every company where the word is mentioned, is sure to excite ludicrous ideas of garrets, unwashed shirts, and unpaid taylors. By these means it has obtained, that younger brothers had rather take a pistol or a pack of cards in their hands to raise a livelihood, than endeavour to help out the year's income by the exertion of their talents; dreading the infamy of wit more than any other imputation, that can be fixed upon their characters.

This effect is not produced without the concurrence of various causes, among which the principal one is, the known poverty of the generality of the tribe that write. Among all the inconveniences of indigence, it has been well said, that there

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is not a greater hardship, than that ridicule, which it brings upon those, who labour under its lash.

*Nil habit infelix Paupertas durius in se,
Quam quod ridiculos homines facit.—*

The belly has been often called the teacher of art, and the inspirer of wit; but I apprehend, this maxim can only be understood of a full belly.

Satur est cum dicit Horatius Evæ.

Horace was warmed with good cheer, when he calls out to *Bacchus* to spare him, says *Juvenal*. The same author adds, with an elegant vein of pleasantry, that fine writing is the production of an exalted mind, free from the sollicitude of procuring a blanket. If *Virgil*, says he, wanted a lodging and a boy to attend him, the snakes would fall from the fury, which he so admirably describes, and the trumpet would not sound to war with so shrill a clangor.

*Nam si Virgilio puer & tolerabile deesset
Hospitium, caderent omnes à crinibus Hydri,
Surda nihil gerneret grave Buccina.—*

It is not therefore to be wondered, that poverty should diminish the poet's lustre, since it not only renders him an object of contempt, but extinguishes

guishes the fire of his genius. It must, indeed, be acknowledged, that such is the fate or perverseness of authors, that, to circumstances, which they cannot remove, they are industrious to add many of their own creating; so true is the saying of Mr. *Congreve*, that wherever wit is, it is always contriving its own ruin. Writers are known to be extremely irascible, prone to malice and envy towards the man, whom they perceive in possession of fame. Instead of endeavouring to equal him with an honest emulation, their aim generally is, to snatch the laurel from his brow, or if they cannot reach it, to wither it on his head by the bitter blasts of calumny and detraction. *Voltaire* delivers himself on this topic with so much delicacy and good sense, that I shall here translate the passage. “It is a disgrace, *says he*, to the human mind, that the republic of letters should be infested with personal resentments, private cabals, and mean intrigues, which should only subsist among the slaves of fortune. What advantage can accrue to authors from this civil war? Their animosities have no other tendency, than to depreciate a profession, which it is in their power to render respectable. Why should the art of thinking finely, the greatest blessing man can share from Heaven, become an object of ridicule? It is really hard, that men of genius should

“ should render themselves, by their mutual in-
 “ vectives, the sport of fools, and instead of being
 “ revered as the masters and instructors of the
 “ public, turn out the Buffoons and Zanies of
 “ the town.”

There is another reason, which contributes strongly to bring a disreputation upon poets, and that is, their mean and prostitute servility to a set of men, whom they call their patrons. These gentlemen are for the most part eager after praise, and careless of the means, by which they might obtain an honest fame: hence the *Parnassian* incense is extremely grateful, and is therefore profusely offered up by every scribbling fool, who vainly thinks to wriggle himself into preferment. But the misfortune is, what happens in this case is not answerable to the writer's intention; his patron plumes himself upon the imputed accomplishments, and glows with rapture and self-admiration, while for the bard he feels no passion but contempt, and the rest of the world with pleasure behold infamy and disappointment, the rewards of venality and prostitution.

As I have always entertained great good wishes for the gentlemen of the quill, I have devised a method, by the observance of which, they will be
 be

be able to retrieve, in some measure, the honour of their calling, and obviate that torrent of contumely, which at present bears hard upon them.

In the first place, I would have them frequently inculcate, that fortune is only the deity of fools; and if she has not been favourable to them, they had better enjoy a virtuous independence in private, than by an ambitious poverty, bring themselves under the contempt and ridicule of the affluent.

Secondly, Instead of wasting paper in mutual calumny and detraction, I would recommend to them to vent their anger upon the Critics or the *Malevoli*; a species of people highly prejudicial to the cause of literature, on whom no severities can be too hard, as it is notorious, that not one of the race about town at present is any way fit for the province he has usurped; a total ignorance of the learned languages, and a lamentable want of taste, together with a plentiful share of spleen and ill-nature, being the distinguishing characteristics of the whole tribe.

Thirdly and lastly, I would advise my brother-writers to dispense their panegyric with a little more reserve, and always with an eye to truth: in consequence of which conduct, they will find them-

themselves more courted by their patrons, and their butlers will the more readily condescend to hear them from the side-board. *To maintain a poet's dignity and ease*, is a beautiful sentiment of Mr. *Pope*, and his life and manners shew that he carried it from theory into practice. Who is not delighted to hear him declare with a noble pride?

*Enough for half the greatest of these days,
To 'scape my censure, not expect my praise.*

Whenever I reflect upon the conduct of that great genius, I find it hard to determine with myself, which holds most of admiration, the fineness of his perceptions, and the elegance of his poetry, or that grace of character, and that unprostituted, dignified independence, which will always do honour to the man. Doctor *Swift*, with less delicacy of manners, jealously preserved his own respect; and sure I am, that the writings of these two great authors, though they have both exquisite finishings in their kind, have always received an additional lustre from the self-created importance of their characters.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Vauxhall.

The diversions of this place began on *Tuesday* evening last, and it was computed, that there were

were near five thousand people in the gardens. It is observable, that they all agreed, "it was a very fine evening—and that there was a great number of people present, though very little company—nobody, Ma'em, that one knows;—it's a wonder where the creatures come from, &c." By the best advices from the dark walk, or *alley de soupirs*, we are assured there was *nothing done*. One letter, indeed, mentions, that a certain citizen attended his mistress into that part of the garden, in order to break his mind to her; but that his heart failed him, and he could only muster up courage enough to say, "This is a fine place for lovers to walk in."

Bedford Coffee-house.

The caravan, which came to this house during the winter season, is shortly to alter its destination, and to perform as follows; for a fortnight, to *Vauxhall*, until the smarts of the city are thoroughly tired of ham and chickens; for the remainder of the summer-season, to set out from the *Cross Keys* in *Gracechurch-street*, on the ball-nights, to *Hampstead*, *Enfield*, *Dulwich*, *Sunninghill*, *Richmond*, *Kendal-house*, &c. Advices from all which places shall be duly inserted in this paper:

NUMBER

N U M B E R XXIX.

Saturday, May 5, 1753.

*Avia tum resonant avibus virgulta canoris,
 Et venerem certis repetunt armenta diebus;
 Parturit almus ager, Zephyrique tepentibus auris
 Laxant arva sinus; superat tener omnibus humor,
 Inque novos soles audent se gramina tutò
 Credere.* — — —

VIRG.

THERE is not a pleasure, which thrills through the tender nerve of Imagination, but what receives additional delight from numberless adventitious circumstances. To the *Association of Ideas*, explained by Mr. *Locke*, may also be added the *Association of the Passions*, which reciprocally awaken each other, and agitate the mind with their mixed operation. Thus the primary effect, which any object or landscape may have upon a person's taste, is heightened and enlarged beyond its bounds; a recollection of collateral images starts upon the fancy; the passions pour in their auxiliary influence, and our joy is increased by several sensations at once; like a river, which admits at different inlets the tributary illapse of several

several lesser streams, and thence swelled above its banks, dispenses verdure and fertility to all the country round. That this is the case in many situations of the mind, will be obvious to any one, who will but turn his eyes inwards. I believe it is not more so in any one instance, than the joy we feel from the opening of the Spring.

In my opinion, we are not acquainted with a more complicated pleasure: our love of novelty, which is a leading principle in the heart of man implanted in us for the most benevolent purposes by the author of our frame, is particularly gratified at this season of the year; the appearance, which things assume, is not only pleasing to us on account of its natural beauty, but also from its newness to the eye. During the Winter, all Nature seems to suffer a melancholy distress; the animal creation droops; their spirits seem sunk in dumb despair, and we read their languid situation in the mute imploring eye. *Vacuosque interrogat agros.* The vegetable world seems also tending to decay, and a general scene of calamity overspreads the face of nature. From this state to see gradually a new creation emerging, and every thing reviving with renovated vigour, cannot fail of pleasing our imagination: the whole race of animal life feels the genial influence of the
soft

soft season; from a turbulence of clouds, and all the inclemencies of the elements, the scene is shifted to enlivening suns, blue skies, hills cloathed with verdure, imbowering shades, refreshing streams, and the harmony of the grove.

The learned reader will perceive with what elegance *Virgil* has described this vernal delight in the words of my motto. The passage, from whence I have selected those lines, is carried on with an air of enthusiasm. The poet seems particularly fond of this season, and the whole is closed with a moral reflection on the providence of the supreme Being, who placed this part of the year, as a medium, to render the transition from intense cold to the heat of the summer less perceptible to our constitutions. There are many short sketches of this nature in the same author: we frequently find him casting a side glance this way; and, I will venture to say, every reader of taste must have been greatly delighted with these bye-views; as on a road the transient opening of an agreeable prospect is always acceptable to the traveller. *Horace* is also happy when giving a description of the Spring: but among all the *Roman* poets I do not know a more beautiful circumstance than that which *STATIUS* has touched with exquisite delicacy in one of his odes.

— Tunc

——— *Tunc volucrum novi
Cantus, inexpertumque carmen,
Quod tacitâ statuère Brumâ.*

There is something highly pleasing in the idea, that the birds, during the desolation of winter, were meditating those strains of melody, which for the first time in the spring of the year they pour forth in one general concert.

Milton, the great father of the sublime in English poetry, has many delightful passages of this kind. Perhaps some of the most beautiful imagery in the Paradise Lost will be found to consist in the softer paintings of this nature, which the poet has so frequently introduced, in a manner worthy of him, of whom it is recorded (and, as it seems, upon his own authority in one of his Latin poems) that his genius felt returning vigour in that gay season of the year.

Besides the obvious pleasures already mentioned, there is another circumstance, which renders this period, truly called the renovation of Nature, still more delightful. The Spring is the season of love. At this juncture we feel the sun warm at our hearts: young Health smiles in the Virgin's eye; the morn or evening walk affords sensations, that conduce to the health both of

body and mind. The serenity, which we see all round us, soon transfers itself to the intellectual powers, and we enjoy what the poet emphatically calls *the spirit of love and amorous delight*. By love, I would not be supposed to mean a mere gross impulse of passion, but that elegance of desire, that refinement of taste, which distinguishes the gentleman, and never fails of being acceptable to the amiable sex.

Whatever may be rattled over a bottle at a tavern, we are obliged to the ladies for the most valuable gratifications of our lives. After all our high-boasted reason and our superior abilities, to them it is owing that our manners become more gentle, and our sentiments acquire a finer polish. Our looks and gestures assume from them a milder air; our passions soften into harmony; and the man, who has used himself to this agreeable converse, is acquainted with a thousand delicacies in his amusements, and several elegancies in his way of thinking, to which vulgar souls are absolutely strangers.

Instead of expatiating farther on this subject, I shall here insert a copy of verses, which were communicated to me by an ingenious gentleman, whom I am proud to call my friend. The candid
reader,

reader, I persuade myself, will be pleased with the perusal; and the small critics, who buzz about the *Gray's-Inn Journal*, may amuse themselves with considering, whether the lines should be called, Ode, Song, Pastoral, or Elegy, and whether they sufficiently express the tenderness of love, and the process of the passion, with its several sweet vicissitudes.

I.

SINCE Myra's charms; divinely fair,
Have pour'd their lustre on my heart,
Ten thousand pangs my bosom tear,
And ev'ry fibre feels the smart.

If such the mournful moments prove,
Ah! who would give his heart to love?

II.

I meet my fondest friends with pain,
Though friendship us'd to warm my soul;
Wine's gen'rous spirit flames in vain,
I find no cordial in the bowl.

If such the mournful moments prove,
Ah! who would give his heart to love?

III

Though nature's volume open lies,
Which once with wonder I have read;
No glories tremble from the skies,
No beauties o'er the earth are spread.

If such the mournful moments prove,
 Ah! who would give his heart to love?

IV.

Ev'n poetry's ambrosial dews
 With joy no longer feed my mind;
 To beauty, musick, and the muse,
 My soul is dumb, and deaf, and blind.
 Though such the mournful moments prove,
 Alas! I give my heart to love.

V.

But should the yielding virgin smile,
 Dress'd in her spotless marriage robes,
 I'd look on thrones and crowns as vile,
 The master of two fairer globes.
 If such the rapt'rous moments prove,
 O! let me give my heart to love.

VI.

The bus'ness of my future days,
 My ev'ry thought, my ev'ry pray'r,
 Should be employ'd to sing her praise,
 Or sent to Heav'n alone, for her.
 If such the rapt'rous moments prove,
 O! let me give my heart to love.

VII.

Poets should wonder at my love ;
Her charms should painters croud to see ;
And when they would the passions move,
Should copy her and think of me.

If such the rap'rous moments prove,
O! let me give my heart to love.

VIII.

Old age should burn as bright as youth,
No respite to our passion giv'n ;
Then mingled in one flame of truth,
We'd scorn the earth, and soar to Heav'n.

If such the rapt'rous moments prove,
O! let us give our hearts to love.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

George's, Temple-Bar.

We hear that counsellor *Shortcoat* of the *Inner-Temple*, or more properly of this *House*, has been for some time past employed in preparing for the press a most elaborate treatise on MODERN CRITICISM, which, it is said, he will demonstrate to be a mere mechanical art, without the least foundation in any intellectual faculty whatever. This report gains credit, as Mr. *Shortcoat*, tho' heretofore revered as a *Longinus*, has the candor to own that he commenced critic upon the strength of

the following terms only, *viz.* “ Immense pow-
 “ ers—Department—Bye playing—Finesse—fine
 “ colouring—Stroke—Top of the voice—Bot-
 “ tom of the voice—Break in the voice—Speaks
 “ from the stomach—Emphasis—Attitude—
 “ Lines of Nature—Playing in metaphor.”——
 With a long *et cætera* of all the cant phrases,
 which are so plentifully interlarded in that idle
 book called the ACTOR,



N U M B E R X X X .

Saturday, May 12, 1753.

Ambigitur quid enim? Castor sciat an Docilis plus.

HOR.

IT is with unspeakable pleasure I have observed for a considerable time past, that those unhappy divisions, which have been the bane of society, ever since the late commotions in the north, are in a great measure reconciled; at least, so far, as to make an intercourse between people of different political sentiments, not altogether impracticable. The distinction of *Whig*, or *Jacobite*, seems, at present, to be thought not essentially necessary towards constituting a good companion; and the word HONEST appears to have acquired a more enlarged signification; insomuch that, whenever we honour a man with that appellation, it is generally understood, that we mean something more, than a person who is ready to drink a certain set of toasts. In short, the enthusiasm of party, in this respect, is so far abated, that one may spend a chearful evening with some of the most sanguine friends to government, without dedicating a single glass to the memory of king *William*; and I have more than once, within these

last six months, sat with some reputed well-wishers to the exiled family, without being under a necessity of ungartering my stockings, and pulling off my wig, at every return of the bottle. But, alas! what avails this condition? The spirit of party is so intimately interwoven in the constitution of an *Englishman*, that all attempts to extinguish it must inevitably fail of success: It may indeed be diverted, but will not admit of being eradicated.

The truth of this observation is sufficiently manifested, by the two powerful factions, which now disunite this great metropolis.

I could wish for the pen of *Bolingbroke*, in order to trace the rise and progress of those fatal dissensions, which sow discord in families, make breaches among friends, embitter society, and, if not timely restrained, threaten danger to the state.

The reader, I believe, has anticipated me, and plainly sees, that I mean no other than the sects, distinguished by the denomination of *Garrickeans* and *Barryists*.

The several pretensions of the theatrical leaders, from whom the names of distinction just mentioned are derived, are so extremely difficult

to

to be adjusted, that two persons can hardly be found, within the cities of *London* and *Westminster*, who perfectly agree in their way of thinking upon this head: and as the amiable sex generally support, with great impetuosity, their favourite principles, it is inconceivable to those, who have not had opportunity of observing it, what feuds and animosities prevail among the female partizans of those heroes.

I was lately present at a controversy between two ladies, who had adopted opposite sentiments, the one being a *Garrickean*, and the other a *Barryist*. The dispute began in form; the *Garrickean* insisting upon it, that she did not like *Barry*; and the *Barryist* protesting with equal emphasis, that she could not so highly admire *Garrick*. Thus mutual contradiction being given, the debate soon grew warm, and the *Garrickean* lady enforced her opinion with great vehemence: “There is something so clever, something so lively, something so I don’t know how in *Garrick*; and his eyes sparkle so, that, to be sure, he is the sweetest creature in the world.”—Her antagonist withstood this torrent of eloquence, and with no less energy replied: “Nay, Madam, if you talk of eyes, nobody can say, but *Barry* has as lovely eyes as ever were seen. Then he
“ is

“ is so tall, and so fine a man, that, Lord bless me!
 “ there is no comparison. I am sure, *Garrick*
 “ can't make love so well. Come, now, you must
 “ give that up. Not I, upon my honour, Ma'em,
 “ resumes the *Garrickean*, why should I give it up?
 “ All the gentlemen, and you must allow they
 “ know best, say, *Garrick* is the finest *Romeo*.”
 The weight of this reasoning piqued the *Barryist*:
 she exclaimed, with no small appearance of indignation,
 “ Pshaw! what signifies what the men
 “ say? I don't mind it a farthing; they envy the
 “ dear man, because he is so handsome.” The
 earnestness and resentment, with which this was
 delivered, excited a general laugh, and the ladies
 had prudence enough to suspend the contest for
 that evening; but I have been since informed,
 that they renewed it the next day with redoubled
 vigour, and proceeded so far, as to use some cer-
 tain figures of speech, which are thought not
 quite consistent with female delicacy.

A wide breach ensued between the two dispu-
 tants, in consequence of this disagreement, which
 was in a few days happily healed, by the media-
 tion of some friends. The ladies now visit as
 usual, but have obliged themselves in the most so-
 lemn manner, for their mutual quiet, never to
 men-

mention, for the future, the names of *Garrick* and *Barry* in the company of each other.

I have only mentioned this affair, as a slight instance of the unhappy effects attending our party divisions. That they are productive of the greatest uneasiness in the conjugal state, is so very notorious, that people of different ways of thinking seldom chuse to engage with each other; being aware, that feuds and discontents must be unavoidable, when man and wife *do not go the same way*. An intimate acquaintance of mine, who is strongly in the *Garrickean* interest, paid his addresses to a very agreeable, and every-way accomplish'd young lady; but a violent *Barryist*. The young couple liked one another perfectly well, and there appeared no reasonable objection to the match, but the difference of principles. This, however, was an obstacle not easily to be got over. The relations on both sides had several meetings, and many difficulties arose in settling this point, which was at last adjusted by a compromise. The lawyer, who was employed to draw the articles, received directions to insert a clause, importing that all the boys born of that marriage should be bred up *Garrickeans*, and the girls *Barryists*.

The reader, I believe, is surprized, that I have
not,

not, in this dissertation upon parties, taken any notice of the *Quinists*, a faction, which, in its time, has been by no means contemptible, whether we consider the bulk or quality of the leader. The reason is, I have observed, that this party is considerably declined, since the abdication of their monarch; most of them have subscribed to the revolution, which took place in *Goodman's-Fields* in the year forty-two; and those few, who still continue attached to this cause, are old men, from whom no disturbance can be expected in the female world.

It may be proper to mention that there is another party, called the *SHERIDANISTS*; but as they are not much known in this metropolis, a further account of that new faction may be dispensed with at present: it will suffice to say, that it is entirely of *Dublin* growth, and we only hear of it now and then, when some occasional traveller from that country is pleased to inform us, that “for your true principles of pronunciation Ireland is the place:—hut! hut! you don't *spake* English in London *at all, at all.*”

That the heart-burnings occasioned by party-divisions threaten danger to the state, I think is very obvious. The business of the theatres is almost

most finished, and, it is expected, that both houses will be prorogued in a few days, when many of the members will go into the country, and most unquestionably excite a party-spirit, wherever they fix. We shall hear from one town, that the inhabitants are divided into *Marrists* and *Scrafists*; from another, that the *Usherists* have got the upper hand, and the favourers of *Raftor* do not dare to shew their faces. What influence these divisions may have upon the approaching election, I leave to the gentlemen in power to consider, not doubting but they will thank me for this friendly intimation, and make a proper use of it.

From this fair and candid representation of the present state of parties among us, many useful reflections may be drawn, which, as they are extremely obvious, the reader's good sense will undoubtedly suggest to him. I might here dismiss my subject in the words of *Horace*,

Verbum non amplius addam.

But I am unwilling to conclude without declaring my own principles. I have the satisfaction to say, that I am conscious of being entirely free from party-prejudice. I am neither a *Garrickean* nor a *Barryist*, but between both, in an honest mean. I defy my greatest enemies to prove, that
I ever

I ever gave a clap or hiss, but according to the dictates of my conscience: And, O my dear countrymen and countrywomen! there is nothing I so ardently desire, as an union of all true friends to our theatrical entertainments, in order to rouse the directors of *Drury-Lane* and *Covent-Garden* companies from their lethargy, and make them sensible, that though the public has a violent appetite for plays, and can feed on a *Romeo* and *Ju-liet* thirty or forty times in a season, yet they would be glad of a little variety. This surely they may modestly expect, as the heavy subsidies for the maintenance of these states are raised entirely upon them. If we should be happy enough to obtain this, next winter, I flatter myself, all discord will subside: we shall admire the powers of a *Garrick*, and do justice to his inimitable performances in *Lear*, *Richard*, *Macbeth*, *Hamlet*, *Ranger* or *Benedick*; without being any way inclined to yield to the tender emotions of *Castalio*, or backward to acknowledge the dignity and home-felt anguish of *Othello*. In short, we shall then enter the theatre, without any other bias on our minds, than a disposition to be pleased.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Bedford Coffee-house.

Yesterday evening, between the hours of seven
and

seven and eight, Mr. *Town* came to the *Board of Criticism*, in his usual cloaths, and gave his assent to the following bills, *viz.*

AN ACT for preventing clandestine amours behind the scenes;

AN ACT for the better suppressing the *growth of poetry*, and for other purposes therein mentioned;

AN ACT for limiting the number of orange-wenches in both playhouses; and to several public and private bills.

After which Mr. *Town* made the following most gracious speech;

My Friends and Critics,

It has always been a very sensible pleasure to me, to see you assembled together, and I shall continue the exertion of my best abilities for your welfare. The management of the theatres has ever been my principal care, and I have now the satisfaction to inform you, that Mr. *Rich's* negotiations with the *harlequin* of the *Italian* comedy in *Paris* (for which purpose he is gone thither) have been attended with the greatest success; and there is no reason to apprehend any danger from the machinations of *Garrick*, who is in a constant alliance with men of genius, and lives in hopes that the true spirit of dramatic poesy may again revive in this nation.

Gen-

Gentlemen of the City,

I return you my thanks for your attendance here every *Sunday* evening; your making a circle about me, is a proof of that attachment which you have always manifested to me and my judgment.

My Friends and Critics,

The Summer Season being now opened, I am unwilling to detain you any longer from your country seats, at *Islington, Hoxton, Marybone,* and other adjacent villages. You may rest assured, there is nothing I so ardently wish, as to see you all the most cavilling critics in *Europe*. In the several places of your residence, do your endeavours to promote the true genuine spirit of *malevolism*, which cannot fail to render us the scourge of players, and the terror of managers.

After this, Mr. *Town* prorogued the critical sessions to the 20th day of Sept. next; and the board of Criticism is accordingly prorogued.

N U M B E R X X X I .

Saturday, May 19, 1753.

*Hic quos durus amor crudeli Tabe peredit,
Secreti celant Calles, et Myrtea circum
Sylva tagit.*

VIRG.

ALIVELY imagination is, if I may use Shakespear's expression, *great Nature's second course*: not content with having enjoyed the pleasures arising from the beauty or the grandeur of objects immediately present to our senses, this faculty of the soul, when the scenes, which we once beheld with rapture, have disappeared and vanished from our sight, makes fond excursions after them again, and entertains the mind with visions, in some instances, superior to the first impression. Even in our sleep the power of fancy frequently recalls the images of our waking contemplation, and from thence we very often receive livelier sensations than were produced by the operation of the real objects. It is true, that in these night-thoughts (if I may be so allowed to call our dreams) there are many fantastic circumstances, which render them of a nature too wild and extravagant for

our serious notice: and yet it is certain, that on these occasions we are sometimes presented with something like sober system, and amidst the most frolicksome sports of fancy we can often trace a regular series of coherent ideas, a train of just reasoning, and a real picture of life. As I take this to have been the case with me a few nights since, I shall make no apology for throwing upon paper the particulars of my dream.

I found myself on a sudden near a large and intricate wood, which I had the curiosity to enter. A whimsical band of hope and fear, joy and grief, pleasure and pain hovered in the air, and frequently settled all together upon the same person, who began immediately to talk of the tender anguish and the pleasing agony that he felt mingling in his bosom. *Cupid* made violent work with his darts and flames. Nothing was to be heard but tinkling rills, falling fountains, and love-sick sighs, by which the aspen leaves were perpetually kept in a rustling tremor. The god of Love had lying near him a prodigious quantity of arrows, all differently feathered, and tipped some with gold, others with lead, and many of them steeped in gall. The wounds inflicted by these various instruments were attended with very different effects, and called

called to my mind a beautiful passage in a poem written by Dr. Parnall.

And ev'ry dart can boast a kind,
Which suits each proper turn of mind.
From the tow'ring *Eagle's* plume
The *generous hearts* accept their doom.
Shot by the *Peacock's* painted eye
The vain and *airy lovers* die.
For *careful* dames and *frugal* men
The shafts are speckled by the *Hen*.
The *Pyes* and *Parrots* deck the darts,
When *Prattling* wins the panting hearts.
When from the *voice* the passions spring,
The warbling *Finch* affords a wing:
Together, by the Sparrow stung,
Down fall the *wanton* and the *young*;
And fledg'd by *Geeſe* the weapons fly,
When others love they know not why.

It was not unpleasant to observe the variety of impressions that were occasioned in both sexes by this strange flight of arrows. Men I perceived in close pursuit of blooming virgins, merely from the impulse of vanity. I saw several nymphs running, with the utmost precipitation, from their lovers; though by their manner of looking back, and the rustling they made in the trees, there was room

for conjecture that they did not desire entirely to escape.

Pleasing as the sensations of love were found by the multitude, I could observe that very unhappy effects were too often the consequence of this delightful passion. Numbers appeared with a mien that plainly spoke a dejection of spirits, and of these, several were driven to such extremes, that they laid violent hands on their own lives. As I travelled on, I saw several hanging on the bows of trees. The rivers, which watered the place, were swelled with tears above their banks, and generally ruffled with sighs. It was not uncommon to see the pale corpse of some unhappy fair-one floating down the stream; and when thrown on the banks by the current, we generally found in the pocket of the deceased beauty, a letter to the treacherous lover, whose perjuries or cruelty had occasioned the act of despair. What much surprized me, was, that the unreflecting gallant exulted in the mischief he had done, and assumed higher airs of confidence and self-approbation, whenever he approached a groupe of ladies; and still to heighten my surprize, the ladies seemed to admire the wretch, who triumphed in his villainy, and loved him the more, in proportion as they had cause to detest him.

From

From this scene of distress I turned away as soon as possible. As I journeyed on, I was much pleased with the sight of many a young couple, whose eyes were brightened into gladness, and who felt, as I was informed, a mutual passion for each other. They walked arm in arm along the flowery meads, interchanging glances of affection, and quickening their pace towards the TEMPLE OF HYMEN, which stood in the centre of the grove. To this spot all, who were desirous of leading a life of happiness, were directed to bend their course, in order there to be united in bonds of chaste affection. I was sorry to see that some of the ladies had not resolution enough to persevere in this path: whether it was owing to loose desires, or the treacherous sollicitation of their lovers, or to both, I could not learn with certainty; but many of them tired on the way, and stept aside to sequestered bowers, from whence they came forth covered with confusion, and yet, with frequent struggles and violent efforts, summoning up a kind of false courage, with which they seemed to bid defiance to the sneers and the contempt of the world. Of this band there were, however, a few who were conscious of their error, and found means to be afterwards introduced into the TEMPLE; but they were pursued by an old ha , who delighted in scandal, and would never suffer those

who had once gone astray, by their subsequent conduct, however governed by the rules of prudence, to efface the remembrance of past misfortunes.

Among those who went on undeviating towards the temple, I took notice of a number of ladies in the bloom of youth and beauty advancing forward with men declining in years, and yet endeavouring to put on an air of briskness, in spite of the stone, the gout, and other disorders, that had long been gathering. I asked if it were possible that the young and handsome could be smitten with age and infirmity? But my doubts were soon cleared up; I observed that the sprightly virgin never once attended to the person of her superannuated lover, but at times cast a glance at a star or a ribbon, that he wore, and often viewed with a glow of pleasure a skin of parchment, which a person in a black gown was perusing with anxious care: the words MARRIAGE SETTLEMENT were visible on the back of it. A lady, who had walked a long way with a young gentleman of promising expectations, and had given him the strongest assurances of true affection, stopt short in the vestibule of the temple, upon hearing that the old folks objected to pin-money, and went off with another of whom she knew but little, because he
was

bride found herself neglected, and in her own defence had recourse to fashionable amusements, from which nothing could be expected but ruin, misery, and public loss of honour. The GUIDE, who stood at the second avenue, had eyes of a greenish cast, and seemed to loathe the food, which he nevertheless eagerly swallowed. His name was JEALOUSY. The walks, through which he led his votaries, were full of thorns, craggy, dangerous, and steep. His advice disturbed the peace of all, who listened to him. To generous sentiment he was an utter stranger. In the heart, where gladness and affection revelled secure, arose mistrust, suspicion, and constant uneasiness. He whispered to the husband against the reputation of the wife: in the expressions that fell from her he thought, there was an ambiguity that required explanation; he asked if in the roll of her eyes there was not some wanton meaning? He hinted that in company she seemed to fix her regard upon another: and did not you observe, said he, when you entered the room, the remains of a smile upon her countenance? As he talked, the distempered fancy started at scenes of its own creation; and I could not help repeating the fine lines, in which LUCRETIUS describes the workings of Jealousy.

Aut

*Aut quod in ambiguo verbum jaculata reliquit,
Quod Cupido infixum cordi vivefcit ut ignis;
Aut nimium jaētare oculos, aliumve tueri
Quod putat, in vultuque videt Vestigia rifus.*

What appeared particularly remarkable in this part of the grove was, that though there were fometimes circumftances of a doubtful nature, yet the real footfteps of guilt could no where be difcovered.

The GUIDE at the head of the third road, by an air of franknefs, and a ftrong expreffion of fenfibility and cordial affection, was known to be FRIENDSHIP. The number of thofe who gave themfelves up to her direction, was but fmall. They enjoyed, however, a pure and heart-felt tranquility. The fierce defire and impatient wifh, that formerly actuated their minds, having now fubfided, a fteady and uniform flame fucceeded, not unlike the mild refrefhing air of a ferene evening, after the heat and fervor of a fummer's day. Glad funs rofe over their heads, and peacefull nights lulled them in each other's arms. A fmiling race grew up around them, and the culture of the young and tender mind afforded the fweeteft employment.

Here I could not help exclaiming with the Poet,

O grant

*O grant me thus to live, and thus to die,
Who sprung from kings shall know less joy than I.*

The whole scene appeared so completely happy, that I began to feel some symptoms of envy, which so discomposed my spirits, that I instantly awaked, and the ideal prospect vanished into air.



N U M B E R XXXII.

Saturday, May 26, 1753.

Contemptu Famæ contemni Virtutes.

TACITUS.

THE sentiment which is very beautifully expressed in the words of my motto, grew out of the conversation, at the last meeting of our club: to enforce it, Mr. *Gulliver*, who then occupied the chair, produced the following stricture of oriental history, which I shall recommend to the perusal of my readers.

In the chronicles of the Sultans of the east, it is recorded, that when *Othman* held the rank of Visier under a prince of the *Sassanian* race, and by his faithful councils added security, lustre, and dignity to the throne, his son *Mustapha* display'd in his early bloom all the virtues which could endear him to the best of fathers, and render him amiable in the eyes of all beholders. *Achmet* the hermit, who had been called forth from his retreat, in order to attend the cultivation of his tender mind, had taken care to season him with religion, and to inflame his young imagination with the desire of a fair and honest fame. The
Sage

Sage well knew that this propensity would be a strong secondary aid to the native beauty of virtue, and invigorate the exertion of it. Accordingly *Mustapha* soon drew the eyes of all men upon him: his conduct was a constant series of benevolent actions, and in his bosom glowed that intense heroic ardour, which soon after distinguished him in the field of glorious danger. In a short time he arrived at the highest degree of popularity. The Sultan heaped favours on him in what might be called a profusion of liberality, had not his merit daily deserved it. He was delegated with unlimited authority to command the armies of the Sultan, and from the confines of *Persia* to the *Indian* ocean, he soon reduced every thing under subjection. Though he was yet green in years, each tongue was mute in his presence, and before him every eye looked down with a kind of reverential awe: he loved the prince, who raised him to this state of elevation, and by the gentleness of his manners he softened that envy, which might otherwise arise against the lustre of his glory.

While *Mustapha* was reaping fresh laurels, and gratifying his insatiable love of fame, his father at home met with a reverse of fortune. *Othman* possessed all those qualities, which shone forth in his son: but he vainly imagined, that in a corrupt, degenerate

generate court, he could be great and good with impunity. The storm now gathered in clouds around him, and the turbulent tempests of jealousy, ambition, hatred, and revenge environed him with a whirlwind more dreadful than that which tears up whole continents of sand in the deserts of *Arabia*. The grand apartments in his house, which were formerly filled with a band of courtiers, were now empty and forlorn; he was divested of all his honours; his trust was taken from him, and, after a series of years spent in the service of his prince, he was stripped of every thing but his paternal estate; whither he withdrew to shelter himself from an ungrateful world.

In this retirement, *Othman*, what were your thoughts, what were your sensations? The sun ushered in a day void of occupation, and the night a train of restless dreams. At length his constitution received such severe strokes from a constant succession of corrosive cares, that he languished under the pressure, and his soul sickened to desperation. A gloomy visionary light obscured his eyes, and he beheld with joy the approaching sunset of his days. As he lay languishing on the bed of sickness, he gave orders, that his son might be informed of his situation. *Mustapha* immediately quitted his high command, flew to his dying father's

ther's languid arms, and in a gush of tears embraced his agonizing body. *Othman*, with what little strength he had left, raised his head, and fixing his faded eye-balls on him, "My son, said he," hear my words: "You have beheld your father in the sunshine of prosperity; you now behold him in the last extreme of misery. I am fallen a prey to the intrigues of ill-designing men; the angel of death now hovers over his victim; then listen to my last directions. Avoid public honours; fly from courts, as from the monsters of the desert; be not misled by a vain love of fame and an unavailing popularity; virtue is its own reward; let your happiness be fixed in your own mind, independent of external objects; despise the opinions of mankind, which are always fluctuating and uncertain as the *Caspian*, when deformed with tempests. For the remainder of your days have a contempt for fame; it will only lead you into a series of toils for an ungrateful world. Steal through life imperceptibly, like the path of the arrow, which leaves no trace behind it; let your moderation shade you from envy; be virtuous and be happy."

He could no more; his lot for eternity was cast, and he expired. *Mustapha* wept over the best of
fa-

fathers; he treasured up his precepts in the inmost recesses of his soul, and instantly began to conform his conduct to the practice of them. His dignities and honours he resigned forthwith, and in the fullness of his soul he locked himself up from the world. His house no longer resounded with singers and with minstrels; no longer did amber and aloes administer their rich perfumes; the vases of agate, which in his father's time overflowed with all the delicious liquors of the east, lay tumbled into an unregarded heap; and even the hand of charity, which was before stretched out at his gate, was now congealed and frozen. The many lessons given him by his tutor were now totally forgotten; the seeds of virtue lay dormant in his breast, and his love of fame was entirely extinguished, nay, the very thoughts of it were loathsome to him, inasmuch that, to leave no room for a suspicion that he had the least regard for popularity remaining, he would often say to himself, "That the world may see how much I am above any notices it may take of me, I must not be guilty of a single good action." By imperceptible degrees this turn of mind settled into a fixed insensibility: on the contempt of *fame* was grafted a contempt of *virtue*. *Mustapha! Mustapha!* you thundered at the head of armies; whole nations obeyed

obeyed your voice; and now, how altered! relaxed and enfeebled you groan in anguish, reluctant to every finer impulse of the soul, and callous to all the stimulating incentives to virtue!

The tidings of his situation reached the ears of *Achmet* in his hermitage. The venerable old man heard the story with the deepest sorrow; his heart was appalled within him, as if the hand of death had smote him. He sat down in his haram, but there no angel whispered to his meditation; no inspiration bore his thoughts aloft to the prime source of being; *Mustapha's* shame depressed the swellings of enthusiasm, and quite extinguished the pious fervor of his soul. At length he arose, and taking his staff in his hand, extinguished the light which burned before him, and set out on a journey over the deserts of *Arabia*. In a short time he arrived at his pupil's habitation.

It was with difficulty he gained admission; but the gates were no sooner opened for him, than he went straight to his young pupil's apartment. *Mustapha* was reclined upon a sofa, his looks sullenly fixed on the ground, and his mind hardening into insensibility. *Achmet* eagerly presented himself before him. His eyes were vivid and piercing: The winter of age had shed its snows upon his
head,

head, and the lively expression of passions, which throbb'd in mingled tumult about his heart, rendered him an alarming object to his pupil. At length *Achmet* faintly uttered "*Mustapha!*" a gush of tears choaked up the rest. *Mustapha* at this was covered with confusion: he attempted to break from him. The palsied nerves of the venerable hermit felt a renovation of strength from the glowing purpose of his soul, and laying fast hold of his pupil, he exclaimed, "You shall not put me
 " from you; by me your genius now alarms you;
 " by me it means to rouse you from your lethargy,
 " and awaken the dying embers of that amiable
 " fire, which formerly kindled all your spirits, in
 " those happier days, when my instructions were
 " refreshing to your ears, as the morning dews to
 " the verdure, which cloaths the fields of *Da-*
 " *mascus*. But now, how art thou fallen! each
 " finer principle of virtue is suppressed, and you
 " are even deaf to the voice of fame, that sweetest
 " music to a virtuous ear. But to redeem thee at
 " once from the dreams of folly and over-weening
 " pride, in which thy soul is now sluggishly im-
 " mersed, read there that mystic truth, which one
 " of the Genii put into my hand, in an hour of
 " inspiration, when my thoughts were swelled
 " with sublime ideas of the dispensations of Him,
 " who is in the Heaven of Heavens, and whose

“ wonder-working hand launched forth the pla-
 “ nets into the illimitable void, and still continu-
 “ eth by secret and indirect causes, to produce the
 “ harmony of the physical and moral world.”

The heart of *Mustapha* was alarmed, and he read as follows. “ When VIRTUE was sent down
 “ from the third Heaven to restrain the irregular
 “ passions of mankind, the dignity of her mien
 “ and beauty of her aspect were sufficiently attrac-
 “ tive to make her admired of all beholders. But
 “ such is the depravity of human nature, that these
 “ allurements soon began to lose of their influence,
 “ and VIRTUE shortly finding herself neglected
 “ and forlorn, returned to her celestial mansion,
 “ in order to prefer her complaint against the sons
 “ of men. There she remonstrated, that blind
 “ mankind was not only insensible to her personal
 “ charms, but also deaf to the promise of rewards,
 “ which were to be dispensed to her votaries in a
 “ future state of existence. Though this was a
 “ sufficient provocation of wrath, yet such was
 “ the supreme benevolence, that VIRTUE was
 “ again sent down upon her mission; and the bet-
 “ ter to strengthen her interests, FAME was or-
 “ dered to attend her, with an high commission to
 “ dispense temporary retributions even on this
 “ side of the grave. As soon as they reached the
 verge

“ verge of human nature, FAME blew aloft her
“ silver trumpet, and an instantaneous glow was
“ kindled in all hearts. Wherever VIRTUE was
“ cherished, FAME pursued her footsteps; and if
“ court was any where made to FAME alone, she
“ was sure to withhold her favours, until the can-
“ didates found means, by the recommendation of
“ VIRTUE, to insinuate themselves into her good
“ graces. By this amiable union, men were ex-
“ cited to a series of meritorious actions, either
“ by an attachment to the allurements of VIRTUE,
“ or from a desire of obtaining the applause of
“ FAME. But short is the duration of all sublun-
“ ary things. FAME, in her turn, began to share
“ the same fate, that VIRTUE had met with before;
“ the appetites of men were now well-nigh fated,
“ and the musick of applause no longer sounded
“ grateful to the ear. It was observable, that
“ wherever she was slighted, VIRTUE was soon
“ known to follow her, and it very rarely happened
“ that she remained with above one or two in an
“ age without her attendant FAME. In process of
“ time matters were carried to such an extremity,
“ that this celestial pair were tired of their pilgri-
“ mage, and wearied out at length they
“ resolved to offer up a joint petition to be
“ recalled. They therefore flew to the throne
“ of the Most High, and there humbly urged,

“ that it was in vain for them to sojourn any lon-
 “ ger upon earth, as deluded mankind was now
 “ entirely seduced by the spurious ornaments of
 “ the monster VICE, which had issued out of the
 “ regions of darkness, and set up in opposition to
 “ all that VIRTUE and FAIR FAME could inspire.
 “ In this instance again the tender care of Heaven
 “ was eminently displayed, and these two radiant
 “ beings were a second time commanded to return
 “ to earth, with directions, that, however depraved
 “ the appetites of men might be, they should persist
 “ in an unremitted course of endeavours for their
 “ service. The more effectually to strengthen their
 “ cause, a fiend called INFAMY was ordered to issue
 “ forth from the unhallowed cell of VICE, and to
 “ adhere close to her, whatsoever way she should
 “ bend her course. It was likewise ordained that
 “ whoever should betray a disregard for VIRTUE
 “ and HONEST FAME should be branded by IN-
 “ FAMY, and that all three should thus continue
 “ to wander among mankind, until the angel of
 “ death should walk forth by the command of the
 “ ALMIGHTY, and sweep the whole race from the
 “ face of the earth, to receive that retribution of
 “ rewards and punishments, which may be due to
 “ their VIRTUE or their VICE.”

Mustapha now perceived the mists of error
 clearing

clearing away from before his understanding: he embraced *Achmèt*, and poured out the effusions of his gratitude for thus recalling him to the task of Virtue, whose strength consists in activity. He acknowledged that the transition is easy from a contempt of fame to an equal disregard for the Virtues that deserve it. The name of *Mustapha* during the remainder of the chronicles of this reign makes a distinguished figure, and it is said that he closed a life of VIRTUE with honour and renown.



NUMBER XXXIII.

Saturday, June 2, 1753.

*Indulsi mundi communis conditor illis
Tantum animas, nobis animum quoque—*

Juv.

IT occurred to me the other day, as I was sitting in my study, that I had contracted a very heavy debt, on the score of visiting; and being willing to discharge the demands upon me as expeditiously as possible, I determined to dedicate an entire evening to the settlement of this account. I accordingly writ my name upon about fifteen pieces of card, and fallied out upon this important business. At most of the places, where I called, I had no occasion to alight, but discharged my obligation, by delivering to the footman at the door one of the tokens of modern friendship above mentioned. I had, however, the good fortune of finding some of my friends at home, who received me with prodigious affability; and after desiring mine, and giving me their opinion of the important disputes concerning *Elizabeth Canning*, and *Mary Squires*, dismissed me with great politeness.

I was not a little fatigued with the successive repetition

petition of the same flimzy chit-chat in every company where I was admitted, and quite disgusted with so trifling a manner of spending my time, I was just going to direct the coachman to drive home, when I recollected, that I had not seen my friend Mr. *Discount* of *Cateaton-street*, since the Lord Mayor's day.

This determined me to steer my course towards the city, and my good genius prevailed so far, that I found Mr. *Discount*, his lady and two daughters, at home; it being the day, upon which Mrs. *Discount* saw company.

As soon as I entered the room, my old acquaintance saluted me in a friendly manner, and assured me, that he was glad to see me; his lady, in an ironical compliment, delivered with a forced smile, gave me to understand, that she was highly sensible of the honour I did her family, in condescending to come into the city; and the young ladies curtesied, and told me, with some appearance of resentment, that they were extremely glad to find that Mr. *Ranger* had not entirely forgot his old friends.

This reception somewhat disconcerted me; however, I endeavoured to acquit myself with the usual compliments, such as—*That I had the greatest esteem for Mr. Discount's family—That nobody re-*

*pected them more—But that affairs of business had engrossed my time——That I seldom could command an hour to myself——But that I certainly should not be so bad a visitor for the future.——*As soon as this preliminary point was settled, Mr. *Discount* seated me next himself, and turning about, asked me, “How things went at our end of the town?”—“What, says he, shall we have a lottery, do you think?” I was going to answer, that I really was not in the secret of those schemes, when the eldest Miss *Discount* interposed, and said, “Lord! papa, do you imagine, that Mr. *Ranger* troubles himself about the things you talk of in your City coffee-houses? What are your money-affairs to him? Have you been at a great many plays last winter, Mr. *Ranger*? What do you think of *Footé’s* farce? I saw it the first night; I would not miss the first night for any thing.”

As I was meditating an answer, my worthy friend takes me by the hand, and exclaims “Heavens! Mr. *Ranger*, what will this world come to! the young people of this age, Sir, think of nothing but diversions. From morning to night, my ears, Mr. *Ranger*, are dinned with *Garrick* and *Barry*, and dogs and monkeys, and *Mother Midnight*, and *Spoonatissimo*, and such a jargon, that one would imagine the order of things was

“ in_

“ inverted.” Here the youngest Miss *Discount*
“ seized the conversation: “ Nay, now, papa,
“ says she, because you do not go to those places
“ yourself, you would not have any body else go.”
“ That’s true *Betty*, replied mama: he is a strange
“ man, to be sure. Mr. *Discount* has no notion of
“ any thing genteel. Well, he must have his own
“ way.”

Mr. *Discount*, without taking notice of these interruptions, resumed his discourse. “ Why, Sir,
“ says he, this must portend something. Cer-
“ tainly a judgment hangs over the nation: we
“ shall undoubtedly have another earthquake at
“ least. You know, the last earthquake was oc-
“ casioned by the immense number of places of
“ public entertainment; the bishop said so in his
“ letter: do you not remember it, Mr. *Ranger* ?”
Here a loud laugh made it unnecessary for me to
reply, and my well-meaning friend, intent upon
his subject, continued to animadvert on the extra-
vagance of the times: “ Your uncle *Caleb*, added
“ he, Mr. *Ranger*, and I used frequently to talk
“ over these things together, and we have often
“ lamented the degeneracy of the times. We
“ foresaw that it must end in the ruin of the na-
“ tion. Ay, we foresaw it a long time ago. All
“ this luxury, which has been the bane of *Old Eng-*
“ land,

“ *land*, has crept in among us since the year
 “ twenty.—Ah! that year twenty, Mr. *Ranger*
 “ was a fatal year; a fatal year indeed.” Here
 Miss *Discount* could contain no longer, but broke
 out with some warmth——“ Lord, papa! you
 “ are always bringing up that year twenty. How
 “ many hundred years ago is it, since that year
 “ twenty? It does not signify talking, while peo-
 “ ple are in the world, they must do as other peo-
 “ ple do, or they had better be out of the world;
 “ and one must go to public places, or they will
 “ have nothing to talk of. Is it not so, Mr. *Ran-*
 “ *ger*? Come, now, I am sure you are of my opi-
 “ nion, an’t you?”—As I was unwilling to diso-
 blige either party in this dispute, I replied to the
 lady in two lines of *Prior*.

Seldom your opinions err,

Your eyes are always in the right.

This topic had, I thought, been pursued rather
 too far, therefore I waved the conversation, and
 asked the ladies, whether they had seen Mrs.
Brillant, since her marriage? To this they all an-
 swered at once, O yes: whereupon I took the li-
 berty to address myself particularly to Mrs. *Dis-*
count, and desired to know, whether she did not
 think her a very fine woman? “ A fine woman,
 “ Mr. *Ranger*, replied she, how can you ask me
 “ such

“ such a question ? To be sure, she is a showy wo-
“ man, and such a one as takes with the men ;
“ but you can't call her a fine woman surely.
“ Then, she wears her cap so horridly; and always
“ overdresses herself. The gentlemen, I know,
“ admire her, but I protest I cannot see for what.”
“ Madam, replied I, I must beg leave to be of a
“ different opinion; in my eyes, Mrs. *Brillant* ap-
“ pears a very amiable woman, and it gives me a
“ great deal of pleasure, that she is so happily
“ married.” “ O indeed, says Miss *Discount*, I
“ believe she is very happy, for she has a very
“ handsome equipage, and a sweet pair of ear-
“ rings; and then she sees a vast deal of com-
“ pany: there were ninety persons at her last rout.
“ She plays crown whist.”

I could not forbear observing, that I was a little surprized, so discerning a young lady should estimate Mrs. *Brillant*'s happiness from the stake she played for at whist, when to me it appeared, that she possessed a more certain source of felicity, in the amiable qualities of her husband. “ O law !
“ that's true, replied the ladies, they say her
“ husband too is a *pretty man*.”

We were proceeding farther on this head, when a thundering rap was given at the door, and the servant signified, that Lady *Portfoken* was coming into the room. As I thought I had paid a visit
of

of a sufficient length, I took advantage of the alarm given by this City Knight's lady, and withdrew unnoticed.

In my return home, I could not avoid reflecting on the capricious notions the female world entertain of happiness.

To be dressed as well as others of the same rank; to be present at all public places, without considering the entertainment in any other light, than as the means of bringing company together; to visit, and be visited by every one, whom they think it of consequence to salute at the playhouse; to live (if it may be called living) in a perpetual course of card-playing; and, to sum up the whole, to be married to a man of any age, figure or qualities whatsoever, capable and willing to support all this, in the opinion of ninety-nine females in a hundred, constitutes a happy woman. I should be perhaps censured as a pedant, if I offended the delicacy of my female readers, with observing, that they degrade the faculties of the human soul, by confining the exercise of them within such a circle of trifles; but I hope I may be allowed leave to refer them to the *Spectator*, where they will learn from the elegant Mr. *Addison*, that the strongest argument, which can be advanced for the immortality

tality of the soul, is the continual progress of the mind in the acquisition of knowledge.

Now, I would submit it to the candor of my fair countrywomen, whether their conduct does not subvert the principles, upon which this polite philosopher reasons; and tend to establish the *Mahometan* doctrine, that the souls of women are mortal. Should this *Turkish* tenet ever prevail among us, dreadful will be the consequences. What a melancholy transition will it be, from the liberties at present indulged to *British* wives, to the confinement and horrors of a seraglio?

I could add much more on this subject, but I am aware, that my pretty readers are prepared with a conclusive answer to whatever can be advanced: *Well, you may say what you will, but people will do as they like for all that*; the force of which I readily acknowledge, and, as becomes me, lay down my pen.

N U M B E R XXXIV.

Saturday, June 9, 1753.

*Vultis & his mecum pariter considerare regnis?**Urbem, quam statuo, vestra est.——*

VIRG.

I HAVE of late received a variety of letters, in which my correspondents labour much to press me into the service of my country; and though I have always disclaimed politics, as a subject averse from my inclinations, these gentlemen are for making a statesman of me in my own despite. I must own, I am not willing to be thrown off my byass, but when the act of parliament in favour of the *Jews* engrosses so much of our conversation, and has worked all our spirits into a ferment, it then becomes the duty of a public writer, to make his bow to the muses, and devote one lucubration to the happiness and welfare of his countrymen.

The *English* have naturally interwoven in their constitution a peculiar kind of national self-love, which may not improperly be called the endemial passion of the country. The least attempt to dispense a favour to foreigners alarms their fears, and awakens that jealousy which is natural to their
very

very frame. It is to this we owe the general discontent, which has broke out among all ranks of people upon the late occasion; but that it is owing to a mistaken prejudice, I believe, will be manifest to any man that does not see things with the jaundiced eye of party.

It has been said that by this act we give the lie to the scripture, and fly in the face of a peremptory prophecy, which declares, that the *Jews* should be without a fixed settlement in any part of the globe, a vagabond race upon the face of the earth. There was a time when this objection might be allowed to carry with it some degree of weight; nor can it be denied, that while Christianity subsisted in the kingdom, it would have been the grossest absurdity to introduce a bill of this nature,

But the Christian dispensation, it must be allowed, has disappeared from among us. I believe, in the memory of the oldest person now living no trace of it can be found; and this, in my opinion, affords a conclusive argument in favour of the naturalization act. Were it any way inconsistent with the religion now in fashion, I persuade myself, it would have met with opposition from a certain bench in the H— of L—; but as
nothing

nothing of this kind was offered, it is to be presumed, that Judaism perfectly coincides with our present establishment both in church and state. I would therefore recommend this doctrine to be preached from the pulpit, for the better quieting the minds of men; and if the right reverend persons, who superintend the conscience of the nation, would issue out pastoral letters for this purpose, the mistaken notions, which the common people have imbibed, would be soon effaced.

Prejudice, it is well known, has been often too strong for reason: in the present case it has taken root too deep, as will appear to the attentive reader from the following anecdote. About three weeks ago I had occasion to take a boat at *White-ball* stairs, in order to go a little way down the river. We no sooner put off from shore, than I perceived the waterman to be a very sensible fellow, and particularly knowing in politics. I therefore gave him an opportunity of discovering his sentiments on the bill in question. He discussed it with great strength of lungs, and vehemence of observation, "D—mn the circumcised dogs, says he, now they are naturalized, I suppose we shall have them all turn watermen, and they will have the business of the river to themselves."— This story (which is really a matter of fact) will
shew

shew what prejudices are entertained by the common people; and none but the dregs of mankind have helped to raise that clamour against the Israelites, which has rung throughout the nation for several weeks past. Neither the hereditary legislators of the kingdom, nor the representatives of the people, have thought an ancient prophecy worthy of their regard. The populace, and the populace only, are in opposition: but wisdom doth not always cry out in the streets. For my part, I am persuaded, that when things are considered dispassionately, the act will bear a different aspect in the eyes of all men of sense. Who have been served by it? Not the poor *Jews*, who are still left under the severity denounced against them; but the rich, who are by this stroke rescued from the vengeance of Heaven. And this regard to the affluent, and contempt for the moneyless, I take to be perfectly consistent with the genius of a trading nation. From this incident, a very useful moral may be enforced. Namely, that money cannot only influence sublunary things, but also supersede the decrees of providence. The act has given the nation in general a very great accession of credit, reputation, honour, and riches. For my part I should be glad to see a further step taken, in order to render the work complete. I have not had time to digest my thoughts into a

regular scheme: I shall therefore content myself with suggesting a few hints, which may be improved at maturity.

First, as it is apparent from what has been observed already, that the Christian religion has no longer a footing in this country, it may not be improper to repeal the sacramental test, and to substitute in its room the act of circumcision; for which purpose proper circumcisers may be found in *Dukes-Place*, who may perform the operation upon all our placemen. A proper number may be chosen out of a certain venerable body, in the nature of a jury of matrons, to examine whether the person be qualified according to law.

Secondly, As the *Jews* are known to be possessed of over-grown riches, and as no lottery can be vigorously carried on without their concurrence, whenever Sir *John Barnard*, or any patriot inclinable to christianity, shall devise a scheme to prevent impositions from stock jobbers, it will be advisable to let nobody into the subscription but the above-mentioned *Jews*, who certainly cannot grow too rich, as our regard for them will increase in proportion to their pelf.

Thirdly, I am of opinion, that it is prejudicial to this kingdom to exclude the said *Jews* from employments

ployments civil and military, because, as they have no other country of their own, it is highly probable, that they will love *England*, (or *Judæa Nova*) with an excess of zeal. They may be contractors for the future to supply our army and navy with provisions, and there cannot be a doubt but it will be perfectly agreeable to the taste of our soldiers and mariners to be fed with beef cured by a *Jew* butcher. On board the fleet particularly, it will infallibly be pleasing to have a mess of beef with a label of stamped lead upon it, to convince the men that it has been duly cured. And further, instead of making men of merit knights of the bath, or promoting them to such like honours, suppose they were to be distinguished (*Secundum ordinem Melchizedec,*) by the order of *Melchizedec*. This seems to me in all respects a proper institution, but I submit it to better judgments.

Fourthly and *lastly*, I humbly propose, that an army may be speedily raised for the retaking of *Jerusalem*, which happy event would enable our good friends and now countrymen the *Israelites*, to rebuild their temple; by which means they would entirely overturn the only obstacle which now remains, towards dissipating those errors, which have misguided people these seventeen hundred

fifty three years past. And I hope, the bad success of that great man, *Julian the Apostate*, who was defeated, by the interposition of Heaven, in an attempt of this kind, will be no discouragement.

For these reasons (and no better I presume can be given) the act in question ought to be considered, like *Magna Charta*, as a fundamental law; with this addition, that to move for its repeal ought to be declared high treason.



N U M B E R XXXV.

Saturday, June 16, 1753.

——— *Hæc ego mecum*
Compressis agito Labris; ubi quid datur oti,
Illudo Chartis.

HOR.

A Series of pointed *thoughts on various subjects* has been occasionally presented to the public by several eminent writers. In *France* to this day, it continues to be the favourite mode of conveying an author's sentiments. The duke *de Rochfoucault* succeeded so well upon this plan, that he is universally admired wherever wit and poignancy of matter are relished. This scheme of writing indulges a free roving exercise of the mind, as Lord *Shaftsbury* expresses it; it sets us free from the fatigue of pursuing a long and regular tract of well-concerted reasoning. It appears, indeed, in loose detached sentences, and may therefore seem to the reader to carry with it no great difficulty in the execution. It is, however, in all respects as hard as any other vehicle of instruction: it raises a demand for close sense and a lively turn of expression in almost every line. Hence it is, that the writer already mentioned has been so much celebrated by

people of taste, and hence it is, that *Pope* and *Swift* have thought proper to follow him in this path of fatyr. An ingenious *French* author has published, within this short time, an entire volume in this way, abounding in excellent reflections upon all occurrences in life, full of strong sense, and highly spirited in the diction. After having perused this author, my mind acquired such a habit of thinking in this unconnected fashion, that I could not settle my thoughts upon any one topic for the entertainment of my readers. Wherever I went, whether through the streets upon ordinary business, or upon short excursions into the country to breathe fresh air *amidst the villages and farms adjoined*, I found myself constantly talking sentences. I have resolved this day to commit them to paper, and I hope that this desultory mode will be received with candour.

THOUGHTS on VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

A Periodical Writer, in order to procure himself a sufficient number of readers, should endeavour to render his works agreeable to the various palates which predominate among the several inhabitants of this metropolis: but though he should season his papers to the taste in vogue, he should not entirely give up his own judgment:

as

as *Cowley* has it, The world may so come in a man's way, that he may salute it, but he should not go a whoring after it.

The severest critics upon writing are those who know the least of composition, which is some comfort to an author, who lives in an age of envy, malice, ill-nature, and detraction.

Dean *Swift* tells us, that when he was a young man, he believed that the rest of the world resembled himself in talking of nothing but the last new play: in this particular the author of this paper is perhaps too much like that great genius: the foibles of a great character are easily imitated.

When a set of booksellers are concerned in a news-paper, a *Monthly Review*, or a *Magazine*, they take every opportunity in the said productions of praising the works, in which they have a property themselves, and of decrying every thing that may prevent an encrease of their own sale. Writers who are ill-used by them in this shape, may always enjoy this comfort, that were these people to *poll* in *Parnassus*, their votes, upon a *scrutiny*, would be struck off, as they are only *Copyholders*.

You may know what a gentleman thinks of you,

by the behaviour of his servants, while they wait at table. These people are always such sincere friends to their master, and have his honour and glory so much at heart, that they generally place their affections and resentments upon the same object, unless their judgment is handsomely bribed at the street door.

On the contrary, you may know what the waiting maid thinks of you, by the reception you meet with from her mistress; for at present all young ladies are directed in their opinions concerning the men by what Mrs. *Betty* is pleased to say at the toilet, and if she declares, "O Ma'am, he is a fine man! I loves to see him like any thing:" or, "Oh! the fright! I hate the sight of him." You are sure to find the consequences of it at the first meeting.

As the world goes, there is generally more *art* to obtain success, than *merit* to deserve it.

Sounding periods and pompous expressions no more constitute a beautiful stile, than strutting in *red heel* shoes, and *gold clock* stockings can make a graceful walk; both may serve to impose upon the injudicious, but those who are acquainted with men and books, will always think ease a requisite quality.

Dis-

Discretion has its bounds as well as all other virtues: it degenerates into a Vice, if, like *Aaron's Serpent*, it swallows up the rest.

A MOTTO for the *ſ E W S*;

———*Nos alia ex aliis in Fata vocamur.*

When I reflect on the late *Marriage-act*, I cannot help crying out with the Poet;
Curse on all Laws, but those which Love has made.

It is well remarked by an able *French* Writer that a King who does not keep a Mistress is highly estimable, provided he does not become a Bigot through too much Devotion.

Politicians have observed that *England* can never be undone but by a parliament: if that be true, what are the Addresses from Candidates to their Electors, but so many petitions to let them have a Hand in *Naturalization Acts*, *ſew Bills*, Taxes, and in short the RUIN of their COUNTRY?

The surest Way of amassing overgrown Riches, is by a due Government of our own Passions, or rather administering to the Gratification of the Passions of other People.

It is much more difficult to HEAR in Company, than to SPEAK; Every one is willing to do the latter, but few have Politeness enough to do the former, though it serves a double Purpose; it shews our Manners at the same Time that it improves the Understanding.

The

The late Doctor *Swift* is not generally esteemed as a Man; in this Point the World agrees with the *Dean* himself, who was always mortified to think himself of such a Species.

Of all the Arguments in Favour of Vice, *defendit Numerus*, is the worst; who would chuse to travel in a dirty Road, because it is crowded?

Every Age has a peculiar Characteristic to distinguish it: the last Century was remarkable for a comic Genius, which sometimes run out into unwarrantable Luxuriancies, and a Breach of Manners; the present Times have acquired a politer Taste, but cannot produce any work of Theatrical Humour. The former transgressed through an Excess of Vigour; the latter are decent, but they have that kind of Decency which arises from a Want of Power, rather than of Will. They should take for their motto the description of the *Eunuch* in *Terence*; *Amatores esse eos maximos, sed nihil potesse*.

People of the same Profession frequently spend their Time in envying each other; whereas if they were actuated by *Emulation*, and each would mind his own business, every Man would find his Account in it; as at a Gaming-Table, the Way is not to sit fretting at the Cards you suppose your Adversary may have, but to make the best of your own hand.

Some

Some people's Discretion is the reverse of charity; it covers a Multitude of Virtues, as the latter does a Multitude of Sins.

It was well said by a Gentleman at a Coffee-house, that the last Scene of a modern Tragedy is like a Statuary's Yard; the Players are all fixed in Attitudes.

When once a Writer is known, his Enemies will rail at him, and his Friends will damn him with faint Praise, because he has dared to take the Lead of them. He fares like one who meets with speedy preferment in the army; the enemy will be sure to fire at him, and his Brother Officers will hate him for being put over their Heads.

Religion, which should make us live in Peace and Charity is the Source of our most violent Animosities. No one is willing to let his neighbour worship the supreme Being according to his own Ideas, and his own Feelings, though every Man is resolved to usurp that Liberty himself.

Lord *Bolingbroke* wrote against the Christian religion; Doctor *Hill* intends to write against Lord *Bolingbroke*. *Felices errore suo!*

NUMBER XXXVI.

Saturday, June 23, 1753.

ACCUSATIO *crimen desiderat, rem ut definiat, hominem ut notet, argumento probet, teste confirmet.*
 MALEDICTIO *autem nihil habet propositi præter contumeliam.* TULLY.

THERE are not in Nature two things more essentially differing from each other than CALUMNY and legal ACCUSATION. The latter requires a fact, some actual commission of a crime, a *corpus delicti*, as the CIVILIANS call it, that it may have a foundation upon which to build; that it may with precision set forth the specific charge; that it may support it by the deductions of fair argument, and bring it home to the man by the weight of evidence. This is the account given by the great Roman orator. The same inimitable writer tells us, that CALUMNY has no other object in view but the gratifications of a malevolent spirit, and the injury it may do to a worthy character,

It was the wisdom of many states in ancient times to give every private citizen the liberty of standing forth a PUBLIC ACCUSER, and bringing to trial the most eminent of the community. Of this

this institution the principle was, that the boldness of aspiring men might be awed, and ambition feel itself curbed by the restraints of law. But the very governments, that made this practice a part of their civil polity, looked with a jealous and severe eye upon the artifices of CALUMNY. It is of the utmost importance, says *Machiavel*, that in some part of every government there be vested certain uncontrollable powers of subjecting to justice all offenders against the laws, however daring or exalted; and for this he assigns two excellent reasons. The ill humours, which are always fermenting in populous cities, and which by being pent up, might gather to a dangerous disease, in a course of judicial proceeding find a safe vent, and work themselves clear. He observes in the second place, that if the constitution allowed no way to bridle the insolence of overgrown power, men would have recourse to violence, and in the tumult the innocent would be too often involved with the guilty.

To illustrate the first part of this remark, *Machiavel* cites the case of Coriolanus, who was in danger of being torn piece-meal as he came out of the senate-house, if the TRIBUNITIAN POWER had not interposed, and gratified the resentment of the MOB by appointing a legal trial. To give
weight

weight to the latter reflection; he calls to mind an eminent citizen of *Florence*, who aimed at the supreme authority, and could only be opposed by riot and bloodshed, the constitution of the state not having reserved the power of asserting itself by the just mode of legal enquiry. The same political master, who thus contends for ACCUSATION in due form of law, declares his abhorrence of CALUMNY, the bane and pest of civil society. I shall here transcribe a passage from the translation of that author lately published. MANLIUS CAPITOLINUS *applied himself to the people, amongst whom he scattered various aspersions to the prejudice of CAMILLUS, in particular that certain sums of ransom money had not been appropriated to that use, but distributed among some few citizens; and that if it could be recovered out of their hands, the people might apply it either to lessen the public taxes, or discharge their private debts. These suggestions had such an effect upon the people, that they began to form cabals, and to raise tumults in the city, till the Senators appointed a DICTATOR to enquire into the matter. This MAGISTRATE accordingly cited MANLIUS to appear, and called upon him to declare in whose hands the money was, because the senators were as desirous to be informed of that as the people. But MANLIUS, instead of answering directly to the question,*

tion, endeavoured to EVADE it by saying, he had no occasion to inform them of what they so well knew themselves; upon which the DICTATOR sent him immediately to prison.

Here then the genius of CALUMNY stands detected. It frames a groundless charge, and when called upon for proof of its allegations, it has none to offer; but putting on an air of contumacy, hopes thereby to effectuate its pernicious purposes. It was this which occasioned so many cruel *ostracisms* from a light and giddy people against the worthiest men at *Athens*. That unhappy republic, says the *historian of Florence*, was infested with one continued series of slander against the managers of all her most important affairs, till by those very means the ruin of the state was accomplished.

Since I have entered so far into this subject, it may not be improper, in order to shew the pernicious vice I have been speaking of in the true colours of its guilt, to produce the most remarkable instance of groundless accusation, that ever was attempted by the inventive genius of CALUMNY. It is the masterly hand of *Tacitus*, that has transmitted to us this matchless picture of fraud: I shall

shall here endeavour, though with a rude hand, to copy so remarkable a piece.

JUNIUS BLESUS commanded three legions in *Pannonia*. Having received an account of the death of *Augustus*, and the succession of *Tiberius*, he relaxed the rigour of military discipline, that the soldiery might discharge the double office of grief and joy upon so important an event. Idleness prevailed in the camp, and soon produced the usual consequences of vice and mischief. Discontent spread amongst the men; seditious discourses were devoured with a greedy ear; and to exchange a life of labour and fatigue for indolence and luxury was the wish of all. They broke out into open sedition: BLESUS opposed their fury; by entreaty, by commanding, by persuasion, by menacing, he endeavoured to appease the tumult. He prevailed upon some, and others, as a just example, he punished with stripes and imprisonment. But the mutiny still continued: of those who had been ordered into custody, a great number endeavoured to shake off all authority; they resisted the officers, who were in the execution of their duty; they seized hold of the by-standers; they implored relief from individuals by name; they poured out a torrent of invective against
their

their general ; they left no topic untouched, that might raise compassion in the multitude, alarm their fears, excite resentment, and all the violent and tumultuous passions. New lovers of commotion mingled in the fray : in particular, one VIBULENUS, a common soldier, mounting upon the shoulders of his comrades, applauded those who were boldest in the riot, and harangued the incendiaries: “ Who, said he, will restore my
“ brother to life ? Who will give him to this
“ fond embrace ? Sent hither from the German
“ army upon important matters, he was last
“ night murdered by the assassins, whom BLESUS
“ arms for our destruction. Answer me, Blesus,
“ where have you bestowed the body ? The
“ very enemy allows the rites of sepulture.
“ When I have poured upon him a flood of tears,
“ and printed kisses on his mangled body, let
“ me too perish, and let these my fellow-soldiers
“ bury in one grave two miserable wretches, who
“ fell a sacrifice to their zeal for the public good.”

This speech he made still more inflammatory by grief and bitter lamentation ; he beat his breast ; he tore his hair, and wounded his features in the most frantic manner. He proceeded with such well-acted passion, that if it had not been immediately proved, that no murder was committed,

and that the *fellow never had a brother*, the general would have found no protection from his innocence.

If the reader will pause a moment, he will, from this account, be penetrated with a thorough detestation of CALUMNY. Its dangerous nature is in this instance fully displayed, and VIBULENUS appears the great master of *political lying*. I do not recollect that any where in history his rival is to be found.

But it is not my intention to dwell upon the consequences of POLITICAL CALUMNY: the moral turpitude of it is the more immediate business of this paper. To repress the mischief, as it operates upon the state, is the province of those, who have undertaken the direction of our affairs. That a piece of false news believed for three days might be the salvation of a people, was the maxim of *Catherine de Medicis*; and by parity of reason the *runners of faction* conclude, that *false givings out* may be the destruction of a Minister. Upon this principle we see men daily bawling forth every species of calumny. I know a person who goes from coffee-house to coffee-house to assure us that the British empire is mouldering away. He will tell you with many winks and shrugs, that
 he

he knows the persons who have made their bargain with *France* for the sale of our liberties. Upon these solemn occasions he has recourse, like VIBULENUS, to an imposing pathetic ; and I have often seen him rubbing his eye, till he chafed out a reluctant solitary tear for the good of his country. Were he called upon, like MANLIUS, whom I mentioned in a former part of this paper, to tell who has received money for the barter of our rights, he would only be able to answer, "*Why do you ask what you already know yourself?*"

Whether any further fences should be by law established to restrain this evil, I shall not presume to say. When a set of drunkards from SAMOS, in a midnight riot, besmeared the tribunal of the EPHORI at SPARTA, that grave republic passed a law, declaring it competent to the SAMIANS to be very dirty fellows. In imitation of this policy, our Ministers seem willing to countenance the slanderers of the day. They have not, I believe, felt any bad consequences from the spirit of defamation, which disgraces the age ; or, perhaps, they have LYARS of their own, who act as a counterpoison to the enemies of government. In a political view all this may be well ; but in a moral light, the consequences are pernicious. Vice

is diffused ; the public suffers ; truth is sacrificed, and virtue goes to ruin.

If the men, who are suffered with impunity to go on in the trade of falsehood and malevolence, were willing to confine their scandal to those, who have risen to eminence in the state, I should not have thrown these thoughts together. While great men are abused, they pay the tax, which in all ages has been exacted by envy from superior merit. But immorality, when it is not timely checked, overthrows all bounds. The scribblers of the age think every thing lawful game. Private families are attacked ; their characters are blacken'd ; their children are said to have a wonderful resemblance to men, whom their mothers never saw ; and there does not pass a day, but some newspaper is moistened by the tears of modesty and innocence.

————— *Per benefas*

Ire minax impune Domos——

should be the *motto*, as it is the practice of every man, who, without any character of his own, sets himself up in the public prints as the CENSOR of his neighbours. But *Horace* tells us that the scribblers of this class were formerly cured by the cudgel,

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cudgel, and surely the same, or some other effectual remedy, ought speedily to be applied to this dangerous and growing mischief.

————— *Vertère modum formidine fustis,
Ad bene dicendum delectandumque redacti.*



X 3

NUMBER

N U M B E R XXXVII.

Saturday, June 30, 1753.

——— *Ærugo & cura Peculi.*

HOR.

THERE is nothing more common than to hear it decisively pronounced in conversation, that Mr. *Such-a-one* is a man of very good sense; or, on the reverse, that he has not common sense; and yet, notwithstanding the frequent application of this phrase, there is not a term in the *English* language so little understood, or made use of in so many vague significations. In the various lot of human life, most people derive their stock of ideas from the occupation, into which they have been accidentally thrown. From the constant and daily repetition of the same ideas, men are apt to form contracted habits of thinking. Their attention is confined to one set of objects; out of their beaten path they have no power of reflection, or, as Mr. *Locke* expresses it, they do not see beyond the smoke of their own chimney. The consequence is, most things are determined by them, without a full consideration of the subject,

ject, according to their own imperfect survey of men and manners. As a great writer observes, they see a little; presume a great deal; and hastily jump into the conclusion.

I have somewhere read of a people residing in a small town, situate in the midst of the *Alps*, with whom the principal constituent of beauty is a swelling prominence of flesh in the throat, by them called a *Gotber*. It is recorded of these people, that, when an *English* gentleman, remarkable for all the graces of manly beauty, was passing by on his travels to *Italy*, it was agreed unanimously, that he was of an elegant form, and would really be very handsome, if he had but a *Gotber*. In like manner, we daily meet with as notable opinions relating to the intellects of our neighbours. I remember myself to have heard a person of excellent parts condemned for a blockhead, because he never won an odd trick at whist: I have known another accounted a man of the best sense in *England*, because he was a great dab at the Multiplication Table, and had got over *Euclid's Pons Asinorum*. A knack of rhyming hath given an air of importance to many a verse-maker, and the acquirement of a fortune is a rule from which there can be no appeal. Some degree of luck in this way

is sufficient to dub any one, SENSIBLE, WITTY, POLITE, GOOD-NATURED, and what not? Riches being in this instance like tar-water, not only serving as an excellent alterative against all noxious particles in the constitution, but also conferring every good quality under the sun. It is to this principle that we owe the EMINENT cheese-monger, the EMINENT tallow-chandler, the EMINENT haberdasher of small-ware, the EMINENT needle-maker, the EMINENT pawnbroker, and a thousand other degrees of EMINENCE, which it would be tedious to enumerate at present.

There is a passage in the characters of the famous *La Bruyere*, which it may not be improper to cite on the present occasion. “FAUSTE est un
 “ *dissolu, un prodigue, un libertin, un ingrat, un em-*
 “ *porté, qu’ AURELE son oncle n’a pu bair ni desheri-*
 “ *ter. FRONTIN, neveu d’AURELE, après vingt an-*
 “ *nées d’une probité connue, & d’une complaisance a-*
 “ *veugle pour ce vieillard, ne l’a pu flechir en sa fa-*
 “ *veur; & ne tire de sa dépouille qu’une legere pen-*
 “ *sion, que FAUSTE unique legataire lui doit payer.”*
 “ *Faustus*, says the great writer just mentioned, is
 “ dissolute in his manners, profuse in his ex-
 “ pences, a libertine, a man of ingratitude, and
 “ a slave to his passions; and yet his uncle *Aure-*
 “ *lius*

“ *lius* could never conceive a dislike to him, nor
“ disinherit him in his will. *Frontinus*, nephew
“ to *Aurelius*, has given proofs of his probity and
“ respectful attention to the old gentleman, du-
“ ring a series of twenty years, and yet never
“ could impress upon his mind one sentiment in
“ his favour. He now lives upon a scanty an-
“ nuity, which is paid him by *Faustus*, the sole
“ legatee of *Aurelius*.”

This extract may convince the reader, that fortune is but an erroneous rule, by which to judge of a character. Success, whether good or bad, is not always the measure of a man's understanding. Were I to define a man of sense, I should call him a person of a clear apprehension and sound judgment; talents, of which a small degree of observation will convince us many are possessed, though they do not upon all occasions avail themselves of them; but, on the contrary, let them lie dormant in their minds, without calling them forth into action. The truth is, when men think, they make use of their reason; when they act, their passions drive them forward. Persons of brilliant parts are apt, indeed, not to curb their passions, and therefore commit mistakes in life, from which those are exempt, who have not equal sensibility. The late Sir *Richard Steele*, I believe, may be allowed

lowed to have enjoyed as strong intellects as any Cit whatever, and yet in pecuniary matters his conduct was highly negligent. It is said of this gentleman, that going one day into his chariot, with an intimate friend, whom he had invited to his country-house, as they passed through a lane of servants, who had drawn themselves up in the hall, the humorous knight, looking over his shoulder at his acquaintance, pleasantly repeated from *Horace*,

Mancipiis locuples eget aris Cappadocum Rex.

“ The King of *Cappadocia* is well provided with
“ servants, but wants money.”

From this it will appear what degree of regard that genius had for yellow dirt, which, though a necessary of life, is certainly incapable of conferring one single accomplishment either to the head or heart, and is generally the acquisition of the dullest of human race.

Certain it is, that to create a fortune in the ordinary paths of business, is so far from requiring wit, genius, learning, imagination, invention, or any liberal faculty, that every one of those attributes has rather a tendency to keep the possessor of it still the poorer, “ as Heaven’s blest
beams

beams turns vinegar more sour." An eager love of pelf, a narrow attention to what is called the main chance, a spice of that clergyman's way of thinking, who delivered in his sermon that "a shilling is a serious thing," and a cold, languid, unimpassioned temper, are the principal ingredients in the composition of the man of business; while persons of quick understanding will always have lively sensations, which must, at times, hurry them into scenes of action astonishing to the sober shop-keeper, or the sedate book-keeper. It should, however, be remembered, that the passions are the gales of life. To be divested of them, is so far from denoting a sensible mind, that it is a proof of lamentable dullness and stupidity. I shall conclude this paper with two short characters drawn from real life.

Avarus was bound to a trade at fourteen years of age; he cleaned his master's shoes; lay under the counter; swept the shop; scraped the threshold, mounted on the leads to clean the gutter; went regularly to the Post-office with letters; was perfectly well versed in the Rule of Three, and had the Merchant's Directory by heart. On *Sundays* he would take a sober walk to *Islington*, *Newington*, or *Paddington*; and when a frolic seized him, he would, in the fulness of his soul, spend his

his three-pence at *Jenny's Whim*. As he grew up, he became a downright *Stoic* in the government of his passions, to such a degree, that he was thought at length totally to have extinguished them all, except his darling love of money, which never ceased to influence his thoughts. In short, *Avarus* has been so attentive to the main chance, that he is now flourishing and starving with a large fortune; is determined to sell his vote at the next election, and is likely in time to be made Sheriff of *London*.

Liberalis was bred at *Westminster* school, where he was always famous for a keen turn at an epigram. When removed to the University, he was thought to have carried with him a great knowledge of *Greek* and *Latin*. At *Oxford* he enlarged his mind with useful studies, and cultivated a just and elegant taste for all polite literature. Being turned of one and twenty, he entered himself in the *Temple*, where he read the law with sufficient application; but, in order to unbend his mind, he was frequently found dipping into *Shakespeare*. It has been said by his enemies, that he never would divest himself of an attachment to those polite amusements. I have somewhere seen it remarked, that a taste in reading is apt to infuse a correspondent relish for morals and the beauty of honor and virtue.

virtue. The observation is certainly true in the case of *Liberalis*. In consequence of an elegant turn of mind, he could never prevail on himself to fall into any mean practices. By this conduct he soon found himself deserted by his clients, and neglected by the attorneys. He now remains unfought in his chambers, in the high road to poverty; in which situation, agreeably to the way of the world, we will leave him to himself, and lay down the pen.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Bedford Coffee-house, June 30.

The Loungers, who used to take up the fire-place in the middle of the room, are now removed to *St. James's Park*, where they bask in the sun during the greatest part of the day. At night they drop in here, and we imagine that some important business will be laid before the Board of Criticism next sessions; and though *Mr. Town*, like the young *Pretender*, does not let it transpire where he is at present, yet we assure ourselves he is not idle, as a certain subaltern critic was, the other day, taken up in *Grub-street*, for enlisting men into his service.

The

The Admirers of Orator Henley are desired to take notice of the following Advertisement.

Oratory-Right-Reason Chapel.

Prayer—Religion—Discourse—Devil upon Two Sticks—Author of the *Gray's-Inn Journal*,—a Thief,—a low Fellow,—a Footer—Small Beer's better than Water,—Backgammon an ecclesiastical Game—the roast Pork of old *England*—I am your only Champion—Coup de Grace unanswer'd—a Monarch and a Chimney-Sweeper—Wit in comparing them—Sing Tantarara *Jews* all—*Jenny* come tie my bonny Cravat—Huzza for the old Orator of *Claremarket*,—inexhaustible—invincible,—irrefistible—half past Six—a clear Stage and no favour.



N U M B E R X X X V I I I .

Saturday, July 7, 1753.

————— *Impium*
Lenite clamorem, sodales,
Et cubito remanete presso.

HOR.

IWent a few evenings ago into a coffee-house, where I found my friend WILDAIR in a circle of his acquaintance. He was talking over the several occurrences, which he had that day met with in his rambles about town in pursuit of intelligence. As he has a peculiar felicity in dressing up a story in its most striking colours, without falling into a minute and tedious detail of frivolous circumstances, he touched upon many incidents in a manner so diverting, that a general mirth diffused itself through the little audience that was gathered round him. My friend Wildair is of all the men I know the best turned for society. With great parts, and greater spirits, he has never subsided into a serious way of thinking, but in a superficial way glides over the various subjects, that occur in conversation. He frequently rallies a gentleman of our acquaintance,

ance, and tells him frankly, " I know, *Jack*, that
 " you are a sensible fellow in the main, but as
 " you manage matters, your friends must study
 " hard to find it out. Take my word for it, the
 " world is very superficial : what signifies a rich
 " man, if he never has money in his pocket ?
 " You have no change about you for the ideas of
 " your friends : you must sell out to give an an-
 " swer upon the most common occasion : let me
 " advise you, carry some loose ideas about you ;
 " your stock will not diminish, and you will be-
 " come more sociable, and of course more
 " agreeable."

This is my friend WILDAIR's way of thinking. He acquits himself so well upon this plan, that he is always in much request with his acquaintance. Whenever they lay hold of him, a party of pleasure is sure to be proposed, and he finds it difficult to elude their solicitations. This was the case the other night. As I was paying my debt at the bar, he came up to me, and in a whisper desired me to be one of the company. It was in vain to remind him that it was our club-night, and his turn to take the chair. The present party, he assured me, would afford higher entertainment, and furnish hints for some future essay. My friend's eloquence prevailed. I yielded to his solicitations,
 and

and must now say, that the manner of spending the evening has supplied me with materials, the like of which never came in my way before.

As I intend to lay before my readers a narrative of the several transactions that occurred, it may be proper, in imitation of the skilfull writer for the stage, to give a list of the *Dramatis Personæ*, with some short hints to unfold their characters. Of my own disposition some account has been given in a former paper. Of my friend WILDAIR it is unnecessary to say more. The rest of the company consisted of, a MAN OF WIT; a MAN OF HUMOUR; a *d—ned* HONEST FELLOW; a person of grave taciturnity, who never spoke an unnecessary word in his life; and a GENTLEMAN of the most polished manners, elegant in his deportment, courtly in his address, and in the article of cloaths gay and splendid. With this set I shifted the scene to the next tavern. As soon as we entered the house, the HONEST FELLOW alarmed the waiter with great vociferation. He clapped me on the shoulder, and told me, “Now you shall have good wine—Here, waiter! What are you up my boys? Shew us a room.” This being done without delay, he ordered a brace of bottles: “Let it be of the right sort, do you hear? You know my taste: Allen’s

“ forty-five.” Upon this he turned to me, and with an arch wink advised me, “ Always look sharp at a tavern.” The wine was soon brought. : “ Now,” says he, “ let us be jolly : d—n your musty books : we now will drink some healths, and some confusions: come, lads, let us sit down.” The company obeyed : As I was going to seat myself, the MAN OF HUMOUR, with infinite pleasantry, removed my chair, and I had a terrible tumble. As I fell with violence, I could not entirely relish the joke, which gave infinite satisfaction to all but the silent gentleman, who did not utter a syllable. The MAN OF WIT said it was a good thing, as good a thing as he had ever known. The merit of it, said he, consists in the surprize. “ Immense, by Jove !” cried the HONEST FELLOW ; “ I told him to look sharp.” Here there was a loud laugh. He looks, says the WIT, like VULCAN tumbled down from the feast of the Gods. As soon as I rose, my HUMOUROUS friend, with a dry composure of his features, denoting something between jest and earnest, begg’d my pardon, and officiously offered to adjust my wig. This he did in such a facetious position, and such a whimsical stare of the curls, that a new burst of mirth echoed through the room. My face, it seems, was dirtied in the fall, and the wig, by a sufficient quantity of powder, formed a striking

striking contrast. The WIT was of opinion that I looked like a roasted truffle upon a napkin, and this was received as a very happy allusion. The spirits of the company were now excited to a high strain, while the author of my misfortunes enjoyed the whole in a sober manner, Humour being ever grave and sedate. WILDAIR by this time saw that I did not much approve of my company. He squeezed my hand, and repeated from VIRGIL, *Forſan et hæc olim meminiffe juvabit.*

To retreat in this juncture would have been impossible. Finding myself obliged to stay, I did all in my power to give constraint an air of freedom. The HONEST FELLOW shewed all his powers. The bottle went round at so brisk a rate, that the WIT compared it to a windmill in a storm, observing at the same that he thought it a lucky simile; and the more so, as the two things were very remote, and only brought together by a fanciful relation. The faculty of judgment was by this time staggered. For my own part, I fairly owned that I never could stand a hurry, and observed that my eyes were dancing in my head—"Like wildfire, says the WIT; "I can't help it when things strike my fancy." By all that's *Burgundy*, cried the HONEST FELLOW, *Harris* is the best pimp in England—Here, waiter, call

Harris [Enter *Harris*] *Harris*, my old boy, shew us some of your beauties.—“ There’s a fine girl,
 “ please your honor, at a place I know ;—nobody
 “ has seen her but Lord Shallow——and there’s
 “ *Polly Dillon*, just arrived from Dublin—’Squire
 “ Mac-Hazard brought her with him—she has
 “ great spirits, please your honour ; most of the
 “ *Irish wenches* have great spirits ; but she is not
 “ to be found now”—That’s like *Boniface*, says
 the WIT ; a delicate loin of veal last Wednesday !——ha ! ha !——these things will come across one.—In some time after a lady was ushered into the room, not without some glances mutually exchanged between her and *Harris*.

The MAN OF HUMOUR and the WIT began to play her off, as they called it. The lady knew that her vocation obliged her to bear impertinence, and also called upon her for her share. The WIT had a number of similes unlike, till at last the nymph threw the salad in his face. This put him in mind of something, and he tried to make a comparison, but I forget with what success. As it is a rule in writing not to enlarge too much upon any subject, but to leave something to the imagination of the reader, I shall only add, that the lady, in the space of half an hour, drank and sung, and laughed and cried, and danced and sat,
 and

and talked and said nothing with surprizing alacrity. In the quickness of this vicissitude, an April-day and changeable silks were not forgot by the WIT. At length the HONEST FELLOW swore that she spoiled good fellowship, and desired her to take a guinea at the bar: after several *te-bes* and *titters*, the lady withdrew.

This matter being settled, we were suddenly surprized with the most enlivening melody, accompanied by a sprightly voice. It seems one of the fair natives of *Savoy*, who are good-natured enough to undergo the fatigue of a long journey to make our public streets harmonious, was placed in the yard, with directions to entertain us with her vocal and instrumental strain. From this incident our spirits received new vigour: the MAN OF WIT bounced over the table, broke the bottles and glasses; swore it was like fairy-land, and, after giving me a rap on the back, threw his wig out of the window. The MAN OF HUMOUR expressed his approbation by a dry joke; the HONEST FELLOW pushed about the Burgundy, and the gentleman of polished manners, whom I mentioned in the beginning of this paper, smiled with the most winning complacence. This personage has hitherto made no figure in our SYMPOSIUM. The truth is, he drank nothing, assuring us that

he was forced to be abstemious for the sake of his health. His heart, however, seemed to dilate in proportion as he saw the company become more and more intoxicated. With a smiling countenance and a sparkling eye, he held out his hand clenched, and "Come, said he, "odd or even for this little silver." Our spirits were now ready to flow into any channel, and gaming became the general amusement. Cards were called for, but in a short time cards were found not to decide the fate of the adventurers with sufficient celerity. The remark was made by the POLITE MAN, and having the assent of all, he took out of his pocket a box and dice, which he said he was so happy as to have with him by an accident, and he should always think himself fortunate, as it enabled him to accommodate the company. He assured us that he did not understand the doctrine of chances, but he was willing to amuse his friends.

The noise of the dice gave notice to the company in an adjacent room of what was going forward. Mr. *Mac Hazard* sent in his compliments, and was admitted of the party. The POLITE GENTLEMAN was much astonished at the run in his favour. Some dæmon, in his opinion, governed the dice, for in general he lost every thing he played for, but now it seemed that some little reparation was to be

be made to him for former losses. MAC HAZARD informed us that he was also a great sufferer by play, but in games of chance there was something to him very unaccountable. It seems he was in strict intimacy with our elegant friend. They had seen each other play on sundry occasions, and they bore mutual testimony to the bad run which always pursued them. This night, however, they had the good fortune to be of the same mind upon every throw. In a couple of hours they made the whole company bankrupts. The MAN OF HUMOUR lost all he had. The WIT was out of spirits: he said he was like a bird without wings, or a herring without roe, and there was something so ridiculous in his situation, that he was sure there was a simile to be made, but he could not hit it off. The HONEST FELLOW played without any manner of discretion. His ready money was gone: when he came to settle accounts, he was obliged to apologize for a large arrear. Mr. MAC HAZARD, however, did not understand loose accounts: it was not his way to let any man trifle with him. He drew his sword, and planting his back against the door, declared, with violent imprecations, that no man should quit the room till he was paid. Our distress was great, and would not have been easily removed, if

the POLITE GENTLEMAN had not interfered in his placid manner to settle the difference. He believed that Mr. LOCUST, an attorney in Furnival's Inn, was in the house, and a bond for the money might be soon filled up. MAC HAZARD acquiesced: LOCUST was shewn into the room, and with a ready pen prepared the instrument, which was executed, and put an end to the controversy. Whereupon the SILENT GENTLEMAN, who, as I observed already, never spoke an unnecessary word in his life, came forward, and, to the surprize of all, desired to be heard. He had been for some time, it seems, examining the dice: his curiosity went at last so far as to open them, when he found them both so artfully loaded, that he could not any longer deny himself the use of speech. He laid the dice on the table, and added, looking round at the company, "I could have told you this two hours ago." LOCUST shook his head, muttering that it was a bad affair: he went out of the room, winking to MAC HAZARD, who thought proper to follow him. I heard the attorney say, as they went down stairs, "We shall hear of this at law; our best way will be to deny the whole, and prove an ALIBI: who is to find witnesses, you or I? I have an excellent clerk; I call him BOX OF JEWELS: he shall be at your service." MAC HAZARD received the

the offer with gratitude, adding emphatically, " My dear LOCUST, you are the best friend I " have in the world." The opportunity being now fair, I judged it right to make my escape. I shall only add, that I never before spent an evening in a manner that has given me so much to reflect upon. Of the gamesters I shall say nothing, because nothing that I can say will induce them to leave off their trade. I leave them to the laws. The MAN of WIT, I suppose, has acquired his notions from Sir *Richard Blackmore*, who tells us that Wit consists in regular and exalted ferments; or from Mr. *Dennis*, who defines it, a motion of furious joy and pride of soul upon the conception of a hint. I shall in some ensuing paper, give this gentleman my idea of the talent he professes; and the MAN of HUMOUR will excuse me, if I endeavour, upon some future occasion, to explain the character, which he would be thought to possess.

N U M B E R XXXIX.

Saturday, July 14, 1753.

— *Omnem, quæ nunc obduēta tuenti
Mortales hebetat visus tibi, et humida circum
Caligat, nubem eripiam.*

VIRG.

Quatenus hoc simile est oculis, quod mente videmus.

LUCRET.

AS I was looking over my register book, the other morning, in order to select proper articles of intelligence for the entertainment of my readers, a tall thin-visaged man flung open my room-door, and with some earnestness begged he might have half an hour's conversation with me. I could perceive a lively expression of some important meaning in his countenance. I desired him to sit down, which he accordingly did, and, without further ceremony, entered into the matter. He informed me that he was born in the highlands of *Scotland*; that he had lived there almost all his life, and that he is blessed with the faculty of a second sight. By this power, he told me, he could see further into the series of human contingencies, than is permitted to the rest of man-

mankind. He added, shaking his head, and his eyes rolling, as if his mind were then pregnant with foreknowledge, “ Friend *Ranger*, it gives
 “ me *muckle* trouble to see the *English* forehuing
 “ their *neest*, and giving it up to the *cheeld* of *Is-*
 “ *rael*. I can see the ruin of this land, whose
 “ Kings formerly went to the *Cruisade*. Here is
 “ a paper of the news that will happen about an
 “ hundred years hence. Publish it to the world:
 “ open the eyes of mankind: forewarned, you
 “ know, is to be forearmed. For me, Mr. *Ran-*
 “ *ger*, I am going to spend the remainder of my
 “ days in my own country, where no Jews will
 “ come in search of gold.” Here he fetched a
 deep groan, and big round tears ran down his
 face. Recovering his spirits, he assured me that
 the established religion will be shortly abolished,
 and the direction of affairs vested in the hands of
 a *Jewish Sanhedrim*. He paused for some time,
 with his eyes fixed on the ground, then, sighing,
 rose up and hastily withdrew. I shall now lay before
 my readers the whole substance of his foreknow-
 ledge, which, to say the truth, is not a little
 alarming. The power of seeing things long be-
 fore their actual existence, or at the point of time
 when they happen, however distant the objects, or
 placed beyond the reach of the human eye, is
 what

what is called a SECOND SIGHT. It is seeing with the MIND'S EYE. What it is that thus informs to the imagination, and presents the occurrences of the world, whether then actually passing, or still in the womb of time, in the distinct form and manner of the transaction, it is impossible to explain. The faculty is well known. If a friend is murdered in the remotest quarter of the globe, the SECOND-SIGHTED SEER, amidst his hills of snow, beholds it in the instant; he sees the bloody agents, their dress, their features, the rage in their countenance, and the last look of his expiring friend. Colours may pass before his eye, and form the scene as if it were reality: or, it may be, that the whole is a vision of the mind proceeding from some inward light: whatever be the cause, the fact is ascertained beyond the possibility of a doubt. When things yet to come are thus anticipated, such a wonderful instance of supernatural knowledge may amaze the incredulous, but history has often verified the prediction. *Shakespeare* has always appeared to me to describe the operations of a SECOND SIGHT in the following passage of his *Macbeth*:

——— *Present feats*

Are less than horrible imaginings.

My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,

Shakes so my single state of man, that function

Is

*Is smother'd in surmise, and nothing is,
But what is not.*

My friend, the honest highlander, seemed to feel the like impressions, and to labour with enthusiasm. There was something that *made his heart knock at his ribs against the use of nature*. I shall detain the reader no longer from a prediction big with astonishing events, and, in my opinion, full of seasonable admonitions.

*News for one hundred Years hence, in the HEBREW
JOURNAL, by Authority.*

Deal, 1853—Wind S. by E. Came down and failed through, the *Benjamin Salvadore, Skylck*, for the *Mediterranean*; the *Moses Alvaringo, Cap-padoce*, for the *Red Sea*; the *Abraham Da Costa, Franco*, for *Aleppo*. Remains the *Two Brothers*.

Gravesend. Past by the *Aaron, Lopez*, from *Rotterdam*; the *Moses, Mendez*, from *Norway*; the *Jonathan, Zimri*, from *Zurich-Zee*.

Since our last arrived a MAIL from JERUSALEM.

The middle arch of the Temple, which has been rebuilding for some time past, sunk ten feet a few days since; and we hear, that there is now five and twenty tun weight laid upon it; the same advices add, that application will be made to the
British

British Ministry for a lottery for half a million, in order to promote a vigorous execution of this grand design, and Mr. *Jacob Zorobabel* is set out for *Great Britain*, or *Judæa Nova*, with proper instructions how to act in this affair.

By advices from *Holland* we learn, that after a smart engagement between our forces, under the command of General *Lumbroso*, and the army of his most Christian Majesty, the former were obliged to make a precipitate retreat to *Bergen-op-zoom*, where they are determined to endure the last necessity of a siege, and to *eat pork*, rather than surrender.

L O N D O N.

Yesterday morning Lord *Jacob de Paiba* set out for his seat at *Sion-house*, with a grand retinue, attended by several of the Nobility and Gentry. We hear that his Lordship intends continuing in the country to celebrate the Passover.

On *Wednesday* last died at his Grace the Duke of *Hebron's*, in *Berkshire*, Sir *Nadab Iffachar*, *Attorney-general*; he was esteemed a sound lawyer, and a friend to the *Sanhedrim*; he is to be succeeded in his office by *Moses Da Costa*, Esq; of *Lincoln's Inn*.

On *Monday* last a dispensation passed the Great Seal, to enable *Abraham Levy* to hold a living in
the

the *Synagogue of Paul's*, together with the rectory of the *Rabbi* in the diocese of *Litchfield*.

Last week twenty-five children were publicly circumcised at the Lying-in-hospital in *Brownlow-street*.

The same day *John Hartwell*, a nonjuring clergyman, was whipped round *Dukes Place*, for speaking in disrespectful terms of the coming of the Messiah.

On *Tuesday* last was held a Court of Aldermen, when it was unanimously voted, that the name of Liveries, which was heretofore made use in the city of *London*, should be totally obliterated, and that the said Liveries, be called *Tribes* for the future.

We are also informed, that the statue of Sir *John Barnard*, father of this city in the year 1753, and a strenuous assertor of Christianity, is ordered to be taken down, and that of *Pontius Pilate* to be erected in its room.

Last night the bill for the naturalization of the Christians was thrown out of the *Sanhedrim* by a great majority.

Yesterday was launched at *Woolwich* the *Jerusalem* man of war, being the largest ship ever built in this country: it is said the Board of Admiralty have given the command of her to Rear Admiral *Suasso*.

This

This day was published the hundredth edition of a book entitled *Christianity not founded on Argument*, to be had at the sign of the *Talmud*, near the new Synagogue in the *Strand*.

This day at noon will stand in the pillory, pursuant to his sentence, *William Orthodox*, bookseller, for clandestinely vending a book, called *Remarks on the Conversion and Apostleship of St. Paul, in a Letter to Gilbert West, Esq;* and the said book is ordered to be burnt by the common hangman.

Last week was brought up to *Newgate*, under a strong guard, *George Briton*, the outlawed smuggler, who was taken on the coast of *Suffex*, in the very fact of *running pork* into this kingdom, in defiance of the many penal laws to prohibit the same.

At two this morning died, at his house in *Grosvenor square*, the right honourable the Earl of *Balaam*, Baron of *Zimri*, and Knight of the most noble Order of *Melchizedeck*. He succeeded his father in estate and title in the year 1821, went twice Lord Lieutenant to *Ireland*, was *Plenipotentiary* to the States of *Holland* during the late war against the Christian league, called the *Fewisade*, and has since served as principal Secretary of State. He was married to Miss *Bathsbeba*, by whom he had issue, five children, Lord *Zimri*, now Earl of *Balaam*, being the only one living. His Lordship's

ship's remains are to be interred in *Westminster-abbey*, and we hear he has left an estate of one hundred thousand pounds *per annum*.

On *Wednesday* last seventeen malefactors were crucified at *Tyburn*, pursuant to their sentence, among whom were *Bryan Macmanus* and *Thady O'Sullivan*, born of honest parents in the kingdom of *Ireland*, where they were unhappily educated in the errors of the Christian religion, to which they were bigotted to the last, and chose to lay down their lives, rather than be curtailed of the honour of their ancestors by the act of Circumcision.

Last *Friday* being the anniversary of the Crucifixion, the same was observed throughout the kingdom with the greatest demonstrations of joy.

This Morning early the Hon. *Mendez Gidion*, Esq; set out from his House in *Arlington-street* for *Scarborough*, for the Recovery of his Health.

Mr. *Alvarez Cardoso*, Bookseller, has obtained a Patent for the sole Printing Mr. *Woolaston's* excellent Discourses against the Miracles of the *God of Paul*.

We can assure the Public, that the Report so industriously spread by the *Galileans*, of the Christians rising in *North-Wales*, is entirely without Foundation.

On *Monday* last his Grace the Duke of *Samaria* took the Diversion of Hunting in *Richmond-Park*.

Last *Sunday* an Order came from the Lord Chamberlain's Office, to the Managers of both Theatres, forbidding them under the severest Penalties, to exhibit a certain scandalous piece, highly injurious to our present Government, entitled the *Merchant of Venice*.

The same day Lord Viscount *Salvadore* gave a grand entertainment at his house at *Tooting* in *Surry*, when the following Toasts were drank; *our present happy Establishment in Synagogue and State*; —*the Anti-Christian Prelates*; —*the glorious and immortal Memory of the Two Brothers*; and several other public and private Toasts.

It is confidently said that 1600 *Philistines* will be taken into pay the next sessions of the *Sanbedrim*, and that a bill will be passed to abrogate the present current Stile in this Kingdom, in Conformity to the *Jewish* Chronology.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T S.

Never was the *Leprosy* so predominant in this Kingdom as at present, which has induced Mr. *J. O.* a regular Physician, to study the same. He has now invented his excellent *Chymical Drops*, or *Balsam of Life*, one Bottle of which entirely eradicates the most inveterate *Leprosy*, as may be attested

tested by Thousands who have experienced the fame.

N. B. Ask for Mr. J. O's. Six Shilling Pot of scorbutic Electuary.

To the Gentlemen, Rabbi, and Freeholders of the County of Canaan.

Gentlemen,

Having had the Honour to be put in Nomination by a large Majority of *Gentlemen, Rabbi, and Freeholders*, to represent you in the *ensuing Sanhedrim*, I beg the Favour of your Votes and Interest, and am, *Gentlemen,*

Your devoted humble Servant,

LAUNCELOT GOBBO.

N. B. *I voted against the Bill for naturalizing Christians.*

By Desire.

At the THEATRE ROYAL in *Drury Lane*, on SUNDAY next, will be presented a COMEDY called,

THE HUMOURS OF THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION.

The part of Dr. TILLOTSON to be performed by

RUBENS SHYLOCK;

Dr. *Atterbury*, *Moses de Paiba*; Dr. *Sherlock*, *Moses*

Aminadab; Sir *Thomas Moore*, *Abraham Esau*;

Sir *Walter Raleigh*, *Josephus Aaron*;

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The part of Sir JOHN BARNARD by JONATHAN
TUBAL,
(Being the first time of his appearing in that
character)

Dr. *South*, *Selim Levi*; Dr. *Clarke*, *Isaac Dalmeida*;
And the part of St. CECILIA (with a song in cha-
racter) to be performed by Miss DEBORAH.

To which will be added a FARCE, called,
The British Constitution.

Places for the Boxes to be taken of *Jacob
Mammon*, at the Stage-door; being the last time
of the Company's performing till the *Passover*.



NUMBER

N U M B E R XL.

Saturday, July 21, 1753.

O matre pulchrâ filia pulchrior.

HOR.

IF I remember right, you some Time since recommended the Maxim of an old *Greek* Philosopher, who lays it down as a Rule, that we should not suffer any Thing in Life to take too strong an Hold of our Imagination, because that Power of the Mind is found to have a very considerable Influence upon all our Sentiments and all our actions. Certainly when the Reins are thrown loose upon the Neck of ungoverned Fancy, we become instantly addicted to what is called in the common phrase *Castle-building*, than which there is not a more dangerous exercise of our intellectual faculties. It is a continual roving of our thoughts to ideal scenes of joy; Pleasure is our pursuit, and when it does not appear within our reach, we catch at the shadow, instead of the substance; we ramble into a kind of Fools Paradise, and lounge away our hours in the imaginary gardens of a dreaming *Epicurus*, from whence it results that the sinews of the understanding become relaxed; an enervating stillness spreads over all the powers

of the soul, which lies dissolved in luxury of its own creation; fond self-love holds up to us a pleasing picture, throws some joys into perspective, flings what is disagreeable into shades, and totally hides from us the thorny parts of the landscape. These perhaps may be accounted pleasures, but they are in the main like the visionary ideas excited by taking *laudanum*; at the same time that they administer a flow of spirits, they invade our nerves, and render us entirely unfit for any sphere of action.

An instance of this intoxicating power of *Castle-building* I have observed for some time past in Mrs. *Vainlove*. This lady has spent the greatest part of her life in a waking dream. She can hardly be accounted one of this world. She has been, in general, quite abstracted from society, and has dwelt mostly in the airy regions of fancy. Mrs. *Vainlove*, in the greener part of her life, was flattered into a notion of her own beauty, by which means she became fond of power. Her eyes, she thought gave her a *right divine* to be a pretty tyrant over the opposite sex, and as the imagination never deals out blessings with a scanty hand, her sway soon became in appearance as extensive as her most delusive hopes could desire. But though she led the whole race of man
in

in captivity, she at length condescended to let an ambitious lover aspire to her bed. The consequence of this condescension was, that in due course of time she was the happy mother of a fair daughter, in whom she saw her own features, but moulded with greater delicacy. Self-love inclined her to admire this flattering likeness of herself, and by the power of fancy she bestowed upon her every grace. Before Miss could walk, in the mother's eye she danced with all the elegance of *Auretti*. As soon as her tongue began to utter imperfect words; "Lord what a deal of wit the child has! Dear cousin, a'nt you astonished at her? 'Pon honour I never taught her that." In process of time Miss *Vainlove* devoured up these expressions of admiration with a greedy ear, and began insensibly to believe every word perfectly true, till at length her imagination took the very same turn which had distorted the thoughts of her mother. A series of years, instead of banishing the deceit, but served to give a stronger tincture to her fancy.

When *Virgil's Dido* is crossed in love, and she finds herself upon the point of being deserted by the *Trojan* prince, her ready fancy seizes the occasion to disturb her with visionary scenes of solitude, in which she thinks herself abandoned and forlorn.

————— *Semperque relinqui*
Sola sibi, semper longam incommitata videtur
Ire Viam.—————

But with Miss *Vainlove* the case is quite reversed. Though it happens that her fate, at certain times, removes her from the dear society of man; though the sudden excrescence of a pimple on her face or neck should doom her a recluse, until her skin regains its native alabaster; tho' an untractable lock refuse to join in amicable confederacy with the rest of her head-dress, and determine her in a fit of peevishness to sequester herself from the world, yet still she remains queen of the assembly, and has a circle of beaux about her. The ideal footman's rap sounds transport to her ear, and she is every instant receiving the homage of contending lovers, who have no existence but in her own brain. Her mother confirms her in the deception, and through the force of habit, they are constantly amused with pictures of their own creation; like those, who, Mr. *Locke* tells us in his *Treatise on the Conduct of the Understanding*, through some distemperature in their blood, or any other internal cause, see a variety of colours passing continually before them, and frequently perceive a group of human figures, soldiers

diers and combatants, marching in procession before the deluded eye of distempered fancy.

Miss *Vainlove* has carried matters to such an extreme, that she really thinks herself the most celebrated toast in town. *Ryan* at the *King's Arms* is under infinite obligations to her for the plentiful libations of burgundy, which have been poured out to her beauty at his house; and almost all the taverns in the cities of *London* and *Westminster* have felt, in this way, the happy influence of her beauty.

Her footman has the best place in *England*, because, as she has taken into her head, he is in the constant receipt of bribes at all public places, to induce him to tell the name of his young mistress, and the place of her abode. *Madam La Place* owes a great deal of her success in business to Miss *Vainlove's* having the lead of all the fashions, and directing the ladies of her acquaintance to her milliner, that they may set themselves off with the same advantages of ornament.

Miss *Vainlove*, without having one real lover, has constantly a large number of fancied slaves to her frowns and smiles. Hence it happens, that she looks upon all the women as a set of creatures
that

that envy her, and the men she considers as her votaries, fit for nothing but to grace her triumph. There is nothing more common with her than to be within a few days of being married to a man of large fortune, even when she never exchanged a word with him. “ Well, to be sure, says she, “ it’s surprizing how things are whispered about; “ the common report is, that I am to be married “ to Mr. *What-do-ye-call-him*: without doubt it “ is in my power.—But—Lord the whole town “ has it.” It is in vain to assure her that the town does not trouble its head about her; her mother has told her she does not meet so fine a woman any where, and so the opiate works. I met both these egregious characters at *Vauxhall* a few nights since, when they informed me, that the whole set of foreign Ambassadors were now in the young lady’s train, and that a *French* nobleman, who is a man of consequence and fortune in his own country, is absolutely expiring for Miss *Vainlove*. It happened, that after this I paid her several visits, and never meeting any of her florid retinue; I took the liberty to mention that I never had the pleasure of seeing her gay set of enamouratos; to this Mrs. *Vainlove* replied, that she had given them their answer. “ Whenever we give “ them their answer, they never come again.”

Thus

Thus these two ladies never see any thing in its proper colour; they think their dreams realities, and, like mad people, are constantly reasoning right from wrong principles. Pray, Mr. *Ranger*, minister to a mind diseas'd, as *Shakespeare* phrases it; let them know that they cannot subsist long upon such airy pleasures, as they imagine to themselves, and convince them, that there is great truth in what is said, perhaps too loosely, by the comic Poet.

*There's nought but willing, waking Love, that can
Make blest's'd the ripen'd maid, or finish'd man.*

I am, Sir, your constant reader,

W. G.



NUMBER XLI.

Saturday, July 28, 1753.

— *Nec tu Divinam Æneida tenta,
Sed longe sequere, & Vestigia semper adora.*

STATIUS.

I Have lately perused with much pleasure the several performances in Criticism, with which *Voltaire* has introduced into the world his poetical compositions. That excellent author has the modesty to call most of these short essays, by the name of, *Fugitive Pieces of Literature*. But the smallest productions of so elegant a writer have their value. The miniature of a great painter may be touched with as much warmth and spirit as his pieces of more enlarged design. Of the lesser productions which have come from the pen of *Voltaire*, it may reasonably be assumed, that they will be read with pleasure, while there remains any taste for a fine turn of sense and beautiful composition. When I observe thus much, I would not have it imagined that I perceive any traces of infallibility about him. His remarks in general are drawn from Nature and *Aristotle*. On most occasions, he delivers himself with a sound judgment; but in my late review of his writings, I think

I think I have met with some passages, which demand the animadversion of a writer, who pretends to instruct or entertain his readers. In the discharge of this task, I think I cannot acquit myself in a better form, than that of a letter to the author. I shall endeavour to do it with that politeness, which is due to such an extensive genius, and I make no doubt but the *English reader* will concur with me, in the few observations, which I shall submit to his perusal.

To Monsieur VOLTAIRE.

SIR,

THE Republic of Letters has happily removed that aukward distance, and that extreme difficulty of access, which pride and policy have established in the ordinary commerce of life. Ministers of state are approached with difficulty: the ranks of society throw inferior persons too far from the great; and the man of business will not suffer encroachments upon that time, which he can employ in the pursuit of lucre. With men of letters the case is different. A free communication is always open; and while decency and good manners are preserved, an easy intercourse subsists between the highest and lowest members of the literary world. Freedom of debate is the happy collision, which has struck out so many new
lights

lights in every thing relating to the sciences and the liberal arts. It has been observed that there is no book so mean, but some useful hint may possibly be derived from it. On this account it may be proper to wave all offers at an apology, for the liberty an unknown writer allows himself, in addressing a letter to so enlightened a genius. I shall only premise, on this occasion, that I take the pen in hand with that respect to which you are certainly intitled by the superiority of your parts; but as I have taken exceptions to some criticisms, scattered up and down in your writings, I cannot suppress a very strong inclination of making a few remarks upon them. For Truth you have always expressed an ardent passion, and Truth shall be the object in what I have now to offer.

I have observed, Sir, that you are disposed, upon all occasions, to censure the *English* stage with some degree of acrimony, whenever it comes in your way. SHAKESPEARE stands at the head of our dramatic writers; perhaps at the head of all, who have figured in that kind in every age and nation. With that great poet you have not hesitated to take unbounded liberty, in a manner, if I am not mistaken, not consistent with that manly sense, which seems to be your characteristic, and in a style, apparently destitute of your usual delicacy.

cacy. Should I say, that the boasted *bienséance* of your country has deserted you in some of these passages, I flatter myself that, upon a review of them, you will not totally disavow it. The most striking of the various judgments, which you have vented against our immortal bard, is found in the discourse prefixed to your tragedy of *Semiramis*, and literally translated into *English*, is as follows.

“ I do not mean to justify the tragedy of *Ham-*
 “ *let* in every particular ; it is in fact a barbarous
 “ piece, abounding with such gross absurdities,
 “ that it would not be tolerated by the vulgar of
 “ *France* and *Italy*. The hero of the play runs
 “ mad in the second act, and his mistress meets
 “ with the same misfortune in the third. The
 “ Prince takes *Ophelia*'s father for a rat, and kills
 “ him : in despair, she throws herself into a river.
 “ Her grave is dug on the stage : the grave-
 “ digger, with a skull in his hand, amuses himself
 “ with a string of miserable jests, and the Prince
 “ answers them in language equally disgusting.
 “ *Hamlet*, his mother, and father-in-law drink to-
 “ gether on the stage. They divert themselves with
 “ bottle songs, (*Chansons à boire*) they quarrel,
 “ they fight, they kill. One would imaginethis play
 “ the production of a drunken savage. And yet
 “ among these absurdities, which render the *Eng-*
 “ *lish*

“ *lish* drama absolutely barbarous, there are some
 “ strokes in *Hamlet*, worthy of the most exalted
 “ genius. This has always been matter of asto-
 “ nishment to me ; it looks as if Nature, in pure
 “ sport, diverted herself with mixing in *Shake-*
 “ *speare's* head every thing sublime and great, with
 “ all that can be conceived low, mean and de-
 “ testable.”

It is thus the elegant and sensible *Voltaire* speaks of *Shakespeare*. I would ask yourself, Sir, is this criticism candid ? Is it a fair analysis, a true account of the tragedy in question ? We do not concern ourselves in this country with what is agreeable to the taste of the vulgar in *France* or *Italy* ; we know that the *cliquant* of an opera, or a *comédie ballet*, is more acceptable to their refinement, than the sterling bullion of an *English* performance ; but we might expect from a writer of eminence a truer and more exact opinion. *Hamlet*, Sir, does not run mad : if he did, King *Lear* has proved what a beautiful distress might arise from it. *Hamlet* counterfeits madness, for his own private end. Nobody ever imagined that he thinks he is killing a rat, when he slays *Polonius*. If you will be pleased to recollect the passage, you will find that he takes him for his better, meaning the King, and the rat is only mentioned to save appearances.

Opbelia

Ophelia does undoubtedly run mad: the defolation of her mind arises from filial piety: her virtue and her misfortunes make her respectable. Give me leave to add, her distress is, perhaps, the most pathetic upon any stage. It is true, she sings in misery, and that is not usual in grave and serious tragedy; but it occurs in nature, and what *Shakespeare* saw in nature, he transplanted into his drama. He knew of no rules to restrain him, and if he did, he scorned the restraint. The beauty of *Ophelia's* madness, Sir, consists in this; it gives the actings of the mind; it shews the course of the ideas in a disturbed imagination; and the poet, who can thus turn the heart inside out, does more than pompous declamation ever attained. That *Ophelia's* grave is dug on the stage cannot be denied; but that very indecorum produces a string of beautiful reflections, and such a vein of morality, as cannot be paralleled by the *Scene Françoise*. I cannot recollect that *Hamlet* ever shocked me with miserable jests upon this occasion; nor do I remember that any of the personages are such honest bottle companions as to carouse and sing merry catches on the stage. Pray consider, Sir, that our language, though no way inferior to the *French*, is not universally understood abroad.

From your representation, it may be inferred that our great poet is really the *drunken savage*, you have thought proper to call him. This would be derogating from the greatest poet (*Milton* excepted) that the world has seen since the days of *Homer*, and, I believe you will grant, is dealing unfairly with a man, whom you cannot but reverence.

When you confess that he has many flights of the highest elevation, you make an approach towards justice; but I cannot help thinking that you are somewhat like a painter, who lays on just and proper colouring, and then instantly effaces it, when you add that you are astonished at his sublime excursions of fancy. I should have expected from your candour, that you would rather have said, it is a pity that he, who soared to such glorious heights, should ever tire his eagle wing, and fall beneath himself. You may remember, that it is with this good temper *Longinus* talks of *Homer*; they are dreams, says he, but they are the dreams of *Homer*. He might have given the appellation of a *drunken savage*: he might have called *Homer*, an *old dotard*: he might have said, in the fury of criticism, that some of his long stories are detestable; but a candid critic forgives the imbecilities of human nature, and passes sentence like a mild and good-natured judge.

Cum

Cum tabulis animum censoris sumet honesti.

HOR.

In one of your letters concerning the *English* nation, you are pleased with a saying of the late Lord *Bolingbroke*, in relation to the Duke of *Marlborough*. "He was," replied that ingenious nobleman when his opinion was asked, "so great a man, that I have forgot his faults." Something like this might have been your judgment upon *Shakespeare*: and give me leave to add, it was more particularly incumbent upon you, to treat his memory with respect, because, I apprehend, you owe very great obligations to him in many of your dramatic writings. We frequently perceive you lighting your torch at his fire; in your *Makomet*, *Macbeth* marshals you the way that you are going; in many other scenes we can catch your eye fixed upon our immortal bard; and in your *Semiramis* you have adventured to introduce a ghost, in imitation of the very play, which has occasioned the severity already cited. The success you met with on that occasion might serve to convince you of *Shakespeare's* inimitable merit. The *Parterre*, if I mistake not, turned their backs to the stage, and blew their noses; while the ghost on our theatre never fails to impress an awful still-

ness on every mind. This, Sir, let me assure you, is not owing to the barbarity of our taste, but to the amazing power of our poet's imagination, which could explore the undiscovered regions of eternity, and recall the fleeting spirit, with a solemnity of ideas responsive to the occasion.

With us islanders, *Shakespeare* is a kind of established religion in poetry. His bays will always flourish with undiminished verdure. When I say this, I am far from maintaining that he is not guilty of transgressions; but for his transgressions he recompences his auditors with beauties, which no art will ever equal. That the rules established by *Aristotle* and *Horace* are, for the most part, agreeable to nature, I am ready to allow. Men of inferior genius may think it their interest, and, if they will, their DUTY, to conform to those rules. They may, in that school, learn the œconomy of a just and well arranged fable. But fable is but a secondary beauty; the exhibition of character, and the excitement of the passions, justly claiming the precedence. With the rules, which theoretical writers have drawn into a system, *Shakespeare* appears not much acquainted. Of those rules some are valuable, because founded in NATURE; others are of positive institution only, and like
many

many arbitrary acts of civil society, they cease in time to have the force of obligation. In dramatic poetry SHAKESPEARE may be considered as one of the GENTILES, but of those GENTILES, *who having not the LAW, DO BY NATURE the things contained in the Law; which shews the work of the Law within their hearts, and they are A LAW unto themselves.* This, Sir, was precisely the case of SHAKESPEARE. He had no written precepts, and he wanted none: the light of Nature was his guide. In some instances, he saw the beauty arising from the unity of his subject; in others, he chose to follow the chain of historical events, and he felt, as his auditors always feel, that the warmth, the spirit, and rapidity of his genius, could give even to wild variety all the graces of connection. He knew how to interest the affections, and that interest diffused through every piece, hurries the mind, in a stream of passion, to new matter, without a pause to mark the transition. It is in dramatic composition as in gardening; where nature does not afford spontaneous beauties, recourse must be had to the embellishments of slow endeavoring art; to the regularity of uniform vistas; the intricacy of elaborated mazes, and a studied insertion of evergreens: but when the country, of itself presents

attractive scenes on every side; when the trees branch out with free expansion, and the bold prospect surprizes with the heath, the lawn, the hill, and valley, in wild variety, the littleness of tedious culture is unnecessary, and trifling ornaments are unlooked for.

I shall conclude with a passage from your own works. "Do not blush, Sir, to repent of your little inadvertencies: it is hard, but it is amiable to acknowledge our errors." *Ne rougissez point, Monsieur, de vous repentir de vos petites inadvertances. Il est dur, mais il est beau d'avouer ses fautes.*

I am, Sir,

Your warm admirer, &c,

NUMBER

N U M B E R LXII.

Saturday, Aug. 4, 1753.

— *Quid non mortalia pectora cogis
Auri sacra fames ?*

VIRG.

THE desire of acquiring money has in all ages actuated the heart of man, and in proportion as the state, in which he lived, has grown up in refinement, this very extraordinary passion has gone on encreasing, never more restless, than when it has the strongest reason to be satisfied. Many of the affections, which we find interwoven with our nature, assume at different times surprising appearances, and are attended with effects inexplicable to those, who have not studied the frame and texture of the human mind. Love has been thought the most whimsical in its operations, and to appear in a greater variety of shapes, than any other emotion. In the tragic writers we see it in all its lights. It is disinterested, generous, and heroic; now ready to fall a sacrifice for the beloved object; at other times tinged with gall, turning to hatred, and even resolved to murder the person it adores. All these, and a thousand other modes of this affection, are easily accounted

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for.

for. But avarice seems to baffle all enquiry. If it has been truly said that the passions are the greatest *Jesuits*, there is none that argues with so much sophistry as the desire of wealth; none that has so many disguises, and none that so effectually deceives its votaries in the end.

If we view the love of money in its origin, it will appear at first both natural and reasonable. For the convenience of society an imaginary value was stamped upon gold and silver, which became, by general consent, a proper exchange for the commodities of the earth. To desire to have that, which would be sure to purchase what each man wanted, was fair and just. But society encreased; civilization grew refined, and commerce introduced new objects of regard. The art of building improved, and who could live contented in a rude, inelegant mansion? The *Chinese* had leaves, which they dried upon plates of copper in the sun, and who could break his fast without that unwholesome mixture?

——— *Totoque arcessitur orbe*
Quo gens quæque perit.

Money at first served as a conveniency, but soon administered to the luxuries of life. Artificial wants were created, and desires were multiplied,

plied. More money became necessary, not to answer the demands of nature, but the cravings of imagination. The gamester soon learned to convey a thousand head of cattle by proxy to the dice room; so many pieces of ore became the representatives of an adequate number of trees, and things went on in this progression, till at length a modern beau could carry as many sparkling acres upon his little finger, as would have strained a thousand *Hectors* in the days of *Homer*. This last remark I am proud to have an opportunity of making, as the elegant species, just mentioned, have been for some time unjustly exposed to the raillery of the epilogue to the *Distressed Mother*; whereas by this account the pretty fellows of these times have very visibly a superiority over the prowess and vigour of the much-boasted heroes of antiquity.

But to return: an ambition to amass riches is certainly very laudable, when it does not transgress the bounds which are prescribed by reason to all our passions in the general. While it is conducted with a view to a competency, and the enjoyment of comfort and subsistence; while it operates with a propensity to a man's friends, relations, and, as *Milton* has it, all the charities of father, son, and brother; while it is the source of generosity, and an extensive power of distributing
benefits

benefits to mankind, it is, without doubt, a just principle of action. Though self-love is the pebble which stirs the lake, the circles, which it occasions, will always be pleasing and beautiful to the moral sense.

But the misfortune is, this passion, in the general mass of life, is never confined within due bounds. It is sometimes connected with ambition, and takes its name: in other instances, it degenerates into sordid meanness; and what is remarkable, very often counteracts itself, and frustrates its own wishes. When listed under the banners of ambition, it is merely then a secondary passion, but dangerous to society. He who wants inordinate power, thinks himself sure of obtaining the object of his wish, if he can command that which all men covet. That he reasons rightly, every day's experience too plainly proves. The valour of *Cæsar* was not alone sufficient to overturn the constitution of his country: he had the means of bribery, and the liberty of *Rome* was then at market. The modern statesman knows what money can do in the season of a general election, and he also knows how to exert himself, when a vote is wanted to carry on a destructive war, or to patch up a disadvantageous peace. The love of money is at once the source of those
deeds

deeds which carry with them a splendid appearance, and those also which are at first sight mean and contemptible. It has made many a writer of eminence, and many scribblers in a garret; it has animated the general at the head of an army, and the clipper of coin in his twilight room; it has for ages thundered in the senate, wrangled at the bar, and lulled from the pulpit. To this it is owing that the merchant boldly traverses the globe, trusting to all the dangers of the turbulent element, and that BUCKHORSE will receive as many strokes of your cane as you please for sixpence.

To consider money as a means, is the true exercise of judgment. Many set out upon this principle; it is their maxim through life, and through life they are deceived by their own reasoning. Their wishes and their schemes of ambition at first are few, and a certain sum they conclude will answer every purpose; but that sum attained, their views are now enlarged; they look from a higher eminence, and having formed new plans, an additional sum will be the means of making them happy. They are like HANNIBAL'S army going over the *Alps*; the first summit appeared the last stage of their toil, and when that was gained, another presented itself, and the labour increased.

Quoque

*Quoque magis subiére jugo, atque evadere nisi
Erexere gradum, crescit labor; ardua supra
Sese aperit fessis, & nascitur altera moles.*

SILIUS ITALICUS.

But of all the votaries of wealth none are so wretched as those, who never consider money as the means, but the true end of all their labours. They who only deem it a step in their way, may be often mistaken: they may find it, as Lord BACON says, the baggage of virtue, the *impedimenta*, by which the march is hindered: but of these, however, it is true, that, whatever may be their guilt in the amassing, or in the diffusion of money, at least they make use of it; while he, who pursues it as an end, never knows the enjoyment. He goes on with an unaccountable passion for that, which does not contribute to his happiness, but, on the contrary, worries him with that constant craving, which neither possession nor age can abate. In this consists the unaccountable part of this inordinate desire. The corrosions of avarice destroy all peace of mind. It has been said of Envy that it keeps no sabbath: *Festos dies non agit invidia*: it is the same with this extraordinary passion, which knows no rest through life, and dies at last unpitied and ridiculous.

Among

Among the arts often practised to acquire money, where real ability is deficient, that of imposing upon the credulity of mankind is the most common. This metropolis has never wanted a sufficient number of these projectors. The solemn physician, the specious lawyer, the wordy critic, and the bombast poet, are found in all quarters of the town. But I have lately discovered a personage, who greatly excels them all in their own trade of delusion and hypocrisy. The scheme of distributing hand-bills, importing, that in *Ivy-lane*, *Magpye-alley*, or any other quarter, LIVETH a regular physician, who has spent many years abroad, travelled all over *Mesopotamia*, and is returned home north about to practice his profession for the benefit of his countrymen, is now entirely out of vogue. A new scheme, however, came into my hands the other day, as I was walking down *Ludgate-bill*. A tall meagre man, with great solemnity of aspect, and strong expressions of amazement in his countenance, presented to me the following billet, which many of my readers can bear me witness is transcribed faithfully and exactly.

Mrs. S E R M O N

“ Is removed from *Whitehorse-yard*, *East Smith-*
 “ *field*, to the sign of the *Blue Ball*, in *Naked-boy-*
court,

“ court, *Ludgate-hill*; you may turn in by the
 “ *Salmon with a Drop in his Mouth*, the second
 “ house in the court.

“ Who resolves all questions in Astrology,
 “ whether by sea or land. She likewise gives
 “ *gratis* to poor people, a draught for the sto-
 “ mach, the powder for the tooth-ach, and an
 “ eye-water.

“ N. B. *Cures the Ague at the second cup gratis.*”

I have heard that the present celebrated Dr. *Woodward* cures the rupture, for any person whatever, by wearing his own bandages, which indeed hath frequently been matter of astonishment to me in my hours of reflection; but I must declare, in favour of Mrs. *Sermon*, that I think she performs greater wonders than any of them, and that her undertaking is more likely to do honour to our country, than that of any other schemist now in being. The circumstance of her living in *Naked-boy court* is well inserted to raise curiosity, and the convenience of turning in by the *Salmon with a Drop in his Mouth* will prove inviting, especially as every one will be desirous of seeing that curious animal. How she contrives to answer questions in *astrology* is beyond my comprehension, but, if well performed, it must be highly useful to his Majesty's subjects. She does it also by sea
 as

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as well as land, which is greatly advantageous to a trading nation; and then her spirit of benevolence, must tend to endear her to every generous and humane mind.

The *Draught for the Stomach*, the *Powder for the Tooth-ach*, and the *Eye-water*, given *gratis*, are strong indications of a public spirit. Add to this that she cures the ague at the second cup for nothing; but what kind of cup it is, I cannot take upon me to say. Upon the whole I must declare that Mrs. *Sermon* is in my eye a very extraordinary personage; and were I to decide the precedence between her and all the empyrics, projectors, fustian poets, discoverers of the longitude, and others of the like description, I should not hesitate to pronounce Mrs. *Sermon* the most notable amongst them all.



NUMBER

NUMBER XLIII.

Saturday, Aug. 11, 1753.

*Indum sanguineo veluti violaverit ostro
Si quis ebur; vel mixta rubent ubi lilia multâ
Alba rosâ; tales Virgo dabat ore colores.*

VIRG.

A Great deal of wit and raillery has been exerted by several polite writers against the predominant fashion among the ladies, of setting off their charms with the addition of paint. Our great *Shakespeare* has put a very severe remark into the mouth of his *Hamlet* in the scene with *Ophe- lia*; *Heaven hath given ye one face, and ye make yourselves another.* This thought has been twisted and tortured into a thousand different shapes by every little endeavourer at an epigram, and the custom has been frequently censured as a folly imported from our neighbours the *French*. As the art of giving an artificial tincture to the skin, appears to me to admit of many favourable circumstances, I shall employ this day's paper in vindication of my fair countrywomen.

It may seem at first a bold position, if I assert that painting is not an importation of
foreing

foreign refinement, but originally of *English* growth; and yet, that this is the real state of the case, is sufficiently known to the most superficial dabbler in history. *Julius Cæsar*, in his account of the invasion which he made upon our ancestors, gives a description of the *Aborigines* of this island. He tells us, that *the Britons in general paint their bodies with woad, which gives a blue tincture to their skin, and lends them a formidable aspect in battle.* This, I think, may serve to obviate the imputation of imitating the *French* in this particular, which I take to be a point of some consequence, as we cannot now be charged with the levity of having servily copied from others. We find that the ladies among the *British Piets* went entirely naked, and painted their bodies all over with the *woad* already mentioned. This must undoubtedly have afforded great scope for fancy. In those days there must have been many eager rivalships among the fair sex for pre-eminence in point of taste for painting. For as the whole lovely body was ornamented with different figures and sundry various representations, according as imagination suggested, the variety of new fashions must have been extremely entertaining. The ladies, no doubt, were studious to adapt to each different part of the body that degree of colouring, and that form, which must have proved most be-

coming; as the modern fair adjust a patch to make the contrast striking, and give stronger expressions to the adjacent features. I have now by me the whole history of a *British Pitt Coquette*, found by a friend of mine among some antient manuscripts, and sent to me as a curiosity. The piece will shortly make its appearance in the works of the *Society of Antiquaries*, and will, I dare say, afford great pleasure to all, who are fond of pursuing what they never can know with any degree of certainty. I shall only submit, at present, an extract from the work, as the whole is too voluminous, and will be shortly published, with many curious notes, to bewilder the learned reader.

Cassibelana was the lady's name. She lived in the capital of the *Trinobantes*, and was remarkable for a fine stature, and an head of hair of a surprising length, flowing in wanting luxuriance down her back. She always had at her toilet some of the most excellent *woad* that could be any where procured, and was celebrated for her curious art in preparing it for the purpose of adorning her person. The *woad* being of itself of a blueish cast, she would sometimes paint no part of her body, but where the veins appeared, and to them she gave such a delicate colouring, that the pure
and

and eloquent blood, seemed to shew itself through her translucent skin. As soon as she had established this fashion, and made the rest of her sex her imitators, she would then suddenly change the mode, and embellish her whole body with various devices.

On the left side of her breast she would draw a young *Cupid* aiming an arrow at her heart, and on the right a lover languishing in amorous indolence. Each leg represented an admirer kneeling at her feet, in the act of imploring her compassion, while she, with all the complacency of self-approving beauty, let fall her eyes with indifference and cold disdain. On her back were represented the emblematical figures of a train of pages following in her way with all the officiousness of careful attendance. On other parts of her person was represented to view, *Venus* in lovely attitude emerging from the sea; the *Graces* were also to be seen walking hand in hand, their faces brightened with cheerfulness and mutual love. In this manner she would attend at public sacrifices, where all eyes were often fixed on her alone. It is said the venerable *Druid* could not avoid, even in the fervour of his devotion, to cast a glance upon such an attractive profusion of charms.

In this manner *Cassibelana* captivated the hearts of all her male beholders. Her name was carved upon every oak in the country, and the banks of *Tbames* re-echoed to the musick of her name. It was universally agreed that she was the best painter of her age; her colours were warm and glowing; her figures bold and striking, and the natural motion of the different parts of her body made them appear as if animated with the functions of real life; an advantage which the most admired portraits of the most eminent painter since her days could never boast. In all public places she entirely outshone the rest of her sex. Envy and malice were of course busy to detract from her merit, and parties assembled to talk scandal, even though tea was not then known in these parts of the world. *Cassibelana* was every day pulled to pieces, according to the modern phrase, and though it was allowed by her rivals that she really had a very lively fancy in all her drawings, and an excellent design in her drapery, yet they could not see that she was so fine a woman, though to be sure she had a pretty manner *in putting on her things*, for so they expressed the covering of *woad* which served to conceal in some measure the natural superficies of the skin. I am apt to believe that the transparent capuchin was imagined from a practice of this famous *Pit*, for I find that at times

times she would lay on the *woad* in such a manner, that Mr. *Pope's* line in his translation of *Homer* may justly be applied to it;

Her beauty seems, and only seems to shade.

Upon the whole, *Cassibelana* was leader of all the fashions even in *Kent*, the inhabitants of which were the most polished of all our islanders, and, as *Cæsar* tells us, differed but little from the manners of the *Gauls*, in like manner as our modern fine ladies boast at present an exact conformity to *French* manners.

From the foregoing account, which I have rendered as close as possible from different parts of the manuscript now in my possession, it appears, that even in the days of the purest simplicity, painting was the universal practice. As it has the sanction of remote antiquity, I am inclined to think it laudable in the amiable sex at present. I am further pleased to see the fashions of the ladies tending more rapidly to a greater similitude to the customs of our ancestors. It is manifest they are every day becoming more and more naked. It is observable that they who display most of their lovely bodies, make the greatest use of paint, which in my opinion is not put on from a motive of female vanity, but as a modest and

decent covering to the skin. I must, by the way, take notice that there is one circumstance, in which the modern practice of painting differs from antient simplicity. I do not find in the account of any historian, that the female *British* *Piety* applied the least tincture of the *woad* to the natural complexion of their faces. For a bloom and a vivacity of colour, they trusted to exercise, fresh air, and wholesome diet. But as the fashionable vigils of gaming were unknown in those days, it must be allowed that this is an improvement upon the manners of our progenitors. In those rude times so elegant a diversion could not be known. For this we are indebted to modern refinement, which has introduced improvements in manners, as well as in arts and sciences.

I am living fast to see the time when the ladies will be to all intents and purposes as naked as our ancestors. When I consider the rapid celerity with which fashions advance, I am apt to think that period not very distant, the cloaths of the fair sex being, of late years, much reduced both above and below, insomuch that it is expected by many, that in a little time both ends will meet. We shall not then complain, that the importation of *French* hoops, and *French* fashions of all sorts, are a detriment to the nation: mercers and milliners will

will be uselefs things, and the ladies will spend the hours of the toilet in drawing and painting, by which means I flatter myself that the *British* fair will be able to boast their *Guidos*, their *Titians*, and their *Raphaels*. To this end an ingenious gentleman of my acquaintance is now drawing up a system of directions to a female painter, which will serve to aid their invention, and give them a proper notion of design and colouring in all their faces, by which means it is to be hoped they will greatly excel all the boasted masters in every school of painting.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

At a Court of Censorial Enquiry,

AN information being lodged in this Court of several persons guilty of high crimes and misdemeanors on *Sunday* in *St. James's Park*, warrants were issued out for bringing to justice the said offenders. Accordingly *William Brazen*, ring-leader of the said delinquents, was indicted, for that he, at the place above-mentioned, between the hours of eight and nine in the evening, did with his accomplices surround *Maria* Countess of ———, a lady of the first fashion and beauty, and so molest her, that she was obliged to quit the Park. The cause was opened by the *Attorney-general* of this Court, who set forth, that the li-

berty of walking in the Park has been allowed, time out of mind, unto all the good people of this metropolis, and that, to hinder any one from the said privilege, is an infringement of the liberties of the subject, more particularly so in the present case, as the exquisite beauty of the lady thus treated would command respect among the *Hot-tentots*: he therefore hoped for a *verdict* against the prisoner.

Call Captain Spatterdash.

Capt. *Spatterdash* sworn.—I was upon duty last *Sunday*, and as I was sauntering along the Mall, I perceived the most amiable of her sex encompassed by a crowd; the prisoner at the bar was the foremost among them, and the lady was obliged to take refuge in a chair.

Call Lady Lapdog.

Lady *Lapdog*.—I had my pretty little *Marquissa* with me, and I was afraid as how she would have been *squeezed* to death by the mob, and I am sure the prisoner at the bar was at the head of the riot.

Call Miss Sleepy-Eye.

Miss *Sleepy-Eye*.—The prisoner at the bar has often made love to me, but on the evening mentioned, he took no notice of me, but followed the lady, in conjunction with many others. For my
part,

part, I can't see what they follow her for, no more than other folks—to be sure I an't so tall—but sure a person may be handsome without being a staring thing, and I believe the men are all mad for behaving so.

Prisoner's Defence.

I have not had time to prepare, otherwise I could call several persons to my character. I own I could not resist the attraction of so much beauty.

Guilty.

Then the Judge passed Sentence.

You *William Brazen* are to go back to the place from whence you came; thence you are to be drawn on a sledge to the place of execution, *viz. Rosamond's Pond* in *St. James's Park*, where you are to be foused into the water, but not till you are dead, and you are to be ducked in this manner three several times, and afterwards to be tossed dry in a blanket, and so the Lord have mercy on you.

Adjourned.

NUMBER XLIV.

Saturday, Aug. 10, 1753.

Nec verò illa parva vis naturæ est, rationisque, quòd eorum ipsorum, quæ aspectu sentiuntur, nullum aliud animal pulchritudinem, venustatem, convenientiam partium sentit. Quam similitudinem natura ratioque ab oculis ad animum transferens, multò etiam magis pulchritudinem, constantiam, ordinem in consiliis factisque conservandum putat.

CICERO *de officiis.*

At the last meeting of our club, Mr. *Plastic*, the *Shaftsburian* philosopher, and chairman for the time being, desired he might furnish the essay of this day.

A Taste for the arts is the highest embellishment and ultimate finishing of an accomplished mind; it gives an elegance to a man's way of thinking, throws a polish on his manners, and by insensible degrees refines the passions and affections of the soul. It may be added, that a fine taste is the inlet of some of the most delicate pleasures human life is susceptible of, and may therefore properly be called, in the language of *Shaftsburian* philosophy, *the internal sense*. By means of this

this faculty, we are acquainted with many elegant sensations, to which the generality of men seem entirely strangers. This talent is not unlike the power of seeing, just conferred on one whose eye never could distinguish colours; it opens new traces of thinking, awakens pleasing ideas, and diffuses a complacence through the whole intellectual frame.

There is nothing more common than to see men, who, perceiving the advantages which this elegant turn gives to a chosen few, and observing that quickness and sensibility for which they are remarkable, affect upon all occasions to be endowed with the same nice faculty of perception; but the misfortune is, they are absolutely callous to each fine impression, and the method they chuse, to convince us of their delicacy, is by pretending, that nothing is refined enough for them. Thus, while others distinguish themselves by yielding to the impulse of a passion artfully excited by a strain of music, a poem, or a picture, these gentlemen would recommend themselves upon the strength of their having never been pleased at any rate. This procedure is for the most part to be observed in modern *critics* or the *malevoli*. A piece where every beauty of language and sentiment is united, where in the striking

ing

ing passages every line is impassioned, and swells with the emotion of the soul, like a glass in a furnace, informed by the breath infused into it, yet such a piece by one of this class shall be received with cold disdain; and a composition of *Arne's*, full of all the sweetness of musical expression, shall to their affectedly fine organs sound like the most jarring dissonance. If a man in a club of gentlemen should be perpetually displeased with every dish, while the rest of the members perceive no cause of complaint, I apprehend there would be a strong presumption, that his mouth was at those seasons greatly out of taste. With equal propriety, whoever boasts an over-refinement of understanding, should be set down, without hesitation, as one whose mental organs are distempered. As matters are frequently managed, a fine taste, instead of being a power of receiving elegant sensations, is an avenue only for uneasiness, discontent, and a constant dislike of every thing around us. It would fare with this exquisite degree of intellectual feeling, as with him, whose external senses should, out of the usual course of things, be framed to receive acuter impressions than our employments in life will admit.

*Say what the use were finer optics giv'n,
 T' inspect a mite, not comprehend the heav'n?
 Or touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,
 To smart and agonize at ev'ry pore?*

Or,

*Or, quick effluvia darting through the brain,
Die of a rose in aromatic pain.*

POPE.

But Nature has not cast us in so delicate a mould ; our bodily and mental powers are fitted to administer to our enjoyments, not contrived to be the cause of fretfulness, and a petulant peevishness, or to sour the temper, and render us troublesome and disagreeable to society.

To define a true taste may be unnecessary at present. It has often been done by abler pens ; but, I believe, it will be judged pertinent to the subject in hand, to give the reader some description of it. Mr. *Locke* observes, that many abstract ideas are expressed by terms taken from the perceptions of our external senses, such as to *imagine, comprehend, conceive, adhere*, which are all applied to modes of thinking. In like manner, the term now in question is derived from the sensation of our palate, which we call taste, and, on account of some similitude in the operation, is applied to the intellectual faculty by men of imagination in all languages ; the information given to the mind being in both cases rapid and instantaneous, without waiting for the more cool and deliberate sentence of reflection.

Hence

Hence naturally arises a distinction between taste and judgment; which are often used as synonymous expressions, but are notwithstanding very different in themselves. I believe many of my readers know people among their acquaintance, who, if you lay a picture before them, upon mature deliberation, and after comparing leisurely the copy with their own ideas of nature, can pronounce the piece to be like, without manifesting any particular relish or pleasure. It is not so with the man of taste. He enters at once into the spirit and stile of an author, sees in an instant how he selects the circumstances in a description, enjoys the turn of his expression, and his art in touching the passions. It is upon a review of what thus strikes the mind, that the critics of all ages have been able to lay down rules for taste; as theories of vision are framed from an examination of the organs of sight, and the manner in which external objects operate upon them. It is owing to the happiness of a true taste that a celebrated *French* wit has told us, that nothing can be elegant, which is not true, upon an observation that the mind turns with distaste from that which contradicts its own ideas.

It is recorded of *Marcus Antoninus*, that he acknowledged it to the gods as a peculiar felicity,
that

that he had not cultivated his taste for works of imagination, apprehending, as it seems, that such amusements would have detained him from objects of higher importance. For my part, I cannot help wondering that he did not rather thank Heaven for the elegant turn bestowed upon him, as it is certain that, under due regulation, a just taste is a constant source of the most refined gratifications.

With this talent, a man may retire into his closet, and there enjoy a more delicious repast, and better company, than can be met with in any modern assembly. *Homer* never denies himself to any acquaintance. *Virgil* is always easy of access, whether you delight in sublime description, or the softer beauties of rural imagery. A man may take as much liberty with *Horace* as his intruding friend did in the *Via Sacra*, free from the same imputation of impertinence; and, without the expence of a *remise*, you may visit *Boileau*, *La Fontaine*, *Voltaire*, and the politest of the *French* nation. *Dr. Swift* is always ready to shake your sides with humour; you may converse with *Pope* without hearing him complain of head-aches; and if you aspire to the company of a Minister of State, you may retire with *Bolingbroke* into the cabinet, and learn from that eminent master the secret springs of policy, or receive a clue to guide
you

you through the maze of history. In short, to a mind well harmonized, all nature wears a pleasing aspect, and the transition is easy from a relish for external beauty, and the pleasures arising from poetry, eloquence, and the arts of imitation, to a love for moral perfection, and the dignity of character.

This is the sentiment of *Cicero* in the words of my motto. The same doctrine is enforced by the author of *The Pleasures of Imagination*, in such an exquisite strain of poetry, that I must beg leave to conclude with transcribing the passage.—Speaking of a man of taste, he has the following lines.

----- *Not a breeze*
Flies o'er the meadow, not a cloud imbibes
The setting sun's effulgence, not a strain
From all the tenants of the warbling shade
Ascends, but whence his bosom can partake
Fresh pleasure, unreprou'd. Nor thence partakes
Fresh pleasure only; for th' attentive mind,
By this harmonious action on her pow'rs,
Becomes herself harmonious. Wont so long
In outward things to meditate the charm
Of sacred order, soon she seeks at home
To find a kindred order; to exert
Within herself this elegance of love,
This fair-inspir'd delight; her temper'd pow'rs
Refine at length, and ev'ry passion wears
A chaster, milder, more attractive mien.

NUMBER

NUMBER XLV.

Saturday, Aug. 25, 1753.

*Et multo nebulae cicum Dea fudit amictu,
Cernere ne quis eos, neu quis contingere possit.*

VIRG.

WHEN *Virgil's Aeneas* and his friend *Achates* were entering the town, which *Dido* was raising, *Venus* diffused a cloud around her favourite son, in order to secure him from every human eye, and to protect him from the inconveniences to which he might be liable if seen by the inhabitants. This parental care proved very useful to the hero. We find that something like it is practised by *Mother Dulness*, who never fails to manifest a tender concern for her chosen sons: accordingly they are often enveloped in a cloud of obscurity, which no ray of light can pierce, and are thereby enabled to proceed in their works of darkness, without lett or molestation. But though there is this similitude in the fate of the favourites of the *cloud-compelling Queen of Dulness*, and the offspring of *Venus*, it is observable that there is a very wide difference in the conduct of both. The latter, we are told, admired, as he journied on, the industry

and labour of the people, the plan of their town, and the nobleness of their streets. He was highly pleased with the magnificence of the structures, and the time he spent in surveying the pieces of painting in their temple, shewed he had a taste for the fine arts. But the *Grub-street race* behold with envy the learned industry of genius. From their hidden place of obscurity their malice is daily levelled at those, who they know cannot detect them. Superior merit is the mark at which they take their envenomed aim. There is, however, this comfort remaining, that their arrows are too blunt to penetrate, and the mist from whence they issue, serves greatly to retard their force. Their shafts fall to the ground, innocent of the wound they were intended to inflict.

To drop this long-spun allegory; the anonymous libeller is the pest of society. It is with pleasure I have observed, that lampoons of late have fallen dead-born from the press, without procuring for their authors a single dinner. I was the other day in a pamphlet-shop, when a writer of defamation came in to enquire after the success of his production; "Sells middling, Sir," says the shop-boy, "we disposed of three last week." I must own I felt no little pleasure at the author's disappointment. I look upon an itch of scandal
to

to be the surest sign of a depraved and malevolent temper, and I am sorry to find that it is not always the consequence of hunger and thirst. It ascends higher, and flourishes in high life; attends the ladies at their toilets; gives a relish to their tea; a flavour to their liqueurs, and every summer takes a jaunt to *Tunbridge* and other watering places, as constantly as a gamester or a citizen's wife.

At *Tunbridge* I happened to spend a week this season. I was there a witness of the mischief occasioned by the polite sonnetteers and epigrammatists, who chuse to indulge their wit, or rather, their malice upon the amiable sex. Both those who cannot write, and those who can, immediately upon their arrival in these regions, begin to measure out syllables; the vain poetaster, while in the long-room the company sip tea and scandal, envies not the fame of *Dryden*, *Pope*, or *Young*; his brow is adorned with a fancied laurel, and he enjoys the pangs he has excited in some lovely bosom. As duly as the morning appears, malignity flies abroad in the form of a *rebus*, a *madrigal*, a song, an epigram, or some such ingenious composition. The general curiosity is instantly excited; all are impatient to peruse the lying evidence of shame. "Do, Colonel, shew it me—Captain

“ *Flimsy*, can’t you get me a sight of it?—Lord,
 “ ma’am, an’t it mighty pretty?—The creature
 “ deserved it—What airs she gave herself?—And
 “ such a deal of talk, and so affected—Do you
 “ think her handsome?—Well, to be sure she
 “ wore a sweet pair of ruffles yesterday.”

In this manner dull scandal is helped about. The more lovely and innocent the person whose happiness is thus invaded, the more agreeable is the invective; the satyr sharpens, and the wit refines. *Musidora* has every grace of person, and every elegant embellishment of the mind: in her eye, to use the expression of a fine poet, *Love ever wakes and keeps a vestal fire*: her behaviour carries with it an equal degree of good-humour and politeness, flowing from sense and a native sweetness of temper. *Appius* is awkward in his person, and disagreeable in his aspect; his mind is ever on the fret. In a country dance, he is dissatisfied with every thing around him. He quarrels with the musick, and disconcerts the whole company. With these disagreeable features of body and mind, *Appius* applied to *Musidora* to be his partner for the evening: she declined the favour with great affability and good manners, having before experienced the foibles which have taken root in this gentleman’s temper. *Appius* immediately took
 fire

fire at the imagined affront: full of indignation, he retired home to his lodging; and though he never before attempted to tag a rhyme, commenced poet. The next day came out the anonymous stanza, which was afterwards found to be the production of *Appius*. The composition was declared very pretty by all the prudes and coquettes of the place. The *verses* were in a little time in every body's hand. *Appius* enjoyed his fame. The general voice pronounced that he really had a very pretty turn for poetry. The effect which this treatment had on *Mufidora's* mind, is not to be described; faded were the roses which before were blended with the lilly, and that breast, which was designed for the seat of love, throbb'd wild with uneasy passions. To prevent any further vexation, her relations were obliged in a week's time to fly from a place, where innocence and honour are sacrificed to a jest; where the men take a pleasure in scandal, and where the fair join in combination against truth and virtue, and their own interest.

That people, who, from their education, ought to have imbibed other sentiments, should thus enter into a conspiracy against their own happiness, is surely little short of infatuation. When their neighbour's house is on fire, all rejoice,

though their own is not insured. *Congreve's Lady Froth*, one would imagine, might long since have cured the itch of trifling in verse, and *Lord Froth*, by the same author, ought surely to have extinguished the race of foolish admirers.

If the ingenious poetasters, who buzz and fly-blow during the summer season, would reflect on the consequence arising from their little talents, I persuade myself this Gothic piece of pleasantry would be banished from all polite places. I shall dismiss this paper, after recommending to the perusal of all *Tunbridge* sonnetteers the following lines of *Mr. Pope*.

*Curs'd be the verse, how well soe'er it flow,
That tends to make one worthy man my foe,
Give Virtue scandal, Innocence a fear,
Or from the soft-ey'd Virgin steal a tear,*



N U M B E R XLVI.

Saturday, Sept. 1, 1753.

————— *Gratiæ decentes*
Alternò terram quatiunt pede—————

HOR.

A Celebrated *French* Critic has given it for a rule, that every author should from time to time *sacrifice to the Graces*. The meaning of the precept is, that the writer, who aims at elegance of composition, should fashion his mind to a certain urbanity, and refined way of thinking, which by habit will become a second nature. *Inest facundis gratia dictis* is the phrase by which an author of genius has signified a delicate choice of sentiment and expression. In the works of the antients it is this peculiar taste, this courtly manner of embellishing good sense, that has made their productions the admiration of ages; and those have been accounted classic writers among the moderns, who have been most careful to form themselves upon the *Greek* and *Roman* models.

Full of these reflections I retired to rest a few nights since. In the hours of sleep, my busy imagination pursued the same track of contempla-

tion, and presented to me the following scene. I dreamt that an order was issued out from the high court of *Parnassus*; requiring the immediate attendance of all the inhabitants of the place at a SACRIFICE TO THE GRACES, according to an anniversary institution in honour of the day, on which *Apollo* slew the *Python*. For this purpose the three lovely sisters, interchanging in their way mutual glances of cordiality and affection, walked hand in hand to an elegant edifice raised by *Inigo Jones*. Each had in her hand Mr. *Hogarth's Analysis of Beauty*. They placed themselves on an eminent altar in such amiable attitudes, as have not been equalled on any of our theatres, since the Manager of *Drury-lane* house withdrew a certain lady from the publick eye.

As soon as the *Goddeses* were thus prepared for the solemnity, *Apollo*, in all the pride of manly beauty, advanced to the altar, and paid his adoration. The *Muses* followed in procession, and, after prostrating themselves in a respectful manner, mixed together in a dance, and sung hymns of praise in honour of the Graces. *Ducunt choreas, & carmina dicunt*. The whole poetic region was exhilarated at the sound. The sun shot forth new glory, and every thing, that before looked beautiful, seemed now to glow with additional charms.

This

This part of the ceremony being concluded, a trumpet sounded three times, as a signal for men of genius to make their approach. The *Greeks* were the first that came forward. In this band the most remarkable were *Homer, Xenophon, Thucydides, Plato, Sophocles, and Longinus*. *Aristotle* sent word that he was engaged in a *syllogism*, and could not attend. *Socrates*, who, we are told, called dancing a sacrifice to the Graces, immediately began a movement before the altar, while *Plato* eyed him with a steadfast look. *Longinus*, having acquitted himself in the due forms of veneration, fixed his attention upon *Homer*.

Lucretius was leader of the next division: he thanked the *Graces* for having scattered so many flowers amidst the thorns, which shoot up in his part of *Parnassus*. *Terence*, who was an *elegant Observer of Forms*, seemed to receive great delight from the view of so much beauty. He preferred his prayer with the utmost purity of diction.

The posture in which *Tully* placed himself, recalled to my mind the description of him in the *Temple of Fame*.

*Gath'ring his flowing robe, he seem'd to stand,
In aēt to speak; and graceful wav'd his hand.*

He

He declared, in a flowing stile, that “ by surveying the symmetry and proportions of outward objects, the mind makes an easy transition to the fitness, the order, and regularity of its own inward frame. From the habit of attending to external decorum, the soul of man contracts a corresponding elegance, and the same beauty of order in its own operations. We then are careful, we are solicitous neither to think unhandsomely, nor to do any thing unbecoming. In this consists that *honestum*, that *grace of character*, which alone is truly laudable. We reach in some sort that idea of virtue, which, if visible to the eye, would never fail, as *Plato* observes, to excite both love and admiration.”

Virgil came forward with a modest mien, and great regularity in his motion. He desired to pass all his time with the *Graces* and the *Muses*; and bowing respectfully, thanked the *Graces* for that elegant simplicity, the *Molle atque facetum*, which they had conferred upon him. He then retired to a laureat shade, where he almost hid himself in illustrious ease. *Statius*, *Lucan*, and *Silius Italicus*, endeavoured to walk in the same path after him. Sometimes they even aimed at his footsteps, but an awkward strut in their gait rendered it impracticable. The Goddesses told *Ovid*,
that

that they were sorry they could not follow him into exile. At the approach of *Horace*, *Venus*, and all the laughing loves, smiled with peculiar pleasure. *Tibullus* was received with every token of affection. Before he withdrew, he begged leave to introduce a friend, whose name was *Hammond*: his request was granted, and accordingly Mr. *Hammond* had the honour of kissing their hands. His imitation of *Tibullus* was well received.

After this a pause ensued in the rites, occasioned by the delay of several *Monks* and *Fathers*, to whom a summons had been sent commanding their attendance. They were all in a cluster at the foot of *Parnassus*, and at length returned for answer, that they did not chuse to worship false deities. After such a declaration, it was with surprize I beheld a certain *Bishop* lay aside his mitre, and venerate the Pagan goddesses.

Upon enquiring his name, I found this personage to be the celebrated *Vida*. He was followed by *Erasmus*, who fairly owned, that in his youthfull days he did not relish the stile of *Cicero*, but thanked the *Graces* for that improved taste, with which, in his old age, he read that sublime moralist, and always rose from his works a better man. In the train of *Erasmus*, I saw *Tillotson*, *Atterbury*, the modest *Foster*, and several others.

Fam-

Fammianus Strada advanced, with his History in his pocket, and his *Prolusions* in his hand. He was followed by *Bobours*, *Rollin*, and several *Jesuits*, who were at length joined by *Boileau* and *La Fontaine*. The former had a degree of severity mixed in his smiles; the latter was all quickness, vivacity and wit. In imitation of *Tibullus*, they begged leave to present their friends, and accordingly, *Garth*, *Prior*, and *Gay* were introduced.

Shakespear and *Milton* came down from the highest eminence in *Parnassus*. While they were performing their duty, I observed they both raised their heads to look at a part of the Heavens, where there was a distant thunder. *Dryden* had not money to procure a sufficient quantity of *frankincense*, but the *Graces* accepted the intention for the deed, convinced by several touches in his works that no one had a finer sense of beauty. *Mr. Pope* advanced with his eyes fixed upon *Homer*, who was then in company with *Virgil*: his look was thoughtful, but bright; he delivered himself in the most harmonious numbers. *Addison* followed close at his heels, and he acquitted himself in his peculiar manner of giving good sense all the embellishments of ease and artful negligence. He observed how much good-humour added to the beauty of the *Graces*, and was pleased to see them

them without any fashionable edifice of hair on their heads, and free from the enormous circle of the hoop.

By this time a general whisper began to run through all the ranks, owing (as I soon perceived) to the appearance of Dr. *Swift*. He approached with *Cadenus* and *Vanessa* in his hand, as an offering to the Graces. As he drew nearer, he *sucked in his cheeks*, and the Goddeffes turned to each other with a smile. Upon his making an apology for some strokes in his works, they assured him that they could overlook those singularities, on account of his other admirable qualities; adding with a smile, that what was formerly granted to *Virgil* should be also allowed to him, namely, *To tofs about his dung with an air of gracefulness*.

Lord *Shaftsbury* was ready to yield all due veneration to three Goddeffes, who had already warmed his fancy with the brightest ideas. This noble writer was succeeded by *Bolingbroke*, who approached the altar with respect, but seemed an enemy to all forms of worship. He avowed at the same time, that he was readier to pay adoration to those bright existences, than to the *God of Moses*, or the *God of Paul*, on which topics he harangued with a roll of periods, in which, though
he

he did not advance the strict truth, he deserved at least to be called, in the words of a witty Satyrift, a *polite Apostate from God's Grace to Wit.*

His Lordship withdrew, and I then perceived some certain modern periodical writers entering the temple. The first and principal of these occasioned by his appearance some confusion. His mien was large, and his movement irregular. His brow was clouded, but whether with thought, or a fullen gloom, was not immediately seen. *Horace* desired the company to suspend their judgment: I heard him say,

——— *Rideri possit, eo quod
Rusticius tonsa toga defluit, et male laxus
In pede calceus hæret. At est bonus, ut melior vir
Non alius quisquam. At tibi amicus; at ingenium ingens
Inculco latet hoc sub corpore. ———*

The suffrage of so able a judge had due weight, and it was soon found that *grace* and *energy* are not incompatible.

Emboldened by the example of my brother writers, methought, I approached the altar, but was told by *Euphrosyne*, that I advanced with rather too great an air of negligence. The Goddess advised me to avoid the appearance of thoughtlessness,

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lessness, while I endeavoured to be easy and graceful. I was so stung with this reproach, that my repose was instantly disturbed. When awake, I pleased myself with the reflection that the whole was but a dream.



NUMBER.

N U M B E R XLVII.

Saturday, Sept. 8, 1753.

*Quâ ratione queas traducere leniter ævum ;
 Quid minuat curas ; quid te tibi reddat amicum ;
 Quid pure tranquillet.——*

HOR.

IT is on all hands acknowledged that Happiness is the ultimate end of human actions. The principles inciting to this pursuit are felt in every breast. The instincts of our nature operate to this great purpose, and Reason was given to approve, to correct, and to govern our conduct. But it may be asked, do those instincts always prompt us to what is just and fit? Does reason, without intermission, perform her office, and faithfully discharge the trust committed to her care? When we survey the mass of life, and behold numbers warping their faculties from their true direction, it may be fairly answered, that, by some strange perversity, man too often counteracts his own natural powers; as if to lead a weary life were the end of his existence. To correct this vicious disposition has exhausted the logick of moralists, and the ridicule of poets. The author of my motto sends his friend to the schools of philosophy, to
 learn

learn how to pass his days in mild enjoyment; how to soften and diminish the cares of life; by what means he may secure the peace of his own breast, and live in harmony with himself; and in short, the way to obtain that pure tranquility, without which life is no better than a burden. But philosophy deals too much in the abstract: its precepts are, live according to nature; follow reason; be virtuous, and be happy. All this is true; but under large and comprehensive maxims, many subdivisions, and inferior points of conduct, are too often lost. The chief head of the moral doctrine may impress a sense of duty, but from the generality of the precept, the mind does not often descend to subordinate branches, because their consequence does not always appear.

When we are advised to live according to reason, to follow nature, and to be virtuous in order to be happy; how many consider, that to maintain a constant cheerfulness, and to preserve the even tenour of a contented spirit, is a precept included in the general doctrine? A cheerful temper is mentioned by TULLY in what he calls the *Leniores Virtutes*, the milder virtues. Content produces cheerfulness: it reconciles the man to himself, and to those with whom he converses. It is, in *Shakespeare's* language, "The chief nou-

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“risier in life’s feast.” When giddy mirth, and the fallies of riot have subsided, chearfullness still maintains an uninterrupted course; and if it never rises to extraordinary heights, it has at least this advantage, that it never ebbs too low. The former is like an artificial fountain, that through unnatural channels plays its water into the air, and for a short time amuses the fancy: but the latter is a pure and gentle stream, that springs from secret sources, and flows in one even course, clear, refreshing, adorned with flowers on its banks and where it meets with pebbles, delighting by the musick of its murmur.

If good humour is attended by these advantages, discontent draws after it all the opposite inconveniencies. The mind, like the hemisphere, must be sometimes overcast. Perpetual sunshine is not to be expected in the breast, no more than in the sky over our heads: but chearfullness can gild the clouds, that overshadow us, with fancied stains of light, and change them to a beautifull appearance. Discontent, on the contrary, adds horror to the gloom, and often raises it by its own vapours. With a person of this disposition, every thing is wrong: he lives in a state of hostility with himself, and of course with his neighbours. Finding no peace at home, he is little sollicitous
about

about the disturbance he gives to others. His whole time is spent in waging war with trifles. By finding fault, he thinks he shews his superior sense: but if every thing round him is out of tune, why should he add to the general discord the internal disorder of his own mind? Few things are worth fretting about, and none are mended by it: yet the discontented man is ever in a ferment, and he wishes to throw others into the same situation. A suicide in regard to his own happiness, he acts with the same malignity to others. It is a maxim of *Rochefaucault*, that if we were free from faults ourselves, we should not take so much pleasure in observing those of our neighbours; and this, perhaps, may account for much of that peevish arrogance, which too frequently disturbs society. The talent of cavil upon every little occasion grows by indulgence into a settled habit, and all the *uses of this world seem weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable*. The discontented man acts through life as if he were appointed *Censor General*, and he thinks it the duty of a Censor to be always out of humour, for ever troubled with irritable nerves. He knows that a Judge may condemn, but forgets that he should not abuse. He is a critic on life, without reflecting that he ought to shew his qualification, as well by a relish for what is right, as by disgust at what is wrong. He

snarls at all without distinction, and were his representation true, he may be sure of this, that nothing is more harsh and dissonant than himself.

In the character of the discontented man there is, perhaps, a circumstance, that conduces much to the growth of his ill-humour. He is by profession a satirist, and being determined to speak his mind with blunt freedom, his remarks will sometimes have an air of novelty. The oddity of his conception tends to provoke laughter, and the caprice of a person determined never to be at peace with himself, nor with any thing about him, affords no small entertainment to those, who like to watch those sudden sallies, that disclose the features of character. As the *French* expresses it, He gives the comedy to the company, never aware of the ridicule that falls upon himself. When he snarls, it is said to be his way, and under that indulgence he prescribes for a right to shock you with ill manners. He perceives that people agree to endure him, and he submits to live on sufferance. To enjoy nothing, is a sign either of dis-tempered sensation, or a disordered mind, and yet the discontented man is willing to be a valetudinarian of the worst sort, one who has created his own infirmity, and ought to be confined in some infirmary, till a proper regimen has so far brought
him

him to his senses, as to make him consent to be well.

THEOPHRASTUS, who lived to ninety-five, and at that age published his remarks on men and manners, has given a draught of the character I have been describing, which I shall here transcribe from the translation of Mr. Budgell. “ A discontented temper, says the great ethic writer, is a frame of mind, which sets a man upon complaining without reason. When one of his neighbours, who makes an entertainment, sends his servant to him with a plate of any thing that is nice, *What*, says he, *your master did not think me good enough to dine with him?* He complains of his mistress at the very time that she is caressing him; and when she redoubles her kisses and endearments, *I wish*, says he, *all this came from your heart.* In a dry season, he grumbles for want of rain; and when a shower falls, he mutters to himself, *Why could not this have come sooner?* If he happens to find a purse, he takes it up, and, *Had it been a pot of gold*, says he, *it would have been worth stooping for.* He takes a great deal of pains to beat down the price of a slave, and after he has paid his money for him, *I am sure*, says he, *thou art good for nothing, or I should not have had thee so cheap.* When a messenger comes with great joy to acquaint him that his

wife is brought to bed of a son, he answers, *That is as much as to say, friend, that I am poorer by half to-day than I was yesterday.* Though he has gained a cause with full costs and damages, he complains that his counsel did not insist upon the most material points. If, after any misfortune has befallen him, his friends raise a voluntary contribution for him, and desire him to be merry, *How is that possible, says he, when I am to pay every one of you his own again, and be obliged to you into the bargain?"*

I have no doubt but the reader will perceive the natural touches of this character. For the sake of a person, whom I lately met, I wish I could boast the same truth of design, and strength of colouring; but though I have no hopes of being able to rival so fine a moral painter, I shall beg leave to close this paper with the portrait of a person who has taken much pains to sour his temper, and has succeeded to make himself miserable.

Mr. *Sullen*, with an affluent fortune, seems to live for ever in adversity. When he wakes in a morning, after a good night's repose, *Damn it,* says he, *what made me oversleep myself?* He rings his bell; but the servant has not wings, and of course does not fly: Mr. *Sullen* is tempted to throw something at the scoundrel's head. The
servan

servant now bestirs himself with alacrity : *Sirrah ! rascal !* cries Sullen, *are you mad ? are you drunk in a morning ?* He then seats himself to breakfast, and finds his tea to be vile trash : the Directors of the India Company should be shot dead, like so many thieves ; they have monopolized the trade, and never import a grain of real tea. And those CREOLS too ! a plague go with them ; they send us nothing but *molosses* for sugar. He was invited the other day to a turtle-feast at a villa not far from town. Every thing was served with elegance. *Pshaw !* exclaims Sullen, *this is nothing but mock turtle ; and the scoundrell of a cook !* I would shoot such a fellow. No *Cordon-bleu* here. The people of this country never eat : call it mutton or beef, that's enough for them. This is green fat too, is it ? I had as soon eat so much green horn. Here, you scoundrel, give me a glass of that punch : punch do you call it ? Gin, or some of the trash that tall *Irish fellow* calls *whiskey*. Let me try your rhenish : rhenish ! four cyder. Who is that she-thing at the upper end of the table ? The tallest woman I ever saw for nothing ! And that man near her ? He is a *senator*, I think. This is counted a pretty country seat too ! I had as soon take a lodging in Thames-street.

In this manner Mr. *Sullen* torments himself and diffuses round him a portion of that uneasiness, which corrodes his own breast. He once passed a week in the country, where I happened to be of the party. He grumbled, during the whole time, like the great mastiff in the courtyard, and the servant, after his departure, found in his bed-room the following memorandum, with an ounce of *Spanish* snuff in it.

Came down in a post-chaise with the 'Squire; a damned uneasy one. The fellow has no notion of a crane-neck.—Horses only fit for a dray. Weather infernal; vile situation; inconvenient house, &c.

Slept very ill, owing to the badness of the bed. Never like to lie out of my own bed. My friend's wife damned ugly in a morning: a frosty face devil: the fellow married her for her money.

Mutton warm with life served up at dinner: mutton should be always kept a week. Allum in the bread; gave me the heart-burn: not a drop of real wine in the house.

Took a walk upon the lawns; grass all wet; got an infernal cold; weather cursed bleak; *English* atmosphere. Don't like Miss *Favonia's* breath: believe I was cheated at cards.

Curate

Curate of the parish dined with us ; the fellow as dull as an *acrostick* : a strange thing of a wife with him.

N. B. Believe the tall fellow will lie with her. Sick in my stomach all the morning ; owing to their hard food.

Memorandum, to go away without taking leave of the family, or giving any thing to those scoundrels the servants,



NUMBER XLVIII.

Saturday, Sept. 15, 1753.

Eschionis tabula te stupidum detinet, aut signum aliquod Polycleti. Intuentem te, admirantem, clamores tollentem cum video, servum te esse ineptiarum omnium judico.

CICERO.

To the AUTHOR.

SIR,

IT is not without reason that you have declared war against the race of false critics, and their various arts of imposition. It is the interest of society that specious appearances should be laid open to the world. In morals, in science, and the polite arts, we abound every where with pretenders: in every branch numbers aspire to be in appearance, what they are not in reality: none, however, is so conspicuous as the dictator in matters of taste. To judge of works of wit or learning, is the result of much reading, and perhaps more thinking: but reading and thinking are of slow progress, by no means answerable to the impatience of the forward genius, who wants the fame of literature, without the acquisition. He, who takes upon him to decide in a peremptory tone upon the beauties or imperfections of
 stile,

stile, concludes that he has taken the shortest road to pre-eminence, and that all, who hear him dogmatize, will give him credit for that fund of knowledge, which is supposed to be the precedent qualification: Of the rules for fine writing, or such of them at least as are not entirely arbitrary, there is scarce one which may not be accounted for upon principles of sound philosophy, and reasons drawn from the constitution of the human mind. The critic's law, which is not thus established, ceases to be a law; it is a rule of caprice, of dictatorial arrogance, of mere fashion, and no more. TULLY has truly said, *Opinionum commenta delet dies, naturæ judicia confirmat*: the force of this remark is seen in nothing more than in the various rules, which have been from time to time advanced by those, who have assumed to be the legislators of taste. The fables of chivalry have had their day, but the fable of *Homer* has regained its lustre. To separate the whims of opinion from the judgments of truth and nature, is not the ambition of the modern critic. Tell him that such a rule is the law of *Aristotle*, this of *Horace*, that of *Longinus*, and a fourth delivered by *Quintilian*, he is satisfied; he can now talk with an air of authority, and about the true intent and spirit of the law he is little solicitous. From the rule to ascend to the reason, is a task of difficulty.

Our

Our critic has heard that *Addison* considers the *Paradise Lost* under the several heads of fable, character, sentiment, and diction; and *Addison* says, this is *Aristotle's* method. Hence the words *fable*, *character*, *sentiment*, and *diction*, resound at every coffee-house table: of the several requisites that form the essential beauties of each, who hears a syllable? Character is like the mineral mentioned by experimental philosophers, whose properties are not at all unfolded even after a long and painful study. The town-critic is keen enough to mark the leading passion; but of its various modes, and how it blends itself with the other affections, he takes no notice. *Let us consider*, says Doctor Watts, *the two colours of YELLOW and BLUE: if they are mingled together in any considerable proportion, they make a GREEN: now there may be infinite differences and proportions in the mixture of BLUE and YELLOW; and yet we have only these three words, YELLOW, BLUE, and GREEN, to signify all of them.* In regard to the passions, our self-appointed judge is in the same predicament. *Richard the Third* and *Macbeth* are represented as persons of courage; but it is a courage in each blended with different qualities. To those modifications, or shades of the same temper, no regard is paid, and yet decisions are pronounced with confidence; and they who know nothing of the secret springs

springs of action, presume to talk of CHARACTER. The sentiments they tell us are good, if common place topicks are strung together; but whether they result from the inward temper, or are produced by the occasion, is a point of little moment. Of the *diction* we are sure to hear, and poetry; we are told, is the language of the gods. That language is supposed to be attained, if, by the use of obsolete terms, the piece seems crusted over with the rust of time, and the poet writes as if he lived two hundred years ago. Forced metaphors, harsh construction, and a swell of thought and versification, are deemed the way to secure a reading in the closet; but it is not remembered, that *Shakespeare* gained that immortal honour by writing, in all his beautiful passages at least, the language of the present moment.

With these critics, who deal in words only, it is not my intention to enter the lists: I leave them to that ridicule, with which you have pursued them. But *jam nova progenies*; a new race has started up, and to point out the artifice by which they hope to succeed, is the design of this letter. The professor in this modern kind comes forward with a glow of rapture and admiration. In the wide circle of the arts nothing has escaped him. Painting is his favourite amusement: he has no pictures, yet is as familiar as an auctioneer
with

with all the capital pieces in *Europe*. He has travelled little, and observed less, yet he harangues upon all the different schools, and has the *consuetudo oculi*. He talks of pictures that he never saw, and fancies raptures that he never knew. Shew him a beautiful passage : he treats it as a portrait, or a landskip : perhaps he sees that the author had his eye upon *Homer* or *Virgil* : what a *Pastici* ! the stile, the invention, the colouring of the great master ! what grace of attitude ! what tender shades, what masses of light ! how elegant the casting of the drapery ! and what a flowing line ! He, who sees all this beauty, must also shew his penetration by the discovery of a blemish : there is, says he, a kind of grey tint, that differs from that sweet union of colours, and that vigour of pencil, so justly admired in the great original. In this manner he gives oracular opinions, and, like an oracle, conveys no information.

Poetry and Painting have been called sister arts : they both profess imitation, but they differ in their means, and from the objects, which they represent, though many of them lie in common, there arises a further distinction. What is in the power of language to describe, cannot always be expressed by paint. The external appearances of nature are subject to the pencil as well as the pen : but the mind cannot be painted. It is true that
fettle

settled habits of thinking give by degrees their own peculiar cast to the features, and the passions have their signatures in the countenance. Of these impressions the skillfull painter can avail himself: the outward and visible effects he can seize, and there his art is at a stand. He can exhibit a virgin, in the bloom of youth and beauty, decaying by some inward stroke of affliction; and he may represent her smiling in distress. With the strongest symptoms of pain, he can mingle a faint gleam of content. But the poet can go further; he can say,

————— *She never told her love,*
But let concealment like a worm i' th' bud
Feed on her damask cheek.

That happy allusion, in which consists the charm of the description, cannot be suggested by the artifice of colours. Again:

————— *She pin'd in thought,*
And sat like patience on a monument,
Smiling on grief.

This is also too subtle for the pencil. We may, as has been said already, see an elegant and interesting form, pining in thought, while a sickly dawn of satisfaction softens the countenance; but the personifications of *grief and patience on a monument* will not present themselves when we behold

hold the picture ; and yet it is by that happy association of ideas that *Shakespeare* completes the beauty of the passage. A *connoisseur* may tell us that this imagery is not excelled by the sweet touch of *Guido*, or the divine warmth of *Titian* : he may talk of *design*, and the *clear-obscure* ; of *contour*, and *expression* ; of *grouping*, *keeping*, and the like ; but he will be all the time talking of another art, and, while he raves about colouring, will go but a very short way towards explaining the secret cause of that delight, which the reader feels from the description.

The beauty of poetry is often found to consist in that insight, which the author gives us into the very soul of the person that speaks : we see what passes in the mind ; we behold the natural disorder in which the ideas present themselves in the conflict of the passions ; the sentiments chase one another, interrupting the course of thought, and clashing in such a manner, that all within is anarchy and confusion. This quick succession the painter cannot give : he must catch a single moment, and the immediate operation upon the features is all he can express. The effect of our mixed emotions may be seized in the instant :

————— *Æstuat ingens*

*Imo in corde pudor, mixtoque insania luctu,
Et furii agitatus amor, et conscia virtus.*

Com.

Combinations of this kind may be traced upon canvass; but when the sentiments succeed one another with rapidity, and the passions shift with vehemence, the emotions, however quick, are still successive, and therefore elude the powers of that art, which is confined to a single point of time. I shall select a passage from *Pope's ODYSSEY*, which will serve to place this matter in the clearest light. ULYSSES resists the magic powers of *Circe*. She is struck with astonishment. The poet redoubles the strokes of passion, and in a beautiful climax gives the workings, the starts, and shiftings of her mind,

*Struck with unusual fear, she trembling cries;
She faints, she falls, she lifts her weeping eyes.
What art thou? say! from whence, from whom
you came?*

*O more than human! tell thy race, thy name.
Or art thou he? the man to come, foretold
By Hermes pow'rful with the wand of gold?
The man from Troy, who wander'd ocean round?
The man for Wisdom's various arts renown'd?
Ulysses? O thy threat'ning fury cease,
Sheath thy bright sword, and join our hands in peace.*

It is the conflict, the tumult, the eddies of passion, that give that exquisite finishing to the poet's description. Let a painter take for his subject a

cow traversing the meadows in quest of her young one, which has been sacrificed at the altar : can he, by any magic of colours, give the beautifull circumstances which we find in the description of *Statius* ?

Ac veluti primo fraudatum lacte juvencum,

CUI TENERÆ VIREs, ET SOLUS AB UBERE SANGUIS,

Ceu fera, ceu duras avexit pastor ad aras,

Nunc VALLEM *spoliata parens, nunc FLUMINA QUESTU,*

Nunc ARMENTA *movet, VACUOSQUE INTERROGAT*

AGROS :

TUM PICET IRE DOMUM, *mæstoque NOVISSIMA campo*

Exit, et oppositas IMPASTA AVERTITUR herbas.

From all this, the inference is plain : the critic, who warms his fancy with a passage finely written, and then talks of the sweetness of colours, the inexpressible tint, the outline, and the airs of the head, amuses himself with words, and compares two things, that have their own distinct and peculiar principles. But I have expatiated upon this subject more at large than I intended. In my next I shall send you a specimen of *Virtuoso Criticism*, which will, perhaps, serve better than this preliminary dissertation, to explode a mode of writing, unknown to LONGINUS, and others, who, like him, have developed the beauties of composition, upon the true principles of nature and good sense.

Z.

NUMBER

N U M B E R XLIX.

Saturday, Sept. 22, 1753.

Nonne igitur sunt ista festiva? sunt: nam nos quoque oculos eruditos habemus. Sed obsecro te, ita venusta habeantur ista, non ut vincula virorum sint, sed ut delectamenta puerorum.

CICERO.

To the A U T H O R.

S I R,

I Promised in my last to send you a specimen of what I there called VIRTUOSO-CRITICISM: I shall now endeavour to perform my engagement. I have ever been an enemy to specious pretences. He who sets up as a critic, undertakes to instruct. To this end he should have some digested knowledge. Let him shew me that he has treasured in his mind clear and distinct ideas, and that he is able to cloathe those ideas in proper language. In the didactic form of writing precision is the first requisite. I love to see a man dare to keep close to his subject. If he only talks *about it and about it*, he is not fit to teach. When I see such a person, in the fervor of his imagination, wander into matters foreign to his purpose, or but slightly connected with it, I suspect immediately, that, in-

stead of informing me, he only means a display of himself. As *La Bruyere* observes, if he wants to tell me that it is a fine day, why does not he say so? If he admires a landskip, why cry out “*There is a CLAUDE LORRAIN ?*” Of all the vices of conversation, none wearies so much as ostentation. When *La Fontaine* was asked to what he owed that charming perspicuity that adorns his stile, his answer was plain : *Monsieur, j’ai taché de m’entendre* : I endeavoured to understand myself. The rule is short and excellent. But I now hasten to the design of this letter. I take for my text the following copy of verses, and the commentary, with the help of a little rambling from the purpose, shall be a *tritical essay* in the true stile of modern VIRTUOSOSHIP.

To a Lady who presented to the Author a pair of ruffles of her own working.

I.

*That which her pearly fingers wrought,
Obedient to her various thought,
Shall henceforth, with a flowery band,
Encircle round each captive band ;
The tyrant of the Persian throne,
For chains like these would quit his crown.*

II.

*Though form’d to shade, they kindle fire,
And while they burn, remain entire :*

The

*The hand soon feels a secret glow,
Attracted to those hills of snow ;
There play secure in lambent flame,
And rise, like Scævola's, to fame.*

III.

*O Chloe, if those chains I wear,
Soft emblems of thy empire are ;
How mild shall be thy gentle reign !
How sweet the lover's pleasing pain !
Content to be to beauty true,
And bound to love no nymph but you.*

Concerning the author of this little poem nothing has transpired. He seems, like *Apelles*, to lie concealed behind his own *Venus*: and though candor obliges me to acknowledge that the portrait of the *Grecian* artist was more glowing, more soft, and animated than any figure finished by *Titian*, or *Francesco Albano*, yet in the verses before us there is a sweet union of melting colours, and many touches truly *Correggiesque*. Of *Francesco Albano* it is but justice to say that he had an exquisite taste of the lovely, and was particularly graceful in the carnations of a sanguine tint, which he gave to his female forms. In the *Venus* of *Apelles* the contour of the slipper had not the true justness of design: but *nullum sine veniâ placuit ingenium*, as *Seneca* has excellently observed.

He is, perhaps, himself an instance of the truth of the proposition. We are told, however, by *Pliny*, that there was in the colouring of *Apelles* a certain *Venustas*, which the *Greeks* called *Grace*: in this secret charm that artist exceeded all his contemporaries. And indeed we cannot wonder, when we learn that *Apelles lumen & umbras custodivit, atque ut eminerent e tabulis picturæ, maxime curavit*. In his pieces there was nothing gaudy, nothing overcharged. The lovers of anecdote will not be displeas'd if I inform them, that *Apelles* once told a young painter, who decorated his portrait with jewels and embroidery, "Well, young man, if you could not make her handsome, you have made her rich." But to return to our author: how exquisite are the *pearly fingers*! We see a native whiteness, and the blue tinge of the veins. May I be permitted to say that *pearly-fingers* is superior to the *rosy-fingered morn*, the *ροδοδακτυλος νος* of *Homer*? But, indeed, in landscape painting *Homer* was without a rival. Walking in his gallery we are sometimes presented with scenes as wild and romantic as those of *Salvator Rosa*. In the single portraits of *Homer* the attitudes are always just; but I hope I shall not offend the admirers of that great father of poets, if I give it as my opinion, that the best single portrait in the world, is that of the *Carthusian*, of which

which it was said by an excellent judge, “ *Il parlera sans sa regle*” This transcends the panegyrick of *Pliny*, who records it of an ancient artist, that he painted *pæne cum voce*. For this supreme degree of perfection, it must be acknowledged, the moderns are indebted to the study of the *antique*; and, perhaps, of all the remains of Greece, the statue of *Niobe* may justly claim the preference, as the epigram, which it occasioned, may be called *merum sal*, the neatest performance in the Greek *Anthologia*. I hope I shall be pardoned if I here give the Latin translation, as I am inclined to think it superior to the original. The statue of *Niobe* is supposed to speak the following lines :

*Vivam olim in lapidem verterunt Numina ; sed me
Vivam Praxiteles reddidit ex lapide.*

In our author's description of the lady at work the *antique* is visible. We see, moreover, a new creation starting up, *obedient to her various thought*. There is a beauty of the same kind in *Cowley*, upon a paper written in lemon juice, and held before the fire :

*Here buds an L, and there a B ;
Here sprouts a V, and there a T ;
And all the flourishing letters stand in rows.*

How artfully does the poet tell us what the lady
E e 4
has

has been working? We see the flowers *bud and sprout* upon the cambrick or muslin. The transient view of a garden, which is here opened to us, is worth all the *spacious walks and water-works* of RAPIN. Were I to give my opinion, I should, however, say it is to be lamented, that the poet has not enlarged the prospect. This would be in the manner of the ancients, who, if they once got a garment or a cup in their hands, are ever sure to entertain us with a description of the embroidery or the sculpture. VIRGIL and OVID have numerous beauties of this kind. In the former there is a passage, that always charmed me. As I write in a roving way, I shall beg leave to detain the reader for a moment. In the fifth *Æneid*, a robe is given to the victor in the ship-race; not without a description of the ornaments interwoven in the piece. *Mount Ida* is represented, and a stag-chace is part of the decoration: *Ganymede* is in full pursuit, *Acer, anbelanti similis*: he is pounced by an eagle, and carried aloft in the air. The old men lift up their hands in amazement, and by a bold figure we are made to hear the barking of the dogs: *Sævitque canum latratus ad auras*. A poet of inferior genius would have said, *the dogs seemed to bark*. STATIUS, who meant to rival the *Æneid*, has fallen into this error: he describes the sculptured figures round a goblet, and
among

among them *Medusa* frightened by the winged horse :

----- *Illa graves oculos, languentiaque ora
Pæne movet, vivoque etiam pallescit in auro.*

How much the passage is injured by the frigid caution of one saving word, will be perceived by every reader of taste. Had the ruffles been more fully described, I am far from thinking that our poet would have been in this point liable to censure; on the contrary, I will venture to say that a more beautiful bed of flowers was never given by *Cornelius Kick*. The tyrant of the Persian throne presents a terrible and gigantic figure, worthy the hand of *Paul Brill*, or *Giacinto Brandi*.

It may be objected that these elegant verses were written upon a trifling occasion: but *inest sua gratia parvis*. *Catullus* had his sparrow: our *Cowley* abounds with these miniature-pieces; and *Waller* is never so happy as when writing to one lady, *who could sleep*, to another, *who could not*; to a third, *who walked through a crowd*; and a fourth, *who cut trees in paper*. I hope for indulgence if I take the liberty to say, that of all these little efforts of genius, that which was written upon a lady, who p-ssed at the tragedy of *Cato*, seems to me the most natural, as, indeed, the occasion is the most probable. The remarkable sayings of eminent

nent men, when they unfold the inward character; have always appeared to me the most valuable part of history. For this reason I make no doubt but the reader will be glad to learn that *Malherbe*, the great improver of French versification, upon seeing a copy of verses to the King, objected to the title, *Au Roy*, as not sufficiently full; and then added, "*Pour sa chaise perce.*" I do not introduce French expressions as an embellishment of my stile, but because they give the idea with energy and precision.

In the second stanza, where the ruffles are described burning, yet *remaining entire*, what a beautiful idea have we of the *asbestos*? But the opposition between *glow* and *snow*, I am afraid, is an imitation of *Pope* :

*He trembles, he glows
Amidst Rhodope's snows.*

There is afterwards something like an antithesis in *pleasing pain*; but it should be remembered that Mr. *Addison* calls this seeming repugnance between the *abstract* and the *concrete term* by the name of *thwarting ideas*, like the *darkness visible* of MILTON, or the *chiaro-oscuro* of a well-wrought picture. The allusion to *Mutius Scævola* holding his hand in the fire before *King Pyrrhus*, is highly artfull, and calls up in the mind of a scholar that
very

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very happy line of *Martial*; *Si non errasset, fecerat illa minus*. When a whole set of ideas is thus blown up at once, we have the consummation of fine writing.

If there is a degree of glitter in some parts of this polished gem, it is atoned for by the elegant simplicity of the conclusion. Simplicity does not exclude elegance: for this we have the authority of the excellent *QUINTILIAN*: *Nam et ipsa illa ἀφέλεια simplex & inaffektata habet quemdam purum, qualis etiam in feminis amatur, ornatum*. I forgot to mention the concise energy with which our author passes over the circumstance of a tyrant quitting his throne. *More is meant than meets the ear*, as *Milton* has it. *Sylla*, *Charles the fifth*, and others occur to the imagination. This is the *Sallustianum* so much admired by *Quintilian*: *Nam de Carthagine tacere satius puto, quam parum dicere*. It is like the picture of *Apelles*, in which we see *Antigonus* in profile, *ut amissi oculi deformitas lateret*. I will venture to add, that if the *Sacrifice of Iphigenia* by *Timanthes*, in which, the various degrees of grief being exhausted, the father veils his face, were now extant, it would not be found to excel this beautiful pair of ruffles. To leave something to the imagination is a beauty in poetry, as well as painting: *Plus intelligitur, quam pingitur*.
Ovid

Ovid knew all the graces of stile, and in the point
now in question stands without a rival :

----- *Laudat digitosque, manusque,
Bracchiaque, et nudos mediâ plus parte lacertos :*
SIQUA LATENT, MELIORA PUTAT.

Neither the picture of *Apelles*, nor that of *Timanthes* has any thing like that exquisite *going off* into shade; nor is there any thing equal to it in all the works of PIETRO MONTANINI.

Z.



NUMBER

N U M B E R L.

Saturday, Sept. 29, 1753.

Impressit memorem dente labris Notam.

----- *Oscula, quæ Venus*

Quintâ parte sui Nectaris imbuit.

HOR.

THE following letter came to hand just as my printer's devil was at my door, to call for some copy. Upon perusal, it appeared to carry with it a vein of pleasantry, not improper for my fair readers. If it may serve for one half hour to banish from their company a certain concomitant of the tea-equipage, called SCANDAL, I shall think this day's paper subservient to a moral use.

To the A U T H O R.

S I R,

THE *Exercise of the Fan* was proposed in the days of the *Spectator*, as a study highly necessary to the ladies of *Great Britain*. The scheme, offered to their consideration, included all the requisite niceties in the management of that pretty versatile machine. Directions of this nature were, without doubt, highly conducive to that
proper

proper display of female charms, which all men of taste wish to encourage. The exercise of the fan gives the ladies something to do, and we are sure that they are innocently employed. The employment, it may be said, is frivolous; but as the men have taken to themselves the whole sphere of business, the amiable sex may at least be allowed the merit of shining in the trifles, which are left to them. There is, however, a more important system of rules, which I beg leave, through the channel of your paper, to convey to the notice of my beautiful countrywomen. The system of rules which I here intend, is the *Exercise of the Lips*: after mature consideration, I think the whole secret may be comprized under the following precepts.

Moisten your Lips,
Bite your Lips,
Open your Lips,
Close your Lips,
Pout your Lips,
Rest your Lips.

The mouth is a leading feature in every handsome countenance: it is the seat of the graces, where the winning loves and each amiable smile have planted their allurements. When the *French* talk of a pleasing countenance and sweetness of expression, the *bouche gracieuse* is the chief object. There cannot

cannot, therefore, be too much care employed by the ladies to adjust this part of the lovely face. Ovid tells us of an admirer of beauty,

----- *Videt oscula, quæ non
Est vidisse satis,*

He does not say that he saw lips, but by a beautiful *metonymy* he expresses them by their principal power of pleasing. The lover, he says, *saw kisses, which it is not enough to see.* A pair of well-disciplined lips is of the highest moment; and for that reason I have no doubt but my fair readers will henceforth make it their study to put their mouth in order, obedient to the rules above established, and capable with quickness and ease to perform every branch of this delectable exercise.

With regard to the first word of command; a due degree of moisture gives a sparkling lustre to the natural vermilion of the skin, like roses fresh besprinkled with the morning dew. It contributes likewise to hinder them from appearing rough, as is generally the case with old maids; the least suspicion of which the ladies seem willing to avoid, by the present taste of extending the shape beyond its just proportion, by a fashionable enormity of the stays.

Biting

Biting the Lips is attended with more difficulty than the former rule: it is more complicated in its nature, and includes the operation of the passions. There are always many topics in conversation, upon which this practice, if well managed, has a very expressive significance. When, for instance, disagreeable thoughts obtrude, it serves to excite new ideas in the fancy: it prevents the unseasonable eruption of a conscious laugh, when the libertine wit of *Congreve* or *Vanburgh*, provokes a betraying smiler; not to mention that it helps to heighten the natural redness of the lip, and raises a degree of anxiety in the men, lest the delicacy of the skin should suffer from too violent a pressure.

I do not doubt but it may seem perfectly easy to open the lips, but this also I take to be a matter of no small difficulty. Very few, it is observable, open their lips to any purpose; besides it should never be done with precipitance, but always gradually and by degrees. Should there happen to be drawn up within an elegant row of beautiful white teeth, it will be sure to add greatly to the natural bloom, by exhibiting an agreeable contrast; like ivory stained with a just arrangement of crimson colours. On this head it may not be improper to caution my pretty reader,
against

against an indolent custom of relaxing into a yawn, which distends the mouth beyond its proper size, and generally occasions the witty saying, "*Thank you for not swallowing me.*"

Before the lips are closed, it may be proper to confer upon them a new refreshment of moisture. To enliven the colour, if they were to undergo the operation of biting, I should not think it amiss. Shutting the lips, I have often remarked, is extremely becoming in most ladies; and, I think, cannot be too much practised by old maids, wives, and indeed the generality of women. In closing them, however, there are different degrees of pressure to be observed, because in this also the passions are concerned. When they gently touch each other, it gives a variety to the air of the face, by giving it an unusual degree of length; but in this, all who have naturally a long visage, are to be particularly cautious. When somewhat compressed, the dimples in the cheek are displayed to advantage, and the whole face is enlivened with a pleasing serenity. If squeezed close together, they convey a beautiful pensiveness into the look, which is seldom acquired to any degree of perfection by the generality of the sex. The person, however, who once arrives at skill in this part of the practice, will be mistress of an elegant kind of

dumb eloquence, which the critics have observed, is often a great beauty in poetry. I know a gentleman who can read the thoughts of any lady whatever by observing the adjustment of her lips. He tells me, he has observed a pair of lips speak, without any motion, for an hour together, and he has a list of lips, which, he says, are absolute prudes; others that are rakes; some that are amorous; some that are swelled with pride; and from a long course of enquiry he finds that they have more electricity than any other substance in nature.

But these remarks belong more immediately to the following head of *Pouting the Lips*, which is more difficult than any rule advanced as yet. In doing this, it will be found expedient to moisten and bite them first, that, when prominent, the under-lip may look as if pregnant with delight. The passions of scorn, indignation, contempt, and the whole family of pride, are finely marked by this position. I have seen a pouting lip look down upon a rival beauty during an entire tragedy, and I know another, that without uttering a word, can tell a man, that he is a fool, a coxcomb, or a pretty fellow, as the case may happen. I must observe, that this practice becomes handsome faces only: to such it gives an air of elevation,

tion, or a pretty fullness, which throws a kind of amiable severity over the whole countenance. Ugly women seldom have this art in any perfection.

The last rule is to *Rest your Lips*, and is the most neglected of any, though highly essential in this beautiful language. Young girls can never be brought to pay the least attention to this precept: but were they sensible, that when the features are left to display their own native graces without art, their charms are irresistible, I am convinced this word of direction would be better observed. The rule is more extensive than any of the former, because it is proper for all ladies in general, whereas the former should never be practised but by such of the fair, as are blessed with a blooming complexion and a delicacy of features.

The bounds of your paper will not permit me to expatiate further: I shall therefore, at maturity, publish by subscription an entire book, called the *Oeconomy of the Lips*; in which I shall explain at large the doctrine here delivered, and I shall adapt each article to the make of the countenance; the whole to be concluded with *an Essay on the Passions of the Female Lips*. And to the honour of this part of the face, I shall prove, that in these

days of *Atbeism*, all religion is centered in the lips. The few prayers, that are said at present, there is too much reason to think, proceed from the lips only. I could add that the lips are the seat of patriotifm; at least, I am fure it is fo in both houses of parliament. I do not know a lord or a commoner, whose love of his country is more than *lip-deep*. A minifter of ftate, however warm his professions, is your friend *ore tenus*, and no more. As to thofe, who kifs the book in our courts of law, it were to be wished that confcience would now and then fly in their faces. But I have wandered unawares into a digreffion: my concern is with the ladies only.

The fong in the *Beggar's Opera*, "*Lip to lip while we're young, then our lip to the glafs,*" fhall be duly confidered, and I may hereafter take an opportunity to give directions for the management of the eyes.

I am, Sir, your conftant reader,

JOHN LIPSALVE.

NUMBER

N U M B E R L I.

Saturday, Oct. 6, 1753.

Ecce iterum Crispinus.

Juv.

IN a former paper I entertained the public with a scene from a dramatic piece entitled the TEMPLE OF LAVERNA, which was so favourably received, that I am inclined to think the readers of the *Gray's-Inn Journal* will not be displeas'd to see a sequel to that performance.

S C E N E II.

A number of JEWS circumcised and uncircumcised form a cluster in the middle of the Temple: the following confused sounds are heard.

Tickets; tickets; lottery tickets! come, who buys 300 for all this month? I fell 100 for next Monday at 15s. 6d.—What do you say, *Adam*?

Adam. I'll give you 15s. for 100 next Monday.

Tubal. No, master *Adam*, I have my eye-teeth as well as you or any man in the house. Do you think I don't know what is doing? Although Mr. *Slyboots* lies by, I can smoke his agents.

Moses Noisy. I tell you what, I want 500 for Wednesday morning to complete my commission, and, in a word, I'll give 14s. 6d.

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All. Hoot him, hoot him, mind *Noisy*, mind *Moses*.

Enter a Country Gentleman, in boots, with his Friend.

Country Gent. Is it here?

Friend. Yes, Sir.

Country Gent. Woons, what a place this is?

Friend. Come, Sir, you had better sit down, and make your observations upon this scene, of which you were so very desirous to be a spectator.

As soon as they are seated, the waiter comes up and demands sixpence each

Country Gent. Sixpence, mon! for what? To see these monsters, I suppose.

Waiter. Sir, it is usual; every gentleman pays sixpence, who sits down.

Country Gent. Nay, friend, I shan't dispute it with you: it is not the first tax you have raised upon me.

Friend. A word in your ear: you had better not speak in that manner; see how they stare.

Country Gent. Let'n stare, what care I? I expect no place; and, woons! I think a mon, who pays half his estate in taxes, should at least be allowed to speak his mind.

Friend. Not quite so loud; you don't mind as to yourself; but they all know me, and I would not willingly draw upon me their ill will.

Country

Country Gent. Well, well, well, to oblige you : but which is the mon, who does what he pleases with the great mon at the other end of the town ? Woons I cannot remember his name : we drink confusion to him very often in the country. He is richer than a *German* prince, they say.

Friend. *Caiphas* you mean ?

Country Gent. Ay, ay, *Caiphas* is the mon. Which is he, pray ?

Friend. He is not come yet, but it is probable you will see him presently.

Here the Jobbers grow very clamorous, crying in harsh dissonant tones, Tickets ; India bonds ; Rescounters ; Consolidate.

Country Gent. As I am an *Englishman* this is a perfect *Babel*. *Rescounters ! consolidate !* woons, these fellows have certainly made a compact with the devil, and these are the words by which they call him to their assistance.

Friend. No, Sir, no : those are the names o the different stocks.

Country Gent. Bless me, friend *Worthy*, it is a melancholy thing that our poor country should be drained of her wealth and power, by such infernal leeches. Ah ! many a time and oft have my lord *Turncoat* and I talked over these things in the country. We have sat together, and drank *The true interest of Great Britain, and Old England without taxes*, untill we have been both ready to cry.

But no mon is to be depended upon, I see: he is gone off, and as deep, I warrant, in the mire, as any of them.

Friend. I believe you never saw so many Jews together before.

Country Gent. No, never to be sure: but we shall soon have them swarm in all parts of the kingdom, now they are naturalized. Woons! if they come among us, I know what; let them take care of themselves, I say; their betters have been properly treated there, I can tell them. Let them look to it: but prithee, friend *Worthy*, is the report we have in the country true? Why, they say, mon, there will shortly be laid a fine upon any one, who is convicted of going to church. Woons! if this should be the case, notwithstanding the love I have for *Old England*, I am determined to sell my acres, and retire to some *Christian Protestant* country. I would not become a Jew, no, not to be a minister of state.

Friend. Hush! who comes here?

Enter Lord Bowspit and Mr. Servile.

L. Bow. (*looking at his watch*) No, he, is not come yet; it is not quite twelve.

Servile. Pray, my Lord, how long have you been acquainted with *Caiphas*?

L. Bow,

L. Bow. Ever since the year forty-six. I leave a sum of money in his hands, which he jobbs for me, and furnishes me with an account at the year's end. I would have you do the same.

Servile. I should like it very well, my Lord; but it does not suit me to lodge a large sum with him.

L. Bow. If that be your only objection, he can act for you in another shape: he can buy and sell stock, for your account, without money. This we call *Bulls and Bears*.

Servile. Yes, but, my Lord, I think there is an act of parliament against that, is not there?

L. Bow. Yes, there is something of that kind; Sir *John Barnard's act* they call it; Sir *John* you know is a particular sort of man, and consults the interest of the public: but those chimerical projects of his do not coincide with the present system by any means. He is a very singular sort of man, what they call a patriot: indeed he has been always the same.

Servile. I wonder what he gets by that: I was myself a patriot for two sessions, but I found there was nothing to be got by it, and so I entered a volunteer under the opposite banner.

Enter Caiphas, (upon which a general silence ensues)

Caiphas. Has any body enquired for me?—
Hah, my Lord! Yours!

L. Bow.

L. Bow. Mr. *Caiphas*, I am your most obedient humble servant. Give me leave, Sir, to introduce this gentleman to your acquaintance, he is a particular friend of mine, Mr. *Servile*.

Caiphas. I am glad to know any friend of your Lordship's. Has this gentleman any inclination to do any thing in our way? You need but let me know.

Servile. Under your direction, Mr. *Caiphas*, I should like to jobb a little.

Caiphas. Enough: call upon me to-morrow morning. I'll put you in the way.

Servile. I shall be for ever obliged to you, Mr. *Caiphas*.

Caiphas. Say no more. You are my Lord *Bowspit's* friend, that's enough.

Friend to the Country Gent. Well, Sir, what think you of the renowned *Caiphas*? that is the wonderful personage whom you have heard so much talk of.

Country Gent. I protest I cannot conceal my astonishment. Why, I expected to see a giant, mon! Woons! is it possible that *Old England* should be bamboozled thus?

L. Bow. Mr. *Caiphas*, I am glad to hear that you begin to be pretty quiet in the city now. The clamour against your people subsides, I am told: you need not be under any apprehension, it will die away entirely in a little time, I dare say.

Caiphas.

Caiphas. I do not care much, my Lord, whether it dies away, or not. They talk of repealing the act: let them do as they like: money is the religion of this country: if I can put together enough of it, I don't care a pinch of snuff for any sect, or any party whatever.

Several Jew-brokers shew great surprize at overhearing this; upon which Caiphas turns about, puts out his tongue, and winks at them.

L. Bow. Nay, I think you would be right in that, Mr. *Caiphas*; for why should a man of your sense lie under any disadvantage for punctilios or form? We have done all we could to serve you: we are not so tenacious of religion, but we can admit yours among us; and money certainly is a very good religion. That is the maxim of a wise man.

Caiphas. Well, well, we will talk more of this another time. Will you dine with me at the *King's Arms*? I am obliged to go now to the *South-Sea-house*, but I have ordered an excellent *ham* for dinner, and if you and your friend will dine with me, *Quin* is to be of the party, and I promise you a jolly day.

L. Bow. *Ham, Mr. Caiphas!* come, come, that is a good sign: I find you are coming over to us: you will soon be as good a *Christian* as any of us.

Caiphas. Nay, my Lord, those things I laugh
at.

at. I tell you what; it is clear to me that *Moses* never was in *Westphalia*, or he would not have prohibited pork, ha, ha, ha!

L. Bow. Ha, ha, ha!

Servile. Ha, ha, ha!

Caiphas. Well, my Lord, your servant; Mr. *Servile*, yours. (*Exit Caiphas.*)

L. Bow. Now that you know him, *Servile*, be sure you cultivate your acquaintance with him: you will find it your interest.

Servile. I understand you; I shall be at his house to-morrow morning by eight o'clock. But we have no further business here, let us go.

L. Bow. With all my heart.

(*Exeunt L. Bowsprit and Servile.*)

Country Gent. Woons! this place has struck such a damp upon my spirits, that I shall not be myself, until I get into company again with a set of honest fellows, and drink *The Old Constitution* in a pint bumper.

Friend. Come, if you grow melancholy, we must quite these gentry.

Country Gent. Woons! I wish I could blow them all up, and then I should have a clear estate: let me give them one hearty curse, and then we will go.

Friend. No, no, no, let us leave them quietly.

Forces the Country Gentleman out, upon which the scenes closes.

NUMBER

N U M B E R LII.

Saturday, Oct. 13, 1753.

Mane salutantum totis vomit ædibus undam.

VIRG.

To the A U T H O R.

S I R,

A MIDST all the frolic excursions of fancy, to which you have occasionally given vent in your *Saturday's* compositions, I have observed that there is not one of them that has not a degree of tendency to the instruction, as well as entertainment of your readers. On this account, I hope you will not refuse a place to a letter, which may, perhaps, appear whimsical, but will be found to be bottomed in truth. I mean to shew the futility of a maxim, which has gained credit with most people, though extremely ill-grounded, as, I think, I can fairly evince, from an experimental knowledge of mankind.

You undoubtedly recollect that *Ovid* has in one of his *Elegies* the following lines.

*Donec eris felix multos numerabis amicos ;
Tempora si fuerint nubila, solus eris.*

Now,

Now, Sir; it is so far from being true, that a man is surrounded with friends in prosperity, and left destitute under misfortune, that I will undertake to prove the very reverse. In doing this I flatter myself I shall serve the purposes of virtue, and vindicate the dignity of human nature.

You must know, that I came to this town, a few years since, with intent to read the law, having just fortune enough to support me in my studies, until I might fix myself in a tolerable road of business. For this purpose I lodged in one of the inns of court. The œconomy, which I was obliged to observe, rendering it impossible for me to go much into company, I soon found out that I led a very gloomy sort of life. I therefore shifted the scene, and though, in a short time, I found means to run out my little fortune, I cannot say that I was relinquished by the world on this account. It is true that some of my acquaintance totally deserted me; but I found numbers more earnestly attached than they would otherwise have been. I remember the last word my aunt in the country said to me: "*Bob, wherever you go, be sure to make friends for yourself.*" To this advice I have conformed with great success, as will appear from the sequel.

The friendships of the world are, in general,
leagues

leagues in debauchery and intemperance; made in the drawing of a cork, and often ended in the same manner. *Out of sight out of mind* is certainly true with regard to the generality of connections, but the impressions I have made upon the minds of my friends are not so easily effaced. On the contrary, when it happens that I am seldom seen by them, they are known to be in great solicitude, and the discourse they usually have with each other is, "Have you seen our old friend lately?" "I can't think what is become of him? I hope he is not gone out of town: I am very uneasy about him. I wish to God he would see and settle his affairs: he's a very careless young fellow. A great deal too wild: throws away his money like dirt. I have called upon him morning after morning, but all to no purpose. I'd give a bottle of wine I could meet with him: I'd rather that than my dinner. I never longed so much to see any body."

These are the general expressions of anxiety which my friends throw out on my account. Some of them are not content to rest here; words cost nothing; they carry the thing to such a length as to employ a couple of fellows, who are daily in all quarters of the town hunting and prying

ing about for me. As there are few instances of such earnest friendship in the world, I am sensible what I have said may have a romantic appearance. You may think, Sir, that I am entertaining you all this time with a novel; but every word is literally true; and what may perhaps raise your idea still higher, is this: not one of all these people has ever got a shilling by me; and I verily believe few of them ever will. Having said thus much in praise of these my well-wishers, it will naturally be desired of me, to inform the world who and what they are, who are in such concern about a stranger. Not to keep you any longer in suspense, I will now tell you, that I have experienced all this generosity from my CREDITORS.

By this it will appear that the pleasure of being in debt, though very common in life, is very little understood by the generality of those, who addict themselves to this gratification. The art in all these cases is to refine upon the occurrences and disappointments, to which our state is liable. For my part, the pleasure just mentioned, is one of the most valuable enjoyments of my life. My morning *leuce* is as great as any nobleman's; whereas, in the days, when I could say I was in possession of a competence, I never had any visitor whatever,
except

except a laundress to make my bed in the *Temple*. But now the case is altered; there is a constant crowd of attendants about my doors. To those, who are admitted, I have the pleasure of making as many promises as a minister of state, and a lofty pride in keeping them much after the same fashion. Upon these occasions it will now and then happen, that they who best know how to make their court, and have the art of taking a pliant hour, sometimes prevail upon me to appoint a day for the completion of their wishes. As things of consequence cannot be done in a violent hurry, the day agreed upon is generally very distant, may be from six to nine or twelve months. For this purpose a bond is generally executed, and to make the security better, I am sometimes induced to ensure my life. In doing this you will be astonished to hear that I have little or no trouble. By the desire of an attorney I walk to *Lloyd's* coffee-house, and there sit down under the clock to be looked at by the underwriters. The anxiety with which those gentlemen behold an entire stranger, is a mark of their benevolence. Upon these occasions I have made many a genteel acquaintance. Colonel *Phtifick*, who comes with pectoral lozenges to prevent a fit of coughing, is my intimate friend. I could mention numbers from the *St. James's* end of the town. When the business of

ensuring my life is finished, the friendship one meets with from those, who signed the policy, is really wonderfull. In their private rambles on a *Saturday* evening in and about *Covent-garden*, I often meet them, and they express themselves with great kindness. " My dear Sir, do take a little
 " care of yourself: it goes to my very heart to
 " hear you cough so hard. Be advised by me,
 " and put a stocking about your neck to-night,
 " and take something to sweat you a little and
 " ease your chest. You should not drink so
 " much: consider, it impairs both constitution
 " and purse. You know it's for your good I
 " speak. You'd be a great loss to your friends:
 " take up a little, flesh and blood can't hold it
 " always."

Thus, Mr. *Ranger*, am I beloved, and that for no other reason, but my address in making friends for myself. I am so closely watched by these generous creatures, that it is totally out of my power to take any wrong step, that might be detrimental to my affairs. Of this I had a convincing proof about a year ago, when the interposition of my taylor hindered me from committing a very inconsiderate action. I was going with a friend to take a trip to *Paris*, by which I expedition I must certainly have been drained of all my
 ready

ready money; but the vigilance of my friend contrived to have me stopped as I was just stepping into the post-chaise, and I was thence conducted to a house of great hospitality in *Gray's-Inn-lane*, for the sum of three hundred pounds. Here I remained till my passion for travel was perfectly cooled. When I was at length restored to my liberty, my abovementioned friends took particular care not to leave me a single shilling, for fear I should have the same unhappy inclination a second time.

While I thus enjoy the assiduity and benevolence of such a number, who are kind enough to interest themselves in my affairs, I must own there is a species of creditors, who are an exception to the general rule; for though all those of whom I have hitherto been speaking, are upon every occasion highly pleased to meet me, this last detest the very sight of me. As I am not conscious that I have ever done any thing to incur their displeasure to so great a degree, their aversion shocks me the more. I have taken pains to soften them by politeness, but all in vain. Whenever I do not pay them what is due to them, I endeavour to put them off with the handsomest apology in my power; but it seems I have run too far in arrear, and they are not by any means to be satisfied. As
I should

I should be glad that you would give them a word of advice, I will hint to you that the personages, whom I mean, are no other than GENTLEMEN'S SERVANTS. The cry among them all is, What can a poor serving-man do, if he is robbed of his just vails by such scoundrels? They are very unwilling to let me run further in their debt. I can hardly get any thing out of their hands. If I call for beer at table, they are sure not to hear me, till their master orders them to serve the gentleman; then I receive the leavings of the tankard just out of the hands of the most capacious swallow in the company. In short, the peevishness of these my creditors is a great discount upon my happiness. I must confess there is no kind of pleasure in being in debt to them. However, I must endeavour to bear this inconvenience, and if you will be pleased to insert this letter in the *Gray's-Inn Journal*, I shall be proud to get into your books. To be in debt to Mr. *Ranger*, is the ambition of, Sir,

Your faithful humble servant,

Robert Dunslope.

End of the Fifth Volume.

