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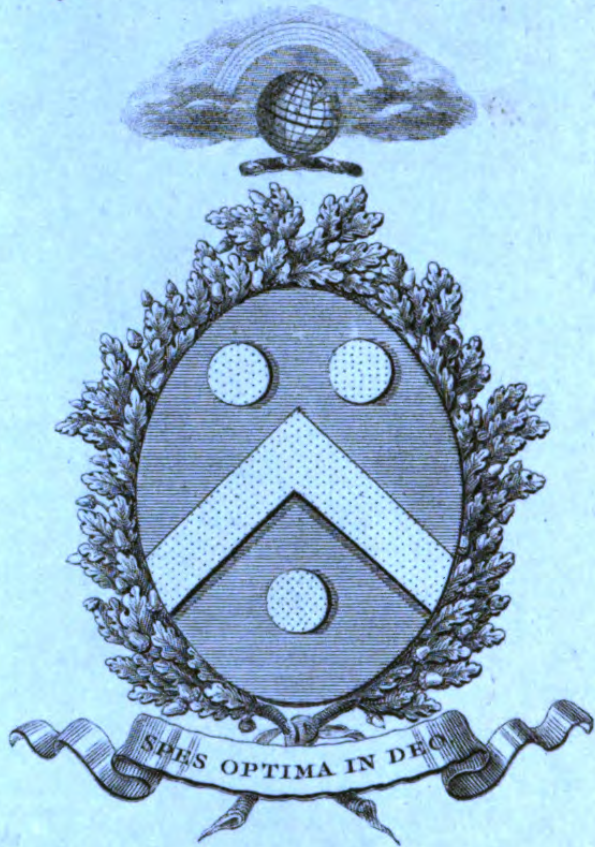
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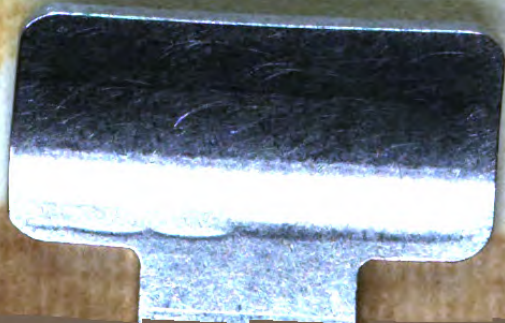
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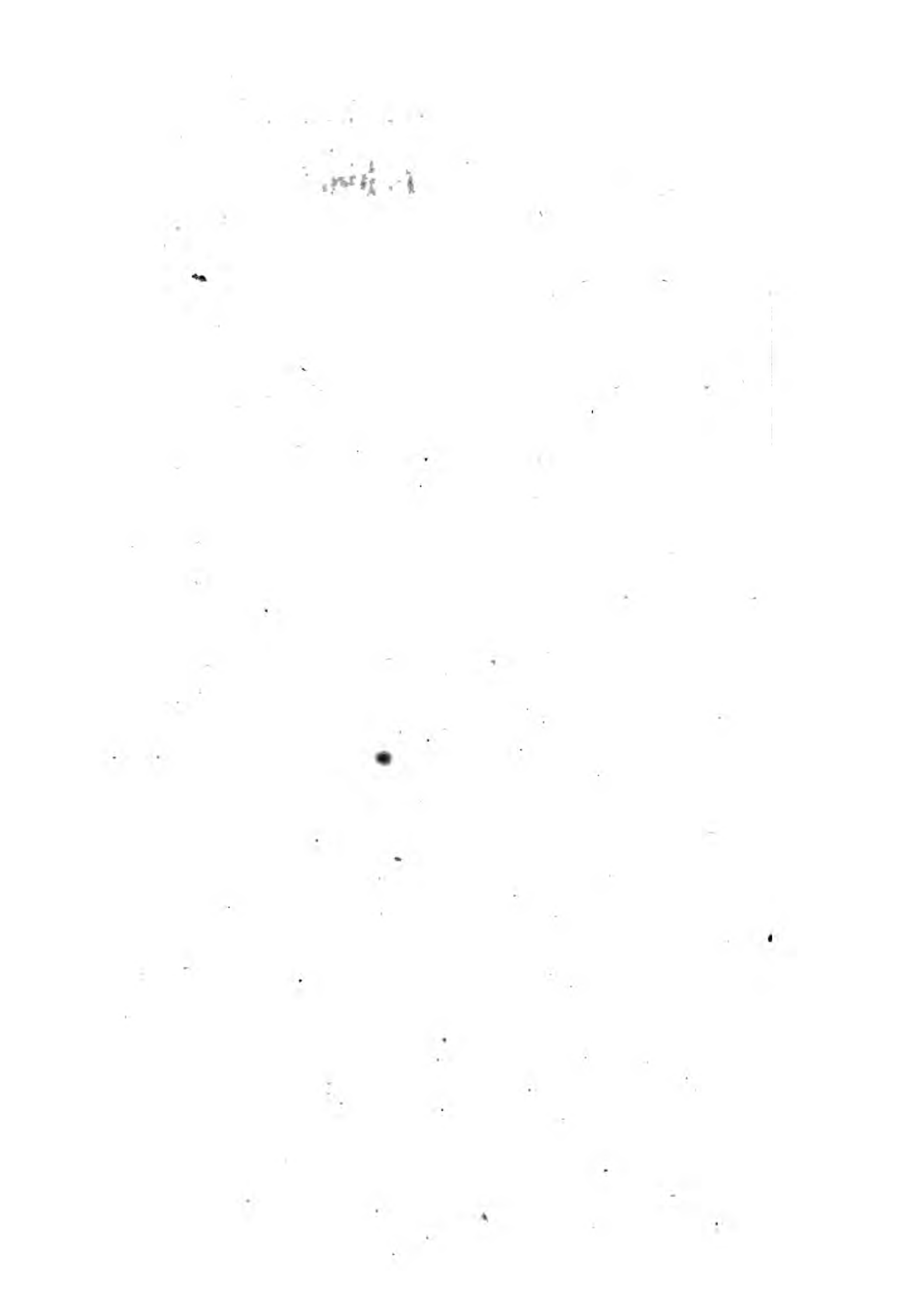
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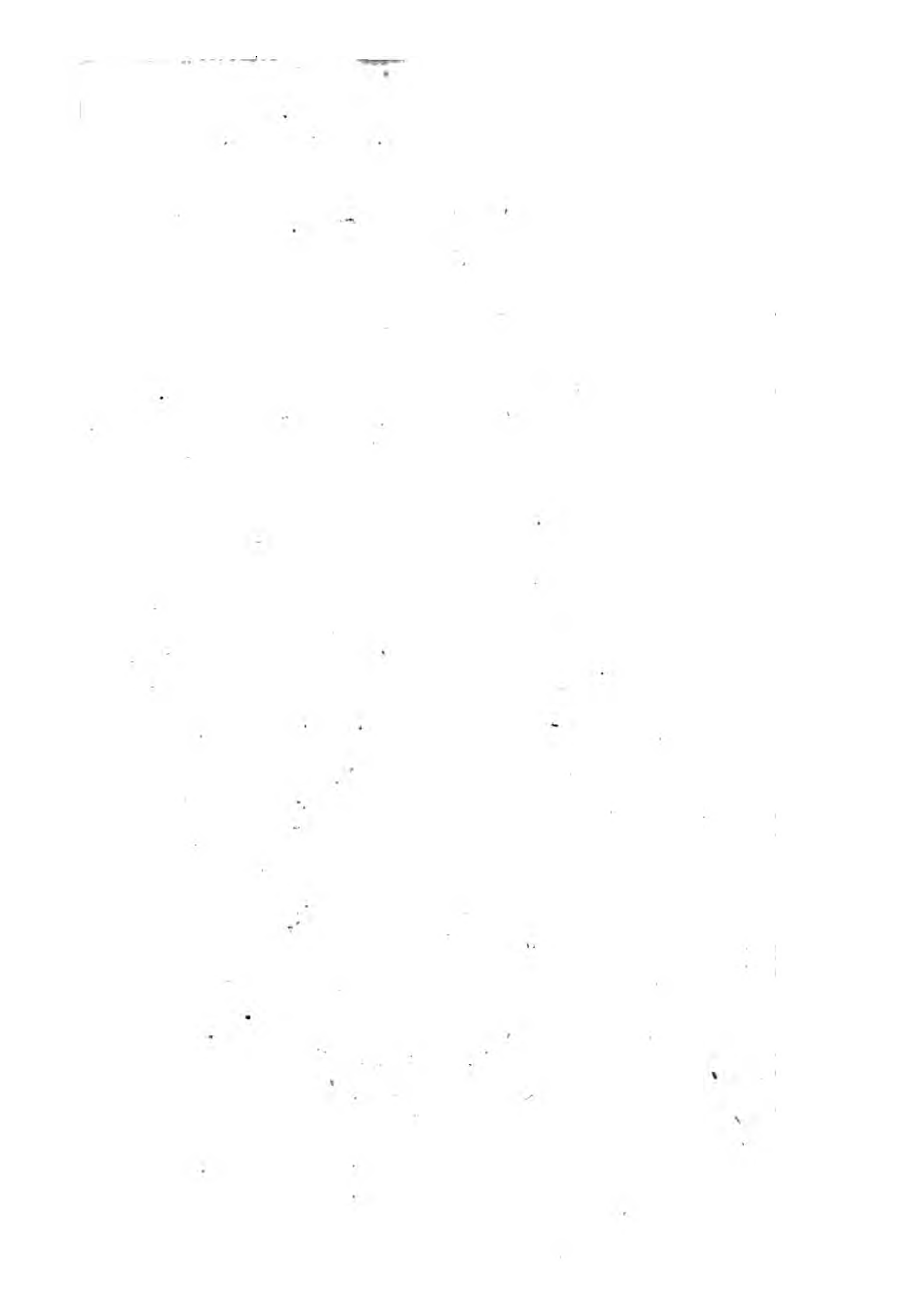


John Thomas Hope.









is written this note

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This was written by J. M. H. H. H.

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

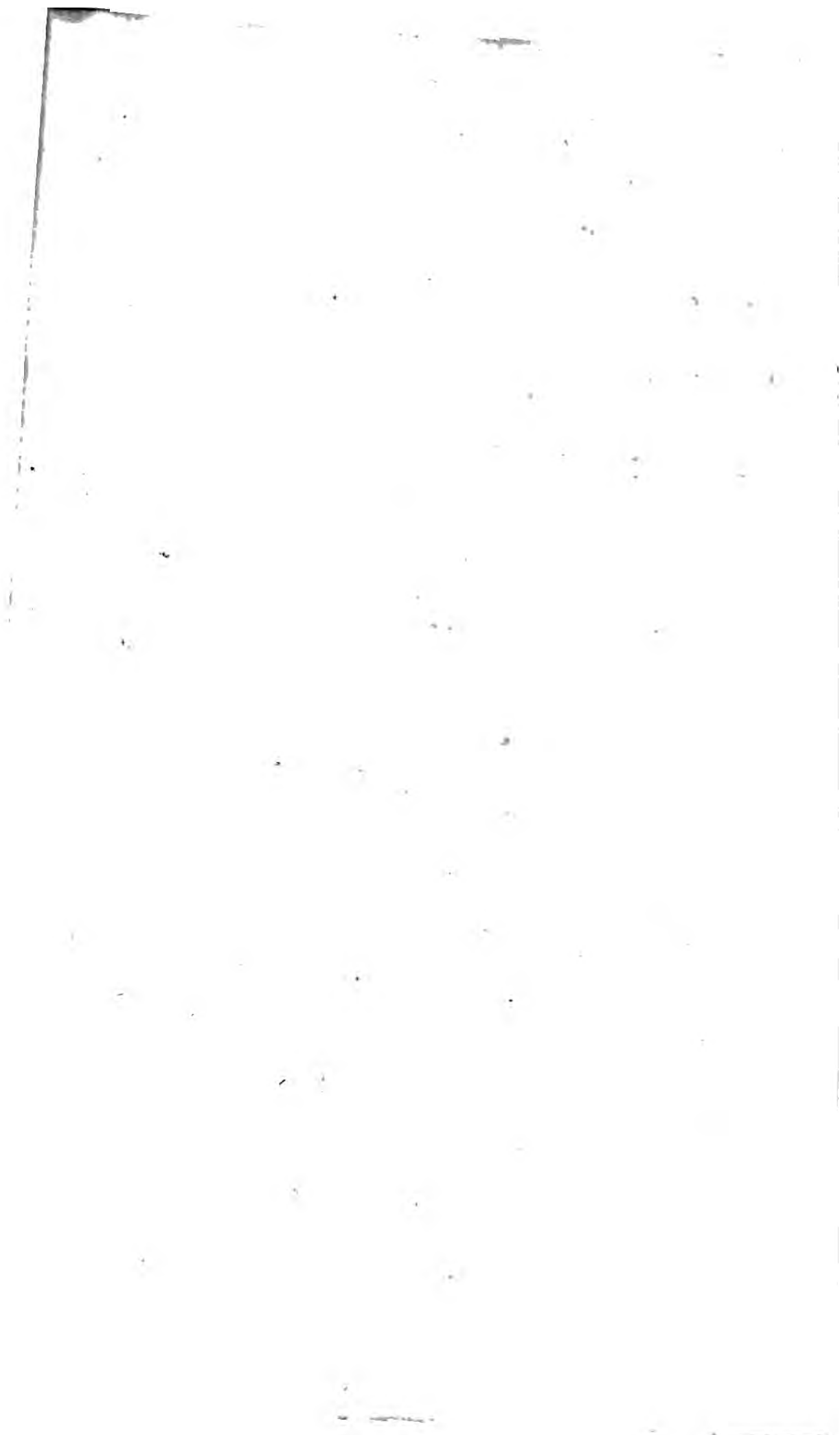
V O L. I.

L O N D O N:

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MDCCLVIII.







THE
P R E F A C E.

*Turpe est difficiles habere nugas,
Et Stultus est Labor ineptiarum.* MART.

THE Writing of a Preface to the Fool may be esteemed as needless as foolish a Performance, since Works of so extraordinary a Nature sufficiently carry their own Value in their Novelty, and recommend themselves to the

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generality of the World, on the Credit of the Folly of the Writer. But as many of the wise People of this Age are very curiously inquisitive to know how I came to assume so ridiculous a Character, and yet one so natural, just, and picturesque of my own Mind; they are hereby to learn, that, previous to this wise Undertaking, several Essays were wrote by the same Hand under the Titles of the Englishman, the Smuggler, and some under no Character at all. My Sister whom you will find celebrating herself under the Character of Jenny la Fool, having with great Penetration and Judgment entered into the very Soul of my Genius, and finding me too far gone in the Cacœthes Scribendi, to be reclaimed by any wise Reasoning of her's, took advantage of my Weakness in an unguarded Hour, and persuaded me to give my future Lucubrations a Title suited to the Non-sense

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sense of the Writer, judging very truly, that if I proved excellent in nothing else, I should gain uncommon Applause, in differing from other Writers, by making my Works, and the Title-Page, of a Piece. And the Reader cannot help knowing, that a single Excellence is what few of us Scribblers attain to. This sets us right as to the Origin of the Title. As to the Work itself, it is the Composition of many foolish People, who, having little else to do, listed under my Banner, and became Fools on Record. Who they all are Futurity may evince; but my Bookseller insists that I must not discover the grand Secret, until after the Sale of about half a Million, because, as he very wisely observes, that Secret alone will sell as many more, and complete the Quantity he has engaged to dispose of, if he can find Fools enough to buy them. However, I must beg his

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Pardon, if I think myself at Liberty to set those who claim a near Relationship, in a Light suitable to the Merit they have acquired. In particular, Mrs Frances Littlewit; who, on the Credit of her foolish Lucubrations, claims me as her Spouse; and, if I thought her young, rich, and handsome enough, would endeavour to get a Race of Fools out of her; but as she is, perhaps, an invisible Being, or, what is as bad, an old Woman, it is more my Business to midwife her Wit, than to enter into a Conjunction with her Person. My Cousins, and other Relations, both Male and Female, I shall leave to be considered to another Occasion, as few of them want the Aid of my Pen, having expressed, in all they have wrote, a Wit, Spirit, and Judgment, that I humbly conceive will hardly be equalled in any future public Writings. As to my own, they carry with them, like Argus, an hundred Eyes; and, like Proteus, appear

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in as many Shapes. The Variety alone must charm, because I intended it should : And the Subjects have a right Effect, because there is a good Deal of Spleen and Ill-nature in them. Upon the Whole, I beg Leave to recommend them to the serious Perusal of the Public, whom, if they do not happen to please, will spirit them up into a State of Thinking, absorb some of that idle Time, which hangs so heavy on the Hands of most People, and lead them insensibly into a Knowledge of the Situation of the Political World ; by this Means awakening them out of their Dreams of Tranquillity, and stimulating them on to a proper Care and Regard for their own present Safety, and the Welfare of their Posterity ; which, in my humble Opinion, can never be so well effected, as while they are losing themselves in the profound Abyss of these my learned Lucubrations, and becoming, as it were, all Ministers of State and Politicians.

If

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If they find any Entertainment interspersed and playing amongst these Political Whimsies, they must look upon them like Flowers blowing about the Edges of the Corn Fields, or blooming on the Margins of great Rivers, a Kind of Irruption of Fancy, that produces the gay idle World to Light; and which, while some may think Embellishments, are meerly thrown in by Way of Digression, and as Foils to set off the Importance of the more grave and studied Subjects.

*The Notions about the right Character of a Fool are as various, as Fancy brooding in the different Imaginations of Men can make them; and, while every one is putting it away from himself, he is, perhaps, the only true Fool in Character. In a Word, it is Speculum Naturæ, the Mirror of Nature, wherein every Man may see himself, if he pleases; if
not,*

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not, is at Liberty to be very wise, and, by concluding every one a Fool but himself, rob me of all my Rights and Prerogatives, establish his own dear self in my Stead, and be that Character in reality, which has been with so much Labour attempted by,

Gentlemen and Ladies,

Your most

Humble Servant,

The F O O L.





THE
F O O L.

V O L. I.

N^o I. *Thursday, July 10, 1746.*

A very odd Fellow, who has been playing the Fool in Private all his Life-time, desires he may have the Honour, by the Canal of this Paper, to show his Parts in Public; which, as being a new Character, is readily granted.



To be Grave and Wise are such ridiculous Characters, that no Man in his Senses would be silly enough to appear in, unless he could find some secret Pleasure in being the Jest and Laughing-stock of all the Wise-acres about Town. To be talk-

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ed

ed of at the Tea-tables as a starch'd prim Fellow; among Men of Science, as a Conoisseur; among fine Reasoners, as a Man of Sense; and among the Curious, as a Virtuoso. To be supposed to think and judge regularly and justly, and to act as becomes a reasonable Creature, is not to be suffered with Patience, among Millions determined never to think at all. I wish, therefore, that all those who have taken it into their Heads to be wise, or only to look wise, would duly attend by Lectures, that they may improve themselves in the Science of useful Folly; quit the wicked Ways of Wisdom, and become as great Fools as I am. Not that I ever attended a Statesman's Levee for a Place, until I durst not show my Face in any Place; nor ever received a Legacy to keep me firm to one Party, and then changed my Mind, and went immediately over to another. The Nods and Smiles of great Men are such Airs of Wisdom, as I never attend to; and the first receiving a Legacy, and then a Place, infinitely too wise for the Profession of a Fool. Neither am I in a Party with that unhappy Set of People, that live purely by Imagination;
that

that attend to every Body's Business, but neither mind others, nor their own, to any Effect. Neither am I of those who are ever making their Address to the Ladies, and only fear their Compliance ; nor, on the other Side, chuse, for the Sake of lewd Women, to be half the Year immerfed in Mercury, and wrapped up in Flannel ; and the other half, either lame or uselefs. I unite not, nor am of a Party with those, who prefer Smuggling to Commerce ; and are more afraid of disobliging a pitiful Body of Thieves, than the whole Body of the Nation ; that mark out a Peace, to save the Expences of a War, by increasing the Riches, Power, and Dominion of a determined Enemy. Nor am I one of those Fools, who first serve their Country Abroad with great Glory and Honour, and then come Home to talk themselves into Disgrace and Ridicule ; to prefer being bad Authors to the being good Admirals ; and, by aiming to be at the Head of an insignificant Faction, run the Hazard of being without a Head. Neither am I one of those Citizens, that omit no Means of being rich ; and starve myself, that my Heirs may be Courtiers,

shine at the other End of the Town, and riot in Folly and Idleness. Neither have I any Inclination to turn Admiral, on the Credit of once having failed about in a Pond ; nor desire to be thought a fine Gentleman, purely on the Credit of being able to purchase a rich Suit of Cloaths. I have no Notion of a Lady's being more lovely for her Quality, nor a Man honefter for his Titles ; nor chuse to be the Companion of those who are ever seeking after Friendships, and, by mistaking the Name for the Thing, pursue a Shadow. All Fool as I am, I court, nor seek, nor honour, nor love, nor praise ; what I am, who I am, where I am, is all immaterial ; by being Nothing, I am every Thing ; and, by being no where, am every where ; all disown me publicly, but, in private, am their Bosom Friend and Companion, and am with them in a Million of different Shapes and Appearances. A Man, who is to raise his Fortune purely on the Credit of his Honesty and plain Dealing, has a good deal of me in him ; and so has he who thinks himself too sharp for all the World, and therefore guarded only by his own Conceit. He that delights in being cheated,

N^o 1. *The* F O O L. 3

cheated, that is, the Bubble of Thieves, Whores, and Gamesters, that spends Estates in Exercises, that others think they deserve to be paid for ; and, for having the Pleasure to lose his Money, reduces himself to the Level of Highwaymen, Footmen, and Black-shoe Boys. These, and such as these, smile upon, hug, and adore me ; yet, as before, I am none of these, because no Body will publicly own me ; y^e t^h am I the very Source of all their Thoughts, the Spring of all their Joys, the Object of all their Attention, their Glory, their Pride, their Delight ; I charm, win, and captivate, put in Chains, release, enrich, and honour ; I am the Sovereign's First Minister, and my Lord Mayor's Right-hand Man ; the Poet's Companion, the Scribler's Associate, the Broker's Dupe, and the Bookseller's Glory ; yet am I not any or either of these ; I am, or am not, this, that, any Thing, or Nothing ; sometimes what you please, and sometimes what you don't please ; the less you know of me, the better acquainted with me ; and you cannot seek my Semblance, or find me better

6 *The F O O L.* N° 1.

described, than in the following Lines in
the *Man of Mode* :

*Let him, nor him, Sir Fopling call,
He's Knight of the Shire, and represents
you all.*

The *Fool* is followed by a Correspondent that calls himself a *Plain-Dealer*. I put the *Fool* first, as thinking him much the wiser Man, as well as the brightest Character of the Two. My Opinion of the Matter is, that the *Plain-Dealer* may talk as wisely as he pleases ; but that the *Fool* will have all the Laugh on his Side ; the Event can only determine my Judgment in this Matter ; but am clear in this, that, let what other Characters in a farther Course of Correspondence appear, if the *Fool* can laugh the Value of Five-hundred Papers out of People's Pockets, more than common, or more than the *Plain-Dealer*, or others, are capable of effecting, I am clear in his having my Vote to be Captain of the Band, and to lead the Company of Characters on with suitable Dignity and Pre-eminence.



N^o 2. *Friday, July 11, 1746.*

HArlequins, Jack-Puddings, and Jest-ers, are almost the only People in the World that own and make a right Market of me. I confess there is a Man in my Eye, who has, perhaps, taken more Pains to make a Property of me, than ever a Jack-Pudding in the Three Kingdoms. This Person took it into his Head sometime since to pirate one of my Productions in this Paper, embellish'd it with a super-excellent Performance of his own, and thereby turned a mere pleasant Piece into downright Buffoonry, which he termed the *Cabal*, and vended to his great Emolument.

What has been pirated since, I shall take no Notice of; my Business, at present, being to turn the Tables upon him; but in so pleasant a Manner, as shall neither hurt his Fortunes, nor be any Clog upon his Industry, badly turned as it may appear to me.

I have not of late drawn any Characters, that could be of Service to him to turn in-

to Sculpture ; so that he has been obliged to have Recourse to his Genius to find out something of his own ; and has hit, at last, upon a Subject so very new and uncommon, so very buffoon and wonderful, as makes me doubt, whether, at last, I shan't have the Honour of becoming the Object of his new Performances in Statuary.

There is a Story handed down to us by the Ancients, of one *Prometheus*, who, having made clay Statues, attempted to animate them with celestial Fire ; and, for his Presumption, was condemned to be chained down to a Rock, with a Vulture continually gnawing of his Liver. My Hero has improved on the Thought, tho' not, as yet, been punished for his Presumption. He observed, that Men made Tools, and concluded therefrom, that, with the Aid of *Promethean* Art, Tools might make Men. As it's highly probable, that this Artist never read the Ancients, and nothing of this Kind having previously happened among the Moderns, it may be presumed he did not set out with the Fear of *Jupiter* before his Eyes, nor, consequently, any other Impediment

ment in his Way, than what might arise from the natural Difficulty of the Execution.

I fancy that his first Attempt had a deeper Retrospect into the Nature and Reason of Things, than I am able either to reach or investigate: But it is plain by the first Man he made, that he did not design to form him from Materials absolutely inanimate. He seems to have understood, that Fire is the Origin of Life; and therefore, that whatever had Fire in it, had Life inherent. He then found, that Iron was framed on the Anvil, and therefore made that the Basis whereon to set his new created Head, and called this the Body. He was likewise aware, that Fire was animated, spread, or diffused, by certain Machines, called Bellows; and conceiving, perhaps rightly enough, that the Head and Body could not want Warmth, if the Feet were inspirited to Motion, he turned the Bellows downwards, so that the broad Parts made the Thighs, and the Pipes the Legs; whereby they were properly disposed to either animate or cool the Feet, as Occasion required. Of what the Feet are composed, I own I don't understand, but they seem not very

justly proportioned to the Legs, which are the least and most unshapely of any I ever saw ; a Beau's not excepted. However that may be, here is a Man, or, what is the same Thing generally speaking, the Figure of a Man, created out of common working Tools ; and, what is very strange, moving from House to House, merely by the Contrivance of human Wisdom. But I must not stop here, since Spirit and Motion, wherewith these Materials are replenish'd, are not all the constituent Attributes of a Man. It was necessary he should have Speech, which he thus contriv'd : He made another Man out of the Implements of a Fidler ; and the Violin being a Speaking Instrument, whereof this Man was chiefly composed ; and setting this Man by the other Man, readily concluded it would make them both speak ; but, how far that has succeeded, I am yet to learn ; but am assured, that the Encouragement he has met with, has enabled him to create Tradesmen of various Employments, in order, as I suppose, to People his new Common-wealth with Beings reciprocally serviceable to each other.

I have

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I have hitherto only seen a Barber, a Taylor, and a Publican, all suitably form'd, or rather improving on the Original Pattern; the rest, I suppose, will make their Appearance in due Order, and, possibly, in Time may turn to the great Emolument of the State, and Safety of the People, by enabling us to raise an Army of Soldiers, with a General at their Head, that will have no Notion of running away from the Highlanders, and leaving us expos'd to their future Inroads.

As I am pleas'd with the Thought of this new and intrepid Nation rising for our Defence, at a Time when Money and Men are both so scarce, wishing ardently to see the Scheme fully matur'd, but being in doubt of this Great Creator's Abilities, without the Public Assistance, of effectually executing his Design, I shall, as much as in a Fool's Power lies, contribute all I can towards my Brother's finishing this Scheme, by giving him a Plan whereby to form a Statesman proper to govern this Implemental Common-wealth, and to take Care of their Money and other Affairs; to make

Peace for them if they happen to be at War ; and if they shall conquer any useful Country, to contrive how to give it back again.

I must previously observe, that the giving Directions to Painters and Sculptors, for forming their respective Operations, is not a new Thought ; since I find that Mr. *Addison*, and several others, have done it before me : But considering my Character, and the Materials I have to work with, I dare say the Readers will excuse the Rudeness of the Draught, which, however, is at least equal to the Hand of the Sculptor, whom it would be improper to instruct beyond his Conceptions : Not that I deny him bodily Wit ; but then it rests there, and must be suited accordingly.

Directions to the *British Prometheus* how to frame a Statesman from his own Implements :

*Of the Dependent that begs,
Make him Hands, Feet, and Legs,*

His

N^o 2. *The F O O L.* 13

His Gloves, Shoes, or Boots, for to try on;
By dissecting his Spies,
You may make him two Thighs,
*With their Faces, the Face of a * Lion.*

His Body out-trace,
From those fatten'd in Place,
Swell'd into large Size with rich Pensions;
With their ill-gotten Gains,
Make his Head and his Brains,
And thus finish the brazen Dimensions.

* A Political Term for a Spy.



N^o 3.



N^o 3. *Saturday, July 12, 1746.*

I Doubt not, but by this Time, my Readers begin to cry out to one another, What is the *Fool* upon To-day? Why truly answers his next Neighbour, Upon what comes uppermost, as all Fools are; perhaps on Politics, says a Third; possibly not, says a Fourth; Merriment seems best to suit his Genius. It is thus, and thus Men reason on a Character they know just as-much about, as the L—ds of the Ad———ty do of what is become of the *French* Fleet.

To save the Trouble of much Reflection, the *Fool* To-day is trying the Force of his Imagination, by giving a new Turn to the present System of our Situation, and setting all the People a Swimming. It will appear from the following Quotation, that he is not the first Fool that has been in the Clouds, nor will probably be the last.

Shakespear, by the Term *Poet* below, has an Eye towards all the Sons of Imagination,
 whe-

whether Lovers or Madmen, Fools, Prose-Writers, or Versificators ; while, smiling at all these, he gives us a very apt Taste of his own Turn of Thinking, and charms us more by the Richness of the Description, and, probably, gives us a more exalted Pleasure, than our own Imaginations are capable of furnishing us with :

*The Poet's Eye, in a fine Frenzy rowling,
Glances from Heaven to Earth; from Earth
to Heaven ;*

*And, as Imagination bodies forth
The Form of Things unknown, the Poet's Pen
Turns them to Shape, and gives to airy No-
thing*

A local Habitation, and a Name.

Life is said in Holy Writ to be a Dream, and they who know not this are at Liberty to dream on. Wits may continue to dream in Ignorance, and mere Men of this World about heaping up Riches, for they know not whom to enjoy ; like *Tantalus* in ancient Fable, up to the Chin in Water, and Apples playing about his Mouth, unable to touch either. Great Men dream about
Power,

Power, and little Ones, how to get Bread ; we puzzle ourselves about nothing, and it is happy that we only dream. When sleeping we change one Dream for another, and wake again to dream with our Eyes open. Whether, or which of these has been lately the *Fool's* Case, can only be determined by such Dreamers as are Fools enough to fancy themselves awake ; and, in that State, attend to other People's Dreams more than their own.

Lost in deep Reflection, Refvery, or Dream, a very new Prospect presented itself before me. Methought this great Mass of Buildings, which will up a Space, near as large as the famous City of *Nineveh* did formerly, was changed into a clear transparent Sea, which I hovered over, reclining on a Cloud. It seemed exceeding deep, yet my Eye reach'd the Bottom with great Facility. The Houses seem'd all turn'd into Rocks, huddled together promiscuously at the Bottom ; and the People transform'd into Fishes of every Size, Sort, and Specie ; not framed in Proportion to their former
Bulk

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Bulk of Body, but according to their usual Situation or Pursuits.

The *Whale*, as being the largest, first took my Sight; it moved, when uninterrupted, gently, just below the Surface, and seemed all State and Dignity. It was attended often by two Adversaries, which, comparatively speaking, made a very pitiful Appearance, yet found Means to make this Sovereign Fish very uneasy. They were the Sword-Fish and Thresher. If he sunk lower than pleased one of them, he pricked him under the Belly; and when, to avoid that, he rose, the other beat him on the Back. No Situation of his could please them. They tormented him while alive; when dead, robbed him of what was most precious; and then regarded him no more.

Losing Sight of this, I beheld floating on the Surface a Number of Creatures, that, at first View, appear'd like the inanimate Trunks of dead Oaks. They seemed, for a Time, quite motionless; but, being approached by a Shoal of Fishes with Golden Fins, whose Name I have not learnt, they started as it were into Life, darted themselves

selves on a sudden into the midst, and, in an Instant, devoured the major Part. What escaped were seized by a Party of *Baracutas*, who ate as much of them as they liked, and conveyed what remained into certain Holes in the Rocks, near about where the two Compters stood in their former State. I need not tell my Reader, that the First of these were *Alligators*.

The next that presented themselves before me were a Parcel of stray *Sharks*, that seemed excessively active and eager for their Prey. They appear'd of two Kinds, both equally voracious; the one Sort seem'd to come from the West, the other from the East; both steer'd towards the Center; had little spotted Fish playing all the Way before them; and, at the general Rendezvous, seem'd to employ them to look for Prey; in which Pursuit these little Pilots appear'd extremely active. These were all at high Game, and retired to their respective Quarters sufficiently gorged.

A different Specie, of the same Name, who did not strike so high, I observ'd hovering in the Midway, between the West
and

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and the Center ; they seem'd as sharp, but not so strong and powerful as the first Sort. Their Aim was only at Gudgeons, which came innocently in Shoals out of a neighbouring Stream, and were soon pick'd up and dispatch'd.

In another Department I observed, if I may so term it, a Fleet of fat oily Porpoises, in Pursuit of a Shoal of poor thin-gutted Gar-Fish ; not with Intent to devour, but to prevent their being as fat as themselves, by sharing the best Part of what they got. I could not help smiling at this Scene, as it struck me very sensibly ; alas, poor *Authors*, thought I, what are you only seeking Prey, and wearing yourselves into Skeletons, to make Booksellers fat ! see how they glote over, and laugh at you.* There got, I know not how, among these, an odd Sort of a little imperious Fish, that look'd with Contempt enough on the Porpoises, and with Pity on the Gar-Fish : It had a kind of improv'd Mitre, or Triple Crown, on its Head, and for that Reason, I named it a *Pope-Fish* ; it seem'd very peevish and angry, at being envied, or not respected enough

nough by the Gar-Fish, nor honoured sufficiently by the Porpoises ; the Company of these displeas'd him ; he darted suddenly somewhere under the Earth, and was seen no more.

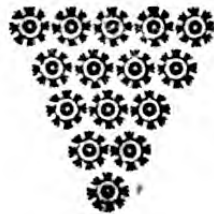
As into this Sea ran several little Rivulets, I could not help turning my Eyes towards them, in order to observe what Beings were in Motion there. The first Objects that struck me were a Parcel of Trout, playing at Hide and Seek among the shady Coverts of the Margin of one of the Brooks, again issuing out into the open Stream, and wantoning among the Sun Beams. They seem'd only capable of being charmed with a variegated Fly, or by being gently tickled under the Belly. I could not help fancying, but that these were transformed from thoughtless young Girls ; and was the more confirm'd in my Conjecture, by observing them to play the Fool pleasantly enough among a Shoal of Smelts, a kind of fresh Water Fish that never come near my Nose, but I think of a Beau.

At the Bottom of the limpid Stream, gliding over the Surface of the Gravel, I observ'd

observ'd a Number of lively gay Fish, usually called *Silver Eels*; they were here and there, every where, and no where: If a Smelt touch'd them, they darted from him like Lightning; they delighted much in playing about that grave Fish, the Carp, but very cautious of his Touch: The Pike frightened them out of their little Wits; and they were, upon the whole, so slippery, that no Fish could get safe hold of them. They had some little Regard to, and Respect for, a grave Appearance that was hooded or cowled, and is usually called a Monk-Fish. He is not naturally of these Regions, but appears occasionally, and succeeds pretty well in his Designs, when the Eels are not accompanied with speckled Snakes; but, when that happens, is esteem'd very troublesome Company. These Snakes naturally infect them, and then they become the Jest of the Smelts; and Bubbles of the Pikes.

The bringing of all this to human Life, and comparing Manners to Manners, Beings with Beings, and Things to Things, is at most but turning it into a kind of agreeable Allegory, and being pleas'd with dreaming ourselves into our Senses. 'Tis immaterial, whether

whether *London* be compared to a Sea, or a Forest; its Houses to Rocks under Water, or Hills above Ground; the People to Fishes, or wild Beasts. But it seems of Consequence to our Repose, that Government operates pleasantly; and one would not be punished, even in a Dream, with a Prospect of such Notorieties, as no sooner strike the Mind, but instantly creates a Wish that we were never capable of Dreaming at all.





N^o 4. *Thursday, July 17, 1746.*

PATIENCE has not the Happiness to be rank'd among the Virtues, whereby an *Englishman* is distinguished ; and, as Nature is not to be alter'd, I must not complain that my Countrymen are a little too hasty to learn what, upon the whole, the *Fool* is driving at : I can only observe to them in General, that he is variable as the Wind ; a new Character every Day, and consequently, not to be defin'd in the Grofs.

All Monarchs, until very lately, had such a Character in Waiting, as the Court Phrase is, who publicly owned himself a *Fool*, and gloried in the Title ; which, now, many are *Fools* enough to be ashamed of, and cluster together, to prevent being distinguished.

In this Character appeared *Killegrew*, in the Reign of that merry Monarch, *Charles the Second* ; and there are many Instances,

on

on Record, of the unbounded Freedom wherewith he treated his Sovereign and the whole Court ; and I can hardly imagine he was much tenderer to the rest of Mankind. What followed in the next Reign, and how the *Fool* came to be laid aside, to make Room for many, is a Piece of Satyr too severe for the Age to bear.

Of all the Princes that ever kept a *Fool*, none ever made so judicious a Use of him, as the late *Peter the Great, Czar of Muscovy* ; while he was setting a bright Example to his Subjects of rising gradually to Preferment, a Mock-Sovereign sat on the Throne, before whom the *Czar* appeared personally, and gave an Account of his Conduct ; when he had done speaking, the *Fool*, who was seated next the Mock-Sovereign, rose up, and made proper Remarks on all the *Czar* had said in his own Behalf ; harangued him on such Points as seemed to have been well executed, and, on what was done amiss, rallied him freely ; and generally concluded with telling him, That Preferment, in *Russia*, was only to be acquired by *Merit*, and, consequently, that
he

he must either mind his Business better, or deceived himself in expecting it. This Scene, however droll or imaginary it may appear to the Eyes of self-sufficient People, (who would rather see their Sovereign exposed and undone, than that any *Fool*, wiser than themselves, should be permitted to advise him) had the glorious Effect justly expected from it ; and raised a Nation, as it were, out of Chaos, into a State of Dignity and Triumph.

I, for my Part, who have not the Happiness of living in Times when *Fools* are permitted to approach the Royal Ear, must be content with acting my Part in Regard to the Community, and appearing from Day to Day in such Characters, or, more properly speaking, delivering myself on such Subjects, as may tend most to its Happiness and Welfare.

Horace has, some where, advised the idle Part of the *Roman* Gentry, when they could find no better Employments, to turn their Heads to Science, in particular, to Architecture ; which he seems ludicrously to hint, they might be Masters of without much

Trouble or Study, since the very Birds and Bees understood it by Instinct. Whether the *Romans* took the Hint, I own I am a Stranger to; but it is very clear to me, by the Appearance of our public Buildings, that some People here have read that Author to a very bad Purpose; I shall illustrate this, by only picking out three remarkable Performances for the Subject of To-day; and shall begin with the City *Mansion-House*, not as the principal, but only as it is the first in my Way.

The Architect of the *Mansion-House*, I doubt not, in his own Mind, design'd it for a magnificent Building; that every Thing should be Great within, and its Situation Noble, properly adapted to the Use of such illustrious Personages, as should, in due Rotation, have the Honour of governing the most important City in the World. To this End, he very wisely concluded, that two great Rooms were necessary; the one to feast, the other to dance in; and, for the Feasting, the greatest Room he could think of was an *Egyptian Hall*; but, not being able to make its Proportion answer to the proper Height of the main Building, he
clapt

clapt a little Hut upon the Top, and thereby gave it its due Dimensions; not at the same Time considering, that the Light, in the Latitude of *Grand Cairo*, was at least one Third brighter than at *London*; and, consequently, the Roof, with all its beautiful Finishings, would give the Eye Pleasure to behold in the first, in the last Pain; besides, that this Hut on the Top look'd ill, without another to keep it Company. This the Architect perceiving, readily enough apply'd a Remedy, by raising its Parallel on the other End; and so, by adding that Height to the Ball Room, destroy'd the natural Perspective, and made it appear like a great Passage or Entry, as we commonly call it, instead of a fine, distinct Room, handsomely proportion'd. This, upon the whole, gave the main Building the Air of a Dromedary, with two great Humps upon its Back; and rais'd it by so much more too high, than it was before, for its Situation. However, to make some Amends for these notorious Mistakes (amongst numberless others which present themselves every Step we take within) he gave it a very fine Front,

concluding rightly enough, that as there are but few Judges, and fewer still who attend to any Thing but Outside, a showy Face would alone attract the Eye and Admiration of every Gazer; and, judiciously contriving to have the Pediment handsomely filled with a Set of Figures that do Honour to the *British* Sculptor, he past it upon the Town as one of those excellent Performances, which, like the Sun, none can see the Defects of but curious Beholders.

We are carried from hence, by a natural Progression, to that eminent Structure, wherein is transacted the Admiralty Business of *Great-Britain*; the Basis of its Wealth, Glory, and Security; whereon I shall only make this particular Remark, That, take off the Bow of a Ship, something below the Rails of the Head, and inwards, to the Step of the Fore-Mast, reversed, and placed upon the Mast-Heads, and stick the strait Side against a high Wall, with a Pediment over it for Ornament, and you instantly conceive a clear Idea of the Grand Portico. By this we see, that the Architect here did not act so cunningly as at the *Mansion-House*,

or

or indeed, as Men usually do, put the best Side outwards: Nor did he consider Air or Lightness, when he gave the Brick Building a Stone Cornice; not only excessively heavy, but broad enough to have laid the Foundation; which, I fancy, if slid downwards to the Foot of the Ground-Floor, would make a pretty Eve over the Kitchen Windows, as it might veil the Servants when at Romps from external Spectators.

The *Treasury*, the ingenious in Science say, would be a very pretty Building, if the Roof was taken off, the whole turn'd upside down, and so the Roof set on again; to which I will beg Leave to add, that when the Board of Works shall think proper to reverse it, according to this new Plan, I would have their Busto's placed in due Order in the Front, in order to transmit to Posterity a Memorial of their superior Wisdom and Sagacity.

As the *Fool* of the Community is at Liberty to speak his Mind freely, it is impossible for him not to remark, that the Architects of these Two last Buildings were blind; and, by not being able to see an il-

lustrious Structure just by, transacted their Business in the dark, on the Credit of their own wild Imaginations, not to be surpassed by any public Buildings I know, except the *Custom-House*, of which I shall speak particularly another Time; and, if I may call it a Building, our Courts of Justice, as they appear decorated at the upper End of *Westminster-hall*, on a Plan perfectly new and uncommon.

The *French* have been a long Time aiming at a new System of Architecture, with equal Skill and Success; and it seems to me, that our Artists erected the Public Buildings purely by a Spirit of Emulation: If therefore, as has been long talk'd of, his Majesty's Palace and the Houses of Parliament should come to be rebuilt, I am in Hopes, that the wise Plans before us will be carefully copied, and thereby an entire new System of Architecture establish'd; which may stand as a Monument to Posterity, of the Genius and Judgment of the present Age.



N^o 5. *Friday, July 18, 1746.*

THERE is nothing touches the Soul so delicately, or fixes so happy an Impression on the Mind, as that Kind of agreeable Satyr, which, by tenderly striking at our little Foibles and Errors, contributes to turn our Thoughts on Matters of Weight and Importance; owing to a natural Desire, when we know it, of acting in Contrast to such Characters, as reduce the Dignity of our Natures below the proper Level.

I was born with a rambling Head, fram'd by Nature for Variety; and can no more exist without a new Subject to play with every Day, than the luxurious Feeder without fresh Dishes at his Table, or the amorous Man without a Change of Misses. The Glory of Nature is Variety, it is that which warms the Heart and charms the Attention; it was so intended by the great Creator, and our Composition suitably adapted. It is owing to this Turn of Thinking, that I am led, by my Imagination, from Place to

Place, and from Thing to Thing; in the Course whereof, it is impossible to avoid such Places of public Resort, that, imitating the Flowers they produce, spring, flourish, and banish between *April* and *September*; and which, in humble Resemblance of that supposed blisful Scene, wherein our first Parents were imparadis'd, engages our Senses in all that's agreeable and charming, more especially when illuminated by such brilliant Spirits as seem to vye with the Splendor of Mid-day, and whose gay Appearances emulate the rosy Lustre of a fine Evening.

From among this beauteous Assemblage of fine Persons and Appearances, a curious and inquisitive Mind is always capable of extracting Subjects, proper for that Kind of Satyr, which, rather for the present, is apt to pique the Aggressors, and to engage them to look into themselves, than to give just Cause of Offence. The pretty Objects that have taken my Attention, and furnish out the Subject of To-day, are a distinguish'd Party of Beings, that a good deal resemble the Sun-Beams, as being but the Emanations of that full Lustre, wherewith
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the Dignity of our Natures shine, when modell'd by cool Reason, and establish'd on the Basis of sound Judgment. In a Word, they are the *Beau* and the *Belle*; and, if I may be understood in thus speaking, are a similar Unlikeness; the Pictures of Resemblances, quite different in their respective Genius's and Pursuits, and are only something alike externally; but, examined, have nothing similar in them, but Dress and Giddiness. This may seem somewhat too logically curious for a *Fool*; but, as he loves, upon certain Occasions, to shew his Parts, he will reduce this gradually into a methodical Illustration.

Woman is form'd by Nature to please and be admired: To this End, she is fram'd tender, delicate, and fair; joyous as musical Sounds, soft as Air, and gay as Light: Her Fibres are of so nice a Contexture, and endued with such a Quickness and Sensibility, that the least rude Touch instantly conveys to her Soul infinite Pain and Inquietude: The very Air, blowing upon her, ruffles her natural Serenity; even her own Reflections, if they happen to be occasion'd by disagreeable Objects, disorder the whole

Frame of her Mind, and is never in perfect Repose, but when a-sleep ; meditating on some agreeable Object, or in the Arms of the Man she loves. Her tender Side is only guarded by a certain regulated Habit, which we usually stile Modesty, and, in Proportion as she digresses from that, she grows into the pretty, fluttering, whimsical Being we call a *Belle*.

Man is form'd by Nature for great and noble Pursuits ; and his Frame of Body adapted to that of his Mind. He is made strong, nervous, and robust ; and his Soul soars after Honour and Renown, as the Eagle after its Prey ; and is naturally so restless in the Pursuit, as never to be satisfy'd with Acquisition. His Imagination, like a sandy Desert, swallows up the Dew of Heaven, and imbibes eternal Rains, without the Prospect of Plenitude ; and when, through a Decay of Nature, the Fire of vigorous Fancy is exhausted, as *Alexander* did after his Conquests, he sits down, and weeps his Incapacity of performing Impossibilities.

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A Degenerating from this Character is the Progress towards the Formation of a *Beau*, which he is the less or more, as he varies from this Definition of a Man; but does not thereby grow into the *Belle*: It is a false Reflection thrown on him by undiscerning Men. He is in Dress and Conduct a perfect Hermaphrodite; and is, in the Course of his Pursuits, what the old *French* Refugees are in their Language, who neither speak *French* nor *English*. We have no Title to distinguish him by, but that of *Beau*; the Name, and the Thing, had their Origin in the same Climate; and, however it may flourish hereafter, Transportation will ever be esteemed Exotic: He only imitates the *Belle* in Dress and Flutter; but is not, like her, made for Love and Enjoyment: His meagre Countenance, weak Hams, and equilateral Legs, speak him the Devotee of a single Bed; and, like the Sun-Flower, only opens himself to Observance, when Don *Phœbus* has drove his Chariot up to the *Zenith*, and dispens'd his warm Rays around, to cheer the whole Circle of Nature.

The *Belle* is quite another Creature ; she is composed of Health, Bloom, and Gaiety, Love, Life, and Spirit ; and wishes for nothing so much as to revel in such Profusion of Joys, for which she seems by Nature destin'd. Tea and Chocolate will give more Spirits to a *Belle*, than, perhaps, she should have ; while Hartshorn Jellies, and Viper Broth, will hardly put the *Beau* in Motion. Gaiety in her, when attempted by him, is Affectation ; and the Distance of the Parallel may soon appear, by making the Two change Habits ; the *Beau* would then be instantly transformed into a Green-Sickness Girl, and the *Belle* into a Lover, a Rake, and a Heroe. In a Word, the Similitude between them is no more than between a *Spaniard* and a *Portuguese* ; when, by extracting all the bad Qualities from the first, you finish the Character of the last : So divest a *Belle* of all hers, and instantly you behold a *Beau*.

Clara was a fine young Widow, rich, amiable, and gay, and had as much of the *Belle* in her, as it was possible for Woman to have ; she flutter'd herself into the Hearts
of

of numberless Admirers ; among them many truly worthy her Regard, whom her Beauty and Spirit had made overlook a Thousand little Frailties. She had in her Train, of almost every Rank and Species of Masculine Beings ; and, consequently, not without a *Beau* : She found herself hard press'd on all Sides, which brought her at last to a Resolution of retiring for a Week, in order to determine her Choice ; she thought, as People usually do who have no System to govern themselves by, till she could not tell what to think. The Variety of Humours, Tempers, Fortunes, Persons, and Dispositions, consisted of too many Parts for her little Head to adjust. The *Beau* appear'd to her a very civil Animal, whom she propos'd at least to live on good Terms with ; and, not knowing what to make of the rest, received him into her Arms. You see her now doubly Widowed, mourning and lamenting that she has not found one Satisfaction in this Marriage, which she expected in the Society of a Man. She has, by this Match, lost her Character

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as a *Belle*, and her Chance as a Widow. The fallacious Resemblance, that first struck her, now disappears; and, to her infinite Inquietude, has learnt to know, that a *Beau* is but the Dregs of a Man, and the Mimic of a fine Lady.



N° 6.



N^o 6. *Saturday, July 19, 1746.*

WHEN we consider Man in the Light of a reasonable Creature, blessed with a distinguishing Faculty, and formed to think and reflect, we naturally conclude, that all his Views and Pursuits are adapted to the great End of his Creation. On the other Side, when we consider him formed with Passions and Appetites like the brute Species, and which his Rationality seems purely given him to regulate and correct, we are not at all surpris'd, if, through a Variety of Occurrences, he sometimes falls into the worst Extreme, and lessens his natural Value.

When Men come to be thus unhappy, they improve one Evil upon another. They call the brutal Part Nature, and either banish the Rational, or make it the Dupe of the Brutal, by furnishing Argument therefrom to justify their Passions and Vices. Thus the Two great Extremes, which were
intended

intended by Nature to co-operate together, and thereby form a happy Medium, are either directly contrasted, or the best rendered wholly subservient to the worst.

From this unhappy Turn of Thinking, or rather Absence of Thought, spring all the Miseries and Misfortunes to which human Nature is liable. Since it is impossible for any Man to really think, and not at the same Time evidently perceive, that out of unregulated Passions grows every Evil. Hence we see Estates squandered away, Diseases abound, Minds distempered, and the whole Soul tortured and agonized ; the Man lost, and something worse than the Brute constituted in its Stead.

There are various Species of Vice, which contribute to produce this undesirable Change ; this Deviation from the Intent of Nature ; as Gaming, Drinking, Debauchery, Luxury in Diet, &c. If People only play for Diversion, it may possibly be an innocent Amusement ; but when it becomes Habit, we know of no Evil that produces worse Consequences ; while it makes us avaritious, it is apt to render us
dishonest ;

dishonest; Industry and social Pursuits thence fly before us; the Mind is eternally tortured; we are staking our Estates, Peace, and Happiness, against a Dream; and embracing a Cloud for *Junno*.

The Drinking at proper Times a cheerful Glass, may act as an Alterative on some Constitutions; clear the Head, and exhilarate the Spirits; but, abused into a Habit, renders us dull, stupid, and useless: Thence we forget our Existence as Men, and degenerate into a Being for which we know not a just Parallel.

Unrestrained Freedom with Women is attended by such a Train of Evils, as are difficult to be recounted within the narrow Limits of this Paper: Our Health, Time, and Reason, are all sacrificed at once to this Vice; and while we are pursuing imaginary Delights, we lose the very Thing we aim at, and are punished for being cheated. The Hand of the Physician carries off the rosy Bloom of our Countenances, debases our natural Appearances, and turns us into walking Statues: The Fair, the Young, and Virtuous, pity and avoid us; while the
very

very Wretches, with whom we have so fillily associated, despise and contemn us. The Soul is, perhaps, tainted beyond this Life; and if there was no Future State, we are very assiduous to make ourselves a Hell here, by sacrificing all the reasonable Pleasures and Enjoyments of this World, to one of the most foolish and fatal Pursuits we are capable of following; because every Man will find, that the moderate Love of Women sooths, softens, and lessens all our Cares, and carries Joy with it to the Grave; while the inconsiderate Abuse acts just the contrary, and furnishes us with nothing but Pain, Misery, and Repentance.

All Vices are a Kind of Sickliness in Nature, and rarely pursued in full Health and Vigour. Bad Company may produce bad Habits, and those bad Health; but, generally speaking, a Kind of Green-sickness on the Mind or Body, owing to Want of Activity and Exertion, is usually the Fountain of Error. Drinking is to constitute artificial Spirits, and unnatural Gaiety. Variety of Women, and Luxury in Diet, the
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Substitutes of absent Appetites. The Truth of this is evident to the unhappy Victims, and to those who are yet free, it is best they are never convinced. *England* is one of those Countries so highly blest by Providence, and so industriously cultivated, as even to furnish Materials for an Excess of Luxury ; but, when the natural Appetite becomes so depraved as to relish nothing our Climate affords, all the Corners of the Earth are to be ransacked, for Means purely to keep us alive ; while Health and Vigour is staring the luxurious Man in the Face, and, in the Character of the Fox-hunter, or Plowman, Drolly bantering him with Beef and Pudding, rosy Looks, and wholesome Ale, he is pining over the Leg of an *Ortelan*, or gloating on a Truffle or Morel, picked out of a *Perigord* Pie ; even the fine red-legged Partridges, which compose the principal Part of this dear delicious Dish, lie solitary and untouched ; the Man dines as it were in a Dream, and, thus surrounded with Dainties, is starved in the midst of Plenty. Men of this Turn are in
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the State of *Virgil's* Damned, as they appear described in the Sixth Book of the *Æneids* :

—— *Lucent genialibus altis, &c.*

Thus translated by *Dryden*.

They lie below, on golden Beds display'd,
And genial Feasts in regal Pomp are made.
The Queen of Furies by their Side is sat,
And snatches from their Mouths the un-
tasted Meat.

Which when they touch, her hissing Snakes
she rears ;
Tosses her Torch, and thunders in their
Ears.

Eumenes is one of the highest Instances of this Folly the Age has produced, and has contrived what to eat so long, as not now to be able to eat at all. The Fumes of Delicacy have clouded his Brain, and the Expence wasted his Estate. He is reduced to such a terrible Dilemma, as nothing can retrieve, but being transported above the Clouds, there to be fed with *Æther*. People,

ple, who philosophise, say, they are in Doubt which is the worst Situation, to have an Appetite ruined by Satiety, or to have an Appetite, and want Victuals. I have not Room to enter into the Argument, but am very clear, that the honest Labourer who can get coarse Food, and devours it heartily, is in much a better Situation than either of them; and he who is blest with a fine Fortune, and lives according to Reason, still best of all.

Alcibiades has Wit enough to serve half a Dozen common Men, but never had common Sense enough to answer the great Purposes of a reasonable Creature; with all his fine Understanding, is the Dupe of Luxury, and the Bubble of Sharpers: While *Evander*, who is supposed not to have more Sense than his Neighbours, lives and triumphs in all the rational Pleasures a right Judgment is capable of enjoying. A Table noble, but frugal; a Family finely educated, and a smiling Serenity spreading itself around; all calm, sweet, and happy, free from uneasy Cares, created by bad Reflections

lections on thoughtless Hours mispent. No indigested Fumes disturb his Nights Repose, nor wakes he in the Morning, but to new Delight. Thus, without too much Sense to be a *Fool*, lives the wise *Evander*: Many go thro' Life tolerably, some with Applause; but Thou art *Wisdom's Darling*.





N^o 7. *Tuesday, July 22, 1746.*

EVERY *Fool* has a rambling Head ; it can therefore hardly be presum'd, that I, who am the *Fool* of *Fools*, the principal Figure in the Group, sit still long in one Place, gravely deliberating, like a mighty wise Man, on some important Nothing ; nor needs one, who has his Residence in the Center of this Wilderness of Buildings, rove much for Matter, since, within the Circle of the Bills of Mortality, a speculative Mind is capable of furnishing itself with a sufficient Stock ; where, amongst a Variety of Persons, Avocations, and Dispositions, something new is ever before me, and oft-times crowds in so fast upon the Conception, as to puzzle and confuse it. I am therefore obliged, the Instant any one Object presents, suited to the End of these my wise Lucubrations, immediately to close the Eyes of my Imagination, until I have thoroughly consider'd that, and digested it for the Public

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lic Emolument ; and then, as *Shakespear* phrases it, *Again out of my own Fool's Eyes peep.*

I have, in the Course of my Rambles, observ'd a Kind of pretty whimsical Female Beings, that run about among the *Painters*, who are complaisant enough to dress them in any Sort of Disguises their Ladiships own wild Imaginations suggest ; by which means it happens that one often sees the gayest Countenance, the most brilliant Beauty in the World, cloathed in a Manner so perfectly solemn and disconsolate, as leads us into wondering what Turn of Genius could induce them to create such a contradictory Conjunction. To see a fine young Girl, with Eyes that outshine the Lustre of Meridian Day, and Cheeks that out-bloom the Roses, dressed in the Habit of a mournful, unmanned, solitary Widow, while she really enjoys the Character of a Maid, and the finest Maid in the World too, looks as if she was anticipating Sorrow, and becoming unhappy before her Time ; while, in the same Room, appears a real Widow, neither young, nor beautiful, but as made so by the
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flattering Hand of the Painter ; deck'd out in all the Colours of the Rainbow, and that seems never to have dreamt about Care in her Life. These Whims of the Parties and Condescension of the Painter, puts a Trick upon our Understandings, and deceives us into an Apprehension, that pretty Miss *Kitty*, a public Toast, the Envy of her own Sex, and Admiration of ours, is a grave, retir'd Woman ; and the spiritous Mrs. *Frolic*, though turn'd of Forty, a fine young Lady, which surprizes us into infinite Errors and Mistakes not readily surmounted.

Tom Maggot, an idle young Fellow of Quality, and almost as inquisitive a *Fool* as myself, on visiting the shining Assembly in a Painter's Show-Room, unluckily mistook Mrs. *Frolic* for a Virgin, at least, within the Age of One and Twenty ; and took it into his Head to be terribly enamour'd, at first Sight, with the deceitful Imagery, and finding Means to get out of the Painter the Place of her Abode, without further Enquiry, with the Assurance natural to a Man of his Rank, visited, was amaz'd, and satisfy'd. On this Mistake it very naturally

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occurred to him, That if those that appear'd to him young were old, those that appear'd grave were young; in this Thought he varied his Pursuit, and visited next the disconsolate Widow, whom, to his great Satisfaction, he found to be one of the finest young Ladies in the Nation. This struck him so sensibly, that, on his taking Leave, he immediately return'd to the *Painter's*; and, as good Fortune would have it, being left alone to survey the Portraits at Leisure, he immediately fell on his Knees before the pretty Idol, and invoking the blind God to aid his Muse, with the Help of his Pencil, sketch'd out the following amorous Lines:

*Why, my lovely beauteous Maid,
 Art thou cover'd thus in Shade?
 Why this Scene of dull Distress?
 Why this outside Wretchedness?
 Dost thou thus thy Beauties shroud,
 Wrapt like Juno in a Cloud,
 That Mankind might not admire,
 Lest they perish in the Fire?
 Canst thou then, in this Disguise,
 Hide the Spirit of thy Eyes,*

Blooming

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*Blooming Cheeks, celestial Air,
 Dimpled Chin, and flowing Hair?
 No, my lovely A——: No,
 Think the Pain we undergo,
 When our Thoughts descend below;
 Where Ideas, gay and warm,
 Count o'er every latent Charm.
 Think how we the Painter chide,
 When he dares presume to hide
 All that's lovely, all that's fair,
 Speaking on Elysium there;
 Fine turn'd Neck and rising Chest
 Courting the enchanting Breast,
 As if wantonly they'd say——
 Mortal Eyes, begone away.
 See the Index of the whole,
 That's enough to fire the Soul:
 That's enough to make thee fear
 That thy Destiny is near.*

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What will be the End of all this I am as yet to learn; but if the Lady happens to be as deeply enamour'd with Tom, as he seems to be with her: The Maggot of the one, and Whim of the other, may chance to produce very happy Consequences.



N^o 8. *Thursday, July 24, 1746.*

THE Gentleman, who writes the following Letter, is fallen into the common Mistake, That the *Fool* is, simply, a sprightly, or, what is worse, as he terms it, a pert Character ; and seems to imagine, that the *Fools* are a distinct Fraternity ; not considering that all Mankind are *Fools* in different Shapes and Appearances : That is to say, speaking more tenderly, every Man has his weak Side ; to hit which, and thereby contribute to Amendment, is the Business of the *Fool*. But he must be a *Fool* indeed, and have very little Acquaintance with human Nature, who imagines that any one Kind of Remedy, or same Specie of Writing, is capable of curing the various Distempers wherewith the human Mind is affected ; for, notwithstanding they are all Follies, they are not all of that Kind which Men are to be laugh'd out of. The Three greatest Writers, in the laughing Way, are *Cervantes, Rabelais, and Butter.*

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The first struck at a particular Folly, which was Knight Errantry; wrote a whole Volume of fine Satire, and had the Happiness to carry his Point: The second was more general, and, though very delicate, carry'd no Point that I ever heard of, except that of making his Reader merry, and oftentimes not that: The last was rather a Satire upon what had happened, than a Burlesque of the present; the Humour struck at, was, in Effect, vanish'd before his Work appear'd, so could answer no End in the curing of a Folly, that, with the Restoration, cur'd itself, and changed into the contrary Extreme. Dr. *Swift*, and some other laughing Writers, shall be considered another Time. The Inference I would draw from those quoted is, that, if it required a whole Volume to laugh one Folly out of Countenance, it is past my numbering, how many would be necessary to laugh Men into a State of Perfection, who have not only every one of them Follies, but distinct ones too; and, after all, perhaps, the Kind of laughing, the Letter-Writer hints at, would have the least Effect of any.

Nine Tenths of the People of *England* are grave and serious, and to sneer at their Foibles, in the pert Way, would rather be receiv'd as feeble Malice, and accordingly taken in Dudgeon, than act as a Specific for the Cure of a sick Mind. Mr. *Addison* understood human Nature better than Dr. *Swift*, and, in his serious Way, cur'd infinitely more Follies. The Raillery of the latter was a Composition of merry Malice, as if he hated Mankind ; the other's of rational Pleasantry, as if he lov'd them ; the End suited the Means ; some Wits will be pleased with Dr. *Swift*, all Mankind with Mr. *Addison*.

My Correspondent is pleased to stile me *Fool* the First, to which if he had added, that own'd himself so, he would have done me Justice. That I am sometimes grave is true, but, as my Betters have said before me, never dull but by Design ; to suit the Means to the End ; and, by falling into the common Level, court my Brethren, by Degrees, into rational Gaiety ; and, by a Parity of Reasoning, when I am gay, it is to draw another Part of my Readers
nearer

nearer a State of Equality, by courting them in their own Way into the Pleasures of Thinking. This Apology, I hope, will have the Honour to satisfy my Brother *Ninny*, that every Thing is not wrong, or out of Character, that at first Sight, to particular Conceptions, seems so. Nor is it intended to hinder him from being as merry in this Paper as his Imagination can make him; on the contrary, shall help him to a few Hints that may contribute to enliven his Subject, and give some Grace to the Poignancy, without which it wants the main Force of agreeable Satire, it being, without lively Contrasts and Illustrations, rather Ill Nature than Wit.

There is, on the Confines of the Ecclesiastic State, a little Town and Republic in one, named *St. Marino*; the Custom there is to employ one Physician only at the public Expence, whose Business it is to keep the People alive as long as he can, for the Benefit of the Community, and for his own Sake too; because, if many die, he loses his Place, which, in some measure, obviates the common Practice of the Profession,

feſſion, who lay all the Dead to the Charge of God Almighty, but take the Benefit of preſerving thoſe that live entirely on themſelves. Now if Mr. *Ninny* intends to purſue this Plan in his Pariſh Scheme, it will not want my good Opinion; but, as it ſtands, it looks as if he intended to unpeo- ple the Town, and turn it into a Wilder- neſs.

We may rail as long we pleaſe, but, while there are Fools, there will be Phyſicians, and very bad ones too. They are eſta- bliſhed, like the Lawyers, on the Baſis of our Folly, for, as litigious People create the one, the whimſical form the other; and where one ſends for a Phyſician that wants him, Five hundred do it becauſe they fancy themſelves ſick: And as one of the moſt eminent, as well as the moſt honeſt of the Profeſſion, has often told me, that both their Credit and Profit depend more on preſcribing Things as ſimple as plain Wa- ter to the Well, than Medicines to the Sick; and as I know this to be ſometimes the Caſe, I can't help conceiving it to be fair, to put one to the other, and ſo ho- neſtly

neftly divide the Satire between the Fool and the Phyfician.

Old Slaughter's, July 19, 1746.

S I R,

AT your first fetting out I expected to have been mightily amufed with your Paper; and thought, that *Fool* the First would have been followed by fome diverting ones; but, contrary to my Expectation, I have found all your *Fools* grave, if not dull, which I fear will never turn to your Advantage (unlefs you mind the Pert with them) and may discredit, perhaps, the Fraternity in general, to the great Damage of many of his Majesty's Leige People.

In order to prevent fo dire a Misfortune, I fhall acquaint you, that I have found out an odd Fellow, a Sort of Projector, very Poor, pretends to great Knowledge, and, I verily believe, proper to be enlisted in your Regiment; perhaps he will ferve a Voluntier; and I am perfuaded could furnifh you an hundred Papers with Eafe, lefs grave than any of yours that have yet ap-

D 5 appeared.

peared. This Man's Ideas vary with the Weather, but is never very dull, except in the dark Days before *Christmas*.

His great Scheme, at present, is the Regulation of Physicians. He says, the Science and Study of Physic, like that of Divinity, is a Matter of Faith; and that the more the Professors cavil and dispute about it, the more they ruin their Interest, and expose their Ignorance. He has read Dr. *Thompson's* Case, and all that has been wrote against him. He says, if Dr. *Thompson* had wrote in *Latin*, he would have had fewer to have wrote against him, and had been more admired; but that they are all in the Wrong, and ought to be condemned to write for your Paper; but that the Undertakers of Funerals need be under no Apprehensions. At Length, putting on an Air of Consequence, I think I have a Project, says he, would be of Advantage to the Public, if put in Execution; which is,

I would have a Doctor in Physic, as well as a Doctor in Divinity, established, by Authority, in every Parish: The Doctor in Physic to have an under Doctor, by Way of Curate, to be paid by the Principal;
and

and the whole Pay of all these Gentlemen to be collected by the Churchwardens, by a Parish Rate, in every Parish thro' *Great-Britain.*

The Clergy's Rates are already settled ; and, as to the Physicians, every Person should pay for him (the usual Fee they gave Physicians) to a Parish Officer ; the Doctor keeping a Register of his Visits, and the Price ; and the Parish Officer receive and accompt for the Money. The Doctor in Physic to have the same Income as the Doctor in Divinity ; and the under Doctors the same Stipend as Curates, &c. and the Overplus receiv'd for Doctors in Physic's Fees, more than the Clergy's (by the large Sums usually given) to be applied to the Use of Hospitals, &c.

As to Apothecaries, each Parish should have a Laboratory, or Dispensary, at the Parish Expence ; in which the Gentlemen Apothecaries should be employed, and have a Scavenger's Rate allowed them for cleansing the Inhabitants of each Parish, and making out the Parishioners Bills for Physic. The Profit accruing to the Parish, from the Dispensary, to be applied to easing

the Poor's Rate ; which would greatly relieve the Inhabitants, as well as preserve our *London* Pavement, intolerably impaired of late by the great Number of Apothecaries Chariots, &c.

He was going on to shew the Reasonableness of all this, but, some body asking for me, he immediately disappeared, or else I should have certainly given him your Direction.

I am,

S I R,

Your most humble Servant,

NICH. NINNY.

N° 9.



N^o 9. *Monday, July 28, 1746.*

IF a *Fool* was always in a laughing Humour, he would certainly be the Happiest among Mortals, in respect to himself; however tiresome he might be to other People. If his Turn was Irony, few would understand him; if a direct Joker, very trifling; and if he laughed at nothing, very foolish. The Sum of Mirth consists not in either of these, much less in such severe Reflections as pinch Mankind too sensibly; but the wisest of Men are apt to feel Joy, even in Reflections on their own Conduct, when the weak Side is only tenderly touched, and either the public or private *Fool* does not take it into his Head to be too rudely witty. The following, I think, is as innocent a Piece as any that has come out under this Character; has as little Satire in it, as the Works of a *Fool* can well have; and as many different Thoughts as could.

could be thrown together within the Compass, in due Order.

The Veneration and Esteem we have for those who were born twenty Centuries past, is apt to lead us into a very ridiculous Contempt of modern Ingenuity; and what if projected in those Days, transmitted down, had been looked upon as beautiful Allegory, in these is the Object of Derision. We see this in a simple Emblem, generally exhibited to our View, in mean and obscure Places, and esteemed a pitiful Conceit, because neither understood or attended to. This is a Print representing a Mill, with an old Woman going in at the Hopper; and, being ground through, comes out young, gay, and lively. The old Woman here, according to the Notions of the Ancients, is the Emblem of Winter; and may be properly said, in that Disposition, to represent *December*. The Time of grinding through signifies the two succeeding Months; her Legs coming out at the other End represents the Spring; when you see her Waist appear, you cannot help thinking of *May-Day*; and, when her whole Body is in full Bloom

Bloom and Lustre, the Conception is immediately struck with an Idea of full Summer.

Relative Ideas naturally carry us from one Thing to another, of the like Nature: The old Woman, as it relates to the Diversions of the Town, represents the Season when Plays, Balls, Assemblies, Masquerades, Opera's, Routs, &c. are grinding off the dull Time that hangs heavy on our Hands, and thereby rendering it tolerable to live till the approaching Spring; and, as Summer approaches, the young Woman appears to personate *Ranelagh*, *Vaux-Hall*, and *Ruckholt*; where all assembling are, or would feign appear to be, young and sprightly.

What our Forefathers did with their Time, when none of these Amusements presented, is extremely hard to say; tho' it is thought, that, as Commerce then took up but little, it is possible they might often want Employment, if not Amusement. *Cynics*, who are a little too severe on our common Pursuits, intimate, that such Pleasures are so far from being an Improvement

ment on the Ways of our Predecessors, that they are the Basis of Folly and Immorality. For my Part, I cannot help thinking in general, that they are an Improvement, and such a one, as, if moderately attended to, contributes to embellish Life ; since the same Turn of Mind, which objects to these, likewise is angry at our wearing Cloaths, though one could produce a hundred Reasons both of the Benefit and Necessity ; and it will be sufficient if I only give two Instances of such argumentive Force, as is not to be got over by any *Cynic* on Earth. The First is of a fine Lady : If she happens to be so injured in the Birth, or Nursery, as to prove a little uneven in her Frame, Dress instantly hides this, and, with a moderate Degree of Art, sets all even. The other is of a fine Gentleman ; who, by the Help of Flannel Shirts, Bodice, and other Decorations, which grow upon him one after another, appears a tolerable Figure ; but strip him of these, and, good Heavens ! what do we behold, but the Skeleton of a Man in Motion, a Clock-work Machine, the Competitor of one of *Balducci's* Statues :
These

These are such Instances, that the most Sour of our Mortals has not Acid enough in his Constitution to explode.

As to the First, our public Diversions, I cannot help feeling a sensible Pleasure at the naming them; especially such as furnish us with Summer Amusements, and produce to our View, regulated by Art and Judgment, the bounteous Blessings of a Divine Hand, poured out with Profusion before us; naturally leading us, at once, both to admire and adore the Author of Nature. It matters not at all, that some, with human Frailties incident to our Nature, invert the happy Purpose, and, by vitiated Habits, corrupt the fair Intent. Wine is only Poison to those who abuse it; Water is just the same. Nature furnishes us with Means of Happiness, and Reason is given to direct us to the End; so that it is only whether we use, or abuse, what is presented to us; not the Thing itself that can admit of any Dispute. It is the same with our Winter Diversions, which are, indeed, almost all Art; but, well regulated, contribute at once, both to improve our Minds,
and

and feast our Senses ; which is far from being wrong, if, by not being too much immersed in Delight, we do not grow Gluttons. This I speak of as to Plays ; most of the other Diversions are purely sensual, but generally delight the Mind ; and, perhaps, very innocently ; that entirely depends on ourselves ; otherwise, even a Church may be turned into a Brothel. As to Routs, of which there are several Species, but, if I am rightly informed, usually center in Gaming, and are only the same Thing diversified, in that Light, their very Being is an Error, because they, in the Nature of Things, are apt to produce Pain and Inquietude, which injures both the Disposition and Countenance of young Ladies, taints them with Avarice, and makes them the Slaves and Companions of Thieves and Sharpers ; consequently, if in any Sense adapted to Human Life, only proper to those whom Nature and Time have divested of all that is charming in a Woman. In the innocent Part of our Diversions, the Ladies only run this Hazard, that, by appearing in Public often, they make themselves too
known

N^o 9. *The* F O O L. 67

known and cheap. This regards their own private Conduct; though, did every Man see with my Eyes, they would even call this an idle Prejudice, created by a corrupt Taste, which loves to dwell on Variety. The Sun, to a shady Thinker, is as bright To-day as ever; and no Defect in our Sight can in any Sense eclipse its Beauty.



N^o 10.



N^o 10. *Thursday, July 31, 1746.*

THERE is this peculiar Happiness in being a *Fool*, that, let me say what I will, no Body takes it amiss ; the Reason is, that every Body is wise enough to know that a *Fool* always says just what comes uppermost, without Study or Reflection ; and thus, without a Grain of Malice at his Heart, laughs on without the least Regard to any Body. The *French*, in the Course of their natural Levity, talk much of the Severity and Gloominess of their Neighbours the *English* ; as if we had not Characters among us as gay and light as any that giddy-brained Nation can afford. Matrimony is, in most Countries, esteem'd a very serious Affair ; and yet we want not, more than the *French*, Instances to a Profusion, where, through ill-consider'd Matches, or for other Reasons immaterial to the present Purpose, *Hymen* is kick'd out of Doors, with all its Train of Seriousness, Regularity, and Order ; and Libertinism,

bertinism, loose Follies, and licentious Joys, substituted in their Stead ; of which the following is as singular, as well known and remarkable.

Araminta was, in the Days of Yore, a fine young Girl, beautiful as the *Paphian* Goddess, when she shone in all the Lustre of celestial Beauty, and carried the Prize from her Sister Deities ; gay as Light, and sprightly as the Lapwing : While she dream'd, as most young Virgins do, of nothing but Delight, a *Being* was brought before her, to gaze at and love ; who wanted every Quality *Araminta* wish'd, and had only one that any Woman in the World cared for ; which was Fortune, supported by the best Interest in the Nation. He had been travell'd Abroad, to be shewn for one of the greatest Fools of this Nation. A Puppet-Show in a Cart attended him all the Road through *France* and *Italy*, to *Venice* ; which had inspir'd him with some Taste of the Distinction of Sexes ; and, from imaginary Forms, turn'd his Eyes on bigger Babies, in which the Fire of Nature sparkled. These were as new as irresistible ; and, what may seem

seem very strange, drew him into unaccountable Amours, without any relative Ideas, but such as the Puppets had put into his Head. In a Word, *Prolus* was so taken with something, which he knew nothing about, that the great Hopes and Labours of an eminent Statesman were on the Point of being thrown away on an *Italian* Courtezan. Which would have had the worst Bargain is hard to say, but it's very clear, that the Breaking off of this extraordinary Match laid the Foundation of my Story, as well as of giving to *Araminta* a Husband, whose opposite Disposition made her the best known travell'd Lady in *Europe*.

Prolus came Home somewhat advantag'd in human Learning, and as much wiser than he set out, as the Remembrance of the Words of Two or Three Languages, and the most excellent Tutor in *Europe* could make him. He, by this Means, shone in that Kind of Lustre, which the prejudic'd Mind of a fond Pappa thought very glorious; and was therefore pitch'd upon to be the Husband, Friend, and Guardian of a Lady, whose Turn of Mind could only suit the
the

the finest Gentleman of the Age. However, married they must be, and so they were, and the Consequence thereof as evident, as the Compact unnatural.

Araminta, who before only look'd for an agreeable Husband, as the quite contrary was forc'd upon her, now turn'd her Thoughts towards a Gallant; and found one to her Mind, among that Race of Men, whose chief Business it is to strut about in Cockades, and attend the Command of the Ladies. In his Arms she found an agreeable Companion, to whom she devoted all her gay Thoughts and happy Hours; and could only have been ended by an unlucky Discovery, which produc'd a Kind of voluntary Divorce on both Sides. *Araminta* took it into her Head to travel, attended by a Gentleman-Usher and Guardian of her Husband's Appointment; and seated herself near the warm Air of Mount *Vesuvius*. *Probus* staid at Home, and became enchanted with one of the principal Actors in a *Newgate* Scene; who, for the Sake of a good Settlement, and the distinguish'd Title of a W——e of Quality, quitted all the Glories of the Stage,

Stage, and threw herself willingly into his Arms.

Araminta soon got the Ascendant over her Gentleman-Usher, first charm'd him into personally betraying his Trust, then threw him off again, and made him the Substitute and Minister of her future Pleasures. From henceforth nothing appear'd around but Gaiety and Joy ; she became the Mistress of Princes, and shewed out at her Levee with more Grace, Spirit, and Dignity, than any Princess in *Europe*. The warm Climate made the God of Love act with double Force and Poignancy ; her Apartments out-bloom'd the fam'd *Idalian* Grove ; she was attended by nothing but *Cupids* and *Graces* ; the Spicy *Zephyrs* fann'd her Bed, and wanton'd about upon the Chairs and Stools. In her Company, the grave *Cardinal*, and solemn *Italian Prince*, became amorous and gay ; the rosy Boys smil'd ; and sparkling Nectar, flowing from Chrystal Cups, impregnated and rarify'd the Air into celestial *Æther*.

Love so imparadis'd merited Immortality ; but alas ! all human Things are subject to
Change.

Change. Princes and Cardinals may be tir'd of Love as well as other People ; and an *English* Lady may sometimes prove a Match for all *Italy*. It really happen'd so, and the natural Change was into political Intrigue. *Prince Momus* had a deep Design on Foot ; *Araminta* was to be dup'd into a Share, and to be made the Bubble of Rebellion. The Sons of *Momus* paid their Court with great Assiduity and rich Promises ; *Araminta* was fairly taken in ; and the young Heroes no sooner set out on their wild Adventures, than *Araminta* order'd her Equipage to be got ready ; when, mounting the Chariot of the Sun, which she out-blaz'd, swift as Light she pass'd into the Imperial Regions, paid her Court to the Arch-Treasurer there, and thence passing, like Lightning, over the Surface of the Ocean, as it were in an Instant, gain'd her native *Britain* ; and there, wrapping herself up in a Cloud, awaited in conceal'd Lustre the Coming of that Day, when all Things were to be reveal'd to us from Heaven and *Rome*. The Day opened accordingly, but clos'd again so suddenly, as threw

Araminta into Despair; in which Condition we must leave her for the present, lost to her Country, discarded by her Lovers, and ruin'd as a Politician; a fatal Land-Mark to all those who make Beauty their supreme Good, and Passion their principal Director.

Extract of a Letter from the late M. Van de Putt, wrote July 19, 1742, from Pattenana, to Mr. John Albert Sichterman, &c. at Bengal.

‘ I T seems, *M. Van de Putt* has been tra-
 ‘ versing in Disguise several unknown
 ‘ Countries bordering on *Cbina*; but, by
 ‘ some Accident, his Memoirs have been
 ‘ lost, which might have been a Pleasure to
 ‘ the Curious to have seen. And in order
 ‘ to bring such to Light, as may have been
 ‘ happily preserved, the following Tran-
 ‘ script is published:

‘ On quitting *Lhasa*, the Capital of *Tbi-*
 ‘ *bet*, I pursued my Journey by *Great Tar-*
 ‘ *tary*, the *Asiatic Scythia* of the Ancients,
 ‘ into the North of *Cbina*; which is not
 ‘ the same Country as is laid down in our
 ‘ Maps, except *Kukanoor*, or the *Blue Sea*,
 ‘ so

‘ so named for the Colour of the Water. I
 ‘ have pass’d three Times the famous *Chi-*
 ‘ *nese* Wall, rais’d many Ages since as a
 ‘ Barrier against the Incurfions of the *Tar-*
 ‘ *tars*; and now, the fourth Time, disguif-
 ‘ ed in the Habit of the Country, wrapping
 ‘ myself up as much as possible, under Pre-
 ‘ tence of Illness, to hide my *European* Air,
 ‘ and blue Eyes, under the Favour of a nu-
 ‘ merous Train of Camels, belonging to a
 ‘ *Lhama* or Priest; one of which Animals I
 ‘ led, and thereby escap’d the Vigilance of
 ‘ the *Chinese* Guards, who, since the Com-
 ‘ mencement of the War between *China* and
 ‘ the *Siongeres*, had received strict Orders
 ‘ not to let any Person pass, without the
 ‘ Passport of a *Manderin*; and thus escaping,
 ‘ arrived at *Pekin*; but as it was not possi-
 ‘ ble, on Account of the said War, to get
 ‘ that Way into *Russia*; and the Persecu-
 ‘ tion then against the *Christians* preventing
 ‘ my taking the Road to *Canton*, I travel-
 ‘ led back by the *Upper China*, or Western
 ‘ Provinces, a mountainous Country, not
 ‘ particularis’d in our Maps; and by that
 ‘ Route returned to *Lhasa*. From thence

‘ I pursued my Journey by the Sources of
 ‘ the *Ganges*, thro’ the fine District of *Cach-*
 ‘ *mir* ; thence, by the little *Gazuratta* ; and,
 ‘ by the Country of *Labor*, am arrived at
 ‘ *Indostan*.’

The Person who communicated the above Extract, says he frequently saw the said M. *Van de Putt* at *Malacca*, in the Month of *February*, 1744, where he had resided since *September*, 1743. He was dressed in a *Moo-*
rish Habit, and wore a long white Beard and a Turban : That, for the better supporting the Fatigue of his Journies, he had made him a particular Regimen : That he neither drank Wine, Beer, nor any Sort of Liquor ; nor smoaked Tobacco. He intended next for *Batavia*, and from thence proposed to go by Sea to *Persia*, in order to finish his Journies, and return by Land to *Europe*.

The *Fool* says, that he supposes some of his Brethren in *Holland* are cooking up a Novel, and have sent us this Extract by Way of Puff.



N^o 11. *Friday, August 1, 1746.*

A Ramble on *Wednesday* to see the Public Executions on *Kennington-Common*, and the Ripping up and Disemboweling of the dead Bodies, filled my *Fool's* Head with such a Multitude of terrible Ideas, as, hurrying one Reflection on another, threw me into a Kind of Trance or Vision. Methought, on the same Spot of Ground, vast Numbers of Victims were brought together to be sacrificed; they were divided into large Groups or Divisions, and several different Kind of Operators attended, to punish each distinct Set, according to their respective Crimes. What struck me most sensibly upon the whole was, that by a Kind of intuitive Knowledge, which is rather to be express'd than describ'd, I plainly discern'd, that the Victims were a Parcel of weak, innocent, honest People, and the Operators a Set of the greatest Knaves in the Nation; who had made it

their Business first to draw the Innocent in by various Artifices, and then to punish them for suffering themselves to be imposed on.

The first Set of Operators that commanded my Attention were a Body of Usurers ; the Persons they were attending to execute, and over whom they gloated with the most horrid Miens I ever beheld, were a Medley of young Heirs, and inconsiderate Traders ; the Charge against them seemed to be, that they did not, after being ruin'd by usurious Contracts, use their best Endeavours to draw in all their Friends and Acquaintance into the same Dilemma ; and on pleading Not Guilty to this Charge, and proposing to move in Arrest of Judgment, which was given without Examination of Witnesses, their Plea was instantly overruled. The Criminals iron'd, clap'd up in close Cages, and choak'd to Death with Pellets made of Negotible Notes, which the Operators crammed down their Throats, without the least Remorse or Pity ; sneering at the same Time at their fatal Catastrophe, and leaving their Wives and Children

dren to starve about them on the dead Bodies of their respective Husbands and Parents: In vain they called out for the Aid of the Law to recover their dead Friends, who were in Effect buried alive; there only appeared a Monster with leaden Wings, who moved so slowly towards them in the Rear of a long Train of Harpies, that the Women and Children were all devoured before his Worship could disperse those Birds of Prey, and arrive to the Aid of the Distressed; he then indeed produced his Iron-Hands, but in vain; the Harpies flew off full gorged, and he was left to administer Justice to the Air.

I then turn'd my Eyes towards another Group, that, by their slight Garniture and Monkey Tricks, appear'd to be a Company of merry, mad, wretched Mariners, that seem'd never to have thought in their Lives; and as little now on the Point of Execution as ever. Their Operators made a very odd and uncommon Figure for Executioners; they seem'd to be a Body of great, fat *Wapping Landladies*, with Gin-Bottles in one Hand, and Bills of Sale in

the other, which they kept plying on the poor Victims alternately; and when they found they would not, nor could not eat or drink more, the Remainder was crammed down their Throats by Force; and when they knelt down, praying for Mercy, the Petticoats were immediately thrown over their Heads, and they were stifled with the Fumes of their fat Carcasses.

I then turn'd my Attention to a third Group, that appeared to be a Bundle of meagre, half-starv'd Hackney-Writers; who, for Want of better Bread, it seems had been scolding at the Government for the Profit of a Guinea a Week. To punish these, on an Eminence, at some Distance stood a distinguish'd Figure, waving a Pen in one Hand, and a Sword in the other; he was attended by a Pack of Greyhounds, who yelp'd about the Foot of the Hill, and seem'd extremely eager for their Prey. After some little Consideration, in order to render the poor Wretches more sensible of their Fate, and to strike them with proper Terror, the Hounds were let
loose,

loose, and the Victims devoured in an Instant.

The next that struck my Eye were a Group of high-dress'd, gay young Fellows; they were in full Mode, and frolicksome as Light, notwithstanding they seem'd to me to be pre-condemn'd; and, at first Sight, I took them for Deserters from the Army. A Set of ugly Fellows, like Provost-Marshals, coming up to them with Boxes and Dice, which they eagerly seiz'd, and threw the Dice out with wonderful Vivacity: But I was soon freed from this Error; when, instead of being shot, as I expected, they were only stript of their Cloaths and Money; then manacled and thrown into a Dungeon, as it seem'd to me, to be starved to Death by Piece-meal.

I now began to be tir'd of these inhuman Prospects, when a very hideous Out-cry reach'd my Ear, and again commanded my Attention. This was occasion'd by a Group of Wits, Poets, and History Writers: They were all down on their Knees, with a good Store of Provision before them.

A Set of Men, whose Employment is needless to mention, stood over them with Incision Knives in their Hands ; and, opening the Crowns of their Heads, took out their Brains by Piece-meal, which they distributed about to the Multitude that surrounded them, at certain Prices, according as the Colour and Disposition of this or that Brain seem'd to please ; to some at so low a Price as Two-pence, though well cook'd into the Bargain ; others at three Guineas a Cut ; and some would hardly fetch any Thing. I cannot help owning but that I was terribly frightened, as expecting every Moment when it would be my Turn to be brain'd ; and could not forbear putting my Hand often to my Head, to feel whether I had any Brains to lose. As I found them beat, my Panic increased ; and I was just on the Point of taking to my Heels, when I was retarded by a violent Out-cry, of *Fool, Fool* : I turn'd myself to see what was the Matter, when an Army of Executioners, with their Knives glittering in the Sun Beams, came running towards me. I stood trembling, like the poor *Virginian* Squirrel, terrified,

terrified, and unabled to fly, at the Approach of the voracious Rattle Snake; when one of the Crew waddling up to me, just as he was going to strike, my Terror increased to such a Degree, as broke the Neck of the Vision, and instantly I awoke.





N^o 12. *Saturday, August 2, 1746.*

NOW the *Fool* has got Matrimony into his Head, he seems determined, by mingling and contrasting his Characters, all founded on Facts, to go through with the Subject; and, by working it up into a great Variety of Lights and Shades, bring the Judgment of Mankind to a right Point of Sight; some Ladies, on the Occasion, may take it into their Heads to be as angry as they please; but they shall at least have the Pleasure, if they cannot think more seriously, and mend, of laughing in their Turns. It is the Nature of the *Fool* to tell all he knows, and therefore the only Way to make him silent, is to do nothing unbecoming themselves.

Matrimony is the Jest of *Fools*, because they do not know how to enjoy it; their Choice usually arises from either external Objects, or Interest; either whereof have as much to do with the main End and Design

sign of that State, as the Court of *Great-Britain* has with that of *France*; just to keep up a fair Correspondence if they can; if not, to go to War. *Beauty* and *Money* are both agreeable *Incidents*, but neither of them principal *Qualities*. *Friendship*, among Men, is best founded on a Similitude of Manners, which arise from similar *Tempers*, *Dispositions*, and *Educations*. It is much more so between *Man* and *Wife*, who are, as it were, chained together for *Life*, and cannot be parted again but on such disagreeable Occasions as must tend to the rendering of them both, in some Measure, miserable. There is, however, more of the Customs of Nations in this Matter, than in the Sense or Reason of the Thing itself; and the offending against the Laws of Matrimony, has not been thought a Matter above Forgiveness among the wisest Men in the best governed State. It is evident, that it was not the Case among the old *Romans*, when it is well known, that the great Patriot *Cato*, even lent out his Wife to his Friend, and received her again as *chaste* and *unpolluted*. I would not have my Reader mistake this as a *Vindication* of *Adultery*;

dultery ; it is sufficient here, that the Laws are against it ; and that it generally produces Evils that are insurmountable ; but it will not follow, that the Husband, who is the only Person injured in this Case, has not a Right to receive his Wife again if he likes it, that being no Offence to the Laws, however it may be Wanting of Judgment, it rarely happening that Hearts once separated ever unite again ; but there is no general Rule without many Exceptions.

Our Countryman *Milton*, with a Genius superior to most Men, and as strong a Faculty of Reasoning as our Nature seems capable of, received his Wife after Separation ; and, for aught we hear to the contrary, lived very happily together afterwards. The Cause of their first Parting we are not indeed very clear in ; but he seems, from the Condescension of her's, at her Return, to have modelled the following Lines in his *Paradise Lost*, Book V. Line 130.

*So cheer'd he his fair Spouse, and she was
cheer'd,*

But

*But silently a gentle Tear let fall
From either Eye, and wip'd them with her
Hair ;*

*Two other precious Drops that ready stood,
Each in their chrystal Sluice, be, e're they fell,
Kiss'd, as the gracious Sighs of sweet Remorse,
And pious Awe that fears to have offended.*

Whatever Weight these quoted Authorities may have among the Wise and the Reasoning, they have been terribly contrasted by the Generality ; who, although they have nothing to do with the unfortunate Woman who happens to make a Slip, or with the Husband's Interest or Welfare ; not only busy themselves to increase the Enemy, but write or encourage every scurrilous Performance that may tend to make them both the Jest of the Town, the Man uneasy, and the Woman truly miserable ; as was instanced lately in the unhappy Case of the beautiful *Flora*, which kept *Civicus* for a While in Doubt what Measures to pursue for her Welfare, and his own Tranquillity ; until at last, in Despair of all the Nonsense of the Busy and Meddling, he resolved to follow the Example

ple of the wisest of those who had gone before him, and received her again into his Arms, replete with Penitence and Joy. Such a Scene, as this new Meeting must produce, could not help creating, in a generous Spectator, a very high Idea of that Happiness which the Human Mind, rightly turned, is capable of enjoying ; Raptures succeeding Pain, and Fruition Absence ; all the rich Spirits summoned together on both Sides, and operating in the pleasing Conjunction towards the Finishing unspeakable Bliss ; all disagreeable Ideas of past Conduct banished, and their Souls re-united in Peace, Harmony, and Delight. Who that have the least Sensibility, would not prefer such a Minute as this, to the common Occurrences of an Age ; or rather be so imparadised for a Moment, than to be in a State of insensible Mediocrity for ever ?

Our good Matrimonial Folks, who marry for no other End, but heartily to hate one another, and that glory in making it the Dupe of their private Vices, can relish nothing of this ; their Souls are too tainted with
with

with Thoughts of another Nature, for the Tasting of social Commerce. Immersed in Whim and Giddiness, they steer on like a Ship without a Pilot, wander from Course to Course, and at length are wrecked on the Rocks, or foundered in the Bosom of the Ocean. They live like the *Petterel*, in one continued Tempest, Strangers to the Joys of a Halcyon, calm Repose ; with infected Bodies, and perturbed Minds ; they waste Life miserably, and leave the World in a Hurricane. How much the Advantage of these has the Penitent *Flora*, who recovered from an Error that might have been fatal to her Quiet, and rendered her for ever unhappy, has, by a wise Condescension, re-united herself to Bliss, and established thereby both herself and Husband in perfect Tranquillity. *Flora* may now look back with Pleasure on the Quick-Sands she has escaped ; with Contempt on those of our Sex who would have sacrificed her Happiness to their Follies ; and on her own Sex, who would have cheated her of her Husband.



N^o 13. *Tuesday, August 5, 1746.*

Verbum sat Sapienti.

MY LORD,

YOUR Lordship is very soon to set out for *Holland*, and your Business there is so extremely well known, that I must beg of your Lordship, both for the Nation's Sake, as well as your own, to consider, Whether the Advice of a *Fool* may not be of some Use to you. Your Lordship very well understands the State and Situation of our Affairs, previous to the *Treaty of Utrecht*; how they were all ruined by that *Treaty*; and what your Lordship's Father, and every honest Man in the three Kingdoms, thought of it. It would be too tedious to mention to your Lordship all the Evils naturally resulting therefrom: It is sufficient, upon the whole, to tell you, though you very well know it, That, had not that Treaty been made, the *French* Nation had not now been in a Condition

dition either to have raised a Rebellion here, or troubled the Repose of *Europe*: Nor, consequently, had we been now engaged in an expensive War.

Your Lordship cannot be insensible what Struggles and Difficulties we have undergone, to preserve *Ourselves*, to support our *Allies*, and to raise *Money* for the current Service. Nor that by so doing, with the Aid of some happy Incidents, we have dissolved the Interest of *France* in *Italy*, and stopped the Progress of *French* Arms in *Bra-bant*: That the Power of the *Allies* is every Day encreasing, by both the *Empires* of *Germany* and *Russia* being on the Point of acting in the Common Cause with Vigour; while it is as evident as Light, that the Power of *France* is declining; their Sinews of War having been stretched to the utmost, and now ready to break: And can your Lordship imagine this a proper Time to treat with that Nation about a Peace? To return the Power and Influence they first set out with into their Hands again, by giving them the Means of gathering Strength by a Peace, and recovering them-

selves.

felves again, to their being enabled to lay new Schemes for our Destruction? Will this bring us back our Expences? Or not involve us in such as can never be surmounted, supposing that would save us?

Do me the Honour, my Lord, to consider coolly what you are going about. I know your Argument is, That we cannot regularly support the War; which is, in some Measure, very true. But, my Lord, if we cannot, in the happy Situation our Affairs are now in, with a *superior Power at Command*, and with *Value in Hand*, support the War, What shall we do, if it should be agreed to quit these *Advantages*, and put *France* into as good a Condition as she was at the setting out, and a certain Load upon us of near *Twenty Millions* additional *Debt*? If it is bad to continue the War now, What will it be to begin a new one? which must inevitably be soon after the Case. A Man must be out of his Senses, that does not know it to be as sure as Death. What then? Must *Cape Briton* be the Sacrifice of an ignominious *Peace*? and a young Nobleman, who is as yet honour-
ed

ed with the Esteem of his Country, forfeit that, by submitting to be the Dupe of *Men* frightened at their own *Shadows*?

My Lord, do me the Honour, though a *Public Fool*, to consider all the fatal Consequences of even entering into any Kind of Negotiation tending towards *Peace*, in the present critical Situation of Things. You know, that older, and, perhaps, wiser Men than yourself, have refused to act: What have you to do, above all Mankind, to stand the Brunt of the Resentment of an injured Nation? Let those, who want a Peace, go themselves and make it. For you, my Lord, do me the Favour to attend to the following Fable: It has guarded mistaken Statesmen, more than Once, against Self-evident Evils, that naturally grow out of Confidence reposed in a determined faithless Enemy; and which, however rudely couched, will readily lead you to the Point aimed at.

The FABLE of the WOLVES and the SHEEP.

WHEN Beasts could speak like to the
 Human Kind,
 Or, what's as well, talk by the intuitive
 Mind,
 The Wolves agreed to leave the Thieving
 Trade,
 If with the Sheep a Treaty could be made:
 War then should end, and Violence should cease,
 And all Things slumber in unguarded Peace.
 The Wolves propos'd the Guardian Dogs to
 keep,
 And give their Young, as Hostage, to the
 Sheep;
 When they, poor Souls, to enjoy their Pasturage
 free,
 And taste the Sweets of fancied Liberty,
 Freely consent, nor guess the deep Design
 Of Politics, spun delicately fine.
 The Commissaries meet on either Side,
 Convention sign'd, and Treaty ratify'd,
 So all look'd well; Wolfings the Lambs em-
 brace,
 The Wolves the Sheep; no Enmity had Place:
 No

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*No more the Shepherd tends with watchful
Care*

*His bleating Charge, since all was Tranquil
there.*

*Now Night with sabled Curtain clouds the Sky,
And hides from Light new Scenes of Infamy ;
The watchful Wolfings seize the happy Hour,
And o'er the Plains their Emissaries scour :
Down comes the Bowling Gang, the unguard-
ed Sheep,*

*Fool'd by the Peace, and buried in Sleep ;
With sudden Violence they on them pour,
And in an Instant all the Flock devour.*

*The Moral's plain ; From hence we may infer,
That a Patch'd Peace is worse than constant
War ;*

*Who trusts a faithless Foe, throws off his
Guard,
And meets his Ruin as a sure Reward.*



N^o 14. *Wednesday, August 6, 1746.*

SINCE I have had the Honour to make my Appearance in Public, I have received a great Variety of Letters, either to advise, abuse, or commend me. By the first Sort, it is generally held for certain, that I ought to have more Wit, Learning, Knowledge of the World, and real Genius, than half Mankind put together ; or that I am a *Fool* indeed, which is perhaps very true. The second Sort have something like the same Sentiments, less delicately deliver'd, with the Addition of some gross Reflections, which I will not repeat, because I would spare the Writer's Blushes. The Last tell me of their Conversation, and say so many handsome Things in my Favour, which I know in these light and hasty Productions cannot be merited ; that to save my own Blushes I likewise avoid Publishing.

I was well aware at first setting out, that the appearing in a Character, which is so far
new,

new, that no Man ever willingly chose to annex it to himself before, I should find more Critics, than Judges to remark upon it; and, consequently, must go thro' a good Deal, before I should get it established.

However knowing Mankind may be in this Age, it will be found true, that the Generality attend more like School-Masters, than Critics; to Grammar and Pointing, than to Sense and Sentiment: The Reason whereof is very obvious; besides, that it may be improper to inform them of the true Reason why that the best Writer in *Europe*, in a common Daily News-Paper, cannot always be sure, either of his Grammar or Pointing, no, nor even of having his Words correctly printed; so that the Reader may be justly desired to wave all little Errors of the Press, and attend chiefly to the Matter, which, by its Novelty and Variety, may at least contribute to amuse them; and, if it happens sometimes to instruct, still so much the better.

The Character itself is of better Extraction than the Generality of the World dreams of; it is founded in Nature, and is

justified by no less Authority, than that excellent Writer *Shakespear*, whose Sense appears in the following Scene ; so that, for the future, I hope to have no more Trouble on that Score :

AS YOU LIKE IT. ACT II.

Duke Sen. *What Fool is this ?*

Jacques. *O worthy Fool ! One that has been
a Courtier,*

*And says, If Ladies be but young and fair,
They have the Gift to know it ; and in his Brain,
Which is as dry as the Remainder Bisket
After a Voyage, he hath strange Places cram'd
With Observation, the which he vents
In mangled Form. O that I were a Fool !
I am ambitious for a motley Coat.*

Duke Sen. *Thou shalt have one.*

Jacques. *It is my only Suit ;
Provided that you weed your better Judgments
Of all Opinions that grow rank in them,
That I am wise. I must have Liberty
Withall, as large a Charter as the Wind,
To blow on whom I please ; for so Fools have :
And they that are most galled with my Folly,
They must laugh : And why, Sir, must they so ?
The*

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*The Why is plain, as Way to Parish Church.
He, whom a Fool doth very wisely hit,
Doth very foolishly, although he smart,
Seem senseless of the Bob. If not,
The wise Man's Folly is anatomis'd
Even by the squandering Glances of a Fool.
Invest me in my Motley, give me Leave
To speak my Mind, and I will thro' and through
Cleanse the foul Body of the infected World,
If they will patiently receive my Medicine.*

Duke Sen. *Fie on thee, I can't tell what
thou would'st do.*

Jacques. *What, for a Counter, would I do
but Good?*

Duke Sen. *Most mischievous foul Sin, in
chiding Sin :*

*For thou thyself hast been a Libertine,
As sensual as the brutish Sting itself,
And all the embossed Sores and headed Evils,
That thou with Licence of free Feet hast caught;
Would'st thou disgorge into the general World.*

Jacques. *Why, who cries out on Pride,
That can therein tax any private Party?
Doth it not flow as hugely as the Sea,
Till that the very, very Means do ebb?
What Woman in the City do I name,*

*When that I say, the City Woman bears
 The Cost of Princes on unworthy Shoulders?
 Who can come in and say, that I mean Her,
 When such a one as she, such is her Neighbour?
 Or what is He of basest Function,
 That says, his Bravery is not on my Cost,
 Thinking, that I mean him; but therein suits
 His Folly to the Mettle of my Speech?
 There then, how then, what then, let me see
 wherein
 My Tongue hath wrong'd him; if it do him
 Right,
 Then he hath wrong'd himself; if he be free,
 Why then, my Taxing, like a toil'd Goose, flies
 Unclaim'd of any Man.*

I conceive, by the above Quotations, and
 what has been previously said in my former
 Papers on the Subject, that the Public may
 be able to form a just Idea of the Character
 of their very humble Servant,

The Fool.

N^o 15.



N^o 15. *Saturday, August 9, 1746.*

I Am a Man of Honour, says the Highwayman, who has never impeach'd his Companions ; and so truly he is, if he was under any Temptation, or Necessity, and his Honour stood the Test. The Gamester, in a like Light, is a Man of Honour, if he never turns Evidence against such who co-operate with him in his private Dealings ; and the Gentleman is a Man of Honour indeed, who punctually pays the Gamester what he has defrauded the Gentleman out of. The Catchpole is a Man of Honour, who never takes a Fee to let his Prisoner go ; and the Prisoner is a Man of Honour indeed, who gratifies the Catchpole with an extraordinary Reward, for doing him the Honour to arrest him.

Honour, in these Lights, is treated like a common Prostitute, abused and kicked about at Pleasure ; the Companion of every

Scoundrel, and the Contempt of every reasonable Creature breathing. Under such Considerations, Who, in their Senses, would be a Man of Honour ?

Honour, according to *Hudibras*, is seated in the nether Parts of Man ; which, whoever touches with his Toe, defiles his Honour, and must recompense it at the Hazard of having his Throat cut. Sometimes it is seated in the Bridge of the Nose ; which, though but tenderly touch'd, requires plenary Satisfaction. Sometimes it is couch'd in a Word, or a Smile, but oftener in a Horse Laugh, which is the very Force and Fury of Honour ; for who, that has any Spirit, can stand the Horse Laugh ? Honour then is become the *Ignis Fatuus* of light Minds, that shines and glitters in the Imagination for the Instant ; is this, that, any Thing, or Nothing, as Whim or Fancy suggests ; is the Tool of every Roguery, the Dupe of every bad Design, and the Journeyman of every Vice, Folly, and Nonsense. Artful Men use it with every Advantage, and Fools court it to their Destruction ;

truction; since, according to the above-quoted Author,

— *The Pleasure is as great
In being cheated, as to cheat.*

This Sort of Honour has Nothing to do with the Payment of Tradesmens Debts; with the Performance of regular Contracts; with the Executing of Justice; with Regard to Friendships; or with rewarding Merit. Acts of this Kind are above any Acquaintance with Honour; and therefore the Non-performance of these can, in no Sense, blemish a Man's Honour.

In high Life, Honour has Nothing to do with the Welfare of the State: The Reason is evident, because, excepting the first Magistrate, he does himself the most Honour, who makes the most he can of the People. By this Means he becomes loaded with Estates and Honours, and, by the Aid of great Riches, triumphs over all Honour.

Honour, in a right Line, is composed of Justice, Truth, and Veracity; united and harmonised into a single Principle;

which is the best Jewel in the Crown of a Sovereign, the brightest Attribute in the Character of a Statesman, and the highest Glory of a fine Lady.

Milton, in his Eighth Book of his *Paradise Lost*, seems to lay a great Stress on this Term; and to include in it all Innocence and Truth. He is there, in the Person of *Adam*, describing to the Angel the Manner of his first meeting with *Eve*; and expresses himself thus:

— *She what was Honour knew;*
And, with obsequious Majesty, approv'd
My pleaded Reason.

Thus much as to the Honour of a Lady. As to that of a Statesman, it must evidently arise from a close and considerate Regard to the Welfare of the Community; which is certainly best understood, at this critical Conjunction, by a fair and honest Calculation on which Side lies the Balance of Loss, or Gain, by continuing the War, or tumbling headlong into a Peace. In order whereto it is extremely necessary to state the Fact fairly.

During

During King *William's* and Queen *Anne's* Wars we had infinitely greater Difficulties to surmount, at least in the Beginning, than has been the Case since. We persisted in prosecuting that War to a Crisis; and were thereby, upon the Whole, about 50,000,000 *l.* in Debt; which we had Power then, either to make the Enemy pay, or to give Security for the Payment. Instead of doing so, we blundered into a Peace. This Peace continued above twenty Years, and the Load still remained. It is evident from this, that the Peace did not clear the Account of the War, not, in Fact, One Halfpenny of it; while there could be nothing clearer, than that the War was in a Condition to clear it; and thus we plainly left on ourselves an unnecessary Burthen, balanced by a Dream; and the Conquerors purchased their Peace at the Expence of fifty Millions; something as new as unaccountable. This my Brother *Whigs*, and, I believe, all the honest *Tories* too, sensibly resented; as I think, very justly.

The Nature and Reason of Things will be eternally the same, and parallel Circumstances

stances produce similar Effects. The *French* indeed have not been so well beat in *Flanders* as in the last War, but they have been infinitely greater Losers by Sea; their Affairs are full as badly situated in *Italy*; we have *Cape Breton* in Hand, and are near twenty Millions more in Debt, which, added to the previous Fifty, makes seventy Millions. Now if we could not pay off any of the previous fifty Millions in a twenty odd Years Peace, what shall we do about this Seventy now? Have we so much as a Chance to acquit ourselves of this Debt, but by securing the Northern Colonies? Ministers will be Ministers still, and Statesmen, Statesmen: They will tell us of the great Things they can do by a Peace, in saving Charges, and lessening the public Debt; but could they do this, or rather, would they do this, can they secure us Peace even for a Twelve-month? I know they cannot; but am sure we have, and can secure *Cape Breton* as long as we please; the Benefit whereof is at least equal to our present improv'd Debt; and, with right Measures, may be made to pay it. But, by a
Peace,

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Peace, have no Kind of Prospect of ever being out of Debt ; because, as Affairs are circumstanc'd, a Peace is only another Name for a perpetual disadvantageous War : Which is what, I hope, no Man of Honour will think of involving us in.



F 6

N^o 16.



N^o 16. *Tuesday, August 12, 1746.*

THE Advocates for those unhappy People who have rebelled with their Hands, and still do the same with their Hearts, reason for Mercy as if the Offenders were truly penitent, and thoroughly sorry for their Crimes. How the Fact is, appears but too evident, from the Conduct of those already punished; for, had they been penitent, it would have best appeared on their making their *Exit*; but what Kind of *Exit* they did make, appears but too plain to be disputed.

It is saying but little, that those who still survive may notwithstanding be penitent. To which I shall only answer, That, if they become so by Principle, Death will make no Alteration; and, if that be not the Case, there can be nothing weaker than the suffering them to live, at least to live here. It is taking Vipers into the Bosom of the Community, and nursing them up
to

to destroy us ; which is not only bad Politics, but absolutely foolish.

The Crimes, they are guilty of, are of a more pernicious Nature, than, at first Sight, occurs to common Understandings. It is not only of Blood spilt, and of Fellow-Subjects destroyed by the Inclemency of the Weather, but it struck at the very Vitals of the Community. These Enemies to our Repose seem'd to wish, like *Nero* the *Roman* Emperor, that we had but one Head, which they might strike off at a Blow, and which all their Measures sufficiently evince. They attack'd Public Credit, and gave it a very severe Shock ; they threw a general Stagnation on our Trade, both Foreign and Domestic ; and, uniting with the common Enemy of *Europe*, contributed to assist him in his pernicious Views of enslaving Mankind ; and, in Consequence thereof, would have gloried, as *Satan* is said to have done, in the Tenth Book of *Milton's Paradise Lost*, after his Conquest over, and Ruin of our First Parents :

Long

————— Long were to tell
 What I have done, what suffer'd, with what
 Pain

Voyag'd th' unreal, vast, unbounded Deep
 Of horrible Confusion ; over which,
 By Sin and Death, a broad Way now is pav'd
 To expedite your glorious March ; but I
 Toil'd out my uncouth Passage, forc'd to ride
 Th' untractable Abyss, plung'd in the Womb
 Of unoriginal Night, and Chaos wild,
 That, jealous of their Secrets, fiercely oppos'd
 My Journey strange, with clamorous Uproar
 Protesting Fate supreme ; thence how I found
 The new created World, which Fame in Hea-
 ven

Long had foretold, a Fabric wonderful
 Of absolute Perfection, therein Man
 Plac'd in a Paradise, by our Exile
 Made happy : Him by Fraud I have seduced
 From his Creator, and the more t' increase
 Your Wonder, with an Apple ; he thereat
 Offended, worth your Laughter, hath giv'n
 up

Both his beloved Man, and all his World,
 To Sin and Death a Prey, and so to us
 Without our Hazard, Labour, or Alarm.

After

After all, What shall we say to Mercy? In this Light, is it Justice, or Cruelty? In the general Course of Things, Mercy is the Waving of Justice, on sincere Repentance; but if Penitence be wanting, What Name can we fairly give Mercy? As to its being only a Divine Attribute, as my Brother seems to hint from Scripture, I could show him, if necessary, from the same, that it belongs to Man to be merciful; and that our Sovereign will be so, on just Reasons assigned, the Party need not doubt; but then their Interest must not appear to be concerned in it.

‘ **A**S the *Fool* in Character can never
 ‘ be justly charged with the common
 ‘ Arts of a *Fool* or a Sycophant, he often
 ‘ diverts himself with speaking freely on
 ‘ that Subject; for his simple Honesty,
 ‘ and strict Adherence to Truth (let the
 ‘ Consequence be what it will) never suf-
 ‘ fers him to chime in with, or pay Adu-
 ‘ lation to Nonsense; so that the silly At-
 ‘ tempt made in one of our Daily News-
 ‘ Papers lately, to give an absurd Defini-
 ‘ tion

‘ tion of Mercy, by asserting that it can
‘ take no Place until Justice be completed,
‘ made the *Fool* laugh extravagantly ; cry-
‘ ing out, It would then come too late ;
‘ as most surely it would, if any Thing in
‘ Man’s Power to do, to favour his Fellow-
‘ Creature, could properly be called Mer-
‘ cy : But the Holy Scripture, and, con-
‘ sequently, the Doctrine of all Orthodox
‘ Christian Churches, precisely declare, that
‘ Mercy is only with God ; so that altho’
‘ the delegated Power in Civil Government,
‘ to the ruling Magistrate, leaves it to his
‘ Discretion, whether directly to proceed,
‘ delay for any Time, or wholly remit the
‘ decreed Punishment and final Execution
‘ of the Law of Man, the true Meaning
‘ and Sense of the Word (*Mercy*) is not
‘ properly applicable to him or his Pro-
‘ ceedings, but truly and only belongs to
‘ the Omniscient and Supreme Judge of all
‘ Men ; before whose Tribunal they are
‘ not only to be righteously adjudged, but
‘ rewarded or punished according to De-
‘ fert.

‘ On.

‘ On the least Examination it will be
 ‘ found, that the Purport and chief End of
 ‘ all penal Laws, in any Commonwealth or
 ‘ State, is to protect the Community from
 ‘ frequent Repetitions of such wicked
 ‘ Deeds, as corrupt Nature is too often
 ‘ tempted to commit; by which Means the
 ‘ Constitution, and the public Peace of So-
 ‘ ciety, is more effectually supported and
 ‘ preserved; but the Moment that End is
 ‘ answered, and well secured, what remains
 ‘ to complete an equitable Judgment of
 ‘ the Delinquent’s real Demerit, must be
 ‘ left to God, for whose Pardon and Mer-
 ‘ cy, the Prayers of every good Christian
 ‘ that not only forgives, but loves his Ene-
 ‘ my, will be humbly put up to the Throne
 ‘ of Grace.

‘ And altho’ it is acknowledged to be
 ‘ the Duty of every Subject decently to
 ‘ submit to whatever the Executive Power
 ‘ of the State in such Cases may think fit,
 ‘ in Conformity with Law, to ordain for the
 ‘ public Safety, yet every good Man’s
 ‘ Heart will be affected with some Propor-
 ‘ tion of Humanity and Tendernefs for his
 ‘ unhap-

‘ unhappy Fellow-Creature, by what Means
‘ foever he may have brought himself into
‘ that miserable Condition.

‘ To hear People, therefore, in a free
‘ Christian Country, not only railing at,
‘ but deprecating on unhappy Criminals,
‘ under Sentence of Death, all the Mischief
‘ they can think of or invent, is truly shock-
‘ ing and abominable, proceeding entirely
‘ from the Iniquity and detestable Corrup-
‘ tion of the Times ; wherein a blind Ado-
‘ lation to Power, and an immediate Thirst
‘ after private Gain, have almost quite ex-
‘ tinguished, in Men’s Hearts, all that re-
‘ mains of Christian Charity, Benevolence,
‘ or Compassion, for their Fellow-Crea-
‘ tures.

‘ The *Fool*, who is now passed the 70th
‘ Year of his Age, exclaims immoderately
‘ at these Outrages, always comparing the
‘ present, with the more happy Days of
‘ his Youth, when the Passions, as well as
‘ the Manners and Conduct of all Ranks
‘ and Degrees of People in this Country,
‘ were generally governed by Principles of
‘ Justice, Virtue, and Humanity, as best
agree-

‘ agreeing with the old *English* Character of
 ‘ a generous-spirited and free People ;
 ‘ whereas, now, the Populace seem to be so
 ‘ spirited up by their unthinking Leaders,
 ‘ as that they will scarce give the Officers
 ‘ of Justice Time to execute their Duty ;
 ‘ but run about, riotously exclaiming, and
 ‘ attempting to pull the unhappy Prisoners,
 ‘ loaded with Chains, to Pieces, as they
 ‘ pass along the Streets.

‘ Surely, says the honest *Fool*, the Abet-
 ‘ tors and Encouragers of such indecent
 ‘ Behaviour, can never, by such mean
 ‘ Arts, truly intend to honour or serve the
 ‘ mild Government of a most gracious
 ‘ King over *British* Subjects, whose Affec-
 ‘ tions, as History informs us, may easily
 ‘ be gained, but cannot be forced ; no, the
 ‘ Government’s truest and best Friends
 ‘ will rather coincide with the known Hu-
 ‘ manity of the Sovereign’s Disposition,
 ‘ and discourage whatever seems to bear the
 ‘ least Resemblance of any Inclination to
 ‘ Cruelty or Revenge.

‘ When Labour and Industry, support-
 ‘ ed by Freedom, is not only protected,
 ‘ but

‘ but encouraged by Men in Authority and
 ‘ Power, it begets an all-dutiful and last-
 ‘ ing Respect to the Civil Magistrate, who,
 ‘ in such Circumstances, is sure to com-
 ‘ mand the Subjects Obedience more from
 ‘ Love, than Fear; a Maxim to be care-
 ‘ fully observed in a free State, because it is
 ‘ the surest Way to prevent all Kind of
 ‘ Discontent, and, consequently, Insurrec-
 ‘ tions amongst the People; since every
 ‘ Man’s private or particular Interest, by
 ‘ such Means, becomes inseparable from
 ‘ the general or public Good; and even
 ‘ the King himself cannot be supposed to
 ‘ enjoy more Honour or Happiness on
 ‘ Earth, than by governing a free People,
 ‘ in that natural, easy, but delicate and
 ‘ tender Manner, which are the simple,
 ‘ plain Thoughts of an honest Well-mean-
 ‘ ing

F O O L, &c.”

WHereas it is notorious, that there al-
 ways was and still is a Set of pernici-
 ous and infamous Fellows, Enemies to the
 King and Government, and, of Conse-
 quence,

quence, to the Quiet and Happiness of their Country, that, at the Time of this general Joy for our Deliverance, mourn in Secret at its Peace and Prosperity; and, as the Law can have no Access to the Heart, they lurk with Impunity in its Bosom, and receive its Nourishment and Benefit in common with the Peaceable and Deserving: This is, however, to give Notice, that some of them have lately the Infatuation and Impudence to walk Abroad with a Party-Mark upon their Backs; and, though they think it is a snug Distinction among themselves only, it is lately come to the *Fool's* Ears, who, they know, can never hold his Tongue.

That a Frock of white Fustian (the *Manchester* Manufacture) with a black Cape, Buttons, and Button-holes, is Mourning for the late Execution.

N. B. A white Cockade is proposed by the *Fool* to the young Bloods among them; who love a bold Stroke, as a very smart Improvement.



N^o 17. *Wednesday, August 13, 1746.*

THE Women of all Ranks, from the first Quality, down to the lowest among us, begin now to cry out for Peace; and the Reasons they give for it would be of the last Importance, were they not obviated by a sudden Stop being put to the Transporting any more Troops to *Flanders*, and, consequently, by the keeping at Home their Heroes and Husbands.

There is certainly nothing affects a Female Mind so much, as that of being divested of her Sweetheart, or Husband, or, what is the same Thing, of the Chance of either. To be as *Shakespear* speaks in his *Midsummer Night's Dream*,

— *A barren Sister all her Life,
Chanting faint Hymns to the cold fruitless
Moon ;
Since earlier happy is the Rose distill'd,*

Than

*Than that which, withering on the Virgin
Thorn,
Grows, lives, and dies, in single Blessedness.*

As we descend from higher to lower Life, we suit our Quotations accordingly ; and, instead of applying the Lines of great Writers, descend into the *Lyric* Strain, and plunder the common Ballads : Thus, while we see Women of Fashion wishing for a Peace and Husbands, in *Shakespear's* sweetest Melody ; the lower Sort, to the same End, chant forth, in rougher Sounds, the following tuneful Ditty, in Honour of the approaching Peace ; *viz.*

*To see the Troopers all come Home,
And the Grenadiers with a-Drum, a-Drum,
Drum,
And the Widows shall all have Spouses.*

Why the Widows are here particularised, and the Maids neglected, I take to be owing to the Word *Widows* being of two Syllables, and consequently, more musical and founding ; nothing being more clear, than that the Maids are first intitled to Husbands,
in

in Consequence of the Peace ; though the Widows, who have previously tasted the Sweets of Nuptial Felicity, may, for that Reason, be more impatient.

However this may be, or whatever Regard may, or ought to be paid to the Interest or Pleasures of my lovely Countrywomen, yet it seems necessary that we should act, in this Respect, like good, but prudent Husbands, that take every Opportunity of obliging their Wives, as far as such Obligations coincide with the Dictates of their own Reason. The Nation is the Husband of the State, that feeds, pays, and supports it ; and although sometimes, like a rampant Wife, it gets the better of the Husband, and treats him like a Child, yet, when the Husband resumes himself, and acts the Man, all this Wildness of Government vanishes.

My laborious Friend *Nathaniel Bailey*, that once was, in his Dictionary, under the Letters R O, gives us this *Latin* Proverb, *Saxum volutum non obducitur musco* ; or, as he renders it in *English*, *A rolling Stone gathers no Moss* ; whereupon he moralizes thus :
 There

' There are a Set of People in the World,
 ' of so unsettled and restless a Temper, and
 ' such Admirers of Novelty, that they can
 ' never be long pleased with one Way of
 ' living, no more than to continue long in
 ' one Habitation, but, before they are well
 ' entered upon one Business, dip into ano-
 ' ther; and, before they are well settled
 ' in one Habitation, remove to another; so
 ' that they are always busily beginning
 ' to live, but, by Reason of Fickleness and
 ' Impatience, never arrive at a Way of Liv-
 ' ing: Such Persons fall under the Doom
 ' of this Proverb, which is design'd to fix
 ' the Volatility of their Tempers, by laying
 ' before them the ill Consequences of such
 ' Fickleness and Inconstancy.'

To me, who, in the present Situation of
 Affairs, have *Cape Breton* graved in my
 Heart, and am, as it were, on that Account,
 wholly immersed in Politics, I cannot help
 reflecting on the Instability, or rather Wan-
 tonness of some great Men; who, by flying
 from Thing to Thing, without Thought
 or Steadiness, are on the Point of running
 the Ship of State a-ground, just at the In-
 stant that she is entering the desired Haven.

We certainly entered into the present War for some Reason, or no Reason ; if for any Reason, it is to be presumed that will be effectuated before we dream of a Peace, as we have hitherto been evidently Gainers by the War ; otherwise the Advisers of a Peace will be deem'd in that State of Volatility, which my *quondam* Friend *Nathaniel* takes so much Pains to explode in common Life ; but, if we entered into it for no Reason, then will our Wantonness and Folly be doubled the Instant a Peace is ratify'd.

Those who resolve to be wise, in spite of Nature, with Voice united cry out, But how do you know what Peace we are going to have ? Why, truly my dear Brethren, none at all ; and I defy the Art of Man to make one : We may make a Thing called a *Peace*, and we may affix that Term to it if we please ; but there will be no Peace in *Israel* for any Body but Stock-Jobbers, who may, perhaps, rest in Peace, as satiated with Gorging on the Public, until a fresh War puts it in their Power to play the Game over again ; for even were the Twenty Millions we have spent to be sacrificed, *Cape Breton*
given

given up to the *French*, and a new Barrier established in the *Netherlands*, these Things could only bring us on the Margin of a dangerous War, but establish no Kind of Idea of Peace. We have now, in Effect, the better of the War in every Shape; and what Treaty can mend our Situation, is beyond the Reach of human Imagination to conceive.

The Enemies of the Government rail'd at our entering into this War, and now they rave for a Peace; the Reason of both is obvious as Light, yet are some People, who I dare say love the Nation too, so blind to its Interests, that they cannot, or rather will not, see the Mischiefs they are laying the Foundation of, the Ruin they are establishing. But as *Rosalinda* says to the *Fool* in *As you like it*,

Ros. — *Speak no more of this, you'll be whipt for*
Taxation one of these Days. —

Clown. *The more the Pity that Fools may not speak*
Wisely, what wise Men do foolishly.

*Cælia. By my Troth thou say'st true; for, since
the little*

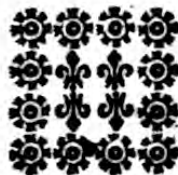
*Wit that Fools have was silenc'd, the
little Foolery*

*That wise Men have makes a great
Show.*

I shall therefore conclude, by only saying, that if it must be so, when done, they may write on our Foreheads, as is usual on the Doors of infected Houses in Times of Pestilence, *Lord have Mercy upon us.*

P. S. There is soon to be a Quadruple Alliance at the *Hague*, between the Marquis *Puysieux*, Baron *Wassanaer di Twickelo*, the *Greffier Gilles*, and my good Lord.

There is likewise a triple Alliance talk'd of in *London*, between a *Jew*, a *Dutchman*, and an *India Director*.





N^o 18. *Thursday, August 14, 1746.*

*Incidit in Scyllam cupiens vitare Charyb-
dim.*

THE above proverbial Saying is, on certain Occasions, common in the Mouth of every little *Latinist*. The genuine *English*, in the present Case, is, *Out of a Bad War into a Worse*; and is the true Sense in which the old *Romans* used it. They had a Maxim which never failed of its due Effect: It was not to let the ill Success of a War be a Reason of suing for Peace; they were so stedfast herein, that even *Hannibal*, with a conquering Army at the Gates of their Capital, found them immoveable.

This fixed Resolution to conquer made them Conquerors, and brought the Nations round to pay them Homage. They were always sued to for Peace; and always granted it on their own Terms. In Adversity and Prosperity exactly the same; and,

while they were well aware of the Vicissitudes of human Affairs, they knew that Steadiness conquers all Things ; and, by a strict Adherence thereto, concluded all their Engagements in Triumph. Their Defeats in *Italy, Spain, Parthia, Gaul, and Britain*, only gave them fresh Spirits : What they lost, was only like Lopping the Branches of the Trunk of a Tree ; the Juices thereby, in the main Body, operated with double Force and Vigour. They compared themselves in Distress to the Sun hid in a Cloud ; whereto, when shining out again, they applied this Motto, *Crescit ab adversis splendor meus.*

There is nothing People of a gallant Turn may not effect, if steady and resolved ; a World is too little for them to conquer ; any Nation may be Masters that please ; but, where unsteady Councils rule, they cannot even command their own Freedom ; and to live on temporary Expedients, eternally canvassed between Hope and Fear, is worse, if possible, than established Slavery.

There

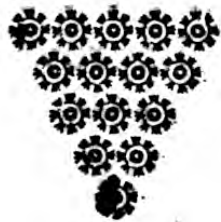
There have been, in all Ages and Times, some particular Nations contending for universal Dominion; wherein the most Steady always succeeded. It was so between the *Macedonians* and independent *Greeks*, the *Romans* and *Cartbaginians*, &c. and the Unsteady became Slaves or Tributaries. The resolved *Ottomans* at length swallowed up the East, and the Dominion of the Western World is still left to contend for; but the Manner very different. In former Times the Contention was, who should have the most Territory; now, who should have the most Trade. This new Channel of Power occasions an adequate Change in the Measures necessary to be pursued, in order to attain the great End aimed at. The *French*, indeed, push at both Territory and Commerce; but at Territory, in order to acquire Commerce, there is the main End; and is only to be obviated by preventing their Acquisition of such Territory as may with it command Commerce. The *English* aim at Commerce alone; and therefore lay it down as a Maxim, that their Fleets can command every Thing; not observing, that,

if the *French* secure the Sea-Coasts of the Countries to be traded with, the *English* Commerce must sink of course, and their Fleets consequently become useless, as being only supported by Commerce. The *Dutch*, in the mean Time, affect Cunning, and seem to steer between both, imagining such temporary Acts will carry them thro' ; but by being, in Effect, of neither Side, as *Machiavel* well observes, will, in the Event, have no Side to co-operate with.

Commerce has more than once changed its Course, and run in a new Channel : The main Stream is now in *America*, whether passing through *Spain*, *Portugal*, or our own Plantations. As to the two First, it depends much on our Art and Industry what Success we meet with ; but, as to the Last, it depends on the Support of Power, and assuring to ourselves the Northern Colonies, whether we can have any Trade at all. The Reason is this ; the *French*, by being possessed of both the Northern and Southern Colonies, viz. the Rivers *Mescha- cebe* and *St. Lawrence*, and using every Art to engage the Interest of the *Indians*, there-
by

by forming a Chain of Trade on the Back of our Plantations, in a good Measure impede our inland Traffic, and make the Nations behind us our Enemies. Now nothing can be clearer, than that, if we acquire these Northern Colonies which the *French* possess, all these Inconveniencies will instantly subside, and the Peltry or Fur Trade fall entirely into our own Hands; and the inland Nations, for the Sake of Trade, universally become our Friends: A Matter of too much Importance to be lightly passed over. But this is not all, nor indeed, a Tenth Part of the important Consequences naturally resulting from an Acquisition of these Northern Colonies. The Fishery is of that Kind of Trade, which not only employs a vast Number of our Poor, both at Home and Abroad, but also helps considerably to lessen the Balance against us in *Italy*; and to improve it in *Spain* and *Portugal*; besides that, even the *French* themselves must trade with us for that Commodity, which will make an important Difference in our Balance there too.

All these Things considered together, and seriously reflected on, must certainly inspire Mankind with a just Sense of the fatal Consequences of a Peace, wherein these Matters are not duly attended to, and well weighed; or, what is the same Thing, a lingering War, wherein the great End here aimed at is not prosecuted with Vigour. Our Fleets are too late for *Canada* this Year; but why they are so, I hope will be properly enquired into in due Time and Place; more especially, if it shall appear, as I am afraid is the Case, that the Duke *d'Anville's* Fleet is now in the River of *St. Lawrence*, and *Quebec* thereby secured against our strongest Efforts.





N^o 19. *Saturday, August 16, 1746.*

THE Happiness of Nations, as well as of private Families, depends essentially on Oeconomy, Frugality, and Perseverance. By Oeconomy, all the constituent Parts of Government are properly united, and act, and operate, in due Course and Order. By Frugality, the very Spirit of Government is supported, and its Power and Influence established. By Perseverance, or strictly adhering to just and regular Measures, created by Oeconomy, and supported by Frugality, a Nation is not only safe in itself, but is laying the Basis, whereon is founded indisputable Dominion.

To illustrate this, we need only have a Retrospect to common Life, and consider Government as a private Family expanded. In private Families it is ever seen, that Oeconomy, Frugality, and Perseverance, raises them, Step by Step, to the Crisis of Ho-

nour and Power, and where, if they continue steady, they shine and triumph.

All the great Families in the World, that have rose to supreme Power, have attained it by these Means ; while all, that have been reduced, owe their Miseries to a Neglect of adjusting their Affairs by those Principles.

The House of *Austria* is a most eminent Example of the shining Effects of such Conduct ; nor do we know a crown'd Head, or great Family, who are not indebted thereto for their respective Dignities. As to my own Part, as a private Man, I can plainly see, that, had I considered and pursued these Rules, forty Years ago, I had not been publicly playing the *Fool* in my old Age, and laying down Maxims for others, which I had never Wit enough to act upon myself ; but, as the Soul approaches towards Separation from the Body, new Lights present, hitherto obscured by Passion, Folly, and Negligence ; and I now look upon myself in the Light of a modern Statesman out of Place, that sees all the Mistakes he has committed, without the Means of Amendment ; or, like the Government of a Nation, who
have,

have, by Instability, Extravagance, and Negligence, lost all their Influence Abroad, and Power at Home, and subsist only on the Credit of temporary Expedients and Corruption.

By temporary Expedients I mean, such Acts as are only calculated to serve a present Purpose, whether public or private; to keep a Statesman in Place, or to put a good Face upon our Affairs for the Instant, without the least Regard to Futurity or Foresight. Those therefore who act by temporary Expedients, are ever in a Maze or Wilderness; ever puzzled and perplexed; and the utmost of their Hopes is, as it were, to live from Day to Day; and, banishing all human Prudence, constitute Chance their principal Director.

A Nation, thus circumstanced, is never right, either in Peace or War; it may be compared to a Reed, waved to and fro by every Blast of Wind, until, being gradually loosened at the Root, it is borne down by the first rude Shock, and thenceforth buried in Oblivion.

Cor-

Corruption in a State is of two Kinds ; the one is, when those in Power tamper with any Members of the Legislature, so to act as best suits the Views of a Ministry. Hereon is founded another Kind of Corruption, which is that of purchasing their Constituents ; and on that a Third, which is the debauching of the whole Community.

This once effected, the Consequences are extremely clear and obvious ; every Man lives up to the utmost of his Abilities, and something more ; and then, if his Country be invaded, or insulted by a pertinacious Enemy, he cannot afford to contribute to its Defence ; and this, by being general, rendering it difficult to support, one of these two bad Effects naturally follows ; *viz.* either a dishonourable Peace, or the few who have amassed large Sums, by taking Advantage of the Folly of the many, now take the same of the State too ; and, by raising the Price of lending by Premiums and Interest, involve it in infinite Distresses, lower the Price of public Securities at Pleasure, and then, to double their Profits, force the Ministry into what Terms with the Enemy they

they please ; and, for a farther Profit, are perhaps paid by him likewise.

These then are but the natural and obvious Consequences resulting from the Want of Oeconomy, Frugality, and Perseverance, in those who secondarily steer the Ship of State ; which, by not considering in Time, heaps one Distress upon another ; and oftentimes obliges those who rather want Judgment than Good-will, so to act, as hands them down to Posterity with Reproach and Obloquy.

How far what has been said regards our present Situation, I shall not take upon me to say ; but there must certainly be something in it very bad, let the Occasion be what it will, or the Reason of entering into any Negotiations, at this Juncture, is extremely difficult to be conceiv'd ; since our Successes in *Italy* are hereby put to a Stand ; an expensive and powerful Army in *Bra-*
bant rendered useless ; Winter approaching, when *Prussian* Troops may act, and *Russian* Troops cannot ; a Damp is thrown on the glorious Pursuits of the Inhabitants of our Northern Colonies ; and to compleat all,
our

our Allies into Doubt and Distrust : So that, if a Peace be not made, all the fair Appearances in our Favour are dammed up and impeded, and the War thrown at least a Campaign backwards ; but, if a Peace be made, What Terms in the Nature and Reason of Things can be expected ? If the *French* give back all *Flanders*, it must be for some Equivalent, and what can that be but *Cape Breton* ? And why that, is inconceivable. The *French* have demolished most of the Barrier Towns, and laid the Country open : They will say, perhaps, that we may do the same at *Cape Breton* ; that, indeed, will be something in Appearance, but nothing in Fact ; it may put them to the Expence of re-fortifying, but will no Way contribute to secure our Northern Colonies ; and *Flanders* must lie open to future Invasions, so soon as the *French* get new Spirits. And as to the Money we have expended, adieu Monsieur *Argent*, thou art buried in the Bowels of a senseless War ; and we have given thee away to as good a Purpose, as a Man would do, who sells his Freedom for a Song, and is deprived of that into the Bargain.

N° 19. *The F O O L.* 137

Bargain. We laugh at *Esau*, who sold his Birthright for a Mefs of Pottage; but we have given our Money away for a Dream, and only wake like Men, after a dreadful Difaster, to redouble our Cares and Miseries; and by fapping the Foundation of our native Power, laying ourselves once more open to the Infults of *France* and intestine Rebellion.



N° 20^h



N^o 20. *Thursday, August 20, 1746.*

‘ **I**F I did not pretend to be an original
 ‘ *Fool*, I had perhaps aped several of
 ‘ my humorous Predecessors, Writers of
 ‘ diurnal Essays, and begun by furnishing
 ‘ out many Papers on my own Character ;
 ‘ I might have therein described and expa-
 ‘ tiated on the Antiquity and Usefulness of
 ‘ a *Fool*, not only in the Oeconomy of a
 ‘ private House, but in that of a public
 ‘ State ; and have told my Readers, that
 ‘ formerly few great and well regulated
 ‘ Families were without a Man of Wit
 ‘ and Sense, who was allowed to give a
 ‘ Loose to his Imagination, under the Dis-
 ‘ guise of a *Fool’s* Coat, for the general
 ‘ Benefit : The Children, the Servants, the
 ‘ Tenants, the Visitants, and often the
 ‘ Lord himself, came under the Lash of
 ‘ his free Observation. This was an Office,
 ‘ no doubt, which did not fail to procure
 ‘ him Enemies among the little-minded
 Cox-

‘ Coxcombs of the House, who had the
 ‘ greater Folly to profess being Wise ; but it
 ‘ was generally found Mr. *Fool* came off with
 ‘ Honour ; his Honesty and Parts usually
 ‘ saved him ; and, from the Hints he
 ‘ gave, they were forced to acknowledge
 ‘ him often the best Friend and Adviser of
 ‘ all the Menials in the Family.

‘ At length (for *Fools* have Fortune) they
 ‘ were introduced at Court ; and few Kings
 ‘ (I am speaking of the last Age) were
 ‘ without such Monitors ; a Post of Ho-
 ‘ nour and Respect it was, and what the
 ‘ honestest Friends of Loyalty were not a-
 ‘ gainst accepting.

‘ *Ob for a Motley Coat ! Motleys the only*
 ‘ *Wear,* cries *Jacques* to the *Duke,* in *As you*
 ‘ *like it.* But Customs vary with Times ;
 ‘ Kings then did their Business themselves,
 ‘ took the Opinion of wise Counsellors,
 ‘ and acted from their own Authority and
 ‘ Judgment. In the present wiser Age,
 ‘ they are allowed, by Custom, to shift
 ‘ the Load of Government upon other
 ‘ Shoulders ; whilst themselves withdraw,
 ‘ either (like *Epicurus’s* Gods) regardless
 ‘ cf

‘ of the World beneath them, or, more
 ‘ probably, to enjoy a learned and philoso-
 ‘ phical Leisure, to a Study of their Peo-
 ‘ ple’s Happiness in the Theory, which
 ‘ they employ others, of a more mechani-
 ‘ cal Genius, to put into Practice. Instead
 ‘ therefore of consulting, as formerly, with
 ‘ a Wit, under the Denomination of a *Fool*,
 ‘ they now employ one who professes him-
 ‘ self a wise Man, under the Character of a
 ‘ Minister.

‘ The *Fool* was an Office, to fill which,
 ‘ Men of Wit and Abilities were sought
 ‘ for : (I think I am the First who sought
 ‘ after the Office). The Minister is a Place
 ‘ whom the greatest do not think it beneath
 ‘ them greedily to seek after, nay, claim it
 ‘ as being such ; those amongst the great
 ‘ ones, who read the Scripture, crying,
 ‘ *He that is greatest among you, let him be*
 ‘ *your Minister* ; while others are no less
 ‘ eager in asserting their Pretensions to it ;
 ‘ perhaps, because they would then argue
 ‘ further, with the Parson’s Wife, that, of
 ‘ course, *He, that is your Minister, is the*
 ‘ *greatest among you.*

‘ But

‘ But to return, *Si volet usus* is an Au-
 ‘ thority which must be submitted to. And
 ‘ alas! (notwithstanding the Examples of
 ‘ former Times ; notwithstanding *St. Paul*,
 ‘ the most learned of the Apostles, conde-
 ‘ scended to speak as a *Fool*; notwithstand-
 ‘ ing the Need, in the present Age, that
 ‘ great Men should revive and countenance
 ‘ the Character) we see the *Fool* is now
 ‘ banished the Court, as well as disregard-
 ‘ ed in private Families ; and it remains
 ‘ with me alone to support the Character
 ‘ with the Public, by my Wits and my
 ‘ Honesty, as I can ; with no other Chance
 ‘ for Support, possibly, than in the reign-
 ‘ ing Taste of the Age for Oddities, Mon-
 ‘ sters, Grotesques, Caricatura’s, &c.

‘ It has also been unlucky for the Cha-
 ‘ racter, that a very wise Man, of this
 ‘ Age, has defined the *Fool* to be, *one who*
 ‘ *reasons wrong upon right Principles*. This
 ‘ has been laid hold of, and urged, I may
 ‘ say, somewhat unfairly, to our Disad-
 ‘ vantage. But, were this just, it is some
 ‘ Satisfaction to an honest *Fool*, that, how-
 ‘ ever wrong his Reasoning may be, his
 ‘ Principles are right. For Instance, were
 ‘ I to

‘ I to urge the Simplicity of giving up
 ‘ *Cape Breton*, because we have it to give ;
 ‘ or because the *Dutch* think we have a
 ‘ Fishery of our own, which we do not
 ‘ know what to do with, and therefore
 ‘ have no Occasion for another ; and that
 ‘ it is enough for us to have Beef and Pud-
 ‘ ding, without a Dish of Water-foutje,
 ‘ forsooth ! Yet, was my Reasoning wrong
 ‘ in these Particulars, there probably would
 ‘ not be wanting other Arguments ; either
 ‘ of public Expediency, like those for in-
 ‘ sisting on *Gibraltar* at the End of the last
 ‘ War ; Justice to the Zeal of our *American*
 ‘ Fellow-Subjects ; Regard to our Conti-
 ‘ nuance as a Maritime Power ; or many
 ‘ others ; which would sufficiently show
 ‘ the *Fool’s* Principles are right, in insisting
 ‘ on an absolute Cession from the *French*
 ‘ of *Cape Breton*.

‘ Again, were I likewise to remonstrate
 ‘ against the Absurdity, when the Tide of
 ‘ Success was turning on our Side, of stop-
 ‘ ping short in the Career, in order to make
 ‘ a temporary Peace, and this when the
 ‘ Spirit of the Nation was up, when we
 ‘ had (*Antæus* like) just gathered Strength
 ‘ from

‘ from our late Fall ; I say, however the
 ‘ Reasoning might be disliked by some,
 ‘ who would cry, perhaps, Who, but a
 ‘ *Fool*, would continue a War at such Ex-
 ‘ pence, and under our Difficulties to raise
 ‘ Money, and make and keep Alliances ?
 ‘ Yet cannot I beat it out of my *Fool’s*
 ‘ Head, that a War is better than an indif-
 ‘ ferent Peace ; and that this is founded on
 ‘ Principles as true and certain, as that
 ‘ *Longheads* will be always an over-match
 ‘ for *Wrongheads*.’

To the Publisher of the *Daily Gazeteer*.

*To justify the poor Fool’s honest Simplicity,
 please, with the first Opportunity, to in-
 sert what follows.*

‘ **I** Could not avoid Laughing, to find my
 ‘ Brother *Fool*, in one of last *Saturday’s*
 ‘ News-Papers, immoderately angry, and
 ‘ most fillily provoked, at my finding Fault
 ‘ with his inconsistent Definition of Mer-
 ‘ cy ; but, in Place of considering the na-
 ‘ tural and rational Account, which I en-
 ‘ deavoured

‘ deavoured to give of the weak and im-
 ‘ perfect Judgment of Man, in all or most
 ‘ of the Affairs of Life, he, at random,
 ‘ takes it for granted, that the Judgment
 ‘ we pronounce on our Fellow-Creatures
 ‘ here upon Earth is complete, final, and
 ‘ decisive; whereas every *Fool*, who has
 ‘ been instructed in his Catechism, knows
 ‘ the Contrary; and those, who have had
 ‘ farther Education, well understand and
 ‘ know, that human Judgments are quite
 ‘ Political, intended only for the needful
 ‘ Preservation of Order in Society; and,
 ‘ for the Want of Access to essential and
 ‘ necessary Knowledge, cannot be supposed
 ‘ to be final or complete.

‘ But my Brother, altogether in Charac-
 ‘ ter, despises Reasoning, as intirely out of
 ‘ Fashion; and would insinuate, that all
 ‘ my Arguments for Humanity, and true
 ‘ Christianity, as delivered to us in our
 ‘ blessed Saviour’s own Words, are only
 ‘ Principles of *Jacobitism*; informing, that
 ‘ I must certainly be a Rebel in my Heart.
 ‘ Poor *Fool*! I heartily pity him, and all
 ‘ who are of his Kidney. For, on the
 ‘ Con-

‘ Contrary, it is my true and sincere Love
 ‘ for King *George the Second*, and his Royal
 ‘ Family, that makes me wish them to de-
 ‘ spise and reject such Counsel, as is evi-
 ‘ dently inconsistent, not only with Chris-
 ‘ tianity, but common Humanity; since,
 ‘ unquestionably, the King’s most dutiful
 ‘ and loyal Subjects will rest perfectly sa-
 ‘ tisfied with whatever Use his Majesty
 ‘ thinks fit to make of that Prerogative,
 ‘ with which the Constitution and Laws of
 ‘ the Realm have interested him. And I
 ‘ cannot conceive by what Authority, or
 ‘ Pretence, my Brother *Fool*, and his Af-
 ‘ sociates, can pretend to dictate to the su-
 ‘ preme Powers in Government after the
 ‘ Manner they do. For my Part, tho’ I
 ‘ am a *Fool*, I claim the Character of plain
 ‘ Honesty and Christianity; and, I bless
 ‘ God for it, the Benefit of our Laws has
 ‘ long been, and yet still continues to be,
 ‘ such, as enables me, with Security and
 ‘ Content, so far to please myself, as to sit
 ‘ at Home with open Doors, and laugh at
 ‘ my Brethren of any Denomination or
 ‘ Character, &c.’



N^o 21. *Friday, August 22, 1746.*

I Have a singular Pleasure in being able to wish my Country, according to the good old Custom, much Joy, on the Prospect of its future Glory and Happiness, by the Success of our Arms in *Italy*; in Consequence of that Treaty, which Men of Forecast always saw would have its due Effect; and which those, of a wrong Byass, were wont to ridicule and despise.

By our Arms, I mean those of our Allies intimately connected with us in the same common Interest, and supported principally by us; with a General at their Head, who, like *Huniades* of old, bulwarks *Europe* against the common Enemy.

By the Treaty, I mean that of *Worms*, concluded *September 1743*; which, by securing his *Sardinian* Majesty in the common Interest, gave the Imperial Dignity to the present Emperor; preserved *Germany*; sav-
ed

ed *Italy*; snatched the Balance of Power out of the Hands of the House of *Bourbon*; gave the fatal Blow to Universal Monarchy; and, consequently, formed a Barrier between us, and the dangerous Effects of the late wicked Rebellion.

I am not now at Leisure to shew this in its full Force, but only to intimate to those who once so idly ridiculed that Treaty, that it appears to be the most rational one made these forty Years; and what only could counterbalance the Treaty of *Utrecht*, by turning the Tables once more on the common Disturbers of the Peace of *Europe*; and, after a continued Scene of mistaken Measures, set all even again. The Event has justified the Intent. The King of *Sardinia*, on the Point of changing Interests, was, by that Treaty, riveted; and, by that Means, not only *Italy*, but our own Liberties, and those of all *Europe*, preserved. It remained only with ourselves to execute the finishing Part, as, by swift and resolute Measures, to have conquer'd and secur'd the whole Tract of *Canada*; and thereby have established ourselves in a Commerce that

would have paid us all our Expences, and secured our Northern Colonies in perfect Tranquillity. The Power, Interest, and Influence of *France* would have been proportionably lessened, and her future Attempts, to trouble the Repose of Mankind, have been heard of no more.

It is a terrible Reflection on human Nature, that Men should, through Weakness or Wantonness, or, for the Sake of being in Power, giddily endeavour to destroy, or even ridicule, the fundamental Principle, whereon not only the common Safety, but even our very Existence, as a People, depended; and yet will take it into their Heads to be angry at those, who generously endeavour to convince them, that they are pursuing their own Destruction headlong, and therein involving unwittingly the Fate of the Nation; or what can be meant, conceived, or imagined, from any Transaction, that has the least Regard to Peace, in the present obvious Situation of Things. I will beg Leave to guess the Reason to be Two-fold: The one is, the—Difficulty of raising Money; and the not being able to raise it

is

is naturally to be followed by a Resignation of their Power. These indeed are very important Points ; but, to convince them how much I am their Friend at the Bottom, I will, for the Sake of my Country, show them how to conquer both these Difficulties.

The Genius of the *English* Nation is never to oppose such Acts as are right, if the Rectitude is rendered evident to their Understandings. Now it is plain, from all present Appearances, that the War in *Italy* is, or will be finished this Campaign, with Honour, and, consequently, the Expences lessened on that Side, and the Imperial Army at Leisure, either to return and make a Diversion on the *Rhine*, or, by continuing united with that of the *Piedmontese*, in a Capacity to enter *East-France*, which is not only the weakest, but finest Part of that Kingdom. In either Case, *France* is in no Condition to resist ; and the Consequence then is plain, that the Court of *Versailles* must naturally recur to a Peace on such Terms as are just, and that may prevent it from disturbing the Tranquillity of *Europe* for the future ; and, consequently, of sending her Pretenders, or raising, or abetting, any more Rebellions in

these Kingdoms. All this another Campaign will most probably effect; and, I dare say, in this Light, with steady Measures, ardently pursued, the People will readily enough find Money, without suffering the Ministry to be distressed by those Vermin of the Land, the Stock-Jobbers; since they only want to be assured, that their Money is laid out as it ought to be, and that they shall, probably, in the Event, reap the Benefits, by Acquisitions of an equivalent Value: But, on the contrary, if it appears, that, after the throwing away of 20,000,000*l.* and being in a Course of Success, a Peace shall be made precarious and insecure, and no Equivalent in Hand to answer the Value, some Gentlemen must not wonder, if it is followed by a suitable Resentment, as a natural Consequence of such Neglect of the Nation's Welfare.

Therefore, to preserve themselves in Power, and live in the Esteem of the People, depends only on the pursuing of such Measures, as, by being strictly just, make it their Interest to fall in with: Such being very false Maxims, that distinguish between the
In-

Interest of the State, and that of the People ; and, by mistaking what is our true Interest, some Men are too easily led to say, that the War will be the Ruin of the Nation, when, if they would only consider the Absurdity of this Kind of reasoning, the contrary would appear self-evident. On our entering into this War, it seem'd at least a bare Question, whether the House of *Austria* would not have been ruined ; a *French* Emperor seated on the Throne ; *Italy* in the Possession of a Branch of the House of *Bourbon* ; all *Flanders* and *Brabant* annex'd to the Crown of *France* ; and our own Country, as appears since, in no little Danger. To prevent these Evils, we engaged in the War ; but surely, not only to prevent them in the present, but for the future : We push'd thro' infinite Difficulties, and, by the happy Aid of the Treaty of *Worms*, and a steady Resolution, conquer'd all Obstacles. If we rest there, we are only in the same Situation as when we first set out, as to checking the Power of *France*, but worsted in the Pursuit by 20,000,000 *l.* and, by stopping there, preparing to spend 20 more, with

only a bare Chance of being in as good a Situation again, but attended with much greater Difficulties in knowing how to raise such an additional Sum. Upon the whole, the plain State of the Case is this; we have it now in our Power to re-imburse ourselves, with Interest: But, if we give that up for a precarious Peace, we are not only so much more in debt than at first setting out, but have the fairest Prospect in the World of doubling or trebling it, and of being in a State past all Hope of Remedy.





N^o 22. *Wednesday, August 27, 1746.*

PRithee, *Bromius*, why so grave To-day, has the *Fool*, or any of his Brethren, given you just Cause of Displeasure?

Bromius. A Plague take you all for a Pack of *Fools*, I believe Mankind are all running Mad; what is that Thing in the *Gazette* of the 16th Instant, called, *An Address to his Majesty from the Recorder, &c. of Southwold*? Prithee, Where is that *Southwold*, in *Great-Britain, Ireland, or America*? Or is it only some Cant Name for a Receptacle of Madmen?

Why, to tell the Truth, *Bromius*, I was myself wholly ignorant of the Consequence of that important Borough, as also of its Existence, until it made the Figure you see in the *Gazette*, which naturally led me into an Enquiry concerning it. *Southwold* is a little Town, about ten Miles from *Leostaff*, in the County of *Suffolk*, seated on a Rock, which boldly fronts the Ocean, and

bids the bullying Sea-God Defiance. Tho' it be small, it is evidently not obscure ; and the Address shews it to be the Semblance of a pigmy Man, with a gigantic Soul, greatly Little, and loyally Sublime.

Bromius. *Loyally Sublime* call you them, Would not *Fantastically Mad* have been more suitable Epithets ? What Kind of Being do they take our Sovereign for, that they presume to force upon him Bombast, Obscurity, and Nonsense, for Loyalty ?

I will tell thee, *Bromius*, I think the People have good Hearts ; and as to their Heads, I suppose it is with them as with many other such important Boroughs, that have but one Head among them, and that is the Head of a Coxcomb. Some Years ago there was a Poetical Quaker, the principal Operator for the Ordinary of *Newgate* : He had read *Milton*, and was over Head and Ears in Heroics, and, consequently, all his Descriptions in Stile Sublime ; thus delivered, speaking of some Street-Robbers :

— *They*

————— *They robb'd the Man,
Then down Southampton-street they alto-
gether ran.*

I suppose *Shakespear* had his Eye upon some of these little Boroughs in that droll Scene of the Fairy Queen *Titania*, in the *Midsummer's Night's Dream*; where, in Honour of her gigantic Husband, *Oberon*, though a little spightfully, expresses herself thus romantic :

*These are the Forgeries of Jealousy :
And never since the Middle Summer's Spring
Met we on Hill, in Dale, Forest, or Mead,
By paved Fountain, or by rusby Brook,
Or on the beached Margen of the Sea,
To dance our Ringlets to the whistling Wind ;
But with thy Brawls thou hast disturb'd our
Sport.*

*Therefore, the Winds piping to us in vain,
As in Revenge, have suck'd up from the Sea
Contagious Fogs ; which, falling in the Land,
Have every pelting River made so proud,
That they have over-born their Continents.
The Ox hath therefore stretch'd his Yoke in
vain,*

*The Ploughman lost his Sweat, and the green
Corn*

*Hath rotted, e're its Youth attain'd a Beard.
The Fold stands empty in the drowned Field,
And Crows are fatten'd with the Murrion
Flock ;*

*The nine Men's Morris is fill'd up with Mud,
And the quaint Mazes in the wanton Green,
For lack of Tread, are undistinguishable.*

*The human Mortals want their Winter here,
No Night is now with Hymn or Carol blest ;*

*Therefore the Moon, the Governess of Floods,
Pale in her Anger, washes all the Air,
That rheumatic Diseases do abound,*

And thorough this Distemperature we see

*The Seasons alter ; hoary-headed Frosts
Fall in the fresh Lap of the crimson Rose ;*

And on old Hyem's Chin and icy Crown

An od'rous Chaplet of sweet Summer Buds

*Is as in Mockery set. The Spring, the Sum-
mer,*

The chiding Autumn, angry Winter change

Their wanted Liveries, and the amazed World,

*By their Increase, now knows not which is
which ;*

And this same Progeny of Evil comes

From

*From our Debate, from our Dissension,
We are their Parents and Original.*

After this, I doubt not, but the Reader will be desirous to see this famous *Address*, which I shall beg Leave to lay before them as an Original :

To the King's Most Excellent Majesty,

*The humble Address of the Recorder, Bailiffs,
Commonalty, and principal Inhabitants of
Southwold.*

WE your Majesty's Loyal Corporation of *Southwold* beg Leave to tender our Congratulations and Thanks, for the late Success of your Majesty's Arms against the Rebels in *Scotland*, under his Royal Highness the Duke of *Cumberland*, and upon his happy Return in Triumph over Popery, and the Powers of Darknes.

When kind Providence first landed his Royal Highness on the *Coast of Southwold*, that auspicious Omen dispell'd our Fears, and we gazed on him as the Hero, the Deliverer

liverer of his Country, under God ; *animated* by his Presence, *fired* with a *Spark* from him, *we flew* to our *Arms*, which he has now made *useless* by his *Conquests*. And *our Cannon*, your late gracious Bounty to this *Corporation*, shall *now* have only to *sound* over the *Seas* your Majesty's Dominion of them ; to *thunder* against *France* your Victories over her ; and *proclaim* a *Peace* which *she must soon earnestly sue for*.

We, great Sir, are more than sensible of ; *we are elevated* with the Duke of *Cumberland's* Valour and Conduct ; he has cut off the *Hydra* ; he has *cleansed* the *Augean Stable*, and freed *us* from *Wolves* and *Tigers*, *maugre* the *Fierceness* of those *Mountain Savages*, and the Inclemency of a frozen Climate ; his heroic Soul has generously pursued the Cause of God and his Country ; Popery, and its Associate, Slavery, sculk and retire at his Approach ; whilst Liberty and Honour are his constant Attendants, and joyfully lead him on to immortal Glory.

Be pleased, most gracious Sovereign, to accept the sincere and grateful Tribute of
our

our Hearts : May *Faction* expire with *Rebellion*, that the Blessings of your glorious Reign may be continued henceforth with that Ease and Tranquillity to your Majesty, which you are always aiming at for your People. May your Majesty and Royal Progeny preside over the *British Realm*, so long as the *British Waves* shall wash the Coast of *Southwoud*.

Bromius. A very sublime Performance indeed ; but, after all the preceding Bombast, might not his Majesty, and his Successors, have been permitted to reign somewhat longer, than the *British Waves* shall wash the Coast of *Southwoud* ?

Peace, sweet *Bromius*, the same romantic Turn of Mind, that cleansed the *Augean Stable* of *Wolves* and *Tigers*, has an equal Right to confine the Reigns of his Majesty, and Royal Progeny, within what Limits it pleases ; more especially, as it is *fired* with a *Spark* of his Royal Highness, and enabled thereby to *thunder* against *France Victories* and *Peace*.



N^o 23. *Thursday, August 28, 1746.*

THE great Dispute, now in Hand, is not between Whig and Tory, Rebel and Loyalist, or Court and Anti-court Party ; but, as *Tacitus* phrases it, *Ut quibusque bellum invitis, aut cupientibus erat* : Those that are for a War, and those that are against it. Those who are against a War, or more properly speaking, in the present Case, for a Peace, have a great many plausible Things to urge on Behalf of their Principles ; and many more secret Matters, which they do not chuse should be known. In the first Case, they say, that *France* is too rich and powerful for us to be able to reduce ; and therefore, it is at best, as they phrase it, only taking the Bull by the Horns ; which seems to me a kind of Bull in Politics, as well as in Reasoning. And what may seem a little strange, are the very Sentiments of all those who wrote against the Court, previous to our setting out on this War. They
bellowed

bellowed out the Power of *France*, because they would not have had us guarded against it ; and now they see that we not only did guard ourselves, but have been generally successful, they are as warm for a Peace, that we may be off from our Guard again, and once more exposed to imminent Ruin. And those who have it in their Power to advise the Sovereign, falling in with these Sentiments, and pushing for a Peace, but too justly put the Body of the Community on their Guard, and intimate to their Minds some Occurrences, that they know not how to account for. They know not what those People mean, who talk at this Time of Day about the Power of *France*, when their utmost Efforts are at a Stand ; the *Spanish* Interest, that supported it, evidently declining ; their Affairs entirely ruined in *Italy* ; some Part of their Dominions in our Possession ; and in *Brabant*, where strongest, but a bare Chance to keep the Field. In this Light, which is evidently just, it really sets us in Amaze to what End this Kind of Reasoning tends ; more especially, as they know not how to conceive that

that the Gentlemen who have of a sudden alienated themselves, not only from the common Sense of the Nation, but from Attention to such obvious Facts as cannot possibly escape their Knowledge ; I say, they know not how to conceive these Gentlemen, the Enemies of their King and Country, at Heart ; but, on the other Side, know not how to account for this astonishing Turn ; more especially, as they seem to be the very same People, who, at a Time when the Power of *France* was much higher, the Affairs of that Kingdom in a more prosperous Situation, thought it both right and just to use every Art to spirit up the People against *France* ; that not only encouraged and forwarded, in the warmest Manner, the Expedition to *Cape Breton* ; and still went further, by stimulating the Inhabitants of our Northern Colonies on, to the effectual Conquest of *Canada*, as, I think, appears evidently enough from the following Speech of Governor *Shirley*, which, I conceive, no Body will presume made out of his own Head, or un-authorized ; and which is here quoted, as far as regards the Matter in Hand, and
the

the Contents confirmed, as there stated, by a Fleet being fitted out from hence, in Aid of that noble Design; but why not failed a long Time since, or how these well-considered Measures came to be varied, and our Thoughts of a sudden turned to Peace, is really not a little amazing; and, when public Measures grow incomprehensible, Men will naturally suspect, though sometimes without just Grounds, that there is something at the Bottom not so fair as a Community has a Right to expect, and will reason thereupon accordingly. But see the Letter itself:

The Speech of his Excellency William Shirley, Esq; Governor in Chief of Massachusetts Bay in New-England, to both Houses of Representatives, May 29, 1746.

Gentlemen of the Council and House of Representatives,

‘ I Take this Opportunity of your first
 ‘ Meeting in general Assembly, to acquaint you, that on *Monday* Evening last
 I re-

‘ I received a Letter from the Duke of
‘ *Newcastle*, by his Majesty’s Sloop *Hin-*
‘ *chinbrook*, sent Express from *England* with
‘ that, and other Letters to the Governors
‘ of his Majesty’s Colonies on this Continent,
‘ as far Southward as *Virginia*; all which I
‘ immediately forwarded by Land Expresses
‘ to those several Governments.

‘ The Contents of his Grace’s Letter to
‘ me, which I shall order the Secretary to
‘ lay before you, are of such Importance to
‘ the Interests of this and the other Govern-
‘ ments concerned in them, that I am fully
‘ persuaded they will engage your closest
‘ and speediest Attention, and put you up-
‘ on taking the most vigorous Measures to
‘ render effectual his Majesty’s gracious De-
‘ sign for establishing the Welfare and Prof-
‘ perity of his Northern Colonies; and I
‘ hope they will have the like Effect upon
‘ the other neighbouring Governments, to
‘ all which I have wrote upon the present
‘ Occasion.

‘ Gentlemen, I must refer you for Parti-
‘ culars, to the Advices contained in the
‘ Duke of *Newcastle*’s Letter; upon which
‘ I would

‘ I would observe to you, that a most hap-
‘ py Opportunity seems to be now given
‘ you by his Majesty, if you are not want-
‘ ing to yourselves, of putting an End
‘ (under the Favour of Divine Providence)
‘ to the cruel Murders and Depredations
‘ with which our Frontiers are now sur-
‘ rounded, and have ever been harrassed,
‘ upon every Rupture between us and the
‘ *French*; and to the burdensome Expence
‘ which has constantly attended the Go-
‘ vernment upon those Occasions; as also,
‘ for laying the most solid Foundation for
‘ Peace to all the *British* Colonies for the
‘ future; and for promoting their Trade
‘ and Prosperity in every Respect.

‘ I hope therefore, the several Govern-
‘ ments will vie with each other in expref-
‘ sing their Duty and Gratitude to his Ma-
‘ jesty upon this Occasion; and in giving
‘ Proofs of their Zeal for the Common
‘ Cause, by effectually providing for, and
‘ encouraging what his Majesty, in his pa-
‘ ternal Care for their Interests, has re-
‘ commended to them. In a particular
‘ Manner I would remind you, Gentle-
‘ men,

‘ men, of the signal Favour of the Divine
‘ Providence upon the Operations of the
‘ last Year ; which, I think, ought to en-
‘ courage you to hope for Success upon
‘ your future Endeavours, provided you
‘ exert the same Spirit which then animated
‘ you. And as it is very probable that
‘ the other Colonies will have their Eyes
‘ upon you on this extraordinary Occasion,
‘ I doubt not but that a just Regard for
‘ the Honour, as well as Interest of this
‘ Government, will prevail with you to set
‘ them a good Example.’

Now taking all these Things together,
one really does not know what to think or
say. The Favourers of Peace pretend,
that we are not able to carry on the War.
There is a Congress appointed, and a Sus-
pension of Arms proposed, let us see what
that can possibly produce on their own
Principles. They give out themselves, that
they will not deliver up *Cape Breton*, and
it is not doubted, but that *Dunkirk* will be
insisted on to be thoroughly demolished.
But how can all this be expected? *France*
will

will hardly restore *Brabant*, &c. without either an Equivalent, or being beat back, We have no Equivalent to give, and it is impossible to beat the *French*, while there is a Suspension of Arms; and then, if we are so unable to carry on the War as is pretended, why are we to lose the Chance of the present Campaign, which may possibly save us farther Expence? Upon the Whole, I must own, that I am so great a *Fool*, as not to be able, in any Light, to see how the Maxims and Operations of these Peace-Favourers coincide; they seem, to my foolish Capacity, to act diametrically opposite to each other; and, take them which Way one will, have no Kind of Coherence with the common Sense of Mankind, no more than with one another; and, consequently, appear, to my poor Understanding, rather as sowing the Seeds of Confusion, of Wars, Broils, and Troubles infinite, than of producing any Thing like an establish'd Peace: And what is not very common in a Free Nation, I declare I cannot meet with a single Man, I any where converse with, but what is perfectly

fectly clear in going on with the War at any Risque; I do not even except those who are employed to talk against it; nor when you push it close, even those Wretches who are only to make a Market of it. In a Word, the Matter is too clear to admit of a Dispute; and therefore, if any Evil happens to those who are determined to be wiser than the whole Nation, for Reasons best known to themselves, they must certainly fall unpitied. History does not furnish us with a single Instance, where the boldest Ministers that ever directed public Affairs presumed to do an Act like this, against the Sense of a whole Nation, perfectly calm in their Reflections, and in strict Friendship with the State; free from all Appearance of Party or Faction, and only soberly attentive to the Common Welfare; that wish well even to the very Men that they conceive have taken so amazing a Turn, and desire their Happiness equal with their own; that, however astonishingly mistaken, cannot help thinking them honest Men, though they know not how to account for their strange Pursuit. In a Word,

Word, I have only at present left to say, that if this Congress produces a just, solid, and lasting Peace, the Operators will merit to have their Statues in Gold set up in every Market-Place in the Three Kingdoms: But if, on the contrary, it loses us the Chance of this Campaign, breeds Diffidence in our Allies, gives the Enemy Time to breathe, inhances our Expences, and lengthens out the War by Trifling, what can the most tender and compassionate Man breathing not say he wishes to be their Fate, as they act with their Eyes open, and bid Defiance to the whole Sense of the Nation.





N^o 24. *Friday, August 29, 1746.*

WEILL, hang these political Reasonings: Are not the Ministers of State paid to mind the public Affairs? And must they always be dictated to, like Children at School, when they ought to be Masters?

It is very true, honest *Bromius*; but what shall we do if they will neglect us, and, in that, their own Interest and Welfare?

Why, I do not know what we should do; the Community is certainly preferable to Individuals; however, you have said enough for the present; I could wish you now to breathe a little, and give them some Respite to think and reflect. Call another Cause, Man, as the old Saying is; let smiling Mirth, and chearful Erudition, take their Turns to amuse us for a Time, in your future Lucubrations: What think you of talking a little about the most amiable of our modern Writers?

My

My Way of Reasoning about them, *Bromius*, will be something new and particular ; my *Foolship* cannot talk like other People, because my Head, like most *Fools* Heads, is full of infinite Vagaries, Whims, and Wanderings, which must have their whole Play, and abhor Regularity, as much as Nature does Dissolution. My Thoughts startle at Correctnesses, as you would perhaps do, on being surrounded within a Circle of Apparitions, that grin, snarl, and look terrible enough to frighten you out of your Wits. However, as you desire it, I will speak something about them ; because, as Folks say, thereupon hangs a Tale, as you will find by a little Attention.

Mr. *Pope*, I think, was the greatest Master of the Art of Poetical Diction, and the most curious Regarder of Sounds, I had ever the Pleasure of Reading. But, as it has been often said, that *Fools* Reason wrong upon right Principles, so it happens here. The Sound did not run away with the Sense ; but, if I may so express myself, the Sound struck the generality of my Brethren so sensibly, that they became wrapt up in that alone ;

lone; and, in most of their Compositions, have banished the Sense, for the Pleasure of attempting to be as Musical as Mr. *Pope*. The Consequence of this is very evident, we have all Music, and no Meaning. It is *Vox & præterea nihil*, a Sound, and nothing but a Sound; an *Italian Opera*, with the Words here, and the Sense where you can find it. Thus you see, that it is possible for a great Poet to give little ones a wrong Taste; and to be unwittingly the Cause, why our Poetry is in the worst State it has been for this Hundred Years past at least.

Dr. *Donne* has too much Sentiment, and too rough a Diction, to command the Attention of the present Age; and there are some Thousand Lines in *Milton*, which our musical Gentry are happy enough to be able to sleep over. Thus it happens, that the Poet publishes the Sound, and puts the Sense up in his Pocket. He sings; ye Gods, how he does sing; no Nightingale sweeter; and you may have as much Sound now for a Shilling, as you could have in *Charles the Second's* Time for Ten. On the contrary, you might have as much Sense in those
Days

Days for a Shilling, as you can have now for a Hundred. This is the present State of Poetry, from the sublimest Heroics, down to the Laureat Ode.

Reflections, of a similar Nature, have, at last, induced my Friend below to create a new Species of Poetry, on the Plan of the Ancients; he has, by Latinizing the *English* Versification, made it run *Pedetentim*, &c. Foot by Foot, with the Original. How far he has had the Happiness to succeed in this new Scheme, must appear on the Face of the Performance; it is placed at the Conclusion of these Remarks, preceded by the *Latin*, which it is not my Business to turn Critic upon, so shall leave both the Translation and Versification entirely to the Judgment of the Public, who are to make what they can of it. However, I must beg the Favour of those who cannot read, not to turn Critics more than myself.

If Mr. *Pope* made many bad Poets, Mr. *Addison* has done his Part in making bad Prose Writers. If the Poets are charm'd with Mr. *Pope's* Sound, the Prose Writers are ravished with Mr. *Addison's* Correctness;

but as the Sense is forgot by the Followers of the First, the Perspicuity is lost by the Imitators of the last; and you find some modern Performances so exquisitely grammatised and pointed, and the Meaning so blinded and obscured, that one is at a Loss to determine, whether it is wrote in our own Language, or in Cypher. It looks as like one's Mother Tongue, as if it were the very Thing itself; but, as it is not to be understood in the Reading, we naturally conclude ourselves mistaken, and only rest satisfied, that the Author is too learned to be understood. If the Writer, in this Case, happens to fall upon an important Subject, and is thereby worked up into the false Sublime, the Difficulty of understanding it increases upon our Hands, and we are, like the *Israelites* in the Fiery Furnace, free from being either touched or affected. In these Kind of Performances, if he attempts to intersperse a little metaphysical Reasoning, if there was any Clearness before, this throws it into palpable Darkness; and you may as well think of groping your Way out of a wild pathless Desert, in a dark Night, as
of

of discovering the Meaning of a Work so learnedly executed.

The Truth of it is, there are few Men but what see Learning in a single Light; our Capacities are not generally form'd to comprehend Variety in one View; Clearness, Correctness, and Matter, are too much for one Head to hold at the same Time; so that one takes one; a Second another; and so on; and out of Half a Dozen of these Pieces of Literature put together, may be formed a Poet, or an Author; but they distinctly make so many complete Critics.

I am told, that it is no bad Maxim of mine to suit myself to the Age, by writing Nonsense in Order to be understood. How far I have had the Happiness to succeed, I leave to the Judgment of those, who, with over wise Faces, look themselves into every Kind of Learning and Science, and fix the Standard of Knowledge by the old *Latin* Rule: *Quicquid credimus facile meminimus*; which I would readily translate into *English*, did I not propose some Diversion in leaving that to be done by others, and

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thereby laying the Foundation of a Battle
among our modern Critics.

To the Author, &c.

S I R,

I Desire you would give the following Ode
of *Horace* a Place in your Paper. If it
meets with the Approbation of the *Literati*,
the Public in a short Time will be presented
with a small Collection of the same Poet's
Odes, done in the same Manner, by

S I R,

Your humble Servant,

T. Brecknock.

HOR. Lib. I. Ode 22.

*Integer vitæ scelerisque purus
Non eget Mauri jaculis, neq; arcu,
Nec venenatis gravida sagittis,
Fusce, pharetrâ.
Sive per Syrtes iter æstuosas,
Sive facturus per inhospitalem
Caucasum, vel quæ loca fabulosus
Lambit Hydaspes.
Namque*

*Namque me sylvâ lupus in Sabinâ,
Dum meam canto Lalagen, & ultra
Terminum curis vagor expeditus,
Fugit inermem.*

*Quale portentum neque militaris
Daunia in latis alit esculetis,
Nec Jubbæ tellus generat, leonum
Arida nutrix.*

*Pone me pigris ubi nulla campis
Arbor æstivâ recreatur aurâ,
Quod latus mundi nebulae, malusque
Jupiter urget :*

*Pone sub curru nimium propinqui
Solis, in terrâ domibus negatâ,
Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,
Dulce loquentem.*

Horace, Book I. Ode 22.

*Fusus, he whose whol' Life has innocent
been,
Nor the Moor's Bow, nor Javelins unerring
Wants, nor his back-slung Quiver, alway
big with
Poisonous Arrows.*

Tho' he shou'd journey thro' the fultry
Syrtes,

Or take his Road near the inhospitable
Caucasan Mount, or travel o'er the Countries
Wash'd by *Hydaspes.*

In *Sabin* Purlieus as I lately wander'd,
Whilst I was singing *Ealage*, careless I
Rov'd beyond Bounds, and tho' I saw a
Wolf, he

Fled me unarmed.

Such a fell Monster, sure ye Gods, the war-
like

Daunia scarce feeds in her ample Pastures,
Nor *Juba* breeds, altho' her Earth's a dry
Nurse

Of many Lions.

Fix me in froz'd up Regions, where no
Tree

With the sweet Breath of *June* is e'er sa-
luted,

In whose Fogs thick and putrid hardly can
breathe

Jupiter hisself.

Or

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Or place me there, wher' not a single Hut's
seen,

Just beneath the scorch'd * *Phaëton* or
Phæbus,

Prettily smiling *Lalage* there I'll love,
Prettily speaking.

* *A fashionable Vehicle so called.*



I 6

N° 25.



N^o 25. *Monday, September 1, 1746.*

THE Mind of Man is never so happily entertained with a true Sense of Honour, as when meditating on the Means that leads to the Service of his Country. It is then that the Passions rise to a Pitch of Rapture, Glory, and Happiness; every social Good, every smiling Joy, mingle and embrace in the Imagination, and fill the Soul with Ideas, equally amiable and illustrious.

The Prospect now before us, of those in Power pursuing just and rational Measures, with a Sense of Honour becoming Men and *Britons*, I own fills me with a Delight, as much superior to what common Occurrences are capable of, as a Regard for the Welfare of the Community is of a higher Nature, than that of any Individuals breathing, let their Rank and Dignity be what it will.

My

My Lord *Clarendon* very justly observes, that the keeping up of State and Dignity in the Sovereign, is a more important Matter than is generally conceived; and though it only seems in one Light to be the Embroidery of the State, yet is essentially necessary to its Support and Welfare. It is much more so in regard to the State and Dignity of the Nation. The making a Figure in the World, is like Credit in Trade, that does not so much depend on real Riches, as Reputation and Exactness. Thus a Nation, that is to be depended upon for the Steadiness of the Councils of those that govern it, has an imaginary Stock of Wealth, that gives it more Lustre and Reputation, than real Riches can possibly do in the Power of unsteady Councils. In a Word, Reputation is a secret Treasure, that has an intrinsic Value stamped upon it, though unseen; it is this that gives the poor Cantons of *Switzerland*, when they please to exert themselves, more Weight in the Balance of Power, than *Spain* with all its real Riches, the Treasure of the Western World, as it were, buried in its Bowels.

Re-

Reflections of this Nature are extremely necessary, at a Juncture when some Men are idly busy in endeavouring to propagate a Notion, that the *Fool* is writing for a Party, or, as they sillily term it, against the Court; when nothing is in Fact less true, unless they will be so weak as to imagine, than a Man who, upon obvious Principles, acts as the Advocate of his Country's Honour and Welfare, is the Enemy of People in Power; which, by the Way, is but a very bad Compliment paid them; and such a one as I, in their Case, should be very much ashamed of. On the contrary, I please myself with the Hopes of soon seeing such just and glorious Measures pursued, as will, of themselves, command me to write nothing but Elogiums on the Ministry; as I shall heartily love, and be sincerely attached to them, the Instant I see Things in that happy Train, let the Men that pursue it be whom they will.

I do not, in this Case, expect, that the Ministry should be infallible, or that the wisest Measures, human Nature is capable of conceiving, must always be attended with
Success.

Success. The utmost of my Wishes center in this, that they follow such plain Paths with such a proper Steadiness, as never yet failed, upon the Whole, of attaining the Point aimed at. They may fail in a Thousand Incidents; *Canada* may be attempted unsuccessfully, and *France* invaded in vain, as to immediate Act; but if Attempts of this Nature are prudently conducted, tho' they should not succeed in Part, will eventually answer the great End aimed at; but if attended with Success, will immediately establish us in that State of Tranquillity, which I hope was the main End of the present War.

That the Negotiations now on Foot will come to nothing I am very clear in; but the Misfortune lies here, *France* wants both Money and Credit, and cannot, since her *Spanish* Banker fail'd, have either without the Prospect of a Peace. That, with the Help of high Interest, and the Love of Gain strongly impressed on the Minds of Commercial Men, must give her Credit in *Holland* and *Geneva*; which, once acquired, the Negotiations will immediately cease, and
another

another Campaign be prepared for ; while nothing is clearer, than that we, who have no use for such kind of Chicany, shall lose the Benefit of this, and have another unnecessarily upon our Hands. To give the *French* an Opportunity of borrowing Money, is, in Effect, the same Thing as giving them Money ; what they can borrow is all clear in their Pockets, because it is not their Custom to repay. And in this Light, it seems as if the opening of Conferences at all, was only to give them an Opportunity to make a Handle of us, to cheat all the moneyed People in *Europe*.

Thus, taking all Things together, the Necessity is evident, of so continuing this War, without Interruptions or Triflings, as that we may not, for the future, be under any Apprehensions, either of being invaded ourselves, or the Repose of *Europe* disturbed ; that Commerce may thereby be established on a happy Footing ; our Taxes, in a great Measure, become unnecessary ; our Armies and Fleets in some Degree discharged ; and Peace, crowned with Glory, reign and triumph amongst us.



N^o 26. *Tuesday, September 2, 1746.*

LOVE, in the common Acceptation of the Word, is a wild, young, wanton Strumpet, begot by Imagination upon Folly; from whence springs a Family somewhat too inelegant to be recapitulated in this Paper: However, as this Love is one Kind of playing the Fool, and, in our unguarded Moments, the Entertainment of all Ranks and Degrees of Mortals, I cannot help sometimes being *Fool* enough to turn my Reflections that Way; because, as *Dryden* says,

Tho' I am old, for Ladies Love unfit,
 The Charms of Beauty I remember yet;
 That which did once inspire my Soul,
 ——— doth now inspire my ———.

I cannot, for the Soul of me, have Impudence enough to finish the important Self-glorying *Alexandrine*.

By

By Ladies here are meant Women of Quality, who love more in a Month, than ordinary Women can in an Age ; and have, of late, carried this exquisite Gouft to fuch a Pitch, as to render them famous all over *Europe* ; yet, what feems very ftrange, thofe who have the moft extravagant Fancy this Way, are ufually made out of fuch ordinary Stuff as *South-Sea* Stock, or of fomewhat equally low, mean, fordid, and pitiful ; and have gained their Titles by the modern Cuftom of the Great, prostituting their Male Ifsue to Wealth, low Breeding, and Infolence. It was upon this Basis that *Vanefia* became a Woman of Quality ; and that ſhe might be properly match'd in every Reſpect, herſelf being of the true Oyster-Woman Make, they gave her a Husband about as tall as an Oak Stick, and not much more robuſt. *Hymen* only triumphed one ſplendid Evening ; from that Time forward our Hiſtory is full of curious Incidents.

After a Courſe of leſſer Adventures, not worth repeating, *Vanefia* fell into the Arms of the amorous young Count *Hounſlow*, who made a Bower for her, in Imitation of fair
Ro-

Rosalind's at *Woodstock*, so mazy and perplexed, that she became invisible to all Eyes, but those of the Count and his Butler; who represented Sir *Trusty*, as the Count himself did the famous King *Henry*; and thus Fancy heightening Imagination, worked *Vanessia* up into a Goddess; not of *Diana's* Train, but of that Sisterhood who vie for Pleasure with the *Cyprian* Deity. In this seeming happy Retirement they spent their Time in one continued Scene of Revelry and Joy; while poor *Vanessius*, half distracted, was hunting the Country round to ferret out his Wife.

Impermanent Love had at Length wasted all its Fires, and the Count, quite tired of his Romantick Engagements, employed his Agents privately to discover the Mystery, by blazing Abroad in the World, tho' as a great Secret, the Recess of his Self-created Divinity; hoping thereby, that Power would divest him of those Charms he was grown quite fatiated with. Thus, between real Design, and seeming Accident, *Vanessius* came to discover the *Idalian* Grove, where lay imparadised his amorous destined Partner.

ner ; all the Powers of his little Soul were instantly in a flutter ; he thought, reflected, consider'd, resolv'd, and unresolv'd, all in the same Moment. To get rid of *Vanesia* was the Count's Cue ; to get at her was that of *Vanefius* ; they could not communicate together, or the Strife had been ended to both their Wishes. Men, who think in a hurry, generally determine wrong. This was the Fate of *Vanefius*. He concluded the Count would not part with her, but by Force ; and nothing of that Kind appeared to him so just and heroic as a fair Battle. The Use of the small Sword he was not Master of, and to attain that required Time ; however, after advising with some about as wise as himself, he determined to go thro' the Exercise at the *Apollo* School ; and in some few Months was there so well instructed, as to be a tolerable Match for a Duellist behind *Montague* House, or any other Place fit for a Gentleman to die in ; and on the Credit thereof sends the Count a Challenge, demanding the Delivery of his Wife, or, &c. The Count, heartily tired of his Mistress's Company, had been yawning over

ver her all that dreadful Interval wherein *Vanefius* had been learning to Fence; transported at the Receipt of this Billet, immediately scribbles over an Answer to the following Effect: *My dear Sir, out of Regard to you only, I have always entertained your Lady with a becoming Civility, whenever she has done me the Honour to make my House and Gardens agreeable to her; wherein, as I little dreamt of disobliging you, so the Lady is always at Liberty to act as may be most agreeable to the Peace and Happiness of you both.* Sir *Trusty* the Butler was, in the Interim, to steal away the Challenge, and show it to *Vanefia* as a Secret, intimating, at the same Time, that *Vanefius* was well in Cash, and, consequently, this a favourable Opportunity to render all Parties easy; wished her not to discover her Knowledge of this Affair to the Count; that she should be privately conveyed Home; and, by surprizing *Vanefius* with her sudden Appearance, end with the Controversy all Hazard of Bloodshed. *Vanefia* took the Hint as was intended, and in the Close of the Evening stole Home, where soon after her Husband, having

having the Hint given him, appeared likewise to adore her, and blest in her Arms the happy Effects of his own heroic Resolution. As *Vanesia* had now got Eloping into her Head, no Endearments, her little Husband could bestow upon her, were in any Sense of Force sufficient to secure her to himself. In a Word, she soon eloped again, and never from that Time forward ever returned, but when she wanted Money. *Vanesius* always gave her what she asked, in order to fix her Affection, but in vain; his Generosity only gave Wing to her Infidelity, and she was now to be found any where but at Home. Tired with attempting Impossibilities, *Vanesius* very wisely concluded, that to have a Share, though but a small one, in her Love, was better than none at all; and therefore proposed to her to take a House, and Servants entirely her own, himself to be admitted only when she pleased. This was readily enough assented to, and *Vanesia* thereupon threw herself instantly into a proper Situation to receive, entertain, and support all her Male Mistresses; which she now does in a Manner that no Subject of
the

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the Grand Seignior's, nor, perhaps, his Highness himself, excels her in; and which she pretends is only to counteract those white-headed Fellows in the East, who have the Impudence to imagine that they are capable of satisfying a dozen Ladies.—Here ends the first Part of the Comedy of the Shegallant: Or, *The Turks* beat at their own Weapons.



N° 27.



N^o 27. *Wednesday, September 3, 1746.*

WHEN the Mercury sinks in the Barometer, we usually conclude the Air heavier; or, in other Words, moist Weather approaching. Among Men who give a false Swing to their Passions, it is usually said, that human Nature was always the same; by which we are to understand, that all Men are of the same Constitution and Turn of Thinking, give a similar Loose to their Inclinations, and like me, are always playing the *Fool*. If this were true, the opposing Virtue to Vice is a Distinction without a Difference; and consequently, that there is no such Thing in the World as a Man, who, in any Sense, commands his Passions.

It may, and I believe is very true, that the natural Passions operate in all Men with full Force and Vigour, in Proportion to the Strength or Weakness of their respective Constitutions and Habit of living; but it
don't

don't follow, that they always operate in the same Channel. The idle Man, with high Passions, is usually a Debauchee ; while the Man, whose Head is turned to Business, has his Passions chiefly employed in a Road that renders them beneficial to himself, his Family, and the Community. In this the great End of Nature is answered, by procuring to each other mutual Benefits, and thereby establishing Harmony, Good-will, and social Love among Men. While the Debauchee, by losing Sight of the great End of our Being, by contributing nothing towards any of these happy Purposes, but, on the contrary, by a Conduct disregardless of any Thing but the gratifying his Passions in a Way that can answer no useful End to the Community, by whom he is supported and protected, and consequently has a Duty due on the clearest moral Principles, has not only no Right to the common Benefits of a Community, which he thereby tacitly disclaims, but is laying a Foundation for undesirable Penitence. In old Age at Thirty, attended with Pain and Wretchedness, with only this one single Comfort, that all

Mankind are the same ; of which Mistake he can never be better convinced, than by seeing another Man at Seventy much younger than himself.

In this Light, human Life may be resembled to a Barometer, which, as above, sinks in heavy Weather, and all looks lowering about us ; on the contrary, when the Air is light, it rises again, and all is gay and shining. As Men have a natural Right to judge for themselves, so they make one to judge by themselves ; but he, who views Life in that narrow Compass, must almost always be mistaken ; it is like expecting to know the Genius and Disposition of Foreigners, by only conversing in one's own Family. Man must look into Man as well as into himself, or he can know nothing but of himself, which is next to knowing nothing. Astronomy is not learnt by short Sayings, nor the Arts of Commerce by quaint Phrases ; and therefore he who says that all Mankind are like himself, vicious, idle, &c. knows as little of them, as he does of the Means leading to his own Happiness and Welfare.

I be-

I believe I need not tell my Reader, that a Nation, or Community, is a Number of Individuals assembled under one Kind of Government, for the mutual Benefit of each other; from which grand Principle, in Proportion as they deviate, they fall into a Kind of Individualisation again; and thus untwining, by Degrees, the Bands of social Unity, they throw themselves open and exposed to the first connected Body of Men, that thinks it worth their while to make them their Slaves. The first idle Principle, of presuming all Men equally weak with ourselves, is the Basis of another equally weak and wicked, which is that of fancying it quite indifferent under what Kind of Government we fall; not reflecting, that even if the Conquerors Form of Government was equally happy with our own, it would not operate alike upon the Conquer'd. Men generally love Power; and where can they so properly use it, as over those they are Masters? Therefore, when I hear such Reasonings as these propagated by *Englishmen*, I can't help being *Fool* enough to conclude, that the Mercury is falling in the Barome-

ter of the State; and that we are fighting successful Battles for no other End but to put off the evil Day somewhat longer, until such villainous Principles are thoroughly imbibed into us by the Enemies of our Peace, and we are rightly prepared to receive the Chains forging for us by a People heretofore so completely despicable, and in themselves, at this Time, so insignificant, that we want nothing but the Spirit and Resolution of our Ancestors, with great Facility, to turn the Tables upon them; and instead of whining about our Streets, that we must become Slaves to *France*, glory in treating that Nation with the Contempt such a pitiful People merit; and not let a Pack of the most abject Creatures this Country ever produced, devoted to their Follies, and sunk in Idleness and Luxury, be able, by their false and silly Reasonings, to whine and cry us into a tame Submission to Slavery and Ruin. Let such be marked as the worst Kind of *Jacobites*, that first make themselves Slaves to their Folly and Nonsense, and then, like Satan in the Fifth Book of *Milton's Paradise Lost*, be for drawing all
the

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the Happy after them. But let every honest Man, that loves himself, his Country, his Sovereign, or his Fame, act like the Seraph *Abdiel*, who, as *Milton* speaks—

*Among innumerable False, unmov'd,
Unshaken, uneduc'd, unterrify'd,
His Loyalty he kept, his Love, his Zeal,
Nor Number nor Example with him wrought
To swerve from Truth, or change his constant
Mind,
Though single.——*



K 3

N^o 28.



N^o 28. *Saturday, September 6, 1746.*

I Have observed somewhere in my Rambles a Coat of Arms, with this Motto, *Steady, Steady*. Upon Inquiry, I am informed, that it belongs to an *Irish* Peer, who raised himself in the Royal Navy; where the Term *Steady* is used, when the Ship sails with the Wind large, by the Quartermaster, who couns to the Helmsman, who answers him by the same Term. It seems, that, by this Term, is meant a Direction, to keep the Ship as near as possible to the Course assign'd, without Deviation; or if, thro' Negligence or Accident, that happens, the Helmsman is checked with the Word, *Starboard*, or *Port*, as is found proper, to bring her steady again. I can't help wishing, that every Man, who meddles with the Helm of State, would learn to be so much a Seaman, as carefully to steer the Ship steady; and not render himself liable to be checked every Day by
the

the *Fool*, who is the Quarter-master of the State, and obliged almost every Moment to call Starboard, or Port, or the Ship must be eternally out of her Course; and, by a Concatenation of Deviations, be ever wandering on the Ocean, without being able to attain the desired Haven.

I remember, when steady Measures were pursued, and, in Consequence thereof, the Treaty of *Worms* made, a half-witted Generation of the Buffoon Specie called it, *A Treatise on Worms*; which, in due Time, has operated upon them, as his own Poison did on the Bowels of the most Holy Body of the Father of *Cæsar Borgia*. These Worms, to speak in their own Buffoon Taste, are now gnawing at their Entrails, and they are happily punish'd with their own Nonsense. Victory, Glory, an entire Change of the Face of Affairs in *Europe*, has been the plain and natural Consequence of this once idly contemned Treaty of *Worms*; and it is now sensibly felt of what Weight the King of *Sardinia* is in the Balance of Power, and consequently, of what Importance he must

have been, if he had been disobliged in the Circumstances of that Treaty, and, at that critical Juncture, united himself with two powerful Armies of our Enemies, which were even long Victorious, tho' he firmly opposed them.

I wish every *Englishman*, who thinks or reflects a Moment, would but cast his Eyes a little backward, and survey what must have been the natural Result of the House of *Austria's* being ruined, while a regular Scheme was on Foot to have invaded this Country more Ways than one; as our Enemies could easily have effected, had not the Impediment to their Affairs in *Italy* put a full Stop to their Career, and obliged them to turn their Arms another Way. If this was not clear as Light I would not urge it; what a Handful of Men did do, is sufficiently to show what they had been capable of doing, if duly supported. Now observe the Result, those Men who laughed at the Treaty of *Worms*, when they came to find out its Rectitude, and how aptly it answered, seemed inclined rather to sacrifice their
own

own Reason, their Honour, and their Country's Interest, than to suffer it to have its due Effect; and to this End began to cry up the Blessings of Peace. The honest Mariners Steady, Steady, was heard no more: The Ship of State was, as the Seamen phrase it, yawed to and fro, when the Helmsman was check'd for his bad Steerage, and the fatal Consequences observed to him; in particular, that it was impossible ever to gain the Haven of Tranquillity and Repose by such wild and inconsistent Steerage. He only furlily replied, A flattering Calm answers my Purpose better than a secure Haven; even rough Weather, and the turbulent Ocean, are not my Enemies, since there I am Helmsman still; but should we get safe into Port, I may be esteemed useles, laid aside, and forgot. If the *Fool* of a Quarter-master still persisted to coun *Steady, Steady*; instead of answering, he complained of the Gripes, and that *Worms* were gnawing out his Bowels; and of a sudden, taking the Advantage of the Quarter-master's having turn'd his Back, the Ship was brought close to the Wind, when, being asked the

Reason of absolutely changing his Course, he bid the Enquirers look out in the Wind's Eye for *Breda*, the Port he intended for; and when he found his Declaration create a universal Murmur thro' the whole Ship's Company, who agreed, one and all, that the Ship would be certainly wrecked on the shelvy Coast of *Holland*, and seemed determined to sign a *Round Robin*, and present it to the Captain: He dextrously prevail'd on one of his own Messmates to hold the Helm, for a Pretence till he got a Dram, who was to throw the Ship again into her right Course, and to answer to the Directions of Steady, Steady. The End of all this seemed to be, that he had got a Factor at *Breda*, whom he knew would consider his Interest, more than that of the Owners; and it was immaterial how the Cargo was sold, so that a few privately leagued together in the same Mess, kept their Posts, and made their Fortunes; but as that was not to be effected against the general Outcry, the best Face was to be put upon the Matter, and the Ship of State played the *Fool* with,

with, until a proper Opportunity presented to attain the Point aimed at.

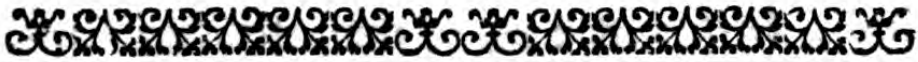
All Figures aside, What is the End of Peace, but a settled Tranquillity and Repose to all Parties indifferently? which is never to be acquired, while a fixed and known Enemy has Power to disturb it. To oppose such an Enemy, is the sole Means of Preservation, if successful; if not, Men do their best, and there is an End of the Dispute. But if they succeed? Is it not a Solecism in Common Sense to leave their Work unfinished? When they have conquered a Danger or Difficulty, to leave it there to rise up in Judgment against them again, and put them to the same Trouble, Hazard, and Charge as before? What Man in his Senses would do this in common Life? Would he pardon a Gang of Robbers, who had several Times robbed, or attempted to rob him? If he did, to what End, but to merit being robbed again? The World would certainly say, that such a Man was mad. How much is he less so in a political Light, who suffers the common Rob-

bers of *Europe* to glory in their Roguery, and triumph in their Wickedness?

If Men would but lay aside a Moment all Kind of Prejudice, the Film would that Instant fall off their Eyes, and they could not help seeing the Necessity of sacrificing every Thing to our future Safety. He is a bad Politician that does not know the Reason why the *French* must be always beat in the Event: He must neither have read, thought, considered, or calculated, that does not know this to a moral Certainty. Their grand Efforts are made at first, and thence forward, if steadily opposed, grow continually weaker; which is the very opposite of almost every other Nation. It follows, that to oppose, is to beat them; and to prevent future Mischief, when down to keep them so, is the true Road to Tranquillity and Repose.

Our Commerce, our Happiness, all that is dear and valuable to us, is now at Stake: It is the dear, the sacred Crisis, the critical Moment, the tender Juncture, wherein Destruction hangs over us like a big Cloud on the one Hand; on the other, where Glo-
ry

ry and Honour, Tranquillity and Prosperity united, court us to their smiling Embrace. *Delenda est Carthago*, is their illustrious Motto; and it rests on ourselves, from this Moment, whether to be happy or miserable.—Who then is that Man who dare to speak for Peace, when the determined Enemy of our Repose is on the Point of being hurried into Oblivion? Will he presume to do this, and acquit himself of being leagued with the common Enemy, and a Fautor of the late Rebellion? Will he, covered under the Sanction of idle Pretences of the Public Service, think thus to carry his Point? No, rather turn all the Thunder on his own Head, and be whirled precipitately into Perdition, there to remain doubly punished by the innate Sting of his own Conscience, and surrounding Furies; and remain in so much a worse State than other Criminals, as that he will not even have a Pretence to command our Pity.



N^o 29. *Tuesday, September 9, 1746.*

IN the common Course of Things, all Mankind are like me playing the *Fool*, though in different Shapes and Appearances ; some to a better Purpose, many to a worse, and some to no Purpose at all. Human Nature is nearly the same in all Persons, and, consequently, the natural Genius of Men much alike, that are without accidental Injuries, and in good Health. The apparent Difference arises only from Conversation, Reading, Manner of Living, and other such-like chance Occurrences, which rather contribute to make another Man, than express the Difference of Understandings naturally subsisting. When a Beau or a Critic reads this, he will possibly be very angry at my Presumption, in putting the Ale-house Boy over the Way on a Parity of Understanding with him. Yet did either him or him but know, out of what seeming pitiful Stuff either of those Characters

acters may presently be made, neither could help reflecting, that in Justice, the Ale-house Boy is only injured by the Comparison. Let us go higher, examine this poor Boy, and you will find his Senses clear, and his Memory perfect; consequently, give him Means and Attention, and you see him an eminent Lawyer, soothing his Clients into Confusion and Discord; a Deputy-Minister of State, or Stock-jobber, laying Schemes to plunder the Public; an Insurer, contriving Ship-News to raise his Price; a Military Man, projecting how to make his Post a *Sine Cure*; a Mathematician, studying for other People; or, a Priest, scheming for a Bishopric, just as he happens to take the Biass. From whence I shall beg Leave to conclude, that this Boy wants not Parts equal to any of those, the most shining in their respective Professions, though Means may never present to give him an Opportunity of making a Figure in either. Men, in what seems immediately to regard themselves, reason from Pride, or Conceit, or both, and are therefore blind to this kind of Argument; hence

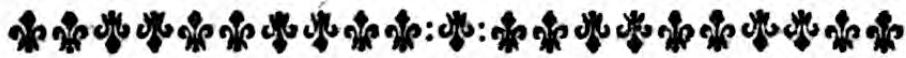
hence they either cannot, or will not conceive, that though *Jack* is a dull Boy, in what that they would have him be wise, yet that he is capable of being very wise in what they do not chuse he should learn. If the wise Men, who had the first Direction of Sir *Isaac Newton's* Studies, mistook his Genius and imposed on him the Study of Poetry; instead of the greatest Mathematician of this or any other Age, we had been damned perhaps with one of the worst Poets that ever breathed, and by our not being capable of entering into his natural Capacity, we should have concluded him a very great Blockhead, when by taking a Turn rightly suited to his Genius, he became an Honour to human Nature, and his Fame will probably live co-equal with Time. When we call a Man dull or heavy, we really mean, though we often don't know it, that he is a wise Man, that his Tongue don't run before his Wit; that he is cautious, regular, and guarded, and that he will understand Things well, before he will presume to think that he understands them; while we rattle-brained *Fools* take every Thing for granted

granted the Instant it strikes the Senses, and run away with it, before we are sure that we have got it, which is generally the Case of all your Men of Fire. But even here the Genius is not bad, it only wants Business enough to employ it, judiciously contrived, to work it down, and bring it to its right Senses; to that Equilibrium of Dullness, which the naturally Dull more readily shine in. Lord *Flame* bullies about at a strange Rate it is true, and talks not only as if he was mad himself, but as if he would make every Body else so that hears him. This young Lord lives too high, which inflames his Spirits beyond a regular Coaction with his natural Understanding; by this Means the Counter-balance plays false, and wants the School of Adversity only to set all right. That once operating to Effect, we should hear no more of all Mankind being *Fools* but himself; his Senses would be duly restored, and he would become a Man. There is my Sister *Jenny* a Lady full of vast Designs, she has all the Riches of the Universe in her Imagination, and all the Benevolence of the most generous Princes in her Heart; she

she never reads a fine Poem, but she immediately determines to send the Author a Thousand Guineas ; in the pleasing Reverie she lives a few Moments, feels for her empty Purse, and in an Instant all the Majesty of her Designs vanishes into Air. To bring this Lady into her right Senses, a Way must be found to separate Fancy from Sense, and the best Means I know to that End, is to oblige her to learn *Euclid's Elements*. You see, gentle Reader, by these Instances, that Nature acts her Part judiciously, and that it is owing to incidental Occurrences only, that all our Fellow-Creatures are not equally wise in outward Appearances, though essentially so in Nature. If the narrow Limits I am prescribed would permit it, I could illustrate this Reasoning by an Infinity of Instances ; but to modest Men, who are not apt to set too great a Value on their own Understandings, I have said enough ; and as to Men of a contrary Turn, if they won't consent to look into themselves, I shall find it difficult to persuade them to inspect into the Nature and Reason of Things. A Man's Understanding, in this Case, is the
ten-

tenderest Thing to touch imaginable; and it is never more sharply touched than when you would persuade him that another Man is as wise as himself. This is too much for human Nature to bear, and it is upon this Principle that Men in Power reason, when they employ their blustering Agents to bully Mankind into a steady Faith, that all Sense is centered in Power, and therefore whenever the *Fool* takes it into his Head to show them their Folly, that he is then a *Fool* indeed.





N^o 30. *Wednesday, September 10, 1746.*

THE following two Letters have been some Time before me : The First is on a Subject which I much wish both Sides would let alone, more especially as it is so odly handled, and since the great Means of Peace amongst ourselves is in the Hands of the Government, and the executive Power operating, as it has a Right to do, by the Nature of our Constitution ; in which Case I doubt not in the least of that being done which is right and just ; and I don't conceive what it signifies to dispute about either the Nature or Reason of Mercy, unless to fill our Papers with such Kind of Argument, as while it answers no End, can in no Sense delight in the Reading ; and therefore I hope the Gentleman, who writes with us, will be content to think, that he has said enough on the Subject.

The Second Letter, if true, has something in the Occasion of its being wrote,
that's

that's extremely weak, mean, and foolish ; and though I don't at all doubt, but we should have been miserable enough if the Rebels had succeeded, yet I see no Right any Man has to behave in private Company with Insolence and Inhumanity, because they are in this Case the Principles of Cowardice and ill Manners. If the honest Man imagines Cruelty to be Wit, or that his Preaching over a Criminal's Liver is a proper Entertainment for plain Men, who come together to be socially gay ; he in the first Place mistakes his own Talent, which is purely Accompts, and taking Care to have Wit enough to cast a true Balance. In the second Place he mistakes human Nature, which is not apt to delight in melancholy Subjects ; if he expects to better his Fortune by it, he reflects a little too severely on his Superiors, who I dare say would rather make him eat it ; and if they do not, as his Principles are Cannibal, I think the Company should put him to that Test of his Loyalty.

S I R,

S I R,

With your Conveniency please to insert what follows.

SINCE my Brother *Fool* has fairly owned in the *Daily Advertiser*, about Ten Days since, that human Judgments cannot be taken as final, or perfect, and complete, I readily agree to leave the Contest between us as it stands to be impartially adjudged by other People: But having been lately inform'd, that the *Jacobites* are extremely busy, under Hand, in stirring up and spreading the very same Spirit, wherewith my Brother seems to be moved, *viz.* To destroy every Rebel condemned by Law without Delay, or suffering any one to escape the Punishment awarded; I desire likewise it may be freely submitted to public Judgment, which of us two has the best Claim to the Character of a loyal, obedient, and loving Subject to King *George*, he that openly commends Lenity to a Prince, as both a Christian and an heroic Virtue, or he who arrogantly takes upon him to proclaim the contrary, by insisting on a strict Execution

tion of the utmost Severity of the Law, as an indispensable Duty on the Civil Power; not at all reflecting, that by our present happy Constitution, it is the King's rightful and unlimited Prerogative, to act by himself on all such Occasions, as best suits with his own generous Good-will and royal Mind, without Contradiction or Controul of any Kind whatsoever; but *Fools* will always be meddling with what don't belong to them.

Mr. *J. Griffith.*

S I R,

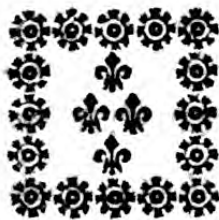
ONE *J——n*, belonging to the *B—k*, disturbs a Company of good honest Cocks every Night, at an Alehouse in *Prince's-Street*, near the *Bank*, by taking out of his Pocket a Piece of one of the *Manchester* Rebels Liver, which he always carries about him to shew his Loyalty, and induce many innocent good-natured People to judge as barbarous and as inhuman as himself. I am to beg of you, good Sir, in the Name of those Gentlemen, who are so greatly offended at the above Behaviour, that
you

you will request of your *Fool* to give him a Lecture on such Proceeding, as it tends to destroy Society, and even Humanity itself. And we flatter ourselves with a Compliance, inasmuch as your *Fool* is the only Person that seems to have an honest Look-out at present after the Good of his Country. *I am,*

S I R,

Your much esteemed Friend, &c.

A Humanist.





N^o 31. *Thursday, September 11, 1746.*

IF human Reason could in any Sense be rendered perfect, our argumentative Faculties would act within a very narrow Compass, and be confined within very close Bounds. But as our Reason is rather given us to answer the necessary Purposes of Life, to distinguish one common Thing from another, and to guard us against the usual Incidents and Accidents, whereto, in the usual Course of Things, our Natures are liable, than to render us, in disputable Matters, clear and decisive; so our argumentative Faculties have neither Bounds nor Certainty, and therefore rather operate by Prejudice than Reason. From hence it happens, that the same *Fool*, that pleases in the City, is condemned at the other End of the Town; and so on the contrary, as the Nature of the Argument happens to fall in with the Taste here or there. The *Fool* can't be in the Right at *George's Coffee-*

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House in the *Hay-market*, or in any of the **Haunts** or **Resorts** of **Courtiers**, or **military Men**, when he intermeddles either with them, or their **Deputy-Master**; because their slavish and self-interested Principles instruct them to think him infallible, at least so long as he favours them. On the other Side, to speak against **Stockjobbing** in some **Quarters** of the **City**, though the Practice is evidently infamous, yet the detecting and exposing it is certainly very foolish. To reflect on **Vices**, public and notorious, is criminal in the **Eyes** of **Multitudes**. To moralise, is presuming to enter on a **Province** that some Men have assumed to themselves; nay, they have read **Books** about it, and therefore must only know it. **Divinity** is the **Business** of a particular Set of **People** by **Law**, and the **Theory** of **Trade** only known to the **Merchant**. **Politics** are the peculiar **Province** of the **Chancellor** of the *Exchequer*; and **Verseification** only understood by the **Poet-Laureat**. To criticise on **Writers**, is properly the **Province** of those who have only studied **Dress**, and indeed it is impossible for any **Body** else to be **Judges**.
The

The Board of Works only understand Architecture, and I, the *Fool*, to talk Nonsense. In this Light, every Man must only reason in his own Province, and herd together as the *Indians* do in their respective Casts. Every Coffee-House must carry the Signature of this or that peculiar Tribe, and common Conversation be banished human Society. But as this would please every Body in one Light, so it would be worse than Death to them in another. No Man will allow another to have any Idea of his Trade, Business, or Employment, but it must be allowed him to know every Body's.

Argument they will tell you is founded on Reason, but generally on no Body's Reason but their own. Modesty, Benevolence, and Condescension has no Share therein; while Pride and Insolence, triumphant and superb, raises a gentle Fall to a big Cascade, and bears down all before it. Thus that beautiful Faculty of the Soul, called *Reason*, which seems intended to elevate human Nature above the Brute Standard, is levelled below it, by Pride, Passion, and Prejudice; and, as *Shakespear* phrases it, *Out*

of this Discord, I trace no Concord; but that, as all Men think those they converse with Fools, I am not the only Fool in Great-Britain.

The late Rebellion has produced a Set of Arguments, that has quite frightened Reason out of its Wits. The first Dispute is, Whether it ought to be deemed a Rebellion, or was only intended as a Revolution. If the giving different Names to the same Thing would alter the Nature of Things, there might be some Argument in this. But who in the Name of Nonsense ever doubted, that this, or any other Rebellion, ever intended any Thing but a Revolution? And therefore how the Intention of a Revolution can in any Sense palliate the Wickedness of a Rebellion, is very difficult to find out; as it is, why a Revolution should be intended, that not Two-thousand out of perhaps Ten-millions seemed to desire; though that Two-thousand, or perhaps not above Two-hundred, could draw, or command, a great Number of innocent People after them. The comparing this intended Revolution with what happened,

on

on the Landing of the Prince of *Orange*, is making the general Sense of the Nation, and not the general Sense, the same Thing; as both, in the respective Cases, were clear and apparent. The Intent of one was to preserve our Laws, Religion, and Rights; of the other, to destroy them; and for a Nation to revolt, in order to be made Slaves, would have been as new, as unheard of. Pretences of another Kind were doubtless made use of in the last Case, but to what End? If Liberty was promised us, since we are in Possession of that, which was not the Case of the People who were to bring us this new Liberty, for they were generally born Slaves, and not enfranchised upon the entering on this ridiculous Scheme. But had that been the Case, and the Act had suited the Intention, it could have amounted to no more, than if, in private Life, a Man had been persuaded to change his Guinea for another Guinea; and there this wise Reasoning ends. If, as some others pretend, they came to cure Bribery and Corruption, they certainly came out of a

L 3

wrong

wrong Corner, both Head and Tail. To bring a Cure for Bribery and Corruption from *Rome* or *Scotland* is quite a new Thought, and something very particular in attempting to effect it by a People wholly necessitous. The Reason of their coming we were perfectly well acquainted with; but, if we had not, they must have concluded us effectually mad to have been biased by such Stuff as this. In the whole it answered, as in the natural Course of Things it must have done; and if the Parties engaged, expected a supernatural Aid, their Reasons could be only known to themselves.

The next Dispute, and at present more general, is, Whether either of the beheaded Lords died Heroes, and which of them the greatest Hero? For my Part I cannot conceive how it's possible to solve this Question to universal Satisfaction, because we are not agreed in the first Principle, and still less in the Motives of Action. It is not agreed, whether Death ought to be feared, or not. The Man that declines a Duel, because

cause it is against the Laws of his Country, is doubtless a Man of Courage ; which is not the Case with him who declines it purely through Fear of the Event. Here both decline, but upon very different Motives : The knowing of the Motives makes the Difference ; when being ignorant of them causes a Similitude. Again, two Men are punished for a Breach of the Law ; one believes a future State, is sensible of the Crime, repents, and fears to die ; the Reason may be, because he may not think his Punishment a sufficient Compensation for his Crime, as to hereafter, and therefore fears with good Reason. The other has nothing about a future State in his Head, has considered the Stroke of Death as little more than the Prick of a Pin, and being without hopes of Reprieve, may easily determine to leave the World unconcerned. In this Light, how shall we do to satisfy Mankind, which was the greatest Hero ? Education, or Habit of Thinking, will, in this Case, make a great Difference in our Opinions ; though I conceive that most People will think,

that there is nothing of Heroism in the Matter.

I am aware, that every Body that meddles with this Subject is sure of being in the Right, and determines arbitrarily upon it ; and yet I believe one may venture to say, without Breach of Modesty, that no Body knows any Thing of the Matter. We can reason truly from nothing but Objects of Sight, and even then may be mistaken. How much more so when we attempt, from the outward Visage only, to reach the secret Recesses of the Heart, the Burnings and Corrodings there. For my Part I conceive Heroism cannot appear by a single, but by a Chain of Actions ; and much less when it is most generally agreed, that a Man, despairing of Life, leaves it seemingly unconcerned, for a bad Cause ; which in the Case before us some may dispute, but they will find it difficult to disprove.



N^o 32. *Wednesday, September 17, 1746.*

ALL Revolutions and Changes in Government are most carefully to be avoided, and are only to be justified by absolute Necessity, when it is impossible for the natural Constitution longer to subsist; and the Justice and Necessity can then only appear by a great Majority of the People engaging in it. In other Cases, when Revolutions happen, they are always for the worse, because founded on self-interested Views, and the Ambition of Parties and particular Men; which was a good deal the Case of that which happened in *Charles the First's* Time, and produced among the People an uncertain and bloody War. The Intention of many who first opposed the Measures of the Court was extremely just; but, as the Situation of Things were capable of being remedied without a Revolution, if self-interested and ambitious Men on both Sides could have suffered their own

private Views to have ceded to the Public Good ; but, as that was not the Case, a Revolution only ensued by Accident, and that begot another, and so on, till the political Changes were quite rung through, Ambition harrassed to Death, every Body attempting, and no Body succeeding, the Stream of Power, after a Variety of Wanderings, returned into its old Channel again, and, after an immense Expence of Blood and Treasure, we fell into our first State, but little mended.

The Revolution, that happened on the Coming in of the Prince of *Orange*, differed essentially from this ; Matters being really in so bad a State, that even the Crown could not support itself with an entire regular standing Army at Command ; which, and the Tranquillity ensuing thereupon, is sufficient Proof, not only that it was necessary and proper, but that a very great Majority of all Ranks and Degrees of People assented to, and united to bring it about. In this Light, No-body can fairly deny the Justice, Necessity, and Reasonableness of that Revolution, without entering

tering into the particular Merits, too diffusive for the Compass of this Paper.

From which slight Remarks, I shall beg Leave to draw this obvious Inference, That all Revolutions attempted in a State, that do not operate to Effect, without Confusion and Bloodshed, are wicked and abominable, are not founded on the Sense of the People, therefore not just. Their Basis is Ambition, created by such Views as can in no Sense coincide with the Nature and End of Government, the Reason of Things, or the Public Good; and, therefore, when attempted, justly deemed wicked, as being immoral, and, consequently, meriting the severest Punishments.

There is a vast Difference between People in Power committing Errors, and laying purposed Schemes to ruin the People, by robbing them of their Rights and natural Liberty; the best Men are not infallible, and the worst would only be thought so. Therefore, when such *Fools* as myself speak or write against People in Power, it is upon a Presumption rather, that they have bad Heads, than bad Hearts; and, there-

fore, would put them on *Fools* Heads to make them wiser. By this we show, that we desire the Public Good pursued in the Hands it is ; not seeking Revolution, but Wisdom, Diligence, and Attention, as Essentials to the Public Good ; hoping, that every Man is able to make the Distinction between Warning People to act as becomes them, and that of Cutting their Throats.

I am obliged to make these Remarks, that I may not be mistaken for one of those *Fools*, who, either from Bigotry to Tenets that have no Foundation in Truth or Sense, or from an Ambition to be great, at the Expence of the Public Welfare and Repose, fall down and worship the Head of an *Italian* Idol, a new *Baal-Peor*, foisted in upon the *Israelites*, which never had Honour in its own Country ; one of the graven Images of our good Friends the *French*, designed by his Holiness the *Pope*, and sold publicly in *London*, with this silly Inscription, whereby is only to be distinguished the Adorers from the Adored. It runs thus :

En

*En tibi me sculptum, si sculptum poscis in
ære,*

Insculpas cordi me precor ipse tuo.

Which I take to be the Work of some foreign Doctor, by the Peculiarity of the *Latin*; the true *English* whereof is, *The Pope made me, the French grav'd me*; and, therefore, *Every Englishman, that loves me, must wear me at his Heart*; and, I think, a wiser Reason for an *Englishman's* Love of an *Italian* Idol could not easily have been given. But what a Pack of *Fools* do these bigotted Foreigners take us poor *Englishmen* for? And what delightful Idea do they give us of the Diligence and Care of our delegated Magistracy, when such Things are suffered to be publicly exposed to Sale; the Fundamentals of our excellent Constitution, and the Honour of our Sovereign, to be laughed at and attacked with Impunity; the Idol of a bigotted and besotted Faction sold at every Print-shop, at a Time when the very People, who adore it, are at the Feet of the Throne, imploring Mercy for having engaged in his pernicious Practices?

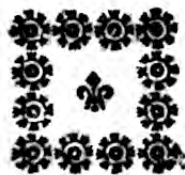
ces? This is what, I dare say, no Age nor Time can equal, and is changing the Beauty of Liberty into the Ugliness of licentious Madnes; as if it was not enough to have laboured for a Scene of Blood and Confusion; but, after being defeated, and at Mercy, flying in the Face of Power, and bidding it open Defiance.

Either there is something at the Bottom of all this more than common Eyes see, or Rage and Despair has rendered these poor Creatures quite blind. The Gentlemen, to whom Power is delegated, may think as slightly of this, and other Matters, a little too common, as they please; but they must excuse us, if we, who love our King and Constitution, have very different Thoughts of the Matter. They may pretend that the *Fool* and his Copatriots are of another Stamp, but the World knows better; and every Day's *Fool* shall evince the contrary, as well as that we really love some People, better than they love themselves; like faithful Watchmen, constantly warning them of approaching Evils, and without expecting the least Returns;
ever

ever wishing them to be more on their Guard, both for their own Sake, and for that of the Constitution, which has been of late too desperately struck at, easily to pass our Remembrance.

The anonymous Letter, that speaks of some Indecencies in Company, and promises future Hints, we don't clearly understand.

The Burlesque Ballad of my Brother *Gubbins* is not approved of, as it not only strikes too directly, but names the Person, which was not the Case of that humorous Ode to Mother *Gunter*. I own the Ballad of Mr. *Gubbins* is prettily wrote, but I would no more encourage a direct Satire on a bad Poet, than I would on a Beggar.





N^o 33. *Friday, September 19, 1746.*

IN these Times of Political Altercation, a Man of my Turn enjoys a Holiday with as high a Relish as e'er a Prentice-Boy or Maid-Servant within the Bills of Mortality. I remember to have observed when at *Chatham*, that the Workmen of the King's Yard chiefly employed their vacant Time from common Labour, in being more than ordinary laborious ; and sweated themselves at certain hard Work, which they called *Play*, in order, as I suppose, to keep their Limbs in Practice ; and that, by labouring hard in what they called *Diversión*, they might make a *Diversión* of what they called *Work*. This is truly the Nature of the *Fool's* Holiday ; my natural Task, and what I esteem Labour, requires not half so much Care and Attention as what I call *Diversión* ; yet, as I esteem it a *Diversión*, I can't honestly call it *Labour*.

My

My Political Labours I more particularly esteem Work, because in them I am eternally plagued with the ungrateful Task of finding Fault with those whom the World usually style my Betters; that is to say, they are who have got more Money by playing the *Fool* than I have, and have reached great Posts, purely because they were not too wise for those who interested themselves in their Advancement. When therefore I retire from politically hammering on these, I usually divert myself by turning my Thoughts on Matters of a more amiable Nature, and labour, by Way of Play, on the Subjects of Love, Mirth, and, if I can reach so far, now and then attempt to be witty; but that only by the Way.

There are two Gentlemen who have given themselves the Trouble of endeavouring to assist me in entertaining the Town To-day: The one seems very conversant in the Purlicus of *Covent-Garden*; which is a Place whereto, when People go on certain Occasions, they usually leave their Heads at Home, as having no Use for that Part of the Body, and, consequently, move about
like

like the Ghosts of executed Criminals. This Gentleman, who, in Imitation of *Horace*, professes himself past the Love of Women, yet keeps the Taint, is, tho' without Abilities, in love with one *Fanny Murray*, who, I suppose by what follows, is a Lady of some Consequence in those Regions. The other I conceive to be a Man, that knows as little of *Covent-Garden* as he does of himself, being at this Season of the Year in love with *Amarinthia*. I confess I know not who this *Amarinthia* is, but if she be a Woman of any Consequence, I wish he would put off his Amour to the ensuing *May*, when the Virgin Heart unfreezes, and Nature leaps for Joy in the Maiden Breast. I beg the Gentleman's Pardon for intruding my Advice upon him; but he will find, that a Winter wisely past in sober Exercises, and good Living, will bring him with improved Grace into the Presence of his dear *Amarinthia*, and double the Pleasures of the ensuing Spring, the only Season in this Climate for making successful Love; wherein I doubt not, as a pretty Fellow, and a Poet, he will be very happy.

The

The first Ode is introduced, as it is presumed, by a second Hand; wherein the Author seems to wish, that Mr. *Tomkins*, who favoured us some Time since with the Ode to *Lyce*, would not forget, that the Town-expects to be further obliged. To which I can only say, that it is Mr. *Tomkin's* own Fault if he does not command this Paper as often as he pleases to write such Odes, with this only Exception, that he must either send them early, or not be peremptory for the next Day. There are some few Words in the following Ode which I suppose to be Technical Terms, peculiar to the Scene of Action; which I remember, Mr. *Addison*, in his Criticisms on *Milton*, seems to think are not quite right in Poetry; however, as I do not understand them, I shall not presume to make any Alterations.

Lib. IV. Od. I. *Intermissa Venus, &c.*

To VENUS.

FOR Love's Sake, dear Venus, assail me
no more,

*My Vigour is gone, tho' my Spirit's the
same;*

*Time was I cou'd buckle to Wh—re after
Wh—re,*

*And still be sharp set, to a Bit of fresh
Game.—*

*Those Days are flown from me, I'm fractious
and old;*

*Too tough to bend under thy wanton Desires;
Hye away to the Frolicksome, Sprightly, and
Bold,*

*And warm some young Bosom more fit for
thy Fires.*

To M——n go; he's a Cock ev'ry Inch—

*And widely will spread thy gay Trophies a-
bout;*

*A Ter-Nocte Blade—never yet known to
flinch—;*

*The foremost at * Hop, Ballum-Rancum or
Rout.*

* Names of modern Assemblies much frequented.

And

*And when, by thy Aid, he has run thro' the
Town,*

*And humbled before him Wives, Widows,
and Maids,*

*In ^a Pattin-Club Junquets, he'll raise thy Re-
nown,*

*Or ^b Ram-Scam Ridotto's in Marybon
Shades.*

*There, mix'd in brisk Dance, shall each gay
sportive Pair*

*Their Raptures wind up to the Height of
Desire ;*

*Then breathless and faint to the dark Walks
repair,*

And quench unmolested their amorous Fire.

*For me, I have done with all Thoughts of
the Sport,*

*Those credulous Hopes shall deceive me no
more—*

The Bottle that pleas'd me no longer I court,

*And hear, without Joy, the loud Revel or
Roar.*

^a So called from a Law, obliging all the Female Members to come in Pattins. ^b A Name for some modern Masquerades.

But

But why^c F--n--y M--r--y these Tears in my
Eyes!

Why wish I to clasp thy dear Form in my
Arms?

What is't that in Silence so shamefully tyes
My Tongue, once so lavish in praise of thy
Charms?

In Dreams I behold thee; each rapturous Night,
With Transport of Pleasure past Utterance,
wooe thee;

But soon thou fly'st from me, and I, in thy Flight,
From^d D--g--s to G--ld--s, or J--hn--s
pursue thee.

To Araminthia:

B Right Summer's past, you say, What then?
Love breathes a lively Warmth within;
Flames in the Spirit of Desire,
And burns with its own native Fire.
What value we the Heat of June,
Or August's Dog-Days sultry Sun?
The Tree undress'd, the banish'd Shade,
The Flowers that droop, the Herbs that fade?
The various Changes of the Year,
What flourishes or disappear?

^c A young Lady in high Vogue. ^d Three Houses
in Covent-Garden frequented by the above young Lady.
While

*While Araminthia's blooming Charms
The Power of Winter's Spite disarms ;
The Form of Nature's lovely still,
Robe it in what Attire you will.
Love, that still waits the genial Call,
Inspires the Soul with Madrigal ;
Makes Night an everlasting Noon,
And turns December into June :
Tho' June should never more appear,
Love makes it Summer all the Year.
What is the rising Storm to me,
The Surges of the angry Sea,
The Tempests that around me beat,
The flying Hail, or piercing Sleet ?
Let low'ring Clouds hang o'er my Head,
The Equinox its Fury spread,
The Oaks uprooted kiss the Ground,
And shatter'd Nature groan around.
I, while in Araminthia's Breast
Lulling the brooding Cares to Rest,
In raptur'd Sweets dispose the Hour,
And all the luscious Joys devour :
Grasp all that's lovely, sweet, and gay,
And revel in eternal May.*



N^o 34. *Saturday, September 20, 1746.*

THERE is a Sort of merry Fate attends us public Scribblers, like the Queen of a public Ball ; we have every envious, every critical Eye upon us. The rudest unbred Country Girl, who had never yet learned to pin her Cap on, or move with any Kind of Air or Delicacy, turns Critic on the Dress and Manner of the fine bred Woman, who shines at the Head of a polite Assembly. Human Nature is the same in every Figure, Shape, and Appearance ; and he must be *Fool* indeed, who can't laugh at the wise Remarks made on his Performances ; especially, when the Work of such Hands, as have not yet been taught to write common *English*. Some few Days since, I received a Satyrical Ballad, on the Works of a Brother Scribbler ; and the Misfortune was, that the Ballad was the worst Poetry and Sense of the Two. This Day, I have received an Epistle regarding

garding myself; which, besides false Spelling, would puzzle one to make Sense of; and therefore suppose it to be the Handywork of either an *Irish* Priest, or a Printseller; whether or which is immaterial, he boldly demands Satisfaction, and has it I hope to his Heart's Content, by my publishing his Epistle *verbatim & literatim*; and have desired our Printer to be scrupulously exact in the Composing of it, as being an Original, both for Nonsense and Impudence.

The second Epistle, hereunder inserted, does me an Honour I know not how I have deserved, and introduces an Account of a new Grace, to be said after letting a *F—t*, as the common Phrase is; a Kind of Burlesque, if I remember right, upon Part of one of King *David's* Psalms; which however they may be contemned by the senseless Merriment of a Brute in his Cups, are a Kind of Writing in the Eastern Way, that Men of Sense know how to set a just Value upon; I shall only beg Leave to remark to this inconsiderate Jester, that it's very dangerous meddling with edged Tools; that the great Being, whom all wise Men

adore, is a very improper Object of Ridicule ; and that I hope the Minister of the Parish will think it his Duty to tell him the rest.

The next Piece I am desired to give the Public, is a Thanksgiving for the Victory at *Culloden* ; which, however late it may appear, is previous to the general Thanksgiving ; is the Performance, I doubt not, of a very warm Heart, and suited to the Capacities of at least Nine Readers out of Ten. Therefore, however wanting in the Beauties and Elegancies of refined Poetry, has in it all the good Qualities of an honest, sober Mind, religiously turn'd, which, on the Eve of the Christian Sabbath, can't help meriting our Approbation.

If the Reader will please to look into *Shakespear's Midsummer's Night's Dream*, he will find this Turn of Thought, tho' on a different Occasion, beautifully delivered in the Person of *Theseus* ; who being told that some, who pretended to act before him, could do nothing of the Kind, he generously replies : The kinder we, to give them Thanks for nothing ; and then to
shew

shew how much the Sentiments of the Heart are to be preferred to digested Speeches, delivered in the Excellency of Language, and ornamented with all the Graces of Oratory, he is made to express himself thus :

*Where I have come great Clerks have purposed
To greet me with premeditated Welcomes ;
Where I have seen them shiver and look pale,
Make Periods in the midst of Sentences,
Throttle their practis'd Accents in their Fears,
And in Conclusion dumbly have broke off,
Not paying me a Welcome. Trust me, Sweet,
Out of this Silence yet I pick'd a Welcome :
And in the Modesty of fearful Duty
I read as much, as from the rattling Tongue
Of saucy and audacious Eloquence.*

In this Light, a little varied, I beg Leave to recommend this short Thanksgiving Piece ; which I am the more desirous to wish well received, as I apprehend it to be the Performance of a good Sort of a religious Lady, warm in her honest Affections for our happy Constitution.

Mr. J. Griffith,

IN your Yesterday's *Fool*, you intimated by the Motto, *In sculpas cordi me*, &c. as if that Gentleman was the Pretender, or some other Papist, whereas it is well known to great Part of the Nobility, and may say the whole Court, as well as Hunderts of creditable Tratemens and Shopcepers, that that Gentleman of whom you speak was a Dann by Birth, and concequantly a firm Protestant. The Ocasion of that Picture being sold in the Printshops is to mutch for me at present to relate, only it is my Opinion, as you have impos'd on the Town, and thereby inyured a Gentleman who is realy a Gentleman (to the full Extent and Meaning of the World) you ought to make a proper Satisfaction, as well as publish this. Excuse Hast.

Yours,

Sept. 18, 1746.

Love Truth.

Mr.

Mr. Printer,

I Find that your *Fool's* Remarks mend People's Morals as well as Manners; and that Consideration, backed by the Importunities of several Gentlemen, compel me to acquaint you, that one *William H—ns*, belonging to the *Custom-house*, disturbs us in a Degree not to be borne, we think, in a Christian Country. He cannot be contented with talking of the Divinity, &c. of our Lord and Saviour in the most profligate and unchristian Manner, but must needs mock at the very Being of our Creator in the following Manner: Whenever he breaks Wind downward (which by the way is very often) his constant Practice is to slap the Table with his Hand, and say, Let every Thing that hath Breath praise the Lord. The Man is an Incurable; all gentle Rebukes are lost upon him. There are some Christian Gentlemen who use Three different Houses where this troublesome Man comes often, but they are in Hopes, from one of your *Fool's* Lectures, to be delivered, with many others, from as

great a Misfortune as any that can happen
in a Christian Country. I remain, in the
Name of the rest,

Your constant Reader, &c.

A Christian.

N. B. This is a Fact beyond Contra-
diction; and on the Publication of this,
with Remarks, you shall have our grateful
Acknowledgments.

Thanksgiving for the Victory of Culloden.

Britons rejoice, the Lord is King,
The Lord of Hosts and Nations sing;
Whose Arm hath now your Foes o'erthrown,
Ascribe the Praise to God alone;
The Giver of Success proclaim,
And shout your Thanks in Jesus Name!

'Twas not a feeble Arm of ours,
That chas'd the fierce invading Powers;
Jehovah turn'd the Scale of Fight,
Jehovah quell'd their boasted Might,
And knapp'd their Spears, and broke their
Swords,
And shew'd—The Battle is the Lord's!

He

*He beckon'd to the Ruffian Band,
And bid them march thro' half the Land!
The Ruffian Band their Banner spread,
With Rome and Satan at their Head,
But stopp'd by his Almighty Breath,
Rush'd back,——into the Arms of Death!*

*Thou, Lord alone, hast laid them low,
In Pieces dash'd th' insulting Foe;
Thy Breath, which did their Fury raise,
Hath quench'd at once the sudden Blaze;
Destroy'd the Weapons of thine Ire,
And cast the Rods into the Fire.*

*O that we all might see the Hand
That still protects a guilty Land;
Glory and Might ascribe to Thee,
Who giv'st to Kings the Victory,
And yield (while yet thy Spirit strives)
And thank thee with our Hearts and Lives.*

*O that we might to God rejoice,
And tremble at thy Mercy's Voice,
Nor fondly dream the Danger past,
While yet our own Rebellions last!
O that our Wars with Heaven might cease,
And all confess the Prince of Peace!*

*Or if, before the Scourge return,
The thankless Croud disdains to mourn;
Yet, Lord, with reverential Joy,
We vow for thee our Lives to employ,
And bless thee for the kind Reprieve,
And to our Saviour's Glory live.*

*Long as thou lengthen'st out our Days,
We live to testify thy Grace;
Secure beneath thy Mercy's Wings,
We triumph in the King of Kings;
The Giver of Success proclaim,
And shout our Thanks in Jesus Name.*





N^o 35. *Wednesday, September 24, 1746.*

THE Absence of regular Accounts from Abroad has in some Measure lulled our political Lucubrations asleep; but the *Fool*, who is ever watchful over the Public Welfare, if he wants Matter wherewith to inform the good People of *England* of what concerns their Interest, is never at a Loss for something wherewith to divert or amuse them; wherein he has good Reason to thank his ingenious Correspondents for their kind Assistance. The first he is obliged to take Notice of is an Epistle from his Sister *Jenny*, who demands Precedence both in Point of Complaisance as a Lady, and as being an Honour to her Family, which appears by her singular Manner of Address:

My dear Brother,

THE inclosed is the Performance of some Body; and when published by you, may be any Body's. It is an Invita-

M 5

tion

tion to the Goddess we all adore; though some of your Sex, under the Disguise of Gravity, and ours, under that of Prudery, are pleas'd, like another Kind of Atheists, to affect a Contempt of what they at once both delight in and fear. My natural Benevolence inclines me to contribute every Thing in my Power to please them in spite of Appearances; for which Reason I send you this, and am your loving Sister,

Jenny La Fool.

An Invitation to Venus.

*Come, Venus, come to make us blest,
 Mine, and my Chloe's welcome Guest.
 What tho' thy Cyprus should repine,
 While on our happy Isle you shine:
 Our happy Isle shall grateful prove,
 And rising Incense thank your Love.
 Worship and Incense here receive,
 And what has Cyprus more to give?
 With thee bid haste the am'rous Boy,
 And with him each attendant Joy.
 Youth, and her thousand Charms that lie,
 In dimpled Cheek, and laughing Eye.*

Wit,

*Wit, which the Power of Beauty moves,
And Beauty, which true Wit approves;
Bid each by turns our Bosoms warm,
Without thee, impotent to charm.
We'll make (if with this Train you come)
Of Chloe's House, the Graces Home.*

The next is an Epistle and a Ballad from my Brother *Gubbins*, which I refused publishing some Time since, because then the Person aimed at was named; but that being now avoided, appears to answer for itself to the Public.

S I R,

I Can by no Means agree with you, that a bad Poet and a Beggar are equal Objects of Satire. Their frequent Similarity in one Circumstance has probably made you blend them in others, where they ought to be distinguished. The Beggar, considered as really indigent and helpless, is certainly an Object of Compassion and Relief; but a bad Poet, as a Poetaster, is undoubtedly a very proper Subject of Ridicule, if not Contempt. *Qui Bavium non odit amet tua*

carmina Mævi. Besides, there is no real ill Nature in a Satire that deters a Man from Attempts he is visibly unequal to ; which, at the same Time that it suggests a more suitable Pursuit to himself, may relieve the Public from the disagreeable Effects of his *Cacoethes.*

I have no doubt but Loyalty was a very leading Impulse to a late Ode, that has been superabundantly published, &c. but as the Performance has fallen disgracefully below the great Subject, my equal Loyalty prompts me to prevent any small Bardlings from dishonouring any future glorious Event, which, like *Culloden*, may really require some very able Hand. Rags and Tatters of Fustian and Rhyme compose a most unsuitable Drapery for that very signal Conquest and Deliverance. The due Consideration of a short Sentence in *Horace* might greatly contribute to the public Tranquillity, and prevent the still farther Depression of Poetry : *Mediocribus esse poetis non dii, non homines, non concessere columnæ.* This has ever prevented me
from

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from aspiring above the Strain of a Ballad;
who am,

S I R,

George's, Temple-
Bar, Sept. 20,
1746.

Your constant Reader,

and humble Servant;

Bob. Gubbins.

P. S. If you are just to yourself and your
Correspondents, you will print this early
in the Week; if you do not, pray return
it sealed and directed for a *AB* at the Bar
of the Coffee-House.

A Ballad on a late Ode:

DE *AR* scribbling Rhymer, lack a-day,
Your Friends bewail the Folly,
That you shou'd ape a Lyric Lay,
And turn a Foil to Colly.

*They own how'er the Fancy's new,
Of an historic Ode;
And fear your deep-learn'd Muse may brew
An Epic on a Toad.*

Your
—

*Your Loyalty must mean to praise,
 But oh you've spawn'd a Farce,
 That bids old Pindar mend his Lays,
 And Horace kiss your A—se.*

*Alas we see, and eke we hear,
 That no Convenience springs,
 Pure and unmix'd, but in the Rear
 Some Inconvenience brings.*

*Thus Culloden that cur'd each Ake,
 And set our Hearts a Ringing,
 Has made you wretchedly mistake,
 Your Whistling for your Singing.*

*Toil glorious William, Peace secure,
 We beg you'll spare your Writing;
 For, entre nous, such Odes are poor
 Encouragement for Fighting.*

*Shou'd Fame exert her Trump so shrill
 For Vict'ry after long Quest,
 Some Poetasters mangling Quill
 Wou'd murder Joy and Conquest.*

*Nature, the Sage in Nature say,
 Has fitted each for somewhat,
 Wou'd each pursue the obvious Way,
 And tend where they might come at.*

CHO-

C H O R U S.

*Then cease to rhyme in Nature's spite,
 Nor dose us with your Poppies ;
 To Kings, of Heroes, cease to write,
 Cry, if your Jade should itch a Bite,
 And write, as whilom, Copies.
 Da Capo. Then cease to rhyme, &c.*

The last is from a Gentleman, who does us the Honour to claim a Relationship to our Family ; which being very large, we can't well acknowledge, until they address themselves to our Acquaintance ; but when they do, are very glad to know them, and exhibit their Works in the best Manner we are able to the Public ; in delighting of whom all our Pleasure centers.

S I R,

AS the Town, by Means of your Paper, has lately been obliged with some Odes of *Horace*, imitated in *English*, not without some Success ; I have ventured to send you a *Latin* Ode, in Imitation of the Style of the same Author. I confess it seems a very bold Undertaking to attempt

attempt to write after that great Master of the *Roman Lyric*, in his own Language; but as I can shroud myself in your Paper, under the the Sanction of the Name of *Fool* (a Term I cannot mention without great Respect) I shall readily offer it to the Public, if you think fit, without any farther Prelude, but that I am,

S I R,

Your very humble Servant,

Stulticola.

Ad P H Y L L I D A :

Ode Sapphica.

*Quid meum mendax animum fatigas,
Phylli, tam vanis variisque curis?
Quid mihi rursus, modò quod negasti,
 Porrigis ultro?
Te rogo supplex; fugis insequentem.
Cedo depulsus; revocas euntem.
Ducis, & spernis, studiumque mutas
 Semper in horas.*

Palladis.

Palladis si vis comes esse castæ,

Mitte cum Nato Venerem jocosò.

Si capit molles Cytheræa sensus,

Lingue Minervam.

Moribus sanctis habeas amicum.

Dulcibus furtis teneas amantem.

Tu simul poscis, malesana, amari, ac

Castà videri.

Callidam dum te nimis esse censes,

Teque delectat dare verba amanti;

Omnibus fies, mibi crede, stultis

Stultior una.

Gaudium optatum solitam negare

Indicet blando quis amore dignam?

Quæ peti mæchis studet, hanc putabit

Nemo pudicam.

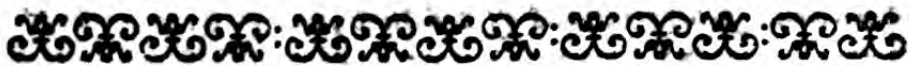
Est honor vitæ pretium severæ.

Est amor merces facili puellæ.

Tu parum prudens, quod utrumque captas,

Perdis utrumque.

Stulticola.



N^o 36. *Friday, September 26, 1746.*

THERE is something so extremely pleasant in the Idea of Peace, that I don't at all wonder that, like every other lovely Image, it impresses itself on the Mind, without any other Meaning but what is purely ideal ; like Love in the Conversation of us old Men, we rather taste the Passion than enjoy it. Peace solidly founded is certainly an essential Good ; but when we have the Name only, without the Thing, founded as *Shakespear* phrases it, *On the baseless Fabric of a Vision*, it becomes a something we know not a Term for. There are a few People whom this imaginary Thing, now in Agitation, may be of Service to, while the Body of the Nation must necessarily be Strangers to its good Effects ; but happy if not acquainted with its fatal Consequences. Some People in Power may survive their present delicate Situation ; some Stockjobbers improve their late dishonest

honest Gains; and some of my Brother Scribblers pick up a few Pence, by writing Odes and Panegyrics; but as to the trading and industrious Part of the Nation, they will only have the Pain to see their Ships pirated upon by a foul dealing Enemy, instead of being neglected by those who should protect them, and captured in open War; not dreaming, that those who sacrifice our Interests in a flourishing War, will ever be either able or willing to protect us during the short Interval of an imaginary Peace. The Tables are odly turned upon us, and we are now become more afraid of the growing Greatness of our Friends, than of our Enemies; of the Houses of *Austria* and *Sardinia*, than of *France*. We cede, because we conquer; and hurry headlong into a Peace, because of a successful War. There is no Comparison in the Balance, between what has been acquired by the Allies in this War, and what by *France*. In the Captures of Shipping, while any Thing of that Kind was judiciously attended to; in the Acquisition of *Cape Breton*, of the State
of

of *Genoa*, and in fine of all *Italy*. The Shipping taken have amounted to at least five Millions Sterling on a Balance. *Cape Breton* is, I conceive, worth twenty Millions; and never cost the *French* less than five Millions to settle and fortify. I believe twenty Millions will not pay the Expence of *France* and *Spain* in *Italy*, which at length they are shamefully drove out of, with, at least, the Loss of 60,000 Men; the Acquisition of the State of *Genoa* will amply repay the Expences of the War on that Side, suppose it be given up again. Our Allies are now entering the weakest and finest Provinces belonging to the Crown of *France*; our Fleet is without a Rival at Sea, and our Army in *Flanders* a Match for the *French*, as recent Instances have shewn, that the *Dutch* can fight as well as other People, nay, beat the *French* at almost any Odds.

How much *Flanders* may be worth to the *French*, suppose they could maintain their present Acquisitions, is very difficult to say. That they are more likely to be beat out again, than to beat the Allies out of
Italy,

Italy, is very obvious; but was it equal in both Cases, I conceive *Italy* to be worth as much to the Allies, as *Flanders* to the *French*. From all these Things considered in due Order, nothing can be clearer, than either the Necessity of continuing the War with Vigour, or of making such a Peace as may put it out of the Power of both *France* and *Spain*, either to pirate upon us again, or disturb the Repose of *Europe* more. But as the *French* are not low enough for that, nor *Spain*, as we can discover, in a Humour to quit the Alliance; so neither can a Peace be effected to the public Wish, until such be the Case. To what End then are we negotiating? I hope not to backward and dispirit our Allies; to throw the Nation into a State of Doubt and Fear; or to weaken and disable the great End of our Pursuits; or to dissolve our Vigour, by Tampering and Incertitude. I would not imagine any such Design; but cannot help fearing the same Consequences, though the true Causes may be obscured from our View. I confess that any Scheme for a good Peace, in the present State of Things,

Things, is much too mysterious for my poor Comprehension ; it is hid, like the Ways of Heaven, from common Eyes, and to be cleared up by nothing less than a Revelation ; I mean, exclusive of sordid Prospects. I can see Reasons enough in them for twenty Peaces, such as they must prove, but not one for a happy lasting Tranquillity ; for the Honour of the Nation, the Interest of *Europe*, or the Good of the Public.

The Letter, signed *Simon Pure*, shall be inserted when we attend again to such Things, if the Author, on due Recollection, desires it.

The Letter signed *Porcupine*, under the Veil of Religion, exhibits some Reflections, not suited to the Genius of this Paper.

The Epistle from *White's* is hereunder inserted, because it is judiciously short, and that the Public may help me to explain what it means.

Mr.

Mr. *Fool*,

I Find you have placed in the Title of your Paper, *A vigorous War: Or, glorious Peace.* If you are not something, I shall not name, in the Disguise of a *Fool*, you will place after it these Words:

*When Fools direct, canst either, thou
Fool! expect?*

You may perhaps be excused, if you insert this short Epistle in the Body of your Paper. I am yours, conditionally,

White's, Sept. 23.

No Fool.





N^o 37. *Monday, September 29, 1746.*

WHEN the grand Monarch, the superb Ruler of our tame Neighbours the *French*, marches into the Field, in Order to make a Campaign, his good Subjects, being pre-assured of his returning Victorious, not only prepare triumphal Arches, with all their attendant flattering gewgaws and Trumpery, but Odes and Panegyrics are framed and moulded to the Nature of a future Victory.

As the gay fluttering World are very accurate in the imitating of the *French* in their Dress and Manners, so the little Poetic Scribes follow them in their slavish Pursuits; while the plain World stands gazing a-loof, wondering and admiring from whence these mungrel Specie of *English Frenchmen* sprung. These particular headed Beings, like Languages translated, rather imitate, than equal, the Fountain from whence they flow; and the Scribes are usually

usually as defective in the Choice of their Hero, as the Beaus in Air and Elegance ; which will sufficiently appear by the following Scene, which lately presented itself before me.

In the Course of my Rambles, I tumbled the other Day into the *Pegasus* in *Grub-Street* (a Region not less famous for Rhime and Jingle, though more anciently known for those Particulars, than *St. John's Gate*, where I may say, perhaps not without a Pun, that Wit, in Epigram, triumphs over half the Town) there found a Company of Poetasters assembled together in the Nook of a public Room, reverently attended to by the surrounding Mob ; whose Noise and Clamour first commanded my Entrance, and then my particular Notice. One of *Apollo's* lesser Favourites, it seems, had been hammering out an Ode on the ensuing Peace, and was scheming for the Approbation of his polite Audience. On my entering, he was repeating the following Line :

And the Great S——h be the leading God.

One of the rough Gentry here stopt him short,

and told him, that, tho' he was not a Poet, yet to make a Lord a God he conceiv'd to be Blasphemy; and therefore that Mr. Poet ought to be drawn thro' a Horse-Pond, whereto the Company generally assented; when one other of the Bastard Sons of the Sun jump'd upon the Table, and demanding Silence, said, or seem'd to say:

‘ *Gentlemen and Ladies*, There is a certain
 ‘ Licence, whereto we, who are the Emanations of *Phæbus*, are peculiarly entituled;
 ‘ and whereby we are authoris'd, if we
 ‘ please, to make Gods and Goddeses of
 ‘ you all, but must own, have not Power
 ‘ to be guilty of Absurdities; and therefore,
 ‘ tho' I must vindicate my Brother in the
 ‘ first Case, I can't help condemning him
 ‘ in another. He might have made his
 ‘ Lord a God, but to make his Hero the
 ‘ leading God, in this Case, is absurd; since
 ‘ he neither leads nor drives, but is drawn
 ‘ into *Holland* by an artificial *French* political
 ‘ Magnet, compounded of *Gallic* Brains;
 ‘ and has the same Effect upon Brass, that
 ‘ other Magnets have upon Iron, symphatically drawing all Similarities to itself,
 ‘ if

‘ if the weaker Bodies ; therefore this Line
‘ should be,

And the great S——h be the attending God.

Whereupon the first Ode-Maker starting up, somewhat terrified, in a faint and mournful Voice, repeated, from *Virgil's* Second Eclogue,

O crudelis Alexi, nihil mea carmina curas, &c.

As the Company did not understand the Meaning of this, they supposed he had nothing material to say for himself, and thereupon unanimously bawled out for the Poet upon the Table to make an Ode ; whereat a Spark of Triumph flashing from his ruby Countenance, he drew a Paper from forth his Tobacco Pouch ; at the same Time informing them, that he had one ready cook'd, if they would do him the Honour to hear it ; which being assented to, Silence proclaim'd, he enter'd upon the Subject thus :

*Hail mighty P——m, Surry's glorious Chief,
Born for the Nation's Aid, the Court's Relief ;
Thou, who can'st bid contending Thunder cease,
And with a Nod command eternal Peace ;*

*Calm universal Uproar, bid the Sea
Gently subside into Tranquillity.*

*Make C---e a Hero, gallant M---n fight,
And by the Rule of Wrong set all Things right ;
Swift flying Armies into high Vogue bring,
And Dutch Stockjobbers Hallelujah sing.
To thee, we Britons, hence shall Altars raise,
Chant in immortal Elegies thy Praise ;
Our great Apollo ever more shall be,
And tune our Harps to none but B---ke and thee.
Sing, Heavenly Muse;*

No Heavenly Muse, no Heavenly Muse,
squeaks out a good old Woman, let's put
it in the News, put it in the News. All,
put it in the News. When the Poet thus :
Silence, I pray ye, Gentlemen and Ladies,
Sons and Daughters of *Juno, Venus, Vulcan,*
Mars, Bacchus, Apollo, Virorum : Irradiated
Resemblances of the Morning Star ; Poets
and Poetesses ; Porters, Carmen, Taylors,
Coblers, and Bunters ; Bowsing Companions
and Loving Sisters, Droll Merry Lads and
Hearts of Gold ; once more attend.

*Sing Heavenly Muse, the News that S---h brings,
In spiral Triumph to the Ears of Kings.*

Omnes,

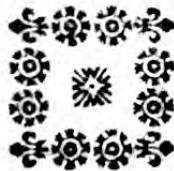
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Omnes, No Heavenly Muse, no Heavenly Muse; put it in the News, put it in the News; Well, then, pray hear me,

*Sing, Muse Celestial, from thy Starry Domes,
While with the Olive-Branch great S—h comes:
He in one Hand brings Peace, and in the other
Something so like, as if it were its Brother.
To Surry's Godhead kneels; while the rough
Crowd*

*In Io Pæans sing his Praises loud.
The vaulted Roofs reverberate the Sound,
And nought is heard but heavenly Music round;
The Gods and Goddesses come tumbling down
From every Sky-light, Cock-loft, of the Town:
A Band so numerous, that I scarce could tell 'em,
To sing the Praise of S—h and of P—m.*

Huzza, Huzza, Huzza. Exeunt omnes.





N^o 38. *Wednesday, October 1, 1746.*

PEACE is the Wish of every honest Mind, and so is Wealth too; the first, well establish'd, naturally contributes to procure the last: But, what Commercial Man ever made himself Creditor in his Books for a Million hid in the Bowels of the Mountains of *Potosi*? And yet the doing so is full as just, as to flatter one's self with the salutary Effects of a Peace, embroil'd in the Brains, and brooding in the Imaginations, of our present pacific Negotiators; who, wanting a Basis to build upon, are giving us the Word for the Thing, a Phantom for the Substance, a Cloud for *Juno*.

A Peace supposes all Things to be so adjusted between Nation and Nation, as that there may be no probable Danger of any future Disputes; which can never be the Case, while contending Powers are so respectively circumstanced, as to reciprocally
 envy

envy each other the Benefits naturally resulting from an establish'd judicious Peace.

To consider this in common Life; a Law Suit is a kind of War between private People; if this is reduced into a Peace, on Principles which leave the Matter in Dispute open to future Litigation, I doubt not but every wise Man will hold, that the Law Suit had best gone forward, until one of the Contenders became absolutely victorious; and then, the other being obliged to be content, a settled Peace follows of Course.

A Farmer, whose Lands lie exposed to be trespassed upon by Cattle, and fences it only by a slight Hedge, which the Beasts can easily break through, is at once losing both his Time and Expence; and so in a good Measure is the Landlord, who expends Money in the Repairs of a very old House. The Time, the Money, the Sense, and the Reason of Things, vanish together; and such kind of Men make that the great Business of their Lives, which, judiciously managed, they would see effected in the narrowest Compass imaginable.

The old *Romans* were extremely well policied in this Particular. That *Gallic* Cunning, that Turn for Brigue and Chicanery, which has now diffused itself all over *Europe*, and not a little infected this Nation, was by them most justly contemn'd, as suited only to the Genius of little Minds; that, by playing Tricks with the natural Understanding, painted it over with silly Glosses and Refinery. Their Conquests were always push'd to an ample Conclusion; the being beat again, and again, only added Force to their Resolutions; they entered into this or that War on fixed Principles, and never dreamt of receding, or of submitting to any Terms, but such as ended it with Honour, and render'd it morally certain, that Peace would be secure and lasting so long as the Virtue of the State subsisted.

In the Dispute between *Rome* and *Carthage*, which is a Parallel very near our own Case at present, they saw evidently enough, on *Hanibal's* entering *Italy*, that they must either effectually ruin that State, or be eternally plagued with an Enemy
at

at their Doors, they were not sure to be always prepar'd for : And rightly sensible, that to live in perpetual Alarms was worse than even Death itself, most justly concluded, that to try the Fate of War, in its utmost Force and Efficacy, was the true Means one Day to enjoy the Happiness of a settled Tranquillity.

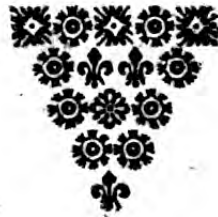
Success is certainly not always the Consequence of right Judgment ; rash Actions have sometimes procur'd it ; but when we see Judgment and Success naturally follow one another, and the Precedent strikes us with almost infallible Certainty ; to deviate therefrom, by idly falling into Trick and Chicanery, and supporting ourselves on the Credit of temporary Expedients, is surely not the Road to that establish'd Repose every honest Man must wish to be ; consequently, of an expensive War, wherein the very Constitution itself has been at Stake, and the Dissolution of our Laws and Liberties brigued and fought for.

We entered into this War, under numberless Disadvantages ; the Enemy in the

Heart of *Germany*, *Italy*, and *Scotland*, at different Times; our Credit wavering, and the Fate of Things uncertain: We were held in a precarious Balance, and the Juncture so nice and delicate, that no human Foresight could imagine the happy Turn which Affairs have taken. We had many Chances against us, had only the Queen of *Hungary*, and ourselves, strictly engaged, while against us *France*, some of the most potent Princes of the Empire, and *Spain*, uncertain how any of the *Northern* Courts stood affected, and the *Dutch* not to be depended upon, so that we had nothing but the Chance of the Treaty of *Worms*, and Resolution, to conquer these seeming insurmountable Difficulties. That Treaty was happily executed; and that being as happily followed by the Treaty of *Dresden*, we, of a sudden, found the whole Face of Affairs chang'd, and now have the Pleasure of seeing *France* once more act on the Defensive. However, we are as yet but on the Road to Glory, and, consequently, in no Condition to command such a Peace, as the Nature and Necessity of our Situation require

requires; nor, by a Parity of Reasoning, can any such be obtained. The *French* are in a fair Way to Destruction, but not ruin'd; they have still powerful Armies on Foot, and we must either destroy them, or live in perpetual Fears and Alarms. A nominal Peace we may possibly have, but a real One is not to be expected. In this Light, all Negotiating is idle and trifling, can do no Good but, by creating of Fears and Jealousies among our Allies, ruin the happy Effects of our late Successes, and reduce us at last to be a Province of *France*. If we can't beat the *French*, we can't cheat them; they are much too hard for us at Chicane, and I hope always will be so; it is a Pitifulness of little Minds, which *Britons* should be ashamed to attend to. Our Road is as plain as that of the old *Romans* was; our Business is to pursue it; we must conquer or fall; which may happen, is hid in the Womb of Fate; the Way is fair before us, the Prospect promising: We cannot command Success, but we may deserve it; we are morally sure by a Peace at present to be undone,

all Circumstances foretell it ; by continuing the War, the highest Probability of Success ; which happening, and a right Use made thereof, our Power, Happiness, and Safety, is establish'd to us for Ages.





N^o 39. *Friday, October 3, 1746.*

To the F O O L,

S I R,

IT seems not over-wise to desire a *Fool* to take the Stage under his Direction; but, unless Somebody does, the Town will be made a Fool of, and our public Diversions at last be only fit for Fools.

Every Body knows the Cast of Parts is the Manager's Province: If he does not know how to cast them, he is a Fool, and unfit for his Business. If he does know how, and yet casts them wrong, he is accountable to the Town; and the Town is a Fool if it does not call him to Account for it.

All depends upon the Cast of Parts. Every Actor is not fit for every Part; but every Actor has something in him, by which a judicious Manager can discern what he is most fit for. It is almost a Shame to be obliged

obliged to say, there such Actor should be employed ; but such Actor is not always there employed, and therefore it must be said.

I was the other Night at the Representation of *Sir Courtly Nice*, a Play almost made up of contrasted Characters, formed purposely, by Opposition, to shew each other ; a Play, whose Merit depends on the Merit of the Actors ; a Play, in a Word, that has scarce any Merit, but what the Actor gives it.

In what I am going to observe, I do not mean to say, that the Actors in this Play are bad Actors : On the contrary, they have shewn themselves to be good Actors (good as Actors go now) in other Parts ; but I say, the Play is horridly cast ; and, if it could not in that Company be cast better, it should not be acted at all by that Company.

I go no further back than the present Time : Let any Body, that saw Mr. *Woodward* and Mr. *Hippisley* last Winter in the Characters of *Hothead* and *Testimony*, say, if they could perceive the least Vein of
Humour

Humour last Night ; and yet Mr. S. and Mr. T. have shewn themselves very good Actors in other Parts. Mr. *Chapman* made an excellent *Crack*, struck out the Humour designed. Mr. Y. made nothing of it ; Mr. Y. has Humour notwithstanding, but not that particular Species that is in *Crack*. Lord *Belguard's* Sister is a Character that requires scarce any Thing but a Figure : Besides the Playing of a Fop in an easy, unaffected, genteel Manner, what is there in it ? Who then would have dream'd of seeing Mrs. *Woffington* in the Pit, when she should have been upon the Stage ?

But how could this Play have been better cast ? I answer first, if it could not, it should not have been acted at all ; but it might have been better cast, tho' not well cast.

Mr. Y. would have made a better *Hothead* than Mr. S. and this latter a better *Testimony* than Mr. T——. But where find a *Crack* ? I confess I am under the Circumstance of not knowing very well. But still it would have been better to have lost a little of the *Crack* we had in another
Actor,

Actor, than to have totally lost *Hothead* and *Testimony*, as was the Case in these.

I love Plays, and would have them as well acted as the Companies we now have can act them; and think Observations now and then on the Casts of Plays the likeliest Method to produce that End: I would not hurt any Actor in getting his Bread; but I do not think saying an Actor is improperly cast into a Part, is hurting him in his Bread.

I am, S I R,

Yours, &c.

Mr. FOOL,

YOUR giving a Place in your Paper to the under-written, will, amongst many of your Name, oblige your loving Cousin,

Tom Dingle.

The D I L E M M A.

*Immers'd in e'ery baneful Vice,
Fraser prepares to meet his Doom,
Bewilder'd in the doubtful Choice,
Of Saint or Hero, on his Tomb.
Lo here! Confessor Fraser stands,
All trembling for the guilty Soul,
And gives, with supplicating Hands,
The cordial canonizing Bowl.*

There

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*There F—d, unlearn'd in Christian Laws,
Bids him the fatal Stroke defy;
Nor shame the still surviving Cause,
But, Hero like, be damn'd and die.*

The *Ingenious Considerations on Trade* must necessarily be divided into Parts, as being too long for one Essay; but all imaginable Care shall be taken to break off at proper Periods, and to give as much Room to each, as the Space in our Paper can possibly admit.



N^o 40.



N^o 40. *Saturday, October 4, 1746.*

A FOOL has much the Advantage over every other Character, in this, that, altho' he is destitute of natural Relations, he wants not those which are spiritual in Abundance, such as, by a Similarity of Thinking, are connected in Fancy, and are spread in great Abundance over the Face of the whole Globe, who claim me as their Brother, Kinsman, or Husband. There is a little Lady, not yet Fourteen, who does me the Honour to treat me as her Spouse, and is one of the most eminent Critics and Thief-Catchers this, or perhaps any other Age has produced. She may be mistaken, as many Critics are, but as seldom, as most of her Age : A Poet rarely makes his public Appearance, but her little Hands are immediately at work, noting his Thefts and Defects. She executes this so prettily, that you would wonder where its young Head got all its Reading. I have often fancied that
her

her Father was Keeper of the *Cottonian* Library, and begot her upon a Bundle of antique poetical Manuscripts, as a certain eminent Prebendary did a young Divine upon *P——b* Church Bible; but find, upon Enquiry, that she has a Mamma, and some other Female Acquaintance, almost as great Readers and Critics as herself; and, being more experienced, guard themselves against the incensed Author's Fury, by making a Screen of my little Wife; which is neither using her, nor me, as becomes them. However, as she is bound in Duty, so am I in Complaisance, to submit, and bear the Burthen between us as well as we can.

I wonder not at this young Lady's Mind being so turn'd, when the favourite Taste is Criticism; which has unfortunately tainted the Minds of the Religious and Sober, or of some who cover themselves under such Appearance, whom I have no Right to question. A Person who has honour'd himself with the Name of *Simon Pure*, and who writes the following Epistle, is the First of this Rank of Critics, and quarrels

quarrels with me chiefly for not understanding the Signification of Words; but how far he has succeeded, must be left to the Judgment of the Public, on the Reading of his Epistle, and my Reply, which finishes the Folly of To-day; and have only left to inform the Public, that the Poetry, referred to, is found in *Fool* the 33d, being a Burlesque Ode, after the Manner of one previously addressed to *Mother Gunter*.

F R I E N D,

September 19.

THOU art a Fool, — Thou callest thyself so; — Thou lyest, and the Truth is not in thee; and yet thou mayest be a Fool too, tho' thou knowest it not. Verily, Friend, I will detect thee.

Thou hast given us two Pieces of Poetry To-day, the one wrote, say'st thou, by a Gentleman, 'Who seemeth very conversant in the *Purlieus* of *Covent-Garden*,' — which 'thou describest thus: — 'A Place whereto, 'when People go on certain Occasions, 'they usually leave their Heads at Home, 'as having no Use for that Part of the
'Body.'

‘Body.’—Verily, this favoureth of Knowledge, yea, of experimental Knowledge.—I wish some Body else be not more conversant than that Gentleman in these *Purlieus*.

Thou proceedest in thy Folly, tho’ thou see’st it not. *This Gentleman* (say’st thou) *who, in Imitation of Horace, professes himself past the Love of Woman, and yet keeps the Taint, is, tho’ without Abilities, in love with one Fanny Murray.* How knowest thou the Maiden’s Name is *Fanny Murray*? It is not so nominated in the Ode. Friend, Friend, thou hast left thy Head at Home on more Occasions than one. Thou may’st cry out, with the Fat Knight, ‘In Days of
‘Yore have I laid my Brain in the Sun,
‘and dried it; that it wants Matter to
‘prevent such gross o’er-reaching as this.’ But why didst thou not fill up the other Blanks, that the Brethren might know whereto thy Beloved resorteth? Verily, there are amongst us some Fools, who would gladly leave their Heads at Home, as well as thee.

Thou goest on in thy Folly, and criticisest on the Authority of one, named *Addison*,
some

some technical Terms, as thou callest them. Thou wouldest be a good Writer, if, as a Wag said of another, thou understood'st the Signification of Words.

Technical Words are Words made Use in Arts and Sciences, not generally understood by common Readers. Wherefore it was, that the above-mentioned *Addison* criticised *Milton*: But Names of Places are not Technical Terms.

Behold, I have proved thee a Fool, for which I expect thy Thanks; and am, in plain Sincerity and Truth,

Thine, SIMON PURE.

I am much obliged to Friend *Pure* for his Criticism; but, in order that he may make it out to the Satisfaction of the Public, he is desired to shew what Place *Ram Scam* is; and when he has done that, I may possibly shew my Knowledge in the Signification of Words, by convincing him that artificial Names of Places are strictly Technical.

The Reason why I did not fill up the other Blanks, was, because I would not
direct

direct Mr. *Pure*, nor any of his Godly Brethren, to Places, where, I am told, that the Spirit is not exercised with the highest Purity.

As to *Fanny Murray*'s being a Maid, I hope she is to pure Minds, but public Fame, by which I only know her, says, That verily she is *Fanny Murray*; which I presume Mr. *Pure* is in no Sense a Stranger to, tho' he affects to put the *Quaker* upon us.

I heartily thank Mr. *Pure* for proving me a *Fool* and not a *Fool* at the same Time; and hope he will not forget a reciprocal Acknowledgment on his Part, tho' I don't demand it.





N^o 41. *Monday, October 6, 1746.*

IT is not so much my Concern in the conducting of this Paper, whether what my Correspondents write be be finely digested, as that they contain Matter tending to the public Welfare. A Piece of Wit, without something interesting, is not of equal Importance with what is interesting without Wit. In a Word, as I aim not so much to charm, as to instruct and inform, I pass over want of Elegance and Beauty, when I find the Writer has a Mind honestly turn'd, and seriously wishes well to the Community.

The Subject of the following Epistle is, perhaps, more the Concern of a well-govern'd State, than may be at first Sight readily conceiv'd. Gaming is the Destruction of our Youth, the Foundation of infinite Evils; it nips moral Honesty in the Bud, and turns the well-disposed Mind to knavish Pursuits; it is the natural Bar to
 Industry,

Industry, the Fosterer of Idleness and Folly; a Gaming-House is properly a Nursery for Thieves; therefore, they who keep such, the worst Kind of Villains, except those, who, having Power to suppress them, know, wink at, and encourage them.

In a late Reign, one of the greatest Objections to the Sovereign was his *non obstantes*, or authorising his Agents or Officers to do this or that, notwithstanding express Laws to the contrary. If this was so great a Crime in the first Magistrate, I conceive it not less so in Inferiors, who act on similar Principles by Connivance. The Form or Manner of doing Evil in no Sense lessens it; it being immaterial to the Person injur'd, whether it be executed by a Highwayman, a Thief, or a Gamester. The Community is more our Concern than Individuals, and, consequently, the Connivance of Magistrates more dangerous than the Acts of public Robbers. The latter only pilfers from you what can probably be spared without any important Injury; but the other taints the very Soul of Government, ruins our Minds, robs us of our

Industry, destroys our Peace, and opens the Way to all Manner of Vice, Folly, and Immorality. In some of the ancient States, a Magistrate of this Turn would have been flea'd alive; and I hope, notwithstanding this Information, there are none such in *Great Britain*. It is only the Gamesters Impudence to say they are permitted; but that, one would think, should be a sufficient Spur to those in Power to exert themselves; and tho' not a primary Reason, I conceive a very interesting one; and will shew, that, if they have no Regard to the Welfare of Society, by doing their Duty on virtuous Principles, they have yet some to their own Reputation, and the Honour of the Government. In a Word, if there be such a Place as intimated below, the natural Presumption will be, that it is conniv'd at; and then the Reason why, will have the worst Construction put upon it; which, I think, every Magistrate ought to reflect upon with Horror.

The Limits I have prescribed myself, in this Paper, will not permit me to express all the Miseries I have known result from
a Habit

a Habit of Gaming. How many hopeful young Gentlemen reduced to Distress, and stimulated thereby to commit Actions, which, previously, the very Apprehensions of would have been worse than Death to? How many Families beggared? And how many poor Wretches hang'd? Whereof such Houses as these are the Source, and those that connive at and encourage them the combining Springs, that, falling into the same Stream, swell it into a formidable River.

There may seem, at first Sight, some want of Delicacy in my Manner of treating this Subject; but the Reader will please to consider, that, altho' little Errors and Follies may be laugh'd out of Countenance, yet notorious Evils, that affect the Vitals of the Constitution, must be directly struck at; not being to be cured by such kind of Reflections as delight the Fancy, rather than reach the Heart; that play in Circumlocutions and Refineries, without touching us with that Sensibility which is requisite to tear the Evil up by the Root, and entirely annihilate it. The

Legislature have been thoroughly affected with this pernicious Practice, have honestly exerted themselves, and made a very strict Law against it; but the Impudence of these Fellows is above the Law: They have made their Peace, say they, not with the Law itself I hope, but with some that have Power to lull the Law asleep. If this be truly the Case, I would wish them to remember in Time, that the Law has Leaden Wings, but Iron Hands; and that, however they may glory in their Wickedness during the Interval of Parliament, on its next Meeting a Way may be found to effectually stop the Progress of the Disorder, by disposing of both the Actors and Encouragers to play their Tricks in another Climate.

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

S I R,

I Think I have read a Saying in one of your *Fool's* Lucubrations, that Fools will be meddling; which I imagine arose from an Observation made on those busy
Fools,

Fools, who are continually meddling in Things with which they have no Concern: But I think its Meaning ought not to be confin'd wholly to this Notion, but has a further Aspect, and points at those Fools who meddle with Matter of a general Complaint, which every Body ought to make it their Business to remedy; but no Body, except the *Fool*, troubles himself about. Gaming, I think, is an Evil, a Mischief of so extensive a Nature, that it has scarce any sober Apologists; it is such a scandalous Nuisance, that it's surprizing how it ever comes to be suffer'd in a Civil Society, especially where there are express Laws against it. But so it is, that, when such a Shop happens to be opened in a Neighbourhood, whoever offers to disturb or interrupt the Traffick carried on there (unless he be a Magistrate) shall presently be stigmatized with the odious Title of an *Informer*, or a *meddling Fool*. But be it so, I am content to be thought that *Fool*; and am not afraid, thro' your Means, to inform wiser Heads (who have too much Authority to be called

Fools, at least to their Faces, whatever they are thought) that they have it at this Time in their Power to suppress a notorious Nufance of this Nature, a common Gaming-Table, now kept at a House late cali'd the Lord *M—g—n's*, under the Piazza's in *Covent-Garden*; the Managers and Proprietors of which have the Audaciousness to say, that they have made their Peace with those Gentlemen who only could give them Disturbance. If this should happen to be Fact (tho' I hope they have no Foundation for this impudent Boast, but their own presumptuous Arrogance, in order to bully Mankind into a Belief of it) then farewell Honesty and Justice; for, if once the Execution of the Laws come to be suspended, Vice and Villainy will soon be triumphant.

It is therefore incumbent on those Gentlemen, who have the Honour to bear the King's Commission, to vindicate their injur'd Characters; and, by a vigorous Exertion of their Power, let these Plunderers of the Public see, that there is not a Gentleman in the Commission, but who
will

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will strenuously and impartially employ his Authority, and the Power vested in him, to disperse and extirpate this scandalous Nest of Thieves, who deserve no more Countenance than Highwaymen, Robbers, and Pickpockets. This is the sincere Desire, and hearty Wish, of

Your most humble Servant,

And the Fool's affectionate Kinsman,

NEHEMIAH HALFWIT.





N^o 42. *Saturday, October 18, 1746.*

S I R,

IF the following Remarks on *Shakespear's Othello*, which I have pick'd up from a Variety of Conversation on the Subject, seem to you of any Importance, you will give yourself the Trouble to regulate and publish them, tho' it were only to oblige

Your affectionate Spouse,
Frances Littlewit.

It seem'd to me, at first Sight, both an Absurdity, and an Indelicacy in the Poet, to introduce an ugly Black Fellow, and give him at once the Dignity of a General, and the Happiness of being belov'd by one of the finest Women in the World. I find, upon due Enquiry, that it's necessary to be nearly as wise as the Poet to judge rightly of his Performance, which I have studied myself into as well as I am able, and now conceive the Meaning to be, That the Force of a Tale, elegantly told,

told, will first reduce the Soul to Pity, and in that pliant State render it susceptible of Love; and the not understanding this Secret in Nature, the true Reason why the *Blackamoor* is so much objected to; yet, in any other Light, would have wanted that irresistible Force and Penetration which is hereby discover'd.

If *Desdemona* had been introduc'd as falling in Love with a gallant young *Venetian* Nobleman, in his Acts as brave, and with a Soul as bright as *Othello's*, where would have been the Wonder? The Force and Penetration of the Poet had degenerated into common Reflection, and there could have been nothing extraordinary in it. In relating of his Tale, the Mind of *Desdemona* was raptur'd, or rather fascinated; and Complexion, in this Case, quite out of the Question. Joy and Pity alternately seiz'd her Breast; a Concern for his Sufferings was succeeded by the Pleasure of finding him escape the various Dangers; and the Point is here to shew, what ought not indeed to be too much known by the Men, *viz.* That

whoever is so much the Master of Human Nature, as to know how to address himself to the Female Heart, by first making it a Partner in his Sufferings, and then Rejoicing in his Safety; neither Age, Ugliness, nor Complexion, will be any Bar to his Success.

Instances of this Nature are neither new nor uncommon; at first Sight, both Sexes are charm'd with external Beauty; next, with Dress and Expence; but neither of these take deep Root in the Heart: It is the bright Spirit of the one Sex, transfus'd into the other, that fixes eternal Love; and this even where Vice is habitual and predominant. It is far from being impossible to charm a common Prostitute, or reform a noted Debauchee. Supreme Virtue commands all Things; all wish its Alliance. Was *H——r* as great a Hero as the late Duke of *Marlborough*, and could recount well his glorious Actions, he would certainly be the first Female Favourite; and 'tis probable that the *Moor* was a much handsomer Man than *H——r*, and yet he only an ugly Theatric Hero,

OR

or rather a Designer, has found Means to charm, nay even captivate, more than one Female; How then does it seem unnatural in the *Moor*?

The Subject here is War, a Recounting of glorious Actions, great Dangers, and happy Escapes; the Reverse of those gay delightful Themes that customarily are made use of to enchant the Fair; but, in this Case, our Sex is absolutely mistaken by the Men, since few but Romance-Readers are to be charm'd with the Idea of shady Groves, flowery Banks, and murmuring Streams; these rather affect us prettily, than strike us sensibly. We have more of Man in us than Men dream of; are at most but Female Men, and love often more than they do, what's Great and Noble, without the least Regard to external Appearances.

Warlike Preparations may give some Women the Vapours, more particularly if coming from a Third Person; but these are generally Women of the World, whose Hearts have been accustom'd to wander, whom nothing, either glorious or inglorious,

rious, can affect; who have fled Nature, and have therefore no Relish for solid Joy. But this is not so with the happy Innocent, that every Thing, justly valuable, stamps with an indelible Impress.

It is not in the Power of the Human Mind, when otherwise disengaged, to conceive a very high Esteem for a great Man, and at the same Time not have strong Impressions in his Favour, both as a Hero and a Lover; for, however Softness may appear in this Case a distinct Principle, there is a Pride in every Woman to be the Companion of the bravest Man in the Kingdom; which Pride is only another Name for Desire; Desire flying so high, another Name for exalted Love. I speak this in a particular Sense, which is rather to be felt than described, without too close a Regard to the exact Signification of Words. It was *Desdemona's* Case, she lov'd the greatest Man she knew; I am sure it would be my own, if the Duke of *Cumberland* was a *Blackamoor*; at the same Time I should despise the run-away young Pretender, tho' he was beautiful as an Angel.



N^o 43. *Friday, October 31, 1746.*

S. I R,

AS the Paper which had the Honour of making its Appearance under the Character of your 42d *Fool*, had likewise the Satisfaction to please, I can't help here opening my Heart freely, by shewing for what Reason I wrote it. It was principally to express how much more Power a brave and gallant Man has over a Female Heart, than an idle Fellow and a Coward; Men, if they may be so called, that only fight on Carpets, and wear Swords merely to compleat their Dress; that pitifully neglect our Defence, and, relative to the public Service of their Country, are as mere Women as the weakest of us all. To love such would be our highest Dishonour; and therefore we may glory in the Character of *Desdemona*, and look upon ourselves as under infinite Obligations to the Poet, who has brought her upon the Stage in a Light that does
Honour.

Honour to our Sex, at the same Time that it reflects on cowardly Men, tho' indirectly, the most eminent Disgrace.

Such oblique Strokes as these are never more proper, than when our Country has an inveterate Enemy to contend with; and when some Men have acted so mean a Part in our Defence, as must shame the *British* Annals. When I have heard of our Land Forces flying before the Face of an undisciplin'd Enemy, I have concluded, how truly I know not, that he who commanded them was no Woman's Man.

How delicate and fine is that Passion in *Desdemona*, when the *Moor* relates to her, in private, his Adventures,

— *And spoke of most disastrous Chances,
Of moving Accidents by Flood and Field,
And Hair-breadth 'scapes i'th' imminent deadly
Breach.*

She gave him for his Pains a World of Kisses.

She swore, in Faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange;

*She wish'd she had not heard it; yet she wish'd
That Heaven had made her such a Man. She
thank'd him,*

And

*And had him, if he had a Friend that lov'd her,
He should teach him, how to tell his Story;
And that would woo her.*

The noble Duke of *Venice* too, on this being related to him, speaks himself, when replying, to the Relation above,

I think this Tale would win my Daughter too.

This amiable Character of *Desdemona* brightens still higher, and shews, in the finest Light imaginable, the Point I am contending for; when being ask'd, where she would chuse to reside during the Absence of her Lord, she answers, she will reside with, and attend him only; because

— *My Heart's subdu'd*

Even to the very Qualities of my Lord;

I saw Othello's Visage in his Mind,

And to his Honour, and his valiant Parts,

Did I my Soul and Fortunes consecrate.

It is evident by what follows, that no other sensual Delights, than what naturally spring from the affected Mind, on the beholding so illustrious an Object, reached the Breast of *Desdemona*; she, saw with the Eyes of her Soul only, while her Body, to the last, was perfectly pure and unfullied;
so

so that here the brave Man alone seized her Heart, not the Person of *Othello*; and in this Light, I hope, spoke the Sentiments of every worthy Woman in *Britain*.

There is something so sublimely great in Men's acting as becomes them, in the Service of their Country, that the very Imagery of their Acts strikes us at once with Love and Admiration. We gaze at them, as at some superior Beings, that have no Taste of the Fears and Weaknesses of human Nature; that see Lightning flash by them without Regard, and hear Thunder roll without Dismay; the Terrors of Storms, and Face of an Enemy, only warm and actuate their Spirits; a kind of new-born Life invigorates the vital Flame, and fires it into Action; like the great *Macedonian*, look with Contempt on Millions; and like *Cæsar* come, see, and conquer.

All Nature bows to Valour, and acknowledges its supreme Dignity. It is the Sun of this World that disperses the noxious Vapours; that blesses with its divine Emanations, and cheers with its happy Rays; it emits Life, Light, and Lustre, to all around;
and.

and dispenses its sublime Influence to every Corner of the human Mind, which, naturally affecting Glory, brightens by its Assimilation, and sympathizes with its Fires; and thus, aiming to be more enlightened, flies towards the principal Source, and becomes enchanted in the Bosom of its beautiful Exemplar. There loving, admiring, adoring, embraces its sole Delight, and dwells enraptur'd and entranc'd. Who then, that's a Man, would not resolve to be truly brave, and turn his whole Thoughts to the Preservation and Welfare of his Country; to rise above the rest of Men, by his Valour; and be loved and adored by the Fair?

I am your affectionate Wife,
Frances Littlewit.

P. S. Pray say something in one of your *Fools*, about Capt. *Brett*, who fought the *French Elizabeth*; and about Capt. *Saumarrez*, who took the *Mars*.

Mr. F O O L,

LAST Night I went to a noted Tavern in the City to spend the Evening with
a Friend;

a Friend; we sat down in a public Room, where was a Dozen Merchants and eminent Tradesmen, who undoubtedly came to regale themselves after the Fatigue of the Day. Amongst the various Subjects that was talk'd over, a Hen-peck'd Husband was introduced, which occasion'd warm Disputes; the one Part would have it that a Man troubled with a turbulent Wife, and patiently submitted to the Usurpation of her, was certainly a wise and courageous Man; the other Part of the Company thought otherwise, and described him as a Man void of true Honour, Wisdom, and Courage. Your Animadversions on the above Subject, Mr. *Fool* (perchance) may be serviceable to many of those unfortunate Husbands, by mitigating the Tyranny, if not entirely reform some of those tyrannical Dames. I am

Thursday, October
23, 1746.

Your humble Servant,

A M N O N.

S I R,

I am not *Fool* enough to intermeddle between Men and their Wives.

Mr.

Mr. *Fool*,

I Think I have observed in one of your Lucubrations, that Fools will be meddling, with what does not concern them; and I, like the rest of the foolish Tribe, can't always avoid it. I have observ'd in another of your Night Studies, that you don't so much regard the Eloquence of the Style, so it is attended with a good Intention, and for the Good of the Community; but the following does not comprehend the whole Community (yet if it tends to reform Individuals or private Persons of an ill Habit) I hope you will not refuse it a Place in your Paper as soon as you can; the sooner the better; I should have sent it you before, but had not an Opportunity.

S I R,

I took a Ramble on *Thursday* was Sev'night from the *Exchange* to *Water-Lane* near the *Tower*, to see the Illuminations and Bonfires made in Commemoration of the late glorious Battle of *Culloden*, when, in my Ramble, very near the *Trinity-House*, I spy'd Three Objects that commanded my
Observation;

Observation ; a First had a Mask, very hideous indeed ; a Second had a Pair of Ginger-Bread Spectacles ; a Third had a Mask on, but not so frightful as the first ; (the Candles represented them very obvious) sometimes they would kiss each other, then pull one another's Noses ; in short, I being a gay young Fellow, I * *dictated* a Billet with my own *Hand Writing* ; I desired my Compliments to the Ladies, and begg'd Admittance to the Masque's, but was refus'd on Account of its being a private one. I appeal to the rest of the Spectators, whether it may not more properly be called a public Masque than a private one ; I believe there are enough to affirm the Truth of this Narration. You will, perhaps, be inquisitive to know the Reason of my publishing this, so trifling a Circumstance ; 'tis not to ridicule these ludicrous Girls that I play the Fool in this Manner ; I did not take up the Pen to detract, but (solely disinterested) to suppress

I apprehend that, if Mr. *Dingle* had been admitted, he would never have turn'd Critic, and * *dictated* a Billet with his own *Hand Writing*.

N° 43. *The* F O O L. 309

suppress this Habit, that reigns so predominate in the Family, frequently before this Time, but never arrived to this Degree before : To what Pitch will they come to in Time, if permitted to go on ? I know of no other Method effectually to root it out better than in this public Manner, this plain homely Description ; such as it is, I present it to you, but how welcome to these modest Nymphs, Time will determine ; and, till that Time, farewell.

Yours,

TOMMY DINGLE.



N° 44.



N^o 44. *Thursday, November 6, 1746.*

S I R,

I HAVE not yet done with the Subject relating to the Reason why *Desdemona* loved *Othello*. I and my Mama have laid our Heads together to shew it in another Light, not, perhaps, quite so amiable and noble as the first, but as much in Nature and Truth, and therefore equally just. I mean, that there are various Reasons why Women fix their Affections on this or that particular Kind of Men. *Othello* seized *Desdemona's* Heart by a Tale, or rather an undisguised Relation of his brave Actions; this I have the Pleasure to hear has been settled to Satisfaction, and leads us into a farther Illustration. Women, either by Nature, Education, or Custom, are destined to a State of seeming Inferiority; and as Men must be deemed their Superiors, what Woman in her Senses wou'dn't set her Affections on what really is, or appears to
rise

rife in Value above herself? And, when she can't attain that, her next Choice is from amongst those who have at least some Character distinct from the rest of Mankind. The higher and more distinguished this Character is, the better; but, if it's low, it's something we must esteem preferable to common Sameness. Thus *Desdemona* might have loved *Othello*, and justly too, merely as a great Character, even without ever having seen him. It was upon this Principle, though in a different Light, that I espoused myself spiritually to you; not as a brave Man, for I am ignorant of that; but as a distinct Character, that of a distinguished *Fool*, or an odd strange Fellow. In this I have nothing to do with Age, Figure, or Complexion; I view you only in the Character of a *Fool*. I doubt not but you will think I am growing ludicrous, when I tell you, that it is upon the very same Principle, that *Biddy Bustle* loves her Monkey; that mischievous Creature is quite a Character resembling nothing I am acquainted with, in its Way, but a wanton Critic, that pulls *Shakespear* to Pieces, because he don't understand him. You

You see by this that there is nothing capricious in Women's Love ; it is founded in Nature and Reason ; in Nature, because it flies at something bright and distinguish'd ; in Reason, because it desires to blend with Merit superior to its own ; from hence it may be fairly concluded, that Women, not absolutely attached to Sensuality, have, generally speaking, very good Reason for their Choice, and rarely deviate, but when they are not so happy as to attain their Wish ; then we say indeed, better some Husband than none. But this has nothing to do with our Loves, whatever it may have with our Conveniencies. I make a great Difference between Desire and Love ; the first springs from our own natural Fancy and distinct Inclination ; the last from an Impression made upon us by others. It's true, that where there is Love, there is Desire ; but there may be Desire where Love is not ; and in this lies the Distinction ; by Desire, I intend sensually to please myself ; by Love, I mean that kind of Affection that wishes the Good of another equal with my own.

Desdemona

Desdemona had no apparent Sensuality in her Choice of *Othello*; she loved his Soul, and was captivated with his Character; like *Semele*, was charmed with the bright flaming Spirit of the seeming Divinity; and in the Event, like her, enraptured to her Ruin.

There is nothing *Platonic* in all this; Nature dictates some kind of Sensuality, but that only consequentially; the principal Motive was a brighter Fire, pure and un sullied, as the *Vestal* Flame; she saw, as the truly-valuable Part of the Sex do, *Othello's* Visage in his Mind; she was too innocent and resigned to be guarded against the Wiles of envious and designing Men; and thus, while basking in the Sunshine of Love, and sporting in the Splendor of its divine Emanations, she was blind to, and unguarded against, that dark Side which clouds and balances all human Lustre; and when acting superior, like a rude Storm, bears down all before it, renders the Soul black as *Erebus*, and works the Passions into a kind of Chaos; yet, is there nothing out of Nature, Truth, and common Experience, in all this; and is a Point so well understood, nay, and en-

couraged too among the *Spanish* Ladies, that, however it may appear to affect the Moral of this fine Play, they insist that this Jealousy, this Jaundice of the Mind, this Hurricane of the Spirits, is one of the richest Joys they taste in the Society of Men; and would rather die by the Poniard, than not have their Husbands jealous of them.

The *Russian* Ladies seem to have similar Thoughts of this Matter, by not esteeming such Husbands as dō not beat them; that being at once a Token of their Love, and a Signature of their Jealousy.

The *British* Ladies are not, in their Hearts, so contra-distinct from this, as at first Sight may be imagined; since it is well known, that whoever interferes between Man and Wife, to preserve the latter from Abuse, runs the Hazard of having the Injured their Enemy; and as such Occurrences usually arise from Jealousy, the high Pulse of Passion in a Fever, it is easy to be concluded what Turn of Thinking Nature has given universally to Women; and what kind of wild Passions to Men; and hence learn what human Nature is, and how to be judged of
in

in a Play. As this kind of Criticism has something new in it, I hope my Digressions will be pardoned, as they contribute to illustrate the Subject not otherwise so readily comprehended. The Sum of the whole is, that the sensible Female Mind is more aptly captivated by the Characters than the Persons of Men; and therefore, in no Respect, unnatural to love *Othello*, even supposing he told no melting Tale. And that Jealousy, when carried to so great a Pitch as in this Play, is attended by a very good Moral, and a very just one too; yet in common Life is not so frightful a Passion as is at first Sight imagined. But I would not wish those, whose Custom it is to take Things by Piece-meal, from hence conclude, that it is in any Sense necessary to be jealous of, or beat their Wives; because that altho' some Instances are given, for the Sake of illustrating the Subject, what one submits to, another may disapprove; and it is as much Nature, and the brighter Side of it too, to be loving, peaceable, and friendly, as to be jealous and jar. *I am Yours, &c.*

FRANCES LITTLEWIT.



N^o 45. *Friday, October 24, 1746.*

FOREIGNERS, who have pretended to observe the Dispositions of the *English*, say, that we are naturally Inconstant. There is amongst us something that looks very like Inconstancy, and which may, to those who don't thoroughly know us, nor are Philosophical Enquirers, appear the same. This is Rashness of Judgment; seldom deliberating before we determine; and therefore, on maturer Reflection, often change our Opinions. The first only denotes our Spirits somewhat too warm, the last, that we are naturally very honest; and I think, if Mr. *Pope's* Sentiment be right, very wise too; it being rare to find *Fools* recant, because the doing so, when mistaken, Mr. *Pope* thinks, is a Signature of Wisdom, or rather a certain Attainment of it, so far as the Matter in Question extends.

But

But suppose it happens, that, on the first Flight of a Matter of Importance, the People generally judge right; and, on more mature Deliberation, change their Opinions, does not this look something like Inconstancy?

The Truth is, a Fact must first be stated, from whence it may appear whether Men, so wrongly changing, did it from Disposition, or were managed into it by Art.

The Fact before us is this: After the Engagement in the *Mediterranean*, when all the Circumstances we could have, either from public or private Authority, appear'd, and were consider'd, it was generally agreed that Admiral *Matthews* had behaved well; on the contrary, that Mr. *Lestock* had not behaved well. An Enquiry follow'd this in the House of Commons, where the best Opinions seem'd to vary from each other; and nothing definitive, as I remember, occurred, except the desiring of his Majesty that they might both be tried by a Court-Martial; which was accordingly directed.

I find that, on the first setting out of these Trials, not only the Run of Mankind

here, but also the Maritime People's Opinions, concurred in favour of Mr. *Matthews*, and Numbers of the last were Spectators in the Engagement; so that if our Advices from *Chatham* told us Truth, and were never publicly contradicted, Mr. *Lestock* was insulted upon the common Motives of Disapprobation wherever he appear'd in or about that Town.

It appears since, that Mr. *Lestock* is not only acquitted by the Court-Martial, but while his Superior was trying, and before the Event was, or at least ought to be known, is dispatched Abroad with a supreme Command, on an important Expedition; and about the Time that some vague News arrived of his having done something, though in Fact perhaps worse than nothing, Mr. *Matthews* appears to have been condemn'd; but why, I suppose we are at present to be Strangers to.

The Scene now changes, and Men are apt to say that Mr. *Matthews* is only blameable; nay, before Judgment given, or without any certain Knowledge of the Reason, unless some private Reason, but known to themselves,

themselves, it was publicly declared, that he would be condemned to die, but that his Majesty would interfere to pardon him; and with this Kind of Insolence mix'd their customary Ignorance, that he would forfeit all his Goods and Chattels. These wise Judges of the Law fillily concluding, that such Forfeiture must be the natural Consequence of such Conviction by a Court-Martial; but this was founded on the same superlative Ignorance as exhibited itself to public Derision, in the Letter concerning the *Affair of Sir Chaloner Ogle*; and expresses how much the Judgment of Men are to be depended upon, who want even common Sense to guide them. How all this will turn out, when, if ever we had the Favour to see these famous Trials publish'd by Authority, will be Matter of future Reflection. At present we only find Mr. *Matthews* condemn'd, but why, we are to guess at as we can. At Common Law, a Trial, relative to Life and Death, is always publish'd; and we hope this will be no Secret, because it will thence appear, how far the Body of the Nation have been right, or

mistaken. And they are better intitled to it than my Brother Seamen at first Sight imagine. First, on the same Principle as at Common Law, because the Life, Liberty, or Reputation of a Fellow-Subject is at Stake; which is equally our Concern by what Law he is tried. The next is, as being an Affair which generally concerns the Community, who have therefore a Right to enquire how those conduct themselves, whom they pay and support, whether as Delinquents or Judges. In this Light, the Sea Officers may be as vain and haughty as they please, despise their Masters, and condemn our Reflections; but it is, and I hope always will be, in the Power of the People, to insist upon being satisfied.

It is in all Court-Martials the same, whether by Land or Sea; the Community have a clear Right to know why any Fellow-Subject is condemn'd or acquitted, if it were only to prevent Arbitrary Power taking Place, and, in Course of Time, subjecting every Individual to the Nonsense of Authority, instead of the Justice of the Law. For, suppose it should appear, as
possibly

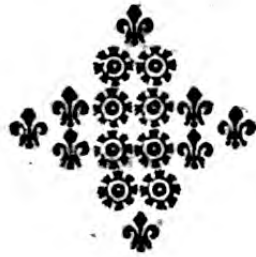
possibly it may very soon, that many Subjects have suffered without Law to authorise it, purely through the Ignorance of Martial Judges : May we not have Reason to dread the Consequences, especially when Military Men have, on more Occasions than one, shewn themselves totally ignorant of such Laws as have been purposely made to guide them ?

In order to clear themselves of this Charge, the Sea Officers would do well to shew, whether by the Statute of the 13th of *Charles II*, or by any other, and what Law, they have Power to imprison Men for Life, or any long Term of Years ?

The Land Officers will do well to shew by what Law they have tried and punished Men for Desertion in Time of Peace, when the Fact committed was previous to the Statute that directed the Punishment, and under which they acted.

There remain many other Queries, one especially relating to impress'd Seamen, Fishermen, &c. which shall appear in proper Time and Place. At present I have only Room left to say, that I hope we have a

Right to know by what Authority, and for what Reason, the meanest Subject is condemn'd, and to have their Trials made Public ; much more so, when any Officer of Distinction is tried, either by Sea or Land, whether condemn'd or acquitted ; and still more, when the Matter in Question is of that Importance, as essentially to affect the Safety and Welfare of the whole Community.





N^o 46. *Saturday, October 25, 1746.*

IF Time, Persons, Conduct, and every other necessary Appurtenant, has been as well consider'd and applied, as the individual Scheme of attacking *Britany*, I should conceive wonderful Hopes of the Event, as it certainly touches *France* in the most tender Part, separates and disunites their main Power, lowers their Credit, and if, in any Degree, successful, will produce such a Diversion, as may puzzle her wisest Councils to provide against.

It is difficult to say how far the Time has been well judg'd : Our Troops, &c. I think, were ready in *June* last, and lay for Orders (as I suppose) until *September* ; a bad Season to begin a Campaign in by Land, but much worse by Sea. The Reason of waiting thus long seems to have been Attending the Motions of the United Armies in *Italy* ; and, they not being ready to enter *Provence* earlier, a Diversion on this Side would have been useless. But this is only seeing the Point in one Light : Is it not

probable, that, had this Diversion been begun when we were ready, and lay idle, that it would have been the Occasion of drawing off a large Body from Count *Saxe's* Army, and consequently of bringing the Two Armies in the *Netherlands* near on a Parity of Force; which seems as essential as making a Diversion in Favour of the United Armies in *Italy*, and perhaps would have prevented the Allies having been distress'd in the late Action at *Rocoux*?

A Fleet out at this Season of the Year is not without some Hazard, though perhaps not so much as is generally conceiv'd, but certainly more than in Summer, if nothing but long Nights made the Difference; however, if they have acquir'd a Port where they are shelter'd from the *North-West* to the *South-West*, they may probably be very safe; but in this Case the Operations of the Land Forces can only be near them, and in this Season very slow, and only affect the open Country, which surely can answer no important End.

It is to be observ'd, that the *Britany* Militia, to the Number of about three thousand
five

five hundred Men, embark'd on Board *D'Anville's* Squadron, which shews that the *French* were bare of Regular Troops in that Part; and, by drawing off the Militia, left the Country, in a good Measure, defenceless, which certainly render'd the Opportunity extremely fair for invading it; but *D'Anville's* Squadron failed in the Summer, and consequently the Country as open then as now. It is true, that Relief could have march'd sooner; so could we have done more Business, but in many Respects have ran less Hazard, either of our Navy-Ships, or Transports.

The most important Points to be pursued in *Britany*, independent of meer Diversion, are the Towns of *Nantz* and *Brest*; because of the Trade carried on in the first; and of the last being the best, if not the only Naval Harbour in *West France*: That both these Towns are fortified, is very well known; and that neither are very strong by Land, is true; but either too strong to be attacked at this Season of the Year, and by so small a Body as seven or eight thousand Men, which I conceive to be the utmost Number.

Number at present under General *Sinclair*. Therefore Two Points to be considered more: The first is, the sending Men enough to render this Attempt effectual; the other, of engaging the Affections of the Inhabitants. As we have Footing, the first is easily effected from *Ireland*; the last will depend very much on the good Management, and self-denying Principles, of the Persons in Command; in which Light, I think *Two properer than the Admiral and General could not have been pitched upon, both being as disinterested Men as the Three Kingdoms could have produced*; therefore great Hopes conceived of the Event, notwithstanding the Unseasonableness of the Campaign, if these Officers be properly supplied and supported; as the Character of the one requires yet a little clearing up, and the other has his Fortune to make by his Conduct and Gallantry. That they will be well supplied and supported, I cannot in the least doubt; because they are the Chosen of those, in whose Power it is to do every Thing that is proper; and whose Reputation, on this Occasion, is blended with theirs.

As

As our Troops and Interests improve in *Britany*, and the United Armies on the Side of *Provence* make further Acquisitions, there will be a kind of Necessity for the *French* to draw off their Troops in Proportion from the *Low Countries*; and, as they happen to come nearer on a Level with the Allies, it may not perhaps be amiss to ship some Forces from their Winter Quarters, and transport them into *Britany*; and, by this Means, carry the War entirely into *France* by *Provence* and *Britany*, from whence would flow many important Benefits. The Ruin of their Credit, Destruction of their Trade, the rendering it impracticable to raise more Men, for want of Means to support them, and, consequently, by their Army weakening every Day, reduce them to such Terms, as are proper to oblige them to let their Neighbours live at Peace for the future.

I own this is counting a little without one's Host; but I think that there is nothing clearer than the Probability of such an Effect, if well-concerted Measures are formed, and pursued with Spirit and Conduct. I confess I think that the Dawn is opening to the happiest Æra that *Britain* ever yet gloried in. The

The Power of *France* is certainly great, not of itself, but by Means of making the utmost Use of its Strength, and pushing it forward with Spirit and Activity; not staggering at any Means that may contribute to the End aim'd at, unimpeded by any Opposition at Home, and very dextrous in managing their Neighbours; but let the *French* be once beat in the Heart of their own Country, and this Power instantly vanishes. That it is not impossible to beat them, I presume no Body will pretend, it being very rare that they are not beat, fighting on any kind of equal Terms; and if at Home once beat, I conceive the *Gallis* Spirit gone for ever. In this critical Conjunction it's certainly worth trying, for we owe them much for the last Rebellion: The Empress and the King of *Sardinia* are both deeply indebted to *France*, as well as we; to re-pay the *French*, but common Justice; it will save our young, positive, Negotiator, much Labour and Anxiety; and, without the least affecting his Brain, crown a glorious Peace, with never-dying Laurels.



N^o 47. *Thursday, October 30, 1746.*

THE happy Prospect now before us of ending the War successfully, must strike with Pleasure the Heart of every honest *Briton*; as we hope thereby to establish our future Situation on such a Footing, as will not be in the Power of *France* any more to disturb it; and that will give us Leisure, if aided by good Conduct, to discharge the Nation of those burthenfome Debts which have proved so heavy a Load upon us, as in some Measure to weigh against our Activity, and prevented our acting with Vigour suitable to the Emergencies of the Times.

As the Treaty of *Worms* was the Basis whereon all our Success has been established, we can't help learning from hence a very necessary Lesson; which is, that of not judging too hastily, and condemning Men in Power, before we are acquainted either with the Motives of their Actions, or of the Effects naturally resulting therefrom.

There

There has happened something very remarkable in relation to this famous Treaty; which is, that the very People, who made the greatest Outcry against it, are the very People who found all their Measures upon it; and, while by censuring of it they got into Place, on its Basis they would raise their Glory.

For my Part, it's extremely indifferent to me, and, I believe, to the whole Nation, on what Bottom they build, so they do but dextrously carry the Business of the State into Execution; and procure us at last a solid Peace, such a Peace as *Britons* have a Right to expect in consequence of the Treaty of *Worms*.

I hope a very short Time will inform us of the United Armies in *Italy* having entered *Provence*, and of their Progress there; and, I believe, it will not be less pleasing to learn the Success of our Arms in *Britany*. Both these, proving well, will give a happy Turn to the present War, and put *France* under Difficulties she was a Stranger to in the last; though then more eminently successful on our Part.

I con-

I confess, on the first setting out on the *Britany* Expedition, I was charmed with the Design, and heartily wished those who directed it good Success: But when I saw the Course of that Expedition, balanced between Hopes and Fears, embarking and disembarking, at *Plymouth* and *Port l'Orient*, running here, there, every where, and no where; looked so like a Distraction of Counsels, that in no Sense appeared to bode any Good; and what in such Cases does not produce Good, is always attended by a Train of Evils.

Ill-concerted Expeditions are the Bane of a Nation's Reputation; and, if badly executed, turn War into a kind of Phrenzy. A Nation, that has Reputation Abroad, has less Need of a Purse; will be honoured without requiring it, and rever'd for even their imaginary Power; will be courted, caress'd, and apply'd to by all their Neighbours; and may give the Fate of *Europe* almost what Turn they please. But how will it look? What Face can we put upon that kind of News, which contrasts the vain Stile of the *Roman* Conqueror; when it is
said,

said, that the *English* went, saw, and return'd; were laugh'd at, despis'd, and retired, without being oppos'd; when it is reported in all the Foreign Papers, that a *British* Commodore was frightened out of his Wits at the Sight of a *French* Squadron; when the Safety, Honour, and Welfare of a *British* Admiral is brigu'd for at Home; and, to establish his Reputation out of Doubt, is sent Abroad on an important Expedition, and returns again without executing any Thing? How will this appear to our Allies? How to our Enemies? Not at all to that Glory we are so fond of having the World believe we have acquired by our Arms. *O tempora! O mores! O Britain!* How is thy Honour laid in the Dust! Thou Queen of Islands; thou Beauty of the Ocean; how art thou disgrac'd? Not by the Ministry, they can't help it; they are innocent in the Matter; they make Men Officers; they repose a Confidence in them; they send them Abroad, and they return Home again; and so, as we say in a Country Dance, in your Place again as before.

There

There is certainly a kind of Inhumanity in ruining Men, meerly for being Fools, or Cowards : Want of Genius is not a Crime, but a Defect ; and an Abhorrence of Dissolution, the meer Dictate of Nature. Thus for an Army in *Britany* to be frightened at an Army in *Flanders*, is no more wonderful than a Squadron in the *West-Indies* being terrified at one in *Brest* Harbour ; but when either approach the other, then it is terrible indeed ; the Sight of an Enemy is shocking to human Nature ; and we may write and talk, out of Danger, as much as we please ; but, Blood and Fury, when the Gunpowder comes to stink in our Nostrils, what are we better than Children sucking at our Mothers Breasts ? Meer Milk-sops indeed ; formed rather to batten on the lovely Bosoms of our Nurses, than to battle with those grim-whisker'd Rogues the *French* Soldiers, and those superlative brave Fellows their Sea-Men. Ye Gods ! If you did but see what Officers they have ; how finely they work their Ships ; how delicately they order their Men ; how judiciously they fight their Guns ; and what natural Spirit and Bravery
diffuses

diffuses itself through the most minute Particle of a *French* Man ; no *Briton*, who had common Humanity, would ever dream of desiring any Countryman of his to be punished for what is mistakenly called *Cowardice* ; when it is only running away from the Heroes of the Universe, the terrestrial Gods, the irresistible Conquerors of this lower World, who, even but the other Day, with only the Loss of about nine thousand Men, slew near four thousand of the Enemy ; and sang *Te Deum* thereupon in Triumph.

It is as wrong, not to say wicked, to reflect on the Ministry ; since, supposing it possible for them to err in Judgment, they ought not to be spoke Evil of on that Account ; all Men are sometimes mistaken, and why not upon one Occasion as well as upon another ? It is true, that a shining Genius struck them out a Road ; became their *Arcadian* Star, their *Tyrian* Cynosure (as *Milton* phrases it) to direct them to the Port of Peace, to the Haven of Tranquillity and Repose. He made them a Treaty, that established almost an indissoluble

soluble Union with the best Powers in *Europe*; but there is a vast Difference between Projecting and Effecting, between Designing and Executing. My Lord *Burlington* may plan out a fine Building, but all the Fiddlers in *England* might scrape their Hearts out, before they could raise it. So it is with a State Architect, when he can get none but Fiddlers to work.

I am not now speaking of Measures, but of the executing them when laid, with Skill and Dexterity. The Treaty of *Worms* has now brought the Arms of our Allies to the Enemies Frontiers; and a more happy Design than that of attacking the *French* in *Britany*, could not have been thought of; and which, had it been well executed, would not have wanted its due Eulogiums; as it would have given us new Spirits, and quite alter'd the Face of Affairs in *Europe*, and given an Eclat to the *English* Arms I hope they will always merit, when suitably conducted. As Matters have been circumstanc'd, every Thing has exactly coincided. The Troops sent on this Expedition lay at *Portsmouth*, if I remember right, *June*, *July*, and *August*;

gust; failed to *Plymouth* in *September*, and thence to *Port l'orient*: That they might have taken it on the first *Surprize*, is now out of *Doubt*; that they did not, is very clear. The *Remainder* of the *Troops* design'd to follow were sent to *Plymouth*. The *Transports* ordered to lie in the *Sound*, the *Danger* whereof is not unknown to every *Seaman*; they received various *Orders* and *Counter-Orders*, and at length came back again. Those on the *Expedition* reimbarc'd at *Port Louis*, landed again at *Cape Quiberon*, reimbarc'd again, and so came *Home*.

This concise *Account* is only given to shew that this *Expedition* answer'd the *End* as might be reasonably expected. It has drawn some *Forces* out of *Flanders* that the *French* have no *Use* for there, but has not prevented the sending them into *Provence*, which I at first conceived to have been the main *View* in this *Expedition*, and therefore concluded, that not only the *Expence* is thrown away, but what is infinitely worse, our *Arms* are dishonour'd, and the *French* injudiciously shewn where they are weakest; while

while we have, by this strange Conduct, disabled ourselves from attacking them.

In this Light, to what End do we make Treaties, and procure Alliances, if we, who are the most deeply interested in the Event, shew ourselves so unable to do any one important Act tending to the general Welfare? We can't expect to be depended upon, or aided for the future, much less to support ourselves, when we can't, or won't, find an Officer capable to execute the most trivial Attempt upon the Enemy. What will our firm Friend the King of *Sardinia* say, when he hears this? May it not occasion him to change his Measures, and unite with those he plainly perceives minds what they are about? And then, who can foresee the fatal Consequences? If we are really desirous of Peace, we surely go an unaccountable Way to procure it; and, if those in Power imagine they are not answerable for the Persons they employ, it will create a Solecism in Politics, not easy to be adjusted; I mean, besides the Persons employ'd being answerable themselves: It seeming very strange, that they could not see what almost every Body

saw, at the first setting out of this Expedition; it being the common Talk, that it would come to nothing; and which, however, proves for once that the People in general were infinitely better Prophets than the Persons that directed it; and, I am afraid, proves them better Judges too; which can't help being Matter of eminent Concern to every Man that wishes well to his Country.





N^o 48. *Monday, November 3, 1746.*

THE greatest Happiness, that can attend any State, is founded on Frugality, good Conduct, and Perseverance. Frugality is not only the taking Care that the public Money shall not be squandered away, but also that none be employed in public Affairs but such as are thoroughly Masters of the respective Businesses they engage in, and active in their several Employments. Good Conduct is that Manner of directing public Affairs, as that the Nation is upon the Whole benefited thereby. By Perseverance, I mean the persisting in, and pursuing of, such Measures as are founded on good Conduct; and which, once laid, and then deviated from, perplex and confuse the public Counsels, and, like a Ship in a Storm, wander here and there, as the Violence of the Winds, or Force of the Seas, direct, without any Regard to the Judgment of the Helmsman.

Q 2

Frugality

Frugality regards the Army, the Navy, the Public Offices, and the Civil List. If in the Army any useless People are kept on Foot, and paid, as the Field and Staff-Officers of Marines, in both the Army and Navy; if any useful Officers are continued on Half-Pay, while new ones are made, this is wanting of Frugality; if in the Public Offices any Persons are employed, whose very Places depend on such Transactions as contribute to the lessening of the Revenues, as if supported by Smugglers, &c. such is want of Frugality, if not of good Conduct too; if any Persons are supported by the Civil List, by Pensions therefrom, other than those actually in the Public Service, as Ambassadors, Foreign Agents, Spies, &c. this is want of Frugality. Frugality then abhors applying Money wrong, as well as squandering of it idly away; and ill Application includes ill-concerted Expeditions, because they are expensive and useless; and bad Conduct too, because they can't, without a Miracle, be successful.

Good Conduct makes a Government esteemed at Home, and revered Abroad. On
it

it depends the Peace, Welfare, and public Credit of a Nation; it makes them be courted instead of courting; it sends no Ambassadors Abroad to beg a bad Peace, nor makes any idle Treaties: Temporary Expedients, and P——ry P——ts, are unknown to it; its fundamental Guide is Wisdom, its Right Hand Man is Frugality, and its Breast-Plate Perseverance: It is at Enmity with Trick and Chicane; heavy Taxes are its Aversion, and Folly its Footstool.

Perseverance is the lawful Issue of Magnanimity, who is the right Heir of Spirit and Conduct, begot when the Sun was in its *Zenith*, and *Mars* and *Mercury* in Conjunction: Its Tutor is Reason, and Judgment its principal Supporter: It is steady as the Earth, and even as the Surface of the silent Stream: It abhors being put out of its Course, and always moves in a streight Line to the Center of Success; there prunes its Wings, flutters and triumphs.

We see on what kind of Principles the Glory of a Nation, and Happiness of its People, are founded; and by these Tests shall examine the present State of our Affairs.

Our Frugality and good Conduct has distinguishedly appeared in the Management of our Arms Abroad, during this War, both by Sea and Land; by neither having done any Thing that we can discover, except the Battle of *Dettingen*, tho' attended by an immense Expence. The Army was idle else, some Campaigns, when even superior to the Enemy in the Field; and, when the Scene changed, could not do any Thing. The Navy has been of some Use on the Coasts of *Italy*, but in no Sense equal to the End designed by it. Nearer Home we have seen *French* Squadrons go Abroad, and Fleets of Trading Ships, with slight Convoys, return Home without Interruption. Expeditions projected, carried on at great Expence, and come to nothing; why, or wherefore, that these Things have so happened, is so obvious and clear, as need not any Elucidation. Our Business here is only to remind Men of what has occurred to their Knowledge, without enlarging upon the Particulars, or shewing any but the general Causes; as the Want of Frugality in spending Money rightly, and of good Conduct
in

in suiting Men to Designs. As to our own Trade, for some Time past, I think it has suffered sufficiently; though we have near Ten Armed-Vessels to the Enemies one.

The Civil List is doubtless very great, and therefore very much in Debt; good Policy requires that it should be clear; and, how it became involv'd, they know best whose frugal Management, and good Conduct, has brought it in Debt. Some of the Parties interested can't complain, if they are never paid; others it may be very hard upon, especially such who either do real Duty, or, according to Modern Custom, are obliged to purchase their Places; but how the Nation can now afford to make such Debts good, is not readily conceivable, since the Navy-Debts, where People either labour hard for their Money, and run thro' infinite Toils and Hazards, or vend their Goods, will find it difficult enough to get paid. Upon the whole, it does not appear that we have, by Frugality, or good Conduct, done any Thing that may tend to the Honour, Safety, or Welfare of the State; and therefore Perseverance, not the happiest

Quality, when appearing in a contrasted Light, to what must constitute it a Virtue; which it is, when founded on Frugality and good Conduct.

One *Seneca*, an antiquated *Roman* Moralist, is pleas'd to say, ' That in all our Undertakings, let us first examine our own Strength; the Enterprize next; and Thirdly, with whom we have to deal.' Prophefying thereby, to future Statesmen, what would naturally be the Result of acting upon vague and irregular Principles, whether of entering into a War unprepared, or not applying to it; when in it, the not employing proper Persons, or not knowing the Strength of our Enemy; and what perhaps is still more strange, the not knowing our own Strength, what we are capable of doing in a War; and if known, how to put this Power in Motion, so as to operate for the general Benefit.

The old *Romans* calculated their Power to a Nicety, and used it with great Address; I think the *French* have followed them pretty closely in this Particular, whence it happens that it would require an Age to ruin them;

them; if those who intend it are ignorant of knowing and applying accordingly that native Strength, which requires some Skill and Attention to calculate. The being Strangers to this, and to the personal Merits of Men, is the true Cause of all our Misconduct, at least by Sea, where the Enemies Power can't well be mistaken; nor could it be by Land, if some People were not more desirous of being at the Head of Affairs, than of suiting themselves to the Station. But as the same *Seneca* observes, ' Some
 ' People scorn to be taught, others are
 ' ashamed of it, as they would be of going
 ' to School when they are old: But it is
 ' never too late to learn what it is always
 ' necessary to know, so long as we are ignorant, that is to say, so long as we live.'





N^o 49. *Monday, November 10, 1746.*

IF the Reader will please to look back to the Time that the late Rebellion began to make any Figure in the *North* of *Scotland*, he will find in this Paper an Account of the first Appearance of a certain Lady called *Jenny Cameron*, of whose Progress and Adventures I then promis'd to give a farther Account. Upon this single Hint, the other Public Papers, the little Piratical Booksellers, and their Hackney Scribes, have created an imaginary *Jenny Cameron*, a Being of their own fertile Brains; and for some Time have impos'd upon the Town with the History of a Shadow.

The Truth of the Matter is, That my Correspondent, who was a Spy in the Rebel Army, on a sudden lost her; and it was conjectured, that her Ladyship had chang'd her Habit, and was gone disguised either to *Edinburgh* or *London*, in the private Service of the Cause: Of this I had Notice, and so
I doubt

I doubt not had my Superiors ; notwithstanding which, neither they nor myself could ever learn what became of her, until very lately an Accident produc'd her again to Light.

An Acquaintance of mine introduc'd me the other Day into the Company of a Lady, who is Wife to one of the Naval Commanders on the late Equivocal Expedition to *Cape Quiberon*, whom I found very pleasantly diverting the Company with the History and Character of a certain Lady they called *Boca Chica*, a Name which I understood *Spanish* enough to conceive in the merriest Sense imaginable.

As I found some Hints in the Relation, exactly coinciding with my previous Informations, concerning the Person and Character of *Jenny Cameron*, I could not help being extremely attentive ; and observing the Captain's Lady very much on the Reserve, in some Part of the History, it the more increas'd my Curiosity ; and being determined to get at the Bottom of it, for the Good of my Country, as well as my own private Satisfaction, I us'd my best Skill

to become Master of this Lady's Esteem and Confidence, which I had the good Fortune to succeed in; and thereby learnt the following History.

Jenny Cameron, for some Days after her Adventure, as was heretofore related, with the young Pretender, chang'd the Habit of her Sex for that of an ordinary *Lowland* Man's Dress; and with only one Companion, an old Servant, cross'd the Country on Foot, thro' *Badenoch*, *Atbol*, and *Pertb*, into the County of *Fife*. At *Kirkaldy* they hir'd a Boat to carry them over the Firth of *Forth*, to *Leith* or *Musselborough*, intending for *Edinburgh*, but was made a Prisoner in her Passage by the *Vigilant*, Capt. *Beaver*, who commanded one of the Men of War there stationed; who, on Examination, finding something in her above her Dress, though not suspecting her Sex, he sent her in Custody by Sea to *London*, and dismissed her Companion.

The Ship she was sent in got up no higher than the *Nore*, being prevented by a strong *Westerly* Wind. Here *Jenny* found Means to make her Escape, and got ashore upon
the

the Isle of *Grain*, and thence found her Way to *Chatbam*, put herself into a genteel Dress, like a Sea-Lieutenant, and made it one Part of her Diversion to attend the Court-Martial, then acting there. As she frequented both the *Sun* at *Chatbam* and the *Crown* at *Robchester*, and wanted neither Money, Wit, nor Address, she was at no Loss to ingratiate herself with the principal Officers; nor did she neglect making herself agreeable to the Ladies; and became so more particularly to the Captain's Wife, who furnished me with this Narration; so that there was a Friendship between them, that occasion'd some Reflections, not much to the Lady's Honour.

By associating with the principal Officers, *Jenny Cameron* learnt all the History and Designs of their Proceedings, and then, dextrously changing herself into a Lawyer, made her Address, and privately offer'd her Service to one of the capital Offenders; who, being a Man of great Cunning and Sagacity, presently accepted, and soon found a Use for her Services. *Jenny* was hereby doubly advantag'd; on one Side, quite safe
from

from Suspicion, and, on the other, had Opportunity of diving into the Affections of the Sea Officers, in regard to her pretended Prince. She followed the Court-Martial up to *Deptford*, and there, by her Advice and Assistance, so dextrously contrived Matters, that the Person whom she served was honourably acquitted. This naturally enough rais'd in him a very high Esteem of her Worth. He carefs'd her in a very distinguish'd Manner; and finding, by her Account, that she was out of all Business, he offer'd her to share with him his Purse and Fortunes, which she readily accepted, for very obvious Reasons. All this Time she kept up a regular Correspondence, by Letter, with the before-mentioned Captain's Lady; the Contents whereof are a very fine Piece of secret History, but too prolix, as well as too dangerous, to be inserted here. I shall, nevertheless, venture presently to give the last, because it opens all the Secrets I intend by this Relation. Her Patron, soon after his being acquitted, was ordered on an Expedition against *France*; the History whereof needs no Repetition here.

On

On the out-set, *Jenny* was rigg'd a complete Beau, kept her Patron Company Abroad, eat at his Table, lay in his Cabbin, and was the Director of all his Counfels. The Seamen took a Pique to *Jenny* as soon as they saw her; they neither liked her Dress, Manner, or Effeminacy. It is natural to them, on such Occasions, to stamp on the Person they dislike some evident Marks of their Disesteem, and that not without a Spice of Drollery. They observ'd *Jenny* to have a very little Mouth; which being the most remarkable Feature about her, they fix'd on that the Emphasis of their Wit; and some of them knowing that the narrow Entrance into *Carthagena* Harbour, in the *West-Indies*, is in the *Spanish* Language called *Boca Chica*, they very emphatically complimented *Jenny* with this Buffoon Title, as an indelible Mark of their Dislike to Land Mariners; and their Contempt of their Commander, for suffering one who was no Seaman to be his Favourite; which is the highest Affront that can be put upon a Ship's Company of honest Tars; who look upon Land-Men in the like Light, as
the

the Univerſity Pedants do on Men unſkill'd
in Claſſical Erudition.

However, this was immaterial as to the
Reason of her Removal thence; the Sea-
Men's Jokes ſhe had Senſe enough to laugh
at; ſhe had learnt, on her Return to *Spit-
head*, that her *Italian Gallant* had made his
Escape to *France*, and therefore her Buſi-
neſs here, for the preſent, at an End. She
got as ſoon as poſſible aſhore on the Iſle of
Wight, and thence, on Board a Smuggling-
Veſſel, to *Caen* in *Normandy*, where ſhe
landed ſafely *Nov. 2, N. S.* and, by the
Return of the ſame Veſſel, diſpatched the
following ſhort Epiſtle to her old Acquaint-
ance, the Captain's Lady; which, with what
has been ſaid above, will, I hope, ſufficiently
prove how idly the Town has been impos'd
upon with fictitious Accounts of this gallant,
rambling *North-Britiſh Lady*.

My dear Miſtreſs,

‘ I have been landed here about Twelve
‘ Hours, and doubt not but, before this
‘ comes to your Hands, you will have heard
‘ by your Huſband of *Boca Chica's* Elope-
‘ ment.

‘ ment. I was a known Rebel in my
 ‘ proper Character, and in my Disguise a
 ‘ Deserter : Which I shall be punished for,
 ‘ if ever taken Prisoner, is immaterial ;
 ‘ my Sex, I hope, will protect me as to the
 ‘ first, and I now know the Genius of Court-
 ‘ Martials too well to have any Fear of the
 ‘ last. My old Gallant will, I conceive,
 ‘ according to Custom, on any Disappoint-
 ‘ ment, stamp, swear, get drunk with the
 ‘ Boatswain, abuse the Lieutenants, and
 ‘ kick the Midshipmen off the Quarter-
 ‘ Deck. If, in the Event, he only hangs
 ‘ himself, so, no Body will be injur’d.
 ‘ You shall hear more from me when I get
 ‘ to *Paris*. The only Pleasure, I can give
 ‘ you now, is to let you know, that the
 ‘ pretty Fellow, you did me the Honour
 ‘ to admire, is neither Mr. *Bennett* nor
 ‘ *Boca Chica*, but your very obliged hum-
 ‘ ble Servant,

Dated as above.

JANE CAMERON.





N^o 50. *Friday, November 14, 1746.*

THE different Dispositions of Mankind, whether natural or acquired, lead them necessarily into an Examination of, and Esteem, or Contempt, for one another. That of Parties seems here an important Distinction; Disputes between different Nations still higher; but there is a Distinction infinitely more general than those, and which affects equally all Nations, Countries, and Languages.

This is a War perpetually on Foot, between Genius and Common Sense. Nothing can be more usual than for the dullest Fellow in the World to say, when a Genius makes a Trip in regard to his private Affairs, That indeed he was a Man of great Parts, but wanted Common Sense. The Genius, on his Part, looks with Contempt enough on Dulness, and says, that the Slave indeed gets Money, but has no more Genius than an Ass.

It

It is a very difficult Matter to adjust this Affair to the Satisfaction of both, there being no Third Party for a Mediator, but what each despise, it being esteemed very contemptible to have neither Genius nor Common Sense. However, as I wish them better to understand one another, and best of all themselves, and being as much desirous of the Character of a Peace-Maker, as ever a *Breda* Negotiator of them all, I will venture to presume so far, as to appear in the Nature of an *amicus curia*, in order to that great End; not unaware, at the same Time, how few are Geniuses, compared with those that have Common Sense; nor how much superior a Third Party is to both.

The Genius values himself on his Wit, Penetration, Compass of Mind, and Discernment; which, however, rather contribute to give him Figure and Dignity, than Wealth and Peace.

The Man of Common Sense makes Wealth his supreme Aim, and Peace his highest Happiness.

The

The Genius has many Ideas, and would fain employ them all. The Man of Common Sense but few ; easily reduced to one Point ; and center in the main Pursuit.

Intervening between these are a Rank of People, who are learned above Common Sense, who have laboured themselves into a Knowledge of the dead Languages ; but whose Capacities never mounted into Genius. These are as great Strangers to Wit, as to Common Sense ; their Talents usually lie in Quotations ; they often put the Genius out of Countenance, by better remembering Authorities ; and as often make Common Sense blush, by quoting them in *Greek* or *Latin* ; but when the Genius shews his Wit, or the Man of Common Sense his Money, the Pedant is put out of Countenance, and is amazed how it's possible for such Fools to excel him.

Sir *John Suckling*, if I remember right, in his Session of the Poets, brings them all before the Throne of *Apollo* : There the Geniuses and the Book-Wits, the bright Spirits, and the Pedants, made their respective Applications for the Prize. They produced

duced their Works; the God graciously condescended to consider their several Claims; and, after due Deliberation, to their great Surprize, decreed the Bays to an Alderman of *London*; very wisely concluding, that he that had most Money had most Wit: Thus, according to the Notions of that Writer, the Genius and the Pedant were equally Blockheads.

I believe I need not tell the World, that, during the late Ministry, a certain Person was very free of the public Money, and distributed it generously among us Authors, who are all certainly very great Geniuses, if the want of Common Sense, and the not being over-burthened with School Learning, be a just Indication of Genius. An Author, one Day, brought a political Performance for the Perusal of this illustrious Personage, who took the Trouble to peruse, and condescended to approve it; but, before he paid him for his Labour, he desired to know whether he had an Academical Education; the Author, with a good Assurance, replied in the Affirmative; and thereupon received a Purse of Fifty Pieces. In
this

this Case, I conceive the Pedant was preferred to, and distinguished from the Genius; otherwise, the above Question unnecessary.

The Reader must excuse me troubling him with another Instance, different from both these, though rather the Effect of Fancy, than operating to the main Purpose. However, as Good-will expresses itself desirous to oblige, with, or without Abilities, we must accept the Intent for the Act; and therefore, if we find that the Genius gets nothing, be satisfied that a great deal was designed him.

My Sister *Jenny*, who is herself an Author, and is Mistress of more Wit than Wealth, made a Purchase, one Day, of a Poem, intituled, *The Ruins of Old Rome*; the Reading of which had so sensible an Effect on her bright Spirit, that she instantly resolved to present the unknown Poet with a Thousand Guineas. Here Genius met a due Regard, though perhaps fell short of the designed Reward.

If these Instances were general, the Conclusion would be, that Riches merit Honour; Pedantry, Favour; and Genius, Fame. I
don't

don't know whether *Horace* understood *Greek*, but am apt to think he did, for Reasons too prolix to be recited here. If so, the Genius and Scholar went Hand in Hand, and shone united in the Court of *Augustus Cæsar*. *Shakespeare*, for some other Reasons I could give, was not what the Pedants usually deem a Scholar; but, I conceive, a greater Genius than *Horace*; though, perhaps, not either so rich or fortunate. *Mr. Addison*, I think, was both a Genius and a Scholar; and, like *Horace*, deservedly esteemed by his Sovereign. And *Mr. Pope*, who had, perhaps, equal Qualifications, was rather like *Horace* esteemed, than like *Addison* raised at Court; was satisfied with his own little Cottage, and rich enough to be happy; but none of these, like Merchants, came to be Peers; nor, like meer Scholars, to be Archbishops: So that, from what I can find upon the Whole, Wealth and Scholarship, or, in other Words, Common Sense and Pedantry, are much too hard for Genius.

This, I think, is farther notoriously exemplified in the Run of Modern Authority, who

who are certainly great Geniuses, especially such of us as write public Papers; but are so far from acquiring either Wealth or Honour, that even the ill-natur'd World won't allow us Fame, though it is at best but any airy Attribute. We rack our Inventions, puzzle our Wits, and wear away our Constitutions. We are Poets, Politicians, Projectors, Seamen, Soldiers, Calculators, Mathematicians, and Regulators of this lower World; while here our highest Preferment is to a Garret or a Pillory; and, when we leave this troublesome Life, go out as bare of Wealth as of Fame; the good-natur'd Folks of the Parish bury us, and our Memory is lost in the Grave; happy only in this single Reflection, that *Solomon* has said,
' The Race is not to the Swift, the Battle
' to the Strong, nor Favour to Men of Skill;
' but Time and Chance happens to us all.'

End of the First Volume.



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E R R A T A.

NUM B. 1, Page 2, Line 12, *for by read my.* N^o. 3, p. 16, l. 11, *for Resvery, read Revery.* *Ibid.* l. 14, *for will, read fill.* *Ibid.* p. 17, l. 8, *read comparatively.* N^o. 5, p. 32, l. 5, *for banish, read vanish.* *Ibid.* p. 35, l. 15, *for hereafter, read after.* N^o. 7, p. 50, l. 23, *for lett, read least.* *Ibid.* p. 51, l. 11, *for on, read an.* N^o. 9, p. 65, l. 2, *for four of our Mortals, read four Mortal.* *Ibid.* p. 67, l. 5, *for task, read tast.* *Ibid.* l. 6, *for shady, read steady.* N^o. 12, p. 87, l. 16, *for Enemy, read Enmity.* N^o. 13, p. 95, l. 9, *for bowling, read prowling.* N^o. 17, l. 18, *for India, read South-Sea.* N^o. 20, p. 145, l. 12, *for interested, read invested.* N^o. 22, p. 156, l. 23, *for wanted, read wonted.* N^o. 28, p. 198, l. 8, *for Couus, read Conns.* *Ibid.* p. 201, l. 20, *for Couu, read Conn.* N^o. 31, p. 217, l. 9, *for usual, read common.* N^o. 33, p. 238, *for Araminthia, read Amarinthia.*



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