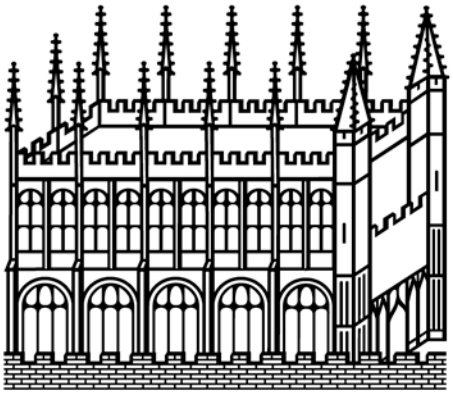

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For Mr Stonehouse

THE

OCCASIONAL CRITIC

OR, THE

DECREES of the *Scotch* Tribun

IN THE

CRITICAL REVIEW Rejudged

IN WHICH

The LEARNING, PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, TAST
KNOWLEDGE of MANKIND, HISTORY, PHYSI
BELLES LETTRES, and POLITE ARTS, the CANDO
INTEGRITY, IMPARTIALITY, ABILITIES, PRETE
SIONS, PERFORMANCES, DESIGNS, &c. &c. &c. &
&c. &c. &c. &c. &c. of the GENTLEMEN A
THORS of that Work, are placed in a true Light.

Ambubaiarum collegia, Phamacopolæ,
Mendici, mimi, Balatrones: genus hoc omne
Mœstum ac sollicitum est.

HORAT.

LONDON:
Printed for M. COOPER, in *Pater-noster Row.*
MDCCLXVII.

BIBLIOTHECA·BODLEIANA

TO THE

GENTLEMEN AUTHORS

OF THE

CRITICAL REVIEW.

GENTLEMEN,

WITHOUT entering into a Diſquiſition on the Qualifications which are requiſite to compleat the Character of a Critic, I ſhall preſume to take the ſame Liberty with your Writings which you have taken with thoſe of my Countrymen. And enquire how well you are adapted to criticiſe the Works of other Authors, by examining what is to be found in your monthly Productions. In this Deſign I propoſe to myſelf the obtaining two laudable Effects; One, the preventing

you from expoſing yourſelves to monthly Ridicule and Contempt; the Other, your Readers, if any yet remain, from monthly Impoſition and Expence. This Deſign then, being founded on Charity, it would be impertinent to make an Apology for it to the World in general, or to you, the *Scotch* Gentlemen, Critics and Annaliſts, in particular.

And here, Gentlemen, in Compliance with your Manner of ranging Things, I am obliged to proceed through your firſt monthly Labour and begin with your poſterior Part; a Piece of Writing printed on blue Paper, and called PLAN; and in this Place, as the *befriending Merit dignifying the liberal Arts*, and doing Juſtice to all Men, is equally my Purſuit, as it is yours, I own that this Word *Plan*, placed like a Houſe of Office at the Back-door of your Work, and which in all others ſtands like the Portico in the Front, is ſituated with great Propriety: It is indeed a Key to your Productions; a friendly Hint that your Works are to be read from the wrong End and underſtood backwards; without this Obſervation all coming to the true Meaning of your Criticiſm is abſolutely impoſſible. There is beſides a great ſimilitude between the Work itſelf and a Little-houſe, the Odour is very offenſive to all Gentlemen who unhappily have not been educated to the Uſe of the * *Wha wants me.*

This very extraordinary Piece of yours called Plan begins in the following Manner.

PLAN.

* The *Wha wants me* is the moſt celebrated public Cry in *Edinburgh*, and is utter'd by dingy Fellows, who with a Conveniency to ſit on for all who are preſt to do what the *Scotch* Gentlemen Critics cannot do for one another, and with a Cloak to cover their Cuſtomers, continually travel the City of *Edinburgh* for the public Commodity of eaſing the good Subjects of *Scotland* in the open Streets.

PLAN.

" This Work will not be patched up by *obſcure Hackney-*
" *Writers*, but executed by *a Sett of Gentlemen*, whoſe Cha-
" racters and Capacities have been univerſally approved and
" ackowledged by the Public."

This Beginning, conſidering it as coming from the Pen of profeſſed Critics appears to me not a little extraordinary; and indeed, unleſs you are indulged in writing falſe Grammar and Nonſenſe, becauſe you are *Gentlemen* Critics; as thoſe Fidlers are, with playing out of Tune and Time, who are *Gentlemen Fidlers*, I know of no Excuſe for you.

You firſt ſay *Plan*, and then *this Work*. What Work? The Names of other Peoples Works follow the Word Plan in all other Plans which I have ſeen given to the Public; thus it ſeems then, that *four Words* only are required to make the firſt you have written to be Senſe and *Engliſh*, viz. *Of the Critical Review*. Then indeed, *this Work* may follow intelligibly. And yet, ſo unlucky are you in firſt ſetting out; that, though with theſe four auxiliary Words, that poor ſolitary Monoſyllable *Plan* ſhould be relieved from the Diſtreſs of Nonſenſe and falſe Grammar; it may be found by and by, as *Bays* tells *Johnſon* on the News of *Lardella*'s Death, after all that ſhe is not dead, ſo that this Piece of Writing is no more a Plan of *a Critical Review* than it is of the Battle of *Culloden*, or of *Holy-rood* Houſe. After this happy Commencement of Nonſenſe and falſe *Engliſh* you proceed to ſay, that, *it*, meaning the Review; will not be patched up by *obſcure* Hackney-Writers: Now as you ſeem to be great Lovers of the *jocular* through your Works, have not you, in thus expreſſing yourſelves, concealed a very clever joke: Which is, if any Man ſhould denominate you *obſcure* Hackney-Writers, to reply, that you are *publicly* known to be ſuch. Otherwiſe, how will you reconcile that Aſſertion with your daily Employments? and here, pray

give me Leave to aſk the following Queſtions by Way of clearing up this Affair.

Is not a Perſon, who agrees with a Bookſeller to fit up a Book by the Sheet or by the Yard, ſince the Value of his Work is meaſured by the Length of it only, as Upholſterers do Rooms by ſticking Pieces of other Men's Labours together with Paſte, a *Hackney*-Writer? Is not the Champion of your Cauſe at this very Minute with a Pair of Sciſſars in his Hand cutting Paragraphs from the different Hiſtories of *England*, and with Paſte ſticking them to brown Paper, to make a New Hiſtory which is to paſs for his own Writing? Was not the Abridgment of Voyages and Travels ſo *liberally* praiſed in your Review a Work of his *cutting out* and compiling in this Manner? Hath he not long been a Compiler and Tranſlator by the Yard at *hackney* Pay; did not he for Hire write that Treatiſe on Midwifry, to which *S——e* modeſtly put his Name, who, though a great Lecturer, does not know one ſingle Sentence of Grammar in any Language of the known World? What is a Man then leſs than a *Hackney*-Writer, on whom every Bookſeller may mount, as he may a Horſe at a Livery-ſtable, by paying ſo much aſide.

Thus, Gentlemen Critics, your firſt three Lines exhibit a moſt exuberant Inſtance of falſe Grammar, Nonſenſe and

fill up the Blank yourſelves; and, if I miſtake not, before you and I part, it will appear as flagrant that you are not Gentlemen, if good Manners are neceſſary to form the Character of a Gentleman, as that Senſe, Grammar, and Truth are Strangers to theſe three firſt Lines.

Nay, theſe are not all the Miſtakes which they contain. You ſay; *your Capacities have been acknowledged by the Public.* For what pray? for cutting Corns, carrying Packs, or ſcratching from long Study with both Hands at a Time? It cannot be underſtood for Criticiſm; becauſe this is your firſt Eſſay; and as to any other Capacities which you poſſeſs, your Readers cannot conceive from the Word Capacity how to infer

that

that you are Critics, more than Gingerbread-bakers; or whether you are the Heirs of *Ariſtotle* or *Tiddydoll*. The Concluſion of this then is, that the Public have acknowledged your Characters and Capacities to be Characters and Capacities, and from this Declaration I defy the World to diſcover what you *are* fit for, and which remains to this Hour a moſt impenetrable Secret; indeed, it knows what you are *not* fit for, by your monthly Productions.

Thus, Gentlemen Critics, in proceeding to the firſt Colon you have manifeſted as promiſing a Specimen of your Abilities as the moſt irritated of the Authors, whom you have unjuſtly abuſed, can poſſibly deſire.

You then pompouſly advance to ſpeak of yourſelves as "Gentlemen, who have long obſerved with Indignation the "Production of Genius and Dulneſs, Wit and Impertinence, "Learning and Ignorance confounded in the *Chaos* of Publi"cation." Lord have Mercy upon us, what a terrible Situation *Wit, Learning*, Genius, Dullneſs, Impertinence and Ignorance were in 'till you took Mercy upon them! Confuſion worſe confounded! and pray what may this Chaos of Publication be; why really, the *Daily Advertiſer*, *London Evening Poſt*, and Papers of that Nature, which are as apt the Idea of a Chaos in this your Metaphor as the Simile your Country Woman's *M— D—d* was, to the World when ſhe told her Hearers, that it was as round as a Horſe Head.

Would not a Painter be greatly aſtoniſhed, after having read your tremendous Account of this *Chaos of Publication* find, you had ſent him the *London Evening Poſt* to be copied to expreſs that Image? particularly when he perceived in the Paper, that inſtead of Confuſion, all was regular and diſtinct and black Lines drawn between the Articles to keep them from running into a Chaos.

But to indulge you in this Notion of Wit, Impertinence, Dullneſs, Genius, Learning, Ignorance being confounded

in this *Chaos* of Publication; wherefore is your Indignation ſo vehemently exaſperated againſt all who *applaud without Taſte*, and *condemn without Diſtinction*, when there can be no Room for approving or condemning in any other Manner, where all is *indiſtinct*, *Chaos* and *Confuſion*, as you deſcribe it; would not you have done well to have reſerved this Chaotic Account of Things as an Extenuation of your Sin of Criticiſm, when it will be charged upon you that your applauſe has been without Taſte or Truth, and your Condemnation without Diſtinction or Juſtice.

You then continue, "*who have* ſeen the noble Art of Criticiſm reduced to a contemptible *Manufacture*." This, Gentlemen Critics, is another ſmall Eſcape of yours into the Regions of Nonſenſe. *Manufacture* is the Thing *made*, and *Art* he Means by which it *is made*. Could this be accompliſhed, t muſt indeed be an Object worthy your Indignation, to ee the Skill of a Writer, a Brother-Scotch-Critical-Analiſt pounded into Paper, diſſolved into Ink, handled by he ſooty Hands of a Printer's Devil, and then thumped in etween two Pieces of Paſteboard, bound in Leather, made erhaps of the Author's own Hide; this would be an arming Object. But, unleſs you can reduce the Statuary the Statue he is carving, the Weaver to the Cloth he weaving, and the Creator to the Created, this pomous Expreſſion muſt for ever remain a moſt conſummate iece of Nonſenſe.

You then add, "it ſhall not be ſubſervient to the *moſt* ſordid Views of Avarice and Intereſt carried on by wretched *Hierlings* without Talents, Candor, Spirit, or Circumſpection." I ſuppoſe you mean, that the Authors of the *Monthly* eview are yet *more* ſordid and avaritious, *greater* Hirelings and more miſerable Critics than you, *Gentlemen nalijts*. Sorry am I to check ſuch growing Spirits ith the dreadful News that this Affair is really decided aainſt you, your Readers are *aſtoniſhed* by what ſovereign owers of ſinking, what ſupream Art of gravitating to the Center

Center of Stupidity, you have already dived ſo far below the Profundity of the learned Mrs. *G——ths*, her illiterate Huſband, and the Members of their Dunciad; matchleſs 'till you aroſe and obtained a complete Conqueſt over them, unexpected by all Men; ſo greatly have you excelled all your Predeceſſors and Cotemporaries in the profound Art of reaching the very Bottom of the Bathos in Criticiſm; but I fancy I ſhall prove your Views are not diſintereſted, and that no Sett of Gentlemen ever poſſeſſed leſs Talents in Head and Heart for a Work of this Nature, leſs Candor, leſs genuine Spirit or Circumſpection.

Nor can I conceive why your Wrath is let looſe againſt a *Manufacture* being carried on by other *Hirelings*, when you are ſo merciful to *yourſelves*, muſt no Men be paid for paſting but you? and who is ſo weak as to expect Candor in Authors, who make Books as Harlequin does his Coat, by Scraps, which he ſteals from other People, and ſews into one Veſtment; wherefore, *Gentlemen*, let your *Indignation* like your *Charity* begin at home.

Now confeſs freely with that *Candor* and *Integrity* with which you *promiſe* to proceed, do you believe there ever has been ſince the Deluge a Paragraph ſo replete with Ignorance of Grammar, turgid Parade of falſe Metaphor, Exuberance of Nonſenſe and Miſrepreſentation? and yet *you* are reſolved to *taſk the Abilities*, which brought theſe Abſurdities into Being, with reviving the *true Spirit of Criticiſm*. Ye inhuman Creatures, ye worſe than *Ægyptian* Taſk-maſters, how can you doom your poor Abilities to ſuch unequal Labour to write Criticiſms without Grammar, Senſe or Truth; more inhuman than *Pharoah* treated the *Iſraelites*, when he compelled them to make Bricks without Straw: You will *ſuccumb* beneath the Load. Is it not cruelly charging a feeble Aſs with the burthen of a Dromedary? yet, obliged by Truth, it muſt be acknowledged that thoſe Readers are happy, who ſurvey your Work as I do. The Pleaſure is endleſs, every Moment

Object

Objects of new Delight ſtart up before me; you tell us in the next Place; "you are determined to *vindicate* the *Cauſe* of *Lite-* "*rature from* ſuch a venal and corrupted Juriſdiction." Bravely reſolved upon my Word, and yet I believe no Advocate, till you, Gentlemen Criticks, ſtept forth a public Bleſſing to *befriend Merit*, and *dignify the liberal Arts* ever attempted to vindicate his Client's Cauſe *from* the Judge. It is common indeed to vindicate, that is to juſtify, to ſupport, to maintain a Cauſe (as Mr. *Samuel Johnſon*, will tell you in his Dictionary, a Work eſpecially neceſſary for *ſuch Gentlemen Critics*) *before* a Judge, but to juſtify a Cauſe *from* a Judge or *Juriſdiction* is really arrant Nonſenſe and falſe Grammar in *England*, whatever it may be in your Country: Thus, Gentlemen, you exhibit the true Spirit of *Scotch* Criticiſm and *Scotch* Literature by not underſtanding the *Engliſh* Language.

Notwithſtanding this, no Partiality ſhall prevent me from doing your *Abilities* full Juſtice. I frankly own, a few Things excepted, ſuch as, Senſe, Grammar, Truth, *&c.* You exactly copy *Longinus*, the moſt ſublime Critic of Antiquity. It is a Precept of his, that when Men are writing on Subjects, which reſemble thoſe of *Plato* and *Demoſthenes*, they ſhould exert every Power to imitate their Manner; this you have happily attained to in the Style of the preceding Paragraph, which may be called the Champion Style of *England*, and in Juſtice I ſhall inſert the Original, that your Readers may compare it with the Excellence of your Imitation.

I *George Dreadnought*, Maſter of the noble Science of Defence, having long obſerved with Indignation the Productions of Genius and Dullneſs, Bungling and Art, Ignorance and Knowledge in that noble Science confounded in the Chaos of public teaching, applauded without Taſte, and condemned without Diſtinction; I, who have ſeen the noble Art of the ſmall and back Swords reduced to a contemptible Manufacture, ſubſervient to the moſt ſordid Views of Avarice and Intereſt, and carried on by wretched Bunglers, without Talents, Skill,

or Courage, do challenge *Thomas Doughty* to meet me at *Tottenham* Court, then and there to give ample Satisfaction by fighting the Weapons round, not doubting to afford the World a convincing Proof that he is an ignorant Daſtard, and that I am the ſole Champion of *Chriſtendom*.

Here, Gentlemen you muſt do me the Juſtice to acknowledge, which I expect you will at the Tail of your next Lunar Lucubration, that I have, like a candid Critic, ſhewn that the Τί θεῖον, two Greek Words you are fond of, was breathed into you at your Birth, and that you are the genuine Deſcendants of *Longinus*.

Then, like a true Champion, the Knight of *La Mancha*, you arrive to reſcue the Charms of Literature from the avaritious Hands of the hireling Necromancers in the *Monthly Review*. What an Advantage it is in a Critic to have tranſcribed Don *Quixote*, tho' it may prove a great *Loſs* to the Bookſeller who *hired* him.

The Happineſs which attends reading your Criticiſms is not to be equalled in peruſing the Works of any other Men, you are not ſimply ſurpriſing but variouſly ſo. Wherever I turn my ſight Charms on Charms ariſe. Your Modeſty comes next in as conſpicuous a Point of View, as your Knowledge of Grammar, Senſe, Style, and Love of Truth, have already appeared, it modeſtly begins: *They have no Connections to warp their Integrity, they have no Prejudices to influence their Judgement*. That is, they are not human but celeſtial Creatures, without one Frailty in their Compoſition. And from whence Readers do you imagine theſe Beings of ſuch exalted Order came? Why really from the otherſide of the *Tweed*, a Country renouned for producing Creatures remarkable for unwarped Integrity, unprejudiced and impartial Judgments: Wherefore it ceaſes to be a Wonder that you *Gentlemen Critics* ſhould enjoy ſuch exalted Qualifications, unknown to *Engliſh* and *Iriſh* Men. Thus that which would

have been deemed *Impudence* in them is but *Scotch Modeſty* in you.

To this you ſubjoin, " You will not preſume to decide " upon the Merit of a Work in an arbitrary Sentence, un- " ſupported by Evidence; you will not condemn or extoll " without having firſt carefully peruſed the Performance; " you will not ſeek invidiouſly to wreſt the Senſe, miſinter- " pret the Meaning, or miſquote the Words of an Author, " who may fall under your Inſpection; you will not exhi- " bit a partial and unfair Aſſemblage of the Beauties or " Blemiſhes of any Production, you will not venture to cri- " ticiſe a Tranſlation without underſtanding the Original, " or fill up the Page with long inſipid Tranſcripts. In a " Word, you will not commend with Reluctance, or Cen- " ſure with Heſitation."

Your Readers, from what is to be found in this Paragraph, and what I ſhall hereafter ſhew them, will be convinced how uſeful to the true Underſtanding your Criticiſms, that Hint of conſidering them in the inverted Senſe will appear, and that without this friendly Remark, every Word you have written would be utterly a Miſtake, and that you will preſume every Thing you have declared againſt.

You then continue, " That you ſcorn to act as the Mi- " niſters of *Intereſt*, *Faction*, *Envy* or *Malevolence*, you pro- " feſs yourſelves *indeed* the *Enemies* of *Dulneſs*, but your fa- " vourite *Aim* is to *befriend Merit*, *dignify the liberal Arts*, " and contribute towards the Formation of a *publick Taſte*, " which is the beſt Patron of Genius and Science."

Excuſe me, *Gentlemen*, if I cannot give Credit to all you ſay. I fancy it will be proved you are the very Miniſters you ſcorn. The Friends and not the Enemies of Dullneſs, and as to your *Aim* of befriending Merit, you are very bad Marks Men, and have moſt egregiouſly miſſed your Object; for certainly the Arts remain as undignified, public Taſte as little formed, Genius and Science as little patronized as be-

fore

fore you turned Critics, or as if you had never exiſted; and muſt continue for ever in the ſame ſad Condition if Patrons and Critics proceed, in Imitation of your Method of accompliſhing that Deſign, as I imagine will ſoon be too clear to be contradicted, even by yourſelves.

You now *pretend* in the next Paragraph to what you did *not preſume* in the former; "To delineate the Plan of every "Work with Accuracy and Candor, to point out the Ex-"cellencies, hint at the Defects, and whenever you ſignify "your Diſapprobation, you promiſe to illuſtrate you Cen-"ſure with proper Quotations, from which the Reader may "appeal to his own Underſtanding," and to which he will probably for the future appeal, without troubling himſelf about your Criticiſms, thinking your *Pretenſions* very ill-grounded, or that you do not underſtand the Words you write.

Variety has been frequently conſidered as the great Charm in writing, and in no Men's Works is there to be found ſo much as in that of yours, one Paſſage of them is more fertile in Beauties than whole Pages of thoſe ſlovenly Critics *Ariſtotle*, *Longinus*, *Horace*, *Vida*, *Boileau*, *Boſſu*, and all others, ancient or modern.

Your next Paragraph is a happy Illuſtration of this Truth; "In theſe Sentiments they have eſtabliſhed a *Correſpon-*"*dence* with *France*, *Holland*, *Germany*, *Italy* and *Spain* "which will anable them to entertain their Readers with "the literary News of thoſe different Countries, and to "*tranſlate* ſuch Productions as ſhall ſeem to bid faireſt ſo "ſucceeding in an *Engliſh* Dreſs."

It is not improbable that many Men may infer from this *Correſpondence* you may be enabled to give your Readers the literary News, of thoſe Kingdoms: but how that ſhould enable you to *tranſlate* thoſe Productions; ſeems a Concluſion not warrantably drawn from theſe Premiſes. If a *Correſpon-*

dence with thoſe Parts can make *Tranſlators*, then thoſe who correſpond moſt will be the beſt adapted to that Purpoſe; wherefore Merchants who trade to thoſe Realms, having ten Times your Correſpondence, muſt be ten Times better enabled to *tranſlate* the Languages of thoſe Countries: A Conſequence you will hardly allow. Inſtead of *Correſpondence* then, underſtanding the Language and Senſe of the reſpective Authors to be tranſlated, and that into which he tranſlates them, bid faireſt to qualify a Writer for ſuch an Undertaking, tho' he ſhall never have correſponded with any Kingdom in *Europe*. How well you are qualified to underſtand the Senſe of *other* Authors and Languages, may be ſeen from what will be obſerved hereafter on this your Monthly Production; and how far you are enabled to tranſlate from foreign Languages into *Engliſh*, from the Accuracy and Knowledge which you have manifeſted in this Thing call'd P L A N. Hence it appears your Reaſon is equal to your Skill in Grammar, and Love of Veracity.

Having thus given an Account of what *you will not preſume* to do, and what *you will pretend* to do, with your unanſwerable Reaſons for being nicely adapted to *tranſlating*, you proceed to tell us what Benefits are to be received from your Labours, in which your Modeſty once more appears in its original Luſtre.

You ſay, "Such an Intercourſe and mutual Communi-
"cation among *People of Genius, Taſte and Learning*, who
"reſide in different Kingdoms, will excite a noble Spirit of
"Emulation, and Enquiry, and afford a Variety of curious
"Hints, Experiments and Eſſays, which may open into
"Proſpects, and lead to Diſcoveries equally conducive to the
"Entertainment, Inſtruction and Emolument of Mankind."

And here, Gentlemen Critics, ſhall I take the Liberty of aſking, If you have hitherto known an Inſtance of other Writers in your Way, pronouncing themſelves Men of *Genius*,

nius, *Taſte* and *Learning*, by Way of Recommendation of their Works to their Readers? and I am afraid, tho' you are Godfathers for each other, you will no more keep up to this Character which is promiſed, than a Libertine does in renouncing the Devil and all his Works, which is promiſed for him at the Font of Baptiſm.

Pray, Gentlemen, would not the Diſcovery of your *Genius*, *Taſte* and *Learning* have come with a better Grace from your Readers than yourſelves? or did you foreſee what has happened, and that unleſs you had condeſcended to acquaint us of theſe Qualities that they could never have been diſcovered from your Annals? indeed as you have thought fit to deliver this from your own Lips, which muſt be allowed the beſt Authority, I ſhall not contradict the *Truth* of it; but I ſhall endeavour to ſhew, that you and the World have very different Ideas annexed to thoſe Terms, which Difference may probably ariſe from writing in a Language, of which you are not Maſters, and thus, tho' this Aſſertion *may* not proceed from *want* of *Veracity*, it may from *want* of *Underſtanding*.

Another Reaſon for my believing your Ideas of *Genius*, *Taſte* and *Learning*, are diſtinct from thoſe of other Men, is that thoſe Conſequences which you have predicted have not yet followed your Labors. We hear nothing of that noble Spirit of Emulation and Enquiry. We receive none of thoſe various Hints, Experiments and Eſſays. We ſee no Proſpects opened or Diſcoveries made, which are to be the Entertainment, Inſtruction and Emolument of Mankind. Indeed you only ſay theſe *may be*; wherefore to this Objection you may anſwer, the Time is not yet come: And we, as no Symptom of it appears hitherto in your monthly Sooterkins of Criticiſm, believe it never will come at all.

And now for the wonder-working Power of this your Labor, " It will form one large Reſervoir of Knowledge and

" Amuſe-

" Amuſement, filled from a Diverſity of rich and delightful
" Streams : It will diſpel thoſe Miſts of Obſcurity through
" which one People has hitherto beheld another (ſeeing in
" the Dark) it will introduce us to a more intimate Ac-
" quaintance with the Characters, Cuſtoms and Concerns
" of our Neighbours extend and elevate the Underſtanding,
" remove thoſe national Prejudices that prevail ſo much to
" the Reproach of human Nature, and unite the more ratio-
" nal ſentimental and benevolent Part of our fellow Crea-
" tures in one ſocial Family, connected by much more gene-
" rous Ties than thoſe that bind the ſelfiſh Communities of
" the World."

This Paragraph is another happy Exhibition of that Rule of *Longinus* before-mentioned, imitating the quack-medical Style as perfectly as the former did that of the Champion, and proves you had in your Eye that ſublime Manner uſed in the Advertiſements of the *Aurum Horizontale Pill*, and *ſo much famed Hypo Drops*, which in a few Days will infallibly cure Hypocondriac Melancholy in Men and Vapours in Women, after all other Remedies have proved ineffectual, by immediately ſtriking at the Roots of Windy Diſorders in the firſt Paſſages, they will cure Sour Belchings, Cholicks, Giddineſs, Dimneſs of Sight, confuſed Thoughts, pertinacious Watchings, Frights, Fears, direful Views, Fits, Fluſhings, Reachings, Faintings, Tremblings, Twitchings, Pains and Weakneſs and all the grievous Symptoms which affect the Microcoſm of Man.

Now, Gentlemen Critics, as thoſe Pills and Drops, thus advertiſed, are ſeldom known to perform thoſe wonderful Cures, and thoſe who declare in this Manner are never credited by Men of Senſe ; I am going to examine whether your Productions are not as fallacious as theirs, and yourſelves, as arrant Quacks and Puffers in Criticiſm and Literature, as your Brother Advertiſers are in Medicine.

Thus,

Thus, Gentlemen Annaliſts, thro' this whole Piece called PLAN, there does not appear one Syllable advanced towards the Plan of a Critical Work: Tho' you have been extremely liberal in giving us a PLAN of the *Planners*. And indeed the Execution of it will ſhew you have work'd without a PLAN in Imitation of ancient Builders in *England*; tacking one Part of the Edifice to another, as Occaſion required, without Taſte, Order, or Deſign; 'till that came big enough for a Houſe, as your Production is for a Shilling Pamphlet.

Otherwiſe you would have told your Readers, that this Work would have conſiſted in examining every literary Production which promiſed either Entertainment or Inſtruction, in what Manner it was executed, whether with Spirit or Inſipidity, uniform or perplexed, vague or conſiſtent, nervous or effete: Whether replete with new Ideas, a better Arrangement of the old or apter Illuſtrations on the Subject, than are to be found in preceding Authors. That from juſt Obſervation of the Nature of each Subject and Degree of its Perfection, by comparing it with the Extent of the intellectual Powers hitherto diſcovered, and with the Productions of other Writers on the ſame Subject, an Endeavour would be exerted to aſſign what Rank each Work ought to bear in the Scale of literary Excellence: Collecting and aſcertaining the Abilities of the Author from the Force and Extent of his Conceptions, the Perſpicuity of his Genius, Comprehenſion and Arrangement of the Matter he is treating on; as well as from the Difficulty and Abſtruſeneſs which attend one Kind of Study above another: At the ſame Time the true Taſte, Turn of thinking and Aptitude for each Kind of Writing in the different Authors would be attempted to be gather'd from the ſentimental Touches, liberal Ideas, accurate Reaſonings, intuitive Perceptions, Knowledge of the Subject, of human Nature, Arts, Sciences, and Belles Lettres. The Tendency which each Work has to improve or

debaſe human Nature, to advance or retard the Progreſs of Science and Utility: Whether Reaſon or Imagination, Nature or Art, Argument or Declamation were moſt prevalent in the literary Productions which come forth: As well as whether the Propriety of the Style anſwer'd to the Nature of the Writing in apt Expreſſion, Sublimity, Strength, Eaſe, Tenderneſs, Humour, Conciſeneſs or Accuracy. This or ſomething much better you ought to have done, inſtead of which you have omitted, for Reaſons beſt known to yourſelves, though ſhrewdly gueſt at by your Readers, all Delineation of a PLAN of your Work, and ſpoken of Nothing but what clever Fellows you are for the Undertaking.

Suppoſe a Nobleman, who had an Inclination to build a Houſe, ſhould ſend for an Architect to draw him a PLAN; when inſtead of complying with this Requeſt, he ſhould tell his Lordſhip that his Houſe muſt be moſt excellently deſigned, becauſe he and his Aſſociates had *no Connexions to warp their Integrity*, and *no Prejudices to influence their Judgment*, that his Carpenters, Maſons, Bricklayers, Plaiſterers, Mortar-makers, Hod-carriers and Tylers performed their Buſineſs better than any Men alive. Would not the Peer reply, that may be, but what is this to the Deſign of my Building? I aſk for a Plan of a Houſe, and you give me that of yourſelf and Fellow-workmen. I want an Architect and not a Boaſter. Would not this render this Pretender to Architecture extremely ridiculous, and would not his Lordſhip laugh at the Behaviour of the Man? I ſhall leave the Application to you, and proceed to examine your firſt monthly Production.

The firſt Subject which happens to fall under your Critical Review is Mr. *Sheridan*'s Treatiſe which he calls *Britiſh Education*. In criticiſing this Work, after having ſagaciouſly remark'd that the Author calls that an *Addreſs* which is uſually term'd a *Dedication*, you tell your Readers what is to be found in the Title and Preface, when without aſſigning one Reaſon for your Approbation, unleſs it be a ſmall Flouriſh

upon

upon the Author's Manner of applying the Quotations, which he makes. You add, Page 2, Paragraph 3, that the Author ſeems to be "*Perfectly Maſter of his Subject*, and to have "conſidered it attentively in all its *different Lights*: His "Notions are *formed* upon and *confirmed* by thoſe of the "moſt *eminent Maſters*, ancient and modern, *Cicero*, *Quin-*"*tilian*, *Locke*, *Addiſon*, *Berkley*, *Du Bos*, *Maſon*."

What ought a Reader to conclude from this Declaration of your Opinion, otherwiſe than that the Writer had given the World a complete Treatiſe on Education, founded on, and confirmed by the beſt Authorities, and worthy of univerſal Applauſe? And yet, ſtrange to tell, you acquaint us, Page 5, Paragraph 2, after a long Quotation to ſhow the Author's Style, which you ſhrewdly remark "Will be beſt ſeen by the "Specimen." A Remark equally adapted to any Man's Style, without one Obſervation upon it "that he aſcribes *more* to his "favourite *Art*, than to moſt Readers can appear *reaſonable*." Pray, Gentlemen, how do you reconcile theſe claſhing Contradictions in your Criticiſms; that a *perfect Maſter* of the Subject of which he is treating, ſhould write what cannot appear *reaſonable*? This, to my ſhort-ſighted Comprehenſion, ſeems a ſmall Stumbling-block of Abſurdity.

You then add, "*This* (that is, *This Want of Reaſon*) in-"feſts even his Title-Page, *Britiſh Education*, what is it? "*Oratory*: A Part indeed of Education, not the *Whole!* The "*Source* of our *Diſorders!* whence are they derived? From "the Neglect of *Oratory*. He had better ſaid, from the "Superfluity and Abuſe of it." Now I would gladly be informed how you came to aver Mr. *Sheridan* was a perfect Maſter of his *Art*, when you ſay that he wants *Reaſon* in his very firſt ſetting out? and when he declares *Oratory*, to be the *Whole* of Education, and the Neglect of it the *Source* of our *Diſorders*, that you differ in Opinion from a Man, whom you have pronounced to be Maſter of his Art,

confirmed in it by the moſt eminent Maſters, ancient and modern? and aſſert that Oratory is only a *Part* of Education; that the very *Antitheſis* of *Diſuſe*, the *Superfluity* of Oratory, is the Origin of our Diſorders, and yet not retract your former Opinion? It would be civil to tell us, why you avowed the *firſt* Declaration, adopted the *ſecond*, and ſtill ſuffered both to ſtand in your *Annals*, ſince they ſeem as incompatible as a high Wind and a powdered Perriwig, or Sunſhine in a total Eclipſe of the Sun.

Can a Man be ſaid to be Maſter of an *Art*, who does not underſtand what can be effected by that *Art*, and aſſigns thoſe Conſequences to the *Diſuſe* which are owing to the *Abuſe* of it? Aſcribing more or leſs to an Art than it can produce, equally expreſſes the Ignorance of the Profeſſor, becauſe he knows not the Extent and Power of it.

Whether Mr. *Sheridan* ſhall be thought right or wrong in his Manner of thinking is not the Thing I am inquiring into: I am only ſearching whether you are juſt or deficient in your Remarks on him. Indeed I am inclined to believe ſince his Notions are formed upon and confirmed by Maſters of eſtabliſhed Reputation that he is right, and his Errors to be found but in your Remarks, and for this ſimple Reaſon, tho' it may be very wide from your's: I have a better Opinion of *Tully*, *Quintillian*, Mr. *Locke*, *&c.* than of you the *Scotch* Gentlemen Critics of the *Monthly Annals* of Literature. However whether Mr. *Sheridan* be right or wrong in his Judgment; you *muſt* be wrong in your Criticiſm: For if *he be* a *Maſter* of his Art, he cannot have written Things *unreaſonable* and *contradictory* to the Truth of it; and if he has written ſuch Things as are wrong he cannot be a *Maſter* of his *Art*. Wherefore you muſt be miſtaken in what you have ſaid of him and his Treatiſe in the firſt or the laſt Article, unleſs you can reconcile the Contradiction.

After this, you continue, " The ſame Fondneſs, that is, " for ſaying *unreaſonable* and *miſtaken* Things, leads him in- " to a tedious Diſquiſition concerning the Pre-eminence of " Oratory above its Siſter-Arts, *Poetry*, *Muſic*, and *Painting*." Is it the *Mark* of a *Maſter* to become tedious in exhibiting his Art? You then add, " Queſtions, which however grave- " ly they may have been diſcuſſed by *French* Authors, might " with us be left for a Subject of School Declamation." This you *ſay*, but you have forgotten, as you hitherto always have, to aſſign the *Reaſons* for it. Why may the Pre-eminence of Oratory be left to School Declamation in *England*, and yet be a Subject for grave Diſcuſſion in *France*? Does their Conſtitution, which is *deſpotic*, countenance the Study and Practice of Oratory more than ours, which is *free*? Does not the very Nature of our Governmcnt ſuppoſe it a neceſſary Accompliſhment of our Peers and Commons? Have not free States ever been the Parents of Orators, and abſolute Powers the Bane of them? And Reaſons for this aſſigned in the very eminent Maſters which you have already named? Can a Speaker be accompliſhed in his Profeſſion, without knowing the Powers and Pre-eminence of his Art? How then is this Diſquiſition, on the Pre-eminence of Oratory, a more apt Enquiry for a *French* than an *Engliſh* Writer? when the firſt forms no Part of the Conſtitution, and the latter may be one of the legiſlative Power, where his Eloquence may create his Conſequence, and may ſerve his Country. Was there ever an Obſervation ſo diametrically oppoſite to the Truth, and to the Opinion of all Men of Eminence, who have written on the Subject; that the Pre-eminence of Oratory is a fit Subject for a Nation, where the Uſe of free Speech is denied, and not adapted to one where it is permitted?

In your Critical Remarks, you proceed by ſaying, " The " Truth is, moſt Writers, warmed, or rather intoxicated by " their *darling Art*, inadvertently loſe Sight of it, and inſtead

" of the *Art itſelf*, and its proper Application, in Effect pre-
" ſent you with *Idols of their own Imagination*."

Nothing can exceed the Truth of this Obſervation, if you would but apply it to *yourſelves* and *your Art* of Criticiſm; but if you intend this for Mr. *Sheridan*, as I imagine you muſt, from your inſerting it in this Place, how comes it to paſs, that this *perfect Maſter*, that has ſo attentively conſidered his Art in all Lights, confirmed by the Maſters of Antiquity, ſhould loſe *Sight* of it, and imagine Idols of his own? I ſhould ſuſpect that a Man can be but little Maſter of an Art, that lets his Subject eſcape from him, and ſupplies it with Fancies of his own Creation. Should a Statuary who was carving a *Venus*, loſe Sight of his Art, and make the Statue with cloven Feet, a long Tail, a Pair of Horns upon her Head, every Feature awry, and then call her the Goddeſs of Beauty, few Critics, I believe, would compliment him with the Reputation of a great Maſter. What ſtrange Contrariety of Opinions you have exhibited in four Pages! How nicely your Building is adapted to that Piece which you call *Plan!*

You then wiſely tell us, in Imitation of the Author of *The Virgin unmaſk'd*, who makes the Dancing-Maſter and Apothecary aſcribe her Miſbehaviour to her not having learned to dance, and not having taken Phyſic, " that the Logician, Arithmeti-
" cian, and Virtuoſo, aſcribe all the Errors of Life to the not
" ſtudying *Logic*, *Arithmetic*, and *Painting*; and that theſe fan-
" ciful Partialities have multiplied Books without *End* or *Mea-*
" *ſure*." I could venture a ſmall Wager, that you have written and tranſlated as many Books by *Meaſure*, and which have had an *End*, as are to be found on the Subjects which you have been juſt mentioning: This, if it alludes to any Thing, is to inſinuate, that this Maſter, whom you have pronounced perfect in his Art, has been ridiculouſly wrong in his whole Treatiſe. Having proceeded thus far, you declare, " that to an overweening *Fondneſs* of this Kind," that is, a

Fondneſs

Fondneſs of drawing Inferences from falſe Principles, " Mr " *Sheridan* has ſubſtituted a fictitious Cauſe of our *Diſorder* " for the true one." At laſt then you ſpeak out openly That is, " he is totally erroneous, and has given a Fiction for " a Reallity: And yet he is a perfect Maſter of his Subject " too, has conſidered it attentively in all its different Lights, " and his Notions are formed upon, and confirmed by " thoſe of the moſt eminent Maſters antient and modern." Thus then you have diſcovered, that not only Mr. *Sheridan* is wrong in aſſigning his Cauſe of our Diſorders, but that *Cicero*, *Quintillian*, *Locke*, *Addiſon*, *Berkley*, *Du Bos* and *Maſon*, who ſupport and confirm his Notions are wrong alſo: for methinks unleſs it be by ſuch Critics as you it will be difficult to explain how Authors *right* in *their* Manner of thinking can ſupport an Author who is *wrong* in *his*. Having thus far advanced to juſtify Mr. *Sheridan*'s being a Maſter of his Subject by a new Way of aſſerting, that he knows nothing at all about it, you add. " The true " Cauſe we allow to be a *bad Education*, but not the Want " of its laſt finiſhing Touch, *Oratory*. This were to *invert* " the Order of Things." Here again Mr. *Sheridan*, and all the above Ancients and Moderns, who ſupport and confirm his Opinion, do not know the *wrong End* from the *right*: And yet Mr. *Sheridan* and thoſe Writers are allowed to be perfect Maſters, even by you. Suppoſe a Horſeman ſhould *invert* the *Order* of Things, and ſeizing a Gelding by the Tail, mount with his Face towards it, and ride in that Manner, inſiſting it was right: Would you pronounce him a perfect Maſter of Horſemanſhip? Suppoſing a Man ſhould teach to fence with the Point of the Sword in his own Hand, and with the Gripe towards his Enemy, would you denominate him a Maſter? and yet you muſt have declared Mr. *Sheridan* a Maſter for ſimilar Reaſons.

Thus then this Maſter after underſtanding all and nothing of the Subject, in your wavering Opinion, is at length become the very *Jack Pudding* of it, and ſtands upon his Head inſtead of his Heels.

What Variety of Flowers are to be culled from your Critical Garden, the next Thing you exhibit is "A Delicacy of "not throwing the Blame of vicious Education on Schools, "Academies and Univerſities but more charitably inclined on "Vice and Avarice, which begin in the Nurſery and Parlour; "and, to the cruel Neglect and bad Example of Parents." To theſe Cauſes you aſcribe thoſe Diſorders in Pronunciation and Morals, which you ſay, "No *natural* no *human Means* can "ſtop or moderate." Now, *Gentlemen Critics*, many of your Readers would be glad to know why you have taken ſo much Pains to contradict Mr. *Sheridan*, and to aſcribe our Diſorders to a different Cauſe, ſince no human Means can even ſtop or moderate them: Or, how your Manner of Education, which is to begin in the Parlour and Nurſery, is better than his of Oratory, ſince you confeſs that neither of them can be of any Effect. How, of two Things, each worth *nothing*, can one be better than another? In the Humour you were in when you wrote this Part of your Criticiſm, what *Wit*, what *Joke* would have eſcaped on Mr. *Sheridan*, an *Iriſhman*, if he had made ſo notorious a Blunder?

You then paſs thro' a Quotation from *Horace*, and arrive with the ſame freſh Spirit of inimitable Criticiſm, to Pulpit Oratory in which you *differ* from Mr. *Sheridan*, who conceives it irreſiſtable: And why pray, becauſe you ſay, "The *Ta*-"*lent* is *very ornamental*, and may be *exceedingly uſeful*;" happy in the Reaſons which you produce. But then to do you Juſtice, you add, "When accompanied with the other more "eſſential Qualifications of a good Preacher, but without "them it is a ſounding Braſs and a tinkling Symbol." This, Gentlemen, is not plain *Engliſh*, it ſhould be as ſounding Braſs,

there

there being no ſuch Thing as a Braſs. Now I ſhould be glad to know what Qualifications are more *eſſentially neceſſary* to a Pulpit *Orator* than *good Oratory*, or why your Addition of *Charity* is put in this Place. Mr. *Sheridan* has not ſaid that to make a good Orator a Man ſhould be a Thief or a Cheat: He was talking of the Powers of *Speech* and not of *Morality*. Indeed not you only but your Readers believe, what you next ſay, that *you forget what Manner of Men you were* when you quited your Pews, or that you have heard very little to the Purpoſe in them from theſe Specimens of your Criticiſm. You then flouriſh upon the Utility and deſtructive Power of Oratory, when ſhewing how equally you are adapted to purſue the Work which Mr. *Sheridan* has left unfiniſhed, as you are to be Critics: You cloſe the Diſcuſſion of theſe uſeful Queſtions, and others of a like Kind, by ſaying, "We may expect from the ſuperior A-"bilities and Integrity of Mr. *Sheridan*, whoſe Work, as far "as he has yet carried it, we can freely recommend to our "readers as equally entertaining and inſtructive."

Pray, Gentlemen Critics, do you imagine there ever has been preſented to the Public a Criticiſm ſo excellent in its Way. You firſt ſay, Mr. *Sheridan* is a perfect Maſter of his Subject, ſupported and confirmed in it by ancient and modern Writers of Excellence and Eſteem. Your next Endeavour is to prove he has aſſigned *too much* to his Art. Then that he has miſtaken the Subject and given what is *fictitious* only. That he has *inverted* the whole. That your Manner is *better* than his, though both are *worth nothing*. And then, that he is again *a Man of Abilities*. If you are Men of Candour, and he a Maſter of his Subject, why did you attempt to diſprove it? if he is miſtaken and no Maſter of his Subject, Why did you call him ſo? And in either of theſe Caſes, how can you be *regarded* as *Critics*? Are not your *Abilities* taſked beyond their Bearing?

This firſt Stone of your Building being probably deſigned to be remarkably laid, as is uſual in other great Edifices, I have been the longer in examining your Merits, as it is probably the very Part in which you have exerted thoſe Abilities which you have taſked. Now declare frankly, ye Men of Candour, is there a ſingle Criticiſm, except you call your Aſſertions and different Opinions, improper to the Subject, and unſupported by one Argument, *critical* Remarks?

The next Exhibition of your *noble Art of Criticiſm*, is on the Tranſlation of *Celſus* by *James Greive*, M. D.

Your firſt Remark is, "That the Author has taken great "Pains to preſerve the Conciſeneſs and Weight of the Au- "thor's Style, which, you apprehend, he has not always been "able to manage; that there are ſome Incorrectneſſes in the "Language, which very few Writers who are not born in *Eng-* "*land* can avoid." And then you give us Inſtances of them, and of the Tranſlator's not underſtanding the Language of the Author. You then tell us, "It is an invidious Taſk to hunt af- "ter Blemiſhes," and ſhould have added, in a *Scotchman*; "and "therefore you will go no farther." After this, you extenuate theſe miſtakes, by the *Merit* of attempting to tranſlate this excellent Work; and then conclude that "Dr. *Greive* ſeems "to be a Man of *Learning*:" Which is, that Dr. *Greive*, neither underſtanding the *Latin* which he tranſlates out of, nor the *Engliſh* which he tranſlates *Celſus* into, muſt, for that Reaſon, ſeem to be a Man of Learning: From this Way of criticiſing, what *Ignorance of a Subject* makes a Man of Learning, will not it follow, the moſt ignorant are the moſt learned? And allowing this to be juſt, with Reſpect to your Works, it is truly *Argumentum ad Hominem:* And you are, by the faireſt inference, the greateſt of Critics. Thus as in your Criticiſm on Mr. *Sheridan*, you firſt aſſert, that he is a Maſter of his ſubject, and then endeavour to ſupport that he does not underſtand it; in this you prove Mr. *Greive* is *ignorant* of his

Subject,

Subject, and thence infer that he is a Man of Learning: Admirable and new indeed!

But let me, as doing Juſtice is my Purſuit as well as yours, attempt to reconcile theſe jarring Circumſtances; and, as it is deſigned for your Advantage, permit me to propoſe a few Queries.

Did not one of you, Gentlemen Critics, whoſe *Integrity no Connexions can warp*, whoſe *Judgement no Prejudices can influence*, take from Mr. *Sheridan*, at the *Caſtle* in *Henrietta-Street*, *Covent Garden*, a *Supper*, by Way of Civility for certain *Approbations*, which were to be inſerted in your firſt monthly Annals of Literature? Was it not owing to this *Supper*, ſtill warm in his Stomach, that the firſt Compliment of being a *Maſter* was inſerted? And that when the *Remembrance* paſs'd off with the *Meal*, his, I muſt not call it *Prejudice*, his Envy to *Ireland*, and its Natives returning, which appears ſo conſpicuouſly in all your Reviews, produced in him you and an Attempt to leſſen Mr. *Sheridan*, and to contradict yourſelves. Your great Animoſity eaſily prevailing over your little Underſtanding. In like Manner, did not the glaring Miſtakes in the Tranſlation of *Celſus*, force you to ſay the little you have ſaid againſt it, and your Partiality oblige you to draw that abſurd Inference, that he who does not underſtand either *Latin* or *Engliſh*, is a Man of Learning, becauſe a *Scotchman?* Will it not be equally juſt to infer, that a Man muſt be an excellent Critic, becauſe he has been Surgeon's Mate, on Board a Ship, in the Expedition to *Carthagena?*

Pray, if you pleaſe, ſince you conclude Dr. *Grieve* to be a Man of Learning from his *not* Underſtanding *Latin* and *Engliſh*, what would you have inferred if he had underſtood both?

Thus, *Gentlemen Critics*, in theſe two Inſtances you have given moſt ſignal Proofs of your having no Connections to *warp* your Integrity and no Prejudices to *influence* your Judgment. At the ſame Time you have verified the Obſervation

 Boy

how neceſſary it was to take the Hint from the Situation of your Plan and underſtand your Works in the inverted Senſe, as the true Meaning of the Criticiſms you make.

The next Thing which you preſent your Readers, is the Harmony of the Goſpels, by Mr. *Macknight*, you introduce this with a ſmall Preface. " To harmonize the Goſpels, " that is to reconcile the ſeeming Inconſiſtencies and Con- " tradictions, which occur in the evangelical Hiſtory, hath " exerciſed the Pens of the ableſt Criticks, from the Fa- " thers of the Chriſtian Church to the preſent Times. Yet " was not the Subject ſo entirely exhauſted, nor the " deſired Harmony ſo perfectly eſtabliſhed, but that Mr. " *Macknight* thought ſomething more ſatisfactory to be " done. How he has performed his Taſk muſt be ſubmit- " ted to the Judgment of the Reader."

Then, without one introductory Obſervation, you refer your Readers to Mr. *Macknight*'s Work for a Criticiſm on itſelf. Now if we are to be referred to the Author for a Criticiſm upon himſelf, what Occaſion is there for your Review? Then, after tranſcribing three Pages, you tell us his Method of treating the Subject is the moſt natural that could be contrived, and what it contains; after this you ſubjoin, he has diſpoſed Things in ſuch a Manner that you may compare the Accounts given by the ſeveral Evangeliſts with one another, and what may ſupply in due Order of Time whatever hath been omitted by one or more of theſe inſpired Writers. All which Mr. *Macknight* tells us himſelf.

Now would not a true Critic have given ſome Inſtances of Mr. *Macknight*'s harmoniſing ſome Parts of the Goſpel, more happily than his Predeceſſors, reconciling Paſſages not before attempted or perfected, have ſhewn how he differed or agreed with the Scripture Chronology of preceding Authors, in what Inſtances they have been improved or illuſtrated, and on what he founds his Arguments? Would not he have given

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one Compariſon of one Fact or Doctrine with thoſe of others, to ſhew the Merit of the Author, with ſome one Inſtance of what this Writer has ſupplied, and what others have omitted?

What ſhall we conclude from this Proceeding of yours? That Mr. *Macknight* having produced Nothing *new* on this Subject, nothing could be ſaid in his Favour, and that therefore the *Book* was *impertinent and uſeleſs?* Or that *you, Gentlemen* of approved and acknowledged *Characters* and *Capacities*, not underſtanding the Subject, could *not* make a Compariſon of this Piece with thoſe of other Writers; and therefore that your Criticiſm is impertinent and uſeleſs? Or that Mr. *Macknight* being a *Scotchman*, you ſpared him, out of Compaſſion to his and your Country? And laſtly, you ſay, to connect the whole into one conſiſtent uniform Body, and for other Reaſons, Mr. *Macknight* ſubjoins a Paraphraſe; this, you ſay, the Reader will find uſeful and inſtructive, and, in ſome Places, curious and uncommon, as where the Author enquires into the Motive of *Judas*'s Treachery.

Indeed I acknowledge your Obſervation in this Place, of its being curious and uncommon, is very juſt, particularly where Mr. *Macknight* ſays, "Others think that *Judas* betrayed his Maſter out of Covetouſneſs; but neither can this be admitted; for the whole Sum was not in Value above three Pounds ten Shillings Sterling; a Trifle which the moſt covetous Wretch cannot be ſuppoſed to have taken as an Equivalent for the Life of a Friend." The moſt curious and uncommon Part of this Piece lies in this very Paſſage; that Mr. *Macknight*, a *Scotchman*, ſhould think three Pounds ten Shillings a Sum which could not produce the Sale of a Maſter in *Judea*, when his own Countrymen ſold their King for a Groat apiece*. Then you tranſcribe thirteen Pages

* For the Truth of the *Scotch* ſelling King *Charles* I. ſee Mr *Hume*'s Hiſtory of his Reign.

on *Judas*, without one Obſervation of your own, excepting this, " That a Strain of ſerious unaffected *Piety* is de-" ſcribed throughout the whole Work: This Author's Style " which although of a *North-Briton* (you don't ſeem to love " the word *Scotchman)* needs very little Indulgence.

As to the Piety of this Quotation, if any Body diſcovers it from the Book, but yourſelves, I am much miſtaken, for thro' the Whole there appears the utmoſt Circumſpection to conſider Chriſt not as God, but as Man alone, as may be gathered from this ſingle Paſſage.

" In which Reſpect he differ'd exceedingly from the *Reſt* " of *Mankind*, and was much more *like to God* than to *Man*." Now in my humble Opinion, he that ſays *Chriſt* differs from the *Reſt* of Mankind, fixes him as one of that Order of Beings by the word *Reſt*, *the remaining Part*, of the whole of which Species he makes one; and who ever adds, that *Chriſt* is *like* God, ſays he is *not* God, becauſe likeneſs ſuppoſes two Objects. A Man that is *like* another is not the Man himſelf, and in this Senſe it is not uſed in the Manner of ſaying, that one Creature is like another of the ſame Species; as that one Brother or one Sifter is like another, but where one Order of Creatures is like another, in which the Superiority is acknowledged in the former. How then that Man who does not acknowledge the Deity of *Chriſt*, and therefore deſtroys the very Foundation of the Chriſtian Religion can be remarkable for his *ſerious unaffected Piety*, is, I own, beyond my Comprehenſion. Pray Gentlemen Critics do you underſtand what Piety means, or do you diſavow the Divinity of our Saviour by this Criticiſm. Indeed I can aſſign a Reaſon for every Production being either praiſed for Faults, or theſe Faults extenuated when it comes from the Hands of a *Scotchman*. I mean, I could do this if your Integrity was to be warped, or Judgement to be prejudiced, but *as it is*, in Imitation of you *Gentlemen Critics*, I muſt leave that to my Reader

Reader with obſerving, that like *Bayes* you are determined to be new and ſurprizing in all you do.

Your next Criticiſm is a ſmall Rant rather in Favour than otherwiſe of the Hiſtory of the Royal Society, by Doctor *Birch*, in which there is not a ſingle Word of Criticiſm, unleſs Aſſertion be ſuch, concluding with a Satire on Mr. *Pope's Dunciad*. This good Inclination to Doctor *Birch*, I ſuſpect is to be aſcribed to another Cauſe than to his Merit, which I by no means deny. For if there be nothing to be ſaid in Praiſe of this Work, it deſerves no Encomium: And if you have praiſed it for no Reaſon, that cannot be conceived as Merit due to the Author. Pleaſe therefore to obſerve Readers, that this Work is printed for *A. Millar*, a *Scotch* Bookſeller, to whom theſe Gentlemen have frequently been Hirelings.

The Fortune-teller comes next before your Critical Tribunal, where you create the Word *Authorling*, and in the didactic Strain tell us it is not worthy Notice, without aſſigning one Reaſon why it is falſe in Nature, or tendency; in both which, though every Man ſhould agree, the cenſure is extremely Defective in you. From Critics ſomething more is expected then bare Aſſertion and Tranſcript, what can be read in the *Book* can never be deemed Criticiſm upon it.

Your next Critical Subject is Obſervations on the Iſlands of *Scilly*, this you pretend to treat with much Contempt; you ſay the Subject is Rocky and Barren, that it cannot produce much Entertainment or Inſtruction, and that the Author has made a *Shift* to extend his Detail, *&c.*—to one hundred and forty Pages in Quarto of very good Print, upon excellent Paper, adorned with four well executed Prints, exhibiting different Views of the Iſlands of *Scilly*. Intimating that Prolixity in good Letters and on good Paper, are the moſt conſpicuous Parts of this Book. Then you coldly add that Mr. *Borlaſe* gives ſome plauſible Reaſons for thinking that the *Scilly* Iſles known to the Ancients by the Name of *Caſſiterides*, have ſuffered ſome great Change by an Earthquake or Inundation. And af-

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ter this, as the Author's Conjecture concerning the Depopulation and Diviſion of thoſe Iſlands, is curious and well ſupported, we ſhall inſert a few Pages in his own Words.

Now Gentlemen Critics in my Opinion this *Corniſh* Writer deſerved more Reſpect from you, and there ſeems no Reaſon for your ſaying that the Goodneſs of the Paper and Print make the Excellence of the Work, ſince you yourſelves declare that his Conjectures concerning the Depopulation and Diviſion of thoſe Iſlands are curious and well ſupported; indeed might you not have added, that from a Subject which promiſed ſo little, it is ſurprizing how the Author has drawn ſo much Entertainment by Dint of happy conjectural Inference? Making that which at firſt Sight ſeems barely probable almoſt poſſitive by the Manner of Treating it: To which you might have juſtly added, that the Whole was delivered in a Style adapted to the Subject: And give me leave to ſay, were your Critiſciſms ſupported with the tenth Part of the Knowledge of what you Examine, which Mr. *Borlace* has ſhewn in the Subject of which he treats, there had been much leſs Reaſon to complain of your Ignorance in the Arts you Profeſs. Might not then ſomething more favourable have been ſaid of this Performance, though written by an *Engliſhman*, when you have already concluded *Grieve* to be a *Scholar* from his Ignorance, and *Macknight* a Man of *Piety*, from not acknowledging the Divinity of *Chriſt*, who are two *Scotchmen*. Is this the Method, by which you intend befriending Merit? Are you the Men *who have no Connections to warp your Integrity, nor Prejudice to influence your Judgment?* Who have given ſuch early Marks of flagrant Partiality.

The next Thing which comes before your Judgment Seat is a Production of Dr. *Blackwell*, called the Memoirs of the Court of *Auguſtus*, which might as well have been entitled Memoirs of the Court of *Caramania*, or the Kirk of *Scotland*, two large Volumes having been printed without *Auguſtus* having opened his Court.

You begin, "This learned and ingenious Gentleman af-
" ter having in his Letter to the Duke of *Newcaſtle*, beſtow-
" ed ſome proper Encomiums on his noble Patron, *&c.*"
which Letter though you have paſt it by almoſt unobſerved, ſhall be examined by me as an Inſtance of the Ingenuity of the Gentleman who wrote it, and of your Impartiality or Acuteneſs in paſſing it by unremarked.

It begins with ingeniouſly telling the Duke, that two Years ago the Author took leave of his *lamented* Patron Mr. *Pelham*, who aſked him " What was *drawing* him ſo ſoon
" from the Circle of his Friends in *London*." To which he anſwered, " To be preſent at a diſtinguiſhed Piece of Ho-
" nour *done* to the Muſes." This muſt certainly be a Proof of undoubted Ingenuity in a Man, who according to the Grammar of his Anſwer, was *drawing* to be preſent at a Thing already paſt: He meant *to be done*. This Honour however was " A Nobleman of the higheſt Rank, prin-
" cipal Secretary of State, diſcharging perſonally the Func-
" tions of the firſt Office of the Univerſity, and on a very
" extraordinary Occaſion *(indeed!)* no leſs Perſon than his
" Majeſty's High Chancellor, the Ornament of his Profeſ-
" ſion, being to give a Proof of his *Love* of Learning, by
" taking his Degree of Doctor of Laws as a regular Gradu-
" ate." Now how this was an Honour done to the Muſes I am at a Loſs to diſcover, unleſs as theſe Ladies have been generally ſuppoſed to be honoured by Men of Genius and Learning, the Duke of *Newcaſtle* is to be deemed a *Genius* from performing this Office, and the Chancellor a *Scholar* from his *Love* of Learning. And this I ſuppoſe the World will readily acquieſce in. However Mr. *Pelham* " Approved his Curioſity, ſaid it would not be diſagree-
" able to his Brother to ſee him at *Cambridge*, and bad
" him diſpatch his ſecond Volume of the Court of *Au-*
" *guſtus*." Is not this a pretty Introduction of a Letter to tell a Man what he muſt know as well as himſelf?

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would he have any Reaſon for it, but to put the Duke in Mind of the Expence which he was at in being drawn to this *extraordinary Occaſion?* But now comes the Paragraph. " What I then learned and ſaw tranſacted in that celebrated " Seat of Learning, how excellent ſoever in itſelf, I am ſure " is not proper to be repeated to your Grace." And why? " It is an Injury to *Truth* to tell it under the leaſt Air of *Suſpi-* " *cion*," and therefore as it is not to be told without an Air of Suſpicion, he is reſolved not to *injure Truth* by telling it at all. Which is juſt as much as to ſay, the whole being a Falſehood it is beſt not to publiſh it in Print; or how comes it not to be told without *Suſpicion?* Is not this very Ingenious? That this is the true Senſe of theſe Words may be gathered from the following Paſſage alſo.

" But ſince the firſt Part of this impartial Work" (the Author is the Judge of his own Impartiality) " was honoured " with the Patronage of ſo good a Man, and addreſſed " throughout to ſo upright a Miniſter as the illuſtrious *Henry* " *Pelham*, thoſe who ever felt the powerful Influence of " Eſteem and Gratitude will not diſapprove my Reſolution " to interweave no other Name with the Sequel."

Modeſt and ingenious! This Peer who did Honour to the Muſes, was ſo far exceeded in Uprightneſs as a Miniſter, and Goodneſs as a Man by his Brother, that every one muſt Approve of Dr. *Blackwell*'s Reſolution, not to interweave the Duke's Name in the Sequel, leſt it ſhould diſgrace his Work. otherwiſe what Reaſon can be aſſigned why the Head of the Family ſhould be excluded in Preference of a younger Brother, eſpecially after the latter was dead: Does not this prove he thought the Univerſity Complements ill t ounded, and therefore not to be mentioned. But he proceeds: " At the " ſame Time may I not humbly hope, that the *noble Diſpo-* " *ſition to encourage Learning*, running through all your " Grace's Conduct, and to promote, by annual Premiums, " the moſt improving Species of it, claſſical Knowledge will

" will not leave me to be the ſole Sufferer by the Death o
" our Patriot; nor permit me ſingly to deplore a Loſs, which
" a Train of faithful Services to your Country, and a zeal-
" ous Attachment to the beſt of Kings have rendered ſcarce
" perceptible to a happy People."

This Paragraph muſt certainly be deſigned as a ſly ironical Snear on his Grace, for his Neglect of him; for how could Dr. *Blackwell* hope, that a Man, of whom he was afraid to ſpeak the Univerſity's Opinion, becauſe it muſt be ſuſpected of wanting Truth, whoſe Name he had excluded, becauſe it would diſgrace his Work, profeſſed the noble Diſpoſition to encourage Learning, running through all his Conduct when he muſt know alſo, it has been famous for promoting Dunces: Witneſs the Reverend Dr. *S——l S——e*, and others of like Merit.

If this was not intended as an Irony, how can we reconcile the Epithet of *lamented* Patron, *upright* Miniſter, whoſe *illuſtrious* Name can ſuffer no other to be interwoven with it which have been beſtowed on Mr. *Pelham*; when his Death is rendered *ſcarce perceptible*, ſo happy we are in the faithful Services of his Brother. What Need of lamenting a Loſs which we can ſcarce perceive? Beſides the Doctor's implore ing that he may not be the ſole Sufferer is ſo unbecoming a Man of ſuch *Ingenuity* and *Learning*, that I cannot but conclude this was deſigned as a refined Irony; however if you are of a different Opinion, Gentlemen Critics, I relinquiſh my Pretentions to this Diſcovery.

He then adds, " Let me have the Honour to be reckoned " your Graces's faithful and obedient Servant" to which I have no Objection. Now how came ſuch Eagle eyed Critics as you to miſs the *Merits* of this Letter, and denominate them *proper* Encomiums on a noble Patron. Having given this Mark of Dr. *Blackwell*'s Ingenuity in his Epiſtle, let us ſee if it is not as viſible and extraordinary in the Preface

He begins: " Between the End of *Julius Cæſar*'s *Memoirs* (or rather of *Hirtius*'s Supplement and the beginning of *Tacitus*'s Annals) " there is *a Gap* in the *Roman* Hiſtory: In it " is ſunk the Death of the Dictator, &c." Pray, Gentlemen Criticks, does he mean that no Authors have given an Account of this Part of Hiſtory: Or is it ſunk in a Gap of *Greek* and *Latin*, which no Man underſtands pulling out but himſelf? Did he then create the materials, or only tranſlate them from the Originals? Indeed he tells us, " That it was " no Part of the original Plan of theſe Memoirs, to ſupply " this Deficiency, and *retrieve* the grand *Period* of the *Ro-* " *man* Story; but being once engaged, and having forged a " *Link* or two of the *Chain*, the Conſequence and Curioſity of " the Materials inſenſibly drew in the Author to fill up the " *Chaſm*.

Pray, Gentlemen, do you recollect any Paſſage in any Writings, your own excepted, where the figurative Way of writing is ſo admirably preſerved as in this; the Death of the Dictator, the Siege of *Modena*, the Proſcription, the Wars in *Aſia* and *Rhodes*, the Battles at *Phillippi*, the Siege *Perugia*, the *Sicilian* Sea-Fights, the *Parthian* Expedition, the final Conteſt at *Actium*, the Reduction of *Alexandria*, and the gradual Transformation of the Republic into a Monarchy, Is all ſunk in *a Gap*; and the Author, though it was no Part of his Plan, forges a *Link* or two of a *Period*, and *fills up* the *Chaſm* with the *Chain*, or with *himſelf*; for *he* was inſenſibly drawn in to fill up the Gap too. Beautiful beyond Expreſſion! He fills up the Chaſm, in which the Accounts of theſe Tranſactions are ſunk, with *two Links* of a *Chain*, of a *Period*, or with *himſelf*, in Order to retrieve it; happily metaphorical! Now I was dull enough to imagine, when I perceived him at his forging Work, that he intended making a Chain, by Means of which to have deſcended into this Gap, and lugged up all this grand Period of the *Roman* Story;

Story; but it ſeems he has diſcovered a new Way of bring ing it forth by covering it in.

He continues: "When this was done, it became a Poin "of *Choice*, either to *ſacrifice* this hiſtorical *Period*, or add a "Volume to the Work beyond the firſt Deſign," and ther adds, "That the Nature of the Tranſactions, &c. ſeemed "to beſpeak the Subſcribers Candor, and promiſe Forgiveneſs "to the Writer, if he *undeſignedly doubled* his own Labours."

Happy and ſublime as before, in *ſacrificing a Period*, and in the *Point* of *Choice*, operating *undeſignedly* on the Author; that is he has *choſen* to add a Volume *without* Deſign to *chuſe*. Now Gentlemen Critics, do not you believe that the Profits of his Subſcription, more than the Nature of the Tranſactions operated on Dr. *Blackwell* deſignedly to *double* his Labour, by writing *one* Part in three more than he intended? And pray is not *doubling* Labour, by writing *one* third of a Work making three Halves of a Thing, which is another Inſtance of his great Ingenuity? Having thus far given ſome few Specimens of Dr. *Blackwell*'s Ingenuity in writing, and your Skill in Criticiſm, by not remarking thoſe Paſſages, permit me to paſs on and enquire into the Foundation for his being ſtiled *Learned*, which, among many others, will exhibit an ample Proof of yours alſo.

I muſt therefore give you the original Fragment of *Polybius*, prefixed to his Book, his Tranſlation, and another of my own to ſhew how remarkably his Learning and your have been diſplayed in this Piece deſignedly placed there to ſhew *his* Knowledge of the *Greek*, and accidentally *your* Ignorance of it.

ΟΤΙ μὲν οὖν πᾶσι τοῖς ἔθεσι ὑπάρχειτει φθορὰ καί μεταβολὴ ζητεῖν προσδεῖ λόγου.— δυοῖν δὲ τρόπων ὄντων καθ' ὃς φθείρεσθαι πέφυκε πᾶν γένος πολιτείας, τοῦ μὲν ἔξωθεν, τοῦ δ' ἐν αὐτοῖς φυομένου, τὸ μὲν ἔκτον ἄστατον ἔχειν συμβαίνει τὴν θεωρίαν. τὰ δ' ἐξ αὐτῶν τεταγμένην.

Blackwall.——That all human Things are ſubject to corruption and change, ſcarce needs any Proof; but of the two Ways in which *the Conſtitution* of a State *may be* overturned, *external* Force or inward Diſorder, though the Firſt hardly Admits of *any Rule of Judgment*, the Progreſs of the Laſt is fixt and regular.

That Corruption and Change are the Fate of all Things which exiſt, ſcarce needs to be mentioned; but of the two Ways by which every Kind of Government hath in it's Nature been to be ſubverted, by external Cauſes or thoſe generated in itſelf; the Firſt from the Variety which attends it admits of Speculation only, the Latter of poſitive Deciſion.

In the Tranſlation of this Sentence the firſt Thing to be remarked is, that Dr. *Blackwell* is Ignorant of Grammar in the *Greek* Language. φθείρεσθαι πέφυκε πᾶν γένος πολιτείας. He has tranſlated *the Conſtitution of a State may be overturned*, which ſignifies every Kind of Government hath in it's Nature been to be ſubverted, πέφυκε being the *præſens perfectum*, can ſignify Nothing but what is abſolutely paſt, and not what *may* be, becauſe for the ſame Reaſon it *may not* be alſo. For the Truth of this conſult Dr. *Clarke*'s Note on ἀμφιβέβηκας Quarto Edition of the Iliad, l 1. p. 5.

Let us now ſee how well the Doctor comprehended the Senſe of his Author. πᾶν γενος πολτείας, which he has tranſlated a *Conſtitution*, ſignifies every Kind of Government. Nor is external Force the meaning of τοῦ μὲν ἔξωθεν; it is by exter- Cauſes. *Polybius* could not mean to aſſign one Cauſe ſuch as *Force* for the ſole external Way of ſubverting a State, becauſe he has declared it ἄσαφον from it's inſtability or uncertainty capable of a ſpeculative Deciſion only, and he muſt know that ſuperior Skill in a Stateſman or a General, has frequently conquered in Oppoſition to greater Force. Alliances diſadvantageouſly formed, have ſubverted States. Commerce more

encouraged

encouraged in a rival Nation may prove the Subverſion of a neighbouring State. Attention to other Intereſts, and Neglect of their own may effect the ſame Thing. Beſides how came the *ingenious* Tranſlator to ſay, that this admits of no Rule of Judgment, when Force being a ſingle Object, a Judgment might as well be formed on that as on any other Thing; there would then be nothing but to conſider the Force of a Nation, and infer it's Power, which would make this Way of ſubverting a State as little Speculative as the other; he muſt then have miſunderſtood τὸν μὲν ἔξοθεν, and probably θεωρίαν alſo. As to thoſe Cauſes of Subverſion generated in States, *Polybius* deſcribes them, becauſe they have been uniform; nor can he have intended to ſay, that *inward Diſorder* was the *Cauſe*, becauſe that was the *Effect* of thoſe Cauſes, generated in a State which he deſcribes immediately; much leſs would he have ſaid, that the *Progreſs* of it is *fixt*. τεταγμένην is placed in Oppoſition to θεωρίαν, poſitive Deciſion againſt ſpeculative Concluſion.

—ΟΤΑΝ πολλὰς καὶ μεγαλους κινδυνους διωσαμένη πολιτεία, μετὰ ταυτα εἰς ὑπεροχὴν καὶ δυναστείαν ἀδήριτον ἀφίκηται, φανερόν ὡς εἰσοχιζομένης εἰς αὐτὴν ἐπὶ πολυ τῆς ευδαιμονίας, συμβαίνει τὰς μὲν βίους γινεσθαι πολυτελεστέρους τους δ' ἄνδρας φιλονεικοτέρους τῆ δόξοντος, περὶ τε τὰς ἀρχὰς, καὶ τὰς ἄλλας ἐπιβολὰς.

Blackwell: For when a Nation has ſurmounted many and great Dangers, and conſequently arrived at unrival'd Eminence and Power, it is plain, that amid continued Affluence, the general Way of living will grow more ſumptuous, the Citizens more unruly, more imperious in Magiſtracies, and in all Sorts of public Management.

But when a State, after having prevailed againſt many and great Dangers, by Means of theſe, arrives at Eminence and ſettled Power, it is manifeſt, that as Eaſe and Happineſs find Abodes therein, the Ways of living become more luxurious, and Men more fond of rivalling one another in the Neceſ-

ſarie-

ſaries of Life, in Things relative to Power, and in all thoſe Objects to which their Minds are much applied.

Here again, it is evident, the Tranſlator has miſſed the Senſe of the Author; certainly *Polybius* has not ſaid, that when a Nation has ſurmounted great Dangers, that it is *conſequently* arrived at *unrival'd* Power: Though the Empreſs-Queen has ſurmounted great Dangers in raiſing the Siege of *Prague*; is ſhe therefore *conſequently* without a Rival? Should the *French* be repulſed in an Invaſion on this Iſland, and the Danger overcome that threatened us; I believe we ſhould ſcarce think ourſelves without a Rival. *Polybius* ſays, Eminence and ſettled Power. Again, he has been miſtaken in the Senſe of φιλονεικοτέρους τῶ δέοντος; it no more ſignifies unruly than it does *Scotch* Cloth: It plainly appears that τῶ δέοντος, the Neceſſaries of Life was not underſtood by him. In like Manner, περὶ τὲ τὰς ἀρχὰς and τὰς ἄλλας ἐπιβολὰς, have been equally uncomprehended, as may be ſeen in the Tranſlation which is juſt before given of this Paſſage. It conveys theſe Ideas, that Eaſe begets Luxury, Luxury, Emulation in the Purſuit of Power, and in all Things to which the Minds of Men are much applied as Statues, Pictures, Books, Gems, Furniture, &c.

ὧν προβαινοντων ἐπὶ πλέον, ἄρξει μὲν τῆς ἐπι τὸ χεῖρον μεταβολῆς ἡ ΦΙΛΑΡΧΙΑ, καὶ τό τῆς ἀδοξίας δέος* πρὸς δὲ τούτοις ἡ περι τους βίους ἀλαζονεία καὶ πολυτελεία.

Blackwell. Ambition therefore and Dread of Diſgrace will firſt begin the Change to the worſe, accompanied for the moſt Part with oſtentatious Expence and Emulation in Magnificence.

Things proceeding in this Manner in general, the Love of Power, and the Appearance of living without Eclat will begin the Change of all Things for the worſe; to theſe are added Oſtentation and Magnificence in every Kind of Life.

It

* So I conjecture it ſhould bewrit, inſtead of οἱ δὲ. *Blackwell.*

It is hardly poſſible to conceive a more miſtaken Tranſlation than that of Doctor *Blackwell*'s. *Ambition* and *Dread* of *Diſgrace* begin the Subverſion of a State. The two moſt animating Motives to doing well are, in his Opinion, the moſt productive of Evil. And yet, to common Apprehenſion, what Union can promiſe the Preſervation of a State more probably than Ambition mixed with the Love of Honor. This is not only Ignorance of the Language but of Common Senſe and Human Nature; and the Criticiſm of changing εἰδὼς for δεὶς is inimitably judicious, Senſe for Nonſenſe. Beſides ΦΙΛΑΡΧΙΑ, no more ſignifies Ambition in its preciſe Senſe than it does Scratching. The Love of Power is one Species of Ambition and that of Scratching was another in a King of *Scotland*, whoſe Ambition wiſhed to have deprived his People of that hereditary Bleſſing. The Meaning of *Polybius* is that the Love of Power in the Great and the living without Eclat in thoſe who are not rich incite the former to get more Power and rule their Equals, and the latter to get rid of their abject State and equal their Superiors: which are amongſt the internal Cauſes that begin the Subverſion of a State.

λήψεται δὲ τὴν ἐπιγραφὴν τῆς μεταβολῆς ὁ ΔΗΜΟΣ, ὅταν ὑφ' ὧν μὲν ἀδικεῖσθαι δόξῃ διὰ τὴν πλεονεξίαν, ὑφ' ὧν δὲ χαυνωθῇ κολακευόμενος διὰ τὴν φιλαρχίαν. τότε γὰρ ἐξοργίζεται, καὶ θυμῷ πάντα βουλεύμενος, οὐκ ἔτι θελήσει πειθαρχεῖν, οὐδ' ἴσον ἔχειν τοῖς προϊσταμένοις, ἀλλὰ πάντων, καὶ τὸ πλεῖστον αὐτός.

Blackwell. But it is the Body of the People that give the final Blow, and compleat their own Ruin: For when they imagine themſelves oppreſſed by the Avarice of their Rulers on one Hand, and are flattered and inflamed by intereſted and ambitious Leaders on the other. They then conſult nothing but their Paſſion, throw off all Regard to Authority, will

no

no longer endure their Magiſtrates, but take all, even the moſt material Parts of Power, into their own Hands.

But the People will perceive the firſt Mark of this Change; when, ſeeing themſelves unjuſtly treated by the inextinguiſhable Deſire of engroſſing, and flattered by thoſe who are in Love with Power, they think highly of themſelves. At this Time every tumultuous Paſſion being let looſe, diſpoſing all Things according to their own Opinions. They will no longer yield Obedience to their Magiſtrates, nor allow an Equal amongſt their Superiors, but they alone will be all and every Thing in Exceſs.

Can there be a more miſtaken Tranſlation, than in the firſt Part of this Sentence, where Dr. *Blackwell* tranſlates ἐπιγραφήν *final Blow*, which ſignifies *firſt Mark*: Thus he makes that the End which *Polybius* hath deſcribed as the Beginning. The remaining Part of this Paſſage, though inaccurate, bald, and void of the Spirit and Preciſion of the Original, and open to many Objections, ſhall be paſſed by without Notice.

ἐξ γενομένου των μεν ὀνομάτων τό κάλλιστον ἡ πολλιτεία μεταλήψεται, τήν Ἐλευθερίαν καί Δημοκρατίαν. τῶν δὲ πραγμάτων τὸ χειριστον, τήν ΟΧΛΟΚΡΑΤΙΑΝ.

Blackwell. The Government then aſſumes *the prettieſt* of all Names, Liberty and popular Sway; but becomes in Effect the worſt of all Things, a Mob-ruled Nation.

Matters being thus far advanced, the Government adopts the moſt honourable of all Names, Liberty and Democracy, and of all Things the worſt, the lawleſs Power of the Populace.

Thus far Doctor *Blackwell* and you have proceeded Hand in Hand in Miſtakes. However, your Critical Knowledge in *Greek* now makes its firſt Appearance on two Words: You tell us, " Dr. *Black-*" *well* knew perfectly well that the *Greek* Word κάλλος does

" not

" not only mean, pretty, handſome, or beautiful, but almoſt " every Thing that is great or good." Now give me leave to obſerve, that neither you nor Dr. *Blackwell* can know that καλος ſignifies *pretty*. though it ſometimes means beautiful. Would you tranſlate καλη και ευειδη γυνη a *pretty* well ſhaped Woman, which the *Latins* have rendered by *Pulchritudine eximia fœmina*, and καλος εστιν ὁδε ὁ κοσμος *Pulcher eſt hic Mundus*, by, this is a pretty World? καλος ſignifies *decens*, *decorus*, *laudabilis*, *honeſtus*, as well as *Pulcher*, and, in this Place, that which the *French* render by *le plus honête*. Nor can it mean *ſpecious*, if you pleaſe, becauſe it ſignifies the Height of Perfection in Places where it is applied. Indeed you have diſcovered the falſe Tranſlation in one Word, ΟΧΛΟΚΡΑΤΙΑΝ; it is not the Mob-ruled Nation, but the Mob-ruling Power, as you ſay; wherefore, as it would be a Sin to rob you of your Mite, the only Word by which you have given any Proof of your underſtanding, through this Liſt of Miſtakes, ſhall be carried to your Account of Knowedge in the *Greek* Language.

—— μεθίσταται δ' εἰς βίαν και χειροκρατίαν ἡ ΔΗΜΟΚΡΑΤΙΑ —— και τότε (τὸ πλῆθος) συναθροιζόμενον ποιεῖ σφαγὰς, φυγὰς, γῆς ἀναδασμούς, εως ἂν αποτεθηριωμένον παλιν εὑρῃ ΔΕΣΠΟΤΗΝ και ΜΟΝΑΡΧΟΝ.

Blackwell, For the Democracy or Power of the People quickly turns to open Violence, then the aſſembled multitude baniſhes one great Man, murders another, confiſcates Eſtates, makes Diviſions of public Lands, until like a wild Beaſt, exaſperated with its own Cruelties, it finally ſubmit to a Maſter and abſolute Lord.

Then the Democracy becomes transformed into Violence and the Power of Numbers, when the Multitude thronging together, aſſaſſinates ſome, forces others to fly, and makes a general Diviſion of the Lands amongſt themſelves; till, raging like wild Beaſts, they again find a deſpotic Maſter.

In this Paſſage the Tranſlator has taken no Notice of χειροκρατίαν, the Power of Hands, the moſt ſignificant Word of the whole, and συναθροιζόμενον is rendered *aſſembled:* Apt Expreſſion for a tumultuous Populace, in the Act of ſubverting a State. The very Sound of this Word would have told any Ear but Dr. *Blackwell*'s, yours, and the deaf Adder's, that it could not mean *aſſembled.* What an Idea of Coolneſs, in the midſt of Tumult, Slaughter, and Deſtruction. The aſſembled Multitude of *Scotch* Divines, meekly met in the Name of King *Jeſus*, one might think.

Thus, Gentlemen, I have given ſome *Specimens* of Dr. *Blackwell*'s and your Ingenuity and Learning. Now pray tell me which you chuſe to have imputed to your Charge, Ignorance or Partiality? "You have told us you have no Con-"nections to warp your Integrity, nor Prejudices to influ-"ence your Judgment;" then this Neglect of Criticiſing, this Tranſlation of *Polybius* muſt be ſhare Ignorance in you. but you have told us alſo, that "You will not venture to cri-"ticiſe a Tranſlation without underſtanding the Original." Then this Omiſſion muſt have been the moſt Abſurd of all national Partialities. Take which you pleaſe: Either your Underſtandings or your Hearts muſt ſuffer. Or perhaps you have caricatured your Excellencies, leſt their Features might not have been ſtriking enough to have drawn Attention without it.

Pray, Gentlemen, after this Sample of his Skill in Tranſlation, do you imagine, to ſpeak in the Doctor's Words, "It will be acceptable to the Reader to be "aſſured, that every Fact, without Exception, delivered in "theſe Memoirs, is taken immediately from the original "Authors?" Would not he have done better in Imitation of your Hero to have tranſlated from Tranſlations already made.

After having taken Notice of the unnatural Mixture of oſtentatious Learning entirely foreign to the Subject, you ſay,

"Our

" Our Author's Language is for the moſt Part pretty Good, " though in many places we cannot help thinking it very " faulty." It would be amazing if you could indeed. For certainly in no Book written by any Man who pretends to learning, are there to be found ſo many abſolute Ignorances of Grammar and Senſe of Words. But your Apology for this is admirable, " Which we ſuppoſe is partly owing to his fa- " miliar Acquaintance, not only with the Ancient, but per- " haps all the modern Languages, which a Man of Curioſity " and Taſte would chuſe to ſtudy." Thus according to you, Gentlemen, this learned Doctor has ſtudied *Greek* and *Latin* 'till he has forgotten *Engliſh*. Now really, profeſt Critics as you are, I muſt differ with you in Opinion: And I am apt to believe becauſe he did not underſtand *Engliſh*, he knew no learned Language. At leaſt I think he has given ample Proof that he did not underſtand *Greek:* But, " you continue, as the Faults of a favourite Author are " too apt to be copied" (he muſt be your Favourite, he is not of any *Engliſhman* of Learning I am ſure) " You " think it your Duty to take Notice of ſome of the moſt " glaring Inſtances of irregular Language that appear " in the Work." Now do you imagine thoſe Faults would have been copied without this Kindneſs in you? And let me aſk you if your whole Pamphlet would have contained the Ignorances in Grammar to be found in the Volume you are examining.

What Partiality, what ſoftening Apology, in " *Knowledge* of " ancient Languages being the Parent of *Ignorance* in *Engliſh*, " a *favourite* Author, *irregular* Language, *hardly* allowable in " *correct* Writing to mix the ancient and modern Names of " Places and Men," and many others; becauſe the Ignorance in this Book was of *Scotch* Growth: What a different Tone we ſhould have found: What Conſpurcations of Pun and Witticiſm we ſhould have ſeen, had the Author been *Engliſh* or *Iriſh*. You tell us alſo he tranſlates the Names

of Men in *Greek* or *Latin* into *Engliſh.* " As you don't " know what *Greek* Name into Croſbow," pray Gentlemen, if you do not know what the Name is, how are you ſure it is *Greek ?* This may be a Proof of his Learning, but ſure it cannot be of yours, who confeſs yourſelves Critics of what you do not underſtand. " In Names of Places he tranſlates *Philipolis* by *Philipſbury*, which," you ſay, " If he would *modernize*, ſhould rather be *Philipſburgh*," by which I ſuppoſe you mean *Germanize* one Way of Modernizing indeed. *Bury* and not *Burgh* is the true *Engliſh* Termination as *Saliſbury*, *Edmonſbury*, *Shaftſbury*, and Numbers of others: Unleſs you think the Excellencies of *Edinburgh* are ſufficient to impart a Termination to every new coined Name of a Town. In this Place as well as in a Multiplicity of others you would do well to derive a Character of Learning from your Ignorance of *Engliſh*. Indeed you have given Inſtances enough of Doctor *Blackwell*'s Ignorance in our Language according to your Manner of Arguing, to fix him the firſt Scholar in *Europe*, and Inſtances of your own ſufficient to place you in immediate Succeſſion under him. Thus, Gentlemen, you ſee my Impartiality has candidly turned your own Argument in Favour of your Learning, which I hope I ſhall ever have Reſolution enough to do on ſuch Occaſions, and you have free Liberty now he is dead to ſtyle yourſelves *familiarly* acquainted with the ancient Languages, and *deeply* learned on the ſame Score of *not* underſtanding *Engliſh*, for any Thing I ſhall hereafter object to the Contrary.

The innumerable Errors in Grammar muſt be paſt by with a View to give a Sample of Miſtakes in other Parts of this Work, which you have either not diſcovered or do not chuſe to remark: The firſt Thing which offers itſelf as an illuſtrious Inſtance of Doctor *Blackwell*'s Ingenuity is.

" When *Themiſtocles* perſuaded his fellow Citizens to aban-
" don their ſtately Town to the Fury of the *Perſians*, and
" betake

" betake themſelves to their Ships, the *Athenian* Republic was " undoubtedly in their Fleet." Now the Paſſage from *Plutarch* which he has quoted in a Note, ſays no ſuch Thing. However to give him the Merit of this Diſcovery, let us ſee the Reaſon which he has aſſigned for it. " There is no Soil " ſo ſacred, or Structure of ſuch Virtue, as *to conſtitute* a " *State*. That Conſiſts of a *Society of Men* living together " under certain Regulations, and performing to one another " the mutual Duties preſcribed by their Laws." As if any Man could be ſo egregiouſly Miſtaken to conceive that a City built all in the *Corinthian* Order, and on conſecrated Ground, could make a Republic without People to inhabit it: Or that Houſes and Soil had any thing to do with the Nature of the Government. Is it not as acute as ſaying, that notwithſtanding St. *Paul*'s Church is the fineſt Piece of Architecture in *London*, and the Ground holy on which it ſtands, yet when it is empty it has no Congregation in it? The next Inference alſo is admirable. " The *Roman Republic* therefore after " the horrible Proſcription was no more at bleeding *Rome*." That is becauſe when *Athens* was deſerted, their Republic was gone; therefore when the Proſcription was accompliſhed, the *Roman* was gone alſo: What Affinity between theſe two Circumſtances, unleſs every *Roman* was murdered, and none remained.

We ſhall now give an Inſtance of the Author's exquiſite Skill in delivering a Story, p. 3. " But a little before the " News of this public Ruin could reach *M. Brutus*, his Pa- " tience was put to the *higheſt* Trial by a *private* Calamity. " He had been married early in Life" (a great Calamity indeed) " to *Clodia*, Daughter to *Appius Claudius Pulcher*, and " Neice of the flagitious Tribune, and" (ſtrange to tell) " *Cn.* " *Pompey*'s eldeſt Son, by marrying her youngeſt Siſter, had " become his Brother-in-Law; but whether the Manners of " the Family, to which he was then allied, did not pleaſe him, " or whether he had Reaſon to be diſſatisfied with the *Lady*'s

" Behaviour

" Behaviour during his Abſence ; it is certain that ſoon af-
" ter his Return from the nearer *Gaul*, he entertained Thoughts
" of a Separation. This raiſed *a good Deal of Talk*, while it
" continued in Suſpence, and the Women of the *Clodian* Fa-
" mily, as might be expected on ſuch Occaſions, did not fail
" to inveigh bitterly againſt *Brutus* ; but his Couſin *German*
" the famous *Portia*, becoming about this Time a young
" Widow" (but how ?) " by the Death of her Huſband, his
" doubts were quickly determined, and according to the
" Manners of thoſe Times he divorced *Clodia*, to marry his
" Uncle's Daughter."

What an admirable Style for *Roman* Memoirs is this namby pamby Account of *Ladies*, and a *good deal of Talk*, and in what a dreadful Calamity poor *Brutus* muſt be involved, from the Clamour of a few female Tongues, which he expected alſo. A Philoſopher and Patriot put to the *higheſt* Tryal to get rid of a Wife he did not like, to poſſeſs one he loved, whilſt the Liberty of his Country was ſubverting, and all this according to the Cuſtom of the Times too, a Situation to be commiſerated by all good Chriſtians.

Next follows a Deſcription equally Excellent of *Portia*'s Love, and great Talents ; ſo high Flown and Romantic, becoming nothing but the Memoirs of a Coxcomb ; after which he adds, " She was in the Bloom of Youth" (after a ſecond Marriage) " when that Hero formed the bold Reſolution
" of delivering his enſlaved Country, and ſoon perceived
" as what eſcapes the Eye of Love" (a new remark) " he
" was big with ſome deep Deſign" (big with Deepneſs)
" and agitated with Fits of *recurring* Anxiety" (excellent Epithet for Fits.) But now mind the Quinteſſence of all.
" As *Brutus* uſed *to hide* nothing from her, ſhe did him
" *Juſtice*, and concluded *herſelf unfit* to be truſted with
" the *mighty Secret*." Strange Concluſion, that becauſe ſhe had till then been intruſted with every Thing, ſhe was now of a ſudden fit to be truſted no longer, eſpecially as ſhe

had

had never blabed; " But inſtead of peeviſh Complaints, a " ſuperior Spirit (a true *Scotch* Parſon would have called it the Devil) " prompted her to make a dangerous Experi- " ment of her own Strength: She called for a Barber's " Knife" (a Razor probably) " as if to pair her Nails" (a cunning Baggage) " and putting all her Women out of " the Room" (cunning again) " gave herſelf a great Cut in " the Thigh."

Now why ſhould this Woman, who had concluded that her Huſband in *Juſtice ought not* to have revealed the Secret, grow ſo outrageouſly offended, and take Vengeance upon her poor Backſide? Which you muſt allow Gentlemen Critics could not have been an Accomplice in the Affair. Is not this an excellent Account of *Brutus* and *Portia?*

In Fact, the Reſentment of her Huſband's Silence aroſe from a conſcious Power of keeping Secrets, and the Sting of being in Appearance diſtruſted of the contrary from this anxious Secreſy of *Brutus*, who had never before concealed any Thing *from* her, created the Idea of her being fallen in his Opinion, and touched her Soul.

' However, at length, being in Pain, ſhe deſired to be left ' with her Huſband, who was in *Agonies* of Grief, when all ' were retired, with a ſettled Countenance, though in the ' Height of Anguiſh, " *Brutus*, (ſaid ſhe) when I became " your Wife, it was not only to be the Partner of your " Table and Bed, but the Sharer of your Fortunes and " Companion of the Cares of your Life. You *dearly* diſ- " charge your Duty to me; but how can I perform my Part, if " I may neither partake in your ſecret Sorrows, nor be en- " truſted with your grand Deſigns?" Was there ever ſuch palpable Contradiction? She married to be his Companion in the Cares of Life, he *dearly* diſcharged, by which I ſuppoſe he means *tenderly*, his Duty to her; and yet the next Line but one, ſhe complains he did not entruſt her with his Deſigns. She goes on: " I know the Imputation which lies on my " Sex,

" Sex, with Regard to Secrecy; but ſome Allowance ſhould " be made to the Power of *good Education*, and *keeping the* " *beſt Company*; beſides which, I have the Honor to be " *Cato*'s Daughter and your Wife; yet I laid no Streſs upon " theſe, till I put myſelf to a Trial; and now (thank Hea- " ven) I find that I am above bodily Pain, and can bear " Torture without complaining."

Gentlemen, do you think ſuch a Speech was ever put into the Mouth of a *Roman* Matron before? A good Education, kept the beſt Company, had the Honor of being *Cato*'s Daughter and *Brutus*'s Wife; was bred at *Hackney* Boarding-School, danced at my Lord Mayor's Ball, had the Honor of being Daughter to Sir *Toby Guttle*, Knight, Tobacconiſt, and Alderman, and Wife to Sir *Humphrey Gripe*, Knight, Tallow-Chandler, and Sheriff: And then ſhe put herſelf to Pain, to try whether ſhe could keep from *complaining*. Lame and impotent Concluſion! It was to try whether ſhe could keep a Secret, even though it ſhould be attempted to be forced from her by Torture. He continues ſo ſaying, " She uncovered the Wound, and told him what " ſhe had done." The aſtoniſhed *Brutus* held up his Hands (as well he might at the Sight of ſuch a Cut in her Backſide) " and earneſtly prayed the Gods would make him ſo happy " as to accompliſh his *grand Purpoſe*, that he might appear " worthy to be the Huſband to ſuch a Woman." A Woman as you have deſcribed her, who did her Huſband juſtice, and concluded herſelf not fit to be truſted with a Secret; and yet contrary to her own Concluſion wounded herſelf, becauſe ſhe thought ſhe ought to have known it.

He then ſays, " His Prayer was granted, he killed the Ty- " rant, and put it in the Power of the *Romans* to reſume their " Liberty, and continue a free People." Certainly this was never the Prayer of *Brutus*, if he made any it muſt be to ſet his Country free: Not to *kill* the Tyrant, and put it in their *Power* to be free, and conſequently his Prayer was not granted.

In

In this Manner the Account is, through the Whole, equally ridiculous. The Affectation about the Picture of *Andromache*, calling *Julius*, this *Gentleman*, the Anxiety of *Portia*, whilſt *Brutus* was at the Senate-Houſe, to cut off the Tyrant, ſtarting at every Noiſe, and queſtioning every one who came; ſending Meſſage after Meſſage to the Forum, ſo contradictory to the Firmneſs of Character, which he would before have eſtabliſhed; with her fainting away in her *Dining-Room* in Company, and *the Neighbours coming running* into the Houſe, and the *diſmal* Whiſper running thro' the Crowd to *Brutus*, are all ſuch ridiculous Circumſtances, that 'tis difficult to believe any Thing can have equalled them. However ſhe recovers, and the next Paragraph begins " She was al- " moſt in the ſame, but a much more lingering Perplexity." She was almoſt *twice* in the *ſame* Condition, which ſtill was different too, becauſe it was a more lingering Perplexity. I preſume he means *like* Condition. One Cauſe of this Perplexity was, *Brutus* was beyond Sea, that indeed ſhe might not chuſe. The Second obnoxious to the Blows of Fourtune. To this he would have been at Home, I humbly preſume alſo. And Riſques of a mercileſs War, which could be no extraordinary Circumſtance to a Woman, Wife of one of the Patrician-Order, whoſe great Ambition was to be the Conſort of a Conſul, the General of the *Roman* Armies. All theſe Circumſtances are common to all Wars; whereas this was diſtinguiſhed by *Roman* againſt *Roman*, which the Author has not obſerved. Thus, this reſolute *Portia*, at laſt in the Pages of this unparalled Writer, turns out a mere frail Piece of Woman, and what is very remarkable, he chuſes to let her die in this tame Way, tho' *Valerius Maximus*, and *Nicholaus*, agree ſhe finiſhed her Life by ſwallowing live Coals, and aſſigns his Reaſon for it in a Note, becauſe he *is apt to think* it was confounded with the Fate of *Servilia*. Wherefore as he is *apt* to think abſurdly, I fancy he has done the like in this Place; and I conclude *Valerius Maximus* and the *Greek* Philoſopher right,

eſpecially as it coincides with the real Character of *Portia*; and certainly it may as well ſuit her as *Servilia*. However after her Death " it was a hard Circumſtance in this Sorrow, " that *Brutus* muſt not ſhew the leaſt Dejection, nor appear " unbecoming a General and Patriot." And why was this Circumſtance ſo hard? " The Eyes of all the Empire be- " ing upon him, did not permit him a Mark of Frailty, nor " allow him leiſure for indulging Grief." Where is the Hardſhip in not being permitted to be Frail, and not having leiſure to indulge that Frailty? Moſt People would think this a Happineſs.

Then follows the News of the horrid Tragedy acted by the Triumvirs, " he deplored the Fate of his Countrymen, " and deteſted the unworthy Inſtruments, but his *high impa-* " *tient* Spirit made him think it was *partly deſerved*, becauſe " they had loſt the noble Senſe of Liberty." Thus he lamented his Countrymen who had received their Deſerts, and a *high impatient* Spirit made him think it ſo, becauſe they had loſt the Senſe of Liberty. What have the Epithets of *high and impatient* to do here? It was his contemptuous Opinion of thoſe who had ſupinely ſuffered their Country to be undone, which made him think their Fate juſt.

Conſiſtency of Character is the evident Excellence of this Writer, and therefore the *high* and *impatient* becomes, twenty Lines lower, the *mild Brutus*, in which *mild* Forms as good an Epithet as the Two above, it ſhould be Philoſophic in the Senſe we uſe it, and then the wonderfully new Remark, " Per- " verſe Natures are not to be won."

Remarks would be endleſs of Errors, which ariſe from the Want of human Faculties in this Author, in aſſigning wrong Motives, and drawing abſurd Inferences.

The Account of *Brutus* his meeting *Polemocratia*, Queen of the *Sapeans*, and her giving her Son into his Poſſeſſion is admirable alſo.

" *Brutus* received the Princeſs with his uſual Humanity, " and having found a ſurprizing Quantity of Bullion in the " royal Coffers, he ordered it to be coined for his own Uſe, and " ſent the Child to the Care of *Apuleius*;" that is, he robbed the Mother, and ſent the Child to a Boarding-School: And (Page 29) talking of the plundering of Temples, he ſays, " Among theſe, they had pillaged the Oracle of *Apollo* at " *Claros*, and that of the *ſame Twin-God* at *Branchide*" Thus the *ſame* God was his *own Twin-Brother*

He tells us, the Deſerters were *cruelly* diſappointed, by *Brutus*'s *Humanity*, in ſaving the Life of *Caius*; and tranſlates *Queſtor* into Paymaſter, Secretary of War, and Commiſſary-General; and *Præfectus Fabrum* into Maſter of Artillery; divides the City of *Smyrna* into *Higher* and *Lower Town*: In like Manner, ΠΟΛΙΟΡΚΗΤΗΣ is tranſlated Town-Taker, and, in the *Rhodian* Combat, he ſays, " But when " *catched* with the *Grappling-Iron fixed along-ſide*:" What compound Words! " *Killer* and *Chaſtiſer* of your lawleſs " Lord.

" He *took*, *ſunk*, and *burnt* fifteen Hundred Ships of *the* " *Line*, and *tranſplanted Pyrates*. *Keen* and happy Spirits, " that *ply* to every Thing. *Heart-Friend* to the Republic. " *Motherlands* of Augury." Then, ſpeaking of *Deiotarus*, &c. " The cruel Attempt upon his Life was a *Wound*, that " continued to gnaw his Breaſt 'till the News reached him " that the Tyrant was killed, then the pent up *Flame* broke " forth." The Wound transformed into Fire. " The Bite " of an old Lion is dreadful." Particularly after he has loſt his Teeth. " At the Brink of the *impaſſable* Moat, which " was filled up in a few Days. Setting about carrying Wood " with *racing*. They *warped* themſelves up by the Rope. " Of the many Thouſand that inhabited the Capital of *Lycia*, " about a *Hundred and Fifty poor People*, who had *no body to* " *put them* to Death." They muſt be poor indeed, who could not put one another to Death. " The *Ladies* had not

" failed to tell their Friends *what Kind of Man* Brutus *was*,
" New *dubbed* Citizens, *Cantons* of the *Lycian-League*. The
" Mildneſs of the Soil made, *Aſia Minor*, the grand *Tour* of
" Pleaſure." Here the *learned* Author ſeems not to underſtand *French* any more than *Greek* and *Engliſh*. Can it be ſaid *Bath* is the Tour of Pleaſure. *Italy*, the Tour of Antiquities. *France*, the Tour of Politeneſs. *Germany*, the Tour of Brutality. And then Mr. *Peliſſon*'s Story, in which he has tranſlated *en le liſant, when repeated*, inſtead of *in reading it. Sans me donner envie de rire*, without laughing, inſtead of, without giving me an Inclination to laugh. This notable *Junto*. Theſe without counting grammatical Errors, make Part of the Abſurdities of 53 Pages, out of 456.

Now, Gentlemen Critics, to what Cauſe ſhall I impute this Behaviour to your Countryman. Is it from your Aim to befriend Merit? Have you no Connexions to warp your Integrity, no Prejudices to influence your Judgment? Will you not exhibit a partial Aſſemblage of Blemiſhes? Nor criticiſe a Tranſlation without underſtanding the Original? If you will not do theſe Things, you are certainly the moſt inhuman Set of Gentlemen that ever pretended to be Enemies to Dulneſs; and muſt if we are to believe you, in Conſequence of that Enmity, be very dangerous Companions to one another.

To dignify ſuch a Writer as this I have been examining, with the Title of learned and ingenious, after having read ſuch a Work from his Hands, is unexampled but in *Scotchmen* to *Scotchmen*; however, it muſt be owned, this Author had once ſome Reputation in the World; and many People have thought it difficult to reconcile, how a Man who wrote good *Engliſh* and good Senſe in the *Eſſay on the Life of* Homer, twenty Years ſince, ſhould be ignorant of both in the *Memoirs of the Court of* Auguſtus, till you explained his Want of *Engliſh* to riſe from the Study of other Languages. His Want of Underſtanding I ſhall endeavour to account for. Be

it

it known, Gentlemen, that when this Author had written the Life of *Homer*, he travelled from *Aberdeen* to *London*, with the Manuſcript Copy in his Pocket; at which Place being arrived, he was recommended to the Acquaintance of Dr. *Barker*, an *Engliſhman* of much Learning, and of a Turn of Temper to communicate what he knew to all who deſired to be inſtructed. To this Gentleman Dr. *Blackwell* committed the Life of *Homer*; and from his Care in adding Arguments, where they were deficient, aſſigning natural Motives in the Place of unnatural, converting Nonſenſe to Senſe, falſe Figures to true, falſe *Engliſh* to Grammar, falſe Epithets to juſt, and drawing probable Inferences in the Place of abſurd, it came forth to the Public, with Reputation to the Name of *Blackwell*, though its Merit was due to the Skill of *Barker*.

One Thing puzzles me a good deal; it is your Pretenſion to *Greek*: I wonder the Rebuff which your Hero received, about his Ignorance of that Language, in the firſt Edition of that Book of Midwifery, which he wrote and *Smellie* father'd, had not cured him of farther Pretenſions. Dr. *Burton*, amidſt a Multiplicity of other Blunders which he diſcovered in that Performance, has ſaid, " The ſeventeenth Author, collected (as you tell us) " by *Spachius*, is *Lithopedus ſenonenſis*, which, " inſtead of an Author, is only a Drawing of a petrified " Child; and this is evident from the Title, *Lithopædii ſe-* " *nonenſis Icon*, which, with the Explanation is contained " in one ſingle Page only."

Muſt not he be an admirable *Grecian*, who knew not that *Lithopædii Icon* were *Greek* Derivatives, which ſignify the Pourtrait of a petrified Child. Such a Correction, one would have imagined, ought to have made him kiſs the Rod, and modeſtly decline all future Attempts to criticiſe *Greek*.

The next Work which comes under your Critical Enquiry is *A Series of Diſſertations on ſome elegant and very valuable* Anglo-Saxon *Remains*.

This,

This, Gentlemen, you endeavour firſt to turn into Ridicule, by contemning the Subject, a Kind of Criticiſm you have frequently exerted: Now, whilſt ſuch Parts of Learning are in Vogue, it is your Buſineſs to examine them as Critics, and not to condemn them as Cenſors; to mark the Excellence or Defects, and not to ridicule without Reaſon: Mr. *Pegge*, the Author alſo is charged with "New coining "Words," with ſome Harſhneſs at firſt, and then apologized for, by "Not pretending, as others have, to improve the "*Engliſh* Language, while, perhaps, they *ſtiffen* it with "*Latin*, or *inervate* it with *French* Words and Phraſes." Remarks by no Means juſt; becauſe the *Latin* Language can as well ſoften as ſtiffen, as you ſee in the *Italian*, derived from it, and the *French* can in many Inſtances impart Strength, as well as *inervate*, which laſt Words of yours, Gentlemen, is ſcarce *Engliſh*, ſhould it not be *enervate*; but Mr. *Pegge* is an *Engliſhman*, in whom, according to your Candor and Impartiality every ſlight Fault is to be laid open, as the greateſt are deſigned to be concealed or palliated in *Scotch* Authors.

Medical Eſſays on Antimony, by Dr. HUXHAM.

You begin "The Doctor in the Beginning of this Treatiſe "gives a very neceſſary Caution againſt the raſh Uſe of An"timonials, and judiciouſly Obſerves." After which Obſervation being copied, you ſay again, by Way of Criticiſm "His "Obſervations on ſome of the common antimonial Prepara"tions are very Ingenious and Uſeful, and upon the Whole "it appears, that the Preparations are more or leſs Active, "according as the Proportion of the Sulphur to the reguline "Part is diminiſhed, or encreaſed." Now, Gentlemen Critics, can any Man know by this laſt Expreſſion, whether antimonial Preparations are Active in Proportion to the *greater* or *leſſer* Quantity of Sulphur or Regulus which they contain,

or

or which is the moſt active Part. This then ſhews you are as bad Chemiſts as Critics, and invelope your Ignorance in *Ambiguity* in this Inſtance, as you try to evade that Taxation in others by a paultry Joke, or barefaced Malevolence.

Now as you all pretend to be *Doctors* in Phyſic as well as Critics, don't you imagine it is expected you ſhould have ſaid ſomething more like medical Knowledge than this. Ought you not to have diſtinguiſhed the reguline Parts as the moſt Active; and when you ſay "Doctor *Huxham*, prefers the "*Vinum Antimoniale* to any other Preparation of Antimony "made with the Glaſs, Regulus, or Crocus of Antimony, "and thinks that made with the Glaſs or Regulus the beſt." Had not you a fair Opportunity to explain the Reaſon for prefering the latter, and would not you have done it had you underſtood the leaſt chymical Part of your Profeſſion of Phyſic? You might have ſaid, that the Glaſs was preferable to the other two, becauſe Antimony in going through the ſtrongeſt Fire is deprived of it's Sulphur; and the metalline Parts continue the ſame under the Appearance of Glaſs as before, and therefore in Infuſion impart to the Wine thoſe Parts alone. For the ſame Reaſon the Regulus is next to be prefered, becauſe it is more deprived of it's Sulphur than the Crocus; whereas the Crocus made by means of Nitre which is converted into a fixed Alkali in the fireing retains the Sulphur, and by Means of this Change of the Salt communicates the ſulphurine Parts chiefly to the Menſtruum, and renders it leſs Active, and more uncertain than either of the other Infuſions. Would not this Obſervation, or ſomething better have fallen from Gentlemen, who are at the ſame Time Critics, and Practioners in Phyſic, had they underſtood what they were examining? You then cloſe the Whole with another Quotation. Thus your Criticiſms conſiſt in telling us what the Authors themſelves have already ſaid, or in ſome ſmall Squib of ſarcaſtic Witicism, which latter probably Doctor *Huxham* would have received being an *Engliſhman*, had not he been

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a Member of the College of *Edinburgh*, and which I am ſure he would prefer to ſuch Criticiſm as yours; becauſe praiſing without aſſigning Reaſons, imparts to every Piece the Idea of Want of Merit to ſupport what is ſaid, and thus the Ignorance of the Critic depreciates in many Opinions the real Worth of a learned and meritorious Production.

Your next Object of critical Examination, is, The *Apprentice*, a *Farce*, in two Acts, by Mr. MURPHY.

In this you diſplay to the full as much Knowledge in Mankind and the Theatre, as you have already in Grammar, Senſe, Piety, Candour, Chemiſtry, Greek, and the Love of Truth. Your firſt Aſſertion is, " that the Apprentice " would hardly have emerged from his native Obſcurity, by " the intrinſic Merit of the Piece." And why pray? Of that you never think fit to acquaint your Readers. Then after relating the Deſign of the Author you ſay, " This may " be a laudable Undertaking, and even a conſcientious Act " of Duty in Mr. *Murphy*, who is ſaid to have been once a " Member of that venerable Fraternity; but as this *Charac-* " *ter* or *Diſpoſition* is *limitted* to a petty *Beer-houſe*, in one of " the Avenues of *Covent-Garden*, the *Moral* of the Piece can- " not be very *extenſive*, nor the *Humour* (if it contains any) " be generally *underſtood*."

If Mr. *Murphy*, has written this Piece from the Motives of Conſcience, he is certainly to be commended; which cannot well be ſaid in Favour of your Criticiſm. You ſay, this *Character* or *Diſpoſition* is *limitted* to a petty *Beer-houſe*. What *Character* or *Diſpoſition*? Mr. *Murphy*'s. No, he was never limitted to ſuch Places, nor ſuch Company, his Character makes no Part of the Piece. Is it *Dick*'s then? That cannot be either, he is an Apothecary's Apprentice. But this is not all, it ſeems the very *Diſpoſition* to ſpouting Tragedy and Comedy, is confined to this Beer-houſe. This than is either Ignorance or wilful Miſrepreſentation; becauſe you know

know the Scene is various. The next Remark is equally as Good, " The *Moral* of the Piece cannot be very *Extenſive*, " nor the *Humour* be generally *underſtood*, becauſe the *Scene* " is an Ale-houſe.

This is a moſt ſurprizing Inference indeed, moſt of the Plays of the *Greek*, *Latin*, and *French*, tragic and comic Writers, are confined to one Scene, is the Moral and the Humour therefore circumſcribed? Have any Critics before you aroſe, delivered any Thing ſo abſurd. The Extenſiveneſs of the Moral does not depend on the Limits of the Scene, but on the Greatneſs of that Evil which it attempts to correct, and on the Influence which it is likely to effect. Had the Scene of *Othello* been in a Saw-pit, the Moral would have been as Extenſive as it is now, it is removed from *Venice* to *Candia*. In like Manner the Moral of the *Apprentice* is uſeful, according to the Influence it has in effacing that Species of theatrical Folly, which it is meant to correct, and not according to the Limits of the Scene. Otherwiſe in Conſequence of this Concluſion of yours in Limitation, you Gentlemen Critics, may aver that you did not Travel long Journies from *Scotland* into *England*, becauſe your Feet were then firſt *limited* to a Pair of Shoes; or becauſe a Hat of nine or ten Inches diameter, *limits* the very beſt Head amongſt you, that therefore it contains very little; and pray are the Scenes which paſs in the Hiſtory of *Joſeph Andrews* of little Humour, and not to be underſtood, becauſe many of the beſt happen in little Ale-houſes? To prove your Conſiſtency, you then give the Story of the Farce, and prove that the Scene is not in an Ale-houſe, but in Variety of Places, and preſent us with your Simile of *Dick* to a Flitch of Bacon, becauſe ſent up from *Briſtol* to *London* in a Waggon. Pray would not this Compariſon be improved, by comparing him to a *Scotch* Doctor, ſent up from *Edinburgh*, conſigned to his Patron in *London*; for certainly a *Scotch* Doctor is more like an *Engliſh* Apothecary's *Apprentice*, than a Flitch of Bacon;

and the Particulars of Conſignment, and the Waggon are equally the ſame, I mean of thoſe who are born of great Families, and travel like Gentlemen. Others indeed are ſhipt from *Borroſtonneſs* and *Leith*, four to the Ton, like Lumber for a *London* Market, or Meaſure that Length like *Roderick Random*, upon their Feet, ſometimes indulging themſelves with the reputable Conveyance of a Waggon.

In giving the Story of this Farce, you ſay, an *Iriſhman* and a *Scot*, who mouthe theatrical Speeches with ſuch Noiſe and Confuſion as *alarms* the Watch. A ſmall Touch of falſe Grammar, when having finiſhed your Account, you ſay, "The Reader will judge how far the Author has adhered "to Probability in making ſuch a Lad as the *Apprentice* ſuf- "fer himſelf to be tamely cooped up in a Waggon, talk to an "incenſed Father of *Wingate*'s Character in ſuch a Stile upon "ſuch an Occaſion, enter his Maſter's Houſe by a Ladder, "when the Door was open for his Admiſſion, divert him- "ſelf and *Charlotte*, by repeating Plays in a ſpunging Houſe, "though Deſtitute of Subſiſtence, and threatened with be- "ing ſent to *Newgate*; and laſtly, reform all of a ſudden. "For what? Becauſe he was to be rewarded with the Poſ- "ſeſſion of *Charlotte*, who had already followed him to a "Goal, and ſeemed to admire him for that very Extrava- "gance, which he now promiſes to lay aſide."

Now, Gentlemen Critics, the very Objections you have drawn as ſo many Improbabilities in the Conduct of the *Apprentice*, in my Way of Thinking make the great Merit of the Piece and Vrai-ſemblance of the Character. And though your bare Aſſertion may be ſufficient to decide the Contrary in your own Opinion, I ſhall attempt to give ſome Reaſons for my differing from you, and leave the Deciſion to our Readers.

In every dramatic Performance, the Deſign of the Author in the Characters of the Perſons is to be conſidered, particularly as they differ from one another, and not in the general Similitude

Similitude which runs through all human Kind, and from the Variety and ruling Paſſions, what is, and what is not Natural are to be inferred. It is natural for a Miſer to pick up a Pin, and a Spendthrift to contemn Money. Whoever ſhould invert this Method, becauſe theſe Actions proceed from the ſame Origin, though differently exerted, would be moſt egregiouſly miſtaken. *Avarice* is the *Love* of getting and ſaving in every Shape, and *Extravagance* the *Love* of Profuſion. The Paſſion is the ſame in both, exerted on different Objects in each, and therefore to exhibit theſe Characters, the individual Difference in each muſt be preſerved to form Conſiſtency and Nature. The Love of theatrical Entertainments in the *Apprentice*, as it is in Nature, is by the Author wrought up into an Enthuſiaſm little ſhort of Madneſs, and in Conformity to this extravagant Diſpoſition, every Action muſt be agreeable to it to be natural; and for this Reaſon, what has the leaſt Vrai-ſemblance to common Manners, is the moſt conſentaneous to ſuch a Character, and all the Extravagances to which you have juſt objected as unnatural, become ſo many Beauties and Proofs of Knowledge in the Writer. Had *Dick* gone into the Door inſtead of uſing the Ladder, talked to his Father in the common Way, or been diſmayed at being ſent to *Newgate*, or not ſpouted in a Spunging-houſe, the Enthuſiaſm would have been ill ſupported, and the Author would have deſtroyed the Preſervation of this Character, by blending with this ſingular Perſonage what is to be found in the Herd of Mankind.

As to his being cooped in a Waggon though ſuch a Lad, as you ſay, when he has no Money to ſupport him, and is willing to return to his Father; he is obliged to uſe that Method: and probably this Way of Conveyance is the moſt uſual with thoſe who travel from Town to Town like Beggars, and appear Princes, Kings and Emperors in them. And as to the ſudden Reformation of the *Apprentice*, it happens to be more natural in this Inſtance, than in moſt others; the

Cauſe of his Error being a Species of Madneſs, the firſt lucid Moment puts the Folly in its true Light, and returning Reaſon inſtantly diſcovers the *Abſurdity* he had purſued, and he renounces it for the Future.

At preſent, Gentlemen Critics, I fancy from this *Specimen* of your Knowledge moſt People will conceive that it is not *natural* to expect great *Critics* from *Scotland*, though we may have very able Carriers of the Pack; and indeed ſince the Place of your Nativity has never yet been famed for producing critical Knowledge; I wonder you are ſo fond of letting your Names and Country be known, had you turned Muſtard-makers, and come from *Durham*; Cake-Merchants, and come from *Shreſbury*; Cream-cheeſe-makers, becauſe born at *Bath*; Makers of *Dutch*-Beef, for being *Dutchmen*, or Turner's-Ware, becauſe from *Tunbridge*. The Places of your Birth might have recommended your Merchandiſe, but how does your coming from *Scotland*, promiſe Skill in the Art of Criticiſm.

You had better ſtick to the *Faculty*, where provided you *do*, or *do not* write your Ignorance will be better concealed, becauſe fewer underſtand Treatiſes in Phyſic than Criticiſms on polite Literature. And many induced by this Want of common Senſe in your Annals of Literature, may conclude you are equally Ignorant in the Profeſſion of Phyſic, and this may be fatal to the great Manufactories of Doctor-making, ſo zealouſly carried on in your Country. Beſides the manifeſt Ignorance of the Theatre, and of human Nature, which is viſible in all you ſay on this Character, and would appear ſo in any indifferent Perſon, there happens to be a Circumſtance which renders it peculiarly Abſurd in you, the Hero of your Work has at leaſt *tranſcribed* Don *Quixote*. If the *Apprentice* then was proceeding unnaturally in all the Extravagancies he has related, how will he juſtify the Don, who infatuated with Knight-Errantry, as the *Apprentice* is with theatrical Exhibitions, does nothing in the

common Way; why is the *Spaniard* admired for making his Hero miſtake Windmills for Giants, Sheep for Gally-Slaves, Puppets for Moors, a Mill-pond for the Ocean, an aukward country Laſs for an Angel in Beauty? If theſe Things are natural in *Cervantes*, and the Love of Chivalry, the others muſt be ſo in Mr. *Murphy*, and the Love of dramatic Performances. Were not then the Abilities of your Hero well adapted to the Pretenſions of * tranſlating Don *Quixote*, who has condemned the *Apprentice*, or if he has ſpoken his real Sentiments on the Latter, could he poſſibly have underſtood the Former.

The Remark in the ſucceeding Paragraph is equally a Proof of your great Knowledge in human Nature with the Former. You ſay, "We ſeldom find a Uſurer of *Wingate*'s "Iraſcibility. That Species of Mankind conſiſts chiefly of "cool, ſly, phlegmatic Hypocrites, who having no Inflam-"matory Paſſions themſelves, take the Advantage of the over-"heated Temper of their Neighbours."

Gentlemen, by your leave, either you, or *Plautus* and *Moliere* are very much miſtaken in Opinions, for theſe Writers at leaſt *next* to *you* in the Knowledge of the human Compoſition, have thought fit to draw their Miſers extremely Iraſcible. Wherefore Mr. *Murphy* has them of his Side at leaſt, and this may probably in the Opinion of *Engliſhmen*, decide in Favour of him, though an *Iriſhman*, notwithſtanding you *Scotchmen* are of a different Opinion.

Nor are *Plautus* and *Moliere* his only Teſtimony of being right, even your Account, the Original from whence it was drawn, and Nature itſelf will prove it. You define him a cool,

* *A. Millar*, ſollicíting Subſcriptions to this Edition of Don *Quixote*, when it was objected by one of his own Countrymen; that the Tranſlator did not underſtand *Spaniſh*, aſſured him that the Author had been full ſix Weeks to ſtudy that Language amongſt the native *Spaniards*, at *Bruſſels*.

cool, ſly, phlegmatic *Hypocrite*. If he be a Hypocrite it is then in this Cooleneſs, *&c.* and conſequently he conceals other Paſſions within, ſuch as an *ardent* Love of Money. Thus not underſtanding human Nature you have betrayed your Ignorance, and juſtified Mr. *Murphy*; for though a Miſer ſhould externally be cool in exerting every Art to get Money, this is but the Maſk which covers his Rapaciouſneſs within, not one of the cooleſt Paſſions. For the ſame Reaſon the Perſon who can diſguiſe the true Motive, and debaſe human Nature to get Money, muſt be proportionably inflamed at the Loſs or Apprehenſion of loſing what he loves ſo extremely, and demeans himſelf ſo much to obtain. And for this Reaſon *Wingate* is according to the Dictates of *avaritious* Nature exaſperated at the Apprehenſions of his Treaſure being ſquandered by his Son, and at his imprudent Conduct.

For theſe Reaſons, I preſume that Nature, *Moliere*, *Plautus*, and Mr. *Murphy*, are right in the Conduct of this Character, and you, the Gentlemen *Scotch* Critics, wrong.

After this, you ſay, " The *Scot* is miſrepreſented both in " his Foible and Dialect." Juſtice obliges me to believe you are right in this Remark; and I will aſſign my Reaſons, though you do not: Want of Imagination, a Circumſtance fatal to the filling up the Part of a Player, uncouth Behaviour, and the Dialect of broad *Scotch*, being Things which your Countrymen can never get over, effectually prohibit their appearing on the Theatres: The prevailing Foible of the *Scotch* is that of turning *Doctors in Phyſic*; and as to the Dialect, it would be cruel not to allow you the Knowledge of your own Language.

Yet, notwithſtanding the Foible of the *Scots* be a Pretenſion to Medicine, I ſee no Reaſon for objecting to this of playing: *One Scotchman* may be infected with this Folly, as you are with that of being Critics; though contrary to the prevailing Foible of your Countrymen; the latter of which

will

will probably be leſs hurtful in you, and to the Community, than that of practiſing Phyſic. But ſhould this Enthuſiaſm in the *Scot*, for dramatic Entertainments, be ever ſo ſingular, it is extremely well ſupported in making him ſay, "When I "enacted in the * *Reegeceede*," becauſe that Predilection to *Scotch* Productions, is Characteriſtic to the whole Race, and marks that Attachment to every Thing national, however abſurd. In like Manner it is but Juſtice to own alſo, as you have done, that his being diſmiſſed to tranſlate *Tacitus* or *Grotius*, is done with the utmoſt Propriety; becauſe as, you ſay, it is a melancholly Truth, "That every idle *Scotchman*, who "cannot, or will not earn his Bread, by the Employment "in which he was brought up, commences Author, and un-"dertakes to tranſlate into a Language, of which he is en-"tirely Ignorant," which melancholly Truth is lamentably verified in your Heroes quitting the Buſineſs of a Sea-Surgeon's Mate, to tranſlate out of, and into, as well as to criticiſe Languages of which he is extremely ignorant.

Beſides this, there is another Part of this *Scotch* Character, which is no leſs natural than the Former, an Affectation to quote on all Occaſions the Works of Authors they do not underſtand, where, he ſays, *Locke* is certainly *rest*, &c.

Beſides theſe ſo flagrant Miſtakes in human Kind, it appears you are not only ignorant in what is excellent; but you know not even what conſtitutes a Bull in Writing, tho' you are eternally blundering yourſelves. You tell us "There "is but *one* coſtive Attempt towards that peculiar Soleciſm, "which is diſtinguiſhed by the Appellation of an *Iriſh-Bull*." *Scotchmen* make none we have ſeen. Is this Ignorance or Want of Powers to count Three. Is not the Word *Epitaph* for

* A Tragedy, written by one of the Gentlemen Annaliſts, never played, ſometime publiſhed, totally forgotten, which, before its being printed by Subſcription, raiſed a great Clamor againſt the Patentees, who rejected it, and on being publiſhed, juſtified their Refuſal.

for *Epithet* a Bull. Is not the making *a Man take himſelf off*, that is, *mimic himſelf*, a Second. And being very *good Friends*, becauſe Two of a Trade *can never agree*, a Third. You ſhould have conſulted on this Occaſion the little *Hybernian*, whom you keep near you, to correct your *Engliſh*, and tranſlate thoſe Paſſages of Latin and other Languages, which are above your Comprehenſion.

You then conclude, that "We think the Character of "*Simon* the moſt entertaining and beſt conducted Part of the "Farce," and this you pronounce without aſſigning one Reaſon, or quoting one Paſſage which can ſhew this Superiority in the Part of *Simon*.

But after all is it not improbable, that Part of this Criticiſm may have riſen from your *hatred* of all that is *excellent*, and not *Scotch*, exaſperated by Envy againſt all which *is Iriſh*, and not abſurd, as will be farther manifeſted in the following Pages.

Your next Attack is made on Mr. *Foote*'s Comedy, at firſt you compliment him on the Pleaſure his Humour has given the Town, and which he certainly deſerves in a great Degree; and then the Thought of his being an *Engliſh*-Writer, ſets you immediately to find fault with that, which one would imagine no Man could think a Defect.

You tell us "*Buck* returned from *Paris* is a natural and "ſtriking Picture of an *Engliſh* Clown, diſtorted into all "the Extravagance of Affectation, who has reſigned his "*Principal* without acquiring any *new Idea*." Pray, Gentlemen, what *Principle* has *Buck* reſigned, without receiving any *new Idea?* Is this Senſe? Mr. *Foote*, had you conſulted him, would have told you the Idea of *Contempt* for *all that is* Engliſh, was this Cauſe of reſigning his *Principle*, as you call it; that is, I ſuppoſe in *Engliſh*, quitting his old Manners for new.

In like Manner you remark, that "*Crab*'s Character is "well coloured, but not ſo correctly deſigned. Is not his

"Deportment

" Deportment too brutal, and his Heart too humane?" Is equally Demonſtrative of your being well acquainted with the Characters of Men, nothing is more common amongſt *Engliſhmen* than a rough outſide, actuated with a tender Heart which condemns the Foibles of Friends with Aſperity, and relieves their Diſtreſſes with Compaſſion, his Friendſhip prompts him to both. Indeed his Compliment on the *Scotch* Nation is, as you obſerve, very unnatural, and I ſuggeſt deſigned ironically by the Author.

But pray, Gentlemen, why have you been ſilent on the moſt ſtriking Character of the Piece? M'*Ruthen*, the *Scotch* Bear Leader, which is ſo finely contraſted with *Crab*, in praiſing the Affectation of a Booby, which *Crab* deſpiſes, and in deſigning to filch his Eſtate, which the other ſcorns and preſerves. Tell me, was the Character too natural, to be denied, too villainous to be owned, or too ſimilar to one of your *Sett* of Gentlemen Critics, to be taken Notice of? Your very *Specimen* alſo in the Quotation, ſhews Want of Taſte, or partiality to your Countrymen. Chuſing a Scene, wherein M'*Ruthen* does not appear, becauſe the Part of that *Gentleman* in the Opinion of the beſt Judges, is by much the fineſt in the Performance. But I aſk Pardon, you are Men of Candor, of unwarped Integrity, unprejudiced Judgment, uninfluenced by ſiniſter Motives, and I muſt be miſtaken.

Your next Object of Criticiſm is the *Univerſal Viſiter*, part of which, you ſay, " You readily allow to be the Com-" poſition of a Graduate in the Univerſity of Nonſenſe;" and which, however juſt your Cenſure may be in this Inſtance, is by this Time thought as applicable to you, as to the Society who wrote that monthly Performance; and yet this very *Viſiter* you allow contains two good Things, the Imitation of *Spencer*, and the Song, called *The Morning*; more by two than are to be found in your whole years Labor of Criticiſm.

Having finiſhed this, the third Letter to the People of *England* comes under your candid Examination, in which your Title to being Gentlemen, is as evident as to being Critics. You here tell us, unfairly, the Contents of the Letter, and and then add, " Perhaps there may be ſome Truth in what " this *Monitor* advances; — indeed all the Truths in his " Letter are hackney'd Truths, and he, and ſuch as he have " made them ſo." Having ſaid this, you quit the Work to ſatirize the Perſon who wrote it, and tell a Story of a Lunatic confined to his Chamber, who alarmed the Neighbourhood with crying Fire, and being aſked where, he replied in his Brain. If you, Gentlemen, can find the Similitude of a Man's telling *Truth*, as *you* allow it to be, and aſſigning the Cauſes of national Calamities to the Miſconduct of M——s, to a Madman who cries Fire when there is *none*; and anſwers when aſked, that it is in his own Brain, you are not only happy in your Faculties for Compariſon as Critics, but excellent as Doctors of Phyſic in making a Madman declare the Fire to be in his own Brain, when it is the abſolute Condition of Madneſs to believe every Thing, however extravagant, really exiſting. And when you ſubjoin " the " Author of this Letter *is* not, cannot be ſuppoſed to intereſt " himſelf ſo warmly in the Cauſe of the Nation as he pre- " tends to. His Production is not the Language of Sincerity " and true Patriotiſm, but the Raving of Spleen, and Diſap- " pointment." On what Authority do you ſay this?

When you depart ſo far from the *Task* which you impoſed on your *Abilities*, and enter into the Hearts of Writers, ſhould not your Allegation be ſupported with ſome Reaſons? How have you been acquainted with this Writer's ſecret Sentiments? Has he ever been of two Opinions in Relation to M——s and Politics, that you aſſert he wants Sincerity? Has he at any Time, in the moſt diſtant Way, aſked any Thing which has been denied him? How then are his Writings the Ravings of Diſappointment? And believe me

Spleen

ſpleen makes no Part of his Compoſition? And becauſe you *Scotchmen* may have no Regard for *England*, does it follow an *Engliſhman* does not love his Country? And when you ſay, "He does not underſtand his Subject, or makes falſe "Inferences when he alledges, that the Diminution of In-"tereſt makes Part of our Miſeries." Are you not miſtaken? Is it not a Miſery to leſſen the Income from the Money of the Individuals, and increaſe the Taxes, which they muſt pay? And when you add, "It is the Conſe-"quence of Wealth and Commerce." You miſtake again, it was the Conſequence of not being able to pay the Intereſt of the national Debt in the firſt Engagement, and to borrow more Money on the ſame Revenue; not of Riches, which produced this Diminution of Intereſt. You then continue "He alledges, that nearly two Parts in three in La-"bour and *Subſtance*." You miſtake, he ſays of *Expences*, "are "conſumed in Taxes, and therefore the People are Drudges, "*Beggars*, and Slaves." Here you miſtake again, the word Beggar is not to be found in the Letter; and pray are they not Drudges and Slaves? Is not this one of the Truths contained in the Letter? Drudges even to *Scotchmen*, the Revenues of whoſe Country do not yield Sixpence to the Support of *England*, and whoſe bounties for Linen have this Year taken twenty-nine-thouſand Pounds, from the Induſtry of *Engliſhmen*.

But above all your Reaſons for not refuting thoſe Truths are Excellent, "That you have not leiſure to refute ſuch "hardy Aſſertions, but ſhall only obſerve, that an induſtri-"ous Tradeſman, who maintains his Family in Affluence, "and ſaves Money, will be apt to reject every Aſſertion in "this Performance, as equally untrue." Admirable indeed! the Calculation on Taxes, which you have not diſproved, are yet falſe, becauſe a Tradeſman gets Money. What Affinity is there between this Calculation of Taxes, and a Tradeſman's getting Money? Or how can that make

Truth become Falſehood? Believe me when ſuch Things are contradicted by you, the Excuſe of wanting Leiſure to prove the Reaſon of the Contradiction will never be taken for Criticiſm. Men in general, where ſuch Malevolence appears, as in this Inſtance (the Cauſe of which ſhall be ſhewn hereafter) and ſuch Ignorance as in your former Criticiſms will conclude your Want of Leiſure is an Excuſe for aſſerting what you know to be falſe, or for Want of Capacity to prove it ſo.

Having gone thus far, you add another Tale equally excellent with the Former, by Way of Alluſion to the Author. "A certain old Woman" (probably a *Scotch* Woman) "who "ſwept the Paſſage into the *Park*, and got a Maintenace by "talking Treaſon." Now in this Place do not you advance too far in making a Reſemblance between Treaſon and the hackney'd Truths of the third Letter, and inſinuate that there is great Affinity between thoſe two Things, or where lies the Likeneſs? After this you ſay, "The old Woman was "confined and whipt in *Bridewell*, and that if ſhe had been "a more dignified Character, her Ears might have been "nailed to the Pillory." Pleaſe to explain the Reſemblance between the Author and this old Woman; and then Anſwer. If by your making Truth and Treaſon almoſt the ſame Thing, you do not deſerve to have your Ears nail'd to the Pillory equally with the old Woman and the Author; the laſt of which has never inſinuated one Idea of Treaſon, unleſs defending the Liberties and Conſtitution of *Engliſhmen*, be Treaſon in the Eyes of you *Scots*. And had you examined the Sett who compoſe and abett your Criticiſms as you ought, you would moſt certainly have hid the word Treaſon in everlaſting Darkneſs.

Now have not you given convincing Proofs of your being a *Sett of Gentlemen, who have no Connections to warp their Integrity, nor Prejudices to influenee their Judgment. Who are reſolved to revive the true Spirit of Criticiſm. Who will not de-*

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cide on the Merits of a Work in an arbitrary Sentence, unſupported by Evidence. Who will not affect to ſhew odious Compariſons, where there is no Reſemblance or Relation. Or miſ-quote the Words of an Author, wreſt the Senſe, or miſ-interpret the Meaning, nor act as the Miniſters of Envy, or Malevolence? Tell me, am I not your beſt Friend, who have diſcovered to your Readers, that your Criticiſms are to be underſtood in the inverted Senſe.

Thus far your critical Abilities have been chiefly exhibited in examining Productions in the *Engliſh* Language. You are now arrived to exemplify them in the *French*, of which your profound Knowledge appears in the Title of the Book which you have named *La nuit eſt moment*, and ſhould have been *La nuit et le moment*, *nuit* being Feminine, and *moment* Maſculine; and indeed the Particles ought to have preceded, though each was of the ſame Gender. This Imputation I foreſee how you may intend to evade You will aſk if your Knowledge of *French* can be ſo little as not to tranſcribe a Title after a Book which lies before you; and it will be anſwered, that you did tranſcribe it right for the Preſs; but as the Printer omitted *le*, and you had not Knowledge enough to diſtinguiſh whether it ſhould or ſhould not be there, when the proof Sheet came to your Hands, nor thought to compare it with the Copy to be corrected, it was not inſerted, and therefore ſtands as it does in your Criticiſm.

The Tranſlation is equally convincing of your Skill in that Language, *Night and Opportunity*, which it ſignifies as much as it does Night and Sunſhine. *The* Night and the Minute being both the literal and real Senſe of the Author. Wherefore, Gentlemen, you muſt either have tranſlated what you do not underſtand, or criticiſed what you have never read, in which you have violated your Promiſe; or which is more probable done both, as will more evidently appear in the Sequel.

For

For this Reaſon I ſhall not conſider any farther what you have ſaid on this Performance on the *La Pucelle d'Orleans* and *L'Empire des Paſſions*; but as you have concluded, that Doctor *Blackwell*'s not underſtanding *Engliſh* may be owing to his great Skill in other Languages; I ſhall conclude, that your not underſtang *French* may be owing to your Skill in the *Chineſe*, if you pleaſe. I am afraid your Ignorance in *French* cannot be attributed to your Knowledge of *European* Languages, either ancient or modern, as it appears too evident already.

Having gone through your Criticiſms on literary Productions, I come now to examine thoſe which you have made on the Works of Art.

The firſt is the Production of Mr. *Hamilton*, a Painter. The Preference ſtill given to your own Countrymen. You begin "An *allegorical* Picture for his Grace the Duke of *Bedford*."—The Compoſition is *allegorical*, the Sign of the *Black* Horſe.—The Horſe is *Black*. Pray, Gentlemen Critics, was there ever an *allegorical* Picture that was not *allegorical*, that you have diſtinguiſhed this *allegorical* Picture, by being *allegorical*. You perſiſt "It exhibits the Education of a "young Lady, whoſe *Character* and Attitude are ſuited to her "Years." Pray are not you miſtaken in the word *Character*, in this Place, do not you mean Expreſſion; becauſe Character is a Thing formed by Education, Habit and Time, and not to be ſeen in the Face of Children, who can have none.

You then deſcribe the other Figures in the Piece, and forget to ſay, that though there is Merit in the Performance, the Painter appears to want Imagination, it being manifeſt the Idea is borrowed, and the Compoſition made up from Parts of the Hiſtory of *Mary*, of *Medicis*, in the *Luxemburgh* Gallery, at *Paris*. Or perhaps you did not know this.

Your next Object of Enquiry are Drawings for three different Prints, by Mr. *Strange*. You then add, "This Gen-"tleman's Merit as a *Drawer* and Engraver, is ſo univer-

"ſally

" ſally known and acknowledged, that we have no Oc-
" caſion to compoſe his Eulogium." Indeed I believe you are miſtaken, Mr. *Strange* has never been known or acknowledged as a *Drawer* of Water, a *Drawer* in a Tavern, or in any Senſe as a *Drawer*, you meant Draftſman. He is, if you pleaſe, a *Deſigner*, and indeed of great Merit, as well as an Engraver, ſuperior to any Perſon, that the Dominions of *England* have produced; and though a *Scotchman*, juſtice to his Deſerts ſhall make me reſcue him from the abſurd Panegyric of your Criticiſm. Many People, as I have heard, conceiving it as a Puff, from the ill judged Manner, and Want of Knowledge, which appear in your Annals.

Two of theſe Pieces you ſay, " Are taken from cele-
" brated Pictures of *Pietro de Cortona*, preſerved in the *Ho-*
" *tel de Tholouſe*, at *Paris*, and the third from a famous
" Painting of *Salvator Roſa*. The firſt repreſents *Julius*
" *Cæſar*, repudiating his Wife *Pomperia*, who is repreſented
" as quitting the Place with all the *Fury* of a ſlighted Wo-
" man; there is beſides *Anger*, a Kind of dignified *Diſdain*,
" expreſſed in her *Countenance*, which ſeems to be the Effect
" of conſcious *Innocence*." This is the panegyrical Jargon of all Critics, who know not what to look for in a Picture, nor what it contains when expoſed before their Eyes. The Painter it ſeems has mixt in one Face *Fury*, *Diſdain*, and *conſcious Innocence*. If the two former are compatable, a Thing I doubt, the latter is impoſſible to be mixt with Fury. Innocence and Fury in one Face are beyond the Skill of Art or Nature; becauſe one muſt neceſſarily deſtroy the other; and indeed *Pietro* knew this full well, tho' you do not, and has not attempted to place either Fury or conſcious Innocence in her Face and Air; *Pompeia* was known by him, though not by you, to have been a Character ſuſpected of Intrigue and criminal Converſation with *Clodius*, who violated the Rites of the *Bona Dea*, in her

her Appartments. She is therefore painted looking back with an indignant Air of Contempt on *Cæſar* and his new Bride, the ſole Expreſſion which could become ſuch a Character, and the Circumſtance of leaving *Cæſar*'s Houſe.

You then ſubjoin, " *Cæſar* is exhibited in the Attitude of " receiving *Calphurnia* in her room. The *Dignity* of his " Character, the *Elegance* of his *Figure*, and the *very Fea-* " *tures* of his Countenance, delineated in antique Gems, " Buſts and Coins, are *wonderfully* preſerved."

Here again you underſtand to the full in Speaking of *Cæſar*, as much as you did in Speaking of *Pomperia*. The *Dignity* of his Character : By this Expreſſion it appears the Idea of Emperor only was in your Skulls, and not the momentary Condition of the *Man*, and of the Artiſt, and therefore the common Attribute of *Dignity* was given to *Cæſar*, but the Painter thought otherwiſe; and knew that though *Cæſar* had been Emperor of the Univerſe in rejecting one Wife, and bringing home another, he ought to be painted with an Expreſſion of Embarraſſment and Confuſion, and not Dignity; particularly, as he was at one Time in the Preſence of the Wife he was rejecting, and the Wife he was receiving; and in fact *Pietro* has carried this Idea too far, and given *Cæſar* an Air of Inferiority to his Character and Rank, rather than an Expreſſion and Attitude of Dignity, which laſt however would ſtill have been infinitely a greater Fault. " The Elegance of his *Figure*, you ſay, as delineated in an- " tique *Gems*, *Buſts* and *Coins*." That is, the Painter has taken his *Figure* from where it is *not* to be found, neither *Gem*, *Buſt* or *Coin*, exhibiting the whole Length of that Emperor; but that the Preſervation of the *Features* of his *Countenance*, copied from ſuch Remains ſhould be *wonderful*, is wonderful indeed. Can copying a Portrait be a *Wonder*, which is done every Day?

But you continue " *Calphurnia* diſcovers all the *Mildneſs* " of her Sex." Here you miſtake again, *Mildneſs* is Cha-

racteriſtic

racteriſtic of a general Diſpoſition, and not of the momentary and expreſs Senſation of a particular Situation the ſole Conſideration of a hiſtory Painter. She expreſſes, if you pleaſe, all that Senſe of Delicacy and Confuſion, which a ſenſible Woman muſt feel in ſeeing a Wife, whoſe Place ſhe is going to poſſeſs, and of being partly the Cauſe of her being rejected. You then ſay, " The Decorations are magnificent, and *deſcribed* with great Propriety." You mean imagined, *deſcribed* being referrable to ſomething already done, and not to the Invention of a Painter. But you omit the female Figure which is whiſpering to that next her, in which that Action is admirably expreſt by the Circumſpection in her Air and Eyes, which attends the Fear of being overheard.

Thus, Gentlemen Critics, in criticiſing this Piece, you have given a moſt conſpicuous Proof of being equally knowing in the Works of Art, as in the Productions of Literature. You proceed " The Subject of the ſecond Piece, is the " finding *Romulus* and *Remus*. A Shepherd preſents one of " the Infants to his Wife, who receives it with all the Eagerneſs of Benevolence, at the Door of a Cottage; while a " *little Boy* holds up his Hands in a Tranſport of childiſh " Curioſity, as if wiſhing to handle the Prize. The *Daughter*, within the Cottage, eyes the Scene, with a Look of " *Meekneſs* and Satisfaction." In examining this Piece, you have likewiſe committed as many Miſtakes, as can well be on a Subject of ſuch Simplicity in its Compoſition. The *little Boy* you have not characteriſed as the Child of this Man and Woman, as the Painter intended; and the *Servant-maid*, which looks from the Cottage, you have denominated their *Daughter*; whereas the Painter has ſignified this Woman to be of the ſervile Kind, by the Subordination of Rank and Form, which is expreſt in every Feature of her Face, and which you have miſtaken for Meekneſs. Beſides this, her Age is equal with that of the Shepherdeſs.

Now, Gentlemen, in *Italy*, the Mother is always elder than the Daughter, I preſume it is otherwiſe in *Scotland*, or you could not have been led into this palpable Abſurdity. *Remus* in the back Ground ſtill ſucking the Wolf, was happily imagined to diſtinguiſh this Story, from every ſimilar Accident of finding expoſed Infants, ſo common amongſt the People of Antiquity.

And in this Place, though you have not, I ſhall remark in juſtice to Mr. *Strange*, the Judgment which he has ſhewn in his Choice of theſe two Subjects, by contraſting the Manners of rural Simplicity and Benevolence, with thoſe of high Life, and perverted Nature.

You come at laſt to " The third Piece of thoſe Draw-" ings, after *Salvator Roſa*, it exhibits *Beliſarius* in his Ad-" verſity, and diſcovers a Happineſs of Imagination, and " Strength of Expreſſion peculiar to that inimitable Artiſt. " Every Particular of the Scene betokens Decay. We ſee " Fragments of Sculpture and Architecture, ſtrewed on the " Ground. A Pile of Building ſeems to nod and totter. An " old Tree rears its blaſted Top to Heaven. And *Beliſa-*" *rius* ſtands amidſt the Ruins, a noble Monument of Great-" neſs and Misfortune, while a Groupe of Soldiers eye him " from a *Corner* with Looks of *Sorrow* and *Surprize*; in " which are mingled *Reverence* and *Awe*, that reſtrains them " from intruding upon the Privacy of the old General" (a ſecond Mixture of Impoſſibilities) " his ſhattered Armour de-" notes his military Character, his Attitude is finely imagin-" ed, his Figure extremely elegant; notwithſtanding his " ſcanty Drapery and matted Beard; Aſpect expreſſive of " Fortitude and Feeling, and his Importance ſuch as fills the " whole Scene without a Rival." What is all this, but the common place Cant of all Pretenders to critical Knowledge, who praiſe without Taſte, and judge without Diſtinction. Let us ſee whether ſomething may not be ſaid more apt to the Deſign, and with more Juſtice to the Artiſt.

In this Picture *Beliſarius* ſtands in the fore Ground with his Arms gently extended in the Act of Speaking. Over his whole Figure is ſpread in the Drapery and Air, that Negligence which is the Conſequence of Affliction rendering Men inattentive to their Perſons, and of Blindneſs which prevents their diſcovering it. And yet through this Neglect, by Means of juſt Attitude and apt Expreſſion, the Idea of innate Greatneſs, is perfectly preſerved, notwithſtanding the moſt Characteriſing of all Features, the Eyes are totally extinct. It is ſcarce poſſible in ſurveying this Figure to avoid catching a Compaſſion for his Diſtreſs; and imagining, that *Salvator Roſa*, the moſt Congenial of all Painters, with the Genius of *Shakeſpeare*, has taken this Idea from ſightleſs *Gloſter*, in King *Lear*, as he is uttering the following Words; for this is not a begging *Beliſarius*.

—— How ſtiff is my vile Senſe,
That I ſtand up, and have ingenious Feeling
Of my huge Sorrow! Better I were diſtract.
So ſhould my Thoughts be ſevered from my Griefs
And Woes, by wrong Imaginations, loſe
The Knowledge of themſelves.

On one Side ſtands an Officer, whoſe liberal Countenance, and ornamented Drapery, beſpeak him of Rank, regarding this Object ſtill ſuperb in Blindneſs and Affliction, with the Expreſſion of infinite Compaſſion, ſeeming to ſay, is this the Reward of Toil and Danger in our Country's Cauſe; whilſt at a little Diſtance a few common Soldiers from behind behold him with that ſtern Survey, which proceeds from curſing the inhuman Author of their General's Miſeries, who though Blind, ſtill retains a Reverence in their Mind, which prevents them from coming forward. Every Thing in this Piece correſponds to make one whole, and with the Subject. The Buildings and other inanimate Parts, are not

the Productions of vague Fancy, but of ſtrict Propriety. The Relief carved on a fallen Fragment of Marble, is perfectly alluſive to the Condition of the Hero. The inoffenſive Ox after his Toil is ended, brought to be ſacrificed for the Sins of the Guilty and Ungrateful; whilſt behind, a Pyramid and Column, the moſt durable of all Buildings, ſignify, that though they are ſomewhat externally injured by Time, their Structures are yet able to ſupport the Wrath of Ages; and the riven Oak ſhoots forth green Leaves, in Spite of the Inclemency of the Skies. All this alludes to that Man, who though ſo deſpitefully treated, ſtill ſtands with Fortitude ſuperior to the Calamities inflicted on him. At the ſameTime the more ornamental Parts of Architecture broken and rudely ſtrew'd on the Ground, explain, that Titles, Pomp and Riches, the Trapings of Life, are eaſily humbled to the Duſt; whilſt Virtue exerting her internal Vigor only remains, unchangeable and immortal.

Now pray have you, Gentlemen, conceived the Merit, or done Juſtice to this Piece? That the Drawings after theſe Paintings are done with Elegance, Preciſion and Truth is but juſtice to Mr. *Strange*; but what will be more agreeable to the Lovers of imitative Art the Print of the laſt Piece is completed, in which the Character of the Maſter, and Excellence of the Production, are perfectly preſerved. In executing this Work, Mr. *Strange* has happily united the elegant Eaſe, and maſterly Freedom of *Gerard Andran*, with the pleaſing Preciſion, and finiſhed Workmanſhip of *Edlinck*. The Extremities are finely finiſhed, and every Part of the Whole, whether Fleſh, Drapery or Architecture, juſtly characteriſed, and the Clair obſcure, excellently preſerved, which renders the Original equal to *Rembrant*, in that Particular. *Salvator Roſa* would be pleaſed could he ſee this firſt finiſhed Graving, after his excellent Production, none hitherto, as far as I recollect, having been more than Etched. Such are the Performances of Mr. *Strange*, which I have

endeavoured

endeavoured to reſcue from the abſurd Commendation of his Countrymen. And which I praiſe with infinite Delight, though the Artiſt be a *Scotchman*, refuſing Juſtice to the Inhabitants of no Nation; and holding in the utmoſt Contempt, the illiberal Deſign of thoſe *Scotch* Gentlemen Critics, whoſe whole malevolent Attempt is, that of depreciating the Value of all the other Subjects of this Realm, to exalt themſelves. Nay, in this Place, I cannot refrain ſtepping from my Subject to ſay, that Miſs *Read*, Native of their Country, is at leaſt equal to the beſt pourtait Painter in *England*, and deſerves the particular Attention of all who wiſh to diſtinguiſh themſelves by encouraging the Excellent amongſt Artiſts.

The next Piece of Art on which you exerciſe your critical Taſte, is on a *Hercules* carved by Mr. *Reiſbach*. This begins as perfect in its Way as any Thing you have yet ſaid, "With "regard to the *Hercules*, by Mr. *Reiſbach*, though the Pub-"lic has in general had an Opportunity of being acquainted "with the *Merits* of that Performance, we riſque nothing "in ſaying it is certainly one of the fineſt Figures, that has "ever been exhibited in this Country." Was there ever ſuch a Beginning, you riſque nothing in ſaying this is a fine Figure, becauſe the World has in general been acquainted with it's Merit. Pray, who ever did riſque any Thing in praiſing what is generally praiſed, joining with Mankind ſeldom incurs Cenſure, thus this Period ſo roundly turned is abſolute Nonſenſe.

The whole you have to ſay, is, "the Attitude though "quite different from that of the *Farneſe*, is no leſs eaſy "and natural; perhaps it is not quite ſo Muſcular as the "ancient Statue, but the Parts are nevertheleſs as *conſpicuous*, "and judiciouſly repreſented." What a Term? *Conſpicuous* for the *Parts* of a *Hercules*.

What impotent Obſervation on a Figure of ſuch Merit, you might have ſaid with Truth, that this Statue though the ſame in it's Subject with the *Farneſian*, was no Copy ſervilely followed,

followed, but accompanied with all the Marks of an Original; that the Figure has nothing in it diſcordant; the Parts belong to one Whole; the Articulations, as in juſt Nature, join Limbs which belong to one Body, and preſerve that Harmony, which is always ſo eminent in the Works of ſuperior Artiſts; whilſt in Hands uninformed with Skill, though the Legs, Thighs, Arms or other Parts, taken ſingly are excellent, yet the Union of all is Diſguſting, as each ſeems to have been a Part taken from other Bodies, and injudiciouſly put together to make one incongruous Figure; and this defect betrays itſelf at the Articulations where the Extremities of two Limbs uniting form a Diſcord, which the judicious Eye obſerves, and is diſpleaſed with.

You might have ſaid, that the Parts above the Waiſt are even ſuperior to the *Farneſian*; which Latter, though *Coloſſal* appears to have his Muſcles too bare, and uncovered with the Skin, as they are left by Anatomiſts after deſecting a Subject; and which Defect Mr. *Reiſbach* has judiciouſly avoided. But it muſt be owned that the Parts below are not equal to thoſe in the *Farneſian Hercules*, the Thighs appear too plump, and the Muſcles too indiſtinct to expreſs vaſt and active Strength; yet the Figure taken altogether has a Merit which demands a greater Attention to that excellent Artiſt than is at preſent given him, it being certainly the moſt capital Performance of all carved in this Iſland, at leaſt ſince the two Figures in *Moorfields*.

The next Object is *Diana* and *Endymion*, which I have never ſeen and unluckily for you: I ſhall prove from your aſcribing this to Mr. *Reiſbach*, that he that wrote this inimitable Criticiſm, has alſo never ſeen the *Hercules* or Groupe of *Endymion*; becauſe, Gentlemen, if he had, he never could have aſcribed both to Mr. *Reiſbach*, as they were never in the ſame Place; he muſt have ſeen each in ſeparate Shops, and therefore known they were the Work of different Hands, and this

this Error you confeſs in your ſecond monthly Labour, and aſſign the *Endymion* to the right Artiſt, *Laura*.

Thus, Gentlemen Critics, who " Will not condemn or " extol, without having carefully peruſed the Performance." You have really extolled what you never ſaw, and I preſume upon the Report of your Raker of Intelligence, whoſe meagre Horſes ſtarving on the Fees, whilſt he grows fat on his *Engliſh* Wife's Fortune, curſe the Hour that he commenced a Retainer to your Criticiſm.

Thus I have fairly gone through every Article of your firſt Moon's Labour, which indeed, to do you Juſtice, does not ſeem to be written under the Influence of that Luminary. Madmen muſt have *loſt* an Underſtanding, whilſt your Productions prove you never have *poſſeſt* any. I have purſued this Method to ſhew you and our Readers, that I have taken all Things as they riſe, and not leapt from Part to Part, and thereby proceeded unfairly in giving you to the World. Hereafter I ſhall decline following you in every Step, and only ſhew your Inequality in other Subjects to the Profeſſions of Criticiſm, which you have newly adopted, and to that of Medicine, the Title to which, if Report ſpeak Truth, was given you on Promiſe of never practiſing North of *Tweed*.

The ſecond Number begins with a Criticiſm on a new and accurate Hiſtory of South-*America*, by Mr. *Rolt*, which, Gentlemen, I could almoſt riſque a ſmall Wager, is writtten by your Hero, it is ſo extremely apt to the Condition he has been long in; where, he ſays, " The miſerable Author muſt " perform his daily Taſk, in Spite of Cramp, Cholic, Va- " pours or *Vertigo*; in Spite of Head-ach, Heart-ach, and " *Minerva*'s Frowns; otherwiſe he will loſe his Character " and Livelihood, like a Taylor who diſappoints his Cuſto- " mer in a Birth-day Suit. What can be expected from ſuch a " wretched Author, under ſuch Terrors and Reſtraint, but a " raw, crude, haſty, ſuperficial Production, without Sub- " ſtance, Order, Symmetry or Connection." This we

have

have tranſcribed out of pure Goodneſs to you, Gentlemen Critics, that it may plead your Apology in ſome future Remarks, which we ſhall have Occaſion to make on your Works; when probably in Imitation of your Words which follow, it ſhall be ſaid, " Sorry we are, that Truth obliges " us to declare this pretended *Hiſtory*, a very trivial, inſipid, " injudicious, and defective Performance; without Plan, " Method, Learning, Accuracy or Elegance; an unmean- " ing Compoſition of Shreds, Rags and Remnants; pilfer- " ed from thoſe entertaining Collections of Voyages, diſtin- " guiſhed by the venerable Names of *Hackluyt*, *Purchas*, " *Churchill*, *Aſtley* and *Harris*; together with the Hiſtory " of the *Buchaneers*, torn away without Art, and ſewed to- " gether without Order or Propriety.—A Variety of No- " thingneſs; a patched; a piebal'd Linſey-Woolſey Nothing. " We ſpeak not from *Spleen or private Reſentment*, &c." Indeed the laſt Sentence I believe may be partly true, but do you not ſpeak from *private Intereſt*. Was not your Hero under the above Circumſtances, which you have deſcribed; compiling with Paſte and brown Paper and the Authors you mention, an Abridgment of Voyages, ſince publiſhed, and which we ſhall preſently ſee ſo liberally praiſed in your lunar Productions? Was it not from Fear of that Work remaining on the Hands of the Bookſellers which employed him, and his Loſs of Buſineſs, that this indecent Strain of Writing was exhibited againſt the Production of a Man, whom you confeſs neither to know in Perſon nor Fame? Did not your *national Indignation* ariſe from the above Cauſe, or does it all proceed from that partiality to *Scotch*, and Envy of *Engliſh* and *Iriſh* Productions, which is forever appearing in your Annals? But I miſtake, *you are not the Miniſters of Intereſt, Faction, Envy or Malevolence. You are, Gentlemen, Dignifiers of the liberal Arts, and Patrons of Genius and Science.*

The

The next is Experiments on Bleaching, by Doctor *Home*, in which you begin "This is a very laudable Attempt to *ex-* "*tend* the Uſe of Chemiſtry to Purpoſes ſubſervient to a na- "tional Advantage." The extenſive Knowledge in Chemiſtry, which you, Gentlemen Critics, and Doctors of Phyſic muſt poſſeſs, is evident by this Expreſſion of *extending* Chemiſtry to national Advantages: As if it had hitherto been confined to Medicine only. What are all the Parts of Metallurgy, making Glaſs, Porcelaine, Gems, Earthen-[illegible]e, Colours, Soaps, Oils of Turpentines, Varniſhes, Dying, Brewing, Diſtilling, and innumerable other Branches of Commerce, ? How equal are your Abilities to the Taſk you have impoſed on them. You then proceed to ſay, "Doctor *Home* is much to be commended for hav- "ing dedicated his Time and Talents to the Improvement "of the Linen-Manufacture, which is the ſtaple Commo- "dity of his Country; unleſs the Breed of Authors pro- "duced in *Scotland*, come in Competition with this Branch "of Induſtry." You miſtake, Gentlemen, the ſtaple Commodity of *Scotland*, is neither Linen nor Authors, but Doctors, Apothecaries, Men-Midwives, Surgeons, and Surgeon's-Mates, on whom Doctor *Home* would do well to apply ſome of his Studies to improve alſo: Then comes a Joke to introduce a *Greek* Word. "Authors, and white "linnen have been long at *variance*." The πρέπον, or *Decorum* of the Mind is very often ſhrouded with a very dirty Tabernacle, in which your Learning and Wit are of a Piece. *Decorum* as you have uſed it, is a Subſtantive, and as it is adopted into our Language, and therefore cannot be expreſt by πρέπον, you ſhould have added the *Particle* τὸ before it, as it is the *Neuter* Gender of πρέπος, an *Adjective*, and it cannot otherwiſe be uſed to expreſs *Decorum*. Why will you meddle with *Greek*? You burn your Fingers. After having extracted Paſſages from this Author, which are the only Criticiſms, you con-

ſtantly give; you then ſay, " He ſeems to have taken " infinite Pains to make himſelf Maſter of the Subject, " and to have ſtruck out new Lights, that may prove " very advantageous to the Manufacture." And then at the End, page 114, you add, " The Experiments are " painfully deſcribed; and ſucceed one another in ſuch a " Manner, as leaves no Pauſe for Recollection, no Mark " of Diſtinction for the Memory." What a bleſſed Writer this muſt be according to your Account of him. What Pains he muſt have taken to be Maſter of the Subject. What new Lights he muſt have ſtruck out, when his Experiments can neither be recollected, nor have any Diſtinction by which to be remember'd. You then tell us, that " You believe " no Perſon, but a mere Whitſter or Writer in either Re- " view, will ever drudge through Doctor *Home*'s Treatiſe on " Bleaching." Which Whitſter and Critic muſt be a *Scotchman* alſo; becauſe you have told us, " There are *Scottiſh* " Words and Meaſures, which an *Engliſh* Reader will be at " a Loſs to underſtand." And yet you ſay, " Which ne- " verthelefs we pronounce *a valuable* Performance, though " like the green Linnen, he deſcribes *ſteeped and rinſed Clean* " *of all the Flummery and Dreſſing*." What an admirable Simile of Simplicity this is, for a Work which is painfully Written; and ſo jumbled in its Manner, that it ſuffers no Pauſe for Recollection, and no Mark of Diſtinction for the Memory. You muſt certainly have no Prejudices to influence your Judgment, nor Connections to warp your Integrity, in this Account of your Countryman's *valuable Performance*. Pray obſerve how well theſe Qualifications in you are manifeſted on this Work, and on that of Mr. *Rolt*, who is an *Engliſhman*.

Evident Tokens of theſe eminent Virtues are exhibited alſo in your Criticiſms on the Hiſtory of *Dumont*, written by Mrs. *Charke*, and on the Hiſtory of *Cræſus*. On the Performance of Mrs. *Charke*, you tell us, " Some of the meaner

" Characters

" Characters are indifferently well drawn, the Method " taken to ſave *Dumont* well contrived, and the Caſtaſtrophe " not diſpleaſing. But as we are afraid Mrs. *Charke* will " never be able to manifeſt much Merit as a Writer, we " could wiſh her to find out ſome other Method of ſupply- " ing her Wants; and though we do not adviſe the Peruſal " of the Book, we ſhould be ſorry if we hindered the poor " Woman from receiving three Shillings." Now, as Critics, what have you to do with Mrs. *Charke*'s Poverty, and how great muſt that Sorrow be for her Condition in Men, who adviſe the not reading her Book. Are you afraid ſhe will interfere with your Trade?

In the Life of *Cræſus*, you ſay, " The Subject is but ſu- " perficially handled, the Narration not animated with that " Variety of Language, which lends Spirit to the moſt *lan-* " *guid* Sentiments, and gives an Air of Importance to the " moſt trivial Remarks, and that the whole Hiſtory might have " been comprehended in three Pages of the two Hundred " and Thirty-five, of which it conſiſts; that the Writer has " filled up his blank Paper, with unneceſſary Argument; " that his Words and Idioms, are *Scottiſh* throughout; and " yet upon the Whole, the Performance diſcovers a faint " Bloom of Genius, which may in Time produce agreeable " Fruit." Here again your unwarped Integrity, and unprejudiced Judgment, are remarkably manifeſted. Mrs. *Charke*, an *Engliſh*-Writer, who has performed in ſome Parts well, is diſcouraged from proceeding, and the *Scotch* Author by his Bloom of Genius, and expected Fruit, in whom no Appearance of Merit is to be found, is encouraged to proceed. What muſt be thought of the Heads or Hearts of you Gentlemen Critics?

Next appear ſome exquiſite Specimens of your Critical Skill, in Phyſic and Medicine. *Pathological Obſervations*, &c. by Doctor *Haller*. You begin, " As theſe Obſervations " are very numerous, to take particular Notice of each of " them, would far exceed their Proportion in a Work of " thi

" this Kind; we ſhall therefore confine our *Remarks* to ſuch " of them, as more immediately regard the Practice of Phy- " ſic, ſeveral of which throw a new Light upon it.

" Thus for Example, Obſ. xii. ſhews, That an Incyſted " Dropſy may be produced in the Thorax, from Water col- " lected in the Cells of the Pleura, in the ſame Manner as " it happens in the Abdomen." Pray, Gentlemen, is this Title of the Obſervation, a *Remark* in Criticiſm and Medicine on it. " Obſ. xiii. *Of a Pleuriſy ſettled* in the Lungs." Excellent Phyſicians! A *Pleuriſy* in the Lungs! Muſt it not have been a Peripneumonia, if in the Lungs, and in the Pleura to be a Pleuriſy? " It gives a good hint to Phyſicians to have " immediate Recourſe to the moſt powerful Remedies in that Diſeaſe." Excellent Remark. And to the Sick to have no concern with Phyſicians who know not one Diſeaſe from another! " Obſ. xv. Of a Phthiſis Pulmonalis in an Infant, will, we " hope, *tend* to eradicate too common an Error in Phyſic, *viz.* " That Infants are not ſubjected to that Diſeaſe." A better Remark ſtill. " Obſ. xxi. affords a ſtrong Inſtance of the bad Ef- " fects of a too plentiful Uſe of Acids to reduce a corpulent " Habit. And in Obſ. xxvii. the Doctor has not only explained " how an Introſuſception of the Inteſtines is occaſioned; but " he has likewiſe ſhewn it to be of a harmleſs Nature, and " by no Means the Cauſe of the Iliac Paſſion, as *Kuhnius*, " and ſeveral other Phyſicians have imagined." Two Titles for Remarks. " Obſ. xxviii. ſhews how congenial Herniæ " are formed. And in Obſ. xxx. Hiſt. 1. it appears ſome- " times the hernial Sac adheres ſo cloſe to the Tunica Vagi- " nalis and the Teſticles, as to render a Separation of it from " them impracticable; ſo as either to replace it, or tie it alone, " both which Operations are highly extolled by the *French* " Surgeons." Excellent Remarks in the former Way.

" In Obſ. xxxiii. Hiſt. 1. and 11. are contained two Ca- " ſes, the Firſt of an Abſceſs of the Liver, miſtaken for an " Empyema, and the Second of an Aneuriſm, not far from

" the

" the Back-bone, near the tenth Rib, miſtaken for an Ab-
" ſceſs of the Liver, which may ſerve as very uſeful Cautions
" to Surgeons in ſimilar Caſes." Incomparable Remark!

" Obſ. xxxiii. Of Stones in the Gall-bladder contains ſe-
" veral Hiſtories of Caſes of that Kind, ſhewing the Fre-
" quency of that Diſeaſe; and we cannot help quoting what
" the Doctor ſays on this Subject in Page 78, and 79, of
" the Tranſlation." Better Remarks ſtill!

" From Obſ. xxxviii. Hiſt. 1. 2. *&c.* it appears, as the
" Doctor obſerves, Page 108." When quoting his Words, you add, " This is a good *Hint* for Midwives to be extremely
" Cautious not to hurt the Uterus in delivering their Pa-
" tients." A very *neceſſary* Remark, and *new!*

" *The Hiſtory of the Variolous Temperament, of the Year*
" 1735, Obſ. xliv. contains a Method of treating the ſmall
" Pox, attended with black Spots intermixed with Puſtules,
" which is well worth peruſing, and 'tis pity it is not
" more *generally* known. It is chiefly by Means of Cam-
" phire given to the Quantity of a Scruple in twenty-four
" Hours, in an Emulſion, and a plentiful Uſe of *Acids* and
" *Diluents*, till the Puſtules begin to dry." The Latter of which the Acids and Diluents have been known to all Phyſicians in *England*, ever ſince the Time of *Sydenham*, tho' you, *Scotch* Critics and Phyſicians, ſeem by your *Remark* to have heard nothing of it till this Time.

" The Remarks on Perſons who have been drowned, Obſ.
" lxii. are very ingenious, and explain the Manner how
" Death is occaſioned by Drowning; but it is much
" to be regretted, that from the Experiments which the Doc-
" tor has tried upon Dogs and other Animals, there are ſo
" little Hopes of recovering Perſons drowned."

Now, Gentlemen Critics and Phyſicians, do you imagine, there ever have been ſuch Criticiſms publiſhed by a Sett of Gentlemen, whoſe *Characters and Capacities have been univerſally approved and acknowledged by the Public*; had you, Critical

tical Phyſicians, nothing to ſay on ſuch numerous Obſervations; the Improvements they contained; the Probability of Succeſs in following them, compared with thoſe of former Practitioners, whether well or ill founded on the Anatomy of the human Body on Phyſiology and Pathology: Certainly ſomething might have been ſaid on ſo copious a Subject, which, as you ſay, throws a new Light on the Practice of Phyſic. But the *Acids* and *Diluents*, *which it is pity are not more generally known. The good Hint to Midwives, not to hurt the Uterus. The Pleuriſy in the Lungs*, and the Hint of *having immediate Recourſe to powerful Medicines*, and your other equally ingenious Remarks, what are they, but ſo many Proofs of abſolute Ignorance, in the very Subjects which you pretend to examine as Critics; and on which you pretend to practice as Phyſicians. Should not you have ſaid then, inſtead of *far exceeding their Proportion in this Work*, far exceeding the *Capacity* of the *Writers* of this Work. So much for your Science; now for your Criticiſm as *Gentlemen.*

" My Complements to the King, *&c.*

" My Compliments! In the Name of all the familiar " Devils, who art thou? — My Compliments! — To the " King! — And ſuch Compliments too! — And in Verſe " too! — Such Compliments indeed one would think might " have done juſt *as well in Proſe.*" Is not this a New and Gentleman-like Manner of Criticiſing, and much to the Purpoſe?

In Memoirs ——— of the Capuchins, &c. you have an excellent Remark, " But if he is a ſtrayed Hog, he had beſt " take Care of himſelf; for it is well *known, by thoſe who* " *believe it*, that there is no Safety, even in *London*, for the " moſt inſignificant Raſcal, that ever eloped from *Rome.*" Is not that ſhrewdly put? *Known by thoſe who believe it.* Can that which is *known* by any Perſon be *believed* by him? What apt Ideas you annex to your Words.

Then

Then follows your Condemnation of Mr. *Marſh*, for the *Winters Tale*; Mr. *Garrrick*, for *Catharine* and *Petrucio*; Mr. *Murphy*, for the *Spouter*, with much ill Manners. Mr. *Garrick*, again for the *Tempeſt*; Doctor *Browne*, for *Athelſtan*, all *Engliſh* or *Iriſhmen*.

" *An Appeal*, &c. by *Charles Lucas*, M. D. On this you " ſay, this Gentleman, heretofore an Apothecary in *Dublin*, " and now a Doctor and Chemiſt, in Conſequence of a " Transformation very common in theſe Days, *&c.*" And in no Sett of Men to be found ſo common as amongſt you, Gentlemen Critics, many of which have been tranſformed into Doctors, from Apothecaries, without ever having been Chemiſts, and ſome without being Apothecaries even; the Title of your Hero to the Name of Doctor, being no more than, after having been a Sea-Surgeon's Mate, a degree ſent him from *Scotland*, like a ſuit of Clothes into the Country, according to a Meaſure taken by *another* Taylor; and which I fancy appears at preſent to fit him as well, as Clothes generally made in ſuch a Manner are uſed to. What remarkable Modeſty there appears in this Criticiſm of yours, on Doctor *Lucas*. You have no Envy, no Prejudice, no Frailties, we ſee it in every Step you advance. You are all Men of Learning, and regular bred Phyſicians. None of you were ever Apprentices to Barber-Surgeons or Apothecaries; or perhaps void of thoſe Pretenſions even.

We come now to your Remarks on *Oratio Anniverſaria*, &c. a *Roberto Taylor*, M. D. which is ſtyled " This Sub- " lime Oration, *&c.*" in which you ſay, " We cannot help " concluding, that the *excellent Orator* neither conſulted the " the *Greek* Original, nor looked into *Le Clerc*, and from your Knowledge of *Greek*, already ſo viſible, and which will appear more ſo hereafter; I conclude you have no more looked into it, than Doctor *Taylor*. You then proceed in a Strain of Irony, and find that the Writer has miſtaken

in

in *Conſolatorem*, becauſe *Lux* is Feminine. The chief Cauſe of your Cauſticity on this Piece, ſeems to ariſe from Doctor *Taylor*'s not having travelled into *Scotland*, for Subjects of Panegyric in his Oration; and that too probably was aggrevated by a Refuſal which has been given to the modeſt Application of your Countrymen, for the Doctor's Degree *ad eundem*, in *Oxford*, a *Scotch* Doctor made as ſuddenly as a Knight by the Touch of the King's Sword, and as void of Learning, claims a Degree *ad eundem* at the Univerſity of *Oxford*, which requires fourteen Years Study by an *Engliſhman*.

Now, Gentlemen, I will engage, that Doctor *Taylor*, can bring Reaſons to ſatisfy all Mankind, the *Scotch* Phyſicians and Critics excepted, that his Adhering to his own Countrymen, was but ſtrict Juſtice to the Univerſities of *England*.

After having condemned the whole Performance, unluckily for yourſelves, you give a Specimen of your own *Latin*, and which, Conſiſting of about four Lines, is replete with as much falſe Grammar and Nonſenſe, as can well be found in ſo many Words. *Orationem hancce, compoſitionem inflatam, inanem, turgentem ſeſquipedalia verba proferentem, exiſtumamus inſtar potus inebriantis diverſoriolo quodam Confecti ſubſilientis, ſpumantis, crepitantis nil gratum præbentis, corpore denique ac ſpecie carentis.*

By your Leave, Gentlemen, *diverſoriolo quodam* is not *Latin*. Before Subſtantives which expreſs *Things*, the Prepoſition *in* is always placed by the Claſſics, and Men who underſtand the *Roman* Language. *Potus Confecti*, is alſo a Miſtake, *potum Conficere* cannot ſignify to *brew*, which you muſt mean in this Place. *Cereviſiam coquere* is to brew, it can no more mean brewing than making Punch, it is to make Drink perhaps; though in General *conficere* is uſed in another Senſe, as in *Tully*, *confectus Ætate*, worn out with Age; *Vino confectus*, drunk with wine; *conficere Cibum*, to chew Meat; and according to this Senſe *conficere Potum*, may be to ſwallow Drink. In *Livy*, *conficere* ſignifies

nifications it is generally found of undoing, rather than makeing, but now for the good Senſe in the Deſcription of this Oration. It is *inflated*, it is *empty*, it is *turged*, *replete with Words of a Foot and a Half long*; then comes the Simile of the Drink. It is *intoxicating*, which correſponds with *empty*. It is *ſparkling*, which correſponds with *empty*. It is *frothing*, which correſponds with *empty*. It is *hiſſing*, which correſponds with *empty*. And laſtly, this *intoxicating*, *ſparkling*, *frothing*, *hiſſing Drink*, *made* in a little Ale-houſe, *has nothing grateful in it*, and *never had Body or Exiſtence*, *corpore denique ac ſpecie carentis*. Oh! rare, Gentlemen Critics, in Imitation of *your* O rare *Doctor Caius*, and in Conſequence of *your* Obſervation, that favorite Authors are apt to be imitated. Could not you have kept your Fingers from attempting to write *Latin*, muſt you eternally be exhibiting your *Characters* and *Capacities*?

An Expoſition of *The Church Catechiſm*, &c. by *T. Jones*, M. A. This Performance you endeavour to turn into Ridicule, and call the Writer "Quack in Divinity," though a Maſter of Arts. Whatever his Title may be to writing. Well as an Author he certainly deſerves to be praiſed for his *Piety* equally with Mr. *Macknight*, *that* may exiſt in Works of little *Learning*, and appears through the Whole of this. He acknowledges the *Divinity* of *Jeſus Chriſt*, which the Other is careſull to avoid; and yet Mr. *Macknight* is applauded for the *Piety* in his Book, where it is not found, and Mr. *Jones* ridiculed for it in this, where it abounds; but *Jones* is an *Engliſhman*, and *Macknight* a *Scot*; the Firſt of the Church of *England*, the Latter a Preſbyterian. Men of unprejuced Judgments ſtill.

Having thus far advanced in examining your critical Skill on various Subjects, I come now to Doctor *Leland*'s Supplement, on which it will be ſeen how excellently you are qualified for the theological Part of your Undertaking. You tell us "Doctor *Leland* is deſervedly admired more than

" all the controverſial Writers of the laſt Century, that in " the firſt Volume he has refuted the Deiſtical Writers with " the utmoſt Candour; and in the Supplement before you, " the Reader will meet with many valuable Additions." You then quote what the Doctor ſays in his Preface, and add, " We ſhall ſubjoin the Concluſion of his Preface, where he " ſpeaks of himſelf with that Modeſty and Humility" (Virtues remarkable in yourſelves, " which are the conſtant Com- " panions of a great and good Mind." You then quote that Paſſage, and add, " We know of no better Method to " raiſe the Appetite of our Reader for the Feaſt of Reaſon " and Senſe, which Dr. *Leland* has prepared for him, than " to preſent him with the Bill of Fare as it ſtands in the " Contents perfixed to his Book." Is it not in this Place a natural Queſtion to aſk how you came to think of turning Critics, who confeſſedly avow, that you know *nothing* better to ſay on an Author, than a Tranſcript of his Contents?

Having quoted theſe Contents, you ſay, " The Reader " perceives how elegant an Entertainment he is invited to; " we ſhall give him a little Taſte of every Diſh, and help " him (as moſt People do) to that Part which ſeemed moſt " agreeable to our own Palate." Having accordingly ſerved up ſome of thoſe Taſtes out of the Doctor's Feaſt, without one Word of the Elegancy of the Dreſſing. You ſay, " The Account of this *French* Tranſlation is curious, and " Doctor *Leland*'s Obſervations on it extremely juſt; the " latter Part of the Letter is an Anſwer to Deiſm fairly " ſtated. Towards the Concluſion the Reader will find the " following Paragraph." And then the Paragraph being quoted, you add, " Letter III, is an Examination of Mr. " *Hume*'s Arguments in his *Eſſay on Miracles*, as ſent in a " Letter to Doctor *Leland*; together with Doctor *Leland*'s " Anſwer, wherein the Reader will find the following Cha- " racter of Mr. *Hume*," which being quoted alſo, you ſubjoin, " Doctor *Leland* Anſwers *Hume*'s Arguments on theſe

" Heads

" Heads, and Concludes," which being tranſcribed alſo, you add, " Letter V, Speaking of Lord *Bolingbroke*'s Objections " to an inferior dependent evil Being, ſuch as *Satan* is repre- " ſented to be, Doctor *Leland* has this Paſſage;" which being inſerted alſo, you ſay, " In Doctor *Leland*'s VIIth Let- " ter, after ſome very judicious Reflections on the Neglect " of good and virtuous Education amongſt us, the Reader " will be pleaſed to ſee him recommend the Example of a " Perſonage of the higheſt Character and Diſtinction in theſe " Words;" which being quoted alſo, we find the following. " We need not perhaps inform our Readers, that this truely " noble and exalted Character can only belong to that beſt " of Mothers and Women, her Royal Highneſs the Princeſs " *Dowager* of *Wales*." You then ſay,

" In a Poſtſcript to this Letter, Doctor *Leland* takes No- " tice of a Book (which had not been ſufficiently taken No- " tice of before, though a Work of very great Merit) inti- " tled *The Criterion*; written by the Reverend Mr. *Douglas*, " the ingenious Author of a Vindication of *Milton*, againſt " *Lauder*, publiſhed ſome Years ſince: This Book Doctor " *Leland* juſtly obſerves, is in Regard to every Part of it, a " learned and accurate Performance, and may do great Ser- " vice to the chriſtian and proteſtant Cauſe.

" Doctor *Leland*'s VIIIth and laſt Letter, wherein he ſhews " the Tendency of Irreligion and Vice to bring Miſery and " Ruin upon us; and which is Written in a Vein of Piety " and Goodneſs, peculiar to this excellent Author, con- " cludes thus;" which being tranſcribed, you add, " The " ſhort Extracts which we have given of Doctor *Leland*'s " Performance will, we apprehend, be more than ſufficient " Inducements to our Readers to purchaſe and peruſe the " Whole, with that Attention which it ſo highly deſerves. " The three Volumes together do certainly comprize the " moſt perfect and complete Anſwer to the Deiſtical Writers " yet Extant, and cannot be too often read, or too much

" admired by all the Friends of Truth, Religion and Vir-
" tue."

What admirable Capacities and Abilities you are bleſſed with for theological Criticiſm. Not a Proof of the ſuperior Force in Doctor *Leland*'s Arguments to thoſe of his Opponents. Of the Prevalency on one ſide, compared with the Weakneſs of the other. Inſtances of new Lights, thrown on the Subject. Arguments better arranged. Apter Illuſtrations. Stronger Truths, or Fallaces defeated. Not a Word on his Extending his Reaſoning farther on theſe Subjects, than former Writers in the Cauſe of Chriſtianity. In ſhort not a Syllable which can convey the moſt diſtant Hint, that you have ever read or examined this or any other Writer in Divinity. Every Sentence is bald Praiſe, unſupported with one Critical Obſervation of Excellency. Such is the terrible Effect of deſerving Works coming before your Tribunal, and if Men reaſon at all on what you ſay, muſt not the Concluſion be, either that *you have tasked your Abilities* to what they are not equal, or the Letters which you Praiſe have no Merit; becauſe you have made no Critical Obſervation, on which to found their Encomiums. In ſpeaking on ſo uſeful pious and learned a Performance, I ſhall venture to impute it to the ſame conſummate Ignorance, which has hitherto appeared in all your Critical Enquiries.

Odes by Mr. *Maſon*. Of theſe Performances you diſapprove, and tell us, " That Ode Writing ſeems to have " lately crept into Eſteem," and add, " it requires the uni-" ted Powers of Imagination and Judgment; together with " a larger Share of true creative Genius of the *Divinæ parti-* " *cula Aura*, than is neceſſary, we had almoſt ſaid, to any " other Performance."

In this Opinion you differ from *Ariſtotle* and *Horace*. Critics well enough for *Greeks* and *Romans*, and for their Times; you are of ſuperior Merit, you are *Scotchmen*. For ſuppoſing there can be any Senſe belonging to the Union of *Imagination*

gination and Judgment, with true *creative Genius* of the *Divinæ particula Aura*, all which Expreſs one and the ſame Thing, yet is there a Critic, yourſelves excepted, who contrary to the Opinion of *Ariſtotle*, can conceive that Ode Writing requires as much Genius as Writing a Tragedy, to which the *Greek* gives the Preference, as to the Work of greateſt Excellence, and requiring the moſt extenſive Genius to accompliſh: And then to the Epic Poem. What can enter into Lyric Compoſitions, which is not required in the other two, Verſification excepted? And how many of the moſt capital Parts of Knowledge muſt conſpire to make a Tragedy or Epic Poem, which can never enter into an Ode. And the *Divinæ particula Aura*, I ſuppoſe, is in Contradiſtinction to *Horace*, who writes *Auræ*, but *Horace* was a *Roman*. Pray is not this what the Grammarians call falſe Concord, and as bad as Doctor *Taylor*'s *Conſolatorem?* After this, you tell us, that "*His Deſcription* (which is our "Author's greateſt Excellence) is extremely *Soft and Har-* "*monious.*" Pray what is ſoft and harmonious Deſcription? Did not you mean *Verſification*, which may be Soft and Harmonious, though the Deſcription may be Imperfect, and the Latter may be Juſt, Elegant and Natural, though the Numbers may want Softneſs and Harmony. Thus through the very Want of Ideas annexed to the Subjects you examine. You give Epithets which are incompatible. I ſhall therefore take the Liberty to congratulate Mr. *Maſon*, on your Diſapprobation of his Odes, as on a certain Mark of their being excellent, from your Want of Taſte and Capacity to diſcover their Beauties.

The Practice of Painting, &c. by Mr. *Bardwell*, on which you ſay, "The Painters are no doubt greatly obliged to "Mr. *Bardwell*, for this Treatiſe;" and that "ſuch of "our Readers as want to be practically inſtructed by Mr. "*Bradwell*'s Rules, muſt have Recourſe to the Treatiſe it- "ſelf. Others may learn his general Deſign, and the Me-

"thod

" method he has followed from his own Introduction." And then after quoting ſeveral Pages, you ſay, " This is very " well, if the Painter has been thoroughly grounded in Per- " ſpective, that he has all the Operations of it in perfect " Readineſs;" in which you oppoſe *your* Opinion againſt the Authors, and that of *Freſnoy*, and then add, " But if a " young Painter was to proceed in Mr. *Bardwell*'s Method, " it would ſoon appear that he had begun at the wrong End." Thus, according to you, the Painters are obliged for a Treatiſe, which teaches them to begin at the wrong End; and then you aſſign the Reaſon. " His Sketches would probably " be *too free* to be capable of receiving Correction from " Geometrical Rules." Here unluckily you ſtumble upon ſomething as an *Objection*, which has been ever diſtinguiſhed as the moſt eſſential Mark of *Merit* in the Sketches of young Deſigners, the *Freedom of the Drawing*, on which alone all Elegance and Taſte is founded. For Figures may be drawn with the utmoſt Preciſion as in the Works of *Albert Duret*; and yet from their Stiffneſs be totally deſpiſed, in Competition with the Grace and Freedom of *Corregio*, though leſs exact in the Out-Line. Thus it appears you are as excellent Critics in the literary Productions on Arts, as you are on the Works of Art, which you have already examined.

Maxim's *Characters and Reflections*. On this Work your Knowledge of the *French* Language appears again in all it's Luſtre, you ſay, " The *French* Words interſperſed through " the Whole are *Gauche* for *ſilly*."—You miſtake it is aukward, which may be preſent where People are *ſenſible*, it is the Want of *Breeding*, and not of *Underſtanding*. *Placé* is not accompliſhed, it ſignifies *apt*. *L'Eſprit Faux*, ſhould be Wrongheadedneſs, not Wrongheaded. *L'Eſprit Chagrin*, Peeviſhneſs and not Peeviſh, Adjectives for Subſtantives. *Bon Ton*, good Nature. You miſtake, it ſignifies, in Vogue, in high Life. Such are your Exhibitions of Knowledge in *French*.

Eſſay

Eſſay on the Writings and Genius of Mr. Pope. To ſhew your Critical Excellence in poetical Performances, I ſhall chuſe two volunteer Criticiſms, in which you have expreſly deviated from the Subject, to ſhew your Taſte of the Sublime. "There is ſomething great, ſtupendious and ve-
" nerable in the Idea of the Earth as the general Pa-
" rent, producing all the Animals to which it affords Sub-
" ſtance, *&c.* The Image of a Creature's cleaving the ſolid
" Soil, and ſtarting into Exiſtence, is extremely Picturesque.
" We know not a more ſtriking Picture than the follow-
" ing, which we meet with in a celebrated modern Poem."
(*Armſtrong*'s Poem on Health.)

" Girt by the burning Zone, not thus the South
" Her ſwarthy Sons in either *Ind*' maintains,
" Or thirſty *Lybia*; *from whoſe fervid Loins*
" *The Lion burſts, and every Fiend that roams*
" *th' affrighted Wilderneſs.*

Now do you imagine there can be a more egregious Inſtance of falſe Writing, than this which you have ſelected as the moſt Sublime, and of your Knowledge in it? Figures in Writing beſt prove their Truth or Falſehood, by being painted. Let us try that Experiment on this Paſſage, *Lybia* by *Proſopopæia*, becomes a female Perſon, from whoſe fervid *Loins*, &c. Now to paint this a black Woman muſt be, lying on her Belly with the Sun-beams darting fervidly on her Loins, out of which the Lion is burſting, as well as Tigers, Panthers, Hyænas, Wolves, Bears, Elephants, *&c.* every Fiend that roams. Is not this a moſt apt Image? Would it not make an admirable Picture of Generation? A black Woman bringing forth Beaſts out of her Back. Muſt not you have conceived the true Meaning of the Author, in calling it cleaving the ſolid Soil? Muſt not the Author be exquiſite in imagry who could draw ſuch a Picture?

This

This Paſſage, however, is not abſurd in Painting only, but in Nature alſo; Animals burſting from the Loins of a Female, from the Womb certainly he ſhould have written, though that indeed would have made but a ſtrange Picture. Creatures are ſaid to be contained in the *Loins* of the Male, if you pleaſe, but never till you, Gentlemen, aroſe to befriend Merit, and dignify the liberal Arts, have they been ſaid to iſſue from thoſe Parts in a Female. What an extenſive and juſt Idea you poſſeſs of the Sublime, who know not a more ſtriking *Picture* than this? And what increaſes the Excellence in this Inſtance is, both the Author and the Critics are Phyſicians, who have applauded this ſublime Picture of a black Woman bringing forth Lions, Tigers, Hiænas, *&c.* out of her Lions. What admirable Knowledge you muſt have of the Parts of Generation. This indeed may be a good Way to hatch Maggots, if *Lybia* were a Carcaſs; but the Sun hatching Lions out of a black Woman's Back, is, as your Countryman, *Macruthen* ſays of *Buck*, quite a *Phænomenon.*

In Fact thoſe Northern Bards are incapable of preſerving the figurative Way in Writing with any Propriety, their Compoſitions conſiſt generally in falſe Metaphors, turgidly expreſt; or in pollyſyllable Words, which clothing the triteſt of all Thoughts, make them look on the Outſide round and ſtrutting like a *Dutchman*'s Poſteriors in ſix Pair of Breeches, and which within are ſtill but common Backſide. Indeed it is impoſſible the Author or Critic could have conceived any Ideas belonging to their Words, which is a Thing extremely common amongſt the *Scotiſh* Poets. *Blacklock*, though blind and unremembering any viſible Object, talks of them in Words, of which he cannot poſſeſs the leaſt Idea; but I imagine having heard the Poetry of *Engliſhmen* read to him, he has learnt Epithets without Ideas annexed; as *The Rudy Morn*; *The Orient Pearl*; *The Silver Lilly*, and a thouſand Others, of which he has generally made a better Uſe than his Countrymen, who ſee; and whoſe

Choice of Words are not according to the *Ideas* which they convey; but according to the Sound with which they ſtrike their Ears, and are choſen as old Women chuſe Earthenware by the Ringing, otherwiſe it is impoſſible ſuch Blunders could have been committed as are to be found in their Writings.

Having given this Inſtance of your Knowledge in the Sublime, I come now to examine it in Propriety of Character. " In Page 321, the Eſſayiſt obſerves, that in *Homer* and " *Virgil*, every Image is *the particular and unalienable Pro-* " *perty of the Perſon who uſes it*; *it is ſuited to no other*, *it is* " *made for him alone.* Though this Remark conveyed in a " Sentence, which no Man can pronounce with ſafety to his " Teeth, is generally juſt, we will venture to point out a " Paſſage in the Firſt of theſe admired Authors, which does " not bear this Characteriſtic.—In the fifth Book of the " Iliad, we find *Diomed* anſwering *Sthenelus*, in Terms that " would have very well ſuited either *Achilles*, *Ajax*, *Hector*, " or *Sarpedon.*"

Τὸν δ' ἂρ' ὑπόδρα ἰδὼν προσέφη κρατερὸς Διομήδης·
Μήτι φόβονδ' ἀγόρευε, ἐπεὶ οὐδέ σε πείσεμεν ἡμεῖς·
Οὐ γάρ μοι γενναῖον ἀλυσκάζοντι μάχεσθαι,
Οὐδὲ καταπλῆσσειν· ἔτι μοι μένος ἔμπεδόν ἐστιν·
Ὀχνέω δ' ἵππων ἐπιβαινέμεν· ἀλλὰ καὶ αὔτως
Ἄντιον εἶμ' αὐτῶν· τρέσαι μ' οὐκ ἐάᾳ Παλλὰς Ἀθήνη.

But him the valiant *Diomed* frowning, thus addreſſed;
To Flight thy Counſel never ſhall perſuade
My Soul averſe to combat with a flying Foe,
And Stranger ſtill to Fear.—My Strength is unimpaired,
I'll not aſcend the Car;—but thus on Foot
Aſſault them, for *Minerva* will not ſuffer me to fear.

Which as *Johnſon* tells *Bays*, you have tranſproſed. Pray had Mr. *Pope* been a *Scotchman*, would you have attempt-

ed this other Traſlation, which proves how effectually the Spirit of an Original may be loſt in a Parcel of ill-choſen Words, that have neither Energy, Harmony nor Number, and yet are not a litteral Tranſlation The third Line has nothing relative to Soul in it, γενναῖον being *decorum*, it means with οὐ, unbecoming, and the whole Senſe is miſtaken. You have ſaid,

My Soul averſe to combat with a flying Foe.

Whereas the Senſe is, it becomes not me *flying* to engage a Foe; as the previous Perſuaſive of *Sthenelus* would have told you, could you have underſtood the Words. Why ſhould the Soul of *Diomed* be averſe to combat with a flying Foe? Is it diſhonourable to rout and purſue our Enemies? But to fight and fly are diſhonourable, and therefore *Diomed* replies in the Manner which I have tranſlated it; beſides Grammar will permit no other Senſe μοι ἀλυσκάζοντι, agreeing together. What Adepts you are in the *Greek* Language. Let us ſee how well you have ſucceeded in ſupporting the Impropriety of the Speech to the Character. In this Book *Diomed* kills *Pandarus*, and wounds *Æneas*, the Second amongſt the *Trojans*, with a Stone which two Men could not liſt in the Days of *Homer*, and would have deſtroyed him alſo, had not *Venus* ſurrounded him with a Cloud, and preſerved him. He then attacks the Deities, wounds *Venus*, and even *Mars* the God of Battle. In the next Book the Slaughter of *Diomed* is ſo great amongſt the *Trojans*, that *Hector* the braveſt of the *Trojan* Army, leaves the Battle and enters *Troy*; expreſly to deſire his Mother, Queen of that City, inſtantly in the Fane of *Minerva* to vow a Sacrifice of twelve Oxen to that Deity, on the following Conſideration.

Αἰχὴν τυδέος υἱον ἀπόσχη ἰλίθ ἱρῆς,
Ἄγριον αἰχμητὴν, κρατερὸν μήστωρα φοβοιο.

Which

If ſhe would avert *Diomed* from attacking ſacred *Troy*. The fierce Warrior, the valiant Spreader of Fear or Flight. Now is not this Confeſſion of the Dread of *Diomed*'s Arms, placed in the Mouth of the moſt intrepid of the *Trojans*, a Demonſtration of *Homer*'s Preſervation of Character, in the Anſwer which *Diomed* gives to *Sthenelus*? Again when *Hector*, in the ſeventh Book, challenges the *Greeks* in ſingle Combat, *Diomed* is the next to *Agamemnon*, who offers himſelf; and when *Neſtor* propoſes to determine it by Lot, the *Greeks* looking up to Heaven pronounce

Ζευ πατερ ἠ' αἰαντα λαχειν ἢ Τυδεος υἱον
Father of Heaven grant it may be *Ajax*, or *Diomed*.

How then can this Anſwer of *Magnanimity* be an Inſtance of Error, in Preſervation of Character? In the ninth Book he oppoſes the Return of the *Greeks* to their Abodes, which *Agamemnon* had propoſed; and tells him, he may go to *Mycenæ* if he will, but that himſelf and his Companions will tarry till *Troy* was ſubverted. Again, Book the Tenth, when *Neſtor* propoſes to ſend Spies into the *Trojan* Camp; *Diomed* is the Firſt who offers, and who is pitched upon for that hazardous Expedition. Now pray then who is miſtaken, you, or the Author and *Homer* whom you are criticiſing? Should not you underſtand the Senſe and Language of a Writer, before you preſume to condemn him?

Pray, Gentlemen Critics, has not your Learning ventured too far, in attempting to tranſlate *Greek*; like Boys who preſuming to ſwim, venture into *deep* Waters, and are drowned by their Raſhneſs? You recollect I hope what you have told us, Number XVII. Page 550, of your Annals, in Speaking of the Omiſſion of the *Latin* Tranſlation in the Edition of *Homer*, printed at *Glaſgow*. " Beſides *Homer* is " a Book ſo *thumbed* at School, that he has but poor Pretenſions to be a *Greek* Scholar, who wants ſuch help to the

" Reading of him." In what School did you thumb *Homer*, that you poſſeſs ſuch rich Pretenſions to be *Greek* Scholars? You who have err'd ſo egregiouſly in the Grammar and Senſe of ſix Lines, and appear ſuch abſolute Strangers to the Knowledge of *Homer*'s Characters. I could riſque a ſmall Wager alſo, that you looked into the *Latin* Tranſlation, when you made your own in *Engliſh*; and yet you have unhappily miſtaken both. How rarely *Homer* muſt have been thumbed by you: And yet Envy muſt confeſs to your Praiſe, you are ſuch excellent Scholars, that no one can decide whether you underſtand *Greek*, *Latin*, *French* or *Engliſh* beſt, ſo equally you ſeem to be Maſters of them all.

After having differed and agreed with the Criticiſms of the Author you are examining, and having placed Aſſertion, for Taſte and Diſtinction, in your own, you conclude with, " You " pronounce the Whole a Work of Taſte and Learning;" having before aſcribed it to a North-*Briton*, Page 228, which probably actuated not a little to that favourable Declaration; and which, though the Author of it deſerves much more than you have ſaid, may be as juſtly aſcribed to a *Hottentot*, as to a *Scotchman*, that Gentleman being an *Engliſhman*. Thus you not only Attempt to depreciate the Works of good Authors, who are known to be *Engliſh*, but claim thoſe who are Anonymous and of Merit, to enrich the Liſt of *Scotch*. Rare Proofs of unprejudiced Integrity.

Aphoriſmata Medica, &c. *Auctore Richardo Manningham*, &c. In your critical Enquiry on this Work, you tell us the Contents of the Book, and that in the title Page, he gives an Inſtance of bad *Latin*, *utero Gerentium* inſtead of *in utero Geſtantium*; in which you are as much out as Sir *Richard*. *In* the Prepoſition ſhould have been placed before *utero*, for the ſame Reaſon, that you ſhould have placed it before *diverſoriolo*; but *Gerentium* is as good *Latin* as *Geſtantium*, and both are promiſcuouſly uſed by *Pliny*, and other *Latin* Writers. Many of the Errors you have mentioned proceed from the

Preſs,

Preſs, and when you object to, " It is univerſally agreed " that Phyſic ought to begin where natural Philoſophy ends ;" and ſay, " He does not conſider that Phyſic is a Part of natural Philoſophy." You Miſtake, for though the Expreſſion may be ſomething Inaccurate, the Senſe is juſt. It means where the Study of natural Philoſophy ends, Medicine, the *Practice* of Phyſic, as the Original ſays, *Medicinam*, begins ; which ſignifies, that Phyſicians ſhould have ſtudied before they begin to practice. How well you have obſerved this Rule, is apparent from your Criticiſms. Nothing can be more viſible than your Deſire to find Errors in this Writer, as well as in that of the following, *Hydrops Diſputatio Medica*, by Doctor *Lawrence* ; which however imperfect theſe two Pieces of *Engliſh* Phyſicians may appear to your Judgment, they have at leaſt equal Merit with any Thing of the Kind produced by the Phyſicians of *Scotland*, to whom you are ſo partial in the Eyes of all honeſt Men. You remember Doctor *Greive* was a Man of Learning, who neither underſtands *Engliſh* nor *Latin* ; and yet Doctor *Lawrence* is ſarcaſtically ſtiled the learned Doctor, of whoſe Title to that Appellation, no Man who knows him ever doubted. Nor is Doctor *Lawrence* the only Perſon whom you treat unjuſtly in this Place, Doctor *Nicholls* is lugged into your Criticiſms, to participate of your *Gentleman-like* Reflections without all Cauſe, which can be diſcovered by your Readers, unleſs it be the Hate or Envy which you ſhew to the Faculty, who are *Engliſh* or *Iriſh*.

The Occaſional Patriot, in which the very hackney'd Truths, that you have ſo much decry'd in the third Letter to the People of *England* ; are again adopted and hackney'd by you, when after ſaying, " This is a Wolf in Sheeps Clothing ;" amongſt a hundred other Queſtions, you aſk, " Why did " not the Elector of *Hanover*, like other Potentates, engage " in Alliances and defenſive Treaties, with his Neighbours " on equitable Terms ? Why did not he enter into an Aſſocia-

" tion

" tion, bound and united by a common Senſe of mutual In-
" tereſt and Safety; inſtead of ſtipulating to pay exorbitant
" Sums of Money for that Aſſiſtance, which true Allies will
" never refuſe to give, without ſuch ſordid Conſiderations."
This, and much more of the ſame Kind you have Written.

Now tell me how come the Truths in the third Letter to reſemble the Ravings of a Lunatic? Why have you changed Opinions, and become the very Things you pretended to deſpiſe? Is not your Hero as much like a Madman looking out of a Mad-houſe in *Chelſea*, or the treaſonable old Woman, who ſwept the Paſſage to the Park, as the Author of the third Letter? Who deſerves to have his Ears fixed to the Pillory now? But you are all Gentlemen of *unwarped* and *uninfluenced Judgments*, of uniform and conſiſtent Characters. In a like Strain you expreſs your Criticiſms on a Pamphlet, called, *The Important Queſtion*, we ſhall ſee how you change again in a little Time.

The general Hiſtory of Polybius *tranſlated from the* Greek, *by Mr.* Hampton. On this Subject, after a ſhort Declamation of the excellent Tranſlations in *French*, from ancient Authors, you ſay, " It is with the greateſt Pleaſure, we
" take this Opportunity of congratulating the literary World
" on ſo valuable an Acquiſition as Mr. *Hampton*'s *Polybius*;
" *which after a careful Peruſal and Compariſon of it with the*
" *Original, we would recommend to our Readers as a faithful,*
" *elegant, and finiſhed Performance.*"

Without doubt, Gentlemen, you who have ſhewn ſuch intimate Acquaintance with the Writings of *Polybius*, by the Criticiſm which you have already made on a Fragment of one Page only, prefixed to *Blackwell*'s Memoirs, muſt have *compared* this whole Work *carefully* with the *Original*; and your Readers from the Skill in *Greek*, which you exhibited on that Paſſage, tranſlated by your *learned* and *ingenious* Countryman; muſt undoubtedly conclude, that this Tranſlation of

Polybius

Polybius is faithful, elegant, and finiſhed, and thoroughly compared with the Original.

To what Abſurdities will not a peculiar Fondneſs for what we wiſh to poſſeſs reduce us. The Deſire of being thought *Greek* Scholars, ſeems to be the ruling Dæmon which has entered into your *Sett* of *Scotch* Gentlemen Critics, and which like that in the *Herd* of Swine, has hurried you to Deſtruction. You who do not underſtand one Page of that Author, as hath I believe been already proved, have preſumed to ſay, this Tranſlation is *faithful*; and though no Proof could have been given of your Ignorance in *Greek*; to have delivered ſo round a Panegyric you muſt, as Mr. *Hampton* modeſtly expreſſes of himſelf, have traced the Author cloſely through his own peculiar Turn Uſe of Sentiments and Language, by comparing different Texts, conſulting different Verſions, and weighing all the Explanations and Corrections, that have occaſionally been propoſed. Have you done this? Is there a Man upon Earth, who thinks you capable of it? If your Capacities were equal to it, would not you have given Inſtances of the judicious Choice, accurate Knowledge of the Style, and intimate Acquaintance with the peculiar Manner of thinking in *Polybius*, which are to be found in Mr. *Hampton*'s Tranſlation; in Praiſe of which too much cannot be ſaid, ſince it may be juſtly founded on the Reaſons before mentioned, and which you have omitted. In Fact your Paſſion for being thought *Greek* Scholars, like other Paſſions in Exceſs, has led you into ſo many Abſurdities to obtain that which flies from you, that your little Learning is totally exhauſted; and that peculiar Object never enjoyed, as hath been ſhewn alſo on your Knowledge of *Homer*. The Praiſe of Mr. *Hampton*, though an *Engliſhman*, from *you* muſt be aſcribed to the prevailing Folly of being thought *Greek* Scholars, and not to his Merit, which is extremely Great.

The

The next Thing which I ſhall remark amongſt your Criticiſms, is *A Compendium of authentic and entertaining Voyages*, &c. This Collection of Voyages it is we imagine, that produced that genteel Criticiſm on the Hiſtory of *America*, written by Mr. *Rolt:* A Child of your Hero, which, however imperfect it may be, is ſtill treated with great Fondneſs by the Parent. Wherefore " you will venture to recommend " to your fair Countrywomen, this Collection which ſeems " to have been ſelected with Judgment, which are capable " of giving the Reader more Satisfaction, as well as more " Improvement, than Works of this Nature can generally " pretend to. Amongſt which *The Hiſtory of* Antonio *de* " Solis, is recommended as one of the beſt Hiſtories which " ever was written; the Stile of the Original is nervous, " elegant, and beautiful, and the Author's Reflections in " the Courſe of this Work not unworthy the Pen of a *Thu-* " *cydides* or a *Livy*." All this, Gentlemen Critics, may be in the Original, but it has totally eſcaped in Tranſlating. Why have not you taken Occaſion to ſhew the Truth of this Aſſertion, by ſome Compariſon between the *Spaniſh*, and the *Greek* and *Latin* Authors, and the Excellence of his Style, with the Accuracy of the Tranſlation; which being omitted, mere *Engliſh* Readers are apt to pay ſmall Attention to what you ſay.

Then comes the Character of Sir *Francis Drake*, ſelected to ſhew the Skill of drawing Characters in the Compiler. In this, as we ſhall farther obſerve in his Hiſtory of *England*, he is totally devoid of Art or Knowledge. His Productions of this Kind reſemble the Characters in News-Papers of *eminent* Tallow Chandlers, who were this, and that, and the other Thing: Without Diverſification in the Style, fixing the moſt characteriſing Particulars of the Perſon, arranging them ſo as to ſtrike with moſt Force, tracing them to their Fountains in the human Frame, by an ingenious Contraſt diſplaying them to moſt Advantage, which like Light and Shade in a Picture,

gives

gives them Strength and Relief, or exhibiting the Inconſiſtencies of the ſame Individual in a Manner by which they may not appear Impoſſibilities and Contradiction. This Method of drawing Characters, it appears he has not ſhewn the minuteſt Idea of having ever conceived; and indeed as in the Prints engraved by Mr. *Strange*, you have endeavoured to place incongruous Paſſions, which cannot be expreſt in one Face; ſo it is evident alſo, he frequently compounds Qualities in Characters, which never can exiſt together in one Individual, as will be ſeen more evidently hereafter. In the Preſent, is it not a Contradiction too glaring, to ſay, "*Drake* was Patient in hearing Advice and judi- "cious in accepting it, yet open to the groſſeſt Adulation?" The Patience of Advice ſeldom accompanies the exceſſive Love of Flattery. And how a Man, who was capable of being carried away by the groſſeſt Adulation, could be judicious in accepting Advice, ſeems to me impoſſible to be comprehended. It may as well be ſaid, that an Arrow ſhot from a Bow, flies contrary Ways. In Truth this Author ſeems to think the Character of a Man becomes curious, for being cram'd with a multiplicity of Particulars; like a Cherry-ſtone, in which is placed the whole Furniture of a Room in Miniature. The Metaphor at the Cloſe is worth Obſervation alſo, as a Proof of his Skill in the Preſervation and Knowledge of figurative Writing. "The Diſappointments of his "laſt Voyage ſat *heavy* on his *ſwelling* Heart." Is not *ſwelling* an apt Image of ſomething *preſſed* down by a *heavy* Weight?

After this there is a Tranſcript from *The Account of the* Carthagena *Expedition*; conſiſting of known and vulgar Obſervation, after which the Admiral is ſaid to be "A weak, preju- "diced, arrogant, and paſſionate Man," and not a ſingle Word of his being an able Seaman and marine Commander, which I think few Men deny him. And that "The General had "ſome Parts, but was defective in Experience, Confidence and

" Reſolution." Methinks Confidence and Reſolution are ſo much the ſame Thing in this Place, it is difficult to diſtinguiſh them. If he was diffident of himſelf, he wanted Reſolution. If he was diffident of others, he wanted either Parts (which you ſay he had) or Reſolution; thus theſe two Words convey no more than one Idea, or are a Contradiction to his having Parts. And laſtly, you end with the prettieſt and moſt apt Metaphor, that can be imagined. " It is " greatly preferable to any other, on Account of its Size; " we are inclined to think, that Few of our Readers, who " are Fond of ſailing, will chuſe to embark in an expenſive " *Folio*, when they can thus be accomodated with as ſafe and " ſpeedy, and at the ſame Time, a much cheaper Paſſage in " a *Duodecimo*."

Here you make as many Blunders as can well be conceived in Writing ſo ſhort a Paſſage. Firſt of all the comparing a Folio and Duodecimo of Voyages, to two Veſſels, in which a Voyage is to be made, is a grievous Error. You miſtake the Scaffold for the Pile: The Book is certainly Analogous to the Voyage or Tract of Space paſſed over, and not to the Ship in which it is paſt, that is rather the Chair in which the Reader ſits. You meant to ſay, I ſuppoſe, that your Readers would rather chuſe to make theſe Voyages in a *ſhort* Time, which is Analogous to the Reading a *little* Book; than in a *longer* Time, which is Analogous to the Reading a Folio. And even ſuppoſing the Affinity in your Way of Books to Veſſels, is there any Perſon who would prefer ſailing in a little Boat through Storms and Dangers to ſuch remote Parts of the World, to that of ſailing in a Man of War; and the ſaving Money to the Preſervation of Life. From the Juſtneſs of theſe Paſſages, let the Merit of the Work be concluded.

An Eſſay on Waters, &c. by *C. Lucas*, M. D. On this Performance you ſet out in a Strain of inimitable Wit, on Doctor *Lucas*, and on Doctor *Shebbeare*; " both have appeared like

" like Comets, like *Phoſphorus*, and like *Lapis Infernalis*; both " are Apothecaries, Chemiſts, Phyſicians, and Politicians." If *they* are Apothecaries, what are *you?* That they are Chemiſts they do not deny, and can prove; that you are not, has, and will be proved in theſe Sheets; and ſurely being Chemiſts, cannot make them worſe Phyſicians. As to their being Politicians, that is a Thing in common with them and you as Critics on political Writings. If they have manifeſted any underſtanding in this latter Part, it is a Proof that they have Senſe; and a fair Induction, that being Chemiſts and Phyſicians, they underſtand their Profeſſion of Phyſic. If Goodwill to their Country, that their Hearts are upright, of both which you have yet given no Proof in your Criticiſms. But why this Union of Doctor *Shebbeare*, and Doctor *Lucas*, in a Criticiſm on a Treatiſe, in which Doctor *Shebbeare* has no Concern, and with which he has no Affinity? Let me then tell you and my Readers, the Cauſe of thus uniting theſe two Phyſicians. It ſeems the cauſtic Quality, or *Lapis Infernalis* of your Souls, rejoiced to catch any Opportunity, however abſurd, to attempt corroding a Mark of your Hate on Doctor *Shebbeare*; becauſe in his Treatiſe of Phyſic he has proved, that three *Scotch* Phyſicians have purloined what they have written, from Doctor *Harvey*; not comprehended the Subject; and never acknowledged the Theft. You would do well then to diſprove thoſe Principles, which he has endeavoured to eſtabliſh in a Profeſſion, which greatly ſtood in Need of them, or your Wit evinces nothing but Envy againſt the Man and his Writings. I would gladly know whether you, who will not " Affect to draw odious Compariſons," did not ſtep out of the Way in this Place purpoſely to attempt it, in which you have miſſed your Aim alſo. Doctor *Shebbeare* being very willing to be link'd with any Phyſician, provided he be not one of you *Scotchmen*, againſt which there are Reaſons natural and moral.

On the general Idea of Salts. You ſay, " He muſt " have a chemical Head, and a ſtrong propenſity to " this Species of natural Knowledge; who can readily " conceive and retain this general Idea, which is ſo per- " plexed, dry, and diſguſting, that an ordinary Reader, " before he has apprehended one Half of it, will be apt to " think *the Salt has loſt it's Savour.*" Admirable Joke indeed! And yet I would gladly know how you, who have neither chemical Heads, nor Propenſity ſtrong enough to this Species of Knowledge; have preſumed to be Critics in Chemiſtry, and Practitioners in Phyſic. And have *apprehended*, that an ordinary Reader will condemn the *Whole*, before he has read the *Half*. Is not this the Way you proceed in your Criticiſms? The Deſcription of the vitriolic Acid is preciſe and ſkilful, and can appear otherwiſe to none, but ſuch as through Want of that Branch of phyſical Education, have no Ideas accompanying the Words they read.

On the Fluidity of hot and cold Water, which Doctor *Lucas* has offer'd to ſhew are the ſame; becauſe whatever is capable of containing cold Water, is capable of holding hot, your Remark is a flagrant Exhibition of your Ignorance in natural Philoſophy. You ſay, " We ſhall venture to tell " the Doctor, that *hot* Water is not ſo likely to paſs, as *cold* " Water; becauſe *Heat* rariſies and extends the Particles, " conſequently renders them leſs penetrating." In which as you did on *Homer*, you have ventured too far, and are miſtaken. Firſt of all no Philoſopher has ever conceived, that in Rarification of Fluids, the component Particles have been enlarged, thoſe continuing always the ſame; and the greater Space which a Fluid takes up in being rariſied, is not from an Alteration of the Size of the Particles, but from their being removed further from each other. Next of all they would more likely paſs a ſmaller Pore when Hot than Cold, is evident alſo from the ſame Cauſe: The Attraction between them being diminiſhed by the Heat; a Particle will more probably paſs a Pore in that State than in the other, where

all

all the Particles are held together by a ſtronger Union; and this can be proved by a Multiplicity of Experiments on Steam. Are not you excellent Critics in natural Philoſophy? After going on in your Quotations, without one Criticiſm of chemical Science, you then contradict Doctor *Lucas*; who affirms that Sea-Water has neither Colour nor Smell, and this you ſupport by ſaying, "You have ſmell'd, or thought "you have ſmell'd the Sea at ſuch a Diſtance from Land, "that your olfactory Nerves, could *not poſſibly* be affected "by any *Production* from the *Shore*. In which you ſeem to have forgotten the *Ship*, a Production from the Shore, which probably you Smelt, and on board which you were (at leaſt it was poſſible) and then "You have perceived, or thought "you perceived a fine *Sea*-green Tincture on the Surface of "the Water." That is, you perceived that the Sea was of its natural Hue, wonderful indeed! And after all, if there was a Sea-green *Tincture* on the *Surface only*, would not this rather prove it ſome heterogeneous Mixture than Sea-Water? And as Naturaliſts know, that there is an aquatic Moſs, which appears much in the Manner you have deſcribed; Might not this be that vegetable?

Had you been Men of unwarped Integrity, would you have attempted to throw the Idea of Contempt on this Production and the Author, when you are obliged to confeſs "The third Volume contains a Series of judicious, accu-"rate, and minute Experiments upon the hot Waters of "*Aix-la-Chapelle*, and Accounts for the Heat in a Manner "equally ſimple and convincing." And to which I will venture to add, in this Doctor *Lucas* hath ſhewn more chemical Knowledge, than is to be found in all the Writers of *Scotchmen*, on the Subject of Chemiſtry. But Doctor *Lucas* is an *Iriſhman*, and Doctor *Shebbeare* an *Engliſhman*; againſt whom, and all of the ſame Country, who are Phyſicians, you ſeem purpoſely to level your impertinent Witticiſms; but can this be denominated or conceived Criticiſm where not

one

one Spark of Knowledge can be diſtinguiſh'd. Would not your Hero have done well to have made another Voyage as Surgeon's Mate, before he pretended to decide on the Properties of Sea-Water, and turn'd Phyſician, Author, and Critic.

I come once more to your Criticiſm of the Works of Artiſts, in which you ſay, "We can boaſt a *Hogarth*, "and a *Hayman* for *Deſign*." In which unhappily you pitch upon an Excellence, for which Mr. *Hogarth* is not eſteemed; Invention and Expreſſion juſtly belong to him, but Deſign (Drawing) was never imagined to be a ſuperior Qualification in that Artiſt. "A *Strange* and *Grignion*, for *Drawing* "and Engraving," by which it would ſeem, that placing *Deſign* above, and *Drawing* in this Place, you conceive them to be diſtinct Things. You miſtake again: However excellent Mr. *Grignion* may Engrave, he is known not to be excellent in Drawing. And Mr. *Wilton*, I apprehend, will plume himſelf but little on the Panegyric of Critics, who ſay, "There we ſee the *Elegance* of the *Belvidere Apollo*, "ſtarting from the Block, that ſeems to have encloſed him." What an Image! The *Elegance* of *Apollo*, for a Figure which all Judges have conceived to be more than Human; *ſtarting*, whereas he is ſtanding ſtill, looking at the Effect of his Arrow, which he has juſt diſcharged; and *from the Block which ſeems to ſurround him*; thus all the Chips and Raſpings, which have been cut and filed off the Marble to form the Statue, ſeem to ſurround him.

The next is yet more apt and illuſtrative of the Subject. "There we view the *Venus* of *Medicis emerging* from the "Marble with all the Graces of feminine Beauty." What a Deſcription of this divine Exhibition of Sculpture, a naked Woman ſtanding up with her Hands endeavouring to conceal, what decency chuſes to cover, turning her Head towards a Noiſe, which gives her the Apprehenſion of being ſeen, is term'd *emerging* from the Marble. Can you have

conceived

conceived any Idea of this Figure? Have not you praiſed it as you did the *Endymion* of *Laura*, without having ſeen it? Have not you miſtaken it for the *Venus*, riſing from the Bath? Or are you really as ignorant in penetrating the Ideas and Excellence of the Sculptor and his Productions, as you ſeem? Have not you taſk'd your Abilities too far, *in pretending to delineate the Plan of every Work with Accuracy, and point out the Excellencies, to dignify the liberal Arts, and contribute towards the Formation of a public Taſte.* When will *your Reſervoir of Knowledge be full?* Or rather, when will it have any Thing in it?

The civil and natural Hiſtory of Jamaica, *by* Patrick Brown, M. D. You begin this Criticiſm with much Wit againſt this Folio Volume, not deſpairing to ſee one of equal Size, written on the Iſle of Dogs, near *Greenwich*, and Duck Iſland, in St. *James*'s Park; and then you ſay, "We would "recommend theſe Subjects to ſome learned Inquirer, ſuch "as the indefatigable Doctor *Parſons*, or the minute Mr. "*Baker*, who have been ſo long peeping into the Secrets of "Nature." Pray, Gentlemen Critics, why are theſe Subjects recommended by Way of Deriſion to thoſe Writers? As Naturaliſts, the Subjects they have treated have been well handled, and well received. The Former of theſe has evidently proved himſelf your Maſter in his Anſwer to your unmannerly Criticiſm. Would not you have done well, as Phyſicians, to have peep'd into the Secrets of Nature? Or are you angry, becauſe Nature has denied you the Powers of peeping into her Secrets? As an Encouragement to the Undertaking, you tell theſe Gentlemen, "That "in the Iſle of Dogs, they will find the Frog full bellied, "like a Senator." By Way of Compliment to the Senators of *England*, it muſt be; becauſe thoſe of *Scotland* are too Lean for the Compariſon, by being obliged to walk ſo far to Parliament, or by being Sea-ſick on the Voyage from *Barouſtonneſs* to *London*. "In Duck Iſland, they will ſome-

"times

" times meet with very extraordinary Anthropomorphites, " which are not to be found in any other Country;" which is undoubtedly deſign'd as a *national* Compliment on the Inhabitants of *England*, from the whole Turn of the Writing. But why were theſe Subjects recommended to Doctor *Parſons* and Mr. *Baker*, are there no hireling *Scotch* Doctors out of Employment, and of ſufficient Abilities, whom the Bookſellers would entruſt with ſuch a Work? Would not you do well to reſerve this Work for yourſelves, as Work may ſoon be ſcarce with you? After having thus far endeavour'd to ridicule the Author, Doctor *Parſons*, Mr. *Baker*, the Senators, and Natives of *England*, you come at laſt to exert your ſarcaſtical Talents on the whole Kingdom of *Ireland*, of which the Author is a Native. You ſay, " As for the " Aſs, he is found upon the Iſland of *Jamaica*, though not in " great Plenty.—The Animal he mentions is known by the " *Cauda extrema Setoſa*; but the moſt Laborious of theſe Spe- " cies is brought from *Ireland*, and diſtinguiſhed by the *Cauda* " *longiſſima tendinoſa, triquetra Sæpiſſime arrecta*, though in " all probability *Linnæus*, had he been acquainted with this " Creature, would have claſſed him amongſt the Anthropo- " phites."

In this Way with much Manners and as much Juſtice, you Compliment the Natives of *Ireland*, with being a Parcel of Aſſes, a Compound of Laſciviouſneſs and Stupidity; for this only can be the Meaning of making the *Iriſh* Aſs an Anthropomorphite. As to the indecent Part I am no Judge of it, I leave it therefore to be diſcuſſed by your old Love *Oeconomiſt*. But with reſpect to Stupidity, I ſhall endeavour to vindicate the Natives of *Ireland*, from that Imputation. The moſt conciſe and faireſt Way to obtain which, will be to inſert the Names of Writers, that are Natives of *Ireland*, and then you may draw another Liſt of your Countrymen, and the World may compare them together. Amongſt thoſe of *Ireland*, are to be found *Uſher*, *Boyle*, *Moleſworth*, *Swift*, *Parnel*, *Congreve*, *Farquhar*,

Farquhar, *Delany*, *Leland* the Divine, *Leland* Tranſlator of *Demoſthenes*, *Hutchyſon*, whom your Countrymen have boaſted of as their own, *Berkley*, *Steel*, *Roſcommon* and others, that you may have a *longer Liſt* than the Above, I make no Doubt; but can you produce amongſt your Number thoſe whom Men of Capacity will pronounce of *equal* Genius? And as dull Authors have ever been repreſented by Aſſes, to what Country can they with ſuch Propriety be imputed, as to yours, in which the greateſt Number is to be found. *Vide* your own Works, *&c.*

Now, Gentlemen, you will be pleaſed to remember, that whatever national Reflections may ſeem to be found in this Examination of your critical Annals, they are no more than what are juſtly return'd to thoſe which you have begun with; and indeed what can be a more convincing Proof of your Deſign to throw Contempt on the Nations of *England* and *Ireland*, than the illiberal Attempts you have been guilty of to make the litterary Productions of thoſe Kingdoms look ridiculous, by decrying the Writers of them, however meritorious, and exalting or palliating thoſe of *Scotland*, however abſurd and contemptible, of which Truth your next Object of Criticiſm will afford an ample Proof.

Eſſays and Obſervations —— Read before a Society in Edenburgh. You begin, "This is a Work carried on by a "learned Society, to which the World of Medicine and "Phyſics has been very much obliged." You tell us then, this *learned* Society "Is endowed with *Learning*." This Plumb-Pudding has Plumbs in it. "And will contribute to "the Improvement of Philoſophy, not only by their own "Hints, but by exciting an Emulation among People, who "without their Example would never have *dreamed* of exer-"ciſing their Faculties." From which I conclude the Works of this Society muſt be excellent to read juſt going to ſleep

for the Sake of *Dreaming* on Philoſophy and Learning, a Remark which ſlipt your *Capacities*.

You then add, " While other learned Societies honoured " with the Countenance of Royalty, and encouraged by ex- " cluſive Privileges, are employed in praiſing dead, and per- " ſecuting living Merit." By the Latter of which probably you mean the Excluſion of Doctor *Roſs*, from the Royal Society; who, I hope, though he be ſhut out from the Number of *Fellows*, will be taken in amongſt the Number of *Curioſities*, againſt which I imagine no Man can form a reaſonable Objection. You continue, " Or engaged in delineat- " ing Reptiles, and claſſing Cockle-Shells, this little private " Band of true Philoſophers exert their Talents in thoſe Pur- " ſuits, which tend to the Eaſe, Convenience, and real Ad- " vantage of their fellow Creatures.

Let us now ſee on what, according to your Account, who have declared them Learned and Philoſophic, and depreciated the Royal Society, thoſe honourable Appellations are founded. The Articles you quote, which I ſuppoſe are the beſt, by which to prove what you Aſſert, are the following.

" The fourth Article on Light and Colours abounds with " ingenious Obſervations." Not one of which is quoted. " Though we apprehend ſome of the Author's Notions, are " rather fanciful than ſolid." Which you quote, as in " Dew " Drops not touching Coleworts, but *hanging* over them by " Virtue of a *repulſive* Power." An odd Way of *hanging* that from ſomething *below*. There is no great Philoſophy nor Learning this, though there may be Magic.

" The ſixth Article gives a plain, eaſy, Solution of a Pro- " blem, propoſed by *Kepler*," which has been ſolved before, no more than another Way to the ſame Place. Not much Philoſophy or Learning here.

" The Experiments deſcribed in the ſubſequent Article to " prove, that Cold is generated by evaporating Fluids, we

" apprehend

" apprehend are trifling, and inconcluſive." Not much Learning or Philoſophy here, I preſume.

" The eighth Article contains, *Experiments upon* Magne-
" ſia Alba, which though a faſhionable Purge, is very *Inſi-*
" *pid.*" The very Excellency of the Thing, becauſe by that it is adapted to Children, who reject Things which have Taſte. " *Uncertain*," when improperly applied; but where there are Acidities in the Stomach, it abſorbs them; and thus becoming a neutral Salt, never fails Purging. " *In-*
" *effectual Medicine*," not when Phyſicians can diſtinguiſh thoſe who are, and thoſe who are not proper Subjects to take it. This however you ſay, " Does more Harm than Bene-
" fit. Lime Water is a coarſe, inelegant Preparation, and
" of very doubtful Efficacy, notwithſtanding all that has
" been ſaid in it's Praiſe, by the *Phyſicians* and *Chemiſts* of
" *Edinburgh*." That muſt be an obſtinate Medicine indeed, that will ſtill be coarſe and *ineffectual*, notwithſtanding it is praiſed by *Scotch* Phyſicians and Chemiſts.

Theſe then afford ample Proof of your Ignorance in Medicine, and as you have decryed both, can be no Proof in *your* Opinions of the Learning and Philoſophy of this Society.

" The twentieth Article is filled with the Account of
" ſuch Barbarities, as muſt fill every human Reader with
" Horror." And then you aſk, " What Benefit has Man-
" kind reaped from all this Cruelty and Torture inflicted
" upon our fellow Creatures." Hence then no *Eaſe*, *Convenience*, or real *Advantage to our fellow Creatures*, is to be derived.

" The twenty-firſt Article contains, *The Hiſtory of a*
" *complete Luxation of the Thigh, by Doctor* Mackenzie." Not much Philoſophy or Learning here, and not much Advantage, as it is a Thing which happens extremely rare.

Article twenty-two, *Some Obſervations on the new Method of curing the Cataract*, &c. *by* Thomas Young, *Surgeon in* Edinburgh. Here you quote the Author's Words, amongſt which are " Six Cataracts *luckily caſt up* laſt Summer in the " royal Infirmary at *Edinburgh*." I wiſh you had tranſlated this Paſſage into *Engliſh*; does he mean, that *ſix* Cataracts being *caſt up*, or numbered, luckily made *ſix* laſt Summer; which *ſix* might have been *five or ſeven*, any other Summer? Or is it *luckily* for the *Edinburgh* Infirmary or for the Author, that *ſix* Cataracts make *ſix*. However, he ſays true enough, the Method is much the ſame with that " Practiſed by *M.* " *Daviel*, and exactly the ſame with that of Mr. *Sharp*." Conſequently not much Philoſophy or Learning here.

Article twenty-nine, " *The Deſcription of the* American *or* " *Yellow-Fever, by Doctor* Lining, *of* Charles-Town, *in* " South-Carolina, we recommend to the Peruſal of our " Readers. The Method of removing Obſtructions of the " Catamenia by a Ligature, deſcribed in the thirty-firſt Ar- " ticle, is an ingenious Expedient." You then " Pronounce " the Book a very valuable Collection of medical Hiſtories, " and philoſophical Eſſays." As you have given no one Quotation of Learning or Philoſophy, in Doctor *Lining*'s Deſcription, I conclude it has none; and I am ſure your Deſcription of making the Catamenia flow by tying the Veſſels, wants much Explanation to make me believe the Expedient ingenious. Thus then we are now happily arrived at the End of all your Reaſons for declaring, that this Society is *Philoſophical* and *Learned*; which while others are engaged in Trifles, is exerting it's Talents for the " Eaſe, Convenience, and " real Advantage of their fellow Creatures." Pray, Gentlemen, would not your *unwarped Integrity* and *unprejudiced Judgment*, have *pronounced* this a deſpicable Book, had the Society conſiſted of *Engliſh* or *Iriſhmen?* Or are you Honeſt and Ignorant?

A Vindication of natural Society, &c. This you tell us was written by a Student in the *Temple*. You enumerate what he has ſaid, and tell us, " In regard to Deſpotiſm, he is of " Opinion with Mr. *Locke*, that it is worſe than Anarchy ; " which is a Point, notwithſtanding, that perhaps may Ad- " mit of ſome Diſpute ;" and if you undertake the Diſpute, there is ſcarce a *perhaps*, that you will not ſupport it againſt him and Mr. *Locke*. He is then called *Pſeudo Bolingbroke*, and you tell at laſt, that he is a good Actor, and not unlike the Character he repreſents ; and then diſmiſs him with a ſmall Fragment of *Latin*, which happens not to be Grammar, as your ſuperior Knowledge has altered it from *Virgil*. The Original ſays *Divini*, but you know better, and have changed it to *Divinu*. This Sentence in its Application ſignifies, that the Writer having perſonated the external Part of *Bolingbroke*, was yet no more than Sound without Sentiment.

A Criticiſm as unjuſt as can be delivered, but it is remarkable, that through the Whole of your Annals, whatever is of Merit, and of *Engliſh* or *Iriſh* Growth, as *this* is, it is generally diſmiſſed with a Stroke of ſarcaſtic Diſapprobation ; and whatever is of *Scotch*, though as barren as the Highland-Heaths, on which you firſt browzed, with a Mark of Applauſe.

" *The Uſe of Sea-Voyages in Medicine, by* Ebenezer Gil- " chriſt, M. D. This is a laudable Attempt to revive an " ancient Practice, which has been long much neglected." Not by your Countrymen I am ſure.

You ſay, " In the firſt Chapter our Author is *at conſider-* " *able Pains* to prove, that the Air at Sea is very different " from that at Land ; that it is not only more moiſt, but " that it is more ſimple and elaſtic, more agitated, warmer, " and acts with greater *Impetus* ; beſides, that it is ſtrongly " impregnated, not only with Sea-Salt, and what is com- " monly called Bittern ; but with oily, bituminous, ſulphu-

" rious

" rious Effluvia, and *even* an acid Spirit conſtantly aſcending " in the Vapour."

Having read this Paragraph of your Criticiſms, I concluded the Author had been at great Pains to prove all this by ſome Analyſis of Sea-Air; but it appears he has taken all theſe Qualities upon Truſt, not having given one Experiment to confirm the Truth of them. Indeed before I had ſeen the Book, from your Remarks there ſeemed juſt Reaſon to ſuſpect the Truth of what Doctor *Ebenezer*, and you had delivered, it ſeemed ſomething difficult to reconcile from the known Properties of *Land*-Air, how *Sea*-Air could at one Time be more *humid*, and yet more *elaſtic* than the Air on Land, elaſtic and dry Air being almoſt ſynonimous Terms. Is it not therefore as much a Contradiction as to ſay, that Sea-Air is at once more *moiſt*, and more *dry*, more *elaſtic*, and more unelaſtic, than the Air on Land; which puts me in Mind of a certain Woollen-Draper, who recommended the ſame Piece of Cloth for being warm and cool, according as his Cuſtomers wanted to have it in Winter or Summer. In this Place do not, you Gentlemen Critics and Phyſicians, as well as Doctor *Ebenezer*, ſeem to be ſtrangers to the moſt known Property of Air, and therefore to be excellent Critics in phyſical Enquiries.

You tell us after him, it is impregnated with Sea-Salt and Bittern. Here again you all ſeem once more to be totally ignorant of Chemiſtry, neither the Earth of Sea-Salt nor of Bittern, being to be carried into the Air with the Heat, which is to be found in the Atmoſphere, nor with any Degree of Fire. Indeed the acid Spirit of Sea-Salt, is probably in the Sea-Air; becauſe that will riſe with a ſmall Heat, in a ſmall Quantity; but then, that Spirit being divided from the Earth of Sea-Salt, is as different from the Salt, as a Neutral is from an Acid; which every chemical Phyſician knows to be very great, though you ſeem to be Strangers to it. Pray, Gentlemen, would not you have been more juſtly entitled to

your

your Degrees, had you been Chemiſts like Doctor *Lucas* and Doctor *Shebbeare*, before you turned Doctors and Critics? In like Manner, that the Sea-Air ſhould be more filled with oily, bituminous and ſulphureous Particles, than the Air at Land, ſeems not a little ſingular. Theſe particular Subſtances, are rather Products of the Earth than Sea, and conſequently the Exhalations will be more replete with them on the Land, than on the Ocean; but probably you Critics and Doctor *Ebenezer* may Reaſon, that they are more likely to be found where they are *not*, than where they *are*. Otherwiſe I know not how he can found, and you approve of a Practice built on a Theory; the Principles of which cannot exiſt in the Manner he ſays.

That the Operation of Vomiting may produce very ſalutary Effects on Board Ship, as well as on Shore, is not to be doubted; but ought it not to be conſidered, whether, that Vomiting may not be too violent, too long continued and not within the Power of a Phyſician to moderate or ſtop? And therefore in many Particulars a very dangerous Preſcription. As to the Exerciſe which, he ſays, is produced from the Motion of a Ship, this I think can ſcarce be denominated Exerciſe, there being extremely little of muſcular Exertion at firſt; and by habitude none, as no Laſſitude ever enſues. As to the greater Preſſure of Air at Sea than at Land, Barometers have diſcovered no ſuch Quality in a marine Atmoſphere. How therefore is it known to exiſt? And pray what can the additional Force of the Winds be greater at Sea, than at Land? Or what is the Force of the Wind to effect on the human Body, which is carried frequently in Oppoſition to the Wind, by the diurnal Motion of the Earth, without perceiving any Alteration from that of going with it?

After all then, the Pains which Doctor *Ebenezer* has been at, are no more than the Pains of forming a Number

of

of vague Conjectures, contrary to the known Principles in Natural Philoſophy, of which both he and you ſeem to be abſolutely ignorant.

The Hiſtories of Cures, which he has given to confirm his Theory, it is plain, cannot be the Conſequence of what he ſuppoſes, becauſe the Qualities do not exiſt in the Manner he and you conjecture; and it may be ſaid with great Truth, that Thouſands of Volumes might be written to prove the ſame ſalutary Effects of changing Air on Land, and therefore, ſuch Cures depend not more peculiarly from Sea than Land Air.

Indeed, I am ſurprized, that amongſt his Hiſtories of Cures, Doctor *Ebenezer* has given none of the moſt endemical Diſeaſe amongſt the *Scotch*, which has been long known to be cured by the Uſe of Sea Voyages, particularly from *Borrouſtonneſs* to *London*; the moſt general Symptom of this Malady is a certain prurient Scab between the Fingers, Cures of which ſome of you might have given from the Hiſtories of your own Caſes, and which he might have added in his Supplement, to prove that you have been at leaſt acquainted with the Cure of one Diſorder, and for the Good of his and your Countrymen.

Such, however, is your Ignorance in Medicine, or Partiality to the *Scotch*, or probably both in this Criticiſm on Dr. *Ebenezer*'s Performance.

A plain Account of the Cauſe of Earthquakes, &c. "The profeſſed View of this curious Piece, you ſay, is to prove, that "Earthquakes are occaſioned by Electricity; and to explain "the *great Thump that was generally heard in the upper Part of "Houſes*. We are afraid the learned Gentleman's own upper "Story has received a rude Thump." Very witty and genteel Criticiſm indeed, which is farther diſplayed below; "But it "ſeems a Gardener ſaw *Harcourt-Buildings* nod, and heard the "Thump at the Top." Perhaps the Gentleman and the Gardener

" dener had been drinking their Morning Pot together ;" Wit and Criticiſm even more *Gentlemanlike* than the former. Laſtly, you add ; " If any Man doubts of the Author's Capacity, " let him look into his Treatiſe on Fire; and ſhould he ſtill " doubt, verily we pronounce him a very obſtinate Sceptic, " and would preſcribe him a Courſe of burning Charcoal " for the Purification of his Intellects. In the mean Time " we own there is Matter in this Performance, though not " ripe for Diſcharge, and, therefore, we cannot call it *Pus* " *laudabile*." Was there ever a Phyſician that preſcribed burning Charcoal, or a Sea Surgeon's Mate that has created ſo much Wit and genteel Criticiſm out of a Pun taken from a diſguſting Part of his Profeſſion, till you became the Friends of Merit, and the Dignifiers of the liberal Arts ? Pray try the burning Charcoal on your own Intellects.

Dr. *Mooney* is treated with Contempt for his Diſſertation ; Mr. *Whalley* meets the ſame Fate for his Edition of *Ben Johnſon* ; and Dr. *Warburton*, *Seward* and *Grey* are lugged into the ſame Situation, though they have Nothing to do with this Edition. We come once more to your Criticiſm, on Painting : You tell us, Mr. Hogarth has juſt finiſhed three large Pictures for the Altar-piece of *Redcliff-Church*, at *Briſtol*. " The Middle Piece, which is by much the largeſt, " repreſents the Aſcenſion of our Saviour, which is ſeen in " the Air. The Emanation of Rays from the aſcending " Deity, *beaming* through the Interſtices of the ſurrounding " Clouds is managed with *Tenderneſs* and *Delicacy*." Does the Epithet of *beaming* agree with *Tenderneſs* ? " The Point " of Time which the *Painter* has choſen is immediately af- " ter *he* has diſappeared from the Spectators below." This *He*, according to Grammar, muſt be the Painter, which certainly you do not mean. " The back Ground is ſhut up " with Rocks, and the Bottom of the cloudy Maſs, except " on one Side, where under the Skirts of the low-hung " Clouds, Part of a magnificent City (ſuppoſed to be *Jeru-*

" *ſalem*) appears to great Advantage at a Diſtance, *illumi-*
" *nated* by a Flaſh of Lightening under a darkened Sky,
" which caſts a livid *Gloom* over it." Is not this a ſmall Contradiction in Terms, that an Object ſhould be enlightened by an Obſcurity, a Gloom? Did not you mean to ſay, that the Light which proceeds from the Lightning, mixed with the Effects of Darkneſs from the Sky, produced that Gloom which attends ſuch a Union in Nature?

After this you ſay; " The Angel is a Figure of ſingular
" Beauty, and with an Aſpect of great Sweetneſs and Be-
" nevolence, *ſtill* retains in his Looks the native Dignity
" of a ſuperior Being." Certainly no Critics, till you appeared, ever admired, that an Angel could preſerve its native Dignity by retaining the Characteriſtics of an Angel, Sweetneſs and Benevolence. Thus this ſhrewd Obſervation ſignifies, that notwithſtauding an Angel looks like an Angel, it ſtill continues to look like an Angel, new and apt Illuſtration of a painted Figure.

The Practice of Perſpective, *&c.* on this you ſay; " Mr.
" *Ware* betrays Want of Judgment in the fundamental
" Parts," which you have not proved, however true it may be, Mr. *Ware* is an *Engliſhman*. Aſtronomy, *&c.* by *James Ferguſon*: On this you ſay; " Though an Adept in aſtro-
" nomical Inveſtigations may pronounce this Book *ſuperficial*
" *and defective*, we will venture to recommend it to the
" Peruſal of thoſe who are ignorant of mathematical Learn-
" ing." Mr. *Ferguſon* is a *Scotchman*, and you will venture to recommed all that is *Scotch*, however defective, or becauſe all Books are alike to the Ignorant, and, according to a coarſe Proverb, a T——d is as good for a Sow as a Pancake.

Philoſophical Tranſanctions, " which you wiſh to have
" been better weeded before Publication." Pray read the Articles they contain, and compare them with thoſe of the learned

learned and philoſophical Society, as you term that at *Edinburgh*, and ſee which is beſt weeded.

Six Letters from *A——d B——r*, in which you applaud "The Deſign of ſtripping the Maſque of Diſguiſe from an arrant Hypocrite," an Undertaking truly laudable in the Opinion of all honeſt Men, in Favour of which, and in Praiſe of the Gentleman who has effected it, too much cannot be ſaid. Mr. *B——r* it ſeems has been guilty of giving himſelf out to the Public for a Conformiſt to the Church of *England*. His Antagoniſt has ſearched into the Truth of this pretended Change, and has found him an Impoſter, and therefore a Perſon to be deſpiſed by every Man who is an Enemy to Deluſion and Falſhood. Let us put your Caſe, and examine if it has not a great Affinity with that of Mr. *B—r's*. In the Thing called Plan, you have begun with declaring, you are no *Hackney Writers*, is it not known to the contrary? That you are *Gentlemen*, is not this diſproved alſo? That you have *Characters* and *Capacities*; that you have *no Connexions to warp your Integrity, no Prejudice to influence your Judgment*, are not the contrary of theſe proved againſt you? *That you will not decide upon Merit in an arbitrary Sentence; that you will not extol or condemn without carefully peruſing the Performance; that you will not wreſt the Senſe of an Author; that you will not venture to criticize a Tranſlation without underſtanding the Original; that you are not the Miniſters of Envy or Malevolence; that you are the Enemies of Dullneſs, and the Friends of Merit, Dignifiers of the liberal Arts, and Patrons of Genius and Science*, have not the oppoſite to all theſe been fairly proved againſt you? What ſhall we conclude then? That either your Ignorance is ſo egregious that you do not underſtand the Ideas annexed to thoſe Words, and therefore appear in ſo abſurd and ridiculous a Light in your Criticiſms; or, that like Mr. *B——r*, originally intending to be Impoſters, you have begun this Way to beſpeak a good Opinion amongſt

Mankind, and yet act in Contradiction in every Inſtance, through Malevolence and Envy. If you chuſe the Former, what is to be thought of your Intellects? If the Latter, are not you as much Hypocrites and Impoſters, as your Countryman Mr. *A—d B—r*, and as much to be avoided. Mr. *B—r* at the worſt, has only endeavoured to make himſelf better than he is, by his Impoſture. You have done *that*, and endeavoured to make all who are not connected with you by the national Chain of your Averſion to *England* and *Ireland*, much worſe than they are. Thus whatever Abhorrence is due to Mr. *B——r*, is it not due to you alſo? And have not I the ſame Title to applauſe, for bringing your Hypocriſy, Impoſture and malevolent Deſigns to Light, that is ſo juſtly beſtowed on the Gentleman, who has laid open Mr. *B——*'s Intentions?

Philoſophical Tranſactions. In this Doctor *Brockleſby* receives ſome very ſmart Caſtigations, for not believing what Doctor *Haller* has delivered concerning Irritability; repeating the Experiments to be ſatisfied of the Truth of it; and for making an Apology for the ſeeming Inhumanity which attended thoſe Reſearches, in which are introduced ſome excellent Strokes of Wit and Humour. "As how *Dick Slaſh*, "ſlit *Tom Taylor*'s Noſe. This *learned Doctor*. And that "the Parts affected in a Rheumatiſm, are in a State of Criſ-"pation, *like a Beef-Steak on a Gridiron*." Mem. Doctor *Brockleſby* is no *Scotchman*.

The next Article brings Doctor *Nicholls*, before the ſarcaſtic Tribunal of you Gentlemen Critics. "This renowned "Anatomiſt aſſures us, that the Cod and the Ble, as well as "Sheep and Bullocks, are apt to be troubled with Worms; "as a Cure for theſe Diſorders, he propoſes a Fumigation "with Mercurials, or Fœtids, as Tobacco. This is the firſt "Time we have ever heard, that *aromatic* Plant, termed a "Fœtid. And we wiſh that Epithet may not give Offence "to ſome *ſmoaking* Philoſophers, who thus provoked may be

"apt

" apt to ſay, the whole Article is not worth a *Pinch of Snuff.*" Is not this an extremely witty Criticiſm, a *ſmoaking* Philoſopher does not value it at a *Pinch* of *Snuff.* Should it not either have been a *Pipe* of *Tobacco*, or a *Snuff-taking* Philoſopher? But why is Doctor *Nicholls* termed, by Way of Sneer, this renowned Anatomiſt? Is it in Complaiſance to that Taylor-like looking Thing, who has been ſo many Years diſſecting Bodies, without the leaſt Attempt to a phyſiological Diſcovery? Whom you the *Scotch* Gentlemen Critics and Phyſicians, conſider as the phyſical Gimblet, which has made the firſt Hole to be encreaſed by ſucceeding Inſtruments, till the Opening be large enough to let you all through into *Engliſh* Practice.

A fourth Letter to the People of England. On this, after denominating the Author an Empiric in Language, as well as in Politics, you ſay, " He tells us, that General *Sh——y* " deliberately marched back again, meeting no Oppoſition, " which he did not eaſily overcome; that is, he did not " eaſily overcome no Oppoſition." In which you are certainly Miſtaken, as two Negatives always make an Affirmative; it ſignifies he eaſily overcame the Oppoſition which he met with. But to indulge you in this Tranſpoſition of the Words of a Sentence; muſt not you allow, that they have no Connections to warp their Integrity, they have no Prejudices to influence their Judgment, Expreſſions of your own; are the ſame with, they have Connections to warp their *no* Integrity, and Prejudices to influence their *no* Judgment?

You ſhall ſee alſo by this Dexterity of tranſpoſing Words, how eaſily the greateſt of Truths, may be converted into the greateſt of Falſehoods. For Example, *No Dunces are like thoſe who are Authors in the* Critical Review. The Truth. Tranſpoſed into *No Authors in the* Critical Review, *are like thoſes who are Dunces.* The Falſehood. I hope you will allow the Force of this Tranſpoſition, and the Compliment I

make

make you in this Place. You continue, " On the " Otherſide of the Leaf, we meet with the following Noſe- " gay of Senſe and Elegance. General *Johnſon*, formed by " Nature for the Military Art; whom Sagacity blended with " Courage; Activity with Patience, render what is not al- " ways to be found amongſt ſeen Service, and regular bred " Warriors, was the Object of their Choice. This En- " comium has all the Air of an ancient Oracle, in being ob- " ſcure and equivocal." You ſhould have explained in what theſe two Qualities conſiſted; becauſe all whom I have converſed with agree, it is as plain as can be expreſſed; that General *Johnſon* had Sagacity, Courage, Activity and Patience, more than are to be always found in Men, who have ſeen Service, and been bred to the Sword from their Youth. Did not the Obſcurity of this Paſſage ariſe from *Johnſons* being an *Iriſhman*; whoſe Merits the *Scotch* Miſt of Prejudice has prevented you from diſcerning. You add, " The com- " pound Epithet *ſeen Service*, is a valuable Acquiſition to " the *Engliſh* Language." You miſtake, it was not deſigned for that Purpoſe, but to expoſe the Term, which is eternally applied to Men of little Underſtanding, who are ſaid to be Generals, becauſe they have ſeen Service; whereas Genius alone can make a General, otherwiſe every old Serjeant and Corporal, who have ſerved much in Battles, may be ſent to command Armies.

But pray muſt no Writer make compound Epithets, but *Scotchmen*. Had this Author called Oatmeal, the Itch-creating-Food; or the Itch, the Joy-creating-Malady, you would have laid your Claim to it as an Uſurpation upon your Privilege probably. You then ſay, " The Hint may be extend- " ed to a great many Claſſes of Men." For Example, *ſeen ſimple Apothecaries*. Pray, Gentlemen, were not you looking in one another's Faces, when you deviſed that happy Compound? Can there be ſeen a more ſimple Sett of Apothecaries

ries in the World, than are to be found in your Society? "*Seen-Pillory Politicians.*" This I think it has been proved belongs equally to you, as to the Author of *The Fourth Letter*; which ſublime Stroke, I could venture to aſſert, proceeded from your Hero, whoſe Wit ſeems to conſiſt in placing two Words beginning with the ſame Letter, to ſucceed each other, as *Roderick Random*, *Peregrine Pickle*, *Ferdinand Fanthom*, *Pillory Politician*. Nothing ſo eaſily imitated, and though I am aſhamed of the Thing, leſt you ſhould imagine me deficient in that Way of being witty, I will ſhow you with what Facility it is to be obtained. For Example, *Cods-headed Critics*, *aſinine Annaliſts*, *raſcally Reviewers*, *ſcabby Scotchmen*, all which are as applicable to you, as Pillory Politician is to the Author of *The Fourth Letter*.

Seen fee Phyſicians is another happy Compoſition of yours, thoſe cannot juſtly indeed be ſaid to make up your Sett of Gentlemen Critics; becauſe no Men ought to be denominated Phyſicians, who are ſo void of all Science belonging to the Profeſſion, as you have been proved to be. As to *ſans-Fee*, that indeed is to be found amongſt you; and I am confident, that whatever may be the Caſe in that Reſpect, with the Author of *The Fourth Letter*, it is to be found equally ſtrong with the Hero of your Sett. Seen-Service you add, "Yields in Dignity of Derivation to the Word "Poſſepolite, which we wiſh he had explained for the Bene-"fit of his *Engliſh* Readers;" and which would have aſſiſted you but little, if you read as you write *Engliſh*; beſides this happens not to be a Word of his Forming, it has been already uſed in the Tranſlation of the Life of *Charles* the Twelfth, King of *Sweeden*. If Parallellarity be a Word of his *Coining*, certainly heis happy, that it is not *Felony*; otherwiſe by the Samples of Mercy on *Engliſhmen*, which you have given as Judges, he would infallibly be condemned to death before your Tribunal; but you will remember to place the Word

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Authorling to your own Account of Coinage, and the Crimes are balanced.

After this, you add, " The very next Section is no leſs " perſpicuous and extraordinary, the Duke *du Tallard*, as I " have been informed by a Gentleman who thoroughly un- " derſtands military Affairs, made the ſame Diſpoſition at " *Blenheim*; that the great *Guſtavus Adolphus* had done at the " famous Battle, which he won againſt *Valſtein*; yet the " *French* General was defeated, and the *Engliſh* triumphed. " Here we are given to underſtand, that *Guſtavus Adolphus* " was an *Engliſh* General, a Fact which might have eſcaped " the Knowledge of the Public, if it had not been aſcertained " by ſuch unqueſtionable Authority." And here you miſtake again, the Context can admit of no ſuch Senſe; becauſe then the Battle of *Blenheim*, and that fought againſt *Valſtein*, muſt have been the ſame, whereas the Author has diſtinguiſhed them as *two*. But to allow, that in ſtrict Propriety after the word *Blenheim*, *againſt the Duke of* Marlborough ſhould have been inſerted. Muſt it not be granted alſo, that according to your own Words quoted on the Picture of the Aſcenſion, Mr. *Hogarth* muſt be *Jeſus Chriſt*, a Fact which might have eſcaped the Knowledge of the Public alſo, if it had not been aſcertained by ſuch unqueſtionable Authority, as you Gentlemen *Scotch* Critics. You continue, " Had this marine " M——r in his Deſtinations of theſe naval Expeditions, " judged from original Lights, he muſt certainly have ima- " gined *du Guay*, would have avoided the beaten Tract in " Times of Peace." On this you ſagely Remark, " We " are likewiſe told, that *du Guay* would have *avoided the* " *beaten Tract in Times of Peace.* If this was the Caſe our " Admiralty had ſome Reaſons to preſume, that he would " chooſe it in Times of War, and therefore acted wiſely in " ordering our Squadron to cruize for them in the *beaten* " *Tract.*" Here you miſtake or miſrepreſent the Senſe again

through

through Shame, Ignorance or Malevolence. It is the *Track*, which is *beaten* in Times of Peace, and therefore to be avoided by *du Guay* in Time of War, in Conſequence of which our Squadron ought not to be deſtined where it was.

You continue, " Though this is the firſt Time we ever " heard, that the Sea was beaten into Turnpike-Roads, like " the Highway to *Barnſtaple*." This is without doubt a moſt excellent Stroke of Wit. You have never heard the uſual Courſe of ſailing to any Place, figuratively called the beaten Tract; but you have admired the Sublimity of the Sun generating Hyænas, Panthers, and Lions, out of a black Woman's Back. And Number VIII. Page 129, Talk of Antiquarians coming at the *Kernel* of an old *Stone*, which is apt to hurt their Teeth in *cracking*; and committed egregious Blunders in the figurative Way of Writing, already remarked. " This Track is like the Road to *Barnſtable*." Meaning probably the native Place of the Author of *The Fourth Letter*, in which you are within ten Miles of the Truth, the neareſt you have been hitherto to it in any of your Criticiſms.

Indeed there is a Road *from* London *to* Barnſtaple, and the Author, and the Natives frequently travel it. I have heard of a Road *from* Scotland *to* London, alſo; but ſtrange *Phænomenon!* Of all the Feet which travel that Road, no Mark of returning Fooſteps is to be found; from whence it ſeems no unnatural Inference to conclude, that the national Attachment which you ſhow to your Country, ariſes rather from Hate or Envy of the *Engliſh*, than from the Love of *Scotland*; otherwiſe would it not induce you to return to the Place, which you pretend to Love ſo dearly. Next to this, you add, " We are likewiſe informed, that the *French* Squa- " dron *had but two Ways of ſteering their Courſe, without* " *great ill Luck, at leaſt without Blame to the Planner of the* " *Cruize*." Who informed you of this I know not, becauſe

I keep no *Informer*'s Company; but this I am ſure of, it was not the Author of *The Fourth Letter*. He ſays, " Theſe" (the *Engliſh* Fleet divided into two Squadrons juſt mentioned) " without great ill Luck, at leaſt without Blame to the " Planner of the Cruize, muſt have intercepted the *French* " Fleet." Is this Ignorance or Malice? It muſt be the Firſt, becauſe you have declared *you will not invidiouſly ſeek to wreſt the Senſe, miſinterpret the Meaning, or miſquote the Words of an Author.* All which being done, as it proceeds not from the Malevolence of your Heart, it muſt come from Capacities which muſt be now acknowledged the Weakeſt, that ever pretended to exerciſe the Art of Criticiſm.

After this, you ſay, " We ſhall indulge the Reader with " one ſublime Comment of this egregious Declaimer. *The* " *meereſt Virtuoſo, inſenſible to the great Order of Nature can* " *trace with Delight and Skill, the various and minute Shades and* " *Colours in a Shell or Flower, which diſtinguiſh one from ano-* " *ther.*—Thus we find one Shell or Flower exibits all the " various and minute Shapes, Shades and Colours, that diſ- " tinguiſh one from another." Pray where do you find this, not in the Paſſage you have quoted, that only ſays *in a* Shell or Flower, which diſtinguiſh one from another, which ſurely is not what you ſay; becauſe one Shell or Flower, being different from another; certainly all the Differences in that Shell or Flower may be diſtinguiſhed from that of any other, without Offence to Senſe, or meaning what you ſay. Thus then, what you attribute to the Author, becomes your own by this Obſervation; " The very Flower, Cream, and Scum " of Ingenuity." You tell us next, " His Account of ſome " *American* Traders taken on the *Ohio*, and ſent Priſoners to " *France*, as it is generally unknown, and unatteſted, may " be ſuppoſed a Miſrepreſentation, if not a Fiction of the " Author's; becauſe we ſhall have Occaſion to convict him " of both in the Sequel." Which Occaſion has never yet

come,

come, as both were then known to be true, as it has ſince publicly appeared, and been atteſted; wherefore your *Ignorance*, which indeed appears great enough to excuſe any Blunder and on *which* you ought to rely, muſt ſerve you again in this Place. As to the Simile of *Scylla* and *Charybdis*, which you declare to be ſo childiſh a Conceit, return a little and examine your own. What think you of the *Pus Laudabile*? *Dick Slaſh*, and *Tom Taylor*, &c. &c. You continue, "This pretended Politician affirms, that the Miniſters beſeeching as "a Favour, what he had a Right to demand, as Juſtice has "given the *French* a better Foundation of their Claim to the "*Obio*. And in the very next Page he aſſerts, that the Ti- "midity of the Miniſter was no legal relinquiſhing the *Bri-* "*tiſh* Right to theſe Lands. In other Words *A* conveys to "*B*, a legal Claim to certain Lands, though he cannot le- "gally relinquiſh his own Title to the ſaid Lands, ſo that "he gives away that, which cannot be reſumed. This "though diſtilled in an Alembic, muſt come over Inconſiſt- "ency and Contradiction."

Indeed you ignorantly or willfully miſrepreſent this Affair alſo. Let me firſt aſk you, if a Man's beſeeching as a *Favour*, what he has a *Right* to demand in Juſtice, does not afford a *better* Foundation to the Claim of the Perſon who poſſeſſes it, than *demanding* it; becauſe certainly a *Requeſt* is ſome Acknowledgment of ſome *Right* to be given up, whereas a Demand is none. Thus then, when you ſay, *A* conveys to *B* a legal Right, you willfully or ignorantly Miſtake, *A* conveys no legal Right, but only lays a Foundation for *B*'s perſiſting in a Right from the Requeſt which it makes; which Acknowledgment of Right when it comes to be examined, is not legal, but preſumed by *B* on the Timidity of demanding it by *A*. In this Manner it *comes over*, when diſtilled in an Alembic by Men of common Senſe, though it comes otherwiſe from the Alembic of you, *Scotch* Gentlemen

Critics, who will not miſrepreſent or miſquote the Senſe of an Author. Would not you do well to return to your *A B* once more? After this you ſeem extremely angry at the Encomium given to General *Johnſon*, which you term "Be-"daubing him with fulſome Encomiums." Will you never miſs an Opportunity of ſhowing your Hate to the Natives of *Ireland?* And notwithſtanding what you have ſaid to the Contrary it is univerſally known, that Mr. *Braddock*'s Troops ſhamefully retired. You add alſo, that "The Author, ſays "the Officers of the *German* Regiment, were unproved by "Experience, and Guiltleſs of Siege and Battle.——Not "ſo guiltleſs of Battle as he is of Truth in this ſlan-"derous Aſſeveration: For it can be eaſily proved, that "almoſt every individual Subaltern of that Corps had ſeen "actual Service." It is ſcarce probable Gentlemen, that you ſhould be ſo intimately acquainted with thoſe *German* Officers, to decide ſo peremptorily in this Affair, moſt of which you never can have ſeen or known, and even then it would be of little Effect; becauſe the Perſon for whom this Corps was originally deſigned, is known not to have ſeen Service. If he was, your Countryman, Lord *L———n*, has behaved but ill in treating him as he hath.

Now comes the Paragraph of Paragraphs, "Though "Lord *L——n* has Magnanimity enough to overlook the "ſarcaſtic Inſinuation, which this Reptile has thrown out "againſt him, Page 21. That Nobleman may have Friends "and Dependants, who do not think ſuch an Author "unworthy of Notice and Correction; we would there-"fore adviſe him to bite with more Caution, and have "a more reverend Care of his Carcaſe."

Here, Gentlemen, after having been long the Violaters of Truth, Juſtice and Reaſon in the Dark, you threaten to become Aſſaſſins alſo. And yet believe me the Author

entertains

entertains as little Apprehenſions of Danger from your Threats, by Means of Lord *L*——'s Friends, as I do on his Writings from your Criticiſms, of which I imagine you will confeſs there does not appear much Fear of my Biting with Precaution or Reverence, for believe me I never ſhall be afraid of Malice or Stupidity in any Men. And as to the Epithet of Reptile, the Author has as little Diſpoſition to *creeping* as any *Scot* that ever croſſed the *Tweed*. But after all it appears it was pure Ignorance which led you into this Miſtake. Lord *L*——*n* in this Place, againſt which you are ſo angry, being rather approved than blamed; and this you confeſs yourſelves, and give a moſt admirable Reaſon for your Exclamation to the contrary, in Number VIII, laſt Page of your inimitable Performance. "They likewiſe own themſelves indebted to the Candour of *D. Q.* for his Remarks on the Account which is given in their laſt Number of *The Fourth Letter to the People of* England. They confeſs the Words relating to Lord *L*——*n* may bear another Interpretation, than that which they have put upon them; but conſidering the peculiar Virulence of the Author, his ridiculous Enmity to the Natives of *North Britain*, and the palpable Deſign of the Work, which was to kindle the Animoſity of the Nation againſt all who are employed under the Government. The CRITICAL REVIEWERS thought they had a Right to underſtand it as a malicious Sarcaſm, againſt that Nobleman."

Excellent indeed! What Right but that of *Ignorance* could you have? The ſole Palliative for Want of Underſtanding in any Thing, and which it is evident was yours alſo; who could not diſtinguiſh Praiſe from Diſapprobation. Otherwiſe why do you thank your Friend *D. Q.* for his Remarks. With reſpect to the Author's Enmity to the Natives of *Scotland*? I know of none he has ever manifeſted, unleſs you denominate

nate his having proved, that three *Scotch* Phyſicians have been *Plagiaries*, from the Works of *Harvey*; publiſhed what they took as their own, never confeſſed it, and yet did not underſtand him. His drawing the Character of an ignorant *Scotch* Sea-Surgeon in his Novel of *Lydia*, which notwithſtandiug any Similitude, that may *now* ſeem to exiſt between that Character, and any Man amongſt you, I will venture to aſſert was never intended to be drawn for any individual Perſon. His calling *James* the Firſt cold, conceited, diſputatious, man-loving *Scot*, all which may be found in Authors long ſince dead; and his endeavouring to ſupport the Superiority of *Engliſh* Literature over *Scotch*, in Oppoſition to the Natives of *Scotland*, when they have been arrogantly attempting to eſtabliſh the Contrary. If theſe are juſt Cauſes for taxing him with Enmity to the *North-Britons*, he is proud of the Imputation, and will conſtantly exert his Utmoſt in ſupporting the Learning of his Country againſt all that has hitherto appeared from the otherſide *Tweed*; and yet I will anſwer for him he ſhall acknowledge the Superiority of that Country, the Moment any Inſtances can be brought in Defence of it.

After this you find Fault with the Author for what he has ſaid, relative to the *Pruſſian* Treaty; and aſked, "Has it "not eſtabliſhed a proper Ballance of Intereſts, and prevent-"ed a general War in *Europe*, which muſt have proved "very grievous to *England*." Here I beg leave to aſk you if it has not effected the Contrary? Surely you have not the Gift of ſecond Sight, whatever ſome of your Countrymen may poſſeſs? You tell us alſo, on the preferring a ſmall Number of *Heſſians* to ſix Times the Number of *Ruſſians* to be brought into *England*. "That the *Heſſians* can be conveyed "to *England* for Half the Money, that would be expended "in tranſporting the *Ruſſians*." Here you forget, that by Treaty the *Ruſſians* were to be brought over at *their own* Expence,

pence and the *Heſſians* at *ours*. Thus, according to your excellent Manner of Reaſoning, the *Heſſians* were tranſported hither at *Half* the Sum of *Nothing at all*, in which, I imagine, the National Accounts of laſt Year will not ſupport you. Pray, like your Countrymen the Highlanders, have not you ſhewn your bare Backſides, in *ſtooping* to become Critics.

After great Profuſion of Abuſe on the Author, you add; "He begins to rail like a Bedlamite at the firſt C——r of "Ad——y, and ſeems particularly incenſed at the Succeſs of "that fortunate Commander, becauſe he himſelf has not "been ſo proſperous in Life. This is the true Source of all "our Author's Patriotiſm." Pray what Foundation have you for this Aſſertion? What Baſis can exiſt for the Author's Anger againſt the Man you mention? He has never miſcarried in getting rich by a Voyage round the World, nor ever expected to be firſt C———r of the Ad——y: Indeed, had he been a Sea Surgeon's Mate at the unſucceſsful Enterprize of *Carthagena* and diſappointed in his Expectation of Plunder, there might have been ſome Ground for his ſurveying L—d *A—n*'s Riches with the Eye of Malevolence and Envy; but as it is, I aſſure you, he neither envies him, his Money, nor the *great Knowledge* which he has manifeſted in Naval Affairs; nay, even you Phyſicians, Authors and Critics, with whom as a Writer and Phyſician, he may be ſuppoſed to ſtand in Competition, he neither envies you your Science or Practice, ſo truly is he diveſted of Envy.

At length, you grow exuberantly witty, and ſay; "Were "we inclined to joke we ſhould compare the Author to a "Species of Vermin," which Joke you execute and compare him to "a Muſqueto which buzzes and ſtings." As you *give*, I preſume, Gentlemen, you *take* a Joke; therefore, let me try my Hand at a Joke, alſo.

There

There was a certain Pig in *Scotland* which had gotten the Itch, by lying in the ſame Bed with his Maſter's Family. This Animal, not liking his ſcabby Condition, and having heard it ſaid by ſome People of the Country, that *Scotchmen* were cured of this opprobrious Malady by travelling into *England*, entered upon a Reſolution of performing a like Journey. He ſat out ſoon after, and at length arrived, all covered with the Itch, on the Banks of the *Thames*. The Object which ſtruck him moſt was the Whiteneſs of the Swans, which *Phænomenon* he concluded was owing to their ſwimmnig in that Water; wherefore, without conſidering that Nature had not adapted Swine for ſwimming, he ruſhed into the River. Now ſuch is the Conſequence of a Pig's ſwimming, that, by his Aukwardneſs in that Exerciſe, he continually rubs his fore Feet againſt his Throat, till having taken off the Sin, and divided the Jugular Veins, he expires, by bleeding to Death in the Water. In this Manner it happened to this Hog of *Scotland*; he was drowned, with all his Itch upon him; a true Warning to all the Animals of his Country, whoſe Arrogance may tempt them to taſk their Abilities to undertake that, for which by Nature they are not adapted. I leave the Application to yourſelves, Gentlemen.

In this Manner having let looſe much Virulence and Rancour againſt the envied Author of this Letter, you come at length to this Exhortation: "Let us not, at ſuch a Criſis, be "hurried into raſh and dangerous Reſentments, that may "produce Convulſions in the State, by the inſidious Sug-"geſtions of an *obſcure* Scribbler, a *profeſſed Enemy* of the "Government under which he lives, without *Principle*, "*Talent*, or common *Diſcretion*, who has neither *Friend*, "*Property*, nor *Intereſt*, in the Country where he aſſumes "the Character of *Patriot* and *Reformer*, and who cannot "*live* in this or any other Country, but by fomenting Diſ-"cord, and ſowing the Seeds of civil Diſſention." I muſt examine

examine a little into the Truth of theſe *Gentleman-like* Aſſertions. As to the Obſcurity of the Writer, unluckily for you, the very Letter which you are condemning has been tranſlated into *High Dutch*, by order of the Empreſs Queen. Into *French*, and printed in *Paris*, *Bruſſels*, and *Holland*, and various Editions have been ſtolen by your Countrymen in *Edinburgh*; things which have never yet happened to any of your Works. As to his being a profeſſed Enemy to the Government, how will you prove that? Unleſs writing in Defence of the Conſtitution in your Opinion merits that Appellation. He has never been in Arms againſt his Country, nor have any of his Family been hanged for Rebellion. His Principles have ever been uniform, and therefore as you know not his Heart, you cannot diſcover that he has none. His Talents as a Writer I will take from what Strangers, who cannot be ſuppoſed to be influenced in his Favour, have ſaid, and what they have printed, and which, as you ſeem not to underſtand *French*, I ſhall tranſlate for you:

'Il paroît un Ecrit imprimé ſous ce titre; LE PEUPLE 'INSTRUIT; *ou, les Alliances dans leſquelles les Miniſtres de la* 'Grande Bretagne *ont engagé la Nation, & l'emploi qu'ils ont* '*fait de ſes Eſcadres & de ſes Armées, depuis le commencement* '*des troubles ſur l'*Ohio *juſqu'a la perte de* Minorque, *conſiderez* '*dans une Quatrieme Lettre au Peuple d'*Angleterre. (Ouvrage 'traduit de *l'Anglois*) L'Auteur y fait un examen très-ſevere 'de la conduite des Miniſtres de S. M. *Britannique*, & oſe 'leur attribuer tous les malheurs que la guerre préſente a 'attirez ſur la Nation. C'eſt un Citoyen éclairé qui parle 'avec liberté à un Peuple libre de ce qu'il lui importe le plus de 'ſçavoir. Le ton qu'il prend n'eſt pas celui des remontran-'ces, mais celui des avis & des inſtructions. Sa cenſure ne 'laiſſe rien échapper. Quelquefois abbreuvée du fiel de la 'ſatyre, mais plus ſouvent aſſaiſonnée du ſel de l'ironie, elle 'eſt toujours redoubtable par la ſévérité du jugement, par la

' ſolidité des réflexions & par la vehémence du ſtile. C'eſt ' l'Orateur d'*Athènes* qui harangue le Peuple d'*Angleterre*.'

" There has lately appeared a Pamphlet with this Title: " THE PEOPLE INSTRUCTED; or, *The Conduct of the* " *M—rs in Alliances, Fleets, and Armies ſince the firſt Dif-* " *ferences on the* Ohio *to the taking of* Minorca *by the* French, " *conſidered, in a Fourth Letter to the People of* England. In " this the Author examines with Severity, the Conduct of " the Britiſh Miniſters, and preſumes to attribute to them " all the Calamities which the preſent War hath drawn " upon the Nation. He is a Man of Underſtanding who " ſpeaks with Freedom to a free People, which he believes " little inſtructed in what it is their Duty to know. The " Method which he adopts is not that of Remonſtrance, " but of Advice and Inſtruction. Nothing eſcapes his " Cenſure; ſometimes it is dipped in the Gaul of Satire, " but oftener ſeaſoned with Irony; yet ſtill formidable " by the Severity of its Judgment, by the Solidity of its " Reflections, and by the Energy of its Stile. He is *De-* " *moſthenes* delivering his Orations to the People of *Eng-* " *land.*"

So much for his Talent. His Diſcretion, probably, may not anſwer that Idea in a *Scotch* Head, and yet it is at leaſt as evident in him as in you when you commenced Criticks. As to his Friends, I am one of a Number ready to defend him againſt the whole Set of Gentlemen *Scotch* Annaliſts. And his Property, how does that become a Subject for your Criticiſm? And which, however little it may be, has never yet reduced him to change Sentiments, to commit a mean Action, or ſeek to increaſe it unjuſtly; and, though no great Matter, it may not improbably be five hundred times as much as each of you croſſed the Tweed with in your Pockets. Beſides, Gentlemen, if Poverty be an Object of your Criticiſm, it had been but Modeſty in you to have begun in your own Country, in the Exerciſe of which,

which, though each of you had lived to the Age of *Methuſalem*, and ſucceeded one another, you never could have croſſed the Tweed through want of Subjects. As to his Intereſt in this Country, I fancy you are miſtaken, becauſe the Sentiments which he has adopted have been well received throughout all *England*. And with reſpect to his being able to live in no other Country, you err again; he has lived in another Country, and received Marks of Eſteem in it. And as to living in his own, he lives in it at preſent, which neither of you do, or have ever been able to, either as Authors or Phyſicians. There you would probably have been obliged to be Lifters of black Cattle, * mercenary black Mealmen, † Kane Witneſſes, Weavers, Taylors, or ſome ſuch laudable Occupation, for which you ſeem by Nature to be much better formed than for Critics or Phyſicians.

Having thus far examined your Criticiſm on this Letter, I leave you to your own Gentleman-like Reflections, and proceed:

" *Medicines in a Solid Form*, &c. *by Dr.* D'Eſcherney, " *Brother-in-Law to Mrs.* Stephens. This boaſted Alliance " with the noted Mrs. *Stephens* is to be ſure a Feather in " Mr. *D'Eſcherney*'s Cap, which cannot fail to attract the " Notice of the Public, and is a Flouriſh of the ſame Nature " with the Challenge of the renowned *F. O'Sherlock*, " Maſter of the noble Science of Defence, and Brother to " *Dennis O'Sherlock*, by whoſe unfortunate Arm the ever- " memorable *Timothy Buck* received his Death's Wound."

* The Heirs of *Scotch* Lairds, who lift black Cattle from thoſe with whom they are at Enmity; and preſerve them from being lifted from others for a ſtipulated Reward, which is term'd *black Meal*.

† *Kane Witneſſes* are thoſe who give Evidence in Kind, a *Sett of* Scotch *Gentlemen Tenants*, that are by their Tenure obliged to ſwear whatever their Landlords require of them. Conſult Mr. *Guthrie*, vivâ voce.

Where lies the Likeneſs? You except againſt Homicide in the next Line. Pray tell your Readers, next time you publiſh. How are the Words Brother-in-Law like a Challenge? Would a Challenger call his Brother's Arm *unfortunate* which got the Victory, and defeated his Antagoniſt? If this be Humour, is it not worſe than that between your Fingers? I would adviſe you however to keep your Pen from touching Mr. *O'Sherlock*, who may otherwiſe be apt to anſwer you with a Weapon, of which he is a much better Maſter, than you are of the Quill, and on this you would do well to conſult your Countryman Mr. *Macdonald*.

" *On the Virtues*, &c. *of a Cruſt of Bread, by* Nicholas " Robinſon, *M. D.*" On this Performance you exhibit a moſt conſummate Proof of your being, Gentlemen Critics. " The Godlike Doctor *Robinſon* (for ſuch is the Epithet he " ſeems by his Motto to aſpire at) has in this Treatiſe obliged " the Public with the Diſcovery of a Remedy againſt the " Gravel, Stone, Gout and Rheumatiſm.—A Remedy in " daily and conſtant Uſe, with every Perſon who ſwallows " his Spittle. Yet if the old *Athenian* Cynic was alive, and " could hear Doctor *Robinſon* deſcant upon this Subject, he " might poſſibly, in a Fit of Contradiction, take it into his " Head not to ſwallow all his Spittle." That is, he would Spit in his Face. Is not that a Gentleman-like Criticiſm? Doctor *Robinſon* is an *Engliſhman*.

An humble Apology for the Quakers, &c. On the pacific Principle of this Sect in *Penſylvania*, you ſay, " This is how- " ever a Principle, which we would not at the preſent Junc- " ture recommend to our Admirals or Generals, though we " are not certain whether one of the Former did not call at " *Penſylvania*, in his Way to *Port Mahon*." That is, you are not certain whether *Penſylvania* be in the Way, or not between *Portſmouth* and *Mahon*, which ſhews you are excellent Critics in Geography. Or if you know that it is not in

the

the Way, you are not certain whether an Admiral *in* his Way, did not call *out* of his Way, which proves you are moſt diſtinguiſhing Heads for the Taſk of Criticiſm.

Being thus advanced to your ſeventh Abortion, for ſurely nothing ſo miſhapen and diſtorted can be ſaid to come in due Time, and finding no End to your Ignorance, but with the End of your Labours; I muſt break off here, and take no Notice of that ineſtimable dramatic Performance of your Hero, *The Repriſal*, ſo juſtly criticiſed into Contempt in the literary Magazine, and ſo abſurdly praiſed by you or himſelf in your Review; together with a Multiplicity of other Subjects, by which your Knowledge, Candour and Abilities may appear equally conſpicuous in the Art of Criticiſm. The next Thing which I examine into, ſhall be the Merits of *The Hiſtory of* England, written by your Chieftain, a Subject of much Praiſe in your Annals of Literature.

" *A complete Hiſtory of* England, *&c. by* T. Smollet, M. " D." This Criticiſm begins with the Plan publiſhed by the Editor, the Excellence of which I ſhall take the Liberty to examine. " So many Hiſtories of *England* have already ap- " peared, that the Editor of this Performance hath thought " it neceſſary in a Plan of his Hiſtory prefixed to it, to ac- " quaint the Public with the Motives which induced him to " uſher into the World, another Work on the ſame Subject. " The Author does not pretend to have diſcovered any au- " thentic Records, which have eſcaped the Notice of other " Hiſtorians; or thrown ſuch Lights upon particular Facts, " as muſt alter the received Opinions of Mankind, touching " the material Circumſtances of the Narration."

By this Declaration has he not avowed his Hiſtory will be void of thoſe Requiſites, which can only offer juſt Reaſons for a new Hiſtory of *England*, after ſo many have been already written? If he has diſcovered no new Facts by Aſſiduity in ſearching ancient Records, and has not Underſtanding ſufficient

ficient to throw new Lights upon old ones, why has he undertaken to write a new Hiſtory of *England?* If he does not pretend to ſettle the different Opinions among preceding Hiſtorians, by inveſtigating the Cauſes of their Diſagreement; and produce by Compariſon and Inference, a more reconciled, and leſs dubious Account of public Tranſactions, than is already to be found? Why has he been Guilty of wantonly ſhedding more Chriſtian-Ink, and dooming guiltleſs Paper to lining Trunks, and the ſcorching of Ovens, in Defence of Gluttony and Paſties? But indeed he tells us his Motives. "His Aim is to retrench the Superfluities of his Predeceſſors." In which Qualification of *retrenching* this learned Doctor, is undoubtedly an Adept from long Practice, and by Means of a mechanical Invention called a Pair of Sciſſars, of admirable Utility to Hiſtorians of this Kind; but whether he has not like an unſkilful Tooth-Drawer (Part of his late Profeſſion) who whips out the ſound, and leaves the rotten Tooth behind, amputated the neceſſary, and left the ſuperfluous Parts, we ſhall ſee in the Sequel.

His Deſign alſo, "Is to preſent the Public with a ſuc-"cinct, candid, and complete Hiſtory of our own Country, "which will be more eaſy in the Purchaſe; more agree-"able in the Peruſal, and leſs burthenſome to the Memo-"ry, than any Work of the ſame Nature produced in thoſe "Kingdoms." All which is in the very Spirit of an adverti-ſing Taylor, and do not appear to be Motives ſufficiently coercive to make an Author undertake to write an *Engliſh* Hiſtory; wherefore People are apt to think, that a Sum of Money agreed to be paid him by Meſſrs. *Rivington* and *Fletcher*, operated on the Mind of this Author, more effectually than his Deſire of pleaſing the Natives of *England*, towards the Production of this Work. I mean they *would* be apt, if he had not declared he is no Hireling. But to carry on the Analogy between this Hiſtorian and the Taylor, and their reſpective

Works.

Works. Firſt of all both Operators uſe almoſt the ſame Inſtruments with which to cut out their Works; except that the Taylor's being the Occupation of moſt Importance, he uſes a bigger Pair. Next each conceals the Deſign of private Intereſt, and pretends to Work for the public Good only. The Taylor pretends to make his Clothes at a leſs Price, of as genteel a Cut, and of as good Cloth as any of thoſe, who take more Yards, and more Money, all which is exactly analogous to the Hiſtorian. Both Productions, the Suit and the Hiſtory, are notwithſtanding deficient in Quantity, Quality and Skill in the Operators, and both Plans contrived to enſnare unwary Purchaſers.

In the Article of being ſuccinct, their Works greatly reſemble each other, the Operators rather exceeding in this Part of their Promiſe; making both too ſhort and too tight for their Subjects, void of Grace, made for Cheapneſs, and fit only for common Purchaſers. In *Candour* thoſe Operators and their Productions are very much alike alſo, in not anſwering to their Promiſes, and being of coarſe Materials. In Completeneſs the Reſemblance is nicely preſerved, the Hiſtory being *ſaid* to contain all the *Facts*, and the *Suit* all the *Buttons*; though both are ill arranged, badly put out of Hand, and of a wrong Taſte in the Pattern and Trimmings; *more eaſy in the Purchaſe*, a Circumſtance in common to both; *more agreeable in the Peruſal*, a Thing a like uncommon to both, in which the Likeneſs is ſtill preſerved, as no Man loves a ſcanty Coat, or a maimed Hiſtory; *leſs burthenſome to the Memory*, as both are thrown aſide, one without being worn, and the other without being read, and therefore never remembered.

But he continues, "He has waved all Remarks of his "own, except ſuch as ſeemed abſolutely neceſſary, that he "might not incumber the Page, and diſguſt the Reader by "anticipating his Reflection, and foreſtalling his Judgment." Here then he has given an invincible Proof of his great Skill in

in retrenching, by leaving out the moſt material Parts of Hiſtory. And indeed, in this Particular alſo, he has been better than Promiſe (Candour is my Purſuit, Gentlemen, as much as yours) by not only omitting the Unneceſſary, but even the Neceſſary alſo. Not one Reflection, according to the Inſtances which you have given, being to be diſcovered in the three Volumes; and indeed he muſt be as well adapted for an Hiſtorian, as a Dung-Cart is for a triumphal Chariot; whoſe Remarks would *incumber* the Page, and *diſguſt* the Reader. Have the Remarks of *Tacitus*, and other *Latin* and *Greek* Hiſtorians, been complained againſt as incumbering, and diſguſting? As to anticipating Reflections, moſt Readers can make none; and therefore they are abſolutely Neceſſary to be made for them, to direct their Judgments. And as to Readers, who can reflect and judge, they will exerciſe both Faculties on his Reflections, and his Hiſtory alſo, and will be pleaſed if the Former are judiciouſly made. Wherefore no Sort of Readers can be diſguſted, but by the Abſurdity which may be found in the Reflections of an Hiſtorian; and this probably determined the Author, conſcious of his Inſufficiency, to omit making any; a Precaution, which though no Proof of his hiſtorical Accompliſhments, is yet a great one of his Diſcretion.

You continue, "He is upon his Guard againſt that Af-" fectation of Singularity, which is apt to betray an Author " into a Labyrinth of *vague* Conjectures, through which the " Truth *often* vaniſhes from his Reſearches." He would have done well to have been upon his Guard in pening this Paragraph, unleſs he will explain when the Truth has *not* eſcaped through *vague* Conjectures; becauſe as he only ſays *often*, there muſt be Times when it does not. A Paradox of ſome Puzzle, I imagine. For if Truth be the Reſult of Conjectures, they cannot be vague; and if Conjectures are vague,

the

the Truth cannot be the Reſult of them; ſuch are the Remarks, which probably he has omitted through Fear of diſguſting his Readers.

You add, " He values himſelf upon being entirely free " from all national Jealouſy and Prejudice." He values himſelf upon what he does not poſſeſs then, as ſhall be made evident, and conſequently he has miſſed the Object of his Inquiry, Truth.

" He pretends to communicate a ſummary Idea of the " ancient Inhabitants of this Iſland as deſcribed by *Greek* " and *Latin* Writers, the only Sources from which we can " draw any certain Intelligence concerning the original Poſ- " ſeſſors of *Britain.*" This I preſume is but a bare *Pretenſion* from the Knowledge of *Greek* and *Latin*, already exhibited in the Critical Review, of which he is the acknowledged Chieftain. Wherefore I am inclined to believe he that could not conſtrue ſix Lines of *Homer*, nor underſtand one Paragraph of *Polybius*, and has committed ſuch Miſtakes in the *Latin* Language, has not drawn from that Source, but copied *Rapin*, *Guthrie*, *Carte*, and others, and tranſcribed the Names of the *Greek* and *Latin* Authors, from their Margins into his own.

" He collects his Materials from the moſt authentic Hiſto- " rians, to whoſe Works he refers in the Margin." Which References are ſuppoſed to be taken, and inſerted like the Former; becauſe from the Moment he firſt began to think of writing this Hiſtory to this Hour, there has not been half Time enough to peruſe thoſe Hiſtorians, though he had employed himſelf in nothing beſides. " He delineates the Cha- " racters of Princes from the uniform Tenour of their pub- " lic Conduct, compared with ſtriking Paſſages in private " Life." In which you ſhall ſee he is miſtaken.

" He Records every remarkable Improvement in Arts and " Science, which the World has owed to the Natives of this

" Kingdom." In which he has forgotten to obſerve his Promiſe; the Volumes which he has publiſhed not being ſufficient to contain the Records of ſuch Improvements, in the ſingle Branch of experimental Philoſophy.

" He has endeavoured to write in a clear, ſuccinct, nerv-
" ous Style, to expatiate on the moſt intereſting Circum-
" ſtances; and entertain the Imagination, while he informs
" the Underſtanding." Which muſt be greatly informed in a Hiſtory without Reflections, in all which his Endeavours will appear to be abortive.

The Style of this latter Part, however it muſt be owned, is happily imitated from the Sublime of the *Sadler's-Wells* Wire Dancer.

He walks the Slack-Wire without a Pole, ſwings turns round, and plays a Tune upon the *Scotch* Fiddle to the Wonder of all Beholders.

He balances a Straw on his Chin, throws it upon his Forehead, lets it fall upon his Foot, and then again throws it upon his Noſe, the like never before ſeen in *England*, &c. &c. &c.

Having ſaid thus much on his Plan, I muſt now take ſome Notice of his and your Penetration and Genius in the Offices of Critics and Hiſtorians; and becauſe it ſhall not be ſaid I ſelect unfairly, the firſt Paragraph in his Hiſtory ſhall find me the firſt Subject of my Obſervations.

" The firſt and moſt important Effort of human Genius
" appears to have been the Art of tranſmitting, and perpe-
" tuating Ideas." A very ſingular Obſervation indeed, quite new, and wants nothing but the ſingle Circumſtance of Truth to render it complete. Thus then chalking the Reckoning on the Bellows in an Ale-houſe, to tranſmit and perpetuate the Ideas of Pots of Beer; notching on a Stick at a Brick-yard, to tranſmit, and perpetuate the Number of Bricks; the Baker's Tallies, and the Milk-woman's Score, are the firſt, and moſt important Efforts of human Genius.

Happy

Happy Diſcovery; but let me take it in the moſt favourable Senſe, the Invention of Letters to ſignify Ideas. Can that which has been ſo variouſly deviſed in a Multiplicity of Nations, be denominated the firſt and moſt important Effort of human Genius; an Invention in the Power of any Man, arbitrarily to accompliſh? Characters to ſignify Ideas. If this be true, Mr. *Aulay Macaulay*, an Inventor of ſhort hand Writing, is the greateſt Genius in the Kingdom; an Excellence you will hardly allow him, notwithſtanding your Partiality to your Countrymen.

"This (firſt and moſt important Effort of human Ge-"nius)" he ſays, "ſhines in nothing more conſpicuous, "than in the Labours of Hiſtorians." Now it happens the Art of perpetuating Ideas, ſhines as much in a laſt dying Speech, as it does in Hiſtory; the Characters of the Alphabet being equally conſpicuous in each, and already invented to the Hands of both Writers; and the Excellence of the Compoſition has no concern with the Art of perpetuating Ideas, in the Senſe in which this is expreſt. Here the learned Doctor miſtook in his Ideas, I imagine. However he continues, "Which not only preſents us with a Review of all "thoſe mighty Events, which influence the Fate of Nations; "but alſo communicates to our Enquiry, the whole *Progreſs* "of *Improvement*, the whole *Circle* of *Knowledge* and *Expe-"rience*."

Thus according to the Ideas of this Hiſtorian, there is but one Way of Writing in the World, Hiſtory. It contains all the Branches of Theology, Mythology, Metaphyſics, Ethics, Mathematics, Mechanics, Law, Politics, natural Philoſophy, Medicine, Surgery, Cookery, Gunnery, Agriculture, Poetry, and every Kind of Belles Lettres, and other Parts of Literature. In which it reſembles *Peter*'s brown Loaf in the Tale of the Tub, which contained Beef, Mutton, Pork, Veal, Wine, Beer, and Cyder, with every other Subſtance, Animal, and Vegetable; and all that differ from your Au-

thor, will probably have the Thunders of your critical Anathemas denounced againſt them, as *Peter* does his againſt the Unbelievers of his Loaf. If Hiſtory, however, contains all theſe Things, we ſhall find them in his Hiſtory to be ſure, or what muſt we conclude? Beſides this, *it contains the whole Circle of Knowledge and Experience.* Thus then it follows, that thoſe who read Hiſtory *moſt* muſt be *moſt* knowing in buying and ſelling, and fitteſt for commercial Dealings, and the Tranſactions of Life. For Example, an old Fellow of a College, who has paſt his Years in the Retirement of a Univerſity, who has ſpent Fifty of them in reading Hiſtory, is undoubtedly a Man deeply fraught with Experience and Knowledge, above all who walk the *Exchange*, and deal in *Change-Alley*. Whereas in Contradiction to the Purſuits of Reading and of Learning, Experience has been always attained to by habitude, and mixing much in the Buſineſs of the World; the Reſult of a Man's own Obſervation upon active Life, and not on dead Letters.

He continues, "In this delightful Study, we become acquainted with the Characters" (not as he draws them) "and even the *Perſons* of thoſe Heroes, who triumphed "over Barbarity. Of thoſe Legiſlators, who ſtrengthened "the Bands of Society. And thoſe Philoſophers, who inſtructed, poliſhed, and reformed Mankind." The Contents of which turgid Phraſeology, you ſhall ſee, will be let off as eaſily as a blown Bladder with the Prick of a ſmall Pin. Here again the Hiſtorian ſeems not to have Ideas annexed to thoſe Words, *in becoming acquainted with the Perſons of Heroes*, &c. Does he mean by it, that his Power of Writing can recall thoſe Characters from their Graves, join their Souls to their Duſt, and make them appear before us, which he muſt do to make us acquainted with their *Perſons*. That Expreſſion, according to Mr. *Locke*'s Definition, and of all other Philoſophers, ſignifying *a thinking intelligent Being*. Now, I imagine, ſhould he draw ever ſo well, he will ſcarce arrive

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at the Excellence of imparting Thought and Intelligence to his Pictures. Suppoſe, for Example, I ſhould deſcribe a Man with a plump Countenance, ſullen Eye, low Forehead, ſarcaſtic Sneer, ſnub Noſe, and grinning Mouth, rather Corpulent than otherwiſe; ſuppoſe even theſe Features in a Pourtrait, ſhould be painted to the greateſt Likeneſs; and all the World ſaw it, are they therefore acquainted with his Perſon? He then continues, "The human Paſſions are intereſted in the "remoteſt Nations; becauſe Humanity is every where the "ſame, *&c.* And howſoever divided, we are ſtill the "Children of one Parent, all Brethren of one Family." If he means by this, that Events in *China* and *Japan*, intereſt and engage as much, as what paſſes nearer Home; he concludes contrary to the Experience of all Mankind, Apprehenſion and Concern always increaſing by the Proximity of Events. An Earthquake or Plague, at *Liſbon* or *Marſeilles*, will create ten Times the Emotion in our Boſoms, than if they happened at *Pekin* or *Indoſtan*; and at *Berwick* or *Penzance*, ten Times more than in *Portugal* and *France*. He then tells us, "The Underſtanding enfolds and ripens in "Proportion to the Exerciſe it undergoes; the Memory re-"tains; the Reflection profits by the Example; and the "Heart glows with the laudable Emulation, to rival the "Practice of recorded Virtue." In all which he is again turgidly miſtaken. According to this Manner of thinking, a Man who has exerciſed his Underſtanding, his Memory, his Reflection, and his Emulation, ſeventy Years, muſt be riper in Underſtanding; of more retentive Memory; more quick and penetrating Reflection; and warmer Paſſions, than one of Forty; becauſe he has exerciſed all the above Faculties thirty Years longer, than the Latter. Whereas all Men know, that thoſe Qualities of the Soul decline by old Age, and generally in Proportion to the Degree of their being exerciſed.

Such is the firſt Paragraph of this Hiſtorian, in which he has given moſt indiſputable Proofs of the Efforts of his Ge-

nius for perpetuating Ideas; of his Acquaintance with the Nature of his Subject, by aſcribing to it the whole Progreſs of Improvement, the whole circle of Knowledge; and of his Intimacy with Language, by not knowing the Meaning of the Words *Experience* and *Perſon*; of his Skill in human Nature, by making the Tranſactions of diſtant Nations equally intereſting to his Readers with thoſe of their Neighbours and themſelves; and aſſerting that the Underſtanding, Memory, Reflection and Emulation, ſtrengthen by Age and Exerciſe.

A Paragraph even more replete with Beauties of the ſame Kind, than the firſt in your Plan of the Review, which ſeems to prove that both have been the Products of the ſame inimitable Hand, and that he is as truly adapted to the Taſk of an Hiſtorian as a Critic.

I ſhall now proceed to examine his Skill in the Characters of Men, and yours alſo, who have tranſcribed and praiſed him ſo inordinately for that Excellence, and on which he ſeems to pique himſelf not a little. The firſt that appeared, was that of *Edward* III. annexed to the Plan of the Hiſtory, as a Specimen of his Talents in that Particular, in which he ſays, "*Edward* poſſeſſed the romantic Spirit "of *Alexander*, the Penetration, the Fortitude, the poliſhed "Manners of *Julius*; the Munificence, the Liberality, the "Wiſdom of *Auguſtus Cæſar*. He was a *conſtitutional* "Knight-errant." An Order of Knighthood, I preſume, according to the *Conſtitution* of the Realm, totally unknown, and unnoticed by former Hiſtorians, and which, as this Author does not pretend to have diſcovered any authentic Records that have eſcaped the Knowledge of other Hiſtorians, he muſt have created; and therefore I hope, in Imitation of other Potentates, he has placed himſelf at the Head of the Order. But perhaps he means *conſtitutionally*, or, by his Conſtitution a Knight-errant; in which View *Edward* was at once *Alexander* the Great, *Julius Cæſar*, *Auguſtus Cæſar*, and Don *Quixote*. Characters which may eaſily reſide in

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the ſame Perſon undoubtedly, and ſtrictly applicable to the Prince he is deſcribing. That Don *Quixote* runs ſtrangely in this Author's Head.

The next Character given as a Recommendation of the Work to the Public, was that of *Henry* VIII. in which the Author has with great Judgment omitted the proſuſe, voluptuous, and libidinous Diſpoſitions of that Prince, by which Means his Drawing reſembles a Pourtrait without a Head, as thoſe Qualities ſtrongly characteriſed that King. A new Way of being made acquainted with a Character.

I come now to thoſe Parts which you Gentlemen Critics have ſelected, to ſhew the Author's Skill in drawing Characters, and your own in criticiſing. "*Henry* the Second," he ſays, "displayed all the Sagacity of a Legiſlator, and his "Exertion of the Prerogative never interfered with the "Liberties of the People, and yet he was tranſported with "the Luſt of Power;" how do he and you make theſe Contradictions coincide? If *Henry* never interfered with the Liberties of the People, how do you know he was tranſported with the Luſt of Power? "He had *all* the Magnanimity of a Hero, and yet he ſeduced *Adelais* the "*French* Princeſs, who was bred in *England*, as the future "Wife of his Son *Richard*. Can ſomething as criminal as Inceſt reſide in the ſame Boſom, with *all* the Maghanimity of a Hero? Would *Alexander*, *Cyrus*, or *Scipio* have done this? My Lord *A——n*, no great Hero, behaved better in his Voyage round the World. Has not the Author miſtaken in ſome Parts of this Character, and attributed to *Henry* what cannot exiſt in the ſame Individual?

I come now to the Character of *Edward* the firſt, in which it will appear that the above Impoſſibilities are few in Number, compared to what will be ſeen in this Pourtrait. The Hiſtorian ſays, "He equalled the greateſt Monarchs who "have ſat on the *Engliſh* Throne; he was cool, penetrating, "ſagacious, and circumſpect; he was conſummate in his

"legiſlative

" legiſlative Capacity, the *Engliſh Juſtinian*; he new mo-
" delled the Adminiſtration of Juſtice, ſo as to render it
" more ſure and ſummary;" and yet, he ſays, " he had no
" Genius, he cheriſhed a dangerous Ambition, to which he
" did not ſcruple to ſacrifice the Good of his Country,
" ſeized the Merchandize of his Subjects, and did many ar-
" bitrary Acts; a Stretch of Power more ſuitable to the
" Conduct of an *Eaſtern* Monarch, than an *Engliſh* King."
Are not theſe Qualities incompatible in the ſame Character? Can he that equalled our greateſt Monarchs in Capacity, who was a conſummate Legiſlator, a *Juſtinian*, want Genius? Can the King, who rendered Juſtice ſure and ſummary, have robbed his Subjects, and ſtretched his Power to Deſpotiſm? Could the cool, penetrating, ſagacious, circumſpect Prince, cheriſh a dangerous Ambition, to which he did not ſcruple to ſacrifice the Good of his Country? Or if he committed ſuch Acts, can he have poſſeſſed the ſuperior Attributes which your Author has given him; and laſtly, could the ſame Perſon, as the Writer ſays, be " con-
" ſidered as the Flower of *Chivalry*, without the leaſt Spark
" of *Heroiſm.*" Such are the Impoſſibilities he has cramm'd into one Character; which like a Beggar's Bag, contains all Kinds of incongruous Offals. Would it not have been as ſenſible to have ſaid, he was tall, and he was ſhort; he was fat, and he was lean; he was black, and he was fair; Qualities to be found together in the ſame Body, as eaſily as the above are to be diſcovered in the ſame Mind. Are not the *uniform Tenour of public Conduct and ſtriking Paſſages of private Life*, finely *compared* in this Character?

In the Continuation of your Criticiſms on this Work, you tell us, " You are ſurprized to meet with ſuch a *Condenſation*
" of Matter, without Confuſion and Obſcurity." In which Expreſſion of *Condenſation* you are remarkably happy, nothing being more apt to this Hiſtory, diveſted of all which is valuable

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in Writing, than Litharge *condenſed* into Lead, after the Silver has been *retrenched* or taken out of it. You then tell us, "The "Style is neither laboured, nor negligent; neither inflated, "nor humble; but ſtrong, eaſy, and perſpicuous, ſuited to "the Situation; and the Narration is animated with ſuch "Spirit, as ſupports the Attention of the Reader." For the Truth of which, I beg Leave to appeal to the firſt Paragraph of the Hiſtory, already taken Notice of. You then continue, "A wonderful Number of Incidents is arranged in a very "narrow Compaſs, yet each *maintains it's Place.*" As Things always do where there is no Room to move. "The "Memory is not perplexed with a Tumult of Ideas." Very true indeed, very ſcanty in Variety of Ideas. Thus theſe Circumſtances in this Hiſtory, reſemble Herrings in a Barrel, pact together with much Order, and all a like in the Arranging.

However you confeſs, "There are Marks of Careleſſneſs "and Precipitation, which ought to be forgiven in Conſidera- "tion of that Exactneſs, with which the Author has recorded "every Event, that could tend to the Reader's Amuſement." Now, Gentlemen, how came this Hiſtory to be ſo exact, which is marked with Careleſſneſs and Precipitation? You then let fly ſome ſatirical Arrows againſt other Hiſtorians, and add, "This Hiſtory is a round, firm, *compacted Clue of* "*Compoſition*, which may be gradually unwound, without "being ravalled or diſordered." I fancy you are miſtaken, and that this *compacted* Clue of Compoſition, will be looſe, and diſordered in the Manner I ſhall unravel it, before I leave it. "The Reflections," You then add, "Are pertinent, "though very ſcarce." Very ſcarce indeed! "And often "conveyed in a ſingle Word of the Narration." The very Quinteſſence of Reflection, quite new and unheard of. Now for the Inſtances which you give. "Theſe Sacrifices being "made to Juſtice, and PERHAPS to Faction and Re-

" venge. Here the Word *perhaps* ſtands as a Beacon to the " Reader, and abſolutely directs his Reflection." Is not this an Honour never beſtowed on the Adverb *perhaps*, before? " It ſtands like a Beacon." A Beacon is deſigned to give *poſitive* Intelligence of ſome Enemy approaching, which can never reſemble a *perhaps*; that being an indefinite Term, and therefore cannot direct *abſolutely*. And after all, this *perhaps* is no *Reflection* of the Author, but directs the Reader to make *his* Reflection. Is not this a moſt inimitable Reflection for an Hiſtorian? Or without a *perhaps*, is it a Reflection at all? In the next Place you conſider an Epithet as a Reflection. " The three Eſtates were aſked ſeverally their " Opinions of this RIDICULOUS Claim, which they " unanimouſly admitted." Here the Epithet *Ridiculous*, is exhibited as an hiſtorical Reflection. In what Manner is that Word a Reflection upon the Claim of the Duke of *Lancaſter* as you ſay? Is his Title to the Crown examined? are the Reaſon why it was admitted, and the Juſtice of the Deciſion, inveſtigated and compared with the Claim of his Competitor in the Word Ridiculous? I am afraid that Epithet, to ſhow I can *pun* as well as you, is *a Reflection* upon the Author's Underſtanding only. Again you inſtance, " In his Detail of " the Battle of *Agincourt*, *Henry* forthwith commanded all " the Priſoners to be put to the Sword; and this INHUMAN " Order was punctual executed." Here the Epithet *Inhuman* ſtands as an hiſtorical Reflection, without one Syllable of Examination into the Neceſſity *Henry* was under to promulge ſuch rigorous Commands; and whether his Situation would juſtify theſe Proceedings, according to the Rules and Laws of War. Are not his Reflections extremely pertinent, though extremely ſcarce, and which as he tells us, he could not avoid making? To this, you add, " There are numberleſs In- " ſtances of the ſame *Figure*." What *Figure* is it pray, Gentlemen Critics? How long have ſingle Words been denominated *Figures*? Thus you plainly ſee you have taſked

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your Abilities beyond their Powers, as you neither underſtand what makes a *Reflection* in Hiſtory, nor a *Figure* in Speech. After this you beſtow Abundance of Panegyric on this Hiſtorian, to the full as juſtly founded as it is on his *pertinent Reflections*; and then declare, "What we chiefly applaud is "his Candor and Impartiality, from which we think he has "not *once* deviated through his whole Hiſtory." And which Expreſſion I will undertake to prove, you do not underſtand any more than that of Reflection, "And his invio-"lably adhering to Truth."

However you acknowledge, "He is defective in deducing "the Origin of our Conſtitution, from the *Saxons*. The "Alterations it underwent at the Conqueſt, and the Nature "of the feudal Tenures." Defects of great Importance in a Hiſtory of a free People. "It is not ſufficiently circum-"ſtantial in Church-Hiſtory, and the Lives of great Men "are ſlightly touched, and others paſſed over in Silence." What an admirable Compoſition this muſt be, where the Church-Hiſtory is not ſufficiently circumſtantial, and the great Men ſlightly mentioned, or not ſpoken of? Is it not like the *Condenſation* of Lead, with the Silver taken out? In this Opinion you contradict yourſelves alſo. Since you have ſaid before, "Each Incident maintains it's proper Place "in this Hiſtory, and every Event is exactly recorded;" and yet the moſt important are omitted. By which wonderful Contrivance, thoſe Incidents and Events are at *one* Time in *two* Places; *in* the Hiſtory, and *out* of the Hiſtory. "The "Chronology might be better aſcertained." A very conſiderable Error that alſo. "Certain Expreſſions are repeated "too often, and there are certain Lapſes of the Pen." This proves the Style undoubtedly to be neither negligent nor humble. "It wants Tables of Coins, Taxes, and Revenues." All which being imperfect, and omitted; together with the

other Faults, which I have proved to be in it. How comes this to be ſtyled, *A complete Hiſtory of* England ?

After this, " Sacrifice to Candour," As you term it, " you ſubmit to the Reader's Judgment, a few Specimens " of the Author's Manner of Writing." Which you deſcribe in the bombaſt Style of " Seeing the individual Com- " batants, being tranſported into the Midſt of the Engage- " ment, and fighting in Imagination with all the Fervour of " *Henry*'s valiant Followers." This Specimen is the Deſcription of the Battle of *Agincourt*, in which nineteen Parts of twenty, are borrowed from *Rapin*; and thoſe which he has *retrenched*, and in which he has differed from him, the greateſt good Senſe is to be found in that Hiſtorian, and the greateſt Want of it in your Author. The Latter, ſpeaking of *Henry*, " Says in order to extend his Front equal to that " of the Enemy, he was obliged to form his little Army, " into one Line. The right Wing commanded by the " Duke of *York*, &c. was a little Way before the Center, " which the King took under his own Conduct. The Left, " which may be denominated the Rear, as it had not ad- " vanced as far as the other two Diviſions, was left under the " Duke of *Exeter*, and nothing could be more prudent than " this Diſpoſition." For declaring which Opinion you give no Reaſon, and it is probably the firſt Time a General has ever been praiſed, for drawing up his Army in a broken and ſingle Line; becauſe at each Break, it was capable of being flanked by the Enemy, which was more numerous, and after a Shock or Repulſe incapable of being ſuſtained by a ſecond Line. *Rapin*, ſays, Henry *drew up his Army in two Lines, the Duke of* York *commanding the Firſt, and the King the Second.* Let the Reader judge which Diſpoſition was moſt like a General, and why you were of a different Opinion. Your Favourite, ſays, " *Henry* rode along the Line, exhorting, and " encouraging

" encouraging the Soldiers to behave like *Engliſhmen. Rapin, That he rode along the Front, and exhorted his Troops not to fear a Multitude of raw, undiſciplined Soldiers. He repreſented to them, that Victories depended not on Numbers, but in Bravery, and the Aſſiſtance of God.* Particulars adapted to diſpel Fear, and animate the Soldiery, omitted by your Author. Henry, *alſo, perceiving the* French *did not move, ſaid to his Officers with a chearful Voice: Our Enemies have intercepted our Way, let us proceed to break through them in the Name of the Holy Trinity.* Which ſhort Speech delivered with Chearfulneſs, expreſſed as it were a Preſentiment of Victory; and imparted, that Enthuſiaſm to his Followers, which is ſo neceſſary to be communicated to an Army on the Moment of Attack.

Your Author tells us, " The *Engliſh* Bowmen had ad-
" vanced beyond their Stakes to make their general diſcharge;
" but ſeeing the Enemies Cavalry in Motion to attack them,
" they retired within their Palliſadoes, with admirable Or-
" der and Dexterity." To this *Rapin* adds a moſt eſſential Circumſtance, which the other neglects. *The King had diſciplined his Men for ſome Days, to retire with Dexterity behind their Stakes.*

Your Favourite tells us, " Though this Front-line of the
" *French*, conſiſted of the beſt Troops, animated by the
" Preſence and Example of ſo many Noblemen, and com-
" manded by the Conſtable in Perſon, it could not ſuſ-
" tain the Impetuoſity of the Attack, and being once diſ-
" ordered, *all Oppoſition was at an End.*" And notwithſtanding after this, he continues the Battle, and gives an Account " Of eighteen *French* Knights all determined to take
" *Henry* dead or alive. Of one of them ſtunning him
" with a Battle-Axe. Of *David Gam*, the *Welch* Captain;
" and two other Officers of the ſame Nation, ruſhing be-
" tween him and his Aſſailants, and looſing their Lives in
" his Defence. Of *Henry* and *Gloucester* ruſhing into the

" Midſt

" Midſt of the Enemies, quite ſeperated from the Troops. " Of *Glouceſter*'s being felled, and *Henry* covering him. Af- " ter this of the Duke of *Alencon* reſolving to make an At- " tack; his ruſhing upon *Henry*, being ſtruck to the Ground " by him, and killed by the *Engliſh* Troops. And all this While, " The third Line was ſtill entire." That is, the third Line was ſtill entire, though the firſt and ſecond " Was " ſo diſordered, that they were not able to rally; had no " Room to turn, and were ſo encumbered by one another, " that they themſelves contributed to the Victory of the *En-* " *gliſh*, who ſlaughtered them in Heaps until their Arms " were tired with the Carnage." Now you would oblige me by explaining, how the firſt and ſecond Lines could run away; never rally; be ſlaughtered in Heaps, and the third Line look on ſtill entire, and then Charge; and all this, after your Author has declared, " All Oppoſition was at an " End."

On the other Hand, *Rapin* like a Man ſkilled in Military Affairs, tells us, *That the two hundred Bowmen concealed in the Meadow, plied the Horſe with their Arrows, and put them into greater Diſorder as the Horſes ſunk up to their Knees in the Ground, ſoftened with the Rain.* Which is an eſſential and characteriſtic Cauſe of two hundred Archers, throwing a numerous Cavalry into Diſorder, and of *Henry's* Foreſight in producing ſo great an Effect, from ſo ſmall a Number. The Ground into which they ſunk, being ſufficient to create Confuſion in the Charge; as the Horſes, by ſome ſticking in the Ground, and others preſſing upon them, muſt thereby be diſordered. *Rapin*, ſays alſo, *Though the firſt Charge of the* Engliſh *was very vigorous, they were repulſed with ſome Loſs; but that it was not capable of diſheartening Men, determined to conquer or die. That after breathing, they charged with ſuch Reſolution, that it was not poſſible for their Enemies to ſtand the Shock; and that this ſecond Attack was more difficultly repulſed,*

becauſe

because the French *at the same Time felt themselves set upon in the Flank by the* English *Horse, ambushed behind the Wood. That the first Line of the* French *taking to flight, the* English *were stopt by the second. Men while, that* Henry *advanced with his second Line as the first gained Ground; and stood ready to support his Men, who would have been in Danger of being routed; whilst the first Body, after so gallant a Fight, were retiring to the Right and Left, to rally in the Rear. That* Henry *alighting from his Horse presented himself to the Enemy, with undaunted Courage.* In this second Charge, according to *Rapin*, all the Feats of the Knights, *Henry*, *Glouceſter*, and *Alençon*, were performed. Thus according to his Deſcription, Reaſons are aſſigned for the Length of the Battle, the Cauſe of its Succeſs, and Time for the Variety of the Incidents, whereas your Hiſtorian routs all with a ſingle Line, and gives an Account of fighting after all Oppoſition was at an End.

In *Rapin*, all is viſible and clear: his Deſcription, like a Pool of tranſparent Water, repreſents the Images of every Thing around, whereas your learned Doctor, in his Deſcription, reſembles an Aſs that has trotted into this Pool, and diſturbing the dirty Contents at the Bottom, deſtroyed its Power of repreſenting any diſtinct Object, making it all one Puddle and Confuſion. By drawing up the Army in one broken Line, inſtead of two entire ones, by omitting the Expreſſions and Chearfulneſs of *Henry*, which diſtinguiſh his military Capacity, in the Duty of animating his Troops at the Moment of the Onſet, ſo eſſential to a Commander, by neglecting to mention that he had diſciplined his Soldiers, to retire behind the Stakes in Time of Action, taking Advantage of the ſoft Ground; of inventing new Manners of Attack, and new Arms, ſo abſolutely neceſſary to a General in all Battles, as *Xenophon* has juſtly remarked, and *Rapin* underſtood. He has deprived him of the Honour of his great Generalſhip, by condemning *Henry*'s Conduct, in expoſing him-

himſelf at a Moment, when it is the Duty of every General in ſimilar Circumſtances, to offer his Life in animating his Soldiers to Conqueſt; he has ſhewn he cannot diſtinguiſh according to Circumſtances. All which are ſo many Proofs how unequal he is to the Task of an Hiſtorian, that Perplexity, inſtead of Perſpicuity is the genuine Characteriſtic of this learned Doctor, and that a Pair of Sciſſars ſhould never be truſted in his Hands to *retrench* former Hiſtorians, for Fear of committing Murder on their Works.

As an Inſtance of his Propriety and Preſervation of Circumſtances, he has ſaid of the Diſtemper which raged among the *Engliſh*, "it was ſo violent, they are ſaid to have fought "without Breeches, to ſave the Trouble of *untruſſing*." What a ludicrous Image is introduced amidſt the Deſcription of a Battle ſcarce equall'd in Heroiſm and Slaughter, and how unbecoming the Dignity of an Hiſtorian.

Such is the Specimen of your Champion's Manner of Writing. After thus having depreciated the Merits of other Hiſtorians in drawing Characters, you proceed to ſay, "we "think our Author particularly happy in the Pourtraits he "has exhibited;" in which you and I differ in Opinion; and tho' you have aſſigned no Reaſon for yours, I will for mine, *becauſe Impoſſibilities cannot exiſt in the ſame Individual*; and which, tho' already ſufficiently explained, I ſhall examine the two following Characters, which you have given as Inſtances of his Merit in that Manner of Writing. He ſays, "*Henry* the Fourth poſſeſſed a great Share of *Courage*, "yet he was humble from *Fear*; a great Share of *Fortitude*, "and yet he was *tame* from Caution; a great Share of *Pe*-"*tration*, and yet he was *ſuperſtitious*." Pray, Gentlemen, how can theſe Contrarieties exiſt in the ſame Perſon, particularly the *Courage* and *Fear*, the *Fortitude* and *Tameneſs*; nay, he ſays, this *timid tame* man, "was naturally *im*-"*perious*, and was without the leaſt Tincture of *Virtue*," and

yet

yet he poſſeſſed a great Share of *Courage* and *Fortitude*, two Qualities, one of which the *Romans* diſtinguiſhed by the name of *Virtus*, always reckoned amongſt the *Virtues*, till you aroſe to dignify the liberal Arts, and excluded them the Liſt. Can there be any Thing more abſurd and impoſſible? And yet you declare, " here is nothing vague, ſuperfluous or " unfiniſhed." God bleſs your critical Sculls for the Deciſion. You then inform us from him, that " *Richard* the " Third was a Caricatura of the ſame Family. In *our* Au- " thor's Deſcription he appears marquée au bon coin," which I aſſure you, Gentlemen, to be neither Truth nor good *French*, HE being maſculine in that Language, whatever it may may be in *Scotch*, and marquée Feminine, and therefore falſe Grammar. But let me examine this Character ſo truly delineated.

" *Richard* was the moſt cruel unrelenting Tyrant that " ever ſat on the Throne of *England*; his ruling Paſſion was " Ambition, for the Gratification of which he trampled upon " every Law both human and divine. It was the Ambition " of a Savage, not a Prince. Yet after his Acceſſion to the " Throne, his Adminiſtration in general was conducted by " the Rules of Juſtice: He enacted ſalutary Laws, and eſta- " bliſhed wiſe Regulations, and if his Reign had been pro- " tracted, he might have proved an excellent King to the " *Engliſh* Nation." You can explain all this, I preſume, how a Man who generally adminiſtred Juſtice, enacted ſalutary Laws, and eſtabliſhed wiſe Regulations, can have been the moſt cruel, unrelenting Tyrant that ever ſat on this Throne, and how a Savage in Ambition might have proved an excellent King for *England?* Here your Author is marque au bon coin. This, Gentlemen, is Contradiction, not Caricatura, the latter, according to Painters, being an Aggravation of the Features of a Face, your Hiſtorian gives ſuch as never exiſted in the ſame Village. He might as well

have ſaid, that tho' *Richard* had one Shoulder higher than the other, yet that both were equal. Is he not particularly happy in his Pourtraits? Such are the Talents of him whom you have ſo laviſhly praiſed for his Skill in drawing Characters; like a Dauber in Painting, in whoſe Pieces all the Figures are equally preſent to the Eye, without Harmony or Art in Perſpective and Colouring; whereas the Particulars of one Character ſhould be diſpoſed like the Figures in a compleat Piece of Hiſtory Painting, the ruling Diſpoſition, like the firſt Figure, in the moſt ſtriking Situation, and all the others going off in due Degree of Strength and Subordination, as they are found to exiſt in the Character of the Perſon, and in the Pictures of a Maſter.

I come now to the Proof of his Partiality, and Neglect of Truth, which ſhall be taken from the Character of *Mary* Queen of *Scots*, and of yours in declaring his Candour, in which he has never failed once through the whole Hiſtory. He tells us, "Perhaps the Charms of her Perſon, and the Ac-"compliſhments of her Sex, in which ſhe far out ſhone all "her Cotemporaries, contributed as much to her Ruin, as "did her Title to the Crown of *England*. *Elizabeth* not only "dreaded *Mary* as the Rival of her Dignity, but alſo envied "her ſuperior Qualifications. The Queen of *England* ſeems "to have been in a great Meaſure actuated by perſonal Ma-"lice, founded upon the Reſult of a Compariſon between "her own Character, and that of the all accompliſhed *Mary* "Queen of *Scots*. *Mary*, bating ſome Acts of Indiſcretion, "excuſable from her Youth, was a Lady poſſeſſed of the "moſt amiable Virtues, over and above her amazing Beau-"ty, and the exquiſite Symmetry of her Perſon, ſhe was "learned, penetrating, invincibly ſecret, unaffectedly pious, "meek, affable, magnanimous, and endowed with ſuch For-"titude as no Adverſity could diſcompoſe."

In

In this Account the ſame national Partiality and Prejudice which he has ſhewn for his Countrymen in the Review, is exhibited in Favour of *Mary* Queen of *Scots*, and the ſame Averſion which he has manifeſted to *Engliſh* and *Iriſhmen*, in his depreciating *Elizabeth* Queen of *England*.

Could *Elizabeth* have put *Mary* to Death after nineteen Years Impriſonment on Account of her Beauty? an Object of Reſentment which muſt have been pretty well worn off by Age from *Mary*, and from *Elizabeth*, as every Day muſt have rendered one leſs beautiful, and the other leſs anxious about it, if ſhe ever was anxious, who reſolved never to marry. It was the Conſent and Combination of *Mary* with thoſe who intended to aſſaſſinate the Queen of *England*, that proved the Cauſe of her Death. *Elizabeth* found that no Length of Time could cure them of attempting her Life; wherefore to be at Eaſe, and preſerve the Nation's Tranquility, ſhe conſented to the Trial and Execution of the Queen of *Scots*. *Mary* " out ſhone all her Cotemporaries in the Accompliſhments of " her Sex." Did ſhe know more Languages? Was ſhe better inſtructed in Science? Did ſhe rule with more Prudence? Chuſe Miniſters with greater Sagacity? Cheriſh her Subjects and ſupport the Dignity of her Crown with greater Glory than *Elizabeth*? " She was penetrating and pious." The Princeſs whom the Hiſtorians of her own Time, of her own Court, and of her own Kingdom, *Melvill* and *Buchanan*, have delivered down, as making *Rizzio* an *Italian* Fiddler her prime Miniſter, whoſe Levity with him gave Occaſion to think it criminal, and which procured him his Aſſaſſination; who buried this Man amongſt the Kings of *Scotland*; who endeavoured to corrupt her Judges in Favour of *Bothwell*, when he was to be tried for attempting to murder *Murray*; who gave public Teſtimony of hating her Husband, and loſt all Shame in her Amours with *Bothwell*; who by hypocritical Letters and Viſits perſuaded the King to return to *Edinburgh*; who is accuſed of conſpiring his Death, and

ſur-

ſurveying his dead Body without one Tear or Mark of Grief after his Murder; who married *Bothwell* that had divorced his Wife on Purpoſe, the Man actually concerned in the King's Murder, or in cauſing it to be perpetrated. "Such are "the Acts of Indiſcretion excuſable from Youth in the pene- "trating, pious *Mary* Queen of *Scots*, poſſeſſed of the moſt "amiable Virtues, and accompliſhed beyond all her Cotem- raries." What Neglect of Truth? What egregious Partiality? And yet there is not one Inſtance of Want of Candor in all this Hiſtory. The Conduct of *Mary*, even as repreſented with all the improbable Circumſtances taken from a *Scotch* Enthuſiaſt, who, if I remember well, compares her to the Virgin *Mary*, manifeſts no Piety, Penetration or Accompliſhments ſuperior to *Elizabeth*; but I am weary of choping the ſame Block.

Thus, Gentlemen, I have examined into the Merits of your Hero, as an Hiſtorian, and of him and you as Critics, from the Paſſages which you have ſelected to ſhew his Excellencies, and wherefore you can perceive, in him, that "he has imi- "tated *Thucydides* in Weight." (Indeed he is heavy enough) "and Conciſeneſs," though he does not underſtand the Language in which he wrote; "*Livy* in Painting," where his Battles and Deſcriptions are all Confuſion and Turbulence; "*Guicciardini* in Characters," where the Diſpoſitions, like a Company of blind Beggars in Drink, are continually runing one againſt another, or like the Men riſing from the Dragon's Teeth, demoliſhing their Companions. Certainly you muſt be excellent Judges of Literature, but if peradventure the Writer of the Hiſtory ſhould be the ſole Criticiſer of his own Work, ſo laviſh in its Praiſe, how much muſt we admire his Modeſty, which alone can equal his Skill as an Hiſtorian and Critic.

After having thus far, in purſuit of Juſtice, explored and explained the Abſurdities of this Hiſtory, the ſame Love of

Truth

Truth ſhall make me declare its Merit. Heaven forbid I ſhould participate of the Prejudices and Partiality of you, Gentlemen *Scotch* Critics. There is a Book entitled, *The* * *Marrow of the* Engliſh *Hiſtory*; this has been thought too ſlippery to be retained in the Reader's Memory. The learned Doctor's Performance has been by ſome Readers conſidered as the dry Bones, and thought too dry ever to find Admiſſion into our Remembrance; however, its Excellence conſiſts in its Aptitude for uniting with the Marrow, by which Means the latter may be made ſolid enough to be retained, and the former ſlippery enough to enter into the Intellects of their Readers, and this I hope will prove an Advantage to both Productions.

Such is the Hiſtory of *England* written by this learned Doctor, Critic, and Hiſtorian, the very Plan of which, like an Ideot's Coat, declares that it muſt be void of all internal Merit; however, that I may not reſemble him in his Averſion for all Writers, but thoſe of his own Nation, I ſhall avoid all Intimation of his requeſting his Readers to compare him with any Hiſtorian but thoſe of his own Country, to evince this Truth: That no Work has ever ſo effectually afforded a Demonſtration, that the Writer is incapacitated for his Undertaking. Let this Hiſtory, therefore, be read, together with thoſe of Mr. *Guthrie* and Mr. *Hume*, by which the infinite Diſparity will appear, and the Merits of the latter be found to ariſe from an Exhibition of Faculties not to be diſcovered in the Work, nor indeed to be conceived in the Underſtanding of the learned Doctor.

This Work of ſuch ſuperior Merit, is dedicated to Mr. *Pitt*, whom your Hero, amongſt other great Qualities, praiſes for his being "an undaunted Aſſertor of *Britiſh* Li-" berty;" which Eulogy he undoubtedly deſerves. But I wiſh

* Medulla Hiſtoriæ Anglicanæ.

wiſh to know, ſince he has beſtowed that Title on him in his Dedication, for what Reaſon he has in the critical Review diſtinguiſhed the Author of the Letters to the People of *England*, by the Appellations of " inſidious Scribler, Ene-" my to the Government, and Sower of the Seeds of Civil " Diſſention." Which Way am I to reconcile this Panegyric and Abuſe upon two Men, who, though the latter willingly confeſſes his vaſt Inferiority, have endeavoured the ſame Thing. The meaneſt Soldier in the Army ſhares the Applauſe of Conqueſt with the General. Muſt not he then have gone contrary to his Conviction in his Praiſe, or in his Slander? but probably, void of all Principle, like the Needle unimpregnated with the Virtue of the Magnet, he points to all Quarters, as Accident, Caprice, Paſſion or Intereſt directs him, his Animoſity and Envy prompting him to calumniate the Author of the Letters, and his Expectation of Advantage to praiſe the Secretary of State.

Thus, Gentlemen *Scotch* Critics, I have fairly enquired into the Abilities which you have taſked for exerciſing the Art of Criticiſm, in which it appears from your Manners, that you cannot be Gentlemen; from your Unſkillfulneſs in Languages, that you cannot be Scholars; from your Ignorance in Theology, Metaphyſics and Phyſics, that you cannot be Philoſophers; from your Deficiency in Medicine, that you cannot be Phyſicians; from your being Strangers to Hiſtory, that you know not human Nature; from your Shallowneſs in the *Belles Lettres*, and Productions of Arts, that you poſſeſs no Taſte; and from all, that you are totally unacquainted with every Kind of Literature.

In like Manner, it is evident from your Prejudices againſt the *Engliſh* and *Iriſh*, you are Strangers to Candor; from your Partiality to your own Countrymen, that you are no Enemies to Dunces; that you have promiſed what you have not performed, and are abſolutely incapacitated from perform-

forming what you have taſked your Abilities to execute, and to ſpeak in your Gentleman-like Words ; " Sorry I am that " Truth obliges me to declare this pretended *Critical Re-* " *view*, a very trivial, inſipid, injudicious, and defective " Performance, without Plan, Method, Learning, Accuracy, " or Elegance; an unmeaning Compoſition of Shreds, Rags, " and Remnants, torn away without Art, and ſewed toge- " ther without Order or Propriety, a Variety of Nothing- " neſs, a patched and pye-ball'd Linſey Woolſey Nothing. " I ſpeak not from Spleen or private Reſentment ;" having, I humbly preſume, proved all this to Satisfaction againſt you.

In Fact, it is known you are a Cabal of refugee *Scotchmen*, who ſtyle yourſelves Phyſicians; who from innate Hate have combined to depreciate the Productions of all *Engliſh* and *Iriſh* Phyſicians and Writers; and innate Prejudice and Favour, to exalt thoſe of your own Countrymen, and keep Stupidity in Countenance; and probably you might originally be ſimple enough to believe that the timid would be awed into a Fear of your Criticiſm and Slander, and pay for praiſing their Performances. In this I imagine you have miſcarried, from the Motto of your ſeventeenth Number.

Ploravere ſuis non reſpondere favorem
Speratum meritis. ———

Which being interpreted, may ſignify, we are ſorry that the Sale of our Annals does not defray the Expence of Printing. Then you tell us, at the End of your firſt Number, " that " you have been ſtudious to cater Variety for your Gueſts," which ends the Number as it began, in falſe Grammar, cater being a Verb neuter. At which Time you ſaid, and have ſince continued, " *If* we have omitted Beauties, and " exaggerated Blemiſhes ; *if* we have afforded any Reaſon

" to

" to doubt our Taſte or Integrity, we profeſs ourſelves " open to Conviction and Reproof; and ſhould any Per- " ſon take the Trouble to demonſtrate our Errors and Miſ- " conduct, we will endeavour to improve by his Cenſure, " and kiſs the Rod of Correction." Theſe Things being, I preſume, at preſent proved againſt you, without an *if*, it is expected you comply with this Promiſe, and kiſs the Rod of Correction. Otherwiſe your Countryman, Dr. *Kennedy*, whoſe *refined Wit, elegant Style, pertinent Reflections, keen Satyr, and profound Learning*, place him, at leaſt, upon a Level with the moſt exalted of your Countrymen; (for Heaven forſend I ſhould not commend Merit in a Gentleman, becauſe he is a *Scotchman*) and make him bluſh for your prejudiced Proceedings, has determined to prepare a ſecond Bundle *of whipping Rods for trifling ſcurrhill Scriblers*. Wherefore I would adviſe you, whatever your Contempt may be for mine, to revere the Might of his Pen, and cloſely conſider the following Proverb, taken from *Allan Ramſey*'s Collection of *Scotch* Proverbs, adapted to your Taſte, and as it is in *Scotch*, it may probably be underſtood by you.

He that has his Cods in a cloven Stick, maun wyſe them out the beſt Way he can. Chap. xv. p. 43. Number 35. *Edinburgh* Edition.

ERRATA.

PAGE 11. l. 26. for anable, r. enable. P. 25. l. 18. for you and, r. and you. P. 34. l. 21, r. *of* Perugia. P. 35. l. 30. for ξκεδὸν r. σχεδὸν. P. 49. l. 3. for Julius, r. Icilius. P. 51. l. 17. r. Grapling-iron-fixed-along-Side. P. 76. l. 26. for Andran, r. Audran. P. 88. laſt Line, add, to kill, in *Terence* to ſquander. P. 94. l. 18. for Duret, r. Durer. P. 99. l. 11. for τνδεὺς, r. τυδέως. P, 114. l. 28. r. Learning *in* this. P. 117. l. 9. r. tell *us* at laſt. Beſides theſe, correct many Errors in Punctuation.