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THE
T R Y A L
OF
Colley Cibber, Comedian, &c.

For writing a B O O K intitled

An APOLOGY for his LIFE, &c.

BEING

A thorough Examination thereof; wherein he is proved guilty of *High Crimes* and *Misdemeanors* against the *English Language*, and in characterising many Persons of Distinction.

Lo! HE hath written a B O O K!

TOGETHER WITH

AN INDICTMENT exhibited against
ALEXANDER POPE of *Twickenbam*, Esq;

FOR

NOT exerting his TALENTS at this Juncture:

AND

The ARRAIGNMENT of GEORGE CHEYNE,
Physician at *Bath*, for the *Philosophical*, *Physical*,
and *Theological Heresies*, uttered in his last Book
ON REGIMEN.

L O N D O N:

Printed for the AUTHOR; and sold by W. LEWIS in
Russel-Street; and E. CURLL in *Rose-Street*, *Covent-
Garden*; Mess. DODSLEY, JACKSON, JOLLIFFE,
and BRINDLEY, in *St. James's* and *Bond-Street*, and
at all Booksellers in *London* and *Westminster*. 1740.

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T O

Mr. RALPH of *Redriff*.*

S I R,

THE present most agreeable Amusement of the Town, is a Book intitled, *An Apology for the LIFE of Mr. COLLEY CIBBER, &c.* and in Pages 231, 232, 233, of this Work, is delineated the following true, yet most remarkable Character, *viz.*

“ The Toleration of *three* Companies
“ in 1738, gave Encouragement to a
“ broken Wit to collect a *fourth* Com-
“ pany, who for some Time acted Plays
“ in the *Hay-Market*. — — This enter-
“ prising Person, I say (whom I do not
“ chuse to name unless it could be to his
“ Advantage, or that it was of Impor-
“ tance) had Sense enough to know, that

* In old Records *Rotherhythe*.

“ the best Plays with bad Actors would
“ turn but to a very poor Account ; and
“ therefore found it necessary to give the
“ Public some Pieces of an extraordinary
“ Kind ; the Poetry of which he con-
“ ceived ought to be so strong, that the
“ greatest Dunce of an Actor could not
“ spoil it : He knew too that, as he was
“ in Haste to get Money, it would take
“ up less Time to be intrepidly abusive,
“ than decently entertaining : That, to
“ draw the Mob after him, he must rake
“ the Kennel, and pelt their Superiors :
“ That, to shew himself Somebody, he
“ must come up to *Juvenal's* Advice.

*Aude aliquid brevibus Gyariis, & Carcere
dignum
Si vis esse aliquis.*————

“ Such then was the mettlesome Mo-
“ desty he set out with. Upon this Prin-
“ ciple he produced several frank and
“ free Farces, which seemed to knock all
“ Distinctions of Mankind on the Head ;
“ Religion, Laws, Government, Priests,
“ Judges, and Ministers, were all lay'd
“ flat at the Feet of this *Herculean Sa-*
“ *tirist* : This *Drawcancer* in Wit, who
“ spared neither Friend nor Foe ; who to
“ make his Poetical Fame immortal, like
“ another *Erostratus*, set Fire to his Stage,
“ by

(v)

“ by writing up to an Act of Parliament
“ to *demolish* it. I shall not give the Stroked
“ of his Ingenuity a Chance to be re-
“ membered, by reciting them ; it may
“ be enough to say, in general Terms,
“ they were so openly flagrant, that the
“ Wisdom of the Legislature thought it
“ high Time to take a proper Notice of
“ them.”

You very well know, SIR, who sat for
this Picture ; but, as neither the Person
nor his Writings are thought worth nam-
ing by the judicious Historian, even let
him undisturbed enjoy his beloved Pri-
vacy.

*Silence, ye Wolves! while Ralph to Cyn-
thia howls,
And makes Night hideous.— Answer him ye
Owls!*

This Distich, Sir, was bestowed by Mr.
Pope upon a doughty Namesake of yours,
who is now say'd to be Squire of the *British*
CHAMPION, a Libel published every *Post-*
Night : And that this poor Wretch might
stand “ a Chance of being remembered,”
Scriblers gives us the following Particu-
lars of him, *viz.*

“ JAMES RALPH, Author of a swear-
“ ing Piece called *SAWNEY*, very abu-
“ five

“ five of Dr. Swift, Mr. Gay, and Mr.
“ Pope. These Lines allude to a Thing
“ of his, intitl'd *NIGHT*, a *Poem*.

*Visit thus the Glimpses of the Moon,
Making Night hideous. Shak. Ham.*

“ This low Writer constantly puffed his
“ own Works, with Panegyrics in
“ the *Weekly Journals* ; one of the
“ dullest of which he wrote ; and
“ once in particular he praised himself
“ highly above Mr. *Addison*, in wretched
“ Remarks upon that Gentleman's Ac-
“ count of *English Poets*, printed in the
“ *London Journal*, Sept. 1728. He is
“ wholly illiterate, and knows no Lan-
“ guage, not even *French*. Being advised
“ to read the *Rules of Dramatic Poetry*,
“ before he began a Play, he smiled and
“ replied, *Shakespeare* wrote without
“ *Rules*. Shortly after, he most barba-
“ rously murdered Mr. *Banks's* Tragedy
“ of the *Earl of Essex*, by a Diction much
“ worse than a *Bartholomew-Fair* Droll.
“ This Fellow likewise, by attending an
“ Alehouse in *Barbican*, frequented by
“ some prating Journeymen Builders,
“ published a critical *Pamphlet* upon the
“ *Buildings of London*, especially the
“ Churches, none of which please him,
“ as

“ as he was bred a Fanatic.” See DUNCIAD, B. iii. & *alib.*

Such being the genuine Characters of this *par nobile fratrum*, Authors of the CHAMPION, I shall next lay before you, SIR, some *Excerpta* from a few of their Libels*, *viz.* Because Mr. C--bb-r would not give Mr. PASQUIN a Chance to be remembered, for any of his Writings, from *Tom Thumb* to *Tumble-down-Dick*, in two Papers, bearing Date, *April 22, and 29,* he tells a silly Story of *Caligula's Cockle-Shells*; talks of Mr. *Rich's Pantomimes*; hints at Lord *Bolingbroke's* and Dean *Swift's* writing their own Histories; establishes Mr. *Cibber's* Reputation as a Dramatic Writer, by mentioning several of his Plays; and then lays hold of an *Erratum* of the Press, BUT instead of NOT; and roars out like a half-starved *Hockley-Hole BULL*, in a most stupid Criticism at Mr. *Cibber's* not understanding the Meaning of the Word *Adept*, because a Singer was not yet an *Adept* in her Profession, any more than poor *Pasquin* is as a Dramatic Writer. This Blunder being fully proved by the *Second Edition* of Mr. *Cibber's* Life, in the *Third Edition*, which will shortly appear, *Pasquin* and his Writings will still lye dormant, without any Chance of being
remem-

remembered. This self-conceited *Hibernian* Critic drives on; and, after reading over 297 Pages of the Book, carps at about one Page of the Author's *Phraseology*, without the least Attempt to mend it.

There are two other Papers quibbling at meer Trifles; and I dare say, Sir, when you have perused them, you will be of Opinion, with me, that instead of these Writers making the Public laugh, they, for their Blunders, deserve to be laughed at.

I am Sir,

Your Humble Servant,

T. JOHNSON.



INTRODUCTION.



THESE two antique maimed Statues at *Rome*, under the Denominations of *PASQUIN* and *MARFORIO*, (which may be seen curiously delineated in *Misson's Travels to Italy*) are now dignified and distinguished (by *The CHAMPION* and his doughty Squire *RALPH*, under the Names of Captain *Hercules Vinegar*.) And as the Backs of these venerable Heroes have been always reckon'd broad enough to bear whatever Scandals, *true* or *false*, have been stuck upon them, every Body has taken the Liberty of pulling off what they disliked.

The same laudable Liberty is now, and will be hereafter taken by every *British* Subject (since their Names are changed without Act of Parliament) with whatever

Pasquinade or *Vinegarade* shall be posted up against them every *Post-night* by the *Clare-Market* CHAMPION, whose Statue will shortly be set up before the Door of his Printer *, in *Stanhope-Street*; as the Statue of Captain *Hercules Vinegar*, will at the same Time be, at that End of *Vinegar-Yard* next *Drury-Lane*.

Imprimis, As therefore the abovesaid Captain *Hercules Vinegar*, not having the Fear of God before his Eyes, has brought himself within the *Coventry Act*, by maiming, with an Intent to murder, in the most barbarous Manner, the good Name and Fame of Mr. *Colley Cibber* Comedian, late Patentee of the Theatre-Royal, (and at present Poetical Ode-Master to his Majesty's Household now at *Hanover*, whom God long preserve both at Home and Abroad, for the Good of his Subjects, as well *German* as *British*): We do therefore, in the Name of our Sovereign Lord the King, and in the fourteenth Year of his Reign, exhibit the first Libel brought, and with his own Hand written, by the said Captain *Hercules Vinegar* aforesaid, against the well-known Reputation and Biogra-

* One *Smith*, a very obscure Typographer, who remov'd from *Spittle-Fields* to (his proper Center of Gravity) *Clare-Market*, to print *The CHAMPION*.

phical Character of Mr. *Colley Cibber*, &c. &c. &c. which he has taken the Liberty to introduce with, and at the same Time profaning the Words of *Horace*, by applying them to his wicked Purpose, on the 22d Day of *April* last past (*alias* the Month of *Fools*) and in the present Year of our Lord 1740, *To wit*,

—*melius non tangere clamo.* HOR.

IT may, I believe, be affirmed that the Generality of Mankind (I mean such as are at all acquainted with History) know much more of former Times than their own. Most of us may be considered like the Spectators of one of Mr. *Rich's* Entertainments; we see Things only in the Light in which that truly ingenious and learned *Entertainmatic* Author is pleased to exhibit them, without perceiving the several Strings, Wires, Clock-work, &c. which conduct the Machine; and thus we are diverted with the Sights of Serpents, Dragons, and Armies, whereas indeed those Objects are no other than Pieces of stuff'd Cloth, painted Wood, and Hobby-Horses; as such of his particular Friends as are admitted behind the Scenes, without any Danger of *interrupting his Movements*, very well know.

In the same Manner we are deceived in the Grand Pantomimes played on the Stage of Life, where there is often no less Difference between the Appearances and Reality of Men and Things, and where those who are utter Strangers to the Springs of the political Motion, judging by Habits, Posts or Titles, have actually mistaken Men for Heroes, Patriots and Politicians, who have been in fact as mere Machines as any used by the aforesaid Mr. *Rich*: For when a Man is absolutely void of Capacity, it matters not whether his Skin be stuff'd with *Guts* or Straw, or whether his Face be made of Wood or Brass.

As History cannot furnish any Instance of political Pantomime equal with the following, I shall set it down at length for the Entertainment of my unlearned Readers, as I have concisely translated it from *Suetonius* in his Life of *Caligula*.

This Hero (says my Author) having sent a few of his Guards over the *Rhine*, where they were to conceal themselves, ordered an Alarm to be brought to him after Dinner, of the Enemy's Approach in vast Numbers. Upon which he presently hastened with his chief Officers, and a Party of the Pretorian Horse, into the next Wood, whence he returned with sham Trophies of a Victory, upbraiding the Cowardice of those who stayed behind,
and

and crowning the Companions and Partakers of his Victory with Chaplets of a new Name and Species. Another Time, having privately sent forth some of his Hostages, he arose hastily from his Supper and brought them back in Chains, boasting of his Pantomime Adventure in the most extravagant Manner ; desiring those who told him that all the Troops were returned from the Expedition, to sit down in their Armour, and ridiculously repeating to them a celebrated Verse of *Virgil* ; in which *Æneas* encourages his Followers to *persevere in encountering all Dangers and Toils in Hopes of their future Happiness* ; inveighing bitterly at the same Time against the Senate, and those *Romans* who were absent, and enjoyed the Pleasures of *Rome*, whilst *Cæsar* exposed himself to such imminent Dangers. *Lastly*, He drew out his Army on the Sea-shore, and disposed every Thing as for a Battle, no one knowing or even guessing what he intended ; when suddenly he ordered all the Soldiers to fill their Helmets with Cockles, which he called the Spoils of the Ocean, worthy of a Place in the *Roman* Temples. Here, after he had built a Tower as a Monument of his Victory, the Remains of which are still extant, according to *Pitiscus*, called by the *English* the *Old Man*, he rewarded his Soldiers with 100 *Denarii*
per

per Man; and not contented yet with all this Pageantry, he writ to *Rome* to demand a Triumph.

Ridiculous as this Parade now appears, it is probable not a few of the more ignorant *Romans* were imposed on by it, and looked on *Caligula* as a real Conqueror; a Circumstance, which if we consider the several Tricks played since by Ministers and Statesmen, will not appear so strange or incredible. It is History which strips off the Mask, and shews Things in their true Light; but this is not written, or at least published, 'till the ensuing Age, and for the Good of Posterity. I often lament that being an old Man, I have but little Hopes of seeing those Histories of their own Times, which two of our Contemporaries, of very great Genius, are said to be compiling.

But at the same Time I cannot help felicitating myself and my Countrymen that one learned Man hath thought fit to indulge his own Age with the History of his Times: For tho' from a peculiar Modesty which shines in all the Actions of this great Man, he calls it only an *Apology for his own Life*, and tho' some imagined it would have been confined only to the Theatre, yet certain it is that this valuable Work hath much greater Matters in View, and may as properly be stiled an
Apo-

Apology for the Life of ONE who hath played a very comical Part, which, tho' Theatrical, hath been acted on a much larger Stage than *Drury-Lane*.

And here I cannot help mentioning some whimsical Opinions which perhaps the Novelty of the Attempt may have occasioned; for tho' the Offspring be of such a Bulk as is generally thought a Security from being soon buried in a Bandbox, and the good Parent seems to imagine that he hath produced, as well as my Lord *Clarendon*, a κτήμα ἐς αἰῶνα; for he refuses to quote any Thing out of *Pasquin*, * lest he should give it a Chance of being remembered: Yet some imagined there is great Reason to apprehend with him in *Horace*, *Ne sit superstes*; for Goody — the Midwife hath been seen to shake her Head, and Nurse *Lewis* complains that it lies in a heavy Lump in the Nursery, and cannot be carried abroad even this fine Weather: Nay, several Grammatical Physicians have not scrupled to say that the Child is produced from *Mala Stamina*, and instead of being born with all its Senses, hath indeed no Sense in it. As for the Vulgar, they are as incredulous with regard to this, as to some other Births, and

* This Slight (as it really would any Dramatic Writer) has justly enraged Captain *Hercules Vinegar* to lop off the Laureat's Head, as one belonging to his *Monster Hydra*.

will

will not believe there was any Offspring at all: To justify which Suspicion, they alledge that a Guinea hath been insisted on for the Sight of it, a Price which it is improbable any one would give barely to *satisfy his Curiosity*. They pretend that the vast Difference between the pale Countenances of those Children, which at all resemble the Father, such as Master *Cæsar* in *Egypt*, the *Heroick Daughter*, the *Refusal*, and *Love in a Riddle*, all dead long ago, and the stronger Complexion of some others, has brought the Chastity of his his Muse into Question: Nay, they aver that his Muse herself hath been long incapable of bringing any Thing to the least Form; for that of late Years, she hath only *miscarried* of strange Lumps called *Odes* and *Gazetteers*. Lastly, They affirm that the old Gentleman hath been dead some Time, and that the Laurel (the Heir-Loom of their Family) hath fallen down on the Head of his Son.

But notwithstanding such malicious Suggestions, I have the Pleasure to assure the Reader, (to drop the Allegory) that there is such a Book to be had at Mr. *Lewis's* in *Covent-Garden*, treating of all manner of Matters promiscuously; that is to say, of Ministers and Actors, Parliaments and Play-houses, of Liberty, Ope-
good

ras, Farces, C. C. R. W. † and many other good Things; amongst which there are several Particulars which no one can know without reading it, and which very probably may not reach Posterity in any other History. If therefore the Opinion that this Book will have but a short Duration should be true, it may be attended with two remarkable Circumstances; for the present Age will not only equal, but exceed Posterity in the Knowledge of their own Times, and the Author may have a very singular Faith, and, if he creeps into *no other Record*, out-live the History of his own Life.

I shall very shortly (for we must enjoy good Things whilst we have them) give the Reader some Taste of this invaluable Performance; I shall here only obviate a flying Report, taken from a confident Assertion of some Persons, that whatever Language it was writ in, it certainly could not be *English*; an Opinion which may possibly, together with the Price, have obstructed the Sale, and prevented any Extracts from it in the Farthing-Post, whose Author may not be good at Translation, Now I shall prove it to be *English* in the following Manner, Whatever Book is writ in no other Language is writ in *English*. This Book is writ in no other Lan-

† Colley Cibber, Robert Walpole.

guage; *Ergo*, It is writ in *English*: Of which Language the Author hath shewn himself a most absolute Master; for surely he must be absolute Master of that whose Laws he can trample under Feet, and which he can use as he pleases. This Power he hath exerted, of which I shall give a *barbarous* Instance in the Case of the poor Word * *Adept*; a Word which I apprehend no School-Boy hath ever wantonly employed, unless to signify the utmost Perfection; for Ignorance they cannot plead who have gone beyond the Accidence, since they must find that *adipiscor vult adeptus*: Nay an *Englishman* may learn from *Hudibras*,

*In Rosicrucian lore, as learned
As he that verè Adeptus earned.*

This Word our great *Master* hath tortured and wrested to signify a *Tyro* or *Novice*,

* The Author's Words are these, ' Mrs. *Tofts*, who took her first Grounds of Musick in her own Country, was then BUT an ADEPT in it: Yet whatever Defect the *fashionable Skilful* might find in her Manner, she had in the *general Sense* of her Spectators, Charms that few of the most learned Singers ever arrive at. The Beauty of her fine proportioned Figure, and the exquisitely sweet *silver Tone* of her Voice, with that peculiar *rapid Swiftness of her Throat*, were Perfections not to be imitated by Art or Labour.' Thus I have transcribed the whole Paragraph, which, I think, abounds with many Flowers of that *exquisitely sweet silver* Stile called the *Profound*, and with *Perfections* purely the Gifts of Genius, and not to be imitated by Art or Labour. The profound Nonsense of this Remark is thine, O *Pasquin*! for *Gibber* says Mrs. *Tofts* was NOT an *Adept*.

being

being directly contrary to the Sense in which it hath been hitherto used.

This Spirit of absolute Power is generally whipt out of Boys at School, and I could heartily wish our *Adept* had been in the *Way* of such Castigation. And perhaps it is on this Account that one of our Poets says, *That he who never felt BIRCH, should never wear BAYS, i. e.* That no Man should be trusted with a Pen, who will take this Method to shew us HIS GREAT COMMAND OF WORDS.

The second Libel is introduced by the
Roman Orator, April 29.

Mandare quenquam Literis Cogitationes suas, qui eas nec disponere nec illustrare possit, — Hominis est intemperanter abutentis & Otio & Literis.

CIC. TUSC. QUÆST.

NOtwithstanding the Opinion of *Cicero* in my Motto, That he who commits his Thoughts to Paper without being able methodically to range them, or properly to illustrate them, gives us an Instance of the most intemperate Abuse of his own Time, and of Letters themselves; and tho' *Quintilian* hath asserted that Grammar is the Foundation of all Science; nay, *Horace* himself denies any Thing to be in the

Power of Genius without Improvement ; notwithstanding these Authorities, I have very often suspected whether Learning be of such Consequence to a Writer as is imagined. This however I have hitherto kept to myself, and, perhaps, tho' *Horace* hath in another Place taken up the contrary Side to what he declares above, and hath enumerated many Advantages arising to a State from the Custom of Writing as well without as with Learning, I might perhaps have never ventured publickly to have declared my Opinion, had I not found it supported by one of the *Greatest Writers* of our own Age : I mean Mr. *Colley Cibber*, who in the Apology for his Life, tells us, That *we have frequently Great Writers that cannot read.*

But as by not reading our Author explains himself not to mean such as do not know their great A, but those who cannot read theatrically ; so by not reading I mean such as we generally say *can hardly write and read*, or in other Words, a Man qualified to be a Member of the R—— S———y.*

Our Author, who is a GREAT WRITER every Inch of him, hath, as well as *Longinus*, given us an Example of what he asserts ; for I am apprehensive that some Persons who know him only by his Book, may really doubt whether he can read or

* Royal Society.

no. As this may possibly be a controverted Point, I wish when he had told us he had gone through a School, he had also told us what Books they read in the upper Form; since there are, I believe, some Schools where the Forms are numbered by the Numbers of Syllables, which make one Word more difficult to spell than another. However, tho' his History no where expressly declares his *ne plus ultra* in Learning; there is a Passage in it, which, tho' it may be overlook'd by an ordinary Reader, brings this Point within a very narrow Compass of Certainty: *Wherever the VERB OUTDO comes in (says our Author) the PLEASANT ACCUSATIVE CASE OUTDOING is sure to follow.* Now as I have shewn in a former Paper that his Learning could have gone very little beyond the Accidence, I think it is plain from this Instance, that he must have learned as far as the *pleasant Accusative Case*, and not quite so far as the *Participle*: A Part of Speech which if he had known, would certainly have made its Appearance here.

Having settled this Point, I proceed to shew the little Advantage of Learning, or Grammar, to an Author, which I shall demonstrate two Ways: *First*, I shall shew that he is generally to be understood without; and *secondly*, That he is sometimes not to be understood with it. And

of

of both these I shall (as he lies in my Way) give Instances from the GREAT WRITER above-mentioned. Thus, when he says (*Fol. 23.*) *Satire is angrily particular*, every Duncce of a Reader knows he means angry with a particular Person; or when he says (*Page 25.*) a *Moral Humanity*, can't you strike Moral out, and let Humanity stand by itself, or put Virtue in its Place? When in *Page 42* we read, *Beauty SHINES INTO equal Warmth the Peasant and the Courtier*, do we not know what he means, tho' he hath made a Verb active of SHINE; as in *Page 117*, he hath of REGRET, *nothing could more painfully regret a judicious Spectator?* So in *Page 43.* *The People met us in Acclamation.* *Page 55.* *What Pleasure is not languid to Satiety?* *Page 70.* *Betterton excels himself.* *Page 71.* *Was not equal to his former self.* *Page 78.* *The Trial of Lord Mohun printed among THOSE OF THE STATE.* *72.* *An acute and piercing Tone, which struck every Syllable of his Words distinctly upon the Ear.* *109.* *One of the Cause grew weary.* *114.* *A fair Promise to my being in Favour.* *132.* *The Tragedians seemed to think their Rank as much above the Comedians, as in the Characters they severally acted.* *Ibid.* *Dogget could not with Patience look upon the costly Trains and Plumes of Tragedy, in which knowing him-*
self

self to be useless, he thought were all a vain Extravagance. 134. *Never to pay their People when the Money did not come in, nor then neither, but in such Proportions, &c.*—*This would induce the Footmen to come all Hands aloft in the Crack of our Applause.* 139. *Studying Perfect.* 154. *The Utile Dulci was of old equally the Point.* 157. *The Flatness of many miserable Prologues — seemed wholly UNEQUAL to the few good ones, &c.* 175. *Publick Approbation is the warm Weather of a Theatrical Plant.* 176. *Mrs. Oldfield threw out such new Proffers of a Genius.* 202. *Melts into Pangs of Humanity.* 220. *So exotic a Partner.* 243. *Farinelli singing to an Audience of five and thirty Pounds.* 261. *The Decadence of Betterton's Company.* 288. *A Man may be a Debtor to Sense or Morality.* 297. *Our Enemies made a Push of a good round Lie upon us.* Now in all these Instances, tho' a Boldness of Expression is made use of, which none but great Masters dare attempt, and which a School-Boy would run a great Hazard by imitating; yet we may with some little Difficulty, without the least Help of Grammar, give a Guess at his Meaning. But there are other Parts of this Work so very sublime, that Grammar offers you its Aid in vain; the following Stile carries a *Βίαν ἀμαχον*, according to *Longinus*, along with it,

it, and absolutely empowers the Reader, as the Poets in *Horace*,

Animum quocunq; volunt Auditoris agunto.

So can our Author. This Stile comes upon you, says the former Critic, like a *Thunderbolt*, or, to use a Word which may give a more favourable Idea to my Reader, like a *Blunderbuss*, and carries all before it. I shall produce some Instances of this sublime kind. Page 42. ‘ So clear
 ‘ an Emanation of Beauty, &c. struck me
 ‘ into a Regard that had something softer
 ‘ than the most profound Respect in it.
 ‘ Page 62. Some Actors heavily drag the
 ‘ Sentiment along with a long-toned
 ‘ Voice and absent Eye. 65. Many a
 ‘ barren-brained Author has streamed into
 ‘ a frothy flowing Style, pompously rol-
 ‘ ling into sounding Periods, signifying
 ‘ roundly nothing. 66. The strong In-
 ‘ telligence of his Attitude and Aspect,
 ‘ drew you into an impatient Gaze. 67.
 ‘ There is even a kind of Language in
 ‘ agreeable Sounds, which, like the Af-
 ‘ pect of Beauty, without Words, speaks
 ‘ and plays with the Imagination. 69.
 ‘ Let our Conception of whatever we are
 ‘ to speak, be ever so just, or Ear ever so
 ‘ true, yet, when we are able to deliver
 ‘ it

' it to an Audience, (I will leave Fear
 ' out of the Question) there must go
 ' along with the whole, a natural Free-
 ' dom, and becoming Grace, which is
 ' easier to conceive than to describe: For
 ' without this inexpressible Somewhat,
 ' the *Performance will come out oddly dis-*
 ' *guised, or somewhere defectively, unsur-*
 ' *prising to the Hearer.* 76. The Wit
 ' of the Poet seemed to come from him
 ' extempore, and *sharpened into more Wit*
 ' by his Delivery. 101. In all the chief
 ' Parts she acted, the desirable was so
 ' predominant, that no Judge could be
 ' cold enough to consider from what other
 ' particular Excellence she became de-
 ' lightful. 158. His Accents were fre-
 ' quently too sharp and violent, which
 ' sometimes occasioned his eagerly cutting
 ' off half the Sound of Syllables, that
 ' ought to have been gently melted into
 ' the Melody of Metre. 176. A for-
 ' ward and sudden Step into Nature.
 ' 185. Not long before this Time, the
 ' *Italian Opera* began first to steal into
 ' *England*; but in as rude a Disguise and
 ' unlike itself as possible; in a lame hob-
 ' bling Translation, into our own Lan-
 ' guage, with false Quantities, or METRE
 ' OUT OF MEASURE, to its original Notes
 ' sung by our own unskilful Voices. 209.
 ' The Mind of Man is naturally free,
 ' D and

‘ and when he is compelled or menaced
 ‘ into any Opinion that he does not rea-
 ‘ dily conceive, he is more apt to doubt
 ‘ the Truth of it, than when his Capa-
 ‘ city is led by Delight into Evidence and
 ‘ Reason. 210. A Spectacle for Vacancy
 ‘ of Thought to gaze at. 216. Atten-
 ‘ tion enough for any four Persons. *Last-*
 ‘ *ly, Out of his Depth, with his simple*
 ‘ *Head above Water.*’ Which Idea of our
 Author that we may leave in our Reader,
 we will quote no more from him, since I ap-
 prehend what was at first asserted is fully
 made out, *viz.* That it is needless for a
 GREAT WRITER to understand his Gram-
 mar: For as we can generally guess his
 Meaning without it, so when his Genius
 (to speak in our Author’s Stile) ascends
 into the elevated and nervously pompous
 Elements of the Sublime, the Ladder of
 Grammar offers itself in vain to the Feet
 of the Reader’s Understanding: For tho’
 the Words, which may be called the Brick
 and Mortar of Speech, are regularly con-
 glutinated together, so as to erect the ex-
 traneous Frontispiece of a delicate exces-
 sively sweet Sugar-Loaf of a Pile; yet if
 there be no Sentiment, no aspiring, ani-
 mating, softly, sweetly tempered Spirit,
 this Pile is only a naked Building, void
 of Furniture, where the wearied Under-
 standing

standing of the long-travelled Reader will find no Feather-bed to repose himself on.

As we have not Time now to enumerate all the particular Beauties of this Author, we shall be obliged to divert the Reader once more with him, when we shall attempt, in his own Stile, which with vast Industry we have made ourselves Masters of, to draw his own Character; seeing there are some Parts of it, which either through Haste or Inadvertency, he hath himself omitted.

The Third Libel is introduced by the old Greek Ballad-Singer.

ὄφρ' εὖ εἰδῆς,
'Οσσον φέρτερος εἰμι σέθεν, συγέη δὲ καὶ ἄλλῳ.

HOMER.

IT is the Remark of a judicious Critic, That there is a certain Particularity in the Stile of every great Writer which distinguishes him from all others. Nay, it is a common Phrase to signify our Esteem of an Author, *That he hath a Stile.* This is a kind of Touchstone used by Commentators, to try what Parts of a Great Man's Works are truly his own; by which Guide the learned *Bentley* hath

made such wholesome and delightful Defalcations from *Milton*.

The *Great Writer*, whose Character I am to attempt, hath given us the strongest Instance of this Kind. His Stile is so very singular, that one might almost say, *he hath even a Language to himself*, (an Honour never before attributed to any Author.) This Particularity of Stile is so evident, that it will be impossible for the Writers of his own or a subsequent Age, to introduce any of their Works under his Name; nay, I question whether some of his own Works, written before he arrived at this Perfection, may not be *suspected* by some future *Theobald*; and do a little doubt, whether *even the Careless Husband*, or *Love's Last Shift*, will be thought equal to the *Apology*.

I have premised this little, as an Excuse for those Defects which I am sensible of in the following Imitation; in which, as I have endeavoured to use my Author's own Words in the same Sense which he hath attributed to them, as often however as I am capable of finding it out, so I have distinguished all these Words so used in *Italicks*, that, since I am not equal to his Merit, I may not be guilty of stealing any Portion of his Fame.

The Author of the *Apology* made his first forward Step into Nature in November

ber 1671. In 1682, he went to a Free-School, where he staid till he got through it, and such Learning as that School could give, is the most he pretends to; which tho' he bath not utterly forgot, he bath not much improved by Study. We find little remarkable of him till he came to the Stage, unless that *the Fate of King James, the Prince of Orange, and himself, were all at once upon the Anvil: That he narrowly escaped being a General or a Bishop; and once on a Time fell in with the Emanation of Beauty.* Soon after his Ascendant on the Stage, he was possessed by so full a *Vanity and Content*, that he stands compared in the *Apology, to Alexander the Great, and Charles XII.* In the Roll of Time, he sprung into Excellence in several Parts; those in which he shone the Audience into the greatest Admiration, were of a duplex Kind, viz. in Tragedy, those Parts which had not the least Proffer of the Amiable in them; and in Comedy, in such as were made up of *well-bred Vices.* Indeed the latter seem to have sat with a more full and easy Fashion upon him, as his Voice, where there was a too large Infusion of *the Monotone*, interwoven with a regrating Acidity, wanted that *harmonious, pleasing, sound Melody, which the Throws and Swellings of Honour and Ambition require; whereas he became the Foppington*

so

so well, that *the Roars* of the Audience frequent sounded forth what the *cooler* Judge afterwards acknowledged, that he was the truest and most compleat Coxcomb ever seen. As his actorial Excellence is so well known, we shall proceed *with Rapidity* to survey him as an Author. His Learning, as far as it regards Languages, hath been already spoken to ; we will therefore examine him in the Sciences. In Arithmetic he seems to have made no Immensity of Progress: For he says *Apol. fol.* 42. That he attended but to TWO WORDS, which were SOME WINE AND WATER: And in 225, he talks of an EIGHTH PART MORE THAN HALF. In Architecture he seems to be something more an *Adept*. He says, *page* 241, ' That the Area of the old Stage projected about four Feet forwarder in a semioval Figure parallel to the Benches of the Pit ;' and in 242, Not only from the Stages being shortened in Front, but likewise from the additional Interposition of those Stage Boxes, the Actors, (*in Respect to the Spectators that fill them*) are kept so much more backward from the main Audience.' In Philosophy he declares himself a *Stoic* ; but indeed, tho' he differs from all others of this Kind, by asserting that *Fire, AIR, and Water, are opposite to each other* ; yet if it is necessary to rank him among the Philosophers, I should

should rather think him a Natural than any other. In Politicks he is truly *facile Princeps*: For to omit the dignified Reasons which he gives for the restraining the Liberty of the Stage; namely, that bad Ministers may be more effectually hurt there, than by the Press; and his Method of proving the superior Worth of a Minister, by his being the *longest rail-ed at*; there is one Stroke beyond all the *Osbornes, Walsinghams, Sidneys, Freemans*, all the BOB-tail Writers of the Age, *viz.* That *we had but a contested Right to any Liberty before the Revolution.* This is a Discovery, which if it had entred into the Head of the Jacobitical Writers in *K. William's* Reign, would have done their Business at once; for if we had no Right to Liberty before the Revolution, none but our great Biographer can tell us what Right we had to the Revolution. But his political Principles seem every where to be the *Babylonish*. Which, like the *Babylonish* Dialect in *Hudibras*, are a party-coloured Mixture of patched and pie-balled Principles, from whose jarring and repugnant Atoms is struck out a *Silver*, or rather *Golden, toned* Utility: *Which, like Dung thrown on a Meadow, leaves an involuntary Crop behind it.* But no more of these serious Matters, which our Biographer (page 168) says he only enters upon

upon to give *the Publick a true Portrait of his Mind, and fairly to let them see how far he is, or is not a BLOCKHEAD*, a Point in which the Reader is I doubt not by this Time well settled. Indeed I apprehend his Character as a Writer is so now established, that he may write on to Eternity without any Danger of hurting it. This I think is pretty certain, that no one will ever attempt to attack him any more. Nay, to say the Truth, as rich Things are the soonest apt to surfeit, we are almost as desirous to have done with him, as he himself, out of an Aversion to so much Praise, can be that we should: We shall therefore only give a few Instances of one particular Beauty in this Work, which, as it may be ranged under one Head, we did not confound with the Miscellaneous Ollio in our last, namely his Similies. Not to mention our Author's Comparisons of himself to King *James*, the Prince of *Orange*, *Alexander the Great*, *Charles the XIIth*, and *Harry IV. of France*, his favourite Similie is a Lion. Thus *page 39* we have a SATISFIED PRESUMPTION, that *to drive England into Slavery is like teaching AN OLD LION TO DANCE. 104. Our new Critics are like Lions Whelps, that dash down the Bowls of Milk, &c.* besides a third Allusion to the same Animal; and this brings into my
Mind

Mind a Story which I once heard from *Booth*, that our Biographer had in one of his Plays, in a Local Similie, introduced this generous Beast in some Island or Country where Lions did not grow; of which being informed by the learned *Booth*, the Biographer replied, *Prithee tell me then where there is a Lion, for, Gad's Curse! if there be a Lion in Europe, Asia, Africa, or America, I will not lose my Similie.* Another Observation which I have made on our Author's Similies is, that they generally have an Eye towards the Kitchen. Thus *Page 56. Two Play-Houses are like two PUDDINGS, or two LEGGS OF MUTTON, 224. To plant young Actors is not so easy as to plant CABBAGES.* To which let me add a Metaphor in *Page 57.* where *unprofitable Praise can hardly give Truth a SOUP MAIGRE.* AS we cannot draw the sarcastical Conclusion which would attend a less rich Author, we must necessarily conclude that our Biographer is too much inclined to write on a full Stomach.

After so many Commendations of this Work, the Author will permit me to find a few Faults. The *Pages 217 and 218* are almost entirely taken up to inform the Reader that the *Biographer* lent *Col. Brett* his clean Shirt. This brings to my Mind a Story in *Dr. South's Letter to Sberlock*, which is in Substance as follows. ' Once on a Time

‘ a Gentleman and his Servant were travel-
 ‘ ling together, and the Gentleman called
 ‘ out to his Man, and said unto him, *John*,
 ‘ get thee down from thy Horse, and I will
 ‘ get me down from my Horse : Then
 ‘ take off the Saddle that is on thy Horse,
 ‘ and afterwards take off the Saddle that
 ‘ is on my Horse : Then take thou the
 ‘ Saddle that was on my Horse, and
 ‘ put on thy Horse, and the Saddle that
 ‘ was on thy Horse, put thou on my
 ‘ Horse. Lord, Sir, says *John*, could you
 ‘ have not said Change Saddles.’ So might
 our *Biographer* have said Change Shirts.
 The other two little Exceptions I shall
 make are such as if this Work had been *a*
little lower and worse than it is, would not
 have been observed ; but a Scar is imme-
 diately seen in Beauty, or a Coal in a
 white Pudding. Page 326. *It is an ill*
Bird that———, and 332. *The Pills*
began to gripe him. Both these Passages
 seem to allude to a Part of the human
 Body, which no wise Author will ever
 put his Reader in mind of.

Thus I have done with this excellent
 Work, which is really a Suet Pudding
 full of Plumbs ; and as the Stile or Dic-
 tion is perfectly new, I shall conclude
 with a concise Description thereof. It is
 a Fluid of the galacteous or milky Kind ;
 on which, as on Milk, there is a Cream,
 or

or rather Froth-swimming on the Top: This being once skimmed off, the whole becomes quite clear, without any Sediment at the Bottom. A Circumstance in some Measure owing to the Rapidity of its Current; by which, as in a rapid Stream, the Waves of Words pass by so quick, that is very difficult to separate or fix distinct Ideas on any particular Body of Water: You cannot distinguish one Wave from another, and you have from the whole, only an Idea of a River. So here the Periods smoothly, softly, sweetly Roll and flow along; nor is the Reader able to collect any other Idea, than it is a Book abounding with Excellencies, from the *best of which* (to use our Author's own Words, *Page 73*) *he plainly sees the whole but a Lesson given him to get by Heart by some great Author, whose Sense is deeper than the Reader's Understanding.*

Now, by the Authority of Horace,
 — *Audacemque fugat hoc terretque Poetam,*
 Mr. Pope, Dr. Cheyne, and the LAUREAT are brought to TRYAL at a Court of Censorial Enquiry held before Capt. HERCULES VINEGAR, Great Champion and Censor of Great-Britain, on Monday, May 12. being the first Court held in the first Year of his Censorship.

THE
INDICTMENT

OF

ALEXANDER POPE Esq;

ALEXANDER POPE Esq; was indicted for that He, being a Person to whom Nature had bequeathed many Talents, in Order and with Design that he might well and duly give People their own; nevertheless he the said *Alexander Pope* the said good Talents and Design neglecting and no Ways regarding, but having *too much* Fear before his Eyes, one *Forage*, alias *Guts*, alias *Brass*, and many other sad Fellows to the Jurors unknown, all Sorts of Roguery to commit and perpetrate did allow and suffer, without giving to the said *Guts*, &c. any Thing of their own, and by these Means he the said *Alexander Pope* did encourage, comfort, aid, abet, and receive the said *Guts*, &c.

The Prisoner being called on to plead, his Counsel stood up and spoke in the following Manner.

Counsel.

Counsel. May it please you, Mr. *Captain*, and you Gentleman of the Jury, I am of Counsel for the Prisoner, and I do apprehend it will be needless to trouble you, Mr. *Captain*, with any of the manifold Exceptions which might be taken to this Indictment, since the Crime alledg'd against the Prisoner is such, that it was never so fully charged, or was he ever so clearly convicted of it, no Judgment would, I conceive, be given against him : For what is it we are accused of but of holding our Tongue, or, in a legal Phrase, of not giving People their own ? Now we hope, Mr. *Captain*, you will *not punish* any one for *not doing* that which he would *be punished* in other Courts for *doing* : We therefore desire to read the Statute of *Noli me tangere*, by which it will appear that the Prisoner could act in no one other Manner without bringing himself into visible Danger, which the Law will not oblige any Man to incur.

Court. Read the Statute.

Counsel. Begin at Page 10. *And if any Person, &c.*

Clerk reads. ‘ And if any Person shall
 ‘ presume to speak or write any Thing
 ‘ against the said *Guts*, such Person, his
 ‘ Wife, his Children, and all other his
 ‘ Relations whatever, together with all
 ‘ those of the said Name, shall be ruined
 ‘ and starved.’

Court.

Court. (Shaking his Head) ‘ The Prisoner must be discharged.’*

2 Theophilus Pistol, alias C—r, was called to the Bar ; but the Goaler answered, that he had been that Morning taken out of his Custody by the Officer of another Court, the said Pistol being at this Time in almost every Court of the Kingdom.

3. Colley Apology, alias C—b—r, was then set to the Bar.

Colley. Hold up your Hand.

Some Time was spent before the Prisoner could be brought to know which Hand he was to hold up.

You stand here indicted by the Name of *Colley Apology* late of *Covent Garden Esq;* for that you, not having the Fear of Grammar before your Eyes, on the first of *April*, at a certain Place called the † *Bath*, in the County of *Somerset*, in *Knightsbridge*, in the County of *Middlesex*, in and upon the *English* Language an Assault did make, and then and there, with a certain Weapon called a *Goose-quill*,

* The Satire call'd *MANNERS*, written by *Mr. Whitehead*, two Years ago, and for which his Publisher was taken into Custody by the *House of Lords*, struck *Mr. Pope* with such a Pannic, and trembling in his Nerves, that he has not since been able to hold a Pen.

† What if an Obligation bear Date at *Bourdeaux* in *France*; where shall it be sued? Answer is made, it may be alledged in a certain Place called *Bourdeaux* in *France*, in *Islington* in the County of *Middlesex*. Co. Lyt. 161. b.

Value

Value one Farthing, which you in you left Hand then held, several very broad Wounds, but of no Depth at all, on the said *English* Language did make, and so you the said *Colley Apology* the said *English* Language did murder. To which the Prisoner pleaded, *Not guilty*.

Several Exceptions were taken to the Indictment, as that the Wounds were not described, and the English Language was not said to have died, &c.

But they were all over-ruled.

Anne Applepie sworn. The Prisoner is my Master. I have often seen him with a Goose-quill in his Hand, and a Bottle full of Liquor before him, into which he dipped the Weapon, and then made several Scratches on white Paper, but with what Design I can't tell. He would often ask me how I spelt several Words, upon I told him I had never been at School; and he answered he had been at School, but had almost forgot what he learned there.

Prisoner. Have you not often seen me look in a Book?

Anne Applepie. Yes Sir.

Court. What Book?

Anne Applepie. I can't read myself, but my Master used to call it *Baily's Dictionary*.

At which there was a great Laugh.

Thomas Trot sworn. An't please your Honour

Honour, my Lord, I lived with the Prisoner several Years. About four Years ago, my Master, the Prisoner, and I were riding together towards the *Bath*. *Tom*, says my Master, for so he used to call me, what dost think? Sir, says I, I can't tell. Why, says he, I am going to write my Life; dost think 'twill sell! Ay, to be sure, Sir, says I: For I had heard my Fellow-Servants say, my Master was a great Writer, and *Poet Horreat*, which they said was the Top Poet in the Kingdom. And so, an' please your Honour, my Lord, as we jogged on, my Master passing by a River, called to me, *Tom*, says he, dost thou see the *exquisite sweet Flowings* of the Water? so sweetly will my Life flow. These were his very Words, but I little thought he meant any Harm, tho' I did not understand him. And so, my Lord, we came to an Inn, and I observed the Prisoner reading something which was written upon the Window, and crying out, That will do, an excellent Thing for my Book, stap my Vitals!

Prisoner. Did I not write something down in my Pocket-Book at the same Time?

Thomas Trott. You did so.

Prisoner. You see, Sir, what Book was meant. It was my usual Custom to collect those scattered Pieces of Wit, which by
re-

repeating in Company, I often give a sparkling Turn to the delicate Adroitness of Conversation, and sometimes by writing the same on other Windows, I have transconvey'd the fiery Rays of a lucid Understanding from one Town to another.

Thomas Trott. I know no more of the Matter, but that I heard among the Neighbours t'other Day, that my Master made a terrible Business on't, and that he would be devilishly worked for it in the *Champion*.

Then J. Watts, Mr. Lewis, and some others were sworn, and brought the Fact home on the Prisoner, after which three Numbers of the Champion were read, and the several Quotations compared with the Original.

Court. Well, Mr. C—b—r, what have you to say for yourself?

Prisoner. Sir, I am as innocent as the Child which hath not yet enter'd into Human Nature, of the Fact laid to my Charge. This Accusation is the forward Spring of Envy of my Lawrel. It is impossible I should have any Enmity to the *English* Language, with which I am so little acquainted; if therefore I have struck any Wounds into it, they have rolled from Accident only. I confess in my Book, that *when I am warmed with a*

F

Thought

Thought, my Imagination is apt to run away with me, and make me talk Nonsense. Besides, if the *English* Language be destroyed, it ought not to be laid to my Charge, since I can evidently demonstrate that other *Literati* have used the said Language more barbarously than I have. I desire a Critical Operator may be sworn.

A Critic sworn. Sir, I can affirm on my Oath, that the English Language has had more Violence done it by a very great and eminent Physician, *George Cheyne*, who is M.D. C.R. Ed. and F.R.S.* than by the Prisoner at the Bar; for tho' the Prisoner certainly left several *fore* Places in it, yet in the Condition he left it, it might be understood, and sometimes expressed itself with much Vigour; but the M.D. &c. hath so mangled and mauled it, that when I came to examine the Body, as it lay in Sheets in a Bookseller's Shop, I found it an expiring heavy Lump, without the least Appearance of Sense. I shall give you one Instance, Sir, of this barbarous Treatment. ' Perhaps the primitive animal Body might consist of the
' first pure, specific, and hallowed Elements, harmoniously combined, and
' elegantly ranged in their original Na-

§ Doctor of Physic of the Royal College of *Edinburgh*, and Fellow of the Royal Society, *London*.

' tures, of which our present patched
 ' gross Bodies, are only the confused
 ' dense Kind ; as our present Globe of
 ' Earth, its Water, Salt, Air, Light and
 ' Earth, are but probably the putri-
 ' fied Carcase of the primitive Planet ;
 ' but both may continue to have some re-
 ' mote Analogy to one another, as a Car-
 ' case has to a living Beauty, or an *Egypt-*
 ' *tian Mummy* to a *Cleopatra*. " * After
 this Instance, no one will I believe lay
 the Murder of the *English* Language to
 the Prisoner's Charge, since it may more
 properly be called the Murder of Language
 to bring Sentences together without any
 Meaning, than to make their Meaning ob-
 scure by any Slip in Grammar or Ortho-
 graphy.

The Prisoner then called several Persons
 to his own and his Book's Character : As to
 his own they all gave him a very good one,
 and particularly a very fat Gentleman,
 who often told the Court that he was a
pleasant Companion.

As to the Book, they all agreed it was a
 very entertaining one ; that several Parts
 of it were really excellent, and that if he
 had not, from the Warmth of his Imagi-
 nation, run into Nonsense, nor from the
 Coldness of either his Circumstances or
 his Principles, had *crawled* out of his

* See *Cheyne's Philosophical Conjectures*, Discourse
 the First, Page 8. in his Essay on REGIMEN.

Way into Politicks, his Book would have been perfect in its Kind. That even as it was, the Author had discovered a Genius, tho' he appears neither in his Head or his Heart to be much of a true *Engliskman*.

The Captain then summed up the Evidence, and, just before he concluded, Mrs. *Joan* whisper'd in his Ear, that the Apology was ordered by the Author to be twice advertis'd in the *Champion*; † upon which the Captain, not from the Motive of a Bribe, † but of the Prisoner's Submission to his Correction, and likewise considering that he had stood already three Times in the *Censorial Pillory*, and being well pelted, directed the Jury in his Favour, and they found it *Chance-Medley*.

Guts § was then brought to the Bar, but it being late, and his Indictment so very long, that it would have reached from *Westminster* to the *Tower*, his Trial was deferred, and the Court adjourned to the next Day. But before they rose, Dr. *Cheyne's* late Book on Regimen was ordered to be immediately taken into Custody.

† A *Legal one*, the *Champion* may be honour'd with.

† But a pitiful six Shilling Corruption, which is the Price of two Advertisements.

§ The *Minister*.

After

After the Exhibition of these four Libels, Captain VINEGAR relates, that on the 24th Day of May last, he saw a Vision in his Sleep, which he made when he was Awake; wherein he says, that he beheld a Charming young Creature, who, among other Conquests she had made, dazzled his Eyes; and, adds he, As I was meditating on the hard Fate which Beauty generally meets with, my Eyes were diverted by an elderly Gentleman with a Piece of withered Laurel on his Head. As soon as he was stripp'd, we observed a little Book which he had bound close to his Heart. I read the Words Love in a Riddle very plain, but he was obliged after many Entreaties to leave it behind him. I was surprized to see him pass Examination with his Laurel on, and was assured by the Standers by, that Mercury would have taken it off, if he had seen it.

Risum teneatis Amici!

*To the Self-dubb'd Captain Hercules
Vinegar, alias Buffoon.*

YOU find, Sir, I have faithfully laid
before the Publick the malevolent
Flings exhibited by you and your Man
Ralph. I have (from the Advice of *Horace*)
laughed at you both, and shall now take
my Leave of you as the Earl of *Dorset*
did of that Heroic Coxcomb *Ned How-*
ard, Author of an Heroic Poem, call'd
the *British Princes*, such another Piece
of Fustian as the New Tragedy of the
Earl of Essex.

*You set your Names to what yourselves do
write ;
Did ever Libels yet so sharply bite ?
Fellows, who ne'er were heard or read of,
If you write on, will write your Heads off.*

*Students in Rose-Street you have never
been
Nor will the Puff-master approve one
Scene ;
You're roasted, like Twin-Dunces, in
these Pages,
And handed down as such to future Ages.*

V I N E G A R

A N D H I S

G A N G.

Common-Council-Man *Austin*,
Afraid of his Cash,
Swore he'd stay in no longer;
The *Champion* wrote Trash.

By G—d, cry'd Count *Cogan*,
Then I'll have two Shares:
Well, says *Chandler* and *Nourse*, *
Let the *Authors* keep Theirs.

Our Establishment's equal,
Whatever falls out ;
They write hard for a *Jayl*,
And we'll bring it about.

* Known at *Temple-Bar*, *York*, and *Scarborough*.

ADVERTISEMENT.

IF the Ingenious *Henry Fielding* Esq; (Son of the Hon. Lieut. General *Fielding*, who upon his Return from his Travels entered Himself of the *Temple* in order to study the Law, and married one of the pretty Miss *Cradocks* of *Salisbury*) will own himself the AUTHOR of 18 strange Things called *Tragical Comedies* and *Comical Tragedies*, lately advertised by *J. Watts*, of *Wild-Court*, Printer, he shall be mentioned in Capitals in the *Third Edition* of Mr. *CIBBER'S Life*, and likewise be placed among the *Poetae minores Dramatici* of the Present Age: Then will both his *Name and Writings* be remembered on Record in the immortal *Poetical Register* written by Mr. *GILES JACOB*.

F I N I S.

Shortly will be Publish'd,

M E M O I R S

O F T H E

L I F E and A C T I O N S

Of His Grace

J O H N Duke of *A R G Y L L*.

By an Impartial HAND.

