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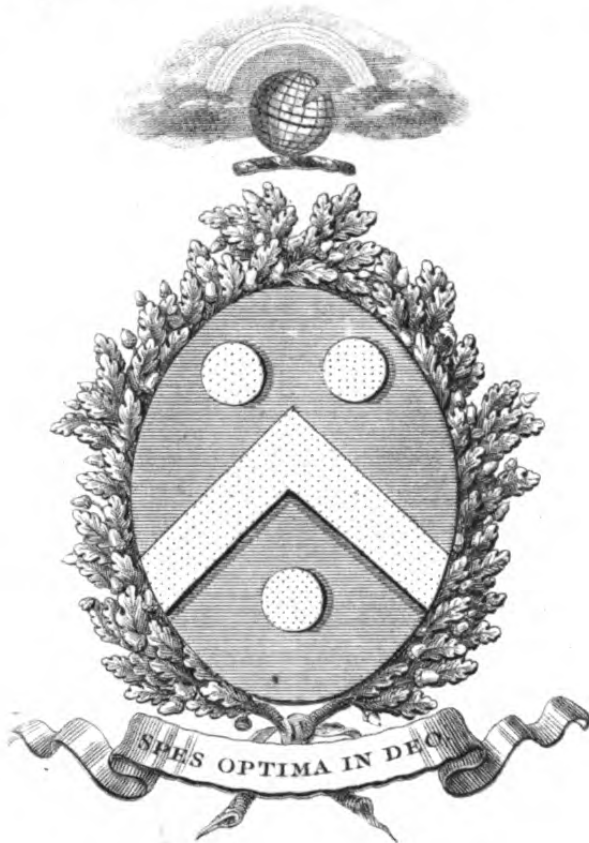


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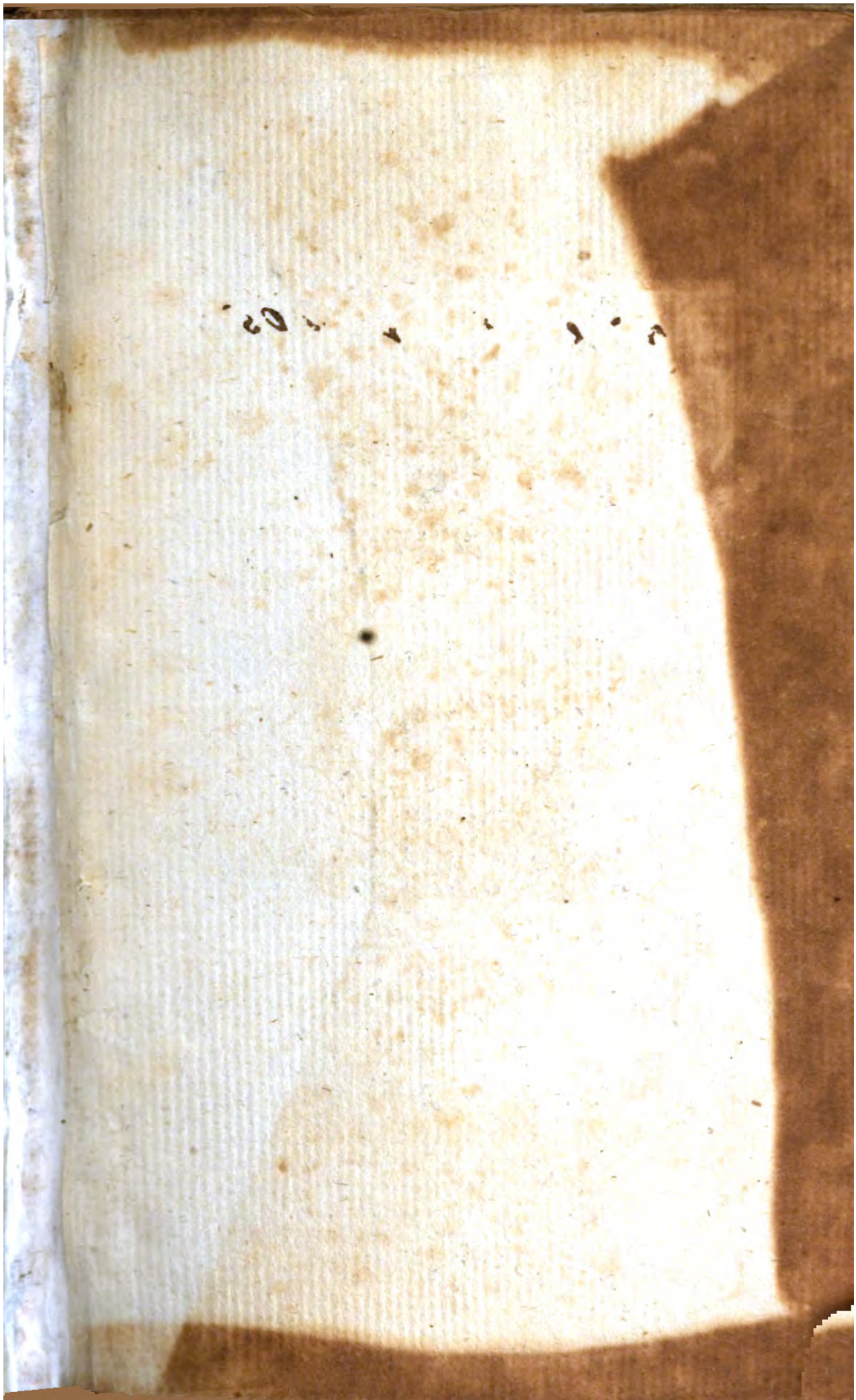




Hope Essays 405.

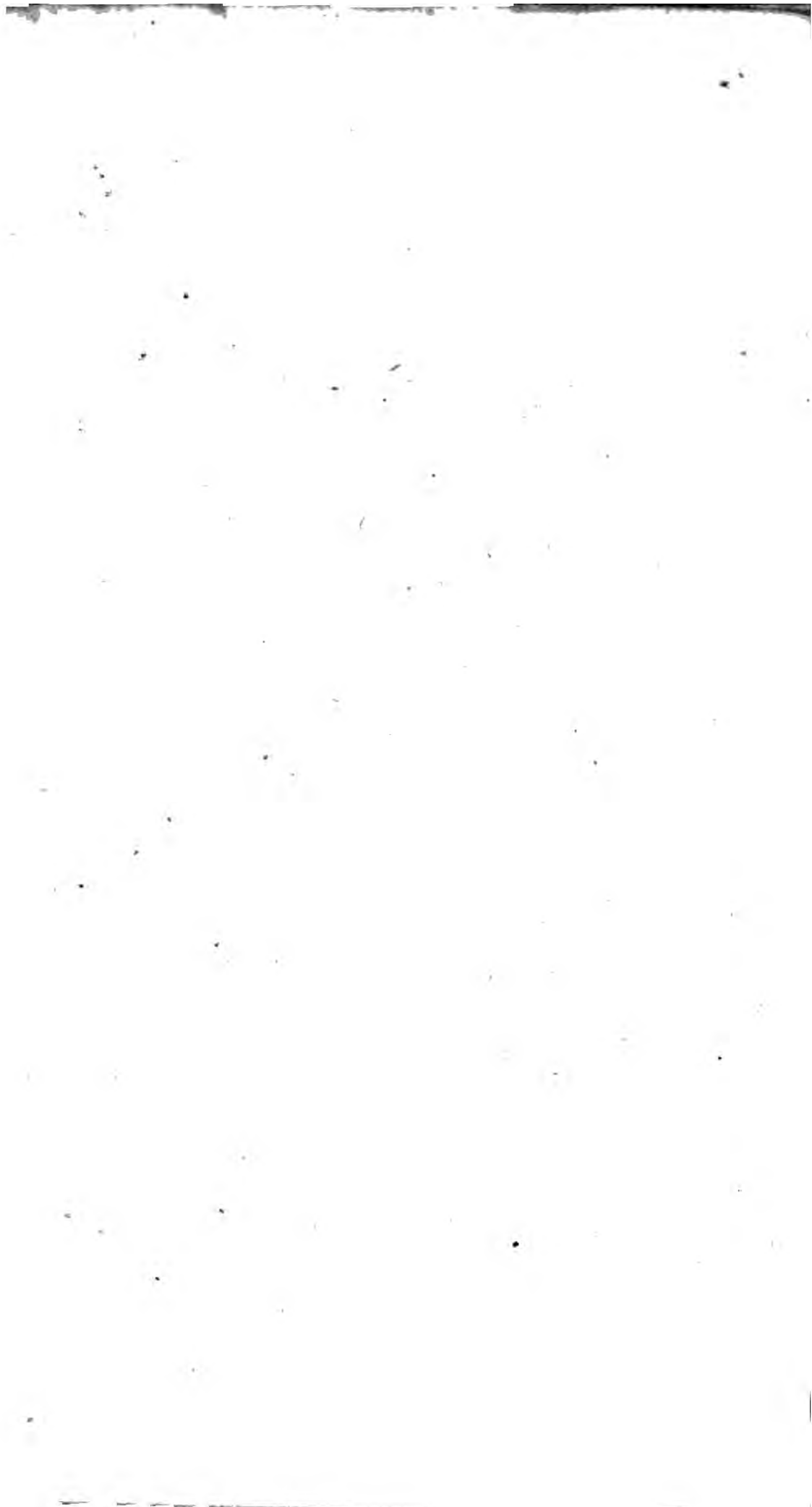


John Thomas Hope.









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THE  
F O O L:

BEING A  
COLLECTION

OF  
ESSAYS and EPISTLES,  
Moral, Political, Humourous, and Entertaining.

Published in the  
*DAILY GAZETTEER.*

WITH THE  
AUTHOR'S PREFACE,  
AND A  
COMPLETE INDEX

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V O L. II.

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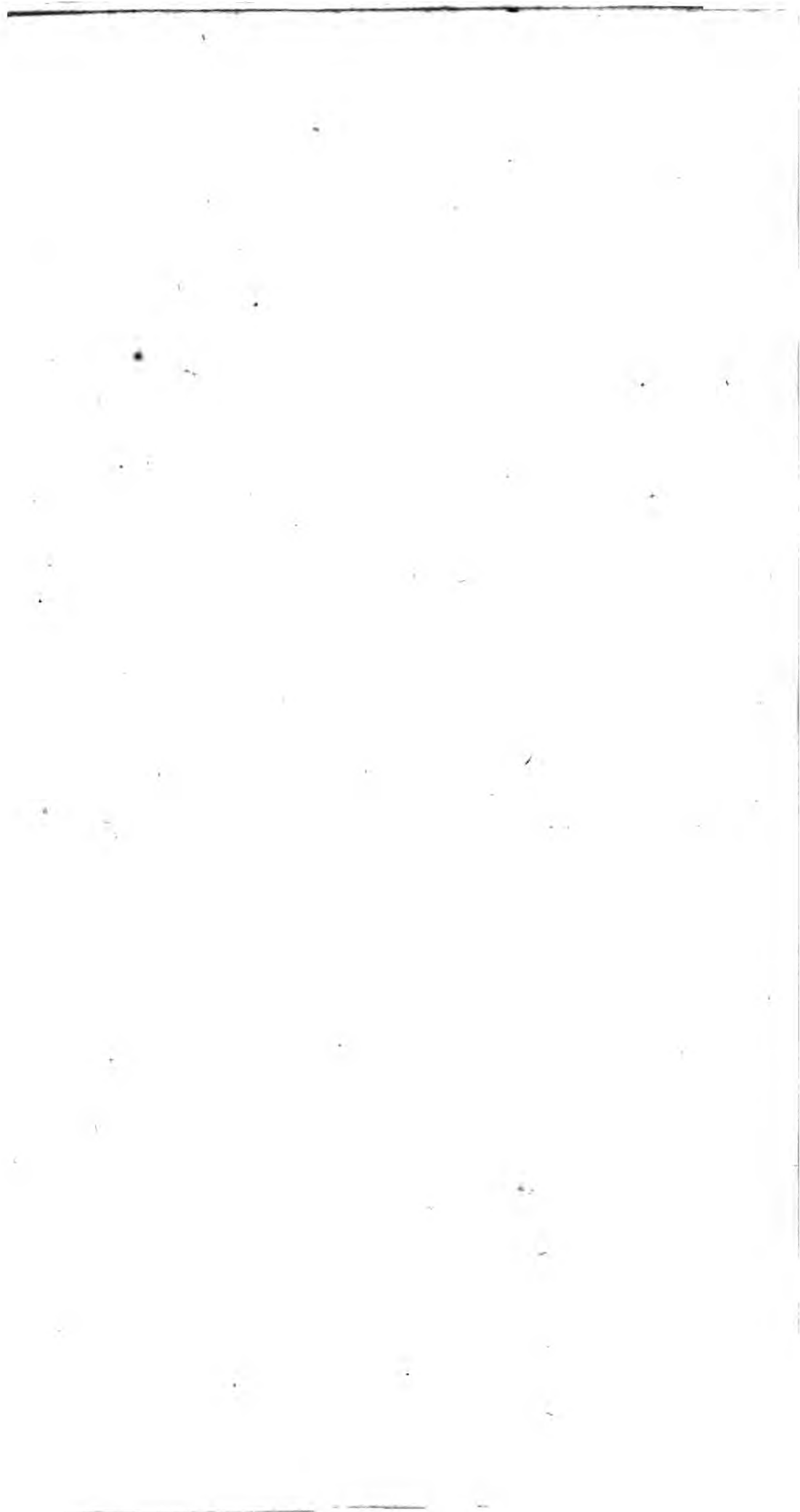
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MDCCLVIII.









THE  
F O O L.

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V O L. II.

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N<sup>o</sup> 51. *Thursday, November 20, 1746.*

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THE Extent, Dominion, Power, and Influence, of our Family, I think, has never yet been disputed by any Body. Nor, as I can learn, has any one been so bold as to question my being the supreme *Fool*, or Head of this Family; consequently, am Sovereign both by Sea and Land, over, at least, half the good People inhabiting this Globe; so that I seem to be the Man of whom it has been prophesied, *That his Dominion shall have no End.* Which

VOL. II.

B

is

is what no Monarch in the Universe besides can pretend to. Though this is evident as Light, yet there are a Sort of People in most Kingdoms at the Head of public Affairs, who, under the Cover of Wisdom, are secretly undermining me, with no other Design but to assume that Authority they are vainly endeavouring to deprive me of. These I shall beg Leave to call *State Wise-acres*, who manage themselves in this Respect equally as they do public Affairs. In a Word, they understand me and my Views, just as well as they do the Conduct of a War, the Art of Government, or the Treaty of *Worms*. Yet, for all this, take great Pains to unmonarch me, and constitute themselves in my Stead. However, they do no more in this Respect than their Predecessors have ever attempted to do to mine, which they never had the good Luck to succeed in until the Reign of King *Charles* the First, here in *England*; when, fortified by absolute Power, the good Bishop *Laud* made the first and only successful Attack on our State and Dignity; the Account of which extraordinary Act of High Treason  
we



N<sup>o</sup> 51.      *The* F O O L.      3

we find recorded in the Second Volume of *Rushworth's* Historical Collections, under the Year 1637, Folio 470 & 471, XIII *Caroli* March 11. ‘ At this Time came News  
‘ from *Scotland*, that the King’s Proclama-  
‘ tion, dated the 19th of *February*, publish-  
‘ ed at *Striveling* the Beginning of *March*,  
‘ wherein his Majesty declares, that he or-  
‘ dained the Book of Common Prayer to  
‘ be compiled, for Edification of the King’s  
‘ Subjects in *Scotland*; and to maintain the  
‘ true Religion already professed there.

‘ And so it happened, that on the 11th  
‘ of the said *March*, that *Archibald*, the  
‘ King’s *Fool*, said to his Grace the Arch-  
‘ bishop of *Canterbury*, as he was going to  
‘ the Council-Table, *Whea’s Feule now?*  
‘ Doth not your Grace hear the News from  
‘ *Striveling* about the Liturgy? With other  
‘ Words of Reflection. This was presently  
‘ complained of to the Council; which pro-  
‘ duced the ensuing Order:



The F O O L. N<sup>o</sup> 51.

At *Whitehall*, March 11, 1637.

P R E S E N T,

The King's Most Excellent Majesty,

Lord Archbishop of <i>Can-</i>	Earl of <i>Dorset</i> ,
<i>terbury</i> ,	Earl of <i>Salisbury</i> ,
Lord Keeper,	Earl of <i>Holland</i> ,
Lord Treasurer,	Lord <i>Newburgh</i> ,
Lord Privy Seal,	Mr. Treasurer,
Lord Duke of <i>Lenox</i> ,	Mr. Comptroller,
Lord Marquis of <i>Hamilton</i> ,	Mr. Vice-Chamberlain,
Earl Marshal,	Mr. Secretary <i>Cocke</i> ,
Lord Chamberlain,	Mr. Secretary <i>Windebanke</i> .
Earl of <i>Northumberland</i> ,	

‘ It is this Day ordered by his Majesty,  
 ‘ with the Advice of the Board, That *Ar-*  
 ‘ *chibald Armestrong*, the King's Fool, for  
 ‘ certain scandalous Words of a high Na-  
 ‘ ture, spoken by him against the Lord  
 ‘ Archbishop of *Canterbury* his Grace, and  
 ‘ proved to be uttered by him, by two  
 ‘ Witnesses, shall have his Coat pulled over  
 ‘ his Head, and be discharged of the King's  
 ‘ Service, and banished the King's Court;  
 ‘ for which the Lord Chamberlain of the  
 ‘ King's Household is prayed, and required,  
 ‘ to give Order to be executed. And imme-  
 ‘ diately the same was put in Execution.’

From

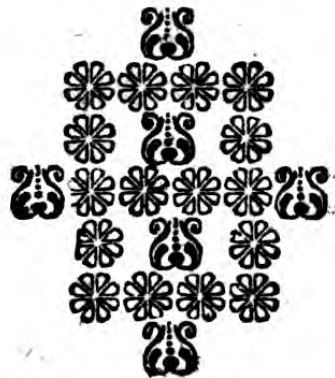
N<sup>o</sup> 51.      *The F O O L.*      5

From this Time forward the Ministers of State wore this famous Coat in their Turns, as other Historians inform us, *viz.* Lord *Clarendon*, *Whitlock*, *Rapin*, &c. but it was all Outside at the best; they had the *Regalia*, but not the Thing. All our Family adored *Archibald* as much as before. The Degraders were left to laugh at each other in due Order; and in the next Reign *Archibald's* Successor, *Killigrew*, resumed the Dignity, and with it that wise proverbial Saying, *Never to look a Gift Horse in the Mouth*; but he grew so excessively witty, that even the merriest Monarch we ever had could but ill bear him, though he was too good-natured a Prince to degrade him. However, upon his Decease, the Honour devolved again upon the Ministry, and my Predecessors sheltered themselves for the future under the Wings of the Constitution; and in Return for the Protection became its Advocate. From this Time forward the Laws had their due Course, and Liberty flourished and triumphed. Our Opposers marched off to *St. Germains*, with all their Priests and Trumpery; and on the

Establishment of the immortal *Nassau*, the Prerogative and Constitution being blended, we delegated Part of our Power into the Hands of the successive Ministers; directed all our Lieutenants and Deputies, posted in Town and Country, at my Lord Mayor's Court, and in private Families, to be dismissed; and, as the Constitution was safe, left them in a good Measure to play the *Fool* by themselves; reserving to us the resuming of our Rights and Dignities, whenever we should see just Cause, whenever we should find the Constitution played Tricks with, and fool'd out of its Senses.

How much this is now the Case, all may judge by the various Calls I have had from every Quarter of the Kingdom, to take upon me the Dignity of my Predecessors, and to exert myself in Defence of the Constitution, as becomes the Head of so illustrious a Tribe. While we have Wars without Fighting, and Peace without Repose; our Money squander'd away upon *Jew* Brokers, and *Dutch* Stock-Jobbers; the Civil List irrecoverably in Debt, as to its own Bottom; and the Navy, in Effect, mortgaged

gaged for as much as its Worth ; Projects form'd to raise Money, without Meaning ; and the Sinking Fund, the Basis of our Credit, answerable for the Consequences ; Land Officers without Heads, and Sea Officers without Heads or Hearts ; Treaties projected, and rising into an happy Issue, murdered and confounded by trifling Negotiations ; am not I under all the Obligations of Honour, Justice, every sacred Tye, to answer the Demands of the Public ? And to say to those with whom my Power has been so long delegated, as *Archibald* did to the Archbishop, *Whea's Feule now ?*







N<sup>o</sup> 52. *Wednesday, November 26, 1746.*

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**T**HE general Run of Mankind, whether acting simply, or in collective or associated Bodies, whose great End is, to impose upon, cheat, or abuse their Fellow-Creatures, have the same general Scheme, of fixing indelible Marks of Infamy and Reproach on those whose Ruin they wish or intend. In this Light, every Man is a Villain who does not suffer himself, his Friend, or his Country, to be despoiled, and has a different Mark set upon him, according to the Genius of him, or them, whom he interrupts or impedes, in the Prosecution of such bad Courses, as he, or they, is, or are pursuing, in order to attain a Point, or buoy him or themselves up above the common Reach of Law and Justice. This is one of the wise Principles whereon all designing Men act, from the First Minister of State, down to the Bailiff's Follower. We shall, at present, leave the lower Rank of Men to act.

act in this Particular, as they shall find most convenient to their respective Purposes; and attend only to the Conduct of the Great, whom we may, perhaps, find as destitute of Generosity or Charity, as of Honour and Truth, and out-doing the meanest of the People, in the pitiful Manner whereby they act to support their Dignity.

All Ministers have their Agents, Lions, or Spies, on whom the public Money is squandered, and who lie in wait to entrap their Fellow-Subjects. With these associate numberless Volunteers, who act only in Hopes of future Pay or Preferment. If these, or either of these, did no more than discover, or inform, they would be generally esteemed necessary passive Beasts, a kind of Sheep only rendered terrible by their outside *Apparatus*, but not very nocent or hurtful; but when they become active, and, by pursuing their Master's Instructions, make it their Business to unknave him, and cloath with the invidious Character his Opposers, who are apparently pursuing the Public Good, the Innocence of the Lamb, no more than the Generosity of the Lion, reigns longer in

their Hearts. These People, who before were so terribly harmless, on a sudden change their Natures, and become a kind of *Quadrupedes* for whom I have no Name. I do not by this mean that their Bodies, but their Minds, go upon four Feet; and rather strike you with an Idea of a Beast in Vision, than of a real one in *statu quo* obvious to common Sight; that carry the Beast about them somewhat invisibly, and are best known as bearing the internal Semblance of their Master, whose Emanations they are, and sparkle Part of himself in all Places of public Resort.

A right Acquaintance herewith informs us from what Spring flows that Stream of Abuse which disperses itself over the Kingdom, that, like a Pestilential Vapour, taints every Thing it touches, and preys on the Characters of the Great, the Good, and the Wise; and by this Means the Propagaters, though mean and meriteless, hope to acquire Fame, and secure themselves in Power. They indicate, that such a Great Man values not his Word; no, not his Oath, so he can but deceive. That the Views of a Second

cond are mercenary at the Bottom, and the Third an impudent, ignorant, impertinent meddling Fellow. Even the poor *Fool*, who never dreamt about Parties; who is at most only a prating merry Fellow, is become stigmatised by these Wretches with the Character of a *Jacobite*. But, why all these invidious Reflections? Why, truly, because the First has both Genius and Judgment capable of making his Country shine with Dignity and Eclat; the Second, Wisdom, Skill, and Address to manage the Affairs of Commerce, in the Great Assembly of the Nation; the Third too many good Qualities for these bad Times; and, as to me, the *Fool*, I believe I may without Vanity say, that, if some People hadn't been as great *Fools*, with more *Jacobitism* at their Hearts, the late Rebellion had never come to the Head it did; *France* had never bullied *England* at this Time of Day, nor our Wealth been absorb'd by *Jews* and *Dutchmen*.

I can't help, on this Occasion, expressing my Contempt of the Poorness of Mind ex-

emplified in a trivial Act of one of the Branches of the present Administration.

The Public is first to learn that the *Fool* is a Seaman, cotemporary with, perhaps, the only one now at the Admiralty Board, and therefore possibly of equal Experience in Maritime Affairs. By his saying something a little too knowing in those Matters, that wise Board withdrew their Advertisements, and punished the poor *Gazetteer*, with the Loss of now and then a Couple of Shillings Profit, which the *Fool* has really no more to do with than the Man in the Moon. After this, what is not to be expected from superlative Wisdom?

But to return to Generals. There lived not many Years ago in this Kingdom a certain noble Lord, who had a very great Hand in the happy Revolution, in the bringing in of the Prince of *Orange*, and establishing him on the *British* Throne. This Noble Person, I will beg Leave to say, was just such another *Jacobite* as the *Fool*, had the same Love for the Constitution, and the same Sentiments of the Manner in which it ought to be preserved and supported.



ported. He had, like other Men, many Failings, but public Virtue was the Idol he adored with so much Devotion, that his Sovereign was sometimes heard to say he wish'd him a *Jacobite*, that the Keeness of his Attention might have been exploded, by the Badness of the Cause he would then have engaged in. It will appear, that Eloquence was not his best Qualification, no more than sober Speaking. In Truth, he was of a warm Temper, a violent Friend to Liberty, and when the Constitution affronted, though by never so mean a Person, not very happy in the Manner of delivering himself. His Speech is here introduced to shew what kind of Men they are, who, by Ministerial Lions, are deemed *Jacobites*. Those who dare say, they will have the Constitution preserved, let who will rule, This Speech, I will beg Leave to add, is an Original; it was spoken to the Mayor and Corporation of *Hereford* in the Year 1718. The Occasion will appear in the Reading; and the Contents are as followeth:

Mr.



‘ Mr. Mayor ; your Servant, Gentlemen ;  
‘ yours, D—n you all ; I’ll have you to  
‘ know, by G—d, that I am Lord Lieute-  
‘ nant and *Custos Rotulorum* of this County ;  
‘ Lord High Steward of this City, and that  
‘ for Life ; and, G—d D—n ye, I’ll do  
‘ what I please, both with you and your  
‘ City. I hear some of you are for the  
‘ Pretender, by G—d a Fellow whom his  
‘ own Mother has disowned. And I am  
‘ informed, what a Lady of the strictest  
‘ Virtue and best Reputation would have  
‘ depos’d before you upon Oath, by G—d  
‘ that, That impudent Rascal said, that this  
‘ Fellow was the rightful Heir to the Crown ;  
‘ you refus’d to take her Deposition, G—d  
‘ D—n ye : I speak to you, Mr. Mayor,  
‘ and you, Mr. *Taylor*, that are a *Jacobite*,  
‘ and a Fellow without a Soul, G—d D—n  
‘ ye. I am also informed, that a Pack of  
‘ Wretches, one of which was an Excise-  
‘ man, and another of them a Fellow who  
‘ eats the King’s Bread, meeting in the  
‘ Market-Place on the 10th of *June*, drank  
‘ the Pretender’s Health, and proclaimed  
‘ him King ; and here you and your Oaken  
‘ Boughs,

‘ Boughs, and White Rofes too, G—d  
 ‘ D—n ye. There are but Three honest  
 ‘ Men in Town, by G—d, which are *Tom*  
 ‘ *Baily*, Doctor *Lewis*, and Mr. *Biron*. As  
 ‘ for myself, I have oppos’d this Fellow’s  
 ‘ pretended Father, I have oppos’d the  
 ‘ Son; *And though King George be the best*  
 ‘ *Prince that ever fat upon the English Throne,*  
 ‘ *G—d D—n me, but I would oppose him too,*  
 ‘ *should he pretend to alter our Laws and*  
 ‘ *Constitutions.* Look ye, Gentlemen, I had  
 ‘ a Mind to have been your Friend, and not  
 ‘ have sent you any more Soldiers; the last  
 ‘ were civil Gentlemen; but, do you hear,  
 ‘ by G—d take Care to profecute this raf-  
 ‘ cally Fellow of a Butcher; if you do,  
 ‘ I’ll take Care of a Jury; if not, I’ll fend  
 ‘ you Soldiers, that shall use you as you  
 ‘ ought to be used: I’ll fetch them from  
 ‘ Hell, G—d D—n ye, that I will; and fo  
 ‘ I wish you Farewell.’

The indecent Expreffions or Expletives  
 aside, not very becoming in the Mouth of  
 a Gentleman, there is in the above Speech  
 a certain laudable Warmth and Turn of  
 Thinking, that denotes the Speaker a tho-  
 rough

rough Constitutionist ; a Character that all Ministers tremble at, and wish, like King *William*, that such were *Jacobites* indeed, to be hang'd out of the Way, and the Ministers thereby left to play the *Fool* without Opposition.





N<sup>o</sup> 53. *Friday, November 28, 1746.*

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**I**N the Course of my Conversation I find, that my slight Way of mentioning the Treaty of *Worms*, hitherto, has not had the wished Effect, which was, to convince all reasoning Men, of the Utility thereof, and consequently of the superior Genius, Skill, and Penetration, of the Person who negotiated that Treaty; over those who opposed the Execution of it with all their Might, and prevented, by forcing themselves into Power, as much as they could, the farther Prosecution of the common Welfare.

I confess that I always apprehended, that the bare Mentioning of it was sufficient for those who read and consider Treaties, and therefore the Reminding them of its happy Effects in general, amply answering the great End of my Intimations: But am now convinced of the Necessity of setting it in such a just Light, as may satisfy all Mankind who do me the Honour to read this  
 Paper,

Paper, of the Benefits to the common Cause, naturally and happily resulting therefrom ; what this Nation in particular, and *Europe* in general, owe to the Great Man who negociated it ; and what to those who dispossefs'd him of Power for that very Reason.

What, at the making of this Treaty, was most invidiously represented, is the 10th Article ; the Words whereof are,

‘ Besides, as it is of Importance to the  
 ‘ public Cause, that his Majesty the King of  
 ‘ *Sardinia* should have an immediate Com-  
 ‘ munication of his Dominions, with the  
 ‘ Sea, and with the Maritime Powers, her  
 ‘ Majesty the Queen of *Hungary* and *Bo-*  
 ‘ *hemia* yields to him all the Rights which  
 ‘ she may have in any Manner, and upon  
 ‘ any Title whatsoever, to the Town and  
 ‘ Marquisate of *Final*, which Rights she  
 ‘ yields and transfers, without any Restric-  
 ‘ tion to the said King, in the same Man-  
 ‘ ner as she does the Countries described in  
 ‘ the foregoing Article ; in the just Expec-  
 ‘ tation, that the Republic of *Genoa* will  
 ‘ facilitate, as far as shall be necessary, a  
 ‘ Disposition



‘ Disposition so indispensably requisite for  
 ‘ the Liberty and Security of *Italy*, in Con-  
 ‘ sideration of the Sum which shall be found to  
 ‘ be due to the said Republic, without his Ma-  
 ‘ jesty the King of Sardinia, or her Majesty  
 ‘ the Queen of Hungary, being obliged to con-  
 ‘ tribute to the Payment of the said Sum :  
 ‘ Provided always, that the Town of *Final*  
 ‘ be and remain for ever a Free Port, as is  
 ‘ *Leghorn* ; and that it shall be allowable  
 ‘ for his Majesty the King of *Sardinia*  
 ‘ to re-establish, there, the Forts which  
 ‘ have been demolished, or to cause others  
 ‘ to be built according as he shall judge  
 ‘ convenient.’

The Terms of this Article were such as  
 the King of *Sardinia* prescribed, among  
 others not necessary to be recited, for the  
 Price of his Alliance ; and such as could not  
 be refused him in *Italy* ; and the Trade  
 thereof was worth preserving. It was con-  
 fented to by those who had a Right ; and  
 no Injustice thereby done to the *Genoese*,  
 because they are stipulated to be paid  
 what is due to them, no matter by whom.  
 I am in no Doubt that we are to pay it,  
 and



and that too upon the best Consideration we ever paid any Money since we were a State, *viz.* that of the Alliance of the King of *Sardinia* at so critical a Conjunction, when nothing else within the Compass of human Power could have sav'd *Italy*, nor have secured our Commerce there, which is ascertain'd by the XIVth Article of the same Treaty; the Words are, ' His Majesty the King of *Sardinia*, and her Majesty the Queen of *Hungary* and *Bohemia*, in Gratitude for the generous Concern of his *Britannic* Majesty for the public Security, and for theirs, and for that of *Italy* in particular, do not only confirm to the *British* Subjects the Advantages of Commerce and Navigation which they enjoy in their respective Dominions, but promise to secure still farther to them, and as far as it shall be found reasonable and practicable, by a specific Treaty of Commerce and Navigation whenever his *Britannic* Majesty shall require it of them.'

I believe I need not tell the trading World that, previous to this Treaty, the Ready Money, that the King of *Sardinia's* Subjects

Subjects had to spare, was chiefly expended on the Products of *South France*, which I conceive impossible to have been the Case since, if the last recited Article had never been inserted, and consequently an important Point gain'd in that Particular.

It is, I hope, as clear, that if the Terms prescribed by the King of *Sardinia* had been refused, and, as a natural Consequence thereof, he had united with the House of *Bourbon*, we could not have had the least Hopes of ever acquiring that Trade, nor indeed any other in *Italy*.

Besides this, a more important Consideration presents, which is, that it's difficult to say how we should have preserved ourselves. This, at first Sight, seems a little distant, but, on Reflection, will come too near Home. For, if the *French* and *Spaniards*, without the King of *Sardinia's* Aid, could bring eighty thousand Men into *Italy*, and the *French*, at the same Time, have an Army in *Flanders* much superior to the Allies, and the Conquest of *Great Britain* at the same Time plan'd; as are all now well known to have been in Agitation at  
the

the same Juncture of Time ; is it in the least difficult to conceive, that *France*, both could, and would have been able to have spared thirty thousand Men, for the Aid of the Pretender ? Such a Force, added to the Power acquired out of what at first seem'd quite improbable, and which it's not doubted would have been further assisted, must give us a Turn of Thinking I conceive very much to the Honour of the Negotiator of this Treaty, and make us see it in a Light, I believe its most warm Opposers never dreamt of.

The happy Consequences still improve upon us, when we find by the Event, that those Forces, which might have been employ'd to our Destruction, are not only kept back by the good Effects of this Treaty, but the greatest Part of them destroy'd ; and the Residue, with all the Assistance the Power of *France* is capable to give them, probably too small to defend their own Country.

See here now the Felicity of a Nation directed by wise Counsels ; preserv'd by one single Article in a well-concerted Treaty, against a Power infinitely superior by Land, prepar'd with consider'd Plans, mature for  
Execution ;

Execution ; yet by this seeming slight, and often-contemn'd Contract, on a sudden blasted, and reduc'd to nothing. What Money ? What Price was too high to pay, for the procuring at such a Juncture such an Event ? And what Folly ? What Ignorance must they be guilty of, who oppose it under so idle a Pretence ?

These Gentlemen are now reduc'd to the poor Resource of questioning, How were we sure that the *French* and *Spaniards* would have been beat out of *Italy* ? To such I answer, that, to have Success, it's necessary first by wise Counsels to deserve it. But nothing is clearer, than that, whether our Allies had beat the Enemy out of *Italy* or not, they had at least a fair Chance to keep them employed there, which effectually answer'd our Purpose in the making of this Treaty. And upon the Whole I think we may honestly conclude, that our Trade and Liberties have been by this Means improv'd and preserv'd ; the Affairs of *Europe* hereby put in a happy Train ; the *Genoese* punish'd as they justly deserv'd ; and no one injur'd, as I can discover, but the immortal Author.



N<sup>o</sup> 54. *Wednesday, December 10, 1746.*

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**W**E have never, in my Memory, had so pleasing a Prospect before us, as this nice Conjunction presents. Reflecting on it, I stand like *Erasmus's* wife Audience gazing at their Preacher; or, like *Dryden's Fool* of Nature, turning my whole Attention on, and devouring the Charms of beautiful *Iphigenia*. A Man who really loves his Country, though in every other Respect *Fool* enough, can't help, on so glorious an Occasion, becoming somewhat wise; he rises like the first *Brutus*, from a State of Ideocy, and by a kind of Inspiration imbibes Wisdom, with the growing Happiness of his Country. Enraptured Joy loosens the Spirits from their servile Bonds, reinvigorates all their Functions of the Soul, and casts the most gloomy Countenance into so smiling an Air, as would give Grace and Dignity to the dimpled Cheeks of *Hebe*.

Amidst



Amidst this happy Turn of Thinking, with all these beaming joyous Prospects blazing before me, I can't help pitying the Fate of human Nature, when, according to the bad Maxims pursued among Men, the Happiness of one Nation depends so much on the Destruction of another, that it's hardly possible for one to be safe, without reducing the other into such a State, as renders it morally impossible to act with Enmity.

In this Light, our Glory is founded on our Neighbours Ruin ; and so it must be, while our natural Safety rises superior to all other Regards, and the pertinacious Tenacity of a determin'd Enemy leaves us no Alternative. But, if our own Safety makes it necessary that this be done, it also makes it necessary to use the proper Means whereby the End is in any Sense attainable ; which is most surely effected by such a Check upon the Ministry, as, when they lose Sight of the great End in View, may remind them of their Duty, both to their Sovereign and to the Community, in Preference to any partial Regards to themselves and Dependants. A Man, in this Light, who is

a Senator of unexceptionable Reputation, who esteems and pursues his Country's Interest preferable to any private Ends, and who is always heard and attended to, must, and always will, have a great Influence in the preventing of the Miseries to which a Nation must be liable, which is situate among bad Neighbours, and, if deficient in good Conduct, every Moment in Danger of Destruction. Such Men as these will ever be esteem'd the Watchmen of the State, happily destin'd to promote its Welfare; to see that those at the Helm don't run too great Lengths, nor deviate from those Paths which Wisdom and right Reason prescribe, and which are contrary to the Interest of the Community; such Men, though perfectly capable of succeeding in their private Affairs, have their Talents most providentially turn'd, primarily to the Service of the Public. When such Characters, remarkable for their Sense, Temper, Judgment, Principles of Virtue, and withal for their Popularity, subsist in a Trading Nation, it bids fair to out-rival her Neighbours in Peace, and her Enemies in War.

For

For if Cowards are wink'd at, the Protection of Trade neglected, where our Force is superior, and that of the Enemies annoyed ; if corrupt, indiscreet, or unfit Officers are suffer'd to continue in Posts ; if Jobbs throughout every Branch of the Revenue are carrying on ; such a Person can't fail of being inform'd in several Instances that occur ; and, if he is a Senator, and of such distinguish'd Worth, he can't help having it in his Power to correct such Abuses, as he must have the Voice of the Community with him. If he sees the public Money squander'd away, on senseless and dishonourable Schemes ; if mock Trials are carried on at immense Charges to amuse the People, while they are entituled to Examples ; if Merit is scarce in any one Instance regarded, but, on the contrary, ignorant and immoral Men promoted ; with the Aggravation of these Defects happening in Time of War, when the Nation stands in Need of the best Men, and utmost Frugality, Foresight, Spirit, and Discipline to make exist ; if Placemen, Drones, and Sycophants, are in a Maritime Country paid

in Preference to the honest Seamen ; or of a Colony which has distressed itself to make its Mother Country opulent ; then may such a Senator stand up and boldly proclaim these Evils, and demand Redress, without a Minister's daring to deny the Facts, or delay the Remedy. If, again, the People are needlessly burthen'd with new annual Taxes, while the old ones, through the Connivance of corrupt Officers, and Rapine of Smugglers, are not half collected ; if Stock-jobbing, or rather Money-jobbing, is encouraged, and the industrious Savings of the Laborious, squander'd away in legal Gaming, while in lesser Instances such Practices are justly condemned, as tending to corrupt the Morals of the People ; such a Man may justly condemn all these pernicious Acts, which threaten the over-throwing of the State, and thereby not only become the Instrument of its Preservation, but of its rising to the most flourishing and happy State ; and merit from his Country not a Statue of Stone, but of Gold ; since a Nation, once rising superior to its Neighbours by Virtue, will never want Peace or Wealth, and, in Consequence thereof,

of, will not, on every idle Occasion, be subject to Insults, nor under the Necessity of being guarded like a lone House in a Wood, the common Receptacle of Thieves and Robbers. When *Solomon* rul'd in *Jerusalem*, his wise Government established Tranquillity, Wealth, and Glory, to his People; the Sons of *Ismael*, the *Syrians*, nor *Philistines*, presumed not to disturb their happy Repose; this was not the Case before his Reign, nor after his Death; the Reason is in Nature and Truth, and I heartily wish a worthy Senator not to forget the Seaman's Term, of *Steady, Steady*; it is the Attendant of a fair Wind at Sea, and of Virtue on Shore; it keeps the Ship in her right Course, and makes the Path of a wise Man strait, regular, and equal, belov'd by himself, and honour'd by his Country; which, on the Basis of his Virtue, Rectitude, and Wisdom, is steadily supported.







N<sup>o</sup> 55. *Thursday, December 11, 1746.*

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**I** HAVE for some Time past laboured to establish an important Doctrine, *viz.* That the *Fool* is the Watchman of the Constitution, and Guardian of the Honours and Prerogatives of the Crown. In Contempt of which Post and Dignity, and of the Rights and Powers of the same, a certain Person, who, as Mr. *Pope* phrases it, *imbrown'd in native Brouze*, with an Assurance, not to say Impudence, that never was, nor probably ever will be equalled, has for a long Course of Time, publicly, and notoriously, gone on preaching Sedition to the People, speaking Evil of the King, and disrespectfully of the Constitution, prostituting the sacred Name of Religion to these wicked Ends, and veiling himself under the Cover of a Law, made confessedly in Favour of tender Consciences. Practices like these I am determined never to suffer with Impunity; for, while I assume to myself a Right of calling

calling Ministers of State to Account, when they act contrary to the Interest of the Constitution, I must make a very partial Figure in my exalted Post, if I suffer a Hare-brain'd Priest to affront the sacred Majesty of the Sovereign, and of the Constitution.

I am now speaking of a Person too well known to need any further Delineation ; the Subject has been often pressed upon me before, and my Reason for declining it was, the not being prepared with Facts ; which, in an Affair of this Nature, I conceive, a Writer should never be without ; such Men as these being in their Discourses, as *Harlequin* in his Action, never a Moment in the same Mode ; and, like *Mercury*, are only to be fixed by a judicious Hand. There is, I am sorry to say, another Reason, which hitherto deterred me from interfering ; it is, that those who have the real Power in their Hands, and only esteem me an Interloper, have by their apparent Negligence proved, that they never thought this Matter worth their Regard. But they having at last had different Thoughts of the Affair, and I being provided with proper Materials, think

it just to lay them fairly before the Public, at once to shew that the acting Minister has done his Duty, and that no Hardship is put on the Delinquent.

The plain State of the Case is this : The Reverend Mr. *Clark* and Mr. *Moor*, two Gentlemen lately came from *Hull*, with much Importunity prevailed on one Mr. *Garnon*, their Acquaintance, to go with them to the Oratory in *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*, where they were hardly well seated, when the Orator began a seditious Declamation on various detach'd Subjects. The Point that struck Mr. *Garnon* most sensibly, was Hereditary Right, which Mr. Orator attempted to vindicate, and concluded, that it was unlawful to set it aside. Which Doctrine being contrary to Law, and the Basis of the late Rebellion, Mr. *Garnon* thought himself culpable in consenting to hear it asserted; and therefore desired of the Orator to be permitted to retire, the Doors being lock'd, which I conceive is likewise contrary to Law. The Orator not only refused, but ordered him to be stopp'd. Therefore Mr. *Garnon* drew his Hanger, and endeavoured to force his

his Way out; as he had a lawful Right to do, and at the same Time cried out, *The illustrious House of Hanover, and glorious Culloden.* Mr. *Garnon* was thereupon seized by the Orator's Bullies, knocked down, cut and bruised in several Parts of the Body, and lost his Hat, Wig, and Hanger. He was at length rescued by Captain *Cope*, to whom he was before a Stranger, and who has sworn, that he believes they would have murdered Mr. *Garnon*, if it had not been for his Interposition. The Captain and Mr. *Garnon* brought off two of the Bullies, and carried them before Justice *Burdus*, who committed them.

This Fact brought the Orator himself in Question, as it justly ought, not only as being the Author of the Riot, by hindering Mr. *Garnon* from retiring, but also for the preceding and other treasonable Expressions, derogatory to the Honour of the Crown, the Laws of the Land, and the Dignity of the Constitution; as by saying, that the executed Rebels were Martyrs, &c. Further concerning the Evidence is neither necessary nor proper to be recited here, as it may

seem to pre-judge the Law, which is in no Sense intended by this Appeal to the Public; our Aim, in this, being only to satisfy Mankind that neither Mr. *Garnon*, nor his Companions, went with any Design to disturb either the Orator, or his Audience; not in the least dreaming of his Oratory fostering rebellious Principles; expecting, at the most, merely to hear some amusing Nonsense, delivered by the Orator with his accusom'd Buffoonry; and consequently no Confederacy premis'd, as has been very impudently pretended by that very extraordinary Paper the *London Courant*, the Publisher of which is properly taken Care of. The main Evidence against Mr. Orator will appear to be entire Strangers to Mr. *Garnon* and his Companions, as it was a Stranger who rescued him, as is said above; so that there was not in this Matter even the Appearance of a Confederacy on that Side; tho' there is too much Certainty of there being one against the Laws, on the Part of the Orator and his Gang. Mr. *Garnon*, to procure the Evidence he has, was obliged to publish an Advertisement, and upon that they appear'd,  
to



to do both him and their Country Justice ; and in doing so, and in continuing heartily so to do, is, I need not tell them, their Duty as Gentlemen, as honest Men, and as *Englishmen* ; as this is not the first Attempt on the Fundamentals of our Constitution, nor this Oratory the only Place where such Practices are suffer'd with Impunity. I abhor the Name of an Informer, as much as any Man can do, and so I do unlawful Assemblies, though only made so, by what is said and done in them ; and as little care to have the *Jacobites* powerful enough to cut my Throat, as they do to be hang'd for High Treason ; but shall beg Leave, as this Opportunity presents, of giving such honest Men, who frequent independent Meetings, without being rightly aware of their Leaders Views, my cordial Advice, to think a little before they assemble again ; and have for their Use, as well as to my present Purpose, annex'd the Act of Succession, as it stands recited and confirm'd, by an Act made in the 1<sup>st</sup> Year of the Reign of *Queen Anne* ; which, I hope, will make all Men cautious of idly attempting to vindicate Hereditary

Right in the *Stuart* Family, either by preaching in its Favour, or drinking Healths to its Restoration. The Title of the Act is,

*An Act for enlarging the Time for taking the Oath of Abjuration, &c. for the further Security of her Majesty's Person, and the Succession of the Crown in the Protestant Line, and for extinguishing the Hopes of the pretended Prince of Wales, and all other Pretenders, their open and secret Abettors.*

Section III. ' Be it further enacted by the  
 ' Authority aforesaid, that if any Person or  
 ' Persons, at any Time after the 1st Day of  
 ' *March*, 1702, shall endeavour to deprive  
 ' or hinder the Person who shall be next in  
 ' Succession to the Crown, for the Time be-  
 ' ing, according to the Limitations in an  
 ' Act, intitled, An Act declaring the Rights  
 ' and Liberties of the Subject, and settling  
 ' the Succession of the Crown; and accord-  
 ' ing to one other Act, intitled, An Act for  
 ' the further Limitation of the Crown, and  
 ' better securing the Rights and Liberties of  
 ' the Subject, from succeeding after the De-  
 ' cease of her Majesty, to the Imperial Crown  
 ' of

‘ of this Realm, &c: according to the Limi-  
 ‘ tations aforeſaid; that is to ſay, to her  
 ‘ Maſteſty’s Iſſue, if ſhe has any; on Default  
 ‘ thereof to the Electreſs Duchesſ Dowager  
 ‘ of *Hanover*, and on her Deceafe, to the  
 ‘ next in Succeſſion for the Time being, ac-  
 ‘ cording to the Limitations of the ſaid  
 ‘ Acts; and the ſame maliciously, adviſedly,  
 ‘ and directly, ſhall attempt, by any Overt-  
 ‘ Act, or Deed, every ſuch Offence ſhall be  
 ‘ judg’d High Treason, and the Offender or  
 ‘ Offenders, their Abettors, Procurers, and  
 ‘ Comforters, knowing the ſaid Offence to  
 ‘ be done, and being thereof convicted, ſhall  
 ‘ be adjudg’d Traitors.’

I hope this is ſufficient to put unwary and  
 well-meaning Men upon their Guard, and  
 deter them from attending Aſſemblies, where  
 their Lives and Fortunes are every Moment  
 in the Power of the Law.

The next recited Abstract of an Act, is  
 to ſhew the Danger of attending Aſſemblies  
 where the Doors are lock’d or barred, tho’  
 there be no Sedition preach’d, or pronoun-  
 ced; and which, if my Inſtructions be right,  
 as I have no Reason to doubt, will eſſenti-  
 ally

ally affect Mr. Orator and his Audience, especially those concern'd in the Insult on Mr. *Garnon*, who have improv'd their Crime by the Addition of a Riot.

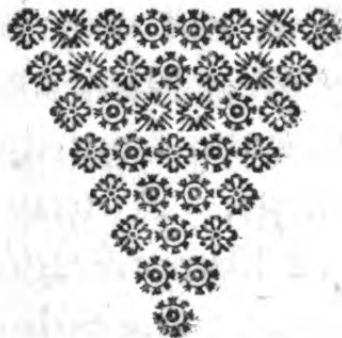
Toleration Act, 1 *W. & M.* c. 18.

*Preamble. Forasmuch as some Ease to scrupulous Consciences in the Exercise of Religion may be an effectual Means to unite their Majesty's Protestant Subjects in Interest and Affection; the several Laws of the 23d Eliz. 29th Eliz. and 1st Eliz. and 3d Jac. and all Laws against Dissenters repealed; upon their taking the Oaths, and subscribing a Declaration, they shall not be liable to the Pains and Penalties mentioned in an Act made in the 25th Year of Eliz. nor an Act made in the 22d Year of Charles II. intituled, An Act to prevent seditious Conventicles.*

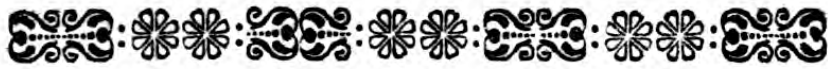
Section V. ' Provided always, That if  
' any Assembly of Persons, dissenting from  
' the Church of *England*, shall be had in  
' any Place for religious Worship, with the  
' Doors locked, barred, or bolted, during  
' any Time of such meeting together, all  
' and every Person or Persons that shall  
' come

‘ come to, and be at such Meeting, shall  
‘ not receive any Benefit from this Law, but  
‘ be liable to all the Pains and Penalties of  
‘ all the aforesaid Laws for such their  
‘ Meeting.’

Section VIII. ‘ That no Person dissent-  
‘ ing from the Church of *England*, in Holy  
‘ Orders, or otherwise, shall be liable to the  
‘ Penalties of 17 *Car.* II. or 14 & 15 *Car.*  
‘ provided he takes the Oaths, &c. and  
‘ provided that such Persons shall not at  
‘ any Time preach in any Place but with  
‘ the Doors not locked, barred, or bolted,  
‘ as aforesaid.’







N<sup>o</sup> 56. *Friday, December 12, 1746.*

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*To the Fool.*

S I R,

**E**VERY Fool has a natural hereditary indefeasable Right to loll out his Tongue at his Brother ; or, in other Words, to reprove, advise, or commend his Fellow. The political Fool takes the first Part, and reproaches you with the Folly of casting your Pearls before Swine, which ought to be fed only upon Husks. But, as a good-natured Fool, I applaud your Wit for acting so well in Character ; for a Fool may surely be a Wit, not only from the Evidence of many great Names in every Man's Knowledge, but also from the Reason and Nature of Things. A grave Philosopher has proved, to a Demonstration, That Wit lies quite on the opposite Side of Judgment. Thence it follows, by necessary Consequence, that Wit is nearly a-kin to Folly, by the Mother's Side, as it is adjudged by universal  
Con-

Consent, a Relation to Madness on the Father's Side. If this be true, then it is evident, that a Wit can never make a good Figure as a Bishop, a Judge, or a Minister of State ; but yet he may stand well among the Ornaments of a Court, as Antiques do in a sumptuous Building, and perhaps contribute more to the Preservation of Decorum than wiser Men ; because he has a Right, from ancient Prescription, to tell Tales, write Epigrams, and reprove Dignity in the Wrong, without giving Offence.

In that Station our Ancestor, *Killigrew*, of facetious Memory, was a notable Champion, as you have already hinted, and as appears more clearly, from the great Variety of his Jokes, in the Mouth of every political Wag at this Day. But, since I cannot remember any Tradition of his serious Fooleries, I beg Leave to present your Readers of that Taste, with some of his antiquated political Maxims, and Prophecies, which, by an odd Accident, have fallen into my Hands, as his natural Descendant in a right Line.

1. When

1. When Wickedness wriggles into high Station with Cunning and Address, the worst of Fools have the best Chance for Preferment, because those only are proper Tools for such a Workman.

2. When a Groupe of Fools has nestled into a warm Situation, they may keep it by Confederacy, in spite of common Sense and Honesty. Thus it has actually happened, that great States have been often hag-rid by a Confederacy of Fools, till the united Breath of an injured People has puffed them to the D——.

3. *Athens* and *Rome* in their Declension were swayed by Orators, who, by cajoling the People with high Pretences to Patriotism, and by lashing the Fools of Power, were the only Men admitted to a Participation of it; for, The more you lash a Fool, the more he will love you.

4. Wits also are entitled to the Favour of Fools, because Wit is an Antithesis to the Judgment; nor has it any natural Connexion with good Sense, or common Honesty.

5. When

5. When therefore Wits and Orators are grafted upon the Stock of Fools, the Fruits will be Corruption, Venality, Rapaciousness, Prodigality, Jobbs, Expeditions ill concerted, and executed worse; Fears of Invasion, Orders, Counter-orders, a perpetual Fluctuation of Councils, Cowardice, and an universal Determination to make a wrong Use of every fortunate Event.

6. Wisdom will cry aloud in vain for good Policy; but her Voice cannot be heard in the Buz of Fools.

7. The Resemblance of Wisdom then becomes a Candidate of Power; and the Shew of Parts with high Spirit may fill the Place of real Talents; but the Meteor will vanish in a short Blaze, leaving a nauseous Scent behind.

8. When Pride, Presumption, Impetuosity, Self-sufficiency, and a Contempt for others, lift Ambition into the Seat of Power, it must soon tumble down like *Phaeton*, or set the World on Fire.

9. Whether a mad Fool, or a Combination of wicked Fools, predominate in Society, its Fate will be the same; for, it  
must

must sink to Perdition in both Cases : In the former, more precipitately ; in the latter, by a lingering Consumption.

10. As Honesty is the best Policy in private Life, so is it in the Administration of public Affairs ; for, Honesty attracts the Love of all the Virtuous, the Veneration of all the Wicked, and the Confidence of both. But who will trust either a rash, or a dishonest Fool ?

11. A Premier, or, in the *Asiatic* Stile, Vizier may be a fit Instrument of despotic Power ; because the Good of the People is no Part of its Policy ; but the Government of a free State is not to be safely entrusted to any other Hand than that of the Monarch ; because, being exalted to the highest Point of Honour, and surrounded with Affluence, he cannot be tempted to misrule, by the Want of any Gratifications which the Heart of Man can reasonably desire.

12. But, when a Subject is trusted with the sole Administration of Royal Power, he is under the strongest Temptations of Ambition and Avarice, to injure both his Sovereign and the People. All his Misconduct  
he



he will impute to his Master, and every accidental Success he will assume to himself. The upright Intention of the Crown will be misrepresented to the People, and the Affection of the Subject misrepresented to the Crown. Hence Distrust on one Side, and Disaffection on the other, 'till both become the Vassals, perhaps the Sacrifice of M—l Power.

13. Thus it shall happen when a Minister dictates to his Sovereign with papal Authority. But the Tyranny shall be of short Duration ; for, as an happy Revolution shall then restore Freedom to her ancient Inheritance, by a glorious *William* ; so in succeeding Times shall atrocious Rebellion, fostered by M——l Corruption, be extinguished by another *William*, sprung from an illustrious, and an adopted Race of Heroes, the Patrons of Liberty, and Lovers of Mankind.

14. From the same generous Stock shall rise a Legislator, more renowned for the mild Arts of Peace than all his Predecessors ; whose Empire shall be firmly established in the Hearts of his People. Corruption and M——l Influence shall fall prostrate

strate at his Feet: The Combinations of Faction shall dissolve at his Presence: Universal Good shall be the great Object of his Measures, and the Consummation of all his Wishes: His Reign shall be long and prosperous, full of Glory to himself, and Felicity to a grateful People.





N<sup>o</sup> 57. *Saturday, December 13, 1746.*

**T**H<sup>O</sup>' I don't absolutely agree to all the Sentiments of the following Epistle, yet, as I conceive them generally right, I can't help giving it a Place in Character ; the *Fool*, when necessary, being as grave and orthodox as other People. Nor can I help wishing that some Men had either better Heads, or that they would leave off attempting to refine upon Politics so far, as to let the Spirit of *Jacobitism* rise above their Power to allay again ; which has been the Case so evidently of late, as sufficiently indicates, that Men may be at the Helm without being justly esteem'd Conjurers. They much mistake, who imagine that a diffused Cunning is the best Art of Government ; it consists of too many detach'd Parts to be easily reduced into System, and requires a very uncommon Head to unite them. Therefore Men of but middling Genius should keep to plain Rules, system'd to their Hands ;  
 acting

acting in right Order by prescrib'd Method; letting the Laws have their due Course; not encouraging, fostering, permitting, or employing any, but such as are firm Friends to the established Constitution; and putting Men of contrary Principles under all the Difficulties, which they, as being our worst Enemies, merit; Experience having rendered it clear, that Favour only gives them Spirits to attempt our Destruction. I am sorry to say this; but, as the Sword cuts with both Edges, it's much more rational to extinguish the Fire of *Jacobitism* in the Embers, than to suffer it to rise into a Flame, at the Hazard of all that's dear and valuable to us.

*An Introduction to a proper Return of the  
Coup de Grace.*

*S I R,*

**I** AM persuaded, that, as a Well-wisher to the Good of your Country, you will not refuse to admit any Thing into your Paper which is evidently calculated for its Service. We are, God be praised, delivered from an unnatural Rebellion, intended  
to

to introduce Bigotry, Slavery, and universal Devastation. It now becomes us to ward against the open and secret Attempts of the Enemies of the Constitution, to maintain the Spirit of that Faction, from whose ill-grounded Murmurings and Revilings this Rebellion sprung. 'Tis not enough to overcome, the Monster must be crushed, so as to disable him from improving any Opportunity to rise again. Whilst he breathes he lives; he lives to rage, to disperse his Venom, and may regain new Strength, unless the final Blow is given to extinguish, with his Hopes, all Appearance of future Danger. If a Tyger ran on me, with expanded Jaws, and I had the Hap to vanquish him, I should be weak indeed to think myself out of Danger, and turn my Back while a Spark of Life remained in him.

The Groundwork and best Security of Liberty, in the *British* Constitution, is the *Protestant* Religion. The penal Laws against *Papists* disqualify them from the Celebration of the Mass, and other foppish Ceremonies, peculiar to the Church of *Rome*; and it is much to be lamented, those Laws



have not been enforced with that Strictness which seems necessary to restrain the Growth of Popery. But how much more is it to be lamented, that the absurd Doctrines of the *Roman Catholics* are permitted to be inculcated in a public Assembly, as less liable to Exception than the Tenets of the *Protestants*, under the Cloak of that natural Right every Man has of thinking and speaking freely. But this is not the only Complaint that arises from the Lenity and Forbearance in permitting the Continuance of so unlawful a Seminary as that which I allude to. There, not only all Religion is, in Fact, ridiculed, and represented as the Spawn of Priestcraft, and the Bishops, and inferior Pastors of every Church, are reviled; but political Systems are broached, which strike at the very Foundation of all Government, Civil and Religious; the Revolution is publicly arraigned, by Innuendo's and Suppositions, grounded on false, at least, misrepresented Facts; private Characters are bespattered, the great Duty of Prayer is impiously burlesqued, and the God of Heaven blasphemed; while a promiscuous  
Crowd

Crowd of *Jacobites*, *Papists*, Infidels, and other Desperadoes, thunder out Applause at every Quibble, in a hoarse Laugh, accompanied with Clapping, as at a *Bartholomew Droll*, and this too on the Evening of that Day which is, by God and Man, set apart for solemn Acts of Devotion. To such an Entertainment is the Public weekly invited, by scandalous Advertisements, stuffed up with Ribaldry, Scurrility, and Seditious; and, to crown all, the Infection is to be paid for. I am treating of a Fact, to which no Person in the Cities of *London* and *Westminster* can be a Stranger.

It is high Time that a Stop should be put to so flagrant a Nuisance. I am aware that this corrupt Conventicler has been look'd upon as too inconsiderable for an exemplary Detection; and he has been insolent enough to make it his Boast, in Print, that he has gone on a Minister of Delusion for upwards of Twenty Years with Impunity; which seems to be a strong Argument that he should now meet with Discouragement. For however insignificant, or despicable, this notorious and inveterate Seducer may

be in himself, the Mischiefe he has already done, and may do, will not be easily remedied.

There is no absolute Necessity of descending into Particulars at present, yet I cannot forbear to mention some Circumstances of which I was an Eye-Witness. At the Instance of a Friend, who came out of the Country, I went to this Nursery of Faction twice, very lately. The Merry-Andrew, in Canonicals, was attempting to prove the Greatness of Lord *Balmerino's* Character, and vindicate the Representation of his Lordship, in that Light, by the Author of the Account published by Authority of the Sheriffs. At one Time he concluded his gamesome Harangue in this Manner, *As to every Thing laudable in that Lord's Character and Conduct* (all of which he had first taken Pains to insinuate was laudable) *in the Words of Scripture, I say, go ye and do likewise.* At another Time, asserting the Possibility of a *Jacobite's* being a moral honest Man, he opened himself a Door for introducing an imperfect and particular Detail of the History of King *James's* Abdication, which he set in such Light, as to give the Revolution  
the

the strongest Colours of Rebellion; tho' he had Recollection enough to interlard his ensnaring Representations of that providential Event, with qualifying Intimations, that he did but conjecture those Opinions might be the Belief of the *Jacobites* themselves, but affirmed withal, that the Facts whereon they were grounded had never yet been disproved; thereby reviving those Disputes and Animosities, which all Men of common Understanding, Lovers of Peace and their Country, preferable to their own immediate Interest, have long endeavoured to lay aside. He declared, that the Report of the Pretender's Order for giving No Quarter was a Forgery, in seeming Corroboration of the malicious Invective of Lord *Balmerino*, who, in his dying Moments, pretended *it was an Invention to justify* what he called, *our own Murders*. He also scoffingly compared the Successes of the *French King* in *Flanders*, with those of the Royal Army in the *Highlands*, and said, the Victory of *Culloden* was over Men half dead before, Women and Children; and impudently denominated that Destruction which the Rebels,

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by their Obstinacy and Cruelties brought on themselves, *Murders, &c.*

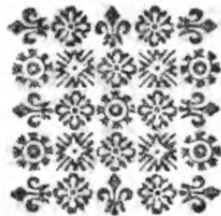
If a poor Barber shall be disallowed from taking Money enough on a *Sunday* Morning to provide a Dinner for his Family, in his innocent and necessary Occupation, it is most humbly submitted, whether it be reasonable so dangerous an Incendiary shall keep open Shop, and get Five or Ten Pounds every Evening for retailing a non-sensical Pamphlet, Scandal, Seditious, and Infidelity.

*I am, Sir,*

*Your constant Reader,*

*And humble Servant,*

**T O N S O R.**



N° 58.





N<sup>o</sup> 58. *Wednesday, December 17, 1746.*

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**N**otwithstanding the wise Gentlemen at the Admiralty-Board have deprived us of the Benefit of their Advertisement, and the *Custom-House* Gentry, on the same wise Principle, overlook us, I shall not act so meanly as to return the Compliment, by forgetting both those Boards whenever any Thing materially occurs for their Service in proper Time; as I have for them both, as well as for the Navy-Board, much useful Matter *in petto*. To-day, my Observation is confined to the Admiralty, as having some useful Instructions for them from *France*, where, by a surprising Fatality, our Tutors in Naval Conduct live and flourish. As I conceive this to be a Circumstance whereto the good People of *Great-Britain* have been entire Strangers, I hope it will be some Pleasure to them to be set right in their Judgments, by exhibiting to their View the following authentic Tran-

script, which one would think should stimulate some People on to apply more to, understand better, or quit their Places to more judicious Men.

*The French King's Regulation of Convoys for the Islands belonging to the French in America, dated May 14, 1745, N. S.*

**H**IS Majesty having resolved to fit out Men of War to convoy Merchantmen, designed for the Trade of the Islands belonging to the *French in America*, and being desirous to secure the Success of the said Convoys, as well on the Part of the Captains of such Merchantmen, who shall be ready to take the Advantage of them, as on that of the Officers to whom his Majesty shall trust the Command of the Convoy, hath, and hereby doth order as follows, viz.

*Article I.* The Captains and Masters of Merchantmen that shall be fitted out for the Islands belonging to the *French in America*, and for whom a Convoy shall be provided, shall be obliged to rendezvous in the Place appointed them, by Virtue of the Orders  
given

given by his Majesty ; and at the Time prefixed them, for taking the Advantage of the said Convoys to the Places to which they are bound.

II. They shall also be obliged, before they leave the Islands, to rendezvous in the Ports and Roads prescribed, according to the Orders that shall be issued forth for that Purpose, by the Governors, Lieutenants-General of his Majesty for the said Islands, in Consequence of those which his Majesty shall give them ; as well for the Rendezvous from whence the Convoys are to depart, as for the Cautions to be taken to secure the Passage of the Ships, from the Ports and Roads where they have been trading, to the Port of Rendezvous.

III. His Majesty expressly prohibits and forbids the said Captains and Masters of Ships to depart without Convoy, whether it be from Ports in *France*, for which Convoys shall be appointed, or from Ports in the said Islands, under the Penalty of forfeiting five-hundred Livres, and to serve one Year in the Quality of a private Sailor, without Wages, on Board his Majesty's

Ships. Nevertheless it is hereby understood, that such Ships which by some unavoidable Accident were prevented joining the Convoy before its Departure, or that, having departed with the Convoy, shall be obliged to put back, in such Case they may, within the Space of one Month after the Departure of the Convoy, proceed on their intended Voyage, without waiting for a succeeding Convoy; and for this Purpose they must obtain Certificates, justifying the lawful Reasons of their Stay, which must be procured in the following Manner; viz. The Captains of Ships, who desire thus to depart from Ports in *France*, must apply to the Directors of the Chambers of Commerce, or to the Chiefs of the Consular Jurisdiction examined by the Commissaries of the Marine at the said Ports; and those Captains, who shall depart from *America*, shall apply to the Commanding Officer, and the Commissary of the Marine, or to the Officer appointed to execute that Function, in the Port from whence he departs.

IV. It is also prohibited and forbid, that if any Captain, or Master, voluntarily, or with-

without being necessitated so to do, leave the Convoy, the Penalty shall be a thousand Livres, one Year's Imprisonment, and to be incapacitated ever to command a Ship at Sea. It shall be permitted to such who are accused of this Misdemeanour, to defend themselves by producing their Ship Journal, verbal Procefs drawn up by the help of their Officers, and the Declarations of their Ships Crew, of the Cause of their Separation.

V. It is his Majesty's Pleasure, that in case the said Captains and Masters shall depart without Convoy, or willingly separate from the Fleet, by Order of the Owners of the Ships, such Owners shall be condemn'd in their own, and particular Name, to forfeit ten-thousand Livres, besides the Penalties mentioned in the two foregoing Articles against the said Masters and Captains.

VI. His Majesty enjoins the Commanding Officers of the said Convoys to use their utmost Care for the Security of the Fleet, to accompany them, and keep them under their Flag. His Majesty expressly prohibits and forbids them to abandon the



Ships under their Care, through any Pretence or Occasion whatsoever, under Pain of being broke, or more considerable Punishment, according to what the Exigence of the Case may require; be it however understood, that, in Case of an unavoidable Separation, the said Officers shall do all that is in their Power to collect the Convoy again; and when it shall so happen that they arrive in Port without the said Ships, they shall deliver an Abstract of their Journal to the Comptroller of the Port where they arrive, which shall be examined by the Commanding Officers of the said Port, assisted by such Officers as his Majesty shall think fit to nominate for that Purpose; to the End, that his Majesty may judge by the Accounts deliver'd of the Reason of their Separation, and give such Orders as he shall think fit; for which Reason the Officers shall be obliged to keep an exact Journal of their Navigation, or be liable to be call'd to Account.

VII. For the better Execution of the above Orders, the said Officers shall give to the said Captains and Masters Signals for  
the

the Voyage, to which Signals the said Captains and Masters shall be obliged to conform; those who do not shall undergo the Penalty of serving one Year as a private Sailor, without Wages, in his Majesty's Ships.

His Majesty orders and commands the Duke *de Pentbievre*, Admiral of *France*, the Vice-Admirals, Lieutenants-Generals, Intendants, Commodores, Captains of Ships, Commissaries, and other Officers of the Marine, also Governors, his Lieutenants-General in the Colonies, Intendants, particular Governors, and other Officers, to whom this may appertain, to see that these Orders be executed; and they shall be published and registered wherever needful, that none may pretend to be ignorant thereof.

*Done at the Camp before Tournay, the 14<sup>th</sup> Day of May, 1745.*

Sign'd, *LOUIS.*

And underneath, *PHILIPPE AUX.*

The Duke *de Pentbievre*, Admiral of *France*.

**H**AVING revised the King's Orders on the other Part, with the Command to put the same in Execution, we order the  
Vice-

Vice-Admirals, Lieutenants-General, Commodores, Captains of Ships, Commissaries, and other Officers to whom it may belong, likewise the Officers of the Admiralty, to put them in Execution, according to their Form and Tenor; also to publish and enroll them wherever it may be necessary, and in the usual Form.

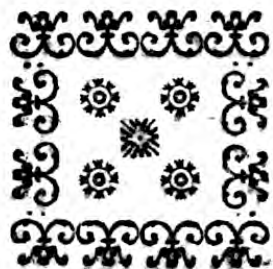
*Done at the Camp before Tournay, the 14th Day of May, 1745.*

Signed, *L. J. M. de Bourbon.*

And lower, by his Serene Highness,

Signed, *ROMIEU.*

For the King, { Collated with the Original  
by us, *Escuyer Conseiller* Secretary to the King, Household, Crown of *France*, and Treasury.





N<sup>o</sup> 59. *Thursday, December 18, 1746.*

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*To the Right Honourable the Earl of  
Chesterfield, one of his Majesty's Prin-  
ciple Secretaries of State, &c.*

*My Lord,*

**T**HE Gentlemen of the Law do me  
a very singular Honour when they  
command me to write your Lordship this  
Epistle, which is executed on the common  
Principle, of the Right every Subject has  
to address your Lordship freely, when any  
Thing occurs that regards the Safety of the  
State, and Welfare of the Community.

My Lord, the Affair of Mr. Orator *Hen-  
ley* has been brought regularly before you  
as a Magistrate ; and Mr. Attorney-Gener-  
al's Report made thereupon ; whose Opi-  
nion it is, that Mr. Orator has been guilty  
of treasonable Practices, and the Warrant  
directed to be amended accordingly. Your  
Lordship cannot be insensible how much it  
is

is in the Nature of Men, personally injured, to desire Justice ; the Necessity thereof is aggravated, when not Individuals only, but the Constitution is likewise abused. The first, my Lord, is this or that Man's Business to take Care of ; and I need not intimate to your Lordship, that the last is more peculiarly the Concern of the acting Magistrate.

It is certainly, my Lord, in the Breast of every Magistrate in what Manner to dispose of a Prisoner ; but, my Lord, there are certain Seasons, when the Voice of the Injured is to be more particularly attended to, when it is supported by the universal Outcry, which the best-policied Governments have wisely regarded, even sometimes in Preference to exact Justice ; but always, when the Case is like this, exactly lawful, and right. It will be then, my Lord, much the less wondered at, that I am directed to address your Lordship for the Prisoner's Commitment to the County Gaol ; more especially, when it appears that this Request is made upon Principle, and upon Reasons  
very



very much tending to the Welfare of the Commonwealth.

A wise and virtuous Man, my Lord, may be a very young Magistrate no way acquainted with the Tricks and Artifices of their Underlings or Substitutes ; and therefore very reasonably conclude, that so a Prisoner be safe, it's no Matter in what Place : But, my Lord, if I am rightly informed, this Prisoner is now maintained out of the Civil List Revenues, which, some say, would not be the Case if committed to the County Gaol. If that be true, and the Civil List deeply in Debt, the keeping of Prisoners in the Hands of Messengers must contribute to increase that Debt, and the public Money expended to support State Messengers unnecessarily. The Prisoner indeed gets something out of it, a bare Sustainance for six Shillings and eight Pence a Day ; the Residue is sunk into the Messenger's Pocket by Way of Perquisite ; which is a Secret that your Lordship, perhaps, has heretofore been a Stranger to.

But, my Lord, this is not the only Evil resulting from this Gentleman's being continued

tinued in the Custody of a Messenger. He pretends, my Lord, to teach the Christian Religion in its highest State of Purity and Perfection ; that he wants neither Eloquence, nor Assurance, is out of doubt. Now, my Lord, it is very well known, what kind of ignorant unhappy People usually reside in the gloomy Caverns of *Newgate*, to whom if he be the Man he pretends, he cannot help being eminently serviceable, acting, as the Shadow of that Divine Being, who, according to *St. Peter* in his First Epistle, *Chap. iii. Verse 19.* *By which also he went and preached to the Spirits that were in Prison.* But this, my Lord, cannot be the Case in a Messenger's House ; his pious Doctrine cannot be wanted among such good Sort of People, who have so many Places to attend Divine Service in ; while the poor Prisoners have only the Aid of a Person, that is their *Ordinary* in the literal Sense of the Word. Thus, my Lord, if the Orator's own Doctrine be true, here will be a laudable Employment for him, the Salvation of Souls attended to, himself kept out of Mischief, and an Expence saved to the Nation.

Critics,

Critics, my Lord, who are eternally carping at every Thing one offers for the public Good, may object, that he will infect the Prison with treasonable Doctrines, and change the Confined, from Thieves, into Rebels. But alas, my Lord, how weak and trivial are such Objections? Since, generally speaking, his Audience will consist of People who only come there as a Resting-place, in their Pilgrimages to Eternity; wait the Judges *Fiat*, and so make their Exit. If, my Lord, it be still further objected, that though he may not make them Traitors, yet he may Popefy, or Papistificate them. It is quite immaterial of what Sect Men die, though it may not be so of what they live. The first we do not conceive will alter the Constitution of the next World, though the last may of this. Thus, my Lord, you see at once with what Facility such Objections are vanquished, and at the same Time, the Reason and Necessity of so placing this Gentleman, as at once to save Money, and make him useful.

*I am, my Lord, &c.*

*To.*

*To the Author of the Gazetteer.*

*S I R,*

**A**S you have been so obliging to the Town, as to give us a particular Account of the Oratory Affair, and its Consequences, you will do a singular Favour to many of your Admirers, in recommending to the View of the Public a very fine Print, published To-day, of his Oratorical Irreverence in the Suds.

*I am, &c.*

*To the Author, &c.*

*S I R,*

**A**S the great Assembly of the Nation is now sitting, I would by your Paper, recommend to public Consideration the Settlement of that Part of the Highlands which has been forfeited to the Crown by the late Rebellion, or rather all the Highlands, if it can consistently be done.

It is found by undoubted Experience, that the granting of Abbey-Lands, by King *Henry the Eighth*, amongst his Subjects, has  
been

been a main Security of the Reformation, and one great Bulwark for preventing the Return of Popery. The Interest of the several Proprietors of Abbey-Lands has attached them in the strongest Manner to the Protestant Cause, and in the late Rebellion their Zeal for his Majesty was conspicuous.

The granting out the forfeited Highlands in the same Manner, it is submitted, would answer the same Purpose, provided the Grants are made in Fee, reserving a small Quit-Rent to the Crown; and that such a Tract of Land might be granted to one Person, as would maintain a Yeoman, his Family and Servants. For the granting too much to one Person, or splitting the Land into small Parcels, might be inconvenient; and if the Grantee was obliged to reside upon the Land, and occupy it himself, and keep a certain Number of Men-Servants and Fire-Arms for a Time, at least until this new Establishment got Strength, it might not be improper.

The Consequence it is submitted will follow, that this Part of the Country will be most firmly attached to the present Government,



ment, by which they will hold their own Farms and Lands, and will add Strength to it, which before weakened and assaulted it, and the Face of the Country itself will be mended and improved, as far as by Nature it may. And let not *England* be jealous of such Improvements ; for it most certainly is the Interest of this Island, that every Acre of Ground in it should be carried to the highest Pitch of Improvement it is capable of ; although I do admit, that the inclosing and dividing too great a Quantity of uncultivated Lands, at once, does affect the Value of that which is already inclosed ; and therefore it should be done by Degrees.

By the *Levitical* Law it was forbid to seeth the Kid in its Mother's Milk, as that which was intended for the Preservation of the Creature should not be used to its Destruction ; but on the contrary, by the Method proposed, that Part of the Constitution, which before was dangerous and infirm, will be turned to the Health and Preservation of the Whole.

*Amicus Britannicus.*



N<sup>o</sup> 60. *Friday, December 19, 1746.*

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Captain *Lake*, you can have no Difficulty in perceiving that the following Epistle is directly levelled at you; how far the Contents are just, is in yourself to consider. I am, for my Part, in this Character, invisible to you, though an old Acquaintance, and can only revive to your Memory by my fearless Impartiality. *Draw-cansir* like, I equally attack Friend and Foe. Your Superiors have not been excused; nor can you therefore expect it. I hope for all this, that you have acted both like a Man of Honour, and Judgment, such only meriting Commands in the Royal Navy; more especially as at this nice Conjunction we have an important Enemy to contend with, whom we oftener despise in our Hearts, than beat with our Ships. You have a Right to all the fair Play you can wish; a Man accused is not condemned. And one Reason for inserting the following Epistle, among

among others, was, that you might have a fair Opportunity of clearing your Reputation, which to a Man of Honour ought to be dearer than Life : And remember when I tell you this, that I deal more fairly and openly by you, than either you or your Patron the Commissioner ever did by me ; whom I shall likewise give a Hint to, when I come to speak of the Disposition of last Naval Stores.

*S I R,*

**A**S you have promised you would honour the Maritime Part of the World with any Favours they should reasonably ask, the Inclosed you may depend is Fact, and therefore beg you will insert it the first Opportunity ; thereby very much obliging yours, &c.

*A Sailor.*

‘ On reading, in the *London Courant* of the  
 ‘ 8th Instant, the glaring Account of the  
 ‘ *Exeter’s* Performance in destroying the  
 ‘ *Ardent*, a *French* Man of War of 64 Guns,  
 ‘ off the Isthmus of *Quiberon*, I can’t help  
 doing

‘ doing myself, and the rest of our Ship’s  
 ‘ Company Justice, in letting the World  
 ‘ see who deserv’d that Honour, tho’, to be  
 ‘ plain, I think we all deserve to pay for  
 ‘ the Powder and Shot we threw away.

‘ On *Thursday October 2*, being in Com-  
 ‘ pany with the *Exeter* and *Tavistock* off the  
 ‘ S. E. of *Belleisle*, we saw a Sail coming  
 ‘ down before the Wind, then at S. W.  
 ‘ which we gave Chace to, and prov’d to  
 ‘ be the *Fly* Sloop, bringing Orders for us  
 ‘ to join the Admiral; we were then to  
 ‘ Windward of the *Exeter* and *Tavistock*,  
 ‘ who where in Pursuit of a Ship under  
 ‘ *Belleisle*. We saw the Ship hoist *French*  
 ‘ Colours, but with a Waft in her Ensign,  
 ‘ making all the Sail possible in Shore, to-  
 ‘ wards a little Bay, on the Southermost  
 ‘ Part of *Quiberon* Peninsula, which she  
 ‘ attained and brought too there, with all  
 ‘ her Sails standing; appearing by the man-  
 ‘ ner of Acting to be in great Confusion.

‘ The *Exeter* and *Tavistock* were up with  
 ‘ her about 20 Minutes before us, tho’ we  
 ‘ crowded all the Sail we had.

E

‘ The

‘ The *Exeter* haul’d up all her Sails, and  
‘ handed them, and, as we thought, came  
‘ to an Anchor, keeping a pretty brisk Fire ;  
‘ but, on our getting in, we found the *Exeter*  
‘ not at an Anchor, but driving with the  
‘ Wind and Tide, and so near the Shore,  
‘ that we thought she would be amongst the  
‘ Breakers before her Anchors could bring  
‘ her up. It surpris’d us much, that Capt.  
‘ *Lake* should suffer his Ship to drive almost  
‘ out of Shot from the Enemy, and not to  
‘ guard against the Danger he seem’d ap-  
‘ parently to be in. We brought our Ship  
‘ to an Anchor in a pretty good Station,  
‘ but, if it had been a little nearer, I think it  
‘ had been better, because it seems most  
‘ right always to engage within Pistol-shot,  
‘ and then there is no Waste of Powder and  
‘ Ball. Several Batteries, of two Guns each,  
‘ and the *French* Ship kept firing upon us.  
‘ However, we returned the Ship’s Com-  
‘ pliment so briskly, as to carry away  
‘ all her Masts, which fell over-board on  
‘ the opposite Side from us ; and soon after  
‘ her Cable parted, and she went ashore ;  
‘ but whether that happened by Accident,

‘ or



‘ or Design, I am an entire Stranger to.  
 ‘ We could not help laughing when Capt.  
 ‘ *Beard* came aboard, with Orders for us to  
 ‘ weigh, and anchor again a-head of the  
 ‘ *Exeter*, in order to heave her off: The  
 ‘ general Word through the Ship was,  
 ‘ *What Business had she there?* My humble  
 ‘ Opinion is, that had Capt. *Lake* anchored  
 ‘ within Pistol-shot to Windward of the E-  
 ‘ nemy, and the *Fly* and *Tavistock* Sloops  
 ‘ had boarded her, assisted by the Boats and  
 ‘ Men from the *Exeter* and *Pool*, we should  
 ‘ certainly have brought her off in the Be-  
 ‘ ginning, and very easily silenced the little  
 ‘ Batteries ashore, which indeed happened  
 ‘ without, after some Mischief done us, for  
 ‘ want of Powder, as we found afterwards ;  
 ‘ by which you may see how ill the *French*  
 ‘ were prepared to defend the Coast. In  
 ‘ Conclusion I cannot help observing, that  
 ‘ without these Anecdotes the Public would  
 ‘ not have learned how ill this Affair was  
 ‘ conducted, the Danger the *Exeter* lay  
 ‘ in the succeeding Night, nor how she  
 ‘ came to lose her Anchors, Cables, Haw-  
 ‘ sers, &c. therefore conceived it proper

‘ to remit to you this Account, that the  
‘ Truth might be generally known.

‘ I could not help admiring the *French*  
‘ Ship; she appeared not unlike the *Prin-*  
‘ *cessa* in her pristine State, agreed to be  
‘ the best Man of War we have, to our  
‘ Shame be it spoken; being very sorry to  
‘ say, that most of our Men of War sail very  
‘ ill, the generality of the laden Transports  
‘ excelling them. The Fault is better  
‘ known than remedied; which is all I choose  
‘ to say on the Subject at present, except  
‘ that I wish it was better inspected into’.





N<sup>o</sup> 61. *Tuesday, December 23, 1746.*

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**I**T has been the Custom with the *English* for some Centuries past to have roast Beef at *Christmas*, with which, Turkeys, Chine, and Mince Pies, they celebrate the glorious Festival of the Anniversary of the Birth of their Redeemer. This noble Manner of Eating has of late been somewhat put out of Countenance by a Person of some Consequence in the Ministry, who is a kind of *French* Christian, and dishonours the good old Custom, by introducing on his Table he hardly knows what, jumbled together without Meaning or Consistence, in Contempt of all that's Sacred on this important Occasion. This Matter having been thoroughly weighed and considered by me, in a numerous Assembly of my Family, it has been unanimously resolv'd, that since roast Beef, &c. is laid aside by partial Authority, and that Variety is the Soul of a Feast, to propose for a standing Dish a roasted Orator,

E 3

which,

which every Man, inclin'd to fall into the new Mode, may be furnished with at our Printing-Office, at so small a Price as a Penny, and will have the Advantage of finding in this Dish all the Varieties wherewith the best Tables are furnished, as Ragoos, Hashes, digested Partridges, contaminated Venison, &c. or that is included in the *French Perigord Pye*, or *Spanish Oglio*. The *Daily Advertiser* had for some Time the Preparing of this Dish to itself, where it was so odly medly'd, with *Dutch*, *French*, and *Jacobite* Materials, as to give universal Distaste; and at length made its Exit in the following Gallimaufry, complaining, that, ' The general Outcry attempted to be rais'd against it, by a few People who are conscious that they don't understand it, in numerous Paragraphs, Prints, Advertisements, and Letters, built on false Facts, which the said Compound undertakes to prove, or to be sacrificed, and that the Door or Cover thereof was not lock'd on the 30th of *November* last; that it was stuff'd with Revolution Principles, contradictory to Hereditary Right, and never said a Word against  
' that

‘ that Principle, or any other, and insists that  
 ‘ Speaking or Writing is no Overt-Act, tho’  
 ‘ it may be a *Præmunire*, or High Treason,  
 ‘ that it always was, and ever will be, for  
 ‘ the Government’s Use, and can serve it  
 ‘ more than all its Enemies put together,  
 ‘ but can’t furnish all the World with Brains  
 ‘ to know its Value, or make them so ho-  
 ‘ nest to own it ; that it is not Proof against  
 ‘ Ten to Four ; and engages, notwithstand-  
 ‘ ing the Uproar against it, to give a good  
 ‘ Account of its Adversaries ; and advises  
 ‘ them not to dictate to the Ministry what  
 ‘ Food is proper for them to eat.’

*Sign’d by itself,*

J. H E N L Y.

As so learned a Dish, so well skill’d in the  
 Law, compounded of Revolution Principles,  
 and cooked up with Proofs, that commit-  
 ting High Treason, or falling into a *Præ-  
 munire*, are not Overt-Acts, ought to be  
 duly and maturely considered, before unwary  
 People conceive too high a Relish for it, and  
 substitute it in the Place of good constitu-



tional roast Beef; it's extremely necessary that they read the Opinion of another Dish, commonly called an *Act of Parliament*, which will appear to have quite different Notions of this Matter, and is purely exhibited to shew what kind of Food is best suited to a right *English* Stomach :

‘ *An Act for the better Security of her Majesty’s Person and Government, and of the Succession to the Crown of England in the Protestant Line.*

‘ For the better Security of our most gracious Sovereign’s Person and Government, and of the Succession of the Crown of *England* in the *Protestant* Line, as it is now by the Laws and Statutes of this Realm settled, limited, and appointed; Be it enacted by the Queen’s most Excellent Majesty, by and with the Advice of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and of the Commons in this present Parliament assembled, and by the Authority of the same, That if any Person or Persons, from and after the Twenty-fifth Day of *March*, which shall be in the Year of our Lord One Thousand  
‘ Seven

‘ Seven Hundred and Six, shall maliciously,  
 ‘ advisedly, and directly, by Writing, or  
 ‘ Printing, declare, maintain, and affirm,  
 ‘ that our Sovereign Lady the Queen, that  
 ‘ now is, is not the lawful or rightful Queen  
 ‘ of these Realms, or that the pretended  
 ‘ Prince of *Wales*, who now stiles himself  
 ‘ *King of England*, by the Name of *James*  
 ‘ *the Third*, hath any Right or Title to the  
 ‘ Crown of these Realms, or that any other  
 ‘ Person or Persons hath or have any Right  
 ‘ or Title to the same, otherwise than ac-  
 ‘ cording to an Act of Parliament made in  
 ‘ the first Year of the Reign of their late  
 ‘ Majesties King *William* and Queen *Mary*,  
 ‘ of ever blessed and glorious Memory, in-  
 ‘ titled, An Act declaring the Rights and  
 ‘ Liberties of the Subject, and settling the  
 ‘ Succession of the Crown; and one other  
 ‘ Act made in the Twelfth Year of the  
 ‘ Reign of his said late Majesty King *Wil-*  
 ‘ *liam the Third*, intituled, An Act for the  
 ‘ further Limitation of the Crown, and bet-  
 ‘ ter securing the Rights and Liberties of  
 ‘ the Subject; or that the Kings or Queens  
 ‘ of *England*, with and by the Authority of

‘ the Parliament of *England*, are not able to  
 ‘ make Laws and Statutes of sufficient Force  
 ‘ and Validity to limit and bind the Crown  
 ‘ of these Realms, and the Descent, Limi-  
 ‘ tation, Inheritance, and Government there-  
 ‘ of, every such Person or Persons shall be  
 ‘ guilty of High Treason; and being thereof  
 ‘ convicted and attainted, according to the  
 ‘ Laws and Statutes of this Realm, shall be  
 ‘ deemed and adjudged Traytors, and shall  
 ‘ suffer Pains of Death, and all Losses and  
 ‘ Forfeitures as in Case of High Treason.

‘ And be it further enacted, by the Au-  
 ‘ thority aforesaid, That if any Person or  
 ‘ Persons shall, from and after the said  
 ‘ Twenty-fifth Day of *March*, maliciously  
 ‘ and directly, by Preaching, Teaching, Ad-  
 ‘ vising, or Speaking, declare, maintain, and  
 ‘ affirm, that our Sovereign Lady the Queen,  
 ‘ that now is, is not the lawful or rightful  
 ‘ Queen of these Realms, or that the pre-  
 ‘ tended Prince of *Wales*, who now stiles  
 ‘ himself *King of England*, by the Name of  
 ‘ *James the Third*, hath any Right or Title  
 ‘ to the Crown of these Realms, or that any  
 ‘ other Person or Persons hath or have any  
 ‘ Right

‘ Right or Title to the same, otherwise than  
 ‘ according to an Act of Parliament made  
 ‘ in the first Year of the Reign of their said  
 ‘ late Majesties King *William* and Queen  
 ‘ *Mary*, intituled, An Act declaring the Rights  
 ‘ and Liberties of the Subject, and settling  
 ‘ the Succession of the Crown; and one  
 ‘ other Act made in the 12th Year of his  
 ‘ said late Majesty King *William* III. intituled,  
 ‘ An Act for the further Limitation of the  
 ‘ Crown, and better securing the Rights and  
 ‘ Liberties of the Subject, or that the Kings  
 ‘ or Queens of *England*, with and by the  
 ‘ Authority of the Parliament of *England*,  
 ‘ are not able to make Laws and Statutes of  
 ‘ sufficient Force and Validity to limit and  
 ‘ bind the Crown of this Realm, and the  
 ‘ Descent, Limitation, Inheritance, and Go-  
 ‘ vernment thereof; Every such Person or  
 ‘ Persons, being thereof lawfully convicted,  
 ‘ shall incur the Danger and Penalty of  
 ‘ *Præmunire*, mentioned in the Statute of  
 ‘ *Præmunire*, made in the 16th Year of the  
 ‘ Reign of King *Richard the Second*.’

After these plain and useful Cautions, the Public are left at full Liberty to make Use of which they please, always remembering the Danger of innovating on the Laws and Customs of *Old England*, the good People whereof have full as much Right, at this Season of the Year at least, to be as tenacious of their roast Beef, as the *Papists* and *Jacobites* have, of their Hereditary Right, Wooden Gods, and Oratory Medlies.







N<sup>o</sup> 62. *Wednesday, December 24, 1746.*

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**I**T is certainly not fair to attack a Man with his Hands tied behind him ; nor does it concern us to do the Drudgery of either the Law or the Church, in a distinct Light ; there being properer Hands for that Purpose, more than sufficiently paid for it ; but, as the *Fool* of the Constitution, it regards me materially what has been, or may, if suffered to pass with Impunity, be done, to its Prejudice, without any partial Regard to the several Bodies whereof it is composed.

In this Light, it falls peculiarly within my Province to enquire, Whether the Setting up of seditious Conventicles is, by the Rules of common Prudence, to be permitted in any well governed State, or has any Relation to, or Connexion with, that just Liberty which we so rightly glory in the Enjoyment of, or not a Kind of Licentiousness,

ness, which no Constitution can suffer, and be in Peace and Safety?

Here I shall beg Leave, once for all, to make a Distinction between the fundamental Principles, whereon a Constitution is established, and a ministerial Power assumed, that is a kind of Wart or Wen, an Excrecence that springs from the bad Humours of the Body-Politic, and defiles its external Beauty; a Magistracy, that the Constitution has no Acquaintance with, and to whom its Laws are utter Strangers. I am the more careful to mention this, that, while I am striking at Sedition on the one Side, I would not be presumed to justify any assumed Power acting contrary to Law on the other; no Man having any Power over another Person by our Constitution, but who have it either given them by the People, or are specially appointed by the Sovereign, who is undoubtedly the supreme Magistrate of the Realm, and has a Power by the Nature and Reason of Things, as well as by the Custom of the Constitution, to depute inferior Magistrates; and who  
have

have under them again such acting Substitutes as the Law has always owned and defended. The first Rank of these, next the Sovereign, and the two Houses of Parliament, when assembled, are the Judges; the Lieutenants, Deputy-Lieutenants, or Sheriffs of Counties or Districts; the Corporation Magistracies, by Charter or Custom, Justices of the Peace, Constables, Petty-Constables, Headboroughs, and Sheriffs-Officers, when properly warranted; these are all the several Degrees of Magistracy, legally allied to the Constitution, that at present occur to me; and, when any other start up and assume either of their respective Powers, then I say that the Constitution is defiled, as well as by the holding of seditious Conventicles; and, therefore, shall always by me be equally disapproved.

Now I have negatively defined who are not legal Officers, I shall beg leave positively to shew what are seditious Conventicles, and hope that mistaken Gentleman, Mr. Orator *H—y*, will not from hence conclude,

clude, that I am attacking the Defenceless, or that it has any farther Regard personally to him, than as, by his misbecoming Conduct, he falls under my general Remarks.

I say with the Law, that all Assemblies for Hearing of Divine Service, for Preaching or Teaching in, to a promiscuous Audience, not authorised by the Statutes of *Elizabeth* and *Charles the Second*, or not tolerated by the Statute of the 1 *W. & M.* Chap. 18, are seditious Conventicles; and so they are, though tolerated by that Statute, if the Conduct of the Preacher is found to deviate from the Rules thereby prescribed.

The Preamble of the last Statute says, *Forasmuch as some Ease to scrupulous Consciences, in the Exercise of Religion, may be an effectual Means to unite their Majesties Protestant Subjects, in Interest and Affection; Be it enacted, &c.*

Here the Intent of the Act is evidently expressed; viz. to give *Ease to scrupulous Consciences*, and to *conciliate the Affections of the Subjects*. The first supposes, that nothing

thing is to be preached or taught but Divinity or Morality. The next, nothing reflecting on the Government. These then are the Terms of Toleration so far, which, varied from, bring the Actors under the Denomination of seditious Conventiclers by the previous Statutes ; and very reasonably too, for what have Priests to do with the Things of this World, with Politics, and impertinent Reflections on the Order and Œconomy of the Constitution, in Dissenting-Meeting-Houses, when such Things are not permitted in the Church established by Law ? As appeared in the Case of the famous Dr. *Sacheverell*, and many other Instances ; and, therefore, can in no Sense be allowed to Persons merely tolerated, on Conditions specially assigned.

Every Constitution must have some Rule or Measure of governing by, both in Church and State ; under which every Subject is protected and preserved, and which he can have no Right to who opposes, either by preaching Sedition, or committing Acts which the Laws of that Constitution do not allow of.

The



The Toleration Act fully clears up that disputable Point amongst Christians, Whether they may or may not think, according to their Consciences ; but no Body in their Senses would from thence infer, that a Law, made for religious Freedom, should protect and countenance Sedition, or be mad enough to believe any such Thing intended by it ; or, what is perhaps equally the Case before us, design Assemblies for Buffoon and Droll-Orations, calculated to contaminate Men's Minds, and pick their Pockets, under the Cover of a Law, purposely made to render Religion free and easy to them. Whoever acts thus, is making himself a Criminal without Necessity, since the Lord Chamberlain's Permission better suits the Purpose, and *Bartholomew-Fair* is a more proper Place to shew away in, than a supposed sanctified Oratory. Men, who use the Cloak of Religion to bad Ends, are doubly immoral ; they at once propose to cheat the Law of its Efficacy, and Men of their Honesty ; and are consequently Jugglers of the worst Kind ; and if they design-

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N° 62.    *The* F O O L.                    91

ed only to live by their Wits, might, with a better Grace, turn Merry-Andrews, or Gypsies. To divert is no Crime, and to pick Men's Pockets, less one than to defile their Minds ; but when all is done together, under the Sanction of Law, I will not presume to say what Kind of Punishment it merits.



N° 63.



N<sup>o</sup> 63. *Saturday, December 27, 1746.*

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**I**T is a trite Adage, which says, *That two of a Trade can never agree.* I do not know whether Scribbling can be called a *Trade*; but, if it may, then is there not any wherein the Operators so distinguishedly disagree. Ambition and Envy are the predominant Passions of every Scribbler, and they together produce a Child named *Detraction*, which sprang out of the Heart of *Envy*, as *Bacchus* did out of *Jove's* Thigh; and is used in the same Manner, to distribute the Commands of its Parents. Two Poets, or even Prose Writers, let them in other Respects be in perfect Friendship, yet will in their Turns reciprocally be the Subjects of the Resentment of that pernicious Urchin.

In Trade these invidious Principles have been sometimes very wittily turned on the Public; and while Two, having the same Wares to vend, have advertised, with a seem-

seeming Enmity, they have concurred importantly to the promoting of each other's Fortunes. Something like this often happens in Writing, but, that being Part of our *Arcana*, I am not properly at Liberty to let the Public into the Secret; reflecting on another equally trite Proverb, which says, *It is a bad Bird that bewrays his own Nest.*

My Brother *Fool*, who writes the Home News, and is, in his Way, a Man of great political Sagacity, seems to have something like this Scheme in his Head, when his Paragraphs are taught to speak not only a different Language, but also opposite Principles (which I suppose he may have private Reasons for) whereto I am an utter Stranger. Our End I take to be the same; *viz.* the Welfare of the Paper, but the Means very different.

We are like the various Sects of the same Religion, tending to one common Center. In this Light it is no Wonder that we sometimes draw contrary Ways, though we generally move together as harmoniously as two Affes in a Sand-Cart; and therefore hope that our indulgent Readers will not in  
the

the least suspect that we are upon a puffing Scheme, but only act like two Fools, with different Sentiments of the same Thing; nor, if either of us now-and-then happen to prove unintelligible, imagine that the other has any Thing to do with it. In a Word, let each Mule carry his own Burthen, and not laden him further, each having full as much as he can tell how to bear. I, for my Part, who write as many foolish Things as any reasonable Person can well desire to read, think there needs not any Addition to my Share; but, how far my Compatriot and Fellow-scribbler may be of the same Opinion, I confess myself an utter Stranger to, having no Communication with him on that Head; and therefore shall leave him to be considered by the Public, in the most friendly Light imaginable: From all which I shall beg leave to draw one useful Remark; viz. That, if all the Critics and Scribblers would act upon as generous Principles as we Yoke-fellow Fools do, Satyrs on one another would be unknown; and a *Dunciad* as monstrous a Performance in Writing, as the Giants at *Guildhall* in Statuary; the  
Work



Work of a poor Poet would be received at the Play-house with Grace, if not with *Eclat*; and the Name of *Damnation* unknown in those fiery Regions. Modern Odes would be read on a Footing with those of *Horace*; Men would write Epics on the Principles of equalling *Homer*; our Fooleries applauded wherever profound Literature has the Honour to be admired; and the worst Reflection an Author would throw on a Critic would be, not that of a Snarler, but of a good-natured *Fool*, whose Tongue did not run before his Wit; quite incapable of finding Fault with what he did not understand, and always enraptured with his fine Productions for the same Reason. This happy Turn of Thinking, which I am aiming to inspire, would throw the literary World into a perfect State of Tranquillity and Repose; make social Love live and reign among us, and all the meer reading Folks absolutely at our Devotion.

This is the happy State of Things in View; this the joyous Prospect before us; when a *Fool*, whether in Essays or Paragraphs, will be rightly relished; and Odes  
and

and Epigrams, as well as dull unmeaning Prose, or Theatric Verse, work'd up into sublime Nonsense, be the Objects of universal Admiration ; and the Poets and Writers, and Journalists, and Scribblers, Translators, Inventors, Projectors, Designers, Rhimers, Anagrammatists, Acrosticians, Rebus-Men, Punsters, and Blank Versifiers, shall agree to read so much of the Bible, as to be able to gather from thence this useful Motto, which they shall put at the Head of all their Works, and when they bear any Appropriate to their Arms, *viz.* “ Do unto others as you would be done unto ;  
 “ and love your Neighbours as yourself ;  
 “ for herein is the Law and the Prophets.”





N<sup>o</sup> 64. *Wednesday, December 31, 1746.*

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**T**HERE are certain Times and Seasons, when that, let Men be never so abandoned, never so much upon their Jokes about public Virtue, that it might in some Measure be enforced; or even those who are so very merry, and in the Wantonness of their Hearts make a Jest of every thing, will laugh on the wrong Side of their Mouths, as they seemed inclinable to, at a particular Time not long past, when you might see Terror and Amaze in many of these Wiseacres Countenances, and them so near Despair as to be in doubt whether they should not hang themselves.

I do not pretend to one Jot more Virtue than my Neighbours; but having, perhaps, more Opportunity to think and reflect, by not being in such fine Circumstances as are apt to make Men forget themselves, I cannot think Part of my Time ill

employed which engages me in the Service of the Public.

Matters of this Nature are merely the Objects of common Prudence, founded on Benevolence ; and those who smile and say, *Who made this Man a Regulator of our Morals ?* are disregards of the End, while in a Wild-goose-chace after the Means ; and forget how themselves reasoned, when they had Time to think. I am not Fool enough to attempt Perfection, but if only some few odd Things be amended, that may contribute to aid and brighten up our Affairs in the present Conjunction, it is the most I pretend to aim at.

It was found by our Assiduity this Way, that during the last Session of Parliament, some Things were in Part set right, that without coming properly before that august Assembly might have been forgot. The same Pursuit may produce a like Event ; and as I do not spare my Time I conceive it cannot justly be taken amiss, that I employ it for the general Emolument, instead of my own peculiar Interest ; and though  
it

it may seem a little impertinent, cannot be deemed unjust.

The Object of my present Lucubration is Part of the old Story over again ; the Villainies and Mischiefs committed by Smugglers. And while that we are obliged to keep up an Army of *Custom-house* Officers to look after them, we suffer doubly ; *first*, by these Fellows ruining the Revenues by Smuggling ; and *lastly*, lessening the piteous Residue by paying Men that in no Sense answer the Purpose ; on the contrary are often Co-operators ; and if not, afraid to do their Duty. In this Light there are two Things wrong ; the *first* is, in not taking due Care to effectually break the Neck of such Iniquities by an entire Annihilation ; the *last*, by trifling with so important an Affair, and thereby putting ourselves to a great Expence merely to increase the Evil.

I cannot help, on this Occasion, making an Observation which is quite new to the Reader, at least to the Generality of Mankind. It is this : The Smugglers in the different Parts of the Kingdom are *Whigs*, *Jacobites*, or moderate Men, according to



the Genius of the Country they trade to. The *Suffex* Smugglers, who carry off our Wool and Money to *Dunkirk, Calais, Bologne, &c.* are all *Jacobites* to a Man, and some of them trained and exercised by *French* Officers, especially at *Bologne* by Colonel *Lally*. If this be not worth our Notice, I should be glad to know at this Time what is, the permitting it being capable of producing very fatal Effects in a Course of Time. The *Suffolk* and *Norfolk* Smugglers, who trade indifferently to *France* and *Holland*, are suspended between *Whiggism* and *Jacobitism*, according to the respective Places they most frequent; but are generally moderate Men; while the *Yorkshire* Smugglers who seldom go to the Southward of *Holland* are all *Whigs*, and strenuous Constitution-Men; so that it would seem as if this Rank of Men were only sent Abroad for Education, to be instructed in the Principles of the neighbouring Nations, that their Children may be brought up accordingly; and Faction and Confusion established and perpetuated among us; an Effect, as it relates to the lower Sort of People,

ple, who are in Fact the Basis of the State, worthy some Regard. However, if this be the Case, as I am well informed it is, there is certainly a wide Difference in the Demerits of the respective Outlaws, as the one sell their Country to get bad Principles, the other to get good ones; and the third to get none at all, but ready to unite with those that are uppermost. They are altogether an infamous Band of People, whom I shall ever endeavour to eradicate, if only for the two following Reasons, which are trifling enough in comparison of some others; the first is, that their Representatives may get rid of the Burthen of getting Pardons for them; the other, that the *Custom-House* may not be liable to be debauch'd by them, as appears to be very much the Case if the Contents of the following Letter may be depended upon; as I have very good Reason to believe the Contents authentic:

*To the Author, &c.*

S I R,

YOU promised a few Days past to say something about the *Custom-House*, but nothing as yet appearing, if the following Fact falls in with your Design, you make what Use of it you think proper.

I was some Time since at the Head of a Detachment on the Coast of *Suffolk*, and quartered there in Aid of the *Custom-house* Officers. One Morning as I was out a Hunting, and in Pursuit of the Game, a Person better mounted rode up to me, told me he had something to say, but desired me to keep my Pace, for fear of his being observed; he then told me, in very few Words, when and where a Smuggling Vessel would land *India* Goods and *French* Silks: I continued the Sport a little Time longer, then, slipping my Company, rode off to my Quarters, prepared my Men for the Evening's Rendezvous, and informed the principal Port Officer, who engaged to attend me, as he did, with two others under him:  
We

We lodged ourselves about Eleven o'Clock in the Evening, very Moonlight, behind some Sand-Hills on the Shore, and about Twelve saw the Vessel anchor near about half a Musquet Shot from us, and her Boat immediately put ashore, and the People began to unload her; when on a Sudden, to my great Surprize, one of the Officers rose, and fired his Pistol into the Air; whereupon the Smugglers disembarked, got aboard their Vessel, and immediately quitted the Coast. I have only further to say, that I might have esteemed this an Accident, if the concurrent Circumstance of his Rising, and the particular Manner of firing the Pistol, had not sufficiently convinced me to the contrary; but was quite out of Pain on that Head, when I found his Brother Officers treat the Affair ludicrously, and the whole Town made merry with the Story. So that from thence forward neither I nor my Detachment had any further Regard to the Affairs of the Officers and their Colleagues in Roguery. I am, Sir,

*Yours, &c.*



N<sup>o</sup> 65. *Thursday, January 1, 1747.*

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S I R,

**T**HE virulent Declamation in a certain Weekly Paper of last *Saturday*, call'd *Old England*, against the *Scotch*, is much beneath the Attention of any Man of common Understanding; and, was it not to prevent the bad Impression it might have on some weak Minds, should not be taken Notice of by me. It is a general Observation, and I believe a very true one, that the Natives of all Counties, or Countries, more or less, retain a native or national Prejudice in Favour of the People and Country where they first breathed. I never could perceive that Prejudice prevail more among the *Scotch* than among the *English, Welch, Irish*, or People of other Nations: I am confident the *Northern* Gentlemen of good Sense and Learning are as much divested of this Foible as any of them all.

The



The late nefarious Rebellion cannot, as the Declaimer would insinuate, be owing to their national Prejudices, since it is evident to all the World the *French* Ministry were the Cause; their Tools, or Chiefs, concerned in it, were *Roman Catholics*, Nonjurors, and others seduced by them to prostitute their Principles for other Motives; the Parliament, well satisfied of this Truth, passed an Act last Session to restrain, for the future, all *Romish* and Nonjuring Teachers from poisoning the Minds of the People, and to abolish all their Conventicles throughout *Scotland*; which were so many Seminaries of Sedition and Rebellion. The *Protestant* Establishment in that Country is certainly as strongly attach'd, by Principle, Duty, and Interest, to his Sacred Majesty King *George*, our noble Constitution, whereupon, under God, their All depends, as is possible in the Nature of Things to be; therefore all national Reflections on the aforesaid Account are unjust, and most ridiculously absurd. Further, by Virtue of the Union between the two Nations, they are become one Na-

tion and People, under the Denomination of *Britons*; hence Men of Merit and proper Qualifications, whether *South* or *North Britons*, are equally intitled to Preferment in the Army, Navy, or any of the Arts and Sciences, in Proportion to their Abilities. To debar Men of Merit and Capacity from Promotion, merely on Account of their Country, would be acting in a very arbitrary and partial Manner, and contrary to the Rights and Liberties of every free-born *British* Subject: Such Partiality is not practised even in Countries where Men are born Vassals and Slaves to Arbitrary Princes; consequently those scurrilous Invectives in that Paper, thrown out indiscriminately against a whole People, naturally tend to inflame the Minds of the Vulgar, revive national Animosities, and raise Sedition, which at this Time is serving our most inveterate Enemy, the *French*, as much as if the Writer was paid for it by Cardinal *Tencin*. Therefore, the Author of that iniquitous Invective is no better than a public Incendiary, and ought to be treated as such.

N<sup>o</sup> 65. *The F O O L.* 107  
such by every Lover of his Country, and  
Hater of the ambitious Views of *France*.

December 29, *I am, without Distinction,*  
1746. BRITANNICUS.

‘ The Author of the Performance above  
‘ reflected upon has certainly in him a good  
‘ deal of both Knave and Fool ; but, if the  
‘ World will take my Opinion, it arises from  
‘ personal Animosity to some *North-Briton*  
‘ of Distinction in the Law ; but, unhappily  
‘ for the Designer, the Picture is so ill drawn,  
‘ that it’s morally impossible to know the  
‘ Original by it ; which this bungling Sign-  
‘ Painter seems so well aware of, that, lest  
‘ there should appear to be no Satyr, he falls  
‘ upon the whole Country.’

To the A U T H O R, &c.  
S I R,

**I**F the Author of a Poem, called *A new*  
*Canto of Spencer’s Fairy Queen*, had set  
his Name to it, I might have directed the  
following Observations to him in a private  
Letter ; but, as that is impossible, I hope  
he will not take it amiss that they are now  
submitted to the Public.

17.

*A wond'rous Pin takes in his cunning Hand.*

What the Poet means by the Word *Pin*,  
I don't know. If it alludes to any Story, a  
Note would be proper to tell us what it is.

There seems to be nothing extraordinary,  
in that Expression, *takes in his cunning Hand.*

18.

*I for an Ovid's Pen!*

21.

*Hercules forgot the Man.*  
*Sunk the Hero in the Slave.*

These Expressions are bad Imitations of  
*Spencer*, because they were not in Use in  
his Time.

21.

*One Smile**Of Egypt.*

*Egypt* signifies *Cleopatra*, as properly, as  
if I should say, *One Smile of England*, that  
is, *Queen Elizabeth*.

22.

*And Love's high-flaming Torch with mutual  
Ardor burns.*

If

If a Man was to say in plain Prose, that a Torch burnt with *mutual Ardor*, I should think he talk'd Nonsense.

24.

*Poisons the Infant with Discourse profane.*

The Word *Infant* is used twice in this Poem, to signify Sir *Paridel*; than whom (to use the Poet's Words).

*A goodlier Knight*

*Spur'd not his foaming Steed in Fairy Land,  
None brighter shone in Jests and bardy Fight.*

24.

*O! Mankind Effort!*

This Expression is quite new; and, whether any Body will use it again, I question.

25.

*O mental Kingdom!*

Vid. O supra.

28.

*Flash'd intolerable Day.*

If there be such a Verse as,  
*Intolerable Day proclaim'd the God,*

Our *Spencer*, in adopting this Expression, has shewn his Discernment.

35. *He*



35.

*He saw with Dread**(The Prince approaching) his approaching Fate.*

The Jingle's good.

61.

*High on the Deck stood forth Devonias Pride,  
And bookish Blake. \***\* Quere, If Blake was born when Spencer wrote.*

I shall never think that good Sense which wants a Note to prove it so; and without it who knew that *Devonias Pride*, and *Sir Francis Drake*, were synonymous Terms?

A second Note is added to shew that the other Admiral was bookish. Why? Because he was a Master of Arts of *Wadham College*.

But, to speak impartially, though the Public should allow that these Objections are not altogether without Foundation, yet they will not, I think, deny that it is, upon the Whole, an excellent Poem.

*The Fool says, it may be so for aught he knows; but is very clear, that it is neither Spencers, nor a happy Imitation.*

To

*To the Author, &c.*

S I R,

Several of your Readers would be very glad to see your strenuous Labours exerted against the ridiculous Practice of Masquerading, and hope you will endeavour to banish this Exotic from these Kingdoms, as a Source of innumerable Mischiefs.

It is not presumed to direct you how to pursue this Topic; but till this low and silly, as well as pernicious Entertainment, be absolutely driven from us, it is a melancholy Proof we still want a great deal of Reformation in our Morals.

*We will talk of these Matters when Masquerades are in Agitation.*





N<sup>o</sup> 66. *Friday, January 2, 1747.*

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**T**WO great Points to be considered in this War, are the Preservation of our Trade, and the Ruin of that of the Enemy. The Preservation of our own may again admit of Two Considerations; the one is sufficient Convoys in proper Seasons; the other so well securing of our Acquisitions in *North-America*, as that we may not be disturbed there for the future. The Ruin of the *French* Trade depends chiefly on the Disposition of our Cruizing Ships, and Encouragement of Privateers. If these important Points can be effectually pursued, this Summer may probably end the War, in a Manner suitable to our warmest Wishes. The Means I shall beg leave to intimate in the happiest Manner I am able.

I must first observe, that we have either Ships enough to answer the Purpose of both Cruizers and Convoys, or we have not; if we have, then we have only to consider the Disposition; if not, then the  
 most

most natural, cheap, and easy Means to have them.

If we have Ships enough, that is to say, can spare three or four Ships, between Forty and Seventy Guns, for each respective Convoy, there is little Doubt of our Trade being safely conducted to their respective Ports ; and then there remains only what is necessary for Cruizers ; in which Case, as I have not Room to be too curiously particular, I shall only beg leave to observe, that the Number necessary is only be judged of by the Force of the Enemy ; in which the Offensive requires double, because every Seaman knows, that Ships grow unserviceable by Foulness, after about six Weeks : It follows, that, especially for the Channel Squadron, they ought to be relieved in that Time ; but, if that is not practicable, then I conceive the best Method to be only at a Month's End to send out Two clean Ships, which relieves Two growing foul ; at the six Weeks End, two more ; by which Means a Squadron of Ten, Fifteen, or Twenty Sail will always keep up their Number, by the Aid only of Four, and always have some  
quite

quite clean chasing Ships in their Company, and the Seamen, from Time to Time, duly relieved and refreshed. While, as the Method is now, the cruizing Squadrons go all out clean, and cover the Trade for the Time they are out; but, being obliged all to return together, the Enemy, on Notice thereof, then put to Sea, and capture our Trade; which Method is certainly on our Side next to the doing of nothing.

The Argument will be much the same if we propose to ruin the *French* Trade; for, if our Cruizers can be only useful for a certain Time, then a Vacancy will necessarily happen; which the Enemy calculating rightly, may always bring their Trade Home safe with a moderate Convoy, as has been for some Time past really the Case. If then Ships are wanting to increase our Navy, to answer these proposed Purposes, especially in distant Cruizes in the Road of the *French* Trade, I believe that if the Government consented to victual the Privateers, that they would readily consent to associate with and under the Men of War, subject to such Regulations as might be agreed on, which



which would very probably answer, at once, both the End of the Adventurers, and of the Nation; and, in Consequence, answer the main View of protecting our own Trade, destroying that of the Enemies, and of procuring and establishing such a Peace, as may reasonably be desired. But if these, or some other Rules, better digested, be not attended to, the Prospect of immediate Success is merely Visionary, both here and in *America*, which the Want of attending to, by keeping large Squadrons together to no Purpose, is the Cause of grievous Complaints Abroad, and of some Reflections at Home. I wish it could have been obviated, since it was the other Day that we had the *French* Trade and *Canada* at Command, our Fellow-Subjects in *America* perfectly disposed to the Expedition, and why it came to nothing, like most others, cannot be better shewn than by the following Epistle, which I can safely assure my Readers comes from the Hand, and I verily believe, from the Heart too, of one of the first Persons of Distinction in that Country; and plainly evinces to what a wretched

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ed Purpose a late miserable Expedition was undertaken; and That set aside wherein both Hearts and Hands of the People here, and in *America*, were united, and only could have been hindered from a happy Issue, by counter-balancing it with a Project unpursued and insignificant:

*Extract of a Letter from North-America, dated August, 20, 1746.*

‘ I cannot help telling you that we are all  
 ‘ ready to go distracted in these Parts; I  
 ‘ mean upon Account of our Expedition to  
 ‘ *Canada*, to see so noble an Enterprize  
 ‘ miscarry, as undoubtedly it will, for want  
 ‘ of sending the Forces in Time; for now  
 ‘ it is the latter End of *August*, and they  
 ‘ are not yet arrived, when they ought to  
 ‘ be sailing up the River *St. Lawrence*; so  
 ‘ you may judge, before all Things can be  
 ‘ prepared, and all the Forces that are rais-  
 ‘ ed can be sent to join them, what Time  
 ‘ of the Year it must be; great deal too  
 ‘ late I dare say; and we cannot send any  
 ‘ of our Men till the Commissions are come;  
 ‘ and we have been ready this Month, and  
 ‘ hurry-

‘ hurrying and plaguing ourselves to  
‘ Death to get every Thing for them, and  
‘ all to no Purpose. I do assure you, if  
‘ you was to know how ill-concerted it all  
‘ appears to us, it would make you mad ;  
‘ for we see plainly that those who ought to  
‘ know the Situation and Consequences of  
‘ every Thing, in this Part of the World,  
‘ are most abominably ignorant and careless.  
‘ *Gooch* has given up the Thoughts of go-  
‘ ing, and no Body is nominated in his Place ;  
‘ which ought to have been provided for,  
‘ in case he had gone; so that it is not yet  
‘ known who is to command, or what is to be  
‘ done; nor is there yet an Officer sent to  
‘ teach the Soldiers their Exercise; so that  
‘ it is likely to be a Wild-Goose-Chace.  
‘ You cannot imagine how shocking it is  
‘ to have all our Hands tied, while our  
‘ Heads and Hearts are ready to burst,  
‘ that we cannot exert ourselves towards  
‘ ruining the common Enemy, and in ser-  
‘ ving our King and Country, so emi-  
‘ nently as we might, if supported pro-  
‘ perly.’



N<sup>o</sup> 67. *Saturday, January 3, 1747.*

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**M** *Achiavel*, and his Royal Annotator, both seem to agree that it is the Interest of the Sovereign to enrich his Ministers; how far this has been pursued by the above illustrious Writer, since he came to his Crown, I must confess myself wholly a Stranger; but am very clear, that the Policy is stark naught, in a Country whose Government is virtually a Common-wealth, whatever it may be where absolute Sovereignty predominates.

The Prince who enriches his Minister, in some Measure, creates himself a Master, whose Riches improves his Power; which Power naturally procures him Dependents. Those are his Guards, who imprison the Prince, and, in Effect, divest him of his Sovereignty. This will appear very obvious, when it is considered, that the Power of an Arbitrary Prince is founded upon his Guards, and on those who depend on him  
for

for Riches and Preferment. If such Dependence once becomes removed from the Prince to the Minister, the Power must naturally follow, and rest where the Dependence is : The Prince thenceforth is only so in Appearance, and the Minister is really the Sovereign. It will be much more so in limited Monarchies, where the Minister, by this Means, can always command Two-thirds of the Legislature. Queen *Elizabeth* understood This perfectly well ; her great Maxim of Government was Parsimony ; and as the Sovereigns after her deviated therefrom, they in Proportion lost their natural Interest in, and Power over the People ; she even refined on true Policy, and would neither rob her Subjects herself, nor suffer her Ministers to do it. She knew, as a Sovereign, she had Nothing of her own to give, and justly concluded, that to reward Ministers profusely, or what is worse, suffering them to reward themselves, was taking the Cash that circulated in Trade, and which encouraged and enriched Thousands in a Course of laudable Industry ; and circulating it only to the Use of Idleness and  
Luxury,



Luxury, was stagnating the Channels of Commerce, and damming up the Golden Stream flowing into her own Treasury.

Some Writers have thought themselves wise Satyrists, when reflecting on the Queen for seizing the Effects of the Earl of *Leicester*, and Sir *Francis Drake*, immediately after their respective Deceases, who, it seems, both owed Money on Bond to the Treasury, as was the Custom of those Days, when bold and adventurous Men wanted Money to carry on some approved and important Scheme for the Service of the Public. These were both Men of Consequence in their Way, but not of Consequence enough to rob the Public for to enrich their Families. She conceived common Honesty to be the same in public, as in private Life; and esteeming herself constituted the Guardian of the Community, conceived herself under still stricter Obligations not to see it plundered. In this her Policy coincided with common Sense, and pursued a Maxim which never yet failed either Prince or private Person; which was, so to manage her Money Affairs, as never to be a Burthen on others. When  
the

the Exigencies of Affairs require it, her Subjects were perfectly apprised of the Necessity, and opened their Purses with a lavish Freedom ; sensible that it was not idled away, they were not only content, but pleased when their Sovereign asked it. Neither she, nor her Ministers, needed Stock-jobbers, the Tools of ignorant Statesmen, to raise Money for them ; she gave no Premiums, nor needed it ; because she never beggared herself to hire Pensioners, and to support their profuse Expences. By this her Skill and Parsimony, she reigned a Prince indeed ; and while Two-thirds of the Nation espoused a different Interest, she brought them all to be so much of her Mind, as concurring to allow her the wisest and best Sovereign that ever reigned could make them. Even Superstition veiled to evident Self-Interest, and if she could not make the People all of one Religion, she readily, by this Means, made them politically of one Mind, and thereby ended a long Reign in Peace and Glory.

If such Times were ever again to return, with what an odd Set of Thoughts should

we reflect ; amongst other strange Extravagancies, of sixty-thousand Pounds thrown away on Hackney Writers ; two-hundred-thousand Pounds in one Year on Stock-Jobbers ; and Millions more as bad a Way ; some think much worse ; while Debts are heaping on Debts without End, and Frugality laughed at as merely ideal.

I am pleased while reflecting on what is past, to find that, since some little Change has happened, this Spirit of Parsimony is gradually getting Footing again : Whether pursued at first by the most judicious Rules does not much concern me ; because, when it once comes into Fashion, it will by degrees re-instate itself, and operate on all the Sine-Cures of the State, without Distinction ; in which Case we may hope to see a War carried on against *France*, with as few Taxes as hitherto in a Peace. And I hope, among the rest, that those of the *Custom-house*, Patentee-burthens on the Public, will not be the last, or least regarded. I do not know how far it may be just to take them all away at once ; but if they will not submit to divide their Profits as well as their

Sa-

N<sup>o</sup> 67. *The F O O L.* 123

Salaries, to the Use of the Public, they should keep their Patents and Salaries; but the Legislature has a just Right to entirely annihilate their Fees; which will, in some Measure, disburthen Trade, already, as the Seamen say, much loaded above its Bearings.



G 2

N<sup>o</sup> 68.



N<sup>o</sup> 68. *Monday, January 5, 1747.*

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I Believe it is no new Observation, that the Extent of our Ideas is owing to Variety of Objects, either visible to the Sight, or by Conversation, conceived in the Mind ; this is the true Reason why Women of the best Sense and Imagination are rarely capable of carrying their Thoughts to any great Length ; as the Objects, presenting before them, are neither so universal, nor their Conversation so general as the Men's. It will follow, that a fine Female Genius will rather show itself in a Hurry of Sentiments, than in stretching out one, by the Aid of numerous Relatives ; which is truly the Case of my Cousin *Harriot's* below ; and indeed of most of the Ladies I ever knew attempt to write. This Sort of Writing to me, who prefer much Sentiment to mechanical and laboured Prolixity, is exquisitely pleasing, because it is always adding Matter without the Trouble of much Reading ;  
and



and is like an Index to a Folio. In which Light I am obliged to the Fair Writer; and if the Reader is not of the same Opinion, it is because he would rather have other People think for him, than take the general Hints, and think a little for himself; which, in Effect, is the next Thing to not Thinking at all.

*To the Author, &c.*

S I R,

**A**S you have, in many Papers, boasted, not only of the great Numbers to whom your Family are allied in this Kingdom, but also in every Nation under the Sun, I can no longer refrain letting you know, that mine is more antient, honourable, and numerous, though not so conspicuous, as yours. The *Tandem Triumphant* Tribe are your Tip-top Relations: There, indeed, you shone; there your *Utopian* King, Prince, Dukes, Earls, and Lairds, made an *Eclat*. The modern Poets and Critics are no inconsiderable Branch of your Family: Some of that Number I have the Honour

to know; I mean, your Little-wits, your Ode, your Sing-song, and poetical Card-writers. I must allow, that your Family hath the greater Number of Professors in it, (but the fewest Performers) both of Maritime and Military Affairs, and every other Art and Science. But know, Sir, that the *Has-beens* are a Family that are hourly increasing; nay, what lessens yours, are a constant Addition to mine: For, when either Sex are arrived at Years of Discretion, you have no just Claim to them, either as Wife, Brother, Sister, Son, or Daughter. You triumph justly over mine in the Affinity you bear to the blooming Belles, the well-dressed Beaus, the Dappers, the Smarts, the embroidered Coats, the Bag, and Solitaire, and all the *Petit-Maitres*, with their Feathers, long Swords, high-heeled Shoes, and Shoulder-Knots. To whom do you think the greater Part of the highest Assembly in this Nation are allied? Sure, not to you: No, Sir, there the *Has-beens* shine; though, I own, you have Relations, and great Ones too, amongst them.

Now,

Now, Sir, give me Leave to do my Family equal Justice, and let the impartial Few be Judges who hath most Reason to boast. You never had a *Nassau*, a *Brunswick*, a *Locke*, a *Shakespear*, or a *Milton*, in yours; and hope you never can be honour'd with any Sort of Alliance to *England's* Rising-Sun: I may; and of that, could I be assured, I would ask no greater of the Fates: For what, or rather, what may not he do, when he shines in full Meridian, Strength, and Glory? Nay, could you divide Consanguinity as you do Shares in a Lottery-Ticket, you dare not claim even a Sixteenth Part of a Drop of C———*d's* or G———*le's* Blood, that flows so pure, that even what destroys our last Remains, will immortalise their Honour; their Names, like that of the Deity's, will be sacred to every grateful honest *Englishman*. One matchless Relation we both have, whose eloquent Orations have made him Popular; and for which, his Rewards or Punishment will, in some Measure, let the World know, whether your Family is so important, and

bears such a Sway in this Kingdom, as you pretend. I am

*Your affectionate Cousin,*

Jan. 2, 1747.

Harriot Has-been.

**C**LUBS of Men associating together in a free and commercial State, with benevolent Views, create a Sort of Friendship, and form an Interest mutually beneficial to each other. There is generally indeed on these Occasions, here and there, a cunning Shaver, whose Business it is to make a Property of the Whole ; but as this is the Case in public as well as social Life, it is the Concern of the Interested to take Care at once to be merry and wise.

The Origin of the *Gregorian Society* is to me unknown ; but as the Author of the merry Song below has thought proper to abridge them into *Grigs*, I cannot help making a Remark, which may tend to their future Emolument ; which is, that the Word, as there applied, is a Corruption of the Word *Greek*, which I conceive has no other Relation to their Society than as the  
*Greeks*

*Greeks* are a Kind of Eastern *Gauls*, like the Westerns, the merry Slaves of absolute Power. The little Eel, usually called a *Grig*, I conceive had the same Origin, as being a merry, sportive, nimble Fish. This is higher allegorised, when speaking of a Man without any Money in his Pocket, we say that he is not worth a *Grig*; that is, he has not wherewith to make himself merry.

The View in Songs of this Turn is to get together all the Words in our Language that rhyme to the Burthen; wherein this Author, I think, has pretty well succeeded. They are not usually so proper to be read as sung, the Strefs of the Tune in Singing not always lying where the mere Reader would fix it; so that, in order to be a good Critic on this Occasion, a Man must sing, not read the Song; and thence judge of its Merits.

I, for my Part, who had rather be moderately merry, than over wise, cannot help approving a Song wherein the Author in his Merriment does not forget to recommend the being at once both an honest



*Whig and a good Husband; which is all that needs to be said in its Favour.*

*Quam dulce desipere in Loco.*      HOR.

*A Midnight Song for Gregorians.*

1.

‘ **T**IS charming (says Horace) when  
Prudence invites,

‘ To comply with her Frolicks by Days or by  
Nights :

‘ She scorns the dull Booby who frowns and  
looks big.’

*And Horace we know was a merry free Grig.  
Derry down, down, hey derry down.*

**C H O R U S.**

*She scorns the dull Booby, &c.*

2.

*But Frolicks like these are still under the Rose,  
And what is done there, Sir, why nobody knows :  
Tho’ sometimes it chance, as to David’s poor Pig,  
That, before we’re aware, we get drunk as a  
Grig.*

*Derry down, &c.*

**C H O R U S.**

*Tho’ sometimes it chance, &c.*

3. ‘Tis

3.

*'Tis vain then to tempt me to talk out of School,  
Or break in my Cups such an excellent Rule.*

*'Tis enough that we're merry, we laugh, and  
we swig,*

*And if you'd know more, you must e'en be a Grig.*

*Derry down, &c.*

4.

*Tol derol derol, derol, tol lol, derol, derol,*

*Tol, ta rol, tol, lol, lol, tol, lol, derol, tol, tol.*

*'Tis thus we're all happy like Birds on a Sprig,*

*And you'll be so too, Sir, when once made a Grig.*

*Derry down, &c.*

5.

*What tho' I'm a Lumber, a Buck, and a Mason,*

*And all those queer Orders once set a good*

*Face on ?*

*I find all their Precepts are not worth a Fig,*

*When compar'd to the Rules of our honest old*

*Grig.*

*Derry down, &c.*

6.

*Besides, for King George we're all hearty and*

*true,*

*And scorn to admit the vile Jacobite Crew.*

Come then but amongst us, you'll needs be a  
Whig,

For Honesty means the same Thing as a Grig.  
Derry down, &c.

7.

Nay more, we've engag'd, Sir, to help one an-  
other,

And serve to the utmost each true-hearted  
Brother.

Let me see then the Stoundrel who dares run  
his Rig,

Or say but one Word in Contempt of a Grig.  
Derry down, &c.

8.

And that Wit finds us out, I've a Proof very  
strong,

For, tho' drunk, I now make this extempore  
Song.

Besides, just before, I chastis'd a pert Prig,  
Who pretended to laugh at the Name of a Grig.  
Derry down, &c.

9.

Thus happy till Midnight, we drink, and we  
sing,

And toast our fair Virgins, our Wives, and  
our King.

Who

N<sup>o</sup> 68.      *The F O O L.*      133.

*Who then can love Fiddling, or capering a Fig,  
If it hinders the meeting some true Brother Grig?  
Derry down, &c.*

10.

*No vile Party Fars are permitted to enter,  
But we honour true Merit in Church or Dis-  
senter.  
For whoever deserves it, we'll drink, or we'll dig,  
Such Virtue resides in the Breast of a Grig.  
Derry down, &c.*

11.

*I'm delighted to find out a Club so sincere,  
Nor care I to stir till the Streets are quite clear.  
For since I am well arm'd with my good Oaken  
Twig,  
No rascally Robber will dare touch a Grig.  
Derry down, &c.*

12.

*And as I jog Home, if I happen to meet  
Some wanton young Harlot alone in the Street,  
Tho' dress'd in her Airs, and her smart Perriwig,  
She'll find it all vain to allure a chaste Grig.  
Derry down, &c.*

13. For

13.

*For Grigs are still valiant, and loyal, and true,  
And reserve for their Wives what alone is  
their due.*

*But as she's out of Town I shall sleep like a Gig,  
Or sure else To-night I should get a young Grig.  
Derry down, &c.*







N<sup>o</sup> 69. *Tuesday, January 6, 1747.*

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*To the Right Honourable the Lord Mayor,  
Court of Aldermen, and Common-Council  
of the City of London.*

*The Fool, humbly complaining, sheweth your  
Worships,*

**T**HAT, conceiving, some Time since,  
the Reason why none but *Fools Heads*  
had any Business upon *Temple-Bar*, I took  
the Liberty of placing myself there; where  
I propos'd not only to keep the Watch in  
good Order, and guard both the neigh-  
bouring Banker's Shop, and the Heads above  
me by Night, but also by Day to stand as a  
Mirror, wherein every Passer-by might see  
his own Face; and, by perusing the moral  
and loyal Precepts therewith exhibited, be  
guarded against the Danger of changing a  
visionary into a real Head, and thereby of  
multiplying the Number already under  
my Care.

It is, I must confess, most true, that, on this my Conceit first taking Place, several bad Consequences naturally resulted therefrom, as Multitudes of People, who had really other Things to mind, thronged to consult me, in the same Manner, and for a like Purpose, as the *Delphic* Oracle was consulted of old; and, while they were seeking of Wisdom, forgot what was for the present of more Importance to them, the common Business of the Day. And, although several very odd Accidents and Adventures happened thereupon too tedious to relate here, yet the worst that could be said of them was, that, they were only like Licentiousness growing out of Liberty, a bad Effect from a noble Cause.

Thus, may it please your Worships, it was, that by your Favour and uninterrupted Allowance I stood in the Character of your superintendant Watchman and Oracle, approved and applauded; when on a sudden, to my great Surprise, another *Fool*, though but of the Idiot Branch, called the *London Courant*, or, *New Advertiser*, took the Liberty to come and perk himself up  
by

by me, and with an Assurance perfectly matchless and uncommon, and without your Leave, Licence, or Approbation, presumes to vie with me at once in the Character of a City Watchman and a *Fool*, as if it was nothing else but to obtrude, and to be regarded; like the Quacks, who post themselves up in every Quarter of the Town, and presuming thereby to be esteemed regular Physicians. At this Rate I can't see where the Presumption may end; for, if every Paper, that wants Purchasers, should follow the bold Example, the whole Bar would become in a short Time cloath'd in Politics, and appear like some great emblematic *Colossus*, decked out in Contempt of the Ministerial Power, and threatening to invade a Province, which those who hold are sufficiently tenacious of, without any of these daring Insults from a City Gate; as if, because it is permitted to face the Court, it therefore must be allowed to affront the Ministry with its political Visage; as if it would say, *Courtiers I defy and challenge you to a State Combate*: The Consequence whereof must certainly be, that some mighty  
fighting

fighting Hero, with whom you are not able to cope, will be sent as *Monk* formerly was, to disrobe this dreadful Bully, and leave it as naked as it was born; and what a Reflection this will be on the sacred Boundary of the City, I leave your Worships to guess; besides that, by this Means, your established *Fool*, your Oracle, and Watchman, must in such Case suffer in the common Ruin; and all this because of one petulant Fellow, who is determined in Spite of Nature to act the Part of a Counter *Fool*, and make himself laughed at, at your Expence; as if the City Bar was of no other Use but to be played the *Fool* with by every Impertinent, that idly takes it into his Head to expose himself to the Public.

In tender Consideration whereof, and inasmuch as such Actings and Doings are contrary to, and in direct Opposition of, the Rights and Liberties of *Temple-Bar*, and may produce the fatal Effects aforesaid, or perhaps worse Consequences, more easily prevented in Time, than remedied when too late: Your Petitioner most humbly prays,  
That

N° 69. *The F O O L.* 139

That some Order may be made in Aid of his *Foolship's* sole Right and Dignity; and that the said *London Courant*, or, *New Advertiser*, may either be enjoined to leave this his assumed Station, or that the same be deposed every Morning, and applied to such Use or Uses as in your earliest Meditations may seem to your Worships most meet.

*And your Petitioner shall ever pray.*



N° 70.





N<sup>o</sup> 70. *Wednesday, January 7, 1747.*

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I do not see why every Fool, as well as every Dog, may not have his Day, especially when it is so used, as by improving on our Foibles, to give us a rational, instead of a vague and transitory Pleasure. I believe a Man need not be very old to remember when *Vaux-Hall* Gardens were in a State of Nature, unimbellished with Lights, Tents, Paintings, &c. and then but moderately frequented, nor when by the Address of my Brother *H——r* they first began to shine, sparkle, and draw thither numberless Admirers. The great Example was soon followed at *Cuper's* and *Marybone*, though with somewhat less Lustre; and the Thought became at last so catching, that, during the Course of a fine Summer, the Villages round this Metropolis looked as if they were in a Blaze. The *Aurora Borealis* was quite put out of Countenance, and, like a bashful Virgin out-bloom'd, retired from the Sight of a gazing

gazing Multitude, as unable to bear the shining Rivalry of *British* Art. This, however, was but Part of the heroic Acts of this enterprising Genius; he in this only attempted to vie with celestial Brightness; not satisfied wherewith, he aimed to imitate the Deity in his Shade or Retirement, and after much Study and Labour found Means that Mankind should be as little known in the full Glare of Light, as in the most confirmed Gloom. To effect this, he gave them what Romancers call the *Mantle of Disguise*; gave them quite a new Appearance, and annihilated all Distinction of Sex, Rank, or Order. This was going beyond *Ovid's* Hero, whose sublimest View was only to make Men. Our Hero made Divinities, though of a peculiar Specie, rather imitating the fallen Angels, than blooming celestial Spirits; yet, however, produced a god-like Change each of whom had drank of the Water of *Lethe*, and lost all Remembrance or Knowledge; and by being dip'd in *Styx* were likewise become invisible to each other; or, what is the same Thing, indistinguishable. They squeek'd at one another like young  
Pup-

Puppies; and were no more like Mortals than such, except that they walked upon their hind Legs bolt upright, and that some of them had a Leg too many, and some one too few; but that Superfluity in one, as well as the Defect in the other, being generally out of Sight, could only be reached by Spiritual Eyes, or known but when Two lovingly communed together.

One great Genius naturally produces another by a Spirit of Emulation usually reigning among Men; and, if they do not always equal the Original, yet are truly great in a happy Imitation. The above redoubted Projector not only reach'd our Foible, but touched our Purfes too, with great Art and Dexterity; and while he seem'd to create us Pleasures, or masque us into a kind of dark Divinities, he had the Skill to give himself true Delight, and brighten in our Eyes like a shining one. How far this may be the Case with another who is attempting to out-vie him in every Respect, is the Reader's Business to consider, after the picturesque Appearance, I am  
going

going to give him, shall be exhibited to their View.

I was last Night in my Walks, at the Entrance of a Passage which leads through from the *Area* before *Gray's-Inn* Gardens, towards *Jockey Fields*, stop'd short by a lusty corpulent Man, with a half-smiling Countenance, light Complexion, and mighty little Eyes, that seem'd retir'd into his Head, to hide themselves from the Company of a Pair of fat Cheeks, that affected to bully them out of their native Lustre. He accosted me thus: ' Sir, if I know you right, ' you are not a Stranger to the brilliant Gaie- ' ties of the Town, Balls, Masquerades, Ri- ' dotto's, &c. which all injure the Heart, as ' well as impoverish the Purse. I have been ' a long Time studying the Means to make ' the two Sexes equally happy in each other's ' Society, without being attended with such ' evil Consequences as naturally result from ' the general Course of our public Entertain- ' ments, by forming a Scheme to bring them ' together in such a Manner, as cannot help ' improving their Minds; at the same Time, ' that they may, without any Expence but ' that

‘ that of dressing genteely, have every beau-  
‘ tiful Object before them that the Eye is ca-  
‘ pable of taking in at this gloomy Season of  
‘ the Year; and at the same Time be deli-  
‘ cately entertained, and as wisely merry as  
‘ their Hearts can wish.’ Without waiting  
any Reply, he took me by the Hand and  
conducted me into a kind of enchanted Wil-  
derness, where a Sort of new Day broke in  
so suddenly upon me, that, astonished at the  
surprising Lustre, my Mind misgave me,  
that I was going to suffer the Fate of *Semele*,  
and perish in the Arms of Glory: On his  
seeing me look pale and fainting, he ad-  
dres’d me with a quaint Smile, and a Cup  
of Nectar, which at once recovered my Spi-  
rits, and put me into a Condition to gaze  
and admire; when, on reflecting a little, I  
found myself in a learned *Ridotto*, where  
the Lights had new Lustre and Spirits gi-  
ven them by the Reflection of the gilded  
Rays shooting from the Graces and the  
Muses; and which, reciprocally aiding  
each other, played and sparkled about e-  
very Part of this bright Vista with uncom-  
mon Brilliancy. Every View terminated  
with



with something new, but whether in Ruins, Pyramids, or Temples, your Eye was still on *Parnassus*, and *Apollo* always before you. This was not a little aided by the gay Appearance of a Number of fine dress'd Beaus and Belles, interspersed here and there with Figures of great Seriousness and Sagacity; some of their Spirits seem'd very high, but all seem'd pleas'd, both with the Place, and with one another. As they continued here, Folly seem'd gradually to wear away, and a happy regular Pleasantry to resume its Place. And it delighted me much to hear, instead of noisy senseless Laughter, screaming and squeaking, in Disguise, wise and noble Reflections on *Locke*, *Milton*, and *Shakespear*, utter'd by the finest Voices, from the prettiest Lips that ever mov'd; and which, without regarding any other Beauties, drew the Attention of the most Grave and Thoughtful. A Prospect that gave me so sensible and interesting a Pleasure, as to quite make me forget all the transitory Fooleries I had previously attended to in the Course of my idle Adventures. Here Gravity charm'd and Beauty inspir'd,

H

a happy

a happy Mixture made up the pleasing Feast, and struck me with so just an Idea of the Difference between wild frolicksome Joy, and graceful Mirth, that I hope will never be eradicated from my Heart. But Brother *Tom*, the Projector, here observing me wonderfully pleased, broke in upon my happy Reflections, and conducted me thro' all this Scene of Brightness into his Parlour, where I found his Emiffaries very busy, treating the polite Company who chose it, with Coffee, Tea, and Chocolate. This, says he, is my Scheme, if possible to make the gay World wiser, while they are better entertained for nothing here, than at other Places at a great Expence; my Library, voluminous as you see it, wholly at their Devotion; so that they may read or talk, be merry or grave, as best suits their Inclinations. I keep open House every Evening, and all well-bred People are welcome.

I confess the Scheme pleas'd me beyond Expression; and I can only tell my Brother *Tom*, if it proves successful, that it is the first wise one that ever happen'd to do so since we were a Family.



N<sup>o</sup> 71. *Friday, January 9, 1747.*

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*From my own Apartment.*

**T**HERE is said to be a Scheme on Foot for the forming and disposing our Navy in such a happy Manner, in respective Stations to be assign'd, as may at once invalidate all Complaints on that Head, and give it a Lustre and Dignity equal to our warmest Wishes. This noble Design in Embryo I could not pass over, without some cursory Remarks; which, whether approved of by the Projector, or not, does not so much concern me, as the endeavouring to prevent any immature Projects from taking Place, that may but even have a Chance to die in the Cradle, or be strangled in the *Fœtus*.

**T**HE Regulation and Disposition of our Naval Force into such Stations, in such Numbers, and with proper Reliefs, as may be necessary at once to guard our own

Coasts, and those of our Colonies, protect our Trade, and, at the same Time, interrupt that of the Enemy, is a Matter that requires the most serious Attention, as well as an uncommon Genius and skilful Practiser; to engage ordinary Conceptions, will, in no Sense, be able to reach this great End. Mere Seamen will never be able to effect, nor can the wisest Landman that ever was born direct, so important a Point alone; because the Face of a Map, or Chart, can only furnish him with suitable Hints as to Place, but not as to the numerous Contingencies whereto Maritime Affairs are subject.

Before any Thing of this Nature can take Place significantly, it is first necessary to alter the Situation of the Naval Officers, so as to fit and dispose them to the Scheme, otherwise it is beginning at the wrong End, and may ruin the best concerted Project ever invented.

It will, perhaps, surprize Persons unacquainted with Naval Affairs, when I say, that the Sea-Officers Wages are much too low, considerably less than when Money was at *Six per Cent.* and no Way adequate to  
their

their respective Stations. A Captain of a Man of War, during *James II's* Reign, was paid on an Average, between the Service on board First and Sixth Rates, and including Table-Money, 24*l.* 5*s.* for twenty-eight Days; now, including his Allowance for Servants, deducting their Wages on the like Average, only 23*l.* for twenty-eight Days; the Difference is 1*l.* 5*s.* *per* Month intrinsically, and 5*l.* *per* Month more in the Difference of the Value of Money then and now.

A Captain is in Dignity as the Governor of a Fort, and, like him, obliged always to entertain his Officers. The Average given above, supposes as many great Ships as small ones; which is far from being true; and when that is duly considered, I believe the Average will not reach 20*l.* a Month, nor near it; but in this we can't be certain, and shall therefore only remark, that the Captain's Pay of a twenty Gun Ship, including Servants, is not clear above 12*l.* a Month. My Inference herefrom is, that as all Mankind are principally bias'd by Interest, That should be more particularly taken Care of



in the Naval Service, where, under a Commander, the Pay is not a common Support, and, in that Station, no Way adequate; therefore, nothing great, generous, noble, and disinterested, to be expected from them, but many Acts very contrary, the Consequence of mere Necessity; for, if we add to this the Pitifulness of their Half-Pay, and include in that Half their Time, it will appear, that a Waterman on the River *Thames* is a better Trade.

It is certainly true, that Means have been found, in Peace, as well as in War, to make Money other Ways; but, except in carrying of Cash and Jewels from one Port to another in Peace, and Captures in War, all other Means have been notoriously dishonourable, and accordingly exploded: The last of these, to wit, Captures, I conceive is full as wrong judg'd as their Pay. Out of Captures, the Commander has *Turee* or Two-Eighths of the neat Produce of every Prize, as he is, or is not, under the Command of a Flag-Officer, or Commodore. Two Eighths is twice as much as all his Lieutenants and Master, as all his Warrant-Officers, as all his  
his

his Petty-Officers, and as all his Seamen, have in distinct Bodies together; but why, is as difficult to be accounted for, as the Meanness of their Pay. Add to all this, that, unless a Man has a very handsome Fortune of his own, he must come a Beggar to his Command, and generally past the Prime of Life: How in such Case it can be reasonably expected he should pursue his Country's Interest, in Preference to his own, will not readily reach a reasoning Conception.

It is upon this Principle, I say, that let our Schemes be never so well plann'd for the Disposition of our Ships, if some Regard is not had primarily to the training-up, and supporting genteely, both those intended for, and actually in Command, such Schemes will never operate with due Effect; nor can any Thing extraordinary be expected from them.

The next Thing to be considered in Disposition, are established Rules. If the Number of Ships, when and where stationed, and how and when to be relieved, is publicly known, the Enemy will not be Strangers long thereto; and the Consequence

very obvious, either by avoiding their Track, or of attacking them with a superior Force: The last fatal to the Scheme, the first rendering it useless; and, in either Light, proving it a bad one. Therefore such a Scheme must not only have the Judgment of a Mariner, a Man of Sense, to establish, and Officers rightly prepar'd, to execute it; but it must be conducted and supported with Art, Dexterity, and the most profound Secrecy. When all these Things are considered together, I believe no Man of a middling Genius alone, though somewhat acquainted with Maritime Affairs, can take it amiss to be thought insufficient for the Pursuit of so noble and important a Design; on the well Planning and due Execution whereof, I must confess, I think, depends all our Happiness, Welfare, and Glory. I see it before me with the Eyes of true Affection to my Country; and for that Reason shall be extremely sorry to see any more immature, and undigested Schemes, put in Practice; which, though attended by never so good a Heart, only contribute to render us ridiculous. To form a Scheme is one Thing,

to consider, and digest it, another; and to execute it with Skill and Address, a Finishing of the Work. To effectuate all this, not only requires Genius and Experience, but also a very happy modest Turn of Thinking, not easily to be met with. It is the Result of great Experience in the World, a fine Understanding, and a clear and perfect Knowledge of the Affairs whereto it relates. He is an idle Projector, who, at first Sight, is positive he is in the Right, especially in Matters subject and liable to be interrupted, by various Incidents and Contingencies. A small Error in projecting may be a great one in effecting: Much Caution can do no Harm; and he is certainly the wisest Man, who is ever diffident.





N<sup>o</sup> 72. *Saturday, January 10, 1747.*

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**T**HE *Fool*, who is no less fond of being himself entertained, than of furnishing out Matter for the Amusement of other People, is, occasionally, a Frequenter of the Theaters, and, through want of Politeness, Wit, or being fashionable, prefers the solid moral Diversions of the Stage to unnatural Farce, unmeaning Pantomime, and the Agility of a *French* Caperer. If he might be Judge in his own Case, he would ascribe this his Indelicacy of Taste to his Veneration for *Old English* Roast Beef and Pudding; but that he hazards pulling an old House over his Head in taking home to himself, by Implication, the stale Proverb, *Better fed than taught*. He had once a Project to have brought over the Town to his own Way of Thinking, which he attempted in a whimsical Comedy, intitled, *The Folly of Wit*; but, fortunately enough for himself and the Public, it was rejected  
by



by the Manager, who was of the *Simpleton* Family, for three very important Reasons.

1. The foolish Characters in it were witty, and the witty Ones were dull. 2. There was neither Dance, Song, or Double *Entendre*, through out the Whole. 3. It was alledged the Manager could fill his House with a revived Pantomime at any Time, and therefore was under no Necessity of exhibiting a new Piece, by the Success whereof he must lose, every third Night, the Benefit which the Pantomime would bring. These last Reasons were so cogent, it would have been as impolitic as fruitless, for the brow-beaten *Fool* to have told him his witty Characters were mere Pretenders to Wit, like the Modern *Beaux-Esprits*, and his *Fools* witty by Design, like the *Jesters* of old, because it would have been an Impeachment of the Manager's Understanding, and ruined the Credit and Interest of the Author with him, on a future Occasion. The *Fool*, after this extraordinary genteel Treatment, enter'd into a Resolution, however, to attend the Levee of an imperious Master of the Play-house no more; not but he had

Reason to believe, if he had proposed an *Harlequin* to have enlivened his Scenes, he might have compounded for the Representation. Now, by the way, upon serious Reflection, I think it no uncharitable Policy in the Managers, like our Modern Reformers in Religion, *Wh—d* and *W—ly*, to save a silly Wretch from Ruin, when he is running Head-long in the Highway to be damned. But, notwithstanding all this, I can by no Means justify the Offspring of *Apollo*, in permitting an old Set of buskined Heroes to monopolize the Stage, when so many others, no less illustrious, have a Right to be revived; and when the late Triumphs of Liberty loudly call for some new Subject, which, as a Parallel to the present Day, may ratify in the Minds of the People the Sense of their inestimable Happiness, under a legal Government, and in the Suppression of the Rebellion; and thereby do an unspeakable Advantage to the Common Cause. Our own History is full of Incidents, that would give an enterprizing Genius ample Scope to compleat such an Undertaking very happily. *England* has  
had

had her spurious *Mortimers, Plantagenets,* &c. who have risen out, and been the Heads of, turbulent, factious Rabbles; one of whom, according to *Shakespear*, enacted, that *the Laws should come out of his Mouth*. I confess I had no great Expectations last Winter from a Play so turned, because of the Hurry in which it was wrote; but, if that Design had been tolerably well executed, the Story, without Dispute, was the best adapted of any that could possibly have been found for working on at that Time, or indeed at any Time, when a *French King* shall have the Insolence to threaten the Enslaving of *Great Britain*, by an Invasion in favour of a Pretender. Even *the Popish Impostor*, though the principal Patriot and Hero in it was the Chief of a *Scotch Clan* (a Character of Impropriety at that Juncture) was not dismissed, but with great Good-nature laughed out of Countenance. So well disposed was an *English Audience* to have received such an History, rationally executed. An Author, who has the Love and Interest of his Country at Heart, has Understanding enough to improve the Intention

tion of this Essay, and Courage to enter upon, and prepare a proper Subject of this Kind for the Stage, the *Fool* takes upon him to say, would meet with Encouragement; nor needs a divining Spirit to foretel this, seeing it is most obvious to both the Wise and Foolish, that no Manager can be so much blinded to his own immediate Interest, to refuse the Trial of it: It would be paying the highest Compliment to his King and Country, and, in all human Probability, answer the Purpose of half a Dozen Pantomimes, &c. I cannot help reminding the Poets, that, at a Time of the most violent Opposition to the Measures of a Ministry, charged with Corruption, some well-written Dramatic Pieces appeared in Print, calculated to encourage that Opposition, but, by the prevailing Party, were not suffered to come on the Stage. If these Gentlemen were then sincere, and really meant well to their Country, they have now a fair Opportunity to approve their Zeal, when so large a Field is open to display their Abilities and Stretch of Genius; when it is but with too  
much

much Reason presumed, that the *French* Court is very busy, by its Agents, with those unhappy Northern People, who are taking great Pains, or are unhappily seduced, to, finish their own Destruction.

I hope the following Ode has more Justice than Flattery in it; and heartily wish the Fair Writer the best Effects of a happy Application.

*To his Excellency the Earl of*  
CHESTERFIELD.

An O D E.

**O** THOU! to bind whose awful Brow  
Triumphant Laurels joy to grow,  
To whom the Sons of Science bend,  
As to the Great inspiring Soul,  
That brightens and informs the Whole,  
The Muses Patron, Judge, and Friend.

Never did Britain's King, before,  
A Substitute so Noble find;  
Nor ever yet deputed Power  
With such transcendent Lustre shin'd.

For



For when, to grace Hibernia's Throne,  
 Illustrious CHESTERFIELD was giv'n,  
 How did the joyful Nation own  
 Their Monarch's Love, the Care of Heav'n!  
 On thy exalted Speech their Senates hung,  
 And bless'd the Elocution of thy Tongue.

'Tis STANHOPE can alone untie  
 The Gordian Knot of Policy,  
 He ev'ry Kingdom's Int'rest knows:  
 Were to his Care the World consign'd,  
 Th' Almighty everlasting Mind  
 Might there secure his Trust repose.

Thy Genius, for all Stations fit,  
 The Reins of Empire knows to guide:  
 Nor less the sacred Realms of Wit  
 Acknowledge Thee their Boast and Pride.  
 So Phoebus rules the Chariot of the Day,  
 And charms the Groves with his melodious Lay.

How did of late the Nations fear  
 Sickness, the Messenger of Fate,  
 Wou'd take Thee to thy Native Sphere,  
 'Midst Throned Gods to take thy Seat?  
 We fear'd a Soul, so eminently wise,  
 Was call'd to grace the Synod of the Skies.

*But*

N<sup>o</sup> 72.      *The F O O L.*      161

*But soon the Rose-Lip'd Cherub, Health,  
Commission'd by the Pow'r Divine,  
Restor'd Britannia's dearest Wealth,  
The Glory of the Patriot Line.  
O mayst Thou long from better Worlds be  
spar'd!  
And late receive thy Virtues full Reward.*

LÆTITIA PILKINGTON.



N<sup>o</sup> 73.



N<sup>o</sup>. 73. *Tuesday, January 13, 1747.*

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*Dear Brother,*

**I** H A V E been Secretary to a Society for seven Years, and in all that Time, though we have wrangled upon Millions of Topics, we have agreed but in Three.

*First*, we think, and value ourselves upon being the most egregious Set of *Fools* in this Metropolis, prolific as it is of our Brethren. *Secondly*, that you are the best qualified of any *Fool* in *Great Britain* to be our Grand. And we have voted, *nem. con.* that you have used Us, your Readers, and Yourself, extremely ill, by your Neglect of us in your *Foolish* Lucubrations; for, without Vanity, we think we should have made as ridiculous a Figure in them, as either your Plantation or your Smuggling *Fools*; nay, we do not imagine your political, poetical, or even your amorous *Fools*, are so replete with Folly, or can be so entertaining as our Society; for  
we

we are as noisy, as obstinate, as ignorant, and as vain, as any Set you can boast of, your Female one excepted.

Not to keep you longer in Suspence, know we were formerly by some called the *Town*, by others *Dramatic Connoisseurs*; but our true Appellation, since we have been incorporated, is, *The Society of Theatrical Fools*. We are to be met with in all Parts of the Kingdom, particularly in Taverns, Clubs, Coffee-Houses, and most public Assemblies. All Business we neglect, except that of the Theatre, which is our *utile* and our *dulce*; for our whole Time is spent, and our Pleasure made up, in collecting Intelligence concerning Poets, Opera's, Plays, Managers, and Players; and in wrangling and disturbing all Companies about them wherever we come.

When we are at a Play, we never sit attentively, like your dull, sensible Fellows; *Puti*, who think of Decency and Politeness: No, Sir, we are your Laughters; your Bloods; who love to Dumb-found an Actor, and disturb an Audience, by making Fun and Riot, as the Phrase is! A Tragedy makes us laugh, and a Comedy gives us the Spleen, our own  
Wit

Wit is so much superior to the Poet's! When we catch a Female weeping at the one, we are sure to smother her out of Countenance; and, when a Double *Entendre* is drop'd in the other, we explain (loud enough for the fair Hypocrites to hear us) into down-right Laughing, luscious Smut; and as soon as we perceive the Mask of Steadiness drop from an angelic Countenance, and the warm tickling Idea mantling on her innocent Cheek, we burst into a loud Whisper, and cry, *By all that's Bawdy, she has it Jack; the Girl's in her Teens, and knows what's what, I see.*

Then, Sir, we have each of us a favourite Actor, whom we endeavour to support by the true Party Policy, Detraction, for we allow no Man's Merit but our own; one *Fool* d—ns *Falstaff* to praise *Hotspur*; another sacrifices the new *Othello* to them both; and a Third *Falstaff* and *Hotspur* to *Othello*; and thus the *Fool* goes round! Like Schismatic Churchmen, who neither laud nor censure, but with Rancour and Zeal; for you know, dear Brother, *Fools*, like Priests, are ever in Extremes, all L—d, or all D—l.

But,



But, I fancy, a Specimen of one of our Evening Conversations will convey a more lively Idea of our Parts and Judgment, than any other Method I can at present suggest. The following you may rely on as genuine, being a faithful Transcript of an Evening's Record, now transmitted to your *Foolship*, by Virtue of an Act of Wrangling, made for that Purpose.

The *Fools* being assembled, the Grand, with his Bib under his Chin, his motly Coat, like a Heraldry on his Shoulders, his Cap on his Head, dignified with a proper Immenfity of Ears, his Hornbook about his Neck, and his Afs-call in his Hand, attended by the Vice, and the other Officers of Folly, afsum'd the Chair.

He was no fooner feated, but, as ufual, Din and Clamour poffeffed our Ears; every Man fpoke, but not one was heard! The Grand, he pray'd for Silence to the Herd; at length, Hoarfenefs having feized their Throats, Clamour ceas'd, and thus his Grandfhip open'd: ' Report, ye wrangling *Fools*, ' how hath the *Irish Roscius* play'd *Macbeth*? ' Upon which *Stephen Tickler* started up, and  
vow'd,

vow'd, ' He never saw a Part so well per-  
 ' formed, his Person charming, his Voice  
 ' inimitable, and his Idea and Conduct of the  
 ' Character so perfectly correct.'—He was  
 hurrying on in his Encomiums, but was in-  
 terrupted by *Tom Totherside*, who, with great  
 Warmth, bawl'd out, ' D—mn me, it's all  
 ' Puff, he has but a very indifferent Person,  
 ' a worse Voice, and squints intolerably.'

*Tom* was seconded by *Peregrine Puzzle*,  
 who with much Vociferation swore, ' It was  
 ' impossible for *Barry*, *Quin*, or any Person,  
 ' to act *Macbeth*, or any other Character  
 ' well, that *Mr. Garrick* had ever play'd,  
 ' or should play, and that it was Impudence  
 ' to attempt it; for certainly no Man can  
 ' act so near Perfection as little *Garrick*;  
 ' nay, he plays his Part so naturally, says  
 ' *Per*, as even to grow Hoarse, with them,  
 ' before he has got half through.'

Here there was a loud Laugh by the op-  
 posite Party, which put poor *Peregrine* into  
 some Confusion; and which his Friend *Abra-  
 ham Smooth-Tongue* observing, pull'd *Pere-  
 grine* by the Sleeve, and whisper'd him to  
 sit down, while he continued the Wrangle  
 in

in the following soft, amiable, insinuating Manner :

‘ That Mr. *Barry* has something in him  
 ‘ it must be granted, says *Abraham*, and ten  
 ‘ or twelve Years hence may do something.  
 ‘ I am willing to allow the young Man all  
 ‘ his Merit, and wish he had ten Times  
 ‘ more ; —um — but, —alas-a-day, neither  
 ‘ *Quin* nor he ought to think of acting  
 ‘ *Shakespear*’s Characters ; for certainly no  
 ‘ Man in this Age is capable of doing that  
 ‘ Author Justice but Mr. *Garrick*.’

Upon this the *Quinonian* Party burst into a loud Horse-Laugh ; and one of them, in a grave, sneering Irony, replied, ‘ To be sure  
 ‘ Mr. *Smooth-Tongue*’s Judgment is very accurate, and not at all partial ; for certainly  
 ‘ Mr. *Garrick* is a Nonpareil in all *Shakespear*’s  
 ‘ Characters, particularly in *Macbeth* and *Hotspur* ; in the latter of which he shew’d infinite Judgment, both in Dress and Acting !  
 ‘ The Manliness and Dignity of his Person were most diminutively conspicuous and ineffable, and his Voice, O lud, it grew stronger and sweeter every Line ; he ran away with  
 ‘ all the Applause in that Play from *Quin* ;  
 and

‘ and when it was over, the whole Conversa-  
 ‘ tion of the Audience was engross’d about  
 ‘ the indifferent Performance of the one, and  
 ‘ the inimitable Excellence of the other!  
 ‘ Poor old *Jack* was so shrunk in Fame, that  
 ‘ his Reputation might have crept into an  
 ‘ Alderman’s Thumb-Ring.’

All this Time little *Tim Terty*, who be-  
 lieves in *Quin*, was upon the Tenter, till he  
 himself answer’d *Smoothing-Tongue* at last,  
 without any other Introduction than his an-  
 gry Pinch of Snuff, and his oblique Sneer :  
 He begun, ‘ No Man capable quotha ; why,  
 ‘ what the Devil, has he all the Merit in the  
 ‘ World? ha, has old *Quin* none? heyty titey,  
 ‘ very fine truly, a little Whipper-snapper,  
 ‘ who looks more like a *Ludgate-Hill*’ Prentice  
 ‘ than a Prince *Hamlet*! a *Master-Jackey Brute*!  
 ‘ nothing like old *Quin*, who does it natural-  
 ‘ ly: And for an *Othello*, he is fitter to carry  
 ‘ *Desdemona*’s Tea-Kettle, as my Lord —  
 ‘ said, than to be her Warlike Husband.’

‘ Now Gentlemen, says *Stephen Stickler*, as  
 ‘ to *Othello*, I believe you will all allow that  
 ‘ *Barry* has no Competitor in that, no more  
 ‘ than he has in *Castalio* or *Varanes*; and I  
 ‘ really

‘ really think his *Macbeth* is as well an acted  
 ‘ Part.’ — ‘ O yes, says *Reynard Slylooks*,’ who  
 always peeps from under his Eye-brows, and  
 looks as if he was going to say, what is ge-  
 nerally call’d, *A good Thing*; ‘ it must be  
 ‘ confess’d, says he, that Mr. *Barry* has got  
 ‘ the Start of them all in *Macbeth*.’ — ‘ It  
 ‘ would be very hard if he had not, answered  
 ‘ little *Tim*, for he did nothing but start all  
 ‘ through the Part.’

*Stephen* was stung at this Remark upon  
 his Favourite, and could not help owning  
 there was some Truth in it the first and  
 second Night; but that now he had drop’d  
 his Starting, and was quite perfect in the  
 Character. ‘ However, continued *Stephen*,  
 ‘ stay till you see your Favourites play *Mac-*  
 ‘ *beth*, and then judge: Stay till you see *Quin*  
 ‘ beat the Kettle-Drums in it; and dwell,  
 ‘ and sle-e-p, upon ev-e-y Sy-l-la-ble in it:  
 ‘ Or *Garrick*, in a sickly Mouthing, and in  
 ‘ hoarse languid Tones, whine and drawl out  
 ‘ *Shakespear*’s wildest Horror, more like a  
 ‘ puling Girl in a Storm, than the all-daring  
 ‘ *Macbeth*; whose Mind, by Ambition, Guilt,  
 ‘ and remorseful Horror, is maddened into  
 I                      Desperation;



‘ Desperation ; all which *Barry* expressed in  
 ‘ a Voice which improved, gradually, from  
 ‘ the first Scene to the last ; and with a Per-  
 ‘ son amiable as *Ovid’s Cillarus* :—

‘ *Gratus in ore vigor, cervix, humeriq; manusq;*  
 ‘ *Pectoraq;--Artificum laudatis Proxima Signis.*’

This last Speech of *Stickler’s* raised the Indignation and Contempt of both Parties : They hissed it severely, and averred, that the Censure was false and invidious, the Quotation unapt, and fulsome to the last Degree. At last, after great Contention about the Translation and Application of the *Latin Lines*, we submitted the whole Affair to a new Member, one Parson *Winterbottom*, a grave, sensible-looking sort of a Blockhead, who had never been amongst us before. It was some Time before we could prevail on old *Say-Grace* to open ; however, at last, after two or three Hems, settling his Bob, wiping his Face, and resting his Pipe, he got up, and with an audible Voice, and a most drole Stagnation of Countenance, he gave his Judgment upon our Wrangle in the following Nonsense :

‘ *Gentlemen,*

‘ *Gentlemen,*

‘ The Task you have laid upon me will,  
‘ I fear, be as displeasing to you in its Con-  
‘ sequence, as the Undertaking of it is dis-  
‘ agreeable to me ; but, be it as it may, you  
‘ have desired my Thoughts freely, and you  
‘ shall have them.

‘ I must confess then, that I never heard  
‘ Debates,—I beg Pardon, Wrangles I mean,  
‘ carried on with so much Warmth and Ir-  
‘ regularity. Each of you, I believe, intend  
‘ to serve the Person you espouse ; but, I am  
‘ afraid, your Praise is too partial, and your  
‘ Censure too intricate, to succeed ; for there  
‘ is a Want of Good-nature in your Criti-  
‘ cisms, and a Lack of Morality in your En-  
‘ comiums: You build one Man’s Fame upon  
‘ another Man’s Ruin ; which is the Way, in  
‘ Time, to destroy all Merit. If you would  
‘ have an Art or Science flourish, do not dis-  
‘ courage, but improve and cherish, a rising  
‘ Genius, till it emulates a polished one. The  
‘ Encouragers of an Art should never be of  
‘ any Party ; their Applause, like the Sun’s  
‘ Warmth, should reach and influence the  
‘ Whole.

‘ As to the Gentlemen you have so foolishly wrangled about To-night, they have, each of them, great and peculiar Merit; and when the Foibles of their Judgments, Persons, or Voices, appear (which will be the Case, at Times, of every Actor, so difficult is his Profession) they should, for the Actor’s Excellence at other Junctures, be treated with Candour and Humanity, not with Spleen and Invective.

‘ Mr. *Quin* and Mr. *Garrick* may enjoy their Worth and Fame, without Envy in themselves, or Faction amongst their Friends; and as to Mr. *Barry*, it is as unkind and injudicious to compare his acquired Abilities with Mr. *Garrick*’s or Mr. *Quin*’s, as to set their natural Requisites in Competition with his. Time has forbid a Comparison in the one, Nature in the other.’

This Harangue of the Parson’s was heard with great Attention: The Doctrine of Candour and Moderation we were Strangers to; it amazed, and made us look, for some Time, as stupidly wise as a Set of Coffee-House Philosophers accounting for Electricity. At length, having shook off  
our

our Stupidity, and recovered our usual Folly, we unanimously agreed to censure the *Fool* who introduced Mr. *Winterbottom* into our Society; voted the Parson's Doctrine heretical, expelled him, got drunk, and so concluded the Evening.

Now, Sir, if you are *Fool* enough to approve of our Correspondence, you shall be furnished with many curious Anecdotes this Winter. You shall know what Intrigues, Pieces, and Projects, are going on in the Theatres, before any *Fool* in Town, except those of our own Society. You shall know likewise when the Managers are conducted by Wisdom or Folly, Justice or Tyranny. But, above all, you shall have a particular Account when, and how long, a principal Performer is to be indisposed; with a curious Analysis, natural and political, of the Cause, Progress, and Consequences, of Theatrical Indispositions, and of their first Inventor. All which will, I hope, not only induce you to become one of us, but, in the mean Time, to pardon my signing myself, in the Name of the Society, your Foolish Brother, and Blind Admirer,

KIT CAT-CALL.

I 3

I am

I am obliged to Mr. *Kit Cat-call*, and accept his Invitation; though I do not readily conceive, how so established a *Fool* as myself can be improved by any Society of *Fools* in the Nation; unless, as Folly is infinite, it may be from thence concluded, that Perfection is unattainable.

The same Gentleman will please to remark how much the above takes up of our Paper, and regulate his *Foolish* Lucubrations for the future accordingly; noting, that we cannot generally spare above a Column and an Half. He is likewise desired to be very plain and distinct in his Writing, the Press being set by Candle-light, and so liable to many Errors, especially in Words not in common Use. And lastly, I beg the Favour of all Correspondents who reside on the other Side of *Temple-Bar*, and do not chuse their Letters should be perused by any Body but the *Fool* himself, to send, or direct them, clear of Charges, to Mrs. *Frances Littlewit*, at Mrs. *Rawlinson's*, a Toy-Shop, in *Bedford-Street, Covent-Garden*.





N<sup>o</sup> 74. *Wednesday, January 14, 1747.*

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**T**HIS delicate Crisis calls upon every honest *Briton* to contribute all his Understanding to the Service of the common Weal ; a happy Thought at this Juncture being worth an Age of Thinking at any other Time. We have seen in the Course of this War strange Vicissitudes of Fortune : We may remember the *French* over-running *Germany*, setting up an Emperor in Possession of the Capital of *Bohemia*, and threatening *Vienna* with a Siege ; then beat out again, and running away frightened out of their Wits ; again over-running *Italy*, carrying all before them in the *Austrian Netherlands*, and raising a Rebellion in *Great-Britain* ; then defeated in the Last, put to a full Stand in the Second, and not only drove out of the First, but their poor Remains followed into, and hunted in their own Country ; and instead of conquering *Italy*, have lost as much Coun-

try on the Side of *Provence*, as they have gained in the *Netherlands*. Thus, after an expensive War, with all their boasted Power, and the Loss of half a Million of Men, are much about where they set out, as to the Balance of Loss and Gain of Dominion; but in their Revenues and Military Stock, infinitely weaker.

We are now at a Point, and the Season suddenly approaching, when the Fate of *Europe* is to be determined; we are certainly better prepared than on the first setting out of the War, as to our own particular Parts, and as to that of our Allies. Success is in the Hands of Heaven; but Prudence, Circumspection, and Judgment, resulting from well-weighed and considerate Counsels, is most probably to be the Foundation of that Success. The Basis of all is a clear and distinct Knowledge of the State and Situation of Affairs, both Foreign and Domestic, formed by an impartial Comparison of our respective Circumstances. The *French*, for the present at least, have the whole Power of their Nation employed in *Provence* and the *Low-Countries*; and if the  
pub-

public Information is to be depended upon, our Allied Force is fully equal to them in both Places, allowing the Troops which are to attend his Royal Highness from hence, supposed to be about fifteen-thousand Men. And it is likewise supposed, that the Land-Forces and Marines provided for this Year will amount to seventy-one-thousand seven-hundred, including the *Irish* Regiments; that is to say, forty-eight-thousand two-hundred for *England*; eleven-thousand five-hundred Marines; and twelve-thousand on the *Irish* Establishment. If the Duke, with the Troops already in *Flanders*, has twenty-thousand, and half the Marines are Abroad or wanting, and allowing six-thousand for *Scotland*, and the same Number for *Ireland*, and twelve-thousand for *England*, there will remain, if I have calculated rightly, twenty-one-thousand nine-hundred and fifty Men; and making Allowances for Deficiencies, twenty-thousand complete. To find proper Employment for these is our next Consideration; it is very certain, that five-thousand complete Men and Officers, aided by the *American*

Forces, will be amply sufficient, if well conducted, and properly provided, to root the *French* out of *North-America*; a Point of more Importance than I have Room here to expatiate upon; and of more Consequence to us, than any Conquests that can be made in *France*; because the one we can keep, and with it the Trade; the other is hardly to be presumed, and if it could, would do us more Harm than Good. It follows, that immediately relative to ourselves, an Expedition to *Canada* ought to be our first Consideration. As to what relates to the unguarded Coasts of *France*, there are four Points to be considered: *First*, A proper Resentment, on Account of the late Rebellion: *Secondly*, The preventing of another, by keeping the Enemy employed at Home: *Thirdly*, The Destruction of their naval Power and Magazines: And *Lastly*, The general Welfare of the common Cause, which, when engaged in, ought most strictly to be esteemed our own: Therefore, if we, by landing ten-thousand Men in *France*, and have five-thousand more, as above, constantly to re-inforce them, there is nothing

thing more probable, than that all these Ends may be fully answered ; and as we are able, by our Command of the Sea, to bring our Forces off, and carry them on at Pleasure, there is no great Danger of our ever being at a Loss for them at Home, in Case of new Insurrections ; while, on the other Side, it must necessarily weaken the Enemy, either on the Side of *Provence*, or of the *Low-Countries* ; and consequently, either give the *Austrians*, or the Allied Army, an Opportunity to make an happy Campaign. But if, after all these, my perhaps random Calculations, it shall appear that there are not, nor is to be actually any such Number of Troops, suppose a Diminution of twenty-thousand, then all my Project, or rather Plan, comes to nothing.

This leads me into a Variety of very odd Reflections, and which I hope, as they spring *ex anima*, and are not without Foundation, will merit some Regard from the Public, whose *Fool* I am, and whose Interest I most heartily espouse.

We are either to have so many Men as supposed, or we are not : If we have them,



then it will be absolutely necessary to employ them, as above, in our own Service, in that of the common Cause, or of both. If we are not to have the Men proposed, than are we paying our Money for Moonshine, and turning the War into a Farce; we are still to be pelted by our Enemies, like the Frogs, by the Boys in the Fable; to be knocked on the Head for Diversion; to be continually suspended between Hopes and Fears; eternally giving away Money to no Purpose; making War and Peace only two Names for the same Thing; and increasing the national Debt, without End, Purpose, or Meaning. In this Light, I must confess, that all I have hitherto said, in Vindication of the *Treaty of Worms*, will amount to no more than this, That one wise Man made an excellent Treaty, and many Fools, not to give them a more invidious Character, destroyed the good Effects. We may go on at this Rate Treaty-making, and playing Tricks to Eternity. If any private Views, at this nice Conjunction, are to be boldly own'd and supported, in Contradistinction to the very Principles,

it

it is confessed on all Hands, can only preserve us, duly pursued, from inevitable Destruction. And will any Man, who has the least Honour or Honesty remaining, say he deserves a Head upon his Shoulders, who employs it in Juggling and Smuggling, when the Fate of this Nation, and indeed of all *Europe*, is at Stake? Yet, while the latter cannot be denied, the first is pursued. A Borough Juggler is at best but capacitated to shew Tricks in a *Bartholomew-Fair* Booth; to play off his *Legerdemain* on idle gaping Idiots; but will surely never be presumed a proper Person to direct the Oeconomy of the State, whereon the Welfare of so many Millions depend. And a Protector of Smugglers, puzzles one to find a Character bad enough for, amongst even the Excrements of Scurrility; so base, so mean, so wicked, so superlatively devoid of Grace, Honour, or Conscience, is the Man, who is justly branded with so opprobrious a Title, that our Language is not strong enough to fit him with a suitable Characteristic.

In a Word, it seems to be almost Time to grow serious; to think, whether his Majesty's

jefty's Honour, his Crown and Dignity, as connected with the Safety, Happiness, and Welfare of the People, is not to be preferred to the sinister Pursuits of any bold, ignorant, presuming Man breathing. If so, then it will follow, that the making of it Felony to give, or take a Bribe, in any Transaction that concerns the Commonwealth; to protect Villains; or to turn any Money appropriated one Way, to another Use; is certainly the plain simple Means of obtaining so necessary and important an End. It is a Mistake in Statesmen, that Corruption is necessary; it is founded on the most egregious Ignorance, and fills up the Vacancy of banished Wisdom. Men are more easily made Honest, than made Knaves: They have two Sides to act upon, the Fair and the Foul: No Man was ever yet a Knave, that found it his Interest to be honest; because a lasting Stability, and happy Reflections, are the natural Consequence. To be a Knave, a Man must first be a Fool, in the worst Sense of the Word; but to be Honest, must be Wise, and understand himself. A Man may be  
corrupted

corrupted into the Knave, by Temptation and the Aid of his own Vices, of which Vanity is not always the least predominant; but to be one merely for the Sake of Power or Voluptuousness, is banishing the Sense and Reason of Things, destroying the very Idea of Government, and abandoning it to Villainy and Prostitution. Wrongheaded Men laugh at this, as Whores do at modest Discourses; the Consequence is alike to both. They prefer the imaginary pleasing Instant, to a Course of regular solid Joy. When Pain follows, the Folly startles and amazes them: If they had considered the first, the last had never happened. There needs no Divinity to illustrate this; the Basis is in Common Sense; and those who raise their Superstructure thereon, neither corrupt others, nor suffer themselves to be corrupted; nor do they become Prostitutes, politically, or corporally; in the *M——y*, nor in *Drury-Lane*.



N<sup>o</sup> 75. *Wednesday, January 21, 1747.*

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**N**A T U R E has sown the Seeds of Science in the Minds of all Mankind indifferently, which more or less spring into full Bloom, flourish and charm, as they are water'd by Attention and Sobriety, and matured by due Culture. Thus every Man is more or less a Poet, Painter, or Musician. What we call Nature, or a Man's being born this, or that, only means the Predominancy of either, owing to the bodily Texture, Manner of Living, Conversation, or Education, or perhaps all together.

When the Mind wants due Culture, it is in the same State as an ill-husbanded Field, in which you see more Bents and Wild Oats, than good Corn, or rich Grass. The Bents, or Wild Oats of the Mind, appear on the Inside of Alehouses and Cottages, and form a Kind of rude scientific Wainscot, or Lining to the respective Walls, compos'd chiefly of Poetry and Painting. Poetry, a little more cultivated,



cultivated, appears in Church-Yards, and is intended to give Grace and Dignity to the dull Stone on which it is engraved, by partly robing it with Science; sometimes to shew the Wit of the Designer, sometimes to commemorate the defunct Person, and sometimes both together. From Epitaph it rises to Epigram, from that to Sonnet; it mounts next into a regular Poem, and finishes its Flight in Epic.

Every one of these Species of Poetry have their Beauties, and the higher Sort are confin'd to Rule and Measure; which is not the Case of the Wild Oats, or lower Sort, that flourish luxuriant on Grave-Stones, and monumental Tombs, perfectly free and unconfin'd; but have by this Means the Advantage of partaking in some Measure of the Beauties and Perfections of Stile, proper to every other Specie.

The first Instance I shall give of this Kind of Writing is truly Epigrammatic, it doubles upon the Understanding, and has what we call both *Point* and *Turn*; is taken from a Grave-Stone in *Cirencester* Church-Yard, in *Gloucestershire*, and runs thus:

*God*

*God takes the Good, too good on Earth to stay,  
And leaves the Bad, too bad to take away.*

The next is found in *Edmonton Church-Yard*; it is in a Stile very common to Sonneteers, amorous Versificators, &c. and is usually called the *Pert*:

*Hic jacet Newbury Will,  
Qui vitam finiit, per Cochixæ Pill;  
Quis administravit? Bellamy Sue.  
Quantum quantitate? Nescio; Scis ne tu?  
English'd,*

*Here lies Newbury Will,  
Who finish'd his Life with Cochixæ Pill;  
Who gave it him? Bellamy Sue.  
How much in Quantity? I don't know; do you?*

The Third is truly Enigmatic; and when brought to Light, only tells a bad Story; I therefore shall not unriddle it, so have only to relate that it is to be found at a Village in the *North Road*, named *Sautrey*:

*Here lies one bereav'd of Life,  
Who was my Mother, Mistress, Sister, and my  
Wife.*

The next has something of the Riddle in it too; but, like a good Play, has a Moral into

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into the Bargain ; sufficiently clear in the last Line. The Manner is Dialogue-wise, which supposes the Living first to ask the Question, and then the Dead to answer with great Gravity, recounting his own Worth, his Love for his Wife, how long they liv'd together ; and concluding somewhat quaintly, with what they had retained or lost. The Stile is entirely the Poet's own, or rather that of Epitaph itself ; has something of the Buskin Vaunt, and a Spice of Epigram. It is found somewhere in the *West* of *England*, and was wrote about three hundred Years ago :

*Ho, Ho, who lies here ?*

*'Tis I, the good Earl of Devonshire,  
With Kate my Wife, to me full dear :  
We liv'd together Five and Forty Year,*

*What we spent, we had :*

*What we gave, we have :*

*What we left, we lost.*

The next has as much of the Wonderful in it, as is necessary to make you admire the Poet's great Genius, in dextrously reconciling an apparent Contradiction ; and he no sooner astonishes you with Death's  
everlasting

everlasting Rape, but instantly you have the Satisfaction to find the Defunct safe in her Grave :

*So in Othello Desdemona dies,  
But instantly revives again, and cries,*

The Truth of the Matter is, that Death had only taken her away from the Living, and laid her among the Dead, as will evidently appear on the Face of the Reading, to be found in *Huntingdon Church-Yard* :

*She was both Loving, Dutiful, and Wise,  
But Death has took her hence, and here she lies.*

I shall conclude this Dissertation upon Epitaphs, by producing one that does some Honour to the Writer, as there is more in it of the Nervous, and true Sublime, than is to be found in most of our modern Tragedies, which are immers'd in Bombast, and calculated to astonish the Vulgar. I am more particularly pleased with it, as being wrote upon a poor Labourer, buried in *Islep Church-Yard in Oxfordshire*, whom one can hardly presume had any Claim to Flattery ; so that he was probably some Person of intrinsic Worth, such a one as *Horace* hints

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at in his *Integer Vitæ*, and is celebrated here according to his real Merits. The Hint may perhaps be taken from the 1st *Pfalm*, but is differently turn'd, and carried higher. The Manner is very like *Shakespear's*, and the Sentiment, most probably, sprung from the Occasion only; in which Light I shall beg Leave to give it the Public:

*His Memory sullied with no Crime,  
It will of Worth and Durance be,  
Will bury Churches, out-live Time,  
And stand up with Eternity.*



N<sup>o</sup> 76.





N<sup>o</sup> 76. *Friday, January 23, 1747.*

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**T**H A T good Kind of Man the O—r, who for some Years past assumed to himself a Right of abusing every Body, without Sense, Meaning, or Distinction, being now on the Stool of Repentance, complains of being ill used by this Paper, which has only dignified him in Character, and made him a Fool of greater Consequence than his own Acts were ever capable of doing. How far he has himself contributed to this, may appear on re-capitulating the several Circumstances which occasioned his being brought to Judgment here, previous to his appearing before a more solemn Judicature.

The Welfare of the Community principally depends on the due Execution of the Laws. If, after Laws are made, it be found that they bind too hard in religious Cases, on some Part of the People, and are there-  
upon

upon relaxed for their Ease, any Man shall, under the Sanction of such Relaxation, be found preaching Sedition, or what is perhaps in many Respects as bad, turning the Favour and Lenity of the Legislature into Jest and Drollery, as it may naturally enough turn to the Prejudice of those which are made easy under such Sanction, it would be an Act of Injustice in us, not to endeavour to convince both the Public, and the Aggressor himself, of the consequent Evils, as also what Punishments such Transactions merit.

All that has been said hitherto on the Subject has been founded on Facts, of which the Parties concerned have made Oath before the Secretaries of State; and being Men of Reputation, must merit our Regard; and whereto a positive Denial in the Delinquent is in no Sense a Contradiction. In this Light our Assertions must still stand the Test; and I will not say how positive I am, that they always will do so; and while nothing but Truth appears, founded on Facts, I see no Reason that the O——r has to complain of being ill treated; for, not-  
with-

withstanding his Hands seem to be tied behind him, in Regard to public Affairs, he will not surely pretend he is deprived of a Right to defend himself against the Attack of a Fellow-Subject ; nor that it is in any Sense criminal to attack him, who has, under the Sanction of the Laws, assumed the Freedom of Male-treating so many. I do not here speak with any Regard to the M—y, who work within Wheels, the Rotations whereof we are absolute Strangers to : But, as Lovers of the Constitution, which we do not chuse should be played Tricks with, we have a Right to pursue the Point, and are determined always to do it, let the M——y act on which Side they please. We will not suffer our innocent, unthinking Countrymen, to be drawn into Snares, and ruined, by the intricate and perplexed Designs of wrong-headed Men; their Tools, or Agents : And therefore, on Constitution Principles, and on them alone, attack every Man who presumes, by deviating therefrom (though as insignificant as the O——r) to inflame the Minds of the Vulgar ; and, by Degrees, introduce Com-motions.



stitution are capable of giving to all those who attempt, though never so idly, to undermine it.

The first Thing you should have done in the Road to Penitence, was to have taken Care that your Mob returned the Gentleman his Hat, Wig, and Hanger. This would have expressed some Intention towards making Amends, which, as Affairs stand, you seem to avoid as much as possible. On what Grounds then can you hope for Favour from the Injured? Or why do you complain of your Fame being celebrated in this Paper, dignified and distinguished, like the honest Man of old, who who acquired to himself a Name, by setting on Fire the Temple of *Diana* at *Ephe-sus*? That you are a Person of no Consequence in yourself is clear to every Body; and if here puffed into Infamy, it is at least an Acquisition, though something worse than none; yet, as of your own seeking, and what you could not effect with all your Skill before, ought to produce your most grateful Acknowledgements; it being like making Something out of Nothing; rising  
like

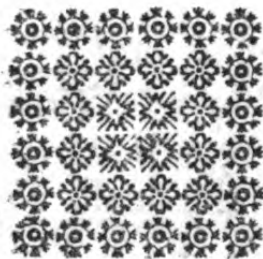


like Vermin out of the Slime of *Nilus* ; and shining in the *Fool*, though but in the Character of a blazing Insect.

Suppose you apply again on the Credit of having been deemed one of the Family of *Corruption* ; how far that may aid you, with those who are as bad as yourself, Time only can evince, but it is evident will in no Sense contribute to give you Reputation amongst us foolish Constitutionists. Were you elevated on such Principles to the Skies, or condemned to be precipitated down to the *Tarpejan* Rock, you would be exactly the same Man in our Eyes ; and therefore from this, and from what has been previously said, you may readily conclude the Reason why you are stringed up here, as a signal Instance of Folly. When you grow wiser, that is to say, better, if what is bred in the Bone, can any Way be rooted out of the Flesh, and the least Tincture of Virtue can be found in your Heart ; when those few confused Talents you are Master of, are employed to the Public Emolument, and you become a sincere Penitent, both in Word and Deed, you shall be fairly un-

betted again, and exposed to the Public View, as one of the *Fool's* Supreme Converts.

To conclude, I am desired by your foolish Society to inform you, whenever it shall happen that you become a real Convert, as we conclude it will be just on the Point of your Departure hence, you will seal up your Will in a Packet, therein devising unto us all your Estate, at least that Part of more Value than all the Bishops Works put together, that we may be enabled to drink your good Journey thro' Purgatory, and a pleasant Voyage over your favourite *Styx*.





N<sup>o</sup> 77. *Saturday, January 24, 1747.*

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**T**HE Party or Parties concerned in the following recited Poem, in the Criticisms thereon, must excuse me, if I am not *Fool* enough to understand either Side of the Question. The Whim of carrying our Language two-hundred Years backwards, is something like returning a Scholar to his Accidence that has read and relished *Ho-mer*: And merely finding Fault with an Author is well condemn'd in the Story of *A-pollo*'s directing the Critic to sift the Grain, and to take the Chaff for his Pains. But it appears still worse, when such only find out Faults in particular, and praise the Poem as excellent in general. This is much above my foolish Capacity to comprehend the Meaning of; and gives me a Right to insist, in Favour of the Author, that, if this Poem is really excellent, the Public may be favoured with some of its supreme Beauties.

It is remarked, that the *Fool* said it was none of *Spencer's*: He indeed said something more, on a Supposition that it was wrote with Intention to be taken for *Spencer's*, and is sorry to find himself deceiv'd.

Every ingenious Man, whether a Writer, or a Critic, shall at all Times be welcome to the Use of this Paper, treating his Adversary civilly. On the other Side, I shall beg to be treated with so much Politeness on their Part, as that, if it is in their Power, they will now and then resolve me a Question. My Question now is, How it happened that *Shakespear*, who lived (if I conceive right) in the same Age with *Spencer*, wrote so much better *English*, or, if they please, modern *English*? It is put I apprehend very properly to the Author of, or Critic on, the above Imitation; and to either of whom I shall be much obliged for a Solution.

To the A U T H O R, &c.

S I R,

I Addressed to you some Remarks on a Poem called, 'A new Canto on *Spencer's Fairy Queen*,' and have been since told that

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that I misrepresented this Poem by Piece-Meal Citations: This, I must grant, is unfair Criticism. Take then the two Stanza's that I censured together:

17.

*Thus talking, on the Neighbour-Beach they find  
A Bark, all in her gaudy Trim displaid:  
The Silken Sails sang in the whistling Wind,  
Courting the Knight on Board; who naught  
afraid*

*Springs destly on the Deck; when Archimage  
A wond'rous Pen takes in his cunning Hand,  
That mov'd, as if Instinct with Spirit sage,  
The bounding Bark, which made the adverse  
Land.*

*Where a bright Levee stood of Females fair,  
All ready to receive them, blith and debonair.*

18.

*O for an Ovid's Pen to point the Wiles  
Of Females, in their little Arts ydrest:  
Their quaint Conceits, their practis'd simp'ring  
Smiles;*

*The heaving Marble of their snowy Breast  
Hid to be seen, and seen to be admir'd:*

K 4

*And*



*And how they troul the Tongue, and roll the  
 Eye,  
 Languishing soft, or with Disdain half fir'd :  
 And all their Skill in Cupid's Archery.  
 If glance without a Wound these Arrows can,  
 Certes, Sir Knight, thou'rt less, or great-  
 er far than Man.*

I observed that these Verses had neither Humour nor Poetry in them ; and, if the Reader can see either, he must see more than I possibly ever can.

## 21.

*So whilom Hercules forgot the Man,  
 And weakly don'd a haughty Woman's  
 Weeds ;  
 So to a Stripling, whom he far out-ran  
 In Prowess chivalrous, and warlike Deeds,  
 Left Antony the Triple World : One Smile  
 Of Ægypt sunk the Hero in the Slave.  
 And lives there then such Power in Female  
 Guile,  
 T' appal the Mighty, and entrel the Brave ?  
 There lives such Power : And such a Female  
 Chain  
 Did from his first Intent Sir Paridel retain.*

In this Stanza I found several Faults—  
*Forgot the Man—Sunk the Hero in the Slave—*  
*One Smile of Ægypt:* For the *Ægyptian*  
 Queen; which, I am told, is a Metony-  
 my. But I think all Tropes and Figures  
 are not to be suffered; and a figurative  
 Language is as bad in Poetry as in Prose.  
 Now this Writer deals much in figurative  
 Language. How nonsensically does he talk  
 of the *winged Cherub of Love?* And he gives  
 the Soul *Wings* too. For, mentioning how  
 the Soul, by wrong Pursuits, is apt to be  
 drawn away from its true Object of Love,  
 he says:

*He dares strong plum'd to Virtue's Height to*  
*soar,*  
*But, Haggard-like, he checks, and learns low*  
*Falshood's Lore.*

In the same nonsensical Manner he talks  
 of *Beauty*, as a real Substance, a Form, and  
 Person. Now this can be supported by no  
 System of Philosophy whatever. But, a-  
 bove all, those truly ridiculous Lines ought  
 not to be passed over, which, in my late  
 Letter I took Notice of:

*Sighs anfw'ring Sighs the yielding Fair returns,  
And Love's-high flaming Torch with mutual  
Ardor burns.*

Reduce these Lines to plain Prose, and they will be palpable Nonsense. Nor is that Expression of *Horace* any better, who says, *Me torret face mutua*, &c. How can he be burnt with a *mutual* Torch? The Word *mutual* makes the Expression Nonsense. Take away from the *Latin* and *English* the Word *mutual*, and no Fault can be found.

The Sophister *Archimage* having poisoned the Knight's Mind (whom, by the Bye, he calls *Infant*; a grown Man an *Infant*! this I observed before) with atheistical Principles, in order to make his Vices, and the Neglect of his knightly Duty, sit the easier upon him. The Poet exclaims:

*O Mankind Effort! ever vain and blind,  
To change the Course (known to the Good and  
Few)*

*The constant Course of Nature, still the same,  
That keeps one destin'd End, nor misses she her  
Aim.*

*Mankind*

*Mankind Effort!* Quite new and nonsensical. And what Need of this Exclamation? I am told *Virgil* often uses these O O's, twice in the same Verse: It may be so: But they are silly and puerile. So in the Beginning of his Poem, in these truly juvenile Verses, he exclaims, upon mentioning the dismal Situation of the Person, who is afflicted with false Notions of Religion:

*O God! that e'er Religion's fairest Face  
Should mask in dismal Dress; that this bright  
Ray,  
Heav'n-born, should still more dark and dreadful  
make our Day!*

Nay, with this Exclamation the Poet is so pleased, as well as with the Letter O, that he repeats it nine Times in one Verse:

*O God of Hosts, look from thy Tow'r on high!*

The Hero of the Poem being recovered from his horrid Situation of Mind, by Means of Prince *Arthur*, and now no longer the vicious and atheistical *Paridel*, but the pious and honest Fairy Knight, fit to

follow the Benefits of *Gloriana*, his Alacrity is thus painted :

*Now rose the Knight, fresh as the Morning-  
Star,*

*His lucid Orb wash'd in the Ocean Wave,  
That glitters fairer from his radiant Car.*

*Or as Jove's Bird, call'd from the rocky  
Cave,*

*The faithful Minister to wreck his Ire,  
Now plum'd and bath'd, high Tow'rs, and  
darts his Master's Fire.*

He then makes the Hermit, with whom our Knight sojourned till he recovered his pristine Vigour and Health of Mind, to bring him a Suit of Armour :

*Mean while the Hermit to the Hero brought  
His Arms and massy Shield; who fed his Eyes  
With Stones then unknown, divinely wrought;  
Skill'd in the Rolls of Fate, a Wizard wise,  
Had fram'd the future Actions of his Line :  
Here swell'd the ample Orb, and stood Con-  
test,*

*Heroes and Patriots, only not divine :*

*The Henry's, Edward's, Richard's Lion-  
Breast ;*

*William,*



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*William, of Tyrants, and of France the  
Dread,*

*And Brunswick's num'rous Race here lifts the  
Regal Head.*

*There Castles floated on the Silver Tide,  
Teeming with Thunder and their Nations Ire;  
High on the Deck stood forth Devonias  
Pride,*

*And bookish Blake seem'd lost in Smoke and  
Fire.*

*Not distant far the Sanguine Plains appear  
Of Cressy, Agincourt, and Ister's Wave  
Roll'd to the Sea-Arms, Steeds, and Men;  
while Fear*

*Sat on the Gaul pursu'd by Britons brave.*

*The Knight views pleas'd his Progeny's great  
Name,*

*And on High-rais'd Arm he bears their  
Fates and Fame.*

Whatever Poetry these Lines may have,  
yet who can imagine (especially now as an  
Act of Parliament has passed to tell us there  
is no such Thing as Conjurers) that a Wi-  
zard could foretel not only Facts, but Names  
too? Here is *William*, meaning, I suppose,  
King

King *William the Third*. And soon after, turning to our Naval Affairs, he says,

*There Castles floated on the Silver Tide.*

What *Castles*, or Ships of War, *float* on the Shield! Imbossed and fixed Work to *float*: If this can be vindicated, I promise never more to act the Critic. Soon after he says,

*High on the Deck stood forth Devonia's Pride.*

I ask Pardon for misrepresenting these Words, 'How came *Diana's* Pride, and 'Sir *Francis Drake*, to be Synonymous 'Terms?' The Poet says more, he plainly paints on the Deck an Admiral, which Admiral was the Pride of *Devonshire*; and ask a *Devonshire* School-boy what famous Admiral they pride themselves in; and scarce one, but will answer, Sir *Francis Drake*.

Having observed upon the Whole, it was an excellent Poem:—The *Fool* said, it was so as far as he knew, but it was not *Spencer's*.—No, nor is it *Virgil's* Language, nor *Homer's*, nor *Pope's*, nor *Pistol's*, or *Bardolph's*.—If it is excellent, what Matter whose

whose it is? — But to say somewhat farther on this Subject: I have great Quarrels with the Notes; because, where they are most wanting, there are no Notes at all: Why does he not plainly tell us whom he means by *Sir Paridel, Archimage, Prince Arthur, &c.* He gives some Hint of a Meaning in the Poem, beyond the bare Letter, in Stanza 31. — *A War intestine threatens Fairy Land.* — And by *his frozen Clime, and a motley Race,* we guess at what the Highlanders in *Sc—d* threatened us with. And that these were encouraged by the Papists, he plainly hints by his *Duessá,* where the Angel turning the Discourse from the Narrative to the Description (with which this Writer is too fond of) that paints her in the Language of the *Apocalypse*:

*I see the hellish Pest, tho' bid from thee:*

The Angel must see a great Way indeed then! Another manifest Blunder of this Poet:

*I see the hellish Pest, tho' bid from thee:*

*From her Seven Hills she comes; and now elate*

*Will*

208      *The F O O L.*      N° 77.

*Will proud parade and swoll'n with Surquedry,  
Of Realms and Kefars pre-ordains the  
Fate.*

*High on the scarlet Beast she rides, that  
rears*

*Against the Starry Orb her forked Tail:  
A golden Chalice in her Hand she bears,  
A poison'd Potion, Source of bitter Bale.*

*The deadly Drugs, thus mix'd with magic  
Art,*

*All Man-like Reason quell, whilst lives the  
brutal Part.*

I could mention several other Kind of  
Faults; first of Language, as Stanza 3.  
*Him proudly pricking on the spacious Plan.  
The wicked Wizard Archimage gan spy.*  
—Here is *Him*, the Accusative Case, plac'd  
first, and the Verb *spy*, of which it is go-  
verned, last. Again in the first Stanza,

*Unhappy Man! whose ever-changing Mind  
Shifts with each flitting Tenet to and fro,  
Whose Sea-beat Bark no anchoring Bay can  
find,*

*Sport of the Waves, and blust'ring Blasts  
that blow.*

*Now*

*Now Superstition with her harpy Claws  
 Tears his distracted Soul in doleful Plight.  
 Now Atheism wide opes his graceful Jaws  
 To swallow him absorpt in endless Night.  
 Unhappy Man! unless some heavenly Ray,  
 Illume his gloomy Mind, and point the right-  
 ful Way.*

Here is *unhappy Man* repeated twice in one Stanza, which shews a Poverty of Intention, next of the Versification; to prove which, I appeal to the Reader's Ear.—I have another Quarrel with the Philosophical Part of the Poem; and could easily shew that the Author of it is deficient, not only in Philosophical Science, but in Learning likewise; of which there is scattered up and down some faint Appearances. However this at present may suffice.







N<sup>o</sup> 78. *Thursday, January 29, 1747.*

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**B**EFORE the Invention of Characters, or Letters, the Antients communicated their Thoughts to each other in Hieroglyphics; expressing by similar Objects what had previously happened, what in the present required, or the Prognostication of some future Event; the First answered the like Purpose as our History, the Second as our Epistolary Correspondence, and the last what is learnt from Experience in Astronomy, &c.

It was not very difficult to shew an Eclipse by the Intervention of one of the dark Planets, figur'd upon a Tablet, as hiding the other from the Sight of the Sun; nor when it would happen, by placing the Figures of one or more Full-Moons, attended by another, proportionably illuminated, to signify a certain Number of Days.

If a Man wanted a Cow from some Farmer at a Distance, he figured it out; and oppos'd to it the Portrait of what he would  
give

give in Exchange, and sent this away by the Post.

If relating past Transactions, he first pencil'd out the Nature of the Fact; as one Army beating another; the World immerg'd in Water; a Pyramid erected; a Fiery Volcano just bursting out; and the Country round in a Flame; his Great Grandfather consummating his Marriage with his Grandmother; or a first Minister decollated; and the Time when, very aptly express'd, by the Types usually assented to, for Days, Months, or Years: There could be no great Difficulty in either reading or understanding such Pieces of History.

Common Sense is eternally the same, and where Learning is in Nature, springing from visible Objects aptly represented, must have the same Effect on the human Mind at all Times, and in all Ages, with this Advantage over literal History, &c. that you see, read, and understand a whole Volume in Folio, by casting your Eye over a single Leaf.

Reflections of this Nature, I conceive, has been the Occasion of the Appearance of a  
Political

Political Map of *Europe*, partly in Character, and partly Hieroglyphic, relating, as I suppose, the happy Transactions of the last Year, and illustrating the Consequences of the Wisdom and Sagacity of the present M——y.

I shall pass over my Observations on the Execution of this *Egyptian* Piece, as all wise Critics will do, in Matters wherewith they are unacquainted. And I doubt not but the Designer will excuse me, if I am sometimes mistaken in my Conjectures upon it.

The first Thing, that struck my Eye on the Perusal, was a great Variety of Vessels, seemingly stranded on different Parts of the *English* Coast, and Men running away at the Sight of them, pursuing from every Quarter the Road towards C—t. This intimated to me a *French* Invasion, and that the People were flying thither for Protection, as aiming to shelter themselves under the Wing of the Great Man, inhabiting there, who may be said, in more Senses than one, to be the Preserver of the Nation.

I know that some ill-natur'd Critics have given it another Turn, and fancied both the  
Vessels

Veffels and Men employed in Smuggling ; but then, what Bufinefs could they have at C—t? that is not the Mart for *French* Goods, nor a Place to protect Smugglers ; rather where, if caught, they would be punished, which is a Gulph they would never run Headlong into. As therefore this cannot be the true Decyphering, I fhall conclude my own Difquifition beft.

As we leave the *English* Coaft, the Eye naturally throws itfelf on that of *France*, on the Part which lies next the Bay of *Biscay*, and there we view three diftinct Fleets of Ships. The intended Operations of the firft feems to me to be a Defcent on the Coaft of *France* ; and as that has happened very much to our Honour, and to the Terror of the Enemy, I doubt not, but is the Cafe. There are thofe who do pretend more Wifdom than their Neighbours, and fay, this is *D'Anville's* Fleet, stealing away from Admiral *Martin*, and only ftand in Shore as a Feint ; but this I conceive at beft to be a mere Conjecture. The Truth of it is, that, in fuch a Variety of Events as the laft Year afforded, it is extremely difficult to be quite

quite clear which is the Fact; but if, as I conjecture, the Fleet in the Storm on the *American Shore* is *D'Anville's*, then this cannot be it likewise; since it cannot be supposed to be in the Bay of *Biscay* in fine Weather, and in a Storm a thousand Leagues off at the same Time: That would be an Absurdity, and therefore not to be concluded. But then one is at a Loss to guess what the two other Fleets are; for, if one is Admiral *Martin's*, and the other the *French Convoy* under *M. Conflans*, as *D'Anville* sail'd much about the same Time, and we know of no other, these must be they; and the A——l appears like an Afs between two Bundles of Straw, starving in the concerted Medium. I own I am at a Loss what to think about it; and can only with *Cato* in the Play say, *I am weary of Conjectures*.

The next that presents, is a Fleet attack'd; this, though not included in the last Year's Adventures, I take to be the *French Man of War*, Homeward-bound, richly laden, from the *West-Indies*, engaged by C——n M——n; for, although some say, that the Commodore ran another Way, and the above C——.'s  
Ship



Ship did not choose to fight; yet, on the Hearing at an impartial C—t.M——l, it appeared to be a false Report; and that the *H——n-C——t* is as gallant a Ship as any in the Navy. The Merchants upon the *Exchange* differ widely with me in this Affair, and positively assert, that it is the *Antigua* Fleet, attacked by the *French* Squadron; and aver, they can see *Frenchmen* boarding the *Severn* Man of War, the Convoy; but to me, who want a better Glass than either *Cuff* or *Scarlet* fells, to find it out, must remain at present in Suspence what to determine about it. That over the Way, in a Storm, is certainly *D'Anville's* Fleet, and is the only Circumstance that we all agree in.

The Folks got together on the *American* Shore puzzles us exceedingly, and the more so for the Label, which intimates their Aversion to a *Bourbonite* Ministry. This would have been apt enough in the Year 1712. However, some point to the Figure of *Breda*, and sneering, say, that Town is not far from *Utrecht*: But what they mean by that is as unintelligible to me as all the rest.

For

For my Part, I rather conceive it to be a Kind of prophetic Outcry against the *Jacobites*; a Stimulation, through Fear, of what may be, more than what is, not conceiving that any Body, now in Power, look that Way; and shall therefore wave my Judgment of this Matter, until those penetrating Powers, who see more with one Eye than I with twenty, if I had them, shall make this Matter thoroughly clear, by an elaborate and intelligible Dissertation on the Subject, in some future *Gazette*. For as the setting of Men's Minds right, in such important Particulars, must certainly be the Effect of our great Politicians in inspecting into this Matter seriously; so the publishing it, in that authentic and delicate-wrote Paper, cannot fail of being attended with very happy Consequences. I shall therefore wave my further Reflections, until I either see what my Betters do, or have Room to finish my Remarks on this Subject; which I purpose as the Labour of To-morrow.



N<sup>o</sup> 79. *Friday, January 30, 1747.*

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I Left the Explanation of the Political Map, in my last, finished with the Disquisitions of what appeared on the Ocean. I am now entering upon firm Land, and observe a Person on the Confines of *Italy*, next *France*, riding Post into that Country in a triumphal Car, drawn by Eagles; it holds a Banner in its Hands, wherein is inscribed the Treaty of *Worms*; and in tracing the Route appears this Distich, *Hoc virtutis iter*. This leads me to imagine that the Figure is intended to represent Virtue, or the King of *Sardinia* in that Character, pursuing a glorious Journey, to bastinate the Troublers of the Repose of *Europe*, and to establish the Tranquillity of Mankind. If this be his Pursuit, as is most probably the Case, and this the true Explanation, I confess it strikes me with so exquisite a Pleasure, as I want Words to describe. A young

Prince, at a Time of Life when Pleasure generally reigns supreme, banishing every gay Delight, and hazarding both his Person and Dominions for the Sake of Virtue, is no common Picture. He appears to me in the Light of an Angel descending from on high, giving Peace and Happiness to the Nations round; while he bids the Waves of War be still, and *Gallic* Politics triumph no more.

At some Distance behind him, in the same Country, appears the once free State of *Genoa*, in ample Confusion, represented by a sinking Ship. The Fate of that Country I can't, as a true Lover of Liberty, help deploring; while, on the other Hand, I must blame them in my Heart, for joining in the wicked Attempts of *France* and *Spain* to enslave *Italy*; and, in such Pursuit, but too justly meet its own Fate. Here the warmest Reflections on the Vicissitudes of Human Affairs naturally spring from benevolent Minds, sensibly affected with such singular Scenes of Distress and Ruin; and the more so, when we come to consider, that, if this  
little

little State had stood, supported by the House of *Bourbon*, that Power would have probably extended this Way, and the same Calamity been our own. The Imagination easily reaches this; and therefore, while we weep the Fall of others, we have equal Reason to rejoice in finding ourselves safe.

As we peruse farther over the Surface of this Map, we see a glittering Sun eclips'd: As this Prospect appears in the Heart of *France*, I can't help supposing it to signify the Glory of that Country, veil'd by some other much less conspicuous. The most obscure Country I know at this Juncture, likely to eclipse the *Gallic* Brightness, is *Sardinia*, from whence I conclude that to be the Case; and whether right or wrong in my Judgment, can't help reflecting, with singular Pleasure, how much more this same Emblem of Glory is likely to be diminished; not only by the dark Orb before it, but also by a superlatively higher Lustre gliding towards it on another Side, though not as yet starting out of the Paper.



Leaving *Spain* on the Sinister, the Eye naturally reaches next *Breda*, where appears a very busy Person doing of Nothing, or, according to the Motto, worse than Nothing. It seems a vain young Figure of a Man, with more Sense than Experience, and more Learning than Judgment; like us Scribblers, would feign rise by its Pen; but, like us, attended by that fatal Word *Frustra*, three Times magically repeated. Of what Nation it is, or what Name to give it, I own myself entirely at a Loss; the Case is so like my own, that it makes me sigh heartily, and, by Repetition, inclining to Tears. My Reason bids me here at once leave and forget the melancholy Subject.

More in the Heart of the Seven United Provinces stands a Figure, staring with all its Eyes; it's difficult to say of what Country it is; the Dress is *French*, the Face inclining towards *English*, and its Attitude truly *Dutch*. The Motto intends it should look more Ways than one, as if it would say, *I would take that Route which is most for my Interest*; whither it intends I know not, what it is I care not; *Jack* of both Sides is

*Jack*

*Jack* of no Sides ; so that, let it be of what Country it may, it is evidently a Slave to its Interest, and therefore not worth farther informing myself about it.

Pictured out, in a fine Groupe, I perceive on the Wing towards *France*, as from *Vienna*, a Variety of little Figures, spiriting on one resembling Victory, and yelling after it, with doleful Shrieks, *Revenge at the Gates of Paris*. As this is plain *English*, I am the less at a Loss to understand it. I see plainly that the Furies are all bound to *Paris*, with Victory at their Head ; but how long they will be getting thither, as they seem but just emerged, Time only can discover. Their Attitude and Manner is indeed very bold and striking, and they seem to push forward with hearty Good-will ; but, how fast Providence will permit them to travel, is another Question. A Sun breaking out of the same Cloud seems to intimate, that some Nation, whereof this is the Genius, has suddenly broke loose from Adversity, and, by its lucid Light, seems to act the Part of a great many Flambeaux, and to enliven the Route of the little Gentry above. It seems

to be glad it is got Abroad again, and talks *Latin* like any Gentleman-Commoner.

We cannot help now turning our Eyes on *Spain*, where an Inquisitor-General, in the Figure of what we usually call a *little tormenting Devil*, is uncrowning the Monarchy, represented by a silly-looking Fellow, called a *King*. An old Woman seems to be at the Bottom of this Affair, and, if one may judge of her Mind by her Looks, had much rather be the above Devil's Consort than not effect it. She has the old Proverb with her, which says, *Happy are the Children whose Parents go to the Devil*. They stand to the Left, and wait to felicitate each other on the Event. On the Right is the *French Ambassador*, egging her Majesty to the infernal Compact; while an honest old *Spaniard*, with an Air and Countenance that awakens all our Compassion, is bemoaning the hard Fate of his Country, in that of his ruined Sovereign, getting off as fast as he can, damning the House of *Bourbon*.

Thus the respective Pieces struck my Conception: I viewed them with the Eye of an *Egyptian Connoisseur*, and refer myself to Dr. *Pocock*,

*Pocock*, or any other *Eastern* Traveller, whether they would not have had exactly the same Conceptions of this Matter; though, on Enquiry, they may prove very different from the Notions of a *Western* Designer, who generally understands no more of Hieroglyphics than a Goose.





N<sup>o</sup>. 80. *Saturday, January 31, 1747.*

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**T**HE Greatness of a Man's Mind, and the Spirit of Honour, is as much seen in the Fighting of a single Ship, under remarkable Disadvantages, as in the Fighting a grand Fleet, or an Army. We have hitherto thought it a mighty Matter, if, in the Navy-Service, one of our Ships made its Party good against an Enemy of equal Force. In the Navy there are various Incitements to Gallantry, which the Masters of Merchant-Ships have nothing to do with; as Honour, Preferment, Duty, &c. while a Master of a Merchant-Ship's highest Stimulation is native Bravery, except that his Bread, or Property, may in some Measure depend upon it. How our Navy-Affairs have gone on in this Particular I need not recount. There have happened many bad Affairs, some handsome Actions, but none that



that give Lustre and Dignity to the *British* Name. The following Epistle from Capt. *Cary*, now a Prisoner at *Bayonne*, to a Merchant of this City, shews, in the strongest Light imaginable, what brave Defences Men are capable of making, when inspired by a true manly Resolution; and consequently, what might be done, if truly brave Men were picked out from every Quarter, and employed in the public Service, instead of such who are regularly bred in the Navy, to be good for no one earthly Thing. This is no Reflection either on those who have behaved well, or on such who have not had an Opportunity of exerting themselves; our Reflections only strike at Facts past, and the Bettering of Times to come; in no Sense to be more perfectly effected, than by employing such Masters of Merchant-Ships as have approved themselves beyond Doubt gallant Men, and who would certainly improve their natural Talents by Preferment in the Navy. I know where the Objection lies, and the Cause of all very well; but it is nothing to Men who pretend to be Patriots, and that push others out, only to do

nothing themselves : Now they are in they dare not shine ; and, if they go out again, will at once be laughed at, and forgot. Every Man is a Pretender to Patriotism ; and, if you will believe him, only takes a Place for the Good of his Country, by which he means himself. While this is the Case, and few to be employed in the Navy that are good for any Thing, the Public only spend 4,000,000 *l.* a Year, to maintain about a Dozen Fighting Men, and the rest are supported merely to keep them Company. Our Parade is the Jest of wise Men, and the Admiration of Idiots. We flutter about the Enemy, and can do nothing ; take now and then a rich Trading Ship, and retire : The Money is got, and the Devil may fight our Battles, for what they care. This is among the happy Effects resulting from the entering upon Places without Power, and acting in them without Judgment, Experience, or Reflection on the Consequences. In this Light our Navy is become a Kind of Phantom, that rather startles the Enemy by its Appearance, than  
hurts

hurts them by its Actions; and it is only wanting to know its Weakness, and to bid it vanish.

*Capt. SAMUEL CAREY, late Commander of the Earl of Gainborough, from St. Christopher's, to a Merchant in London, dated at Bayonne, Jan. 18, 1746-7.*

*S I R,*

**I** HAVE the Misfortune to be made a Prisoner by *Bretineau Duplessis*, in the Ship *Alexander Le Grand*, carrying twenty Guns, Nine-Pounders, besides Swivels, and two hundred and eighty-five Men, after an Engagement of four Hours, three and an half of which was within Pistol-Shot.

On my Arrival here, I heard the Fate of our *West-India* Fleet, and thence conclude the Failure of my Letters to you from *St. Kit's*, wherein I told you of my having engaged Monsieur *Pallankée* seven Glasses, and afterwards of many of my Hands leaving me, to go Home in other Ships at high Prices; as also of a Quarrel among the Residue, which occasioned the Death of my

Surgeon, and the Desertion thereupon of my Second Mate, Gunner, and two more Men, myself at the same Time very ill and weak.

The Men I had now left, or procur'd, being mostly ignorant, join'd to hard Passage, obliged me to expose myself beyond what I could bear, and on the 12th of *November* was confin'd to my Bed; on the 13th resign'd the Ship to my Officers; and on the 14th, at Two in the Afternoon, was by mere Accident inform'd of a Sail being in Sight; at Four I ordered two Men to carry me upon Deck, and then saw the Enemy at about one League Distance; perceiv'd her to be a Ship of War, and therefore, though I could not for the present stand the Deck, ordered all Things in Readiness to engage; at Five she fir'd a Gun to Leeward, and hoisted *English* Colours, which we answer'd; at Seven she came within Gun-Shot, and hawl'd up her Courses. It becoming calm, we lay in this Situation all Night. On the 15th of *November* the Morning opened with a small Breeze, the Enemy fell astern, and hoisted.

hoisted out her Boat, as I then suppos'd to board us on one Side, while the Ship did the same on the other; when we could fairly see each other, we hoisted our Colours, and directed a Shot Point-blank from the Stern-Chace, to be fir'd at the Enemy. He then shew'd what he was, hoisted *French* Colours, and return'd the Compliment. *Oh! my worthy Friend, I now coveted Health more than ever I had done since I enjoyed Life.* He drop'd his Courses, and in twenty Minutes was along-side, little Wind and smooth Water: We gave and received each other's Broadside, and then put both Ships before the Wind. His Sailing so much better than us gave him what Station he pleas'd; he took his on our Starboard Quarter, not liking our Broadfides. He had one hundred and sixty Men at the Musquetry, that play'd very warmly upon us. We battered each other till our Ship became quite a Wreck, our Sails and Rigging all shot to Pieces, and four Shot between Wind and Water. Our Men grew tir'd, and conceal'd themselves, which too many did from the Beginning. Those



Those Guns that could most annoy the Enemy were quitted ; I could not prevail on more than six Men to stand their Guns ; the Wounded continually crying out for Relief, which, for want of my Surgeon, could only be had from the Women on board, who kindly tore their Aprons to stop their bleeding Wounds. The Privateer, by her Rigging in her Spritsail-Yard, appear'd determined to board us ; all the Arguments I could use did not prevail on more than seven or eight Men, who chearfully offered to stand by me. The Ship must have sunk if the Enemy had left us, and our Boat was stove to Pieces ; under these Circumstances I struck my Colours. On the 16th of *November*, it being smooth Water, the whole Day was employed in repairing the respective Ships. On the 17th the Prize hail'd the Privateer, and told us, that the Water came in so fast, as that both Pumps would scarce keep her free. On the 20th they said it was impossible to save her. They threw all the Guns on the Main-Deck overboard, cut away her Mizen-Mast, and at  
Eight

Eight in the Evening she disappeared. It was concluded that she founder'd, which gave us all great Uneasiness, the Passengers being left on board.

The Privateer, being unfit to keep the Sea, bore away for *St. Sebastian's*, where we arrived the 30th, and, to my great Satisfaction, found the Prize arrived, though with great Damage to her Cargo. The Enemy was a new Ship, had been out fourteen Days, and ours her first Prize. We shot away her Foretop-Mast, the Head of her Fore-Mast, wounded her Bow-sprit much; the six After-Beams of her Quarter-Deck entirely cut away; many Shot in her Hull; and her Rigging and Sails much damaged; fifteen Men killed, twenty-seven wounded, most of whom died.

I had twenty-six Persons on board when I engaged, nine of them Foreigners, and lost only three. I had a Villain on board that fired a Musket, and killed a *Frenchman*, after we struck; which occasioned a warm Dispute between the Captain of the Privateer and me; but he at last forgave it, and treated  
me

me while on board him very handsomely. I am well recovered, though in a common Jail, where myself and Passengers are lodged in one Room, and live pretty well for our Money. We travelled hither from *St. Sebastian's* by Land; have no Cloaths, save those on my Back; was promised my Chest; but fear now that I shall not receive it.





N<sup>o</sup> 81. *Tuesday, February 3, 1747.*

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**I**N a Country where Faction flourishes, and its Dictates so wholly seize the Minds of the People, that their Reason, Reflection, and Common Sense, are totally involved therein, a Writer upon free Principles can have little Share in the Public Favour, and much less in that of the M—y. In the City he is a Courtier, at Court a *Jacobite*, and in the Country they know not what; like the late M—r of the *R—lls*, when speaking in a great Assembly, weighing this, that, or the other Argument indifferently; all attentive to the Conclusion, as expecting it in their respective Favours: But alas no! he found both Sides usually much alike in the Right, and there he left them.

Parties have nothing to do with Right and Wrong, their Business is Power, not Principle; and the only Question is, Who  
has

has the best Abilities, the most Brains, or the warmest Hearts? And therefore, when we oppose, it is because this, or that Man, for want of Abilities, &c. does such Things as are not generally approved; but in the Opposition, draw on ourselves such Reflections from them, and their Agents, as have nothing to do with Sense, Honesty, or Ingenuity. If I only say such a Clergyman has done a bad Action, I am an Atheist; if that such a Physician has killed his Patient, I am an ignorant Fellow, an Enemy to Science; if such a Lawyer unjust, he laughs at me for a *Fool*; if that the City of *London* are Building the Tower of *Babel* in *Stocks-Market*, I am a Courtier; and, if I say the M—r deviates from the Rules of Wisdom, I am a *Jacobite*; therefore must either conclude, from private as well as public Life, that whoever pretends to, and is employed in this or that particular Business, is infallible, or stand branded with such Marks of Infamy, as may seem to their Wisdoms most efficacious and striking.

I shall here take my Leave of private Life, and only consider how it stands with  
public



public Affairs. The Courtiers have been for a long Time infinitely puzzled to tell what to make of the *Fool*; even the M—r himself has been from Time to Time at a Loss how to give out his Instructions; sometimes his Lions have been directed only to call him an abusive Fellow; at other Times to give out they never read him. When he talks about Smuggling, he is a *Jacobite*; when about the Navy, he is a *Papist*; and when about the Treaty of *Worms*, which strikes closest of all, the Hireling of a certain noble Person, that knows just as much about him, as even the wife M—r himself, who, for want of a righter Judgment, has at last concluded him a damned Fellow.

If the *Fool* was alone in this Particular, it might be well enough; the prejudiced Part of the World at least would with some Reason say he is a damned Fellow indeed; but as the same Fate attends every public Writer, who delivers out what he thinks just, he is only a *Papist*, a *Jacobite*, or a damned Fellow, in mighty good Company.

This Turning of old *Whigs* into *Papists*, *Jacobites*, &c. is not quite new, though a  
little

little improved upon. It has been said before, that the Writer of the *Craftsman*, and such wicked Papers, laid the Foundation of the Rebellion. This Notion all the Sons of Corruption have universally propagated; while the Enemies of the Constitution, in a different Road, founded their Hopes of Success on that very Corruption. They reasoned, and I am afraid too truly, that Men thoroughly corrupted in their Manners, that made a Jest of every Thing sacred, and would consent to sell their Country to Shame and Infamy, for the Sake of a better Dinner, were not very difficult to conquer. They concluded right, and found it by Experience to be true, that neither the General Officers, either by Sea or Land, established on that Principle, were in any Sense adequate to their Employments; and it was evident, that, had not Fate punished us with a young Prince, born above this pitiful System, we had no Resource left, but in his Majesty's Heading his own Armies; to whom, if any Accident had happened, as the Heir-Apparent was not bred a Soldier, into what a desperate Situation had

had we been driven? The *Craftsman* then, no more than the *Fool* now, never justified or vindicated this Corruption, and consequently had nothing to do with the evil Effects flowing therefrom, the Injuring of our Honour, the Ruining of our Morals, or the Fatality of our Affairs, no more than the Parson had to do with one of his Audience, who, after preaching to him Repentance, went and hang'd himself; and, if some M—rs were to do the same, I do not doubt but it would be said the *Fool* was the Cause of it; not that I think there would be any great Harm in the Matter, only one would not be abused wrongfully.

When Men in great Employments want real Abilities, they affect to make it up by the constituting of low Cunning in its stead; every little Art that can justify the Reputation of their Adversary, either public or private, they design to use; and have so pretty a Manner of doing it, as perfectly charms one. Thus Lions are first listed, then formed into Companies, and then regimented. The Civil List consists of the Secretaries of public Offices, and Directors  
of

of public Companies. These act as Field Officers, and have under them, as Subalterns and common Soldiers, the Clerks, Door-Keepers, and Porters. The Military List is composed of such as are draughted out of the Army or Navy, raised to Dignities by the good St. *Stephen*, tutelar Saint of *Westminster*. These have no Regimenting, nor Distinction; they are all of a Rank; all Lions of great Weight and Importance; they have more of that Beast in their Aspect, than the Civil List Gentry, and roar better a good deal; but are equally Sheep at Heart. These attend their General, at his House in *A—n* Street, on certain appointed Days, where they receive their Orders on little Scraps of Paper, dignified with the Hieroglyphic of a Smuggler, triumphing over Commerce. If any public Paper disoblige, or any Pamphlet tells Truth, their Instructions are briefly minuted down thus: The *Fool* a silly Paper; I never read it: *Pish*, a Pack of Nonsense: *L—d G—’s* Paper: The Writer a *Papist*, *Atheist*, *Jacobite*; a Man of bad Character; invent any Thing else occasionally. The *State* of the *Nation* a  
*Jaco-*

*Jacobite* Pamphlet; the Author cannot borrow a Thousand Pounds in the City on his Bond — A pitiful Fellow, writes for Hire: Who is he? Any Body that comes uppermost. Do not say any Thing against O—r H—y; he is one of us at the Bottom. An Act to oblige People to sign their Names to what they write: Try how it relishes. The Author of the *Appeal to Cæsar* a sad Dog: We shall make use of his Scheme about the Window Tax: But hush! The Allowance for Projectors shall be divided among you. Damn the Smugglers; here is a Noise about them: We must shuffle off that Affair until next *Midsummer*; then they may do what they please with it. *V—n* is no more a Seaman than a Goose; How idly that Fellow prates? *A—n* took an *Acapulco* Ship: Oh Heavens! There is a Seaman for you: His Journal not to come out till after he is dead, because the *Fool* threatens it. Dead Men have no Reputation. Hang Reputation! None but *Fools* have any. The Squadron now out kept together to keep the *French* in. The *French* have no Ships; that is a Joke. Our  
Merchant-



Merchant-Ships taken: Who can help that? Their Owners are a Pack of troublesome Fellows. Refer them to the L——s of the A——y; and they will refer them to the D——l.

This and this is better Sport by half than minding the Business of the Nation. Great Men should do great Things: And what can be greater than the Art of supporting ourselves in Power, on the Credit of making all our Adversaries appear contemptible?





N<sup>o</sup> 82. *Wednesday, February 4, 1747.*

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AS the maritime Part of the Nation have been pleased to constitute me their Inspector-General, I cannot excuse myself from giving their Sollicitations Preference to all other Occurrences whatsoever. I have before me at this Time a great Variety of Petitions and Complaints, which I shall usher to Light in due Order, either as they come to Hand, or appear most material. The following seems to be a specious Complaint against some principal Commander in the *West-Indies*. The Subject I am an entire Stranger to. The Manner of its being delivered will signify little, if the Facts be true. It is at present merely a Charge, I hope not a true one; yet, if I did not think it was, I would not publish it to please any Body.

It is very hard that this Navy of ours cannot, after seven Years War, be brought into any Kind of Discipline, nor one principal Officer be found that has Sense, Honour, or Honesty enough, to act as becomes

him. Surely our Wisdoms will at last find some specific Remedy for this Chronical, or rather pestilential Distemper, that infects the whole Navy, and threatens with Destruction all that is Great, Good, and Just. *Let us Pray:* ‘ Good Heaven, if it be thy  
 ‘ eternal Decree, that this ill-starred Nation  
 ‘ must fall a Sacrifice to Folly, Nonsense,  
 ‘ Cowardice and Venality ; most graciously  
 ‘ be pleased to give thy humble Suitors the  
 ‘ Satisfaction of first seeing the Authors of  
 ‘ our Misfortune duly punished for their  
 ‘ respective Sins ; that so our Woes may be  
 ‘ in some Measure alleviated, our Grief ex-  
 ‘ tenuated, our Cares lessened ; that, while  
 ‘ we are running headlong into the black  
 ‘ Gulph of Slavery, Misery, and Death, we  
 ‘ may with Hands uplifted, Arms extend-  
 ‘ ed, and Hearts devoted with a due, pro-  
 ‘ per, and becoming Sincerity, praise, ho-  
 ‘ nour, and adore thy Divine Beneficence,  
 ‘ both now, and for evermore : *Amen.*’

*Leeward Islands, Sept. 4, 1746.*

*S I R,*

‘ **T**HE following is a plain and im-  
 ‘ partial Account of the Conduct of  
 ‘ Commodore L—, since his Arrival in  
 ‘ this

‘ this Station, which was in the Month of  
‘ *May*, 1745, in his Majesty’s Ship the *Suf-*  
‘ *folk*, of seventy Guns ; together with the  
‘ *Dreadnought* of sixty-four Guns; and was  
‘ joined by the *Severn* of fifty-four Guns,  
‘ the *Sutherland* of Fifty-four, the *Argyle* of  
‘ Fifty, the *Lynn* of Forty-four, the *Lime*  
‘ of Twenty-four, the *Otter* of fourteen  
‘ Guns, and the *Comet* Bomb ; this was the  
‘ Strength of his Squadron, which he order-  
‘ ed, as soon as he had the Command, into  
‘ *English* Harbour. Soon after which he re-  
‘ ceived Advice, that six Sail of *French* Men  
‘ of War (about equal to his Force) were to  
‘ convoy a Number of Merchantmen to old  
‘ *France* ; which proved true, they soon af-  
‘ ter appearing off of *English* Harbour, where  
‘ the Commodore, with his whole Squadron,  
‘ then lay. But as their Force was equal, the  
‘ Combate might have been dubious ; so that  
‘ he was no farther blameable than for not  
‘ putting to Sea, in order to sail to *St. John’s*,  
‘ as he had what the Sailors call the *Weather*  
‘ *Gage*. Had he performed this, it would  
‘ have shewn the Enemy, that they had not

‘ blocked him up, as they afterwards gave  
‘ out. Soon after this the largest Ships  
‘ failed for the *Spanish Main*, and the small  
‘ ones to such Latitudes as would be likely  
‘ to produce Prizes of Value: Looking af-  
‘ ter Privateers was not worth While. Du-  
‘ ring this Time, Trade suffered in a most  
‘ severe Manner, and not one Man of War  
‘ cruizing to protect it. Whilst these Mat-  
‘ ters were transacting, Admiral *T——d*  
‘ arrives with nine Sail of the Line, to  
‘ those of his Majesty’s Ships that were  
‘ in this Part of the World, in order  
‘ to intercept the *French* Outward-bound  
‘ Fleet; but the Commodore’s Ships were  
‘ not come off the *Spanish Main*, nor did  
‘ they arrive from thence till the hurricane  
‘ Months had been over near six Weeks,  
‘ which was, in some Measure, the Cause  
‘ of that paultry *Martinico* Expedition. Had  
‘ they joined him, his Force would have  
‘ been such as to have no Apprehensions of  
‘ Danger from the Enemy. As Affairs  
‘ stood, that Part of the Commodore’s Squa-  
‘ dron, that had been on the *Spanish Main*,  
‘ served to magnify the Strength of the E-  
‘ nemy.



‘ nemy. As they had not joined the Ad-  
‘ miral, and appearing at the same Time as  
‘ the *French* did, they might reasonably  
‘ suspect them to be Part of their Force,  
‘ which induced the Admiral to make the  
‘ Signal for the Line of Battle. The Time,  
‘ taken up to accomplish this, gave many  
‘ of the Enemy’s Ships an Opportunity to  
‘ get into Port, especially their Men of  
‘ War. After the Admiral sailed for *Cape-*  
‘ *Breton*, the Commodore’s Squadron did  
‘ little else but lie in Port, till such Time  
‘ as the large Ships sailed for the *Spanish*  
‘ Main. And during the Time they were  
‘ getting ready for this Expedition, which  
‘ was from the Twenty-fourth of *June* to the  
‘ Twenty-eighth of *July*, were taken to the  
‘ Windward of *Antigua* no less than twen-  
‘ ty-eight Vessels. These twenty-eight Sail  
‘ were not Part of the Hundred mentioned  
‘ in the Remonstrance lately sent Home to  
‘ *England*, which, with fifty Captures since  
‘ made, makes One-hundred and seventy-  
‘ eight Sail, besides those not yet heard of ;  
‘ and only in nine Months since the *French*  
‘ were so powerful in Privateers. I had al-

• most forgot to tell you, Advice was brought  
• to the Commodore the Day the *French*  
• was to sail with four Merchant-Ships, un-  
• der Convoy of the *Magnanimous* of Seven-  
• ty, and the *Ruby* of fifty-four Guns. The  
• Preparations made, and the Destruction  
• sworn to them by the Commodore, gave  
• us much Pleasure. The *Suffolk* of Seven-  
• ty, the *Sutherland* of Fifty-four, the *Se-*  
• *vern* of Fifty-four, the *Argyle* of Fifty,  
• the *Lime* of twenty-four Guns, and *Co-*  
• *met* Bomb, failed to intercept the Fleet  
• two Days after they left their Port. The  
• Reason given for their Delay was, that  
• the *Dreadnought* was not ready; which  
• occasioned the Commodore to think that  
• those five Sail were not strong enough to  
• attack the two *French* Men of War, as-  
• sisted by half a dozen Merchant-Ships,  
• from sixteen to twenty Guns: Such was  
• the Number allotted to come into the  
• Line. Some say the *Woolwich*, of fifty-  
• four Guns, was cruizing on such a Sta-  
• tion, that she might easily have been cal-  
• led in. But so it was, that this *French*  
• seventy Gun Ship was to fall to the Com-  
• modore's.

‘ modore’s Lot ; which, to make use of  
 ‘ his own Expression, *Would be like a Shower*  
 ‘ *of Hail on the poor* Suffolk, over-manned  
 ‘ with one-hundred and fifty Men more  
 ‘ than her Complement. Thus passed un-  
 ‘ molested four Sail of Merchantmen, laden  
 ‘ with the Cargo of a condemned *India-*  
 ‘ *man, &c.* But this you will say is no  
 ‘ Wonder, when I tell you his Master sent  
 ‘ him positive Orders to attack, at all E-  
 ‘ vents, with his Squadron, consisting of  
 ‘ One of Seventy, One of Sixty-four, Four  
 ‘ from Fifty-four to Fifty, One of Forty-  
 ‘ four, and One of Fourteen Guns the Se-  
 ‘ cond *French* Fleet coming to their Islands ;  
 ‘ which he refused, although he had with  
 ‘ him the *Dorsetshire* of Eighty, and the  
 ‘ *Hampshire* of Fifty-four Guns, more than  
 ‘ they heard of. But, instead of collecting  
 ‘ them together, he industriously separates  
 ‘ them, under Pretence of sailing to Lee-  
 ‘ ward to protect the Homeward-bound  
 ‘ Fleet ; but his Care extended no farther  
 ‘ than from the Island of *Antigua* to *St.*  
 ‘ *Christopher’s*. This he thinks will be a  
 ‘ sufficient Plea for his Disobedience in sail-

‘ ing contrary to his exprefs Orders. The  
 ‘ fecret History of this Affair is thus related :  
 ‘ The *French* got the *Dutch* to whisper in  
 ‘ the Ear of a great Man, refiding at a  
 ‘ neighbouring Ifland to them, that there  
 ‘ were many Men of War to convoy the  
 ‘ *French* Fleet. This News the C——e  
 ‘ greedily fwallowed, and gets out of Dan-  
 ‘ ger. Thus did they effect by Policy what  
 ‘ they defired.

‘ I fhall conclude with making fome Ob-  
 ‘ fervations relating to our Ships being fent  
 ‘ to the *Spanish* Main, which Orders are  
 ‘ pleaded for. The hurricane Months be-  
 ‘ gin about the Twelfth of *July*, and conti-  
 ‘ nue to the Nineteenth of *October*, which  
 ‘ is better than three Months, which they  
 ‘ are allowed to ftay off their Station. To  
 ‘ prepare for this Expedition, they go into  
 ‘ *English* Harbour about the Twentieth of  
 ‘ *May*, which, to the Twelfth of *July*, is  
 ‘ about feven Weeks; when they return,  
 ‘ it is commonly fix Weeks after the hur-  
 ‘ ricane Months are over. This was the  
 ‘ elapsed Time when Admiral T——d  
 ‘ wanted them to go with him on the Ex-  
 pedition:

‘pedition to the *French* Islands. Their  
 ‘Ships are commonly so much impaired by  
 ‘beating to Windward, that it takes up a  
 ‘Month to repair them ; which, put toge-  
 ‘ther, the seventeen Weeks out of the hur-  
 ‘ricane Months that the Ships are useless to  
 ‘these Islands, and the three hurricane  
 ‘Months, there will be seven Months and  
 ‘some Days of the Year that the Islands  
 ‘lay exposed. Were Orders given them  
 ‘to cruize till the Twelfth of *July* on their  
 ‘proper Stations, allowing them their usual  
 ‘Time of Careening, &c. there will not be  
 ‘above five Weeks of the hurricane Months  
 ‘to come, before they might begin to cruize  
 ‘on the *French*. If I might be allowed to  
 ‘say there will be much less, as it has been  
 ‘remarkable that of late Years none of these  
 ‘Turnades have happened in the Month  
 ‘of *October*, this will reduce the idle Time  
 ‘to fourteen Days.—That the large Ships  
 ‘will be unemployed, for the twenty Guns  
 ‘might cruize with the Men of War Sloops  
 ‘the hurricane Months : By these Facts it  
 ‘is plain the Islands will receive the Bene-



‘ fit of even four Months Assistance, &c.  
 ‘ which is the Time allotted for their Pre-  
 ‘ parations before they sail on the *Leeward*.  
 ‘ Cruize, with the Time they exceed their  
 ‘ Orders, and with the Month they take to  
 ‘ repair their shatter’d Ships acquired on  
 ‘ the *Spanish Main*, which has some Time  
 ‘ happened to be so complete, that they  
 ‘ have been obliged to bear away to *Jamai-*  
 ‘ *ca*. The *Lime* of twenty-four Guns was  
 ‘ an Instance in the Year 1745, well known.  
 ‘ If these *Spanish Cruizes* are not prevented,  
 ‘ the Trade of these Islands must ever suffer,  
 ‘ for the Hearts of Captains of the Men of  
 ‘ War are on that Spot; although it is de-  
 ‘ monstrable, that a mettled Commander,  
 ‘ cruizing to Windward of the *French*  
 ‘ Islands, would gain considerably more Ad-  
 ‘ vantage than what has been acquired by  
 ‘ the present Conduct: And this Squadron,  
 ‘ by so doing, might have been many Thou-  
 ‘ sands more in Pocket since this Man’s  
 ‘ Command. To prove this, I shall only  
 ‘ say one of the Captains, who is no Fa-  
 ‘ vourite, has been sent, as a Punishment,  
 ‘ to.

N<sup>o</sup> 82.      *The F O O L.*      251

‘ to cruize off of *Martinico* ; the Share of  
‘ his Prize Money amounts to more than  
‘ those that have been sent to the Gold  
‘ Mines ; and, had he been permitted to be  
‘ as often at Sea as his Inclination led him,  
‘ it would have greatly exceeded.’ I am

*Yours, &c.*



M 6

N<sup>o</sup> 83



N<sup>o</sup> 83. *Thursday, February 5, 1747.*

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**W**HETHER the People in, or out of *Bethlem*, are most subject to the Lunar Influence, is a Question that has puzzled me to solve, ever since I had the Presumption to think of Reading Men. The Mind, when sober, always pursues the Object in View with Order, Regularity, and Connexion ; but when disorder'd, it jumps from Thing to Thing, plays, flutters, and wanders ; and is no sooner fix'd upon one Object, but instantly another strikes, and soon in a perpetual Round. The Reason of this seems to arise from the Blood's riding Post through its natural Channels, and setting all the Faculties of the human Body in an Uproar, by its Fury and Violence. When it walks a Foot, in an even, regular Peace, every Faculty coincides, and the Atoms of the Brain have just Motion enough given them to act with simple Uniformity ; then we say a Man has but few Ideas. When it  
 moves

moves swiftly, it sets the Ideas a Dancing, and produces that mental Being, we usually call a *Wit*; but when it gets a Horseback, and rides Post as above, the Ideas, by being supremely irritated and inflam'd, fall to *Loggerheads*, and produce that irregular State of Thinking, we usually term *Madness*.

After this wise Disquisition, one would aptly conceive there was no great Difficulty in distinguishing the plain Man, the *Wit*, and the Madman, from each other. But as human Nature don't admit of a settled State, nor indeed does Uniformity always please, the plain Man is tir'd of being dull, gets a Horseback, and gallops himself into being Witty. The *Wit* takes the same Course to become a great Genius, and thereby oftentimes works himself into the Madman; or, by a contrary Course, sits still, and degenerates into Stupidity. The Inference I would make herefrom, is in Favour of what we usually term *Great Men*; that is to say, Men who act in high Stations, are deck'd with superb Titles, or born to great Estates; when we observe them doing this Thing To-day, that To-morrow, and t'other next Day,

Day, without Sense, Meaning, Order, or Connexion, we need only conclude, that they have galloped themselves out of their Regularity, and all their Actions are accounted for. This, or something like it, I conceive to be the Meaning of our Correspondent *Lunarius*; who, while he points his Satyr wildly at some Body, or some Thing, talks well in Character, and either is, or acts a Lunatic to great Perfection.

To the F O O L.

S I R,

**M**Y present Situation being, as I may say, a little out at Heels, poor and ragged, but mighty well born, and, if you'll credit me, a Person of Consideration, inclines me to accept the Favour, so generously offer'd by the polite and magnanimous *English* Nation, of a general Act of Naturalization. You too, Sir, I most singularly and sincerely revere, and presume, with the utmost Affection, to embrace you; giving you, at the same Time, this extraordinary Mark of my real Regard, by preferring you in my Correspondence (which I hope you will merit  
by.



by reciprocal Respect) to the Numbers of great Men of your Family, with whom I have close Connexions, and who manage Public Affairs so as to confess their Relation, though they have so much Modesty to decline the Name, out of Regard, I suppose, to you, or some Reason of like Consequence, which I presume not to enquire after; nor should, if I stumbled on it by Accident, be so hardy as to discover.

You must know, most worthy Sir, that I am a Native of a far distant, but far more famous than distant, Country, the Island of Absurdities; and, as *Horace* says, that *Ulysses*, who many Cities, many Isles, had seen, became thereby, of all the Princes of *Greece*, most capable of Government; so I having, like him, travelled a great many, would willingly quit Scores for my Naturalization, by introducing a few most excellent Maxims, which, from Time immemorial, have been received in my Country, and cannot, I think, fail of being as well received in this; and thereby contributing to increase the already so much respected Glory of this most happy, rich, and potent Island.

But.

But as I understand you are over-run here with that degenerate, illegitimate Tribe of your most noble House, Critics, or Unbelievers, some of them, as in many other Cases, may, to decry a new Writer, belye their Knowledge (for, to deal fairly, they came originally from that Country as well as I) and deny there is such an Island in the whole World. But, Sir, I will cut the Matter short, by appealing to the Testimony of your worthy Countryman Mr. *Lemuel Gulliver*, whose Veracity is so well known; and his Accounts so universally received, that there needs no Second Witnesses; more especially as he affirms his having visited our Island himself, which he calls the Kingdom of *Laputa*, which is its Name in our Tongue; but in *English*, it is as much as to say, the Kingdom of *Absurdities*.

The fundamental Rule of our System of Politics, and that from which, how mutable soever in other Respects, we never digress, is to leap in all our Measures from one Extremity to another, without ever amusing ourselves with that low simple Thing, stiled *Mediocrity*, which is the leading

ing.

ing Maxim with the capital Enemy of our Monarchy; whom we equally scorn, and detest, one *Common Sense*. This Notion is derived to us partly from our Climate, where we know no Certainty of Weather; but awake sometimes in *May*, dine in *July*, and are surprized in the Evening by *December*. It arises also partly from our Tempers, which are remarkably unsteady; for sometimes we are merry even to Madness, nothing but Assemblies, Balls, *Ridotto's al Fresco*; then all dull and disconsolate, as the Mopes in *Bedlam*; and these Transitions so sudden, that Men frequently make away with themselves coming from a Masquerade, and Ladies marry out of high Fits of Devotion.

But, not to detain you too long, I will give you an Instance shall set the Thing in its true Light. Our Ancestors had many Years ago a War with the Emperor of the Baboons, upon the Continent, who had a Mind to play the Great King, and establish Baboons every where; which we, as became us, opposed. Our General, who was called in our Tongue, *Monteglise*, hearing  
the

the Grand Baboon looked on his Household Cavalry as invincible, caused a new Species of Troops to be formed, consisting of Giants, mounted on Elephants. The Thing succeeded, they bore down all before them, and the Invincibles were beat where-ever they appeared. Some indeed suggested an Amendment of this Disposition, by mingling ordinary Cavalry to pursue those the Elephants broke; that, however, was not received, but, from a peculiar Piece of Condescension, some Squadrons were called *Light Troops*, though as much Elephants as the rest. But, in a War with the succeeding Emperor of the Baboons, being less fortunate, and growing peevish at our Expences, at last we resolved, with our Allies, to put all on a Campaign, and that Campaign on a Battle. But, just before we took the Field, we demolished our Elephantry, and to be more on a Level with the Baboons, introduced Monkies upon lean Cats, and those too a little wild, because we could maintain them very cheap, Monkies being content with Nuts, and Cats with  
any

N<sup>o</sup> 83. *The F O O L.* 259

any Thing. As for the Event, you shall have that another Time, with other Specimens of our Politics.

*From my Lodgings  
in Moorfields,  
Feb. 3. 1746.*

*I am, Sir,*

*Your constant Reader,*

*and very great Admirer,*

**LUNARIUS.**



N<sup>o</sup> 84.





N<sup>o</sup> 84. *Saturday, February 7, 1747.*

---

*S I R,*

**T**HERE have lately appeared several Odes on the Duchefs of *Manchester*, written by a Gentleman who disdains to wear a Mask. Since his Name is prefixed, there can be no Indecency in making public Mention of it, and especially as my Design is to shew this Writer, that a true Spirit of Poetry is widely different from the Impudence of a Brothel, or the Pertness of a Hoop Petticoat-Maker.

He has been pleased to give us a fresh Specimen of his Talent at Jingle, in a filthy Ode to Mr. *Prior*, whose honest Endeavours to be useful to Mankind deserve a much greater Veneration than Garters or Titles are able to procure.

For my own Part, I have no other Intentions than to rescue the Sublimity of Poetry from such Pretenders ; and to shew them  
how

how very easy it is to scribble Stanza's of such a Nature without any Degree of *Horatian* Salt, or *Attic* Energy; and at the same Time I would bear my Testimony against his Rudeness in sneering at a Lady, who has wisely endeavoured to make herself happy in an honourable Way, and chose a Partner suited to her own Inclinations, without Regard to insignificant Titles, or the mean Ribaldry of tinfell'd Coxcombs.  
And,

As your Paper is calculated to promote Virtue, I have consented to permit your Printer to insert it; and shall be ready to make myself known, if the hardy Knight requires it. It is said that he only intended a mere Jest, and designed no Affront; but I will tell him, that such Topics are not proper Subjects for Contempt or Sneer; and few Persons of Wit and Honour will think, that either Marriage, or a public Spirit of Good-Will and Benevolence, ought to be set up as a Mark of public Ridicule.  
I am

*Yours, &c.*

I. *Dear*

## I.

*Dear merry Knight, whose sporting Vein  
 Makes amorous Duchesses complain,  
 While Peers stand tittering by:  
 Now since you've fairly crack'd your Jest,  
 And Pegasus retires to rest,  
 Permit me to reply.*

## II.

*And trust me, Charles, no real Muse  
 Such groveling Pertness e'er could use,  
 To help a lame Invention:  
 Virgins are always something shy,  
 And Language that charms H——b——y,  
 Their Lips disdain to mention.*

## III.

*But, since you've found this easier Road  
 To furnish out a wanton Ode,  
 I'll readily submit:  
 Where Drury's Dames the Lays inspire,  
 Smut shall be styl'd Poetic Fire,  
 And Bawdry shine for Wit.*

## IV.

*Besides, these Nymphs are ready still  
 Your every Pleasure to fulfil,*

*And*

*And ne'er with Coyneſs teize ye:  
But ſhy Apollo's tuneful Train  
Are ſkittiſh, fanciful, and vain,  
And oft reſuſe to eaſe ye.*

## V.

*Prudent thy Deed then, gentle Knight,  
Such ſqueamiſh Goddeſſes to ſlight,  
Since N—d—m's ſerve as well:  
Their Inſpirations raiſe the Song,  
As loud, as lofty, and as long,  
As thy own Odes can tell.*

## VI.

*How ſweet thy Strains on Maſter Prior,  
Of Dublin Town, Tar-Water's Squire?  
When pleas'd thy Verſe reveals  
Each Female Fiſſure from below,  
Whence fragrant Steams abundant flow,  
Reſembling Carmen's Wheels.*

## VII.

*Equal thine Odes, courageous Knight,  
Where the fair Duckeſs feels thy Spight,  
For yielding to be bleſ'd:  
How keen thy pointed Satire ſhines!  
While Virtue ſwells the flowing Lines,  
In native Beauty dreſ'd.*

VIII. *Hence*

## VIII.

*Hence then, Apollo, with your Skill,  
Your Nine, your Fountain, and your Hill,  
And learn your future Distance:  
Without such Aids, our Verses flow,  
As Charles's Strains and these may show,  
If N—d—m designs Assistance.*

## IX.

*But Hufsey, frowning, shakes his Cane,  
And Charles flies trembling o'er the Main,  
At Berlin long to tarry:  
Ob GEORGE, if Pertness have the Power  
To make him rise Ambassador,  
Let me be Secretary!*

---

**Advice to some ingenious Architects,  
who are now forming Plans for Sur-  
geons-Hall.**

**T***AKE some fair Structure, to Fame not  
unknown,  
And mangle it till it may pass for your own;  
From*

---



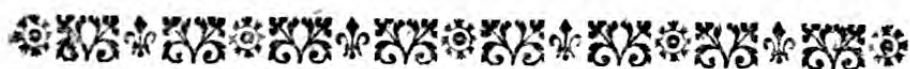
*From Civicus learn t'encumber the Ground,  
Till no vacant Space in the Whole can be  
found ;*

*Bedizen with Ornaments every Place,  
Thick as Patches that cover a Madwoman's  
Face ;*

*Redouble Expences in every Part,  
And so shall each Workman acknowledge their  
Art.*

*Harmony, Greatness of Style, and Proportion,  
Geometrical Laws, they are all but a Notion :  
Exalt your own Genius, regardless of Rules,  
Palladio and Jones were a Couple of Fools.*





N<sup>o</sup> 85. *Tuesday, February 10, 1747.*

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**T**HE *French* Writers, who rather see with their Eyes, than distinguish with their Understandings, observe, that we are generally a melancholy People; and as their Philosophical Disquisitions into the Nature and Reason of Things are of a suitable Cast, they aptly enough conclude that this, our supposed Disposition of Mind, is occasioned by the Physical Nature of our Air; which Principle, answering well enough the End of mere Amusement, is sufficient to the Purpose of my wise Lucubrations, and therefore, for Want of Means, or perhaps Leisure, to enquire farther, I shall take it for granted, without any Regard to *Spain, North Africa, India,* and some Parts of *America*, where, in a very light, fine Air, the People are more disposed to what such Writers esteem Melancholy than we are. From these wise Reflections a Benefit results

sults to me, which perhaps the *French* Writers never dreamt of, as I can be dull whenever I please, without its affecting me as a public Writer; because I can only say, that it is owing to the Physical Disposition of the Air, and all Reflections thereupon instantly vanish.

A young Physician, of some Parts and Abilities, who favours me now and then with a Morning Visit, and has imbibed a good deal of this *French* Philosophy, at his first Approach, always seizes my Right-hand, and, as if without Design, measures my Wrist with the Ball of his Thumb, at the same Time looks full in my Face, and tells me that it will either rain, or be fine Weather, as he finds my Pulse in a dull or merry Humour. As I never love either to contradict People in their own Way, nor put them out of Conceit with their own Excellence, I usually act upon these Occasions the gay or dull Part, as I find the Doctor, who considers me as a mere Weather-Glass, seems inclined I should. This induces the Doctor to have a very high Regard for my Health, and to make it in some Measure

his Study, what incidental Motives or Causes at any Time occasion my being indisposed. To come at this more effectually, he has read over all my *Foolish* Effays with great Care and Attention; and, having often made my Remarks on a certain Treaty, has taken it into his Head to conclude that I am troubled with Worms, but whether Political, or Natural, is much in doubt about; and therefore orders me sometimes to take Calomel, Rhubarb, or Filings of Tin; at other Times he prescribes me a Walk to the Levy in *A—n* Street, or to the Treasury; and says positively, that the *Aurum Potabile* has cured more Authors of the Gripes, than all the Physic in the Apothecaries Shops put together. But this is told me as a great Secret, and I am upon Honour never to mention the Name of the Person who prescribed it. His Instances of Success are various; among the rest, he mentions a very famous modern Author, with whose Buffoonry the Town has not been a little amus'd, whom a single Dose cured, and gave him such violent high Spirits, that he suddenly changed the very  
Sense

Sense and Nature of Things, and published himself at once to be both a Patriot and Courtier, free and disengaged of all Yearnings for his Country, or Disturbance in his Bowels whatsoever. In a Word, all Worms and Gripings went off by a gentle Evacuation; he is now not only in good Health, but, if possible, a handsomer Man than ever. On the Credit of his Receipt, is turned Anatomist, and is attempting thereby gradually to rise into Reputation as a Physician, and to insinuate his Quackery into all that come in his Way. He has presumed, however, on his own Head to mix therewith a Chymical Extract from Lead, and has already poisoned a few old Women. This I am cautioned to be guarded against, that so, while I am in a fair Way of being cured by one Preparation, formed on the Principles of Science, I may not be thrown into a contemptible State by the Poison of its false Similitude. This farther Advice the Doctor calls, in plain *English*, the *Golden Mediocrity*, and says needs no Disguise.

I, for my Part, who am, or fancy I am, in very good Health, have no Manner of



Occasion for Physic, either good or bad, therefore receive his Advice with all due Observance, and, *Fool* like, go on in my old Road; the Worms, either Political or Natural, seldom giving me much Trouble; and when they do my Manner of Cure is thus effected: I chew in my Mouth the Bread of Truth, mingled with Facts, at the Smell whereof the Worms untwist from my Bowels, and lift up their Heads, in Expectation of some agreeable Sustenance approaching; I let this go down, and, while they are busy in feeding on it, I immediately throw after it a Chymical Preparation of Reason, mixed with public Good, which has the Vertue of changing the Worms into Cochineal Flies, who immediately take Refuge in the Vacancies of my Heart, and, by their rich cordial Quality, inspire the whole Mass of Blood with new and uncommon Vigour.

There is in the World a very great Wit and a Statesman; him I have often advised to follow my Example. He was once as much troubled with Worms, as my Physician  
would

would feign persuade me I am now. The Remedy, I have all along avoided meddling with, he readily swallowed, and fell a Martyr to the gilded Poison. The regular Worm Doctor thereupon wrote him an expostulatory Epistle, and therein proposed to recover him again, by a Specific, called the *Patriot System*; which being only attended to with Mirth and Drollery, in a Pet has thrown the Care of him upon me; which is as much as to say, He that will not attend the Dictates of Wisdom, let him be the Jest of *Fools*. I accept the Honour as becomes me, and shall, from Time to Time, use my best Skill to recover him to, and establish him one of our Society, and then let them laugh that win. The Means may seem to vulgar Eyes somewhat Enigmatic, dressed up in Riddle, and cloathed in Allegory. It is the Skeleton of an Egotist, prattling in its own Praise, and vaunting in its own Abilities. In a Word, it is any thing, or nothing; it is what I always first prescribe to recover great Wits into their right Senses; the best lenitive Cordial in all my *Materia Medica*, and what I always first use to fix Men to the Point I

aim at. For the rest, as it has an *English* Tongue in its Head, and loves to prattle, let it here speak for itself.

### A R I D D L E.

**B**EFORE creating Nature will'd  
That Atoms into Form should jar,  
By me the boundless Space was fill'd,  
On me was built the first made Star.

By the proud Atheist I'm rever'd;  
At me the Coward draws his Sword:  
By the brave Hero I am fear'd;  
Compell'd by me, Truth breaks her Word,

Scorn'd by the meek and humble Mind,  
Yet often by the Vain possess'd,  
Heard by the Deaf, seen by the Blind,  
I give the troubled Conscience Rest.

Than Wisdom's sacred self I'm wiser,  
And yet by ev'ry Blockhead known;  
I'm freely given by the Miser,  
Kept by the Prodigal alone.

The K—g, God bless him, as 'tis said,  
At me is sometimes in a Passion;

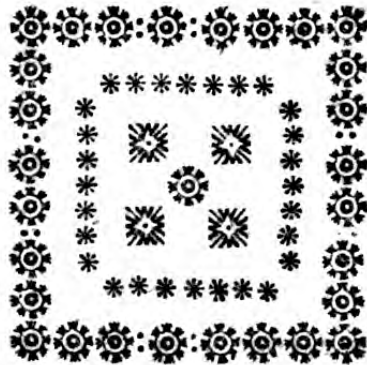
*And*

N° 85.    *The F O O L.*

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*And even him I can persuade  
To act against his Inclination.*

*As Vice deform'd, as Virtue fair,  
The Courtier's Loss, the Patriot's Gains,  
The Poet's Wealth, the Coxcomb's Care,  
Fools read, and take me for your Pains.*



N 4

N° 86.



N<sup>o</sup> 86. *Wednesday, February 11, 1747.*

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**I** Have had the Favour of various Epistles from my respective Relations, concerning the new Taxes in Agitation for the current Service of the Year. The first Question is about the Necessity of any Taxes. If they are requisite, I take it for granted that it is best to lay them on Things unvendible; that is to say, Which have gone through the Hands of the Manufacturer and Trader, and are vested in the User or Consumer; as in such Case, neither Labour nor Trade will be burthened, and the Government will receive all that the User or Consumer pays, the Charge of receiving excepted; which is very far from being the Case, when laid on the Manufacturer or Trader; as then the User or Consumer usually pay the same Tax three Times over, without any Advantage to the Government. This Doctrine I have more than once inculcated in Pamphlets, and in this Paper,  
and



and is a Principle I shall never depart from, until convinc'd of being mistaken ; which is not likely to happen. In this Light, I cannot help dissenting from many of my *foolish* Relations, who hunt the Subject with different Conceptions, as may appear by the following Thoughts. I believe all the Family think for the best ; but if any of them conceive that I write against the Ministry for Writing-fake, they quite mistake my Views ; since I do not know that I ever did, or ever shall write against them, but on such Principles as I conceive every honest reasoning Man in the Kingdom will justify me in : However, as I am not quite *Fool* enough to fancy myself infallible, even in Subjects which I have most studied, so shall I not deprive either myself or the Public of the Pleasure of considering both Sides of the Question ; and therefore give them what follows, exactly as it came to my Hands ; presuming that, as the Writer has said so much, he can give hereafter some more cogent Reasons why the Taxes he mentions are not such as ought to be approved.

*To the Fool.*

‘ THE necessary Funds for raising  
 ‘ Money to defray the Expence of  
 ‘ carrying on with Vigour the present War  
 ‘ against *France*, is an Object worthy of eve-  
 ‘ ry judicious, wise *Briton*’s most serious  
 ‘ Consideration. But how far such Taxes,  
 ‘ as we hear have been projected on Coach  
 ‘ Wheels and Glass Windows, may an-  
 ‘ swer the important End, is truly what my  
 ‘ *foolish* Head cannot readily fathom or  
 ‘ comprehend; for if instead of putting two,  
 ‘ four, or six Horses, into an Equipage with  
 ‘ four Wheels, the cautious Miser should  
 ‘ chuse to ride his Pad, or perhaps make  
 ‘ use of a plain Chair with only two Wheels,  
 ‘ it would so greatly affect the proposed  
 ‘ Fund, that it must chiefly depend on the  
 ‘ giddiest Part of People, such as Beaus,  
 ‘ Rakes, and those who vainly pretended  
 ‘ to Fortune, they did not really possess;  
 ‘ and consequently the Product of this fine  
 ‘ Scheme would come forth in Proportion  
 ‘ to the Lightness of our Heels, rather than

‘ to the Solidity of our Brains, or Bulk of  
‘ real Estates.

‘ And as for the next Proposal, to tax  
‘ Glafs Windows, as there is already a con-  
‘ siderable Duty laid on Glafs, it can never,  
‘ I conceive, be thought reasonable or prac-  
‘ ticable to tax the Rays of Light conveyed  
‘ to us through that Medium ; at least it is  
‘ to be hoped the Poor will be excused, who  
‘ cannot afford any Glafs to their Windows,  
‘ but reap the Benefit of Light through the  
‘ common Air.

‘ Howsoever wise the Projectors of such  
‘ chimerical Funds may be in their own  
‘ Conceit, I cannot but think they are in  
‘ the Road to be dignified by and by, with  
‘ proper Characters in our Society, rather  
‘ than be suffered any longer to obtrude their  
‘ Follies on a rational Society ; and thereby  
‘ endeavour to obstruct the Solidity and  
‘ Wisdom of its Councils.’

The next concerns the Stage, and relates  
to some private Affair I am a Stranger to ;  
the Subject may be of some Importance for  
aught

ought I know, but is purely published here to oblige a Correspondent :

‘ **A**S almost every Body has seen Mr.  
 ‘ *Garrick’s* Farce, there are few, I  
 ‘ presume, who have not formed some  
 ‘ Judgment or other in their own Minds,  
 ‘ of the Merit of that Performance. The  
 ‘ Speculations of the Coffee-House on this  
 ‘ Subject are too various to be reconciled ;  
 ‘ but there is one Opinion which I have ob-  
 ‘ served prevails more generally than the  
 ‘ rest. It is this : That, in the Character  
 ‘ of *Fribble*, the Author has levelled his Sa-  
 ‘ tire at one particular Person ; and there-  
 ‘ fore ought to have his Bones broke. If  
 ‘ this particular Breaking of Bones was  
 ‘ meant in the literal Sense (and the Gen-  
 ‘ tleman, whom I heard mention it, was so  
 ‘ loud and enraged, that I think he spoke  
 ‘ without a Figure) then I am of Opinion,  
 ‘ that whether the Premisses are true or  
 ‘ false, the Conclusion is too hasty and vio-  
 ‘ lent. It is the Business of the Dramatic  
 ‘ Writer to shew Vice her Deformity, as  
 ‘ as well as to hold the Mirror up to Vir-  
 tue ;

' tue; and if there could possibly be a Fol-  
 ' ly, of which only one Person in the whole  
 ' World was guilty of, one ought, in com-  
 ' mon Charity, to point at the Monster,  
 ' that all the untainted Part of the Species  
 ' may have Notice, and fly the Infection.  
 ' But the very Supposition of a Man's be-  
 ' ing a *Fool* by himself is a Jest: In Vice or  
 ' Folly, there is no such Thing as what the  
 ' Law calls *Impropriation*. He, who is a  
 ' Sot, is One of Ten-thousand; and what  
 ' signifies talking of one Fop, when there  
 ' are in this Kingdom near a Million? It  
 ' happens sometimes, that a Man, who keeps  
 ' but little Company, cannot find, in the  
 ' small Circle of his Acquaintance, more  
 ' than one Person that answers the Descrip-  
 ' tion of *Fribble*; and concludes from thence,  
 ' that the Satirist meant that One: Where-  
 ' as, if he would suspend his Judgment till  
 ' Spring, when these and the other Butter-  
 ' flies venture out, let him walk in the *Mall*  
 ' or *Ranelagh*, and he may see *Fribbles* e-  
 ' nough.

' I was surprized to hear it said, that Mr.  
 ' *Garrick* has taken more Liberties than  
 ' Mr.



‘ Mr. *Pope*. *Fribble* is an occasional Name  
 ‘ for the Farce, and belongs to no Body ;  
 ‘ whereas Mr. *Pope* generally inserts two or  
 ‘ three Letters of the real Name ; and, to  
 ‘ prevent a Possibility of Mistake, there is  
 ‘ a Note at the Bottom, in which he spells  
 ‘ the Name as true, as if the Man had done  
 ‘ it himself.

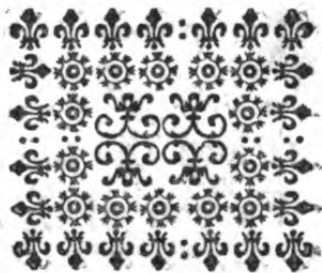
‘ *Ch—rt—rs* being, it seems, very diffi-  
 ‘ cult for the Reader to find out by gues-  
 ‘ sing, he may see a little lower all the Let-  
 ‘ ters in their natural Order, thus, *Charters*.  
 ‘ Nor is Mr. *Pope* less severe in the Parti-  
 ‘ cularity of his Descriptions. His Cha-  
 ‘ racter of Lord *H—y*, could be applied  
 ‘ to no other Man living : And when he  
 ‘ made that base Attack upon his Rival,  
 ‘ every Body saw who he meant ; and that  
 ‘ it was his once-loved *Madison*.

‘ We may therefore fairly conclude, that  
 ‘ Mr. *Garrick* has shewn his Judgment, as  
 ‘ well as Wit, by confining it within the  
 ‘ Bounds of Decency and Good-Manners.  
 ‘ He strikes at neither Baron nor Baronet.  
 ‘ Where-ever you see *ictum delicatulum*, that  
 ‘ Thing.

N<sup>o</sup> 86. *The F O O L.* 281

‘ Thing, or, to speak more properly, that  
‘ Nothing, call it *Fribble*.

‘ *P. S.* I beg Leave to acquaint you, that  
‘ though I sent the first Notes upon *Spencer*,  
‘ yet I had nothing to do with those lately  
‘ published ; and was surprized to see them  
‘ fathered upon me.’



N<sup>o</sup> 87.



N<sup>o</sup> 87. *Thursday, February 12, 1747.*

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**T**O talk of Sciences we are Strangers to, and on Subjects we neither understand, or take the Trouble to digest, is properly the Business of our Society. For which Reason the Public are desired not to wonder when any Thing appears in this Paper, which none but a *Fool* could write. There are at present two Opinions, or rather two Interests, concerning the general Naturalization of foreign *Protestants*. These divide the Court and the City. As to the Court Party in Favour of the Bill, it seems, they are much too wise to give the Public any Reasons for what they do, or intend to do; because that has not been the Practice since the Days of that poor old Woman, *Queen Bess*. This, I suppose, may be the Reason why the Letter-Writer below takes the Cause of the Court Side upon himself.

I wish,

I wish, with all my Heart, in a Matter so disputable as this is, Men's Minds would be so thoroughly attached to Truth, as that the general Interest of the Nation might thereby be rightly understood. There is nothing more clear, than that foreign *Protestants*, bringing over Wealth and Industry, would be beneficial to the Nation; which is very far from being the Case, when they only appear here as Beggars and Psalm-Singers. Therefore if none but those of the first Sort come over, and the Legislature so provides, as that none of the natural born Subjects are any Ways injured in their Rights and Privileges, the Reason of a Bill to encourage such to come over, is to me evident as Light; but how far the Argumentation of the following Epistle helps this Matter, is left to the Judgment of the Reader. For my own Part, I much wish, that Men, fond of appearing in Print, would take a little more Pains to consider the Subjects they write upon; and by taking all the Parts of the Argument, and judiciously digesting them, give the Public the Satisfaction of seeing the whole State of the  
Case

Cafe in one View. To write on any one Side, in Cafes of this Nature, is Writing about nothing, because, if it is intended that the People should generally understand the Subject, the End is not thereby answered ; and while they are biaſſed this Way, or that Way, by different Kind of Writings, Diſſatisfaction uſually reigns ſupreme ; and thoſe Inſtitutions, which are intended for the public Good, only contribute to make the People uneaſy.

*To the Author, &c.*

*S I R,*

*Patria Cara Clarior Libertas.*

• **T**HERE having appeared ſeveral  
 • Objections againſt a Bill for a ge-  
 • neral Naturalization, in the *General Even-*  
 • *ing* of the 17th ult. I beg Leave, by your  
 • Means, to answer them, and ſet the Mat-  
 • ter in its true Light. I ſhall begin with  
 • the fourth Objection, the others being  
 • properer to be answered laſt, which is,  
 • that it would only add People, but not  
 • Riches (though all wiſe Governments have  
 • eſteemed



‘ esteemed the Increase of People an Increase  
‘ of Wealth) which I am very far from  
‘ giving into: It is well known that there  
‘ are great Numbers of wealthy *Protestants*  
‘ in the South of *France*, with a View to  
‘ whom the Bill is intended, and who, if  
‘ they come, will bring their Manufactures,  
‘ as well as their Fortunes, with them; and  
‘ consequently Employment for such Poor  
‘ as may come over. As to their engrossing  
‘ the Business done by Commission, it is  
‘ well known that Merchants hardly ever  
‘ change their Correspondence; and if they  
‘ did, it would be immaterial to the Public  
‘ which House the Commission came to, so  
‘ it did but come here; and as to their Way  
‘ of Life, the Refugees now here, who are  
‘ in affluent Circumstances, are as expen-  
‘ sive as the *English*.

‘ As to their leaving their Families be-  
‘ hind them, and when they have acquired  
‘ Fortunes returning to their own Country,  
‘ it is what has been contradicted by above  
‘ forty Years Experience; none of those that  
‘ came over left their Families if they could  
‘ go. Where have there been any Instances  
of

‘ of Consequence of their returning to their  
 ‘ Country? None that I know of: Have  
 ‘ any of the Descendants of Duke *Schomberg*,  
 ‘ the Earls of *Portland*, *Grantbam*, *Rockford*,  
 ‘ or *Albemarle*, ever returned to *Holland*;  
 ‘ though there they could enjoy the very  
 ‘ Privileges, the Want of which made the  
 ‘ *French* quit their native Country to settle  
 ‘ in our more happy Land; and which,  
 ‘ with that natural Love of Liberty, which  
 ‘ I hope glows in every *English* Breast, is  
 ‘ the chief Reason why our Merchants re-  
 ‘ turn hither?

‘ Though, whoever reflects upon all our  
 ‘ Factories in Catholic Countries being de-  
 ‘ barred the public Exercise of their Religi-  
 ‘ on, the Want of their Civil Liberty, the  
 ‘ Misery that attends their marrying the Na-  
 ‘ tives, as all their Children would be taken  
 ‘ from them, and bred Catholics; the rea-  
 ‘ sonable Aversion our *English* Ladies have  
 ‘ to going there, on Account of the Customs  
 ‘ and Manners of most of them; and above  
 ‘ all, that constant Contempt which (as He-  
 ‘ retics) all Persons shew them.

‘ It

‘ It is no Wonder that very few of our  
 ‘ Merchants settle there, but that, as soon  
 ‘ as they have acquired a reasonable For-  
 ‘ tune, they return to this darling Resi-  
 ‘ dence of Liberty and Virtue.

‘ As to Foreigners, who may be natura-  
 ‘ lized colouring Aliens Goods, the Person  
 ‘ who asserts it must have but little Ac-  
 ‘ quaintance amongst our Merchants, or he  
 ‘ would never have asserted it, they being  
 ‘ Persons of infinitely more Honour than to  
 ‘ be guilty of downright Perjury, for so  
 ‘ trifling a Difference as he would have found  
 ‘ the Duty to be, had he searched the Book  
 ‘ of Rates.

‘ As to the Danger of our Constitution,  
 ‘ from their joining an Invasion, or Rebel-  
 ‘ lion, or acting as Spies, can there be a  
 ‘ greater Absurdity in Nature than to sup-  
 ‘ pose, that the Man who left his native  
 ‘ Country, for Want of the Enjoyment of  
 ‘ his Liberty, would join to overthrow it  
 ‘ in that which received him with open  
 ‘ Arms? Had we any *Englishman* more  
 ‘ warm in opposing the late Rebellion, with  
 ‘ their Pens, their Purfes, or their Swords,  
 ‘ than

‘ than the many Merchants of *French* Ex-  
 ‘ traction in this City? Has our Constitu-  
 ‘ tion any steadier Friends in the House of  
 ‘ Lords than the Noblemen I have above-  
 ‘ mentioned; or in the House of Commons,  
 ‘ than the Honourable Gentleman, whose  
 ‘ Motto I have taken, and several others  
 ‘ that I could mention?

‘ There is but one Sort of People, who  
 ‘ after they have divested themselves of Pre-  
 ‘ judice, that can object to the Bill, whose  
 ‘ Interest (as is every Thing that is for the  
 ‘ Good of the Public) it clashes with; which  
 ‘ to me is the strongest Motive for carrying  
 ‘ it into Execution.

‘ As the last Naturalization has been at-  
 ‘ tended with many good Consequences, it  
 ‘ is not to be supposed that this will be at-  
 ‘ tended with any Uneasiness on the Part  
 ‘ of the People, who had not that Expe-  
 ‘ rience for their Guide, as we have had.

‘ As to their debasing our Blood by their  
 ‘ Intermarriages with us, it is not to be sup-  
 ‘ posed a Scoundrel would leave his Country  
 ‘ on the Account of either Religion or Liber-  
 ‘ ty;

‘ and consequently, those that come will be  
‘ Persons of Religion and Virtue. Our Sa-  
‘ viour said, That those were the Children  
‘ of *Abraham*, who did the Deeds of *Abra-*  
‘ *ham* : And I say, that Man is an *English-*  
‘ *man*, who acts up to the Dignity of hu-  
‘ man Nature, and scorns to follow any  
‘ other Dictates but those of Religion, Vir-  
‘ tue, and Liberty ; and I have the Plea-  
‘ sure to be acquainted with many Gentle-  
‘ men who are descended from *French* Re-  
‘ fugees, whom I had much rather own for  
‘ my Progenitors, than to say, that

‘ \* *My antient, though ignoble Blood,*  
‘ *Had crept through Scoundrels ever since the*  
‘ *Flood.*’

I beg Pardon for the Length of this :  
And am, Sir,

*Your humble Servant,*

John English.

\* Essay on Man.





N<sup>o</sup> 88. *Friday, February 13, 1747.*

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**T**HE Mind is never more agreeably entertained, than when the pleasurable Ideas, resulting from a happy Turn of Thinking, are so disposed by the Poet's Art, as to rise up before us like a Bed of Flowers, and charm with a Variety of Prettineffes. Well executed Odes on proper Subjects are certainly to be preferred to any other Kind of Writings, which are only intended to amuse and divert. When Softness and Elegance mingle with Judgment, and the delicate Hand touches nothing but what the nicest Ear may attend to, we see all the Beauties of Nature heightened and illustrated by Skill, and every Fancy, every Imagination, feasted on the Product of a bountiful Creation. This is the true Way of banishing that senseless Care, wherewith the Mind being once burthened, creates a Kind of Hell in our Breasts, and sets us at War with our Existence.

What

What the Writer finds a true Pleasure in Writing, will generally have the same Effect on the Reader ; and the Poem, if I may be allowed the Metaphor, smiles in every Hand through which it passes. Friendship and Love are Subjects, when rightly conducted, that never fail to give Delight, because they are social Joys we all approve, all admire in Idea, and glory in the Fruition of ; and I am, for my own Part, never so happy as when I have Leisure to furnish out such Kind of Entertainments ; it is then only I value myself as a Writer, because, if I do not happen to please to my Wish, it is almost impossible to offend. In every other Strain, I am writing against Nature ; and while I blame the Badness of this Man's Heart, and of the other Man's Head, my own are both wrecked with ten-thousand Tortures ; my whole Being is out of Frame, and discomposed beyond the Power of Wisdom easily to re-settle again. A Man, that can rejoice in Contention and Satire, must be born in a Hurricane, and bred up in a Wilderness, where no soft social Pleasures ever reign ;

and were I sure always to lead such a disagreeable Life, I would chuse to be condemned to a Cave in *Norway*, or to be a Porter at *Billingsgate*. It is an Unhappiness we cannot be what we please, because those who should do best, will rarely do what they ought; and, if some-body did not act as a Check upon them, would be every Day doing something worse. This is the best Solace a Political Scribbler can pretend to, for all his Pain and Misery. To smile now and then is some Happiness, and attended with this singular Advantage, that I taste a double Pleasure, by knowing the disagreeable Contrast. The following springs from a Source that never fails to entertain, because it is composed of Wit, Benevolence, and Humanity; either of which, being wanted, renders every Subject either dull or discordant; and consequently creates a Dissonance, whereto the human Mind, in its happy State, has a natural Antipathy.

*Dear*

---

*Dear Spouse,*

**I** Pride myself much in wishing you to make some Figure among the Ode, or Song-Scribblers, and therefore transmit to you the following :

*Which when they read, the Ladies all must say,  
Oh ! Odorous Fool, how sweet you smell To-day.*

I am, Yours, &c.

Frances Littlewit.

*An Ode on Love.*

*That pretty flutt'ring Thing the Heart,  
When Cupid gets within it,  
And strikes it with his piercing Dart,  
Is conquered in a Minute.  
It's then it, panting, beats and sighs,  
And streams sweet Nectar to the Eyes.*

*The Eyes, with the ambrosial Tide,  
Play like the Sun on Water ;  
The pearly Drops down gently glide,  
And wash the Face of Nature.*

*As o'er the Hills, and down the Rills  
They run, they gently tell their Ills.*

*As on the heaving Breasts they fall,  
They kiss the milky Way:  
Mix with each Sigh, and then they cry,  
Alas, and well-a-day!  
As on they roll, they beat the Alarm,  
And set all Nature in a Storm.*

*Immixt with Pleasure is the Pain,  
With Solitude is Joy,  
Now Hopes, now Fears, now Aims t' attain,  
Blessings that never cloy.  
The pretty Thing, in this Condition,  
Dies, or is cur'd by Fruition.*

### *On Friendship.*

#### I.

*Friendship, peculiar Gift of Heav'n,  
The noble Mind's Delight and Pride,  
To Men and Angels only giv'n,  
To all the lower World deny'd.*

#### II.

*While Love, unknown among the Blest,  
Parent of Rage, and hot Desires,*

*The*



*The Human and the Savage Breast,  
Inflames alike with equal Fires.*

III.

*With bright, but oft destructive Gleam,  
Alike o'er all his Light'nings fly ;  
Thy lambent Glories only beam  
Around the Fav'rites of the Sky.*

IV.

*Thy gentle Flows of guiltless Joys  
On Fools and Villains ne'er descend ;  
In vain for thee the Monarch sighs,  
And bugs a Flatt'rer for a Friend.*

V.

*When Virtues Kindred Virtues meet,  
And Sister-Souls together join,  
Thy Pleasures, permanent as great,  
Are all transporting, all Divine.*

VI.

*Ob! shall thy Flames then cease to glow,  
When Souls to happier Climes remove !  
What rais'd our Virtue here below,  
Shall aid our Happiness above.*



N<sup>o</sup>. 89. *Saturday, February 14, 1747.*

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I Have received various Epistles from Persons in the maritime Way, who are all very fond of instructing the Lords of the Admiralty, and the Surveyors of the Navy, in their respective Duties. That a Man does not require the being very experienced in the first Case, may be perhaps very true ; but, as to the last, he must be something more than a common Seaman to know any Thing about the Matter ; and indeed, in either Case, requires a few more Qualifications, than Men, who, by Mistake, call themselves *Seamen*, are usually Masters of ; and something more still, to explain their Conceptions with Perspicuity.

All who have wrote to me on this Subject take great Pains to shew, that the *Mars* and *Ambuscade*, taken from the *French*, and the *Princessa*, from the *Spaniards*, are better Ships than any of ours. I own I am doubtful of the Fact, but am clear that the  
In-

Inférence they make therefrom is false. It may be, and I believe is true, that the Ships above-named are better than many of ours; and which Ships having more Breadth and Length than ours, which carry an equal Number of Guns, are consequently, they say, better Ships: They own that they likewise draw greater Draughts of Water, too much for our Harbours; but conclude, that did ours draw less, and had the same Dimensions as the Enemy's, they would be as good. This Conclusion is very far from being clear, as I could shew by a Variety of Illustrations, would the narrow Limits of this Paper permit. But this I am very clear in, that a two-deck Ship, of the same Dimensions as to Length and Breadth, as one of our ninety Gun Ships, will in many Respects answer better, particularly because she carries many Ton less Weight of Metal in her, and great Part of it much nearer the Surface of the Water; but I believe it will be found true, that an equal Draught of Water ought to be given to both, as it contributes at once to make her hold her Wind better, and aids her Stiffness.

As to the Breadth of Ships, if Judgment and Experience avails any Thing, they are generally built too broad. In hard Gales of Wind the broad Ships indeed carry their Sail better than the narrow built, but never, as I know, failed so well, except when close upon a Wind; in all other Dispositions, the narrow Ships out-run them considerably; and, notwithstanding the Angles made by the Shrouds to the Masts of a broad Ship are greater than a narrow one, and therefore one Principle, her Masts better supported; yet it is notoriously true, that the broadest Ships lose the most Masts, not by the Force of the Winds, but by the Motion of the swelling Waves; in the Trough or Intervals of which, when she rolls, rises not again with the same Facility as a narrow Ship. It would be the same Thing even in smooth Water, were such Ships as easily forced down; and when they are so, rise again with greater Difficulty, and with so severe a Jerk, as carries her Masts away in an Instant; and is what has, and will be, the Case of the *Princessa*, and all Ships of her Dimensions, or larger. There  
are

are other Reasons for Ships losing their Masts very obvious to my Apprehension, which is, the Tallness of their upper Masts ; it being evident both on the Principles of Science, and of Common-Sense, that, the lesser the Angle of Support is, the less the Mast is supported ; and as in Proportion to the Tallness of the Mast is the Increase of the Sail, and consequently the Bearing on the Head of the Lower Mast, it must follow, that both are thereby the more endangered, notwithstanding all the Backstays that are, or can be used in Aid. The Seamen have got a Whim in their Heads, that the Wind blows more aloft than below, which is absolutely false on an open Plain, as the Sea is ; and therefore cant their Masts up to the Clouds to catch it. In light Gales, if the Water be smooth, the Quantity of Wind is equal both above and below ; and then, was the Over-Quantity in the upper Masts and Sails thrown into the Lower, the Purpose would be equally answered ; and when the Seas are rough, or the Winds high, have much the Advantage ; as I conceive will be clear to every Seaman,



and Builder too, who are not too wise to consider this Matter impartially.

As to the common Dispute about Ships sailing finely or indifferently, it is a Subject so copious, and attended with such a Variety of Incidents, as requires much more Room and Leisure, than I am capable of affording it here. In general it is true, that Solids of the least Resistance, or narrow Bodies, will, with the same Powers, move through the Water with greater Velocity than blunter Bodies, or Solids of greater Resistance; and yet it is equally true, that full-bowed Ships, in what the Seamen call a *Head-Sea*, will make better Way through the Water, than what we usually term a *sharp-built Ship*, but not so in smooth Water. Herein lies the Difference; and the Consideration is so to build Ships as to answer all Emergencies. The *Ladron* Island Prowes expresses a Notion of Ship-building to a surpassing Excellence; because, though only suited to a fine Climate, and smooth Seas, it shews the Builders understood how to fit the Vessels to the Climate, which is all that is wanted any where. These Vessels

fels are built on one Side upright as a Wall ; on the other something like our Boats ; over the Gunnel, on the Wall Side, are laid small Poles, called *Out-Liggers* by the Seamen, whereto is fastened a Log of Wood, solid within, and flat at Top, and the Bottom moulded off like that of a Boat ; and, when the Prowe sails on that Side, keeps her from over-setting, and skims along by her ; and, when she sails on the other Side, serves to lay Goods on ; in either Case holds little dead Water ; and her Velocity, in a brisk Gale, is about thirty Miles an Hour ; twice the Quantity of any Vessel ever built in *Europe*. The Reader must observe, that this is impracticable here, and is only given to shew what Art is capable of when rightly applied, and in some Measure to illustrate the Nature of Ship-Building.

There are many Obstacles that lie in the Way of Certainty to Ship-building, which is not in the Modeller's Power to remedy, be his Model ever so perfect. Nor could the Art of Man ever yet be sure to build two Ships on the same Model, that would sail equally well. The late Duke of *Leeds*,  
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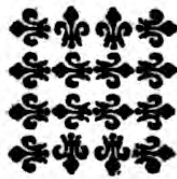
when Lord *Danby* and Admiral, was sensibly convinced of this Fact, when he attempted it on his own Model, which was a very fine one. *M. du Gue Trouin* told me the same Thing one Day at the Governor of *Toulon's* Table. He built two Ships on the same Model, and employed the same Workmen ; one, as he termed it, *sailed like the Wind*, which he always went in ; the other, *like a Hog-trough* ; and was taken by my Lord *Dursley's* Squadron, at the Mouth of the *British* Channel, when his own ran them out of Sight. He told me he used every Art that a Seaman's Head was capable of, to remedy this, but in vain ; and therefore never afterwards attempted to build another. I believe every Builder knows this to be true. The Seaman may sometimes mend the Sailing of a Ship ; but the Builder is never sure that she will sail well.

This light Treatise I have wrote to satisfy my Brother Seamen, that, if they give themselves the Trouble to write to me on this Subject, it will be in vain, unless they better understand the Principles of Naval  
Science.

Science. Every Man that can hand, reef, and steer ; measure off a Ship's Course on the Chart, and take the Sun's Altitude at Noon, fancies himself a Mariner, and consequently a Naval Critic ; which is no Wonder, when even some of our Weekly Journalists are Fools enough to attempt the same Thing, without having mastered any one single Principle of the Science, or even knowing the Difference between a Ship and a Mash-Tub, other than by a transient View now-and-then obtained in passing by Water to or from *Greenwich*. It is but too true, that Builders, Directors, and Mariners, have, of late Years, laid themselves open enough to Criticism ; but to reason on the Principles of Science, by the pure Dictates of Common-Sense, is truly Common-Nonsense.

Those who direct, and those who act in Naval Affairs, between Pride and Wilfulness, divest themselves of the necessary Means of exposing those who rave and scold at Transactions, to the Motives and Effects whereof they are utter Strangers ; and who, while they remain unexposed, will

will have the Opinion of the People with them. In this general Run of Nonsense, the Brave, Able, and Scientific, suffer promiscuously with the Coward, Injudicious, and Ignorant. I shall therefore, for the future, take the Men of Merit under my peculiar Protection, as I see some before me rising to great Fame and Glory. And, as to those who act amiss, shall leave our wise Journal-Writers to make what they can of them ; as concluding, that, however idly they treat the Subject, their Writing will not be much inferior to the others Actions.







N<sup>o</sup> 90. *Wednesday, February 18, 1747.*

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I Believe I need not tell the Public, that they are all Theatrically mad; and, if they do not know it, I only beg the Favour that they will take Notes of what themselves say; of all they say; whereunto they resort; and whereunto they only resort; whether even the Tavern or a Mistress, not to say a Wife and Family, has any more of their Company or Conversation, than is necessary to carry on Appearances: Not Politics, with all their Train of Satire and Abuse, affect us more; *Billingsgate* itself is silenced; the Ruin of our Trade, nor the Prospect of a wretched Peace, claims any Part of our Regard: And could the Breasts be opened of Nine-tenths of the Men, Women, and Children, from seventy, to seven Years of Age, nothing would be found wrote on their Hearts, but *Garrick, Quin, and Barry*. That Triumvirate of Great Men, on whose Divine Nod Millions wait,

wait, and to whose sublime Merit they sacrifice, with uncommon Warmth, what they universally esteem their chiefest Good; and croud and bustle more to pay a voluntary Tax at the Play-House, than to avoid paying a compelled one to the Use of the State; as this, on one Side, shews the true *British* Spirit turned rather to be led than driven; so, on the other, Men, who affect to be wiser than their Neighbours, say, has something at the Bottom too dangerous to be slightly passed over. One tells me in a brief Epistle, that he fears the Triumvirate are Ministerial Agents, salaried by the Government to play the *Fool*, and divert the Public from the Idleness of Thinking at this Critical Conjunction. Another insists, that they are Agents of the P——r, and are only levying Money upon the Public to raise Forces for another Campaign in *Scotland*. For my Part, who have neither Interest or Skill enough to find Means of getting into either House after Dinner, as I cannot see what the Players are about, so neither can I judge of their Views or Intentions; but, from what I can learn by those who have nothing else

else to do, it seems to me that the grand Scheme is, with great Art, Pains, and Industry, to make Estates out of the common Folly. This we may call Acting well, in the best Sense of the Phrase; as herein they follow the Example of their Betters, and are not to be blamed, because Success attends their Labours. - All Estates are raised by Wisdom, out of Folly and Weakness; and the Mode is trivial, so the Effect be the same.

Plays ingeniously wrote, and handsomely acted, are a laudable Amusement, moderately attended to; but it is in favourite Diversions, as it was in the *South-Sea* Year, when Men's Passions knew no Bounds. To hear one of sixty Years of Age, and a Man of Business, gravely reasoning at *Batson's* on the Quality of a Farce, is a similar Folly to that of a Boy of Fifteen, in the *South-Sea* Year, arguing on the Nature of Stocks. The Nation in this Light resembles a young Female, who, having once tasted the Pleasures of Consummation, knows no Bounds to her Desires; in the other, she appears like one working in Spectacles, or a fine  
Vale

Vale covered with Snow in *June*. In a Word, every Extreme is a Vice; and while Virtue generally means no more than a due Regulation of our Passions, one would rather wish to see a Nation moderate in their Pursuit of Pleasure, than mad after Trifles.

The new Play, called the *Suspicious Husband*, I am informed has much real Merit; and, from what I can learn, seems to have been wrote by a Genius somewhat resembling the Epistolary Writer's below, who has preferred Simplicity and Common-Sense, which rightly hits our Understandings, to that nonsensical Sublime, which wrecks the Imaginations of wise Men to comprehend, and only charms and enraptures such, who are most delighted with what they least conceive the Meaning of. Mr. *Riot*, if my Information concerning this Play be just, has finely, though obliquely, delineated its Beauties and Perfections. The Manner strikes me more than a long Train of dull pedantic Criticism could in any Sense be capable of. Upon the whole, I think the Credit and Success of this plain, sensible  
Play,

Play, may, if it does no other Good, give some useful Hints to a certain Modern Poet, that it is possible to succeed, even within the Compass of Common-Sense.

*To the Fool.*

*S I R,*

**I** Am a Fellow of Wit and Spirit, and consequently a discontented Auditor of a new Comedy. It was Matter of Grievance to me, at my Entrance into the Pit the first Night, to see the Multitude of odd-looking Fellows, that came for no other Reason than to be pleased and entertained; and, this Grievance was still heightened by the melancholy Faces of my Brother Wits, who I observed were so thinly scattered and so unfortunately situated, as to render the necessary Clamours useles and dangerous. However, as I profess Noise, and have no Feeling of any thing but Blows, I collected all my Powers; and having first emptied a Bottle, I flung it with some Success upon the Stage. The Applause that accompanied this Exploit gave me some Assurance of Success; to strengthen which, I scattered  
an



an entire Pack of Cards among the Pit, with *my Compliments to the Audience*, desiring their Concurrence in the Damning of the Piece. This Expedient had some Influence upon the Judicious ; but I soon found their Numbers to be small, and their Lungs weak ; for, after an Attempt of five Minutes to silence the Prologue, the Play began and ended with no other Interruption than the highest Applause ; which gave some ignorant Fellows Occasion to say, that the Author's private Life had secured him from an Enemy, and the Merit of his Performance had made the whole Town his Admirers.

And now, what does the *Fool* think this extraordinary Play was ?—Why, a scandalous Imposition upon the Judgment of the Town ;—a mere Matter of Hurry from the Beginning to the End. The Players had not Time to look about them, nor the Audience to anticipate ; and yet, when the Scene ended, every Body saw plainly that it could have had no other Ending. The Dialogue was no more than what Persons, under the same Circumstances, speak every Day ;

Day; and the Characters and Incidents, what somebody or other sees every Day. The Author's Barrenness was such, that there was not a Sentiment in the Play, but what the Business of it introduced; and no Amends made by any Stroke of innocent Bawdry, to make the Women shew their Modesty by Blushing, or the Men their Wit by Laughing. If it was ill written, it was worse acted. Poor *Bridgewater* forgot himself, and was absolutely another Man through the whole Play. Mrs. *Pritchard* wanted Novelty in her Manner; for I have seen a Lady somewhere about St. *James's*, who has been all her Life the very Character. And for *Garrick*, whoever has met him at the Tavern, out of his splenetic Fits, has seen the very *Ranger* of this Author. To say Truth, he was so shamefully himself, that I lost the Entertainment of the Stage, and imagined myself all the while upon the Look-out with him for Midnight Adventures.

These are the principal Performers in the *Suspicious Husband*; a Comedy written without even the Affectation of Wit, or the com-

common Ornaments of Poetry; with nothing to recommend it to the Candour of the Town, but mere Spirit, Propriety, and Nature. I am

*S I R,*

*Your humble Servant,*

SAM. RIOT.





N<sup>o</sup> 92. *Tuesday, February 24, 1747.*

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**A**S the following Queries, from an unknown Hand, are really of more Importance than Men generally dream of, and in no Sense suiting my Turn of Thinking, I could not excuse myself from counterbalancing them by such other Queries and Reasonings, as, on a sudden, occurred to me. The Vindication of Men, in the Commission of bad Acts, is no Part of the Argument. A Cheat is one Thing, an unfortunate, or an unthinking Man, another. It is much easier to throw Dirt upon the Distressed and Unhappy, than to clear up and unravel that mysterious Scene of Iniquity, carried on among a certain Set of Men, who never knew any other Virtue than the Art of keeping out of Debt, by the Ruin of others. I shall, since this Argument is now thrown upon me, shew, occasionally, by a Variety of interesting Instances, who they are that ought really

to be imprisoned. Men who feed on the Blood and Vitals of their Fellow-Creatures, that set up young Fellows in Business before their Time, in order, through and by them, to transact their Scenes of Iniquity: These go about, like *Satan* in Holy-Writ, seeking whom they may devour; and are the Ruiners of Credit, and the Pest of the State: The setting of this in a right Light will possibly give the Subject quite a new Appearance; since I fancy I shall be able to shew, that, notwithstanding the Transactions of some People in Debt may be iniquitous enough, yet in general, that it is the honest, weak Man, who goes to Prison, and the Sharper and Rascal who usually puts him there.

S I R,

**H**AVING been greatly importuned to give my Sentiments with respect to a Bill much talked of for the Relief of Insolvent Debtors, I could think of no Method so concise and conclusive, and in particular, so well adapted for the Convenience of a Daily Paper, as to represent what  
has



has occurred to me on the Occasion  
Way of Queries, which, if approved of,  
you will please to publish.

February 13,  
1746.

*Yours,*

A. B.

Q. Whether the Rights and Properties of *Englishmen* are not at least equally sacred and inviolable with their Liberties, and ought not to be preserved with the utmost Care and Watchfulness; since Liberty, without Property, is like a fine House without Furniture?

Q. As Government was founded on the Principle of Self-Defence, and wisely calculated and established for the mutual Preservation and Security of the Rights and Properties of every Individual (which inestimable Blessings are in a great Degree rendered precarious by such Bills, and in the particular Instances are absolutely annihilated and extinguished) Whether all such generous benevolent Acts in Favour of Insolvents (which may be more truly called the *forced Charity* of innumerable other unhap-

py Sufferers) do not in Reason and Justice require and demand the most exact Equity, with Regard to the different Nature, Manner, and Circumstances of Debts contracted; and also, as to a reasonable Distance of Time, from one Act of Insolvency to another; and if four Years, the small Space since the last Insolvent Bill, can be deemed a proper, just, and sufficient Time, for that Purpose; especially if it be considered, that such Bills, in Tenderness to the Rights and Properties of the Subject, have scarce ever been granted, but on the first Accession of our Sovereigns to the Throne, or on some very extraordinary Occasion?

Q. As the chief Arguments, urged for such an Act, are taken from the happy Success of his Majesty's Arms in suppressing the late Rebellion, whether this Motive may not tend to countenance a Spirit of Disaffection, and be productive of the like national Calamity; since Men of abandoned Principles, and desperate Fortunes, will be ever ready to join with the Disappointed and Malecontents, and be from hence encouraged to expect an Indulgence of the  
same

same Kind, should their other wicked Attempts prove abortive?

Q. Whether great Numbers of Persons, now Insolvent, have not rendered themselves so, by largely contributing to promote the late Rebellion, expecting considerable Advantage from the Success thereof; or, finding it to be extinguished, have not contracted many Debts, and procured themselves to be arrested, from an Expectancy of an Insolvent Act, by Reason of the late Rebellion? If so, whether, in Case a Bill of this Nature should pass, it ought not to commence before the late Rebellion, unless as to such who have been thereby fatally reduced to those unhappy Circumstances; and if all who are to have the Benefit of the Act should not be obliged to take the Oaths of Allegiance and Supremacy, and prove themselves to be confined Prisoners from the Time of its Commencement?

Q. Whether, should such an Act take Place, it would not be an Instance of great Wisdom and Policy in our Governors, to render the same as useful and beneficial to the Public as possible; and with that

View, oblige all Insolvents, who are able to serve the Nation, either in the Fleet, or Army, to enter into the one or other, as a Condition of their being discharged ; especially, considering the Situation we are in by the present War ?

Q, Whether, without some such Limitations and Restrictions, an Act of Insolvency will not, in its natural Consequence, be introductive of much Evil and Misery to this Nation, by opening the Prison-Doors to a vast Number of Banditti, letting them loose to rob and plunder, destroy and kill (and this at a Time when Robberies and cruel Murders do already so much abound among us, as to become a Shame and Reproach to our Religion and Government) ; and moreover, reduce to Beggary a Multitude of honest, industrious, fair-dealing People, who, by the vile Arts and Stratagems of wicked fraudulent Debtors, may soon also be deprived of their Liberty, as well as Property, to the utter Ruin of themselves and Families ?

These Queries are humbly submitted to the Consideration of our Governors : And  
should

should they, in their great Wisdom, finally concur in passing such a Bill, I question not, but an equitable and just Distinction will be made, between such Insolvent Objects as become so through unavoidable Misfortunes, or the Cruelty and Oppression of Creditors, whose distressed calamitous Circumstances require not only Pity and Compassion, but most speedy and effectual Relief; and those who, by Idleness or Extravagancy, by dishonest, base, and wicked Principles, have brought themselves to that deplorable Condition; and who, by a continued perpetual Confinement, will most righteously deserve the just Punishment of their past Iniquities.

*The Fool's Queries and Thoughts on the foregoing Subject.*

1. **I**S not Credit usually given by Rogues in order to make a Property of Fools? If so, who merits Imprisonment most, the Knave or the Fool; the Creditor or Debtor?

2. Can any Person in his right Senses believe, that, take one Man with another



now in Prison, they would not each earn Twelve-pence a Day if Abroad? If so, and the Calculation be true, that there are now Sixty-thousand in Prison, is not the Benefit of their Labour lost to the Community, three-thousand Pounds a Day, or 1,095,000 Pounds a Year; and possibly as much more in the Circulation and Returns once in seven Years? It is therefore much better that Men be quickly punished, than long imprisoned; one may be of Service, the other an evident Injury to the Community. A Debt is one Thing, a Fraud or Imposition another. In the first Case, the Creditor, if a fair one, ought to be entitled to the Effects of the Debtor, but not to his Person. In a Fraud, he ought to be entitled to his Person, not to his Effects.

3. Suppose a Law was made, that no Person should go to Prison for a fair Debt: Who would be hurt by this but Lawyers, Bailiffs, and Jail-Keepers? Credit then would become as real as it is now imaginary. Old Traders, Usurers, &c. would not lay Snares to entrap young Beginners, or Heirs under Age, and then keep up  
their

their own Credit by putting them in Prison. Men that meant well would not trust such as evidently launch out into Follies they are in no Sense able to support. The Form and Circumstances of such an Act is another Kind of Enquiry.

4. If it be true, that the Lawyers and their Retainers are the capital Opposers of Insolvent Acts, as is generally understood and believed; Is it not the truest Sign imaginable that such Laws are good ones?

5. It appears above, what Injury is done to the Community by the Imprisonment of Men's Persons. I must ask farther, Is it not notoriously known, that Men by Imprisonment acquire bad Habits? Now Punishments are intended to make Men better, but by this Method they are made worse; so that, however good the Intent of the Law may be, as it now stands, the Effect is evidently pernicious. The Welfare of the Community is to be preferred to the Interest of Individuals? If this be a true Maxim, will it not evidently follow, that whoever so act, as to contribute to the Injury of the Community, either by depriv-

ing us of the Labour of sixty-thousand Men, or by ruining their Morals, are Enemies to the Community? And can that Law be esteemed good, that encourages or supports such Practice.

6. What is it material how long Men have been in Prison, if it be true that they ought not to have been there at all? A Man who secrets his Effects from his Creditors ought to be deemed a Felon: On the other Hand, the Debtor ought not to be left in absolute Distress, lest he be thereby forced upon committing unjust Actions for his Support. The keeping of Men in Prison presumes the Creditor, Lawyer, and Bailiff, to be honest Men; when, in Fact, there is rarely one Case in Twenty, where they are not the very People that ought to be in Prison. If Men were only trusted on the Credit of their Reputation, they could not live by deceiving; they would be marked and distinguished. It follows, that to put Credit on a right Footing, to depend on Reputation only, is better than on any Law that can be made. Every Jack Pudding would not then set up to be a Master before

N<sup>o</sup> 92.     *The F O O L.*     323

before his Time; nor a Coxcomb wear Laced-Cloaths, who would otherwise be glad of a Livery.

Sir, When you have considered this seriously, and made yourself quite Master of the Subject, you may with great Freedom command,

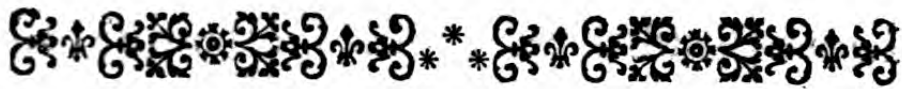
*S I R,*

*Your very humble Servant,*

The Fool.

Notice is hereby given to all my Brethren, at the *Bedford, Tom's, George's,* and *Batson's*, or whereunto soever else they resort, That the *Fool* is now near attaining his One-hundreth Period; when he intends to keep a General Jubilee: To which all his Brother *Fools*, whether Writers or Scribblers, Poets, Poetafters, or Critics, are hereby without Distinction invited, to celebrate with their Grand the glorious *Æra*, by short Panegyrics in Praise of *Folly*.

*N. B.* The *Sensibles* are desired to confine theirs to Masquerades and Playhouses.



N<sup>o</sup>. 93. *Wednesday, February 25, 1747.*

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**M**Aritime Affairs are, or ought to be, the peculiar Regard of the State, as thereupon the Fate of the Nation principally depends. It will follow, that the best Care imaginable should be taken, what Kind of People are employed in the Business thereof, whether Civil or Military. The Civil Oeconomy of the Navy, or the regular Establishment of Naval Affairs at Home, is, as to Rule and Method, upon the best Footing imaginable, and must answer every Purpose intended for it, if proper Persons be employed to preserve the mechanic System in right Order. It is in itself like one of *Graham's* Watches, where all the Parts are brought together with great Skill and Judgment, and consequently will always go well, if not abused by the unskilful Hand of the Wearer. The Civil Oeconomy of the Navy is divided into four Parts,  
the



the *Admiralty-Office*, the *Navy-Office*, the *Victualling-Office*, and the *Dock-Yards*. The *First* I conceive superintends the whole Subject, nevertheless, to such casual Directions as the Sovereign in Council is pleased to give. The *Second* I apprehend superintends the Two last; and they are all so connected with, and dependent on each other, that, either being out of Order, the rest must suffer. Under this general Government the Ships are built, stored, and victualled, the proper Officers appointed, and those who serve, paid; and seems to have only this one Defect, *viz.* That their Military Stores are under the Direction of the Master of the Ordnance, which oftentimes produces great Inconveniencies, especially in the Badness of the Fire-Arms. This concise Account duly considered, it will evidently follow, that when any Thing goes wrong in the Navy, if the Ships, Officers, Stores, or Provisions, prove bad, it is not any Fault in the general Oeconomy, but in the Ignorance, or Dishonesty, of those who direct it. The same Thing may be said  
when

when Ships are ill stationed ; and we from hence learn when, and why, this or that Man, or Set of Men, is, or are, particularly blameable.

A certain Gentleman, who wears a Red Ribbon, has said, it has been his common Observation, that whenever the Ministry were to be attacked, it was always done through the Sides of the Navy ; from whence I suppose he would wisely infer, that the Conduct of the Navy should never be enquired into ; but this seems to me the true Reason why it should, and therefore shall attempt to shew what Kind of People they ought to be, who are proper to direct, or act principally in Naval Affairs, either as to the Civil or Military Part.

If the Number of Commissions of the Admiralty be fixed to Seven, it is certainly necessary that Two of them be Seamen of the highest Rank, and best Capacities, in the Navy ; that Two of them be Merchants of Wealth and Reputation, who have left off Trade ; One of them a Person well skilled in the Civil Law ; One a Man bred

to the common Business of the Navy-Board; and then, if it be found best to put at the Head a Man of Rank and Fortune, he should be one that loves Business, is capable of being advised, and of attending to it.

By these, Sea-Officers are to be preferred, and therefore their Genius, Disposition, and Abilities, should be perfectly understood. It is certainly necessary, that a Sea-Officer should have some natural Courage; but it is equally just, that he should have a good Share of Sense, be perfect Master of his Business, and have some Taste for Honour; which last is usually the Result of a happy Education, moderate Reading, and good Company, rarely found in Men raised on the mere Credit of being Seamen. The Nobleman may certainly examine them on the Principles of Honour, the Sea-Officers, as to their Knowledge of their Business; and the Civilian, as to their Education, &c. But, however true this may appear, it is as true, that their Examination for being Lieutenants is a Burlesque upon common Sense; and

and as to their Capacities for Commands, that is never examined into at all. Their Examination for Lieutenants is before two or three superannuated Seamen, who never made any significant Figure in the Navy themselves. The Art of offensive and defensive Sea-fighting, deep Questions in the Mathematics, the Turn of their natural Capacities, or Fitness to govern others, is never so much as thought about; nor indeed how should it, when the Persons, usually appointed to examine, were never, or but slightly acquainted, with such Matters? This considered, can it be wondered at, that instead of a Body of brave and gallant Officers, who should give Dignity to the Navy, we find but here and there one with a Capacity above the Rank of a Boat-swain, and often not that; that are compounded of Pride, Ignorance, Brutality, and Nonsense; and that know much better how to abuse, than govern a Ship's Company? Would it not make a *Stoic* laugh, to think that any People in their Senses would aim to establish their Safety, Defence,

fence, and Happiness on such a Basis; and wonder at the same Time how it happens, that the Sea-Officers make the worst Figure of any Rank of Men who serve the State? But whoever unites Ignorance with Power, will always find it the same, whether in the State, the Army, or the Navy. The Sea-Officers are not alone, they are usually advanced on the same Principles with their Superiors; and then, why better Things should be expected from them is inconceivable.

The Military Business of the Navy is perhaps more out of the Road of common Knowledge than any other Science whatever: If it happens that the Sea-Officer do not understand it thoroughly, those who take upon themselves to be his Judges still understand it less. This aggravates little Errors into great ones, and often occasions great ones being passed by unnoticed. As we are a free People, every Man will take upon himself to be a Judge, and consequently a Censurer. There is no Remedy for this but Behaving well. Shining Actions



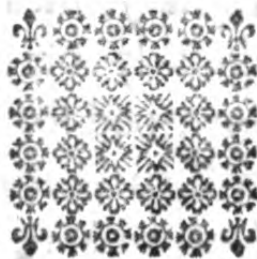
ons will always glare with double Lustre in the Eyes of the Public. If they mistake to their Disadvantage in other Respects, in this, their favourable Error makes full Amends. There is nothing so easy as to be popular; and he, that is too proud to affect Popularity, will seldom be much the better for doing well. There is very little Difference between sullen Virtue, and the being without good Qualities. Every Man who does well has a Title to his Country's Praise; and if he is too wise to let the Public see his Merits, he must be content to be the Object of their Disregard; but in no Sense ought to complain of it.

The general Notion about Sea-Officers is, that they should have the Courage of Brutes, without any Regard to the fine Qualities of Men, which is an Error themselves too often fall into. This levels the Officer with the common Seaman, gives us a stark wrong Idea of the Nature, Design, and End of the Employment, and makes no Distinction between the Judgment, Skill,

Skill, and Address of a *Blake*, and a mere fighting Blockhead, without ten Grains of common Sense. There is a Rank between these, that have neither the Genius of Officers, nor the Courage of common Men; and are those who have stamped an indelible Mark of Infamy on the Royal Navy. I know not which we ought to hold most in Contempt, them or their Directors: They have both presumed to act in Stations they are equally incapacitated for: The first are regularly bred good for nothing; the last are good for nothing, without the Aid of Experience. Your regular Story-Tellers will relate a Tale of their own making, until they believe it to be true. Your Land-Admirals pore over Charts, and talk of stationing Ships, till they really believe they understand both.

This new *Nodelle* of Things has quite corrupted the very Soul of Naval Affairs, and reduced Science and Ignorance to one common Level. It is our highest Happiness, that the Soldiery predominate in  
*France*;

*France* ; it being evident from recent Facts, which cannot deceive us, that the *French* Privateers alone are quite an Over-match for that splendid *Je ne scai quoi*, commonly called the *British Navy*.





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F I N I S.



## ERRATA.

**N**UMB. 54, Page 24, Line 17, *for their, read the.* N<sup>o</sup>. 55, P. 30, L. 9, *for Brouze, read Bronze.* N<sup>o</sup>. 60, P. 72, L. 9, *for Last stores, read Cast Stors.* N<sup>o</sup>. 73, P. 171, L. 24, *for Inlunce, read Influence.* N<sup>o</sup>. 74, P. 176, L. 25 *for there, read their.* N<sup>o</sup>. 77, P. 199, L. 16, *for Levee, read Bevey.* N<sup>o</sup>. 77, P. 200, L. 20, *for entrel, read enthral.* N<sup>o</sup>. 77, P. 206, L. 11, *for, Diana's Pride, read, Devonian's Pride.* N<sup>o</sup>. 77, P. 208, L. 10, *for Intention, read Invention.* N<sup>o</sup>. 78. P. 214, L. 22, *for Man, read Men.* N<sup>o</sup>. 81, P. 236, L. 20, *for punished, read furnished.* N<sup>o</sup>. 84, P. 264, L. 6. *for designed, read deigns.*



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*For the Month of January.*

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*For November.* Plowings in *Vale* and *Chilturn*. Fattening Bullocks and Sheep on Turneps, and Hoarding Turneps. A Person made 60 *l.* of an Acre of Carrots. A Farmer's Cow thought bewitched, though starved. Dungs and Manures. Difference of Grasses. Keeping Horses in Health. Gelding Rams. Cases of Sheep. A Gentleman improved his Estate by curious Seeds and Sets. Making impregnable Fences.

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and

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